

THE GREAT LIBRARY

When Jamal said that Zaapha wanted to go to some classes, it perked my interest. Classes? Do they have school here? What kind of classes would she go to? Certainly Jamal seemed to be knowledgeable about a lot of things. I wondered how it was that he could know so much about everything. Did he go to school? Sometimes it seemed that he just looked into my mind and used the things that were familiar to me to better communicate. But there was so much he knew, and perhaps some of it he learned in some kind of school. What kind of school or place of learning would they have here?

"What classes are you taking?" I called back to Zaapha.

"Oh, Elementary Creations and Transformations," she replied. "I'm just a beginner."

Elementary Creations and Transformations didn't sound much like a beginner's course to me, but she said it as though it was one of the more simple courses. I wondered what kind of school it was.

"What sort of other courses do you take there?" I asked.

"Well, I want to be a healer, and this course helps prepare you for performing simple miracles."

You can learn how to do miracles!? She made it sound like performing miracles was just some sort of practical application of the principles of spiritual science to the problems of life. Well, I did have to admit that to me almost everything going on here was a miracle. Things I thought were impossible seemed not only possible, but commonplace here. Having experienced a touch of the great power of the Spirit in coming here, I could imagine that if one were more in tune with God and His Spirit, it just might be possible to do a lot of things we would otherwise consider impossible. Maybe moving mountains was not so impossible after all. Certainly with God on your side, all sorts of things might be possible.

In no time, we were back racing up the lane to Jamal's house. At the gate, we all dismounted. Jamal hugged Thunder's neck and thanked him for being such a willing and helpful horse. With a few more words of praise and commendation to both horses in that special language that only Jamal and those who work with the horses seem fluent in, the horses turned and galloped back to the herd.

Joyus had prepared a lovely snack for us, seeming to have anticipated the time of our return. I wasn't quite sure how, but it just seemed that everyone was very aware of each other in this place. They seemed to know pretty much where each person was, or when they would arrive, or what they would do. I had the impression that there was an even deeper form of communication in that place, that most of the time I wasn't even aware of--some sort of inner communication system somewhere deeper in the spirit that people had here. Maybe some day I would be more privy to it. I didn't feel left out; it just was not my time yet to be included and involved in such matters. I was still in grade school here, and that was challenging enough for me.

Zaapha ate with us. "Where do you have your classes?" I asked.

"At the center circle," she said. Sometimes Zaapha wasn't always clear, or just seemed to forget that everything was so new to me here.

"Where is that?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, catching herself, "well, you know how the city is arranged in concentric circles around the temple? The Creations Building that I go to is located in the innermost ring very close to the temple and just beside the Great Library."

"Oh, I like libraries," I said. "I like looking through old books."

They smiled at each other. There was something that I wasn't quite catching here, but I didn't want to ask. I presumed I would find out soon enough what was different about libraries here.

We finished eating, thanked Joyus, and headed off. I still didn't know where Zaapha really came from, or who her parents were, or where she lived, or if she even had parents. She was a bit of a mystery to me, but I repeated Jamal's words to myself, *All in good time! All in good time. I'll find all these things out in good time.*

We headed into the city of Tricon again--and what an intricately designed city it was! I hadn't looked closely enough before to notice the unusual layout and design of the buildings. From above the city, the buildings appeared to curve in like the petals of an opening flower. The base of the city and even the tops of the buildings formed what might be described somewhat like a large satellite dish with the temple at the center. The whole city was a bit like a huge circular stadium, and I imagined the buildings to be like cheering fans all standing up in their seats and leaning forward, looking inward to the center of the playing field. It's not easy to describe in a few words; words always have such limitations.

Twelve large streets radiated out from the center of the city like the spokes of a wagon wheel, and there were probably 12 evenly spaced large circular streets that ran between each concentric row of buildings like the rings of a great target. Three of the radial streets were very wide, parklike boulevards that extended from the Temple of Light straight out to the edge of the city. I'm uncertain exactly how many concentric rings of buildings there were out from the center, possibly up to a dozen.

Another oddity was that the large, somewhat dish-shaped floor of the city was all of one solid foundation material. Compared to a city on Earth, Tricon was quite small and certainly compact. In fact, it seemed that the whole city could be picked up and moved to a new location, like some kind of gigantic housing unit. Open park areas were many, and arranged so that each set of buildings was bordered at least on one side by the lush greenery that these parks provided. Some buildings had park areas on three sides. In the outer circles of the city, more streets radiated from a midpoint out from the center, so that at the perimeter of the city there seemed to be more like 24 streets running into the city.

The very top of each petal-like building was not flat and facing the sky like most buildings, but were more like huge periscopes curved in so that the top of each building faced the temple. In fact, the brightest place at the top of the pillars of light seemed to be the focal point and center of each of these curved surfaces. I could imagine that if you could look out at the tops of the buildings from the brightest part of the pillars of light, the city would seem like one great big bright crystal bowl. Like great optical devices, a top face of each building was perfectly aligned with the brightest point of light emanating from the temple, so as to perfectly receive and diffuse the strength and power of this magnificent, largely spiritual form of light. Tricon was an amazing place!

We made our way through the parks and streets of the city, heading towards the innermost circle of buildings.

"I'll leave you now," said Zaapha. "I'll be in the Creations Building over there. Why don't you take Travis to the library for a while and come and get me afterwards?" Zaapha seemed to want to explain to me why I was not invited to join her in class. "These classes take quite a bit of concentration and I really have to tune in, otherwise I'd be happy to have you come along. When my class is over I may have a surprise for you. Come and see me then."

"Okay," I said, taking her hand and squeezing it affectionately as she left. I was beginning to quite like Zaapha and her bouncy, carefree ways.

Jamal led me to a building nearby. "Here's the library," he said. "At least this is one of them."

We entered the base of the building from the side opposite the temple. There didn't seem to be a door, yet there was a door. I don't know how it worked. Like entering the temple, there seemed to be a sheet of light that we passed through. A strange, warm sensation filled my body. It was a bit like being in the temple, but somewhat different. I felt a lot lighter, and had a wonderful, uplifted feeling.

"What kind of books do you want to read?" Jamal said.

I didn't know quite what to say. "I like books about the future," I said. "I like the Book of Revelation. That's exciting."

Chuckling, Jamal said, "It sure is! Okay, I'll take you up to Futures."

We seemed to be standing in a large, light-filled entrance area that had no ceiling, really, since the whole building curved up and inward. The outer wall of the building appeared to be made of one single huge curved piece of crystal many stories high. On the inner side of the building, facing the temple and the center of the city, there seemed to be various rooms and floor levels. Because the building was located on the innermost ring, the entire inner side of the building faced the temple, so it was totally bathed in the warmth and tangible joy of this light. You could see quite well through its transparent walls and floor levels. I looked around, but could see no staircase or elevator or any visible way to get to the higher levels.

Jamal said, "Futures is up at the top."

"But how are we going to get there?" I asked.

Jamal smiled again with that twinkle in his eye that meant he knew another surprise was waiting for me. "We're going to fly up," he said.

"Fly? Here?"

Jamal laughed. "It's very easy to fly when the Spirit is strong, and the Spirit is very present here."

It was true. There was something wonderful about this place. You could feel a presence and warm, wonderful buoyancy of body and spirit.

"Whenever you're ready we can go up," Jamal said. "Here, I'll help you till you get the idea." He took my hand. "Just let the Spirit fill you and flow through you."

Jamal closed his eyes and I did too. I took a deep breath. Everything got brighter and lighter and we began to lift off from the ground. I felt almost dizzy with wonder. Was I actually flying? I opened my eyes to see what was happening. Looking down and the sudden shock of seeing the ground some distance below me seemed to upset the flow of the Spirit, and I began to drop, but Jamal had a tight grip on my hand and held me. "Relax!" he said. "Look up at the light streaming in; enter back into the Spirit." His voice was so calm and reassuring, I was compelled to trust him, and did as he said. Instantly I was washed again by complete joy and peacefulness and I began floating upward on my own.

The whole experience was beyond comparison. Flying was such a marvelous sensation, rising up, lighter than air. Up and up we rose. I could imagine this experience was not unlike what it will be like when the Lord returns to Earth and the living and former living that love Him will rise from the Earth to meet Him in the clouds at the great Rapture. Our bodies will be transformed into new, wonderful bodies in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and we'll fly up to be with Him. *Oh, what an experience that will be!* I thought. *This certainly must be very much what it will be like in that day.*

Up and up we rose, until we arrived at the top level. We entered again through what seemed like a shimmering panel of light into a large, slightly arc-shaped room aligned with the upper brightest part of the pinnacle of the temple. All the buildings on this inner circle had the advantage that the entire inner face of each building faced the temple and received its light and spiritual energy in great supply. The light was very bright, but it was not a light that hurt your eyes. It seemed to enter and fill you with a wonderful, peaceful feeling.

The room we entered was long, but narrow, and seemed quite empty of anything except for what appeared to be a single row of curved benches made of clear crystal that faced the temple. In front of this seating area was what seemed like a curved, slanted desktop, but it was quite narrow and seemed more like a hand rest or railing than a desktop. In front of this, mounted to the ceiling and floor by gold mountings on each of their four corners, were several large, highly polished, clear crystal TV-like screens. Sitting down, one could see through each crystal screen to the pinnacle of the Temple of Light, which took on a pulsating and more

rainbowlike colorful effect. It was somewhat like the great light rings we sometimes see back home around the sun or moon, only with a much brighter, scintillating, and incandescent glow.

I turned to Jamal. "I don't understand," I said. "I thought this was a library."

"It is," said Jamal. "This is the finest library we have in Tricon."

"But where are the books?" I shrugged.

"Well, you wanted Futures," he said, "and the best books about the future are viewed from here."

"But where are they?" I said.

"Sit down and I'll show you," he said, with a happy grin on his face. Jamal sat down at the bench facing one of the crystal screens, and indicated that I should sit beside him.

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ACROSS THE SKY

"What part of the Book of Revelation do you like the most?" Jamal asked.

"Well, riding on the white horses today made me think about chapter 19 where Jesus rides down to Earth on His white horse, leading the armies of God on a great invasion."

"Oh, I love that part too. I love stories with horses in them," said Jamal. "Okay, here's how it works. See these gold circles embedded inside the desktop? Put your hands on those."

I hadn't noticed the gold circles at first, but then as I looked closer, embedded in the crystal of the desktop surface were two circles side by side and larger than my hand. I placed my hands palms down inside the circles as Jamal had instructed.

"Now," Jamal said, "start to think about that section of the book as you look through the crystal screen at the light from the temple."

As I began to think about Jesus riding a great white horse, the great crystal screen before me began to form actual visions--visions even as John had seen them. This was much better than reading a book; it was like being there and seeing it actually happening! I was seeing it as St. John saw it, and heard the voice of John the prophet speaking: "And I saw Heaven open, and, behold, a white horse, and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True. And in righteousness He doth judge and make war."

What a marvelous picture of the Prince! He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and His Name was "The Word of God." And the armies that were in Heaven followed Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.

This is just like it will be! I thought. *How beautiful!* I was seeing the future as it was going to happen--and very soon, I hoped! I tried to see if I could recognize any of the horses from Ja-al's herd. They were magnificent!

The great book continued. Jesus was so regal, and on His clothing and on His thigh was written "King of kings and Lord of lords." He was awesome! The armies of God seemed to be all around, some charging across the Great Plain to gather for the great battle and follow the King of kings and Lord of lords to victory.

Then it was like the very sky of Earth itself seemed to rip open when the army charged down into its atmosphere and into the temporal zone to smash the strongholds of the Enemy and break their evil grip on the peoples of the Earth. A sharp piercing laserlike sword flashed from His mouth which He used to smite His enemies on the Earth. His enemies were crushed before Him like grapes caught in the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. It was a tremendous experience! It was like I was on one of the horses, and actually felt the powerful creature beneath me. This was better than virtual reality; it seemed to be actual reality! It was like being there. For a moment, I was one of them in this living library, experiencing this living book. I sort of laughed at the simple technologies of Earth. They tried to imitate the wonders of

God's world, but it really didn't compare. No computer program or multimedia wonder on Earth was this interactive! I was there!

The scenes continued. There was an angel standing in the sun, and with a loud voice, he called for all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven to come and gather themselves together to the supper of the great God, to feast upon the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and their mighty armies.

This was an epic, like a gigantic three-dimensional, real time, real place movie. I was in the scene. I could see the Beast¹ and the armies of the Earth gathering to make war against the forces of Heaven and against the Prince that sat on the great horse--against this mighty army of God! Then the battle began. What a raging battle it was! The Devil-possessed man called the Beast was captured. And the false prophet was captured, that evil, demon-possessed prophet who worked miracles and deceived the people and made them receive the mark of the Beast. And those who had received the mark and worshipped the image of the Beast were all captured. They then took the Beast, and they took the false prophet, and cast them alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. It was a total and complete triumph for the great Prince and His armies as they slew their enemies.

Then a mighty angel came down from Heaven. He had a key that opened a great bottomless pit, and a great chain in one hand. He took hold of the Devil, Satan himself, who was in the form of a great dragon, and he bound him and dragged him down into the bottomless pit, and chained him up for a thousand years. Ah, what a great day of victory it was! It was the beginning of a thousand years of peace and the wonderful rule of Jesus. It was all so overpowering that I pulled away my hands and turned to Jamal.

"Did you see that? Did you see that?" I gasped in shocked amazement. The scenes had faded back into pulsating light, but the excitement and the joy of having been there was still very much in me.

"This is an incredible library. This is the best library in the whole world." I caught myself, "I mean ... it's totally out of this world!"

Jamal laughed.

"Well, it's certainly out of *my* world. It's all really going to happen just like that, isn't it?" I asked excitedly.

"Just like that," Jamal said, "and we're all getting ready for it."

I looked down at my body, kind of feeling funny. "Jamal, I feel like I'm floating again."

"That's the joy of the Lord and the Spirit," he said.

"You know, I read about a man once in the Bible who was physically caught up in the Spirit. His name was Philip. He got so excited after he had told this man from Ethiopia about Jesus that he was taken up and carried away in the Spirit, and disappeared right in front of the man he'd been talking to. He came down a long, long way from where he'd just been."¹

"Yes, that can easily happen," Jamal said. "That can easily happen when you get full of the Spirit. In the Spirit you can see things and do things that would otherwise be impossible."

"God is so wonderful," I said. "He is so wonderful!"

Jamal smiled back, "He sure is. Zaapha's class will soon be over. Do you want to go over to her building now?"

"Yes," I said. "How do we get down? Float down?"

"You can float if you like," Jamal said. "But I like to slide down!"

Jamal suddenly jumped out the door and slid down the contour of the inside of the building to the bottom and landed as gently and as softly as onto a feather bed. It looked like so much fun that I tried it myself. Oh, what a wonderful world this was! Everything was so exciting, but nothing was quite as exciting as being in the Spirit of God. That was tops!--So thrilling, so overwhelming, so mysterious, so free, so liberating.

Jamal and I strolled over to the Creation Building and went in, and a different kind of thrill filled me. Each building looked the same on the outside, but was unique inside. Zaapha's class

seemed to be happening on the ground level. A lot of people were busily moving about, involved in what seemed to be various arts and crafts activities. A small girl ran by me carrying what appeared to be a bouquet of flowers made from beautiful crystals. She ran to a lovely woman by the entrance, "See, Mommy? See what I made for you!"

Did I hear her right? Could that marvelous creation in her hands possibly be the work of a child? This was an interesting class indeed. Zaapha was over at a tablelike surface across the room, putting the finishing touches on some creation of her own. As we approached, I heard her tell a young man standing near her, "There, I think I've got it." The bright-looking young man wearing a light blue tunic with a small red band around his forehead smiled and nodded approvingly, "You certainly have done an excellent job today, Zaapha."

"God really helped me," she replied.

Standing on the table in front of Zaapha was a beautiful living flower embedded inside a large, rose-colored crystal. It appeared as though you could somehow almost reach right in and touch the flower, but your fingers were stopped by the surface of the crystal. The whole work of art seemed mystical and miraculous. The flower looked very much alive and growing within the crystal.

"But how did the flower get in there?" I asked. "It looks like a real flower, but it's inside this crystal rock. How did you do that?"

Zaapha looked a little stumped, not knowing quite where to begin or how to attempt to explain this to me. I guess it was like asking a great mathematician or scientist how he did something, without even knowing enough about the subject to begin to understand the answer.

"Well," Zaapha said, "it involves a lot of things, like prayer and faith and visions, applied to spiritual physics, gemology, and botany, combined to produce a work of art."

"And the joy of the Lord," the young man added.

Zaapha jumped up, "You can have it," she said, and handed me this priceless treasure. "Put it in your room."

"Thank you so very much!" I said, taking the gift in shocked surprise. I gazed into the exquisite work of art for a moment. If they made creations like this in the kindergarten classes--for most of those in the class appeared to be very, very young--what unimaginable wonders were they capable of at the more advanced levels? I could think of no limits to possibility in this land where the Spirit of God was everywhere, alive and guiding and teaching and loving His children.

Taken from *Journey to Tricon* by A.W Trenholm

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