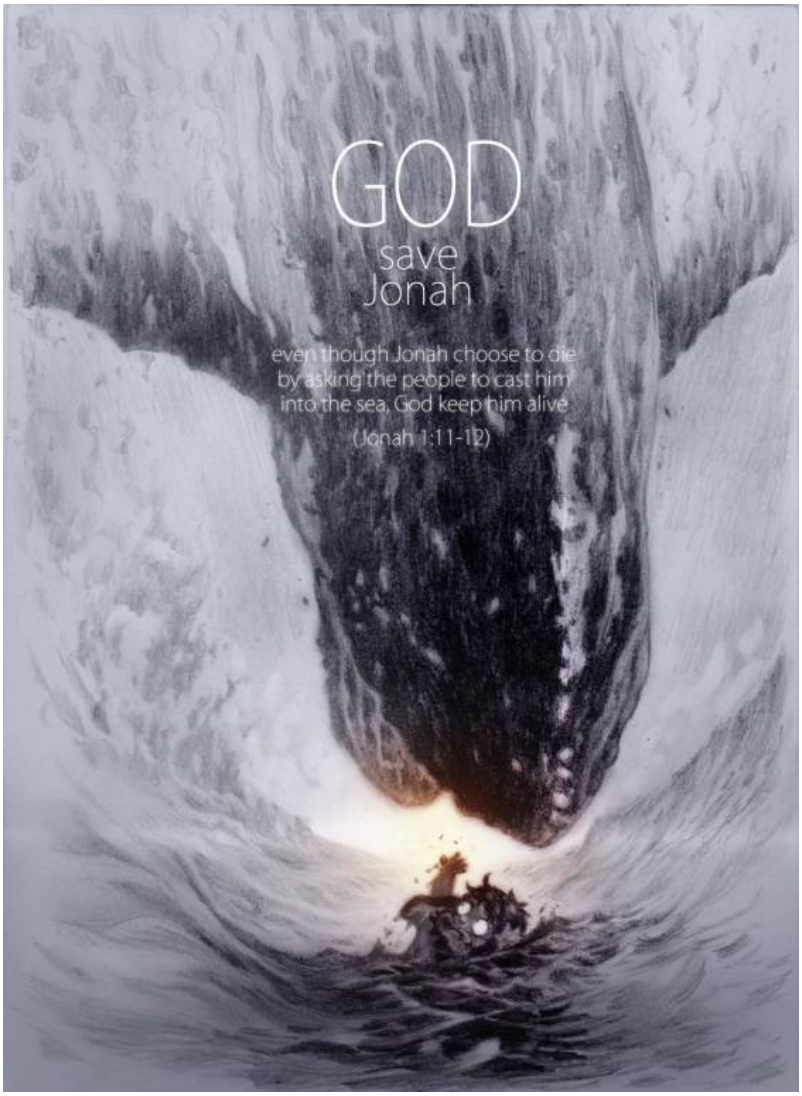
What Doest Thou Here?

3RD December, 2023



When one endowed with great faculties digs a hole in the earth and buries the God- entrusted talent, standing idle all the day long among the loungers in the marketplace, again the inquiry must ring out, "What doest thou here?" Life is the time for doing. The world is a great workshop, in which there is no room for drones. God Himself worketh as the great Master builder. All creatures fulfill their needful functions, from the angel that hymns God's praise to the wasp that buries a corpse. There is plenty to do -- evil to put down; good to build up; doubters to be directed; prodigals to be won back; sinners to be sought. "What doest thou here?" Up, Christians, leave your caves, and do! Do not do in order to be saved; but being saved, do!
(Meyer's "Be Still")

"By right of possessing the keys of the Kingdom, you actively join forces with Me; you become part of My heavenly task force. I have called you friends and lovers, and also comrades in arms. This is our quest, to free those held in bondage by the dark forces, and I trust you to do your part to this end." (As Key Bearers mystical bible ⋮⋮ 4/5/2022)

TAKE NO HEED! FORWARD. ALWAYS FORWARD!

We're going to be invading his territory, stealing his captives and winning them for Jesus, and never looking back. That doesn't mean he'll stop fighting--we can be sure that he'll be fighting harder than ever. But our main job won't be defending ourselves against his wiles and blows and incursions. It will be storming into his territory, destroying his strongholds, rescuing lost souls, and then teaching and training them to rescue others. It will be pushing ever forward with the sword of the Word, messing up Satan's plans to set up his kingdom on Earth--being a serious thorn in his side, and preparing the way for our Husband to return. It's a much bigger plan than keeping our Homes and lives free of his influence. It's so much more exciting and proactive! We really won't be having to think about him so much and what he might be planning, because we'll be the ones planning and he'll be the one scrambling! (Art of War Tip 15 PDF-MB)

The keys will neutralize any enemy. The keys will conquer every obstacle. The keys will unlock the solution for every problem. The blue keys are Your sovereign power, given unto us, Your brides.

In just a few sentences **"Prodigal Yet"** by Ethelwyn Wetherald captures the plight of the straying child who isn't quite ready to give up the high life in the "far country":

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,
Blackened my brow where all might see,
Yet while I was a great way off
My Father ran with compassion for me.

He put on my hand a ring of gold,
(There's no escape from a ring, they say)
He put on my neck a chain to hold
My passionate spirit from breaking away!

He put on my feet the shoes that miss
No chance to tread in the narrow path;
He pressed on my lips the burning kiss
That scorches deeper than fires of wrath.

He filled my body with meat and wine,
He flooded my heart with love's white light;
Yet deep in the mire, with sensual swine,
I long-God help me!-to wallow to-night.

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,
Blacken my soul where none may see.
Father, I yet am a long way off-
Come quickly, Lord! Have compassion on me!

The problem is always in the heart. That's really good news because there is only one Person in the universe who can change the heart, and He specializes in divine heart surgery.

From A Reluctant Missionary:
(Jonah) I was a lonely boy, always different from the others. I could see things others couldn't see, and know things without being told.
When a visiting prophet from Elisha's school came to our town, descending from the slopes of Mount Tabor in the south, he saw me on the road with our goats. He looked at me, or rather, into me, and then approached me with a kind smile. I learned later that God had spoken to him, and told him that I was called to become a prophet. This man of God took me aside, anointed me, and instructed me in many things. He also instructed my parents that I should receive special instruction in the Holy Scriptures at the house of the priest, and he gave them a list of things that I shouldn't be allowed to do. ***This seemed unfair, and not much fun***, but still, I did like the idea of being a prophet, speaking God's Words, and having people listen to me and take notice of me.
I remembered the first time God communicated a message to my heart. It was concerning a sheep that had gone missing from our neighbor's flock. Suddenly I saw a picture of a man's face who I knew lived in a village half a day's walk eastward. God showed me that this man had stolen the sheep. I told several people what God had revealed to me and they laughed, but my mother and father listened. They encouraged our elder to go to this man, and there in his small barn the missing lamb was found, hidden in a makeshift pen behind some sacks of grain. Many people asked me, "How did you know?" Some thought I had been spying on my neighbor, and others wondered how I could have known, doubting that I was called to be a prophet. But my mother believed in my gift from that moment on, and that belief never wavered.

As I grew into manhood, my ability to know things by God's Spirit gradually increased as I took long walks and listened for His leading. I found a small measure of acceptance of my role by those in our village. I learned to help people in various ways, helping to make some needed repairs on the synagogue, and taking on various odd jobs. But I was always restless, with an unspoken longing for adventure. My mother noticed this agitation of spirit and hurried the matchmaker to find me a wife, thinking that this would be the answer to my unsettled state.

So a marriage was hastily arranged, and I soon found myself in a small house of my own, living with a wife who didn't understand my moods and whom I didn't understand either. Several children were soon born to us, but I wasn't much of a husband or father. I was still young, and thirsting for adventure***. Sometimes I felt restless and dissatisfied, wondering what I was supposed to do, tired of solving small matters, finding stray animals, fixing broken harnesses, providing for a family every day by plowing and planting in other men's fields, and doing menial repairs in the synagogue.***

Is this all there is to be for me? I wondered glumly. I thought God was going to use me as a great prophet, like Elijah or Elisha. ("I thought the Great Tribulation was going to be more exciting than this! Or I thought there would be more obvious signs of the Endtime by now!) Maybe He's forgotten about me, or perhaps my time will come later, when I'm an old man. But how can I endure this monotony another day? I felt like I was going to explode if something didn't change soon. ("A Reluctant Missionary- The Story of Jonah-Part One")

Jesus' got your number written on his heart. He knows exactly how to get in touch with you.

Jonah is about to learn this truth the hard way. When last we left the reluctant prophet, he seemed to be on top of the world. He was on a boat headed for Tarshish, running from the Lord. When God told him, "Go to Nineveh," he said, "I think I'll go to Tarshish instead."

God said, "Go east."
Jonah said, "I think I'll go west."

And so he did. He went down to Joppa (an ancient port city just south of modern-day Tel Aviv) where he found a boat bound for Tarshish. Amazing, isn't it, how when you want to run from God, you can always find a boat going where you want to go. Satan has his ships, and they are always ready to take on another passenger.

So Jonah paid his fare, boarded the ship, and as it left the harbor, he went down below to take a nap.

Nice little deal he had going there.
It was all working out like he had planned.

A comfy Mediterranean cruise!
Soon he would be in Tarshish, a beautiful city in Spain.
There he could live the high life, far from the presence of the Lord.

Or so he thought.

No one gets a free ride on the Ship of Fools.

That's where we left Jonah in the last message. It was a pretty picture of a self-satisfied man who seemed to have gotten away with disobedience. Whenever you read a story like this in the Bible, you know there has to be a "but" coming. God will not let his straying children live in sin forever.

No one gets a free ride on the Ship of Fools.

Let's take a look at how God begins the process of bringing Jonah back home. As we see how God deals with Jonah, we'll discover that God deals with us in the same way when we disobey.

I. He Sends Storms to Get Our Attention.
"Then the Lord sent a great wind on the sea, and such a violent storm arose that the ship threatened to break up. All the sailors were afraid and each cried out to his own god" (vv. 4-5).

It must have been a bad storm because these men were professional sailors who had seen it all. They were hardened to the dangers of life at sea. If they were scared, it must have been a truly terrible storm. So they started the first interfaith prayer meeting in the Bible, each man crying out to his own god.

Then they start throwing their profit away by throwing the cargo overboard.

We all know that life can turn on a dime. God knows exactly how to get our attention.

Our God is infinitely creative. He can send the storm in so many different ways.

He can send the storm of adverse circumstances.
He can send the storm of being lonely.
He can send the storm of being isolated in a Wilderness and being bored.
He can send the storm of purging you of your NWO's.
He can send the storm of mundane routineness each day.
He can send the storm of doubting your calling as elite Children of David.

When you're in the storm, you tend to be fearful, angry and frustrated. ***It's only later that your realize the storm was a severe mercy from the Lord.***

That's always step one for the prodigal. The storms come to get our attention.

II. He Allows Others to Suffer Because of Our Sin.
Everyone on board is endangered by Jonah's sin. Jonah was the sinner in this situation***, and yet his foolish rebellion endangered everyone around him.***

Please ponder these four words: We never sin alone. We may be alone when we sin, but we never sin alone. Our sin, our compromise, and our deceit always injures our spouse, our children, our friends, and our family.

Every step we take out of the will of God hurts those around us.

III. He Sends Someone to Challenge Us.
As the ship groans and creaks under the weight of the wind and the heavy waves, and as the men throw cargo overboard in a desperate attempt to save the ship, where is Jonah? You might think he'd be on deck helping the sailors. Not a chance.

He's taking a nap down below.

How could a man sleep during a terrible storm like this? The answer is simple. The devil has his sleeping pills too. He has his narcotics. He knows how to put us to sleep while the world crashes in around us. ***The devil can put us to sleep while the ship sinks or the house burns or the world falls apart around us.***

Look what happens next:

The captain went to him and said, "How can you sleep? Get up and call on your god! Maybe he will take notice of us, and we will not perish" (v. 6).

At this point the captain (who is no doubt a pagan) has more faith than Jonah does. Seeing the danger, he wants Jonah to wake up and start praying.

The world doesn't want our sermons. The world wants our prayers.

Ponder that thought for a moment.

The world generally doesn't care about what we say and do on Sunday morning. It seems so boring and mostly irrelevant, which is why this Sunday and every Sunday most people will not be in any church anywhere. That's true about every city in America. Take any major American city, including those in the so-called "Bible Belt," and you can see it for yourself. It doesn't matter whether we're talking about Seattle or Atlanta, Chicago or Charlotte, New York or San Antonio, Las Vegas or Louisville. On any given Sunday of the year, most people don't go to church anywhere. They stay home, stay in bed, wake up late, take a walk, read the paper, watch TV, and in general live as if the church doesn't exist.

That won't change no matter how much we preach against it.

A few weeks ago my wife and I led a one-day Pastors Conference in Brunswick, Maine. When we asked about the spiritual temperature of the region, the pastors said that while most people didn't go to church, it wouldn't be right to call them hostile. They don't care enough to be hostile. Mostly they are uninterested in anything the church has to offer.

The world doesn't care about our religion, but the world wants us to pray. "Get up, Jonah. Call on your god. Maybe he can save us."

Even if the world doesn't want our religion, it desperately wants our prayers. Copyright © 2020 Keep Believing Ministries

November 11, 2021 On The Persecuted Church Going Forth To Conquer

1. (Jesus speaking:) So great is My love for My church, My Bride, the large body of believers, that I would let My dear ones, even those most dear and precious to Me, be burned, tortured, given up to die, and plagued with pestilence and troubles on every side –all for what purpose? What drove Me likewise to the cross? So that through My suffering, all might be saved. Did I not say that you would likewise follow in this respect, that you too would have to suffer and give your life? Why? So that all might be saved!
2. No, they won't get the message into their hardened hearts off in yonder land while My dear ones are sitting in peace, reveling in the joy of their salvation. When I say, "I will that all men might be saved," that means sending out My troops into all the dark zones where the enemy has kept men captive, and that means a whole lot of danger and pain and turmoil for My team.
3. But what if a firefighter or sea rescue team member, before being sent out to help those in a deadly situation, said, "But is it dangerous? Will I ever get hurt? Will I make it there and back without any difficulties and struggle? If it's not safe, then I won't go."
4. They shouldn't be on the team if they have that "save myself" attitude. That's what I call you to do, to follow Me—to go through what I went through. No, following Me isn't so that you can be safe and happy and have all that you need, or should I say all that you think you need, which means what you want in this modern-day life.
5. **I have to send My team into the Devil's dens** and allow My dear ones to suffer hunger, thirst and pain –as that will be as a light that attracts the hardened hearts to open up and receive a bit of that light. They aren't lured by sweet little songs like babies. They have been so abused themselves by Satan that it takes quite a bit to get through to their souls. That's what it takes to bring "all men unto Me". You didn't think there was a real cost to reaching the "all men"?
And because times and hearts wax worse and worse, more and more dramatic ways will be used to preach the Gospel. That's what it takes to get through to people who are locked in the enemy's dungeons in the way they think and where in the world's system they serve. (Page 217 of John's 891 page MB prophecy compilation) (Sounds like one of Kaye's)

As we pray this prayer, we activate the blue keys and the blue angels and San-Badh-Mahl and the weapon of 6.66 to go before us, to drain the Devil's moat of resistance, into his dens of iniquity to smash the walls of opposition, to crash the gates of Hell, to blast the obstacles to bits, and to seize the victory and retrieve lost souls from the devil!

Your job is to pray. The more you pray, the more I work. Never give up praying!

Come before Me and ask Me to help you to pray more often for people so that it becomes a habit of thinking of others and their needs and praying for them. It's a little bit like a new thought process where you constantly and frequently have on your mind people and situations that need prayer. So during the times when you normally think of other things or your mind is just sitting blank, it will instead be replaced by thoughts coming to mind of people that are in needy situations, and as you think of them, you can pray for them. It's like a spirit of prayer, an anointing for a ministry of prayer, so that when you wake up in the morning, or lie down for a nap, or go to sleep at night, you'll automatically think of the current situations and people who need prayer--for traveling, for illnesses, for strength, for their ministries. It becomes a part of you, something that comes naturally to you as a habit, something that is ingrained. This way you'll be praying for loved ones throughout the day, many times a day, as My Spirit reminds you. It's like opening your channel to My Spirit and being sensitive to My whispers, so that every time I bring someone to mind, you're attuned to the need and can pray for them. If you ask Me to give you the gift of praying for others, I will give it to you, just like any other gift that's available for the asking. It's the gift of being moved to pray for others as My Spirit stirs you. It's the gift of remembering, of letting Me bring to your mind those who need help. It's the gift of having an open channel as I direct your thoughts and give you checks about those who need help. In this way you can avail yourself of many blank moments throughout the day which can be put to good use--while you're waking up, or sitting on the toilet, taking a shower, waiting for your computer to boot up, or waiting for devotions to start. All of these blank moments actually add up to many hours!--Many little minutes that add up to hours, and hours that add up to days, days that add up to weeks, and weeks that add up to months of time spent in prayer that are available to everyone throughout the day. It's time that is already available. (PFTCOD14)

Human nature has the dangerous trait of allowing familiarity or complacency to lure people into carelessly taking something for granted. It is particularly dangerous to take God and His purpose for us for granted. If we see God clearly, we will not. Contributing factors in not clearly seeing His purpose include 1) sloppy prayer and Bible study (I Timothy 4:14-16), 2) becoming entangled in the world's cares (Matthew 13:22), and 3) refusal to change or overcome. With a contrite heart, we need to love God zealously (Deuteronomy 6:5), never taking our eyes off the great purpose He has for us. (BibleTools "**Don't Take God for Granted" Spiritual Negligence** John O. Reid (1930-2016))

"For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind: it hath no stalk: the bud shall yield no meal: if so be it yield, strangers shall swallow it up." Hosea 8:7

PRUDENT men look before them to see the result of their actions. Their eyes look right on, beyond the present to the future. They look before they leap. It is only the foolish man who goes blindly on, till at last he stumbles and has a desperate and probably fatal fall. Brethren, I hope that I am addressing those who have enough wit and wisdom to look at the consequences of what they are doing. This is how I wish to live—not merely doing what may give me today a temporary pleasure, but asking myself what will be the result of those actions by-and-by. How will they appear to me when I come to be old? What aspect will they wear when my eyes are failing me in death? What will be the result in that life after death—that endless future which is so sure to come to me, let me live as I may?

We are all sowing, brethren—we cannot help it. **No man goes forth in the morning without a seed-basket. What may be in it, is not so easily told. There may be nought in it but the wind. There may be darnel (a type of grass) in it. There may be in it curses which shall grow up to plague himself and others, but it is certain that we do not move an inch along the furrows of life without scattering some kind of seed.** He that does least is seeding his idleness, and like the thistle that stands still, and offers its downy seed to be carried by every wandering wind, so does the sluggard—he does mischief by doing nothing. As we are all sowing, the great question we have to consider is, "What will the harvest be?" Every wise man will ask himself that question. I may have sown very little in my small plot, or I may have walked far, and scattered the seed broadcast over the wider field committed to my charge—***but what have I sown and what shall I***

reap? What sheaves shall I gather into the garner? Sheaves of fire that shall burn into my soul forever, or sheaves of glory that I shall bring with rejoicing in the last great day? (Spurgeon's What Shall the Harvest Be)

Because you have been trained and educated in the ways of prayer, the spirit helpers, the spiritual weapons, and the nature of the spirit world, I expect you to be more professional in your prayer lives. By professional I mean that you take your prayer life seriously, you have a time and a place to pray, and you have a plan. Being professional is not being haphazard and lackadaisical; it's being focused and making the time count. Prayer is a part of your job as a professional disciple. It's not an extra or just something to do if you have time. It's fundamental and central to your life and work, and without it you won't get very far. Your prayer life is your profession. It's not your only profession, but it's one of the very most important ones. Are you acting like a professional when in prayer? Do you give it the same care, attention, precision, determination and focus as you do your other professions? Are you a professional? A professional is someone who sees what they do as their vocation, their career. They believe it's important, and they put their heart into it--not only the execution and delivery, but also the training and preparation. They are always looking for ways to grow and progress in their professional skills, and then putting those skills to use to achieve results. Just as someone in the world knows that he must be professional if he is going to land an executive position in a company, in like manner the one who wants the best answers to prayer knows that he must pray professionally, giving it all he's got, to get the best results in prayer. If you expect miracles in answer to your prayers, make those prayers targeted, detailed, and spirit-filled! Pray the prayers of professionals! (Praying Professionally PFTCOD14)

126. Of course, I realize the predicament you're in. You are trapped between the carnal nature and the spiritual nature, so I don't blame you at all for your choices. They are hard. It's difficult to get out of the carnal nature. ***So I just keep giving you chances and I keep hoping and praying for you and doing all I can from My side to help you to make the right choices. So do your spirit helpers.*** But I and they can't by any means force you. It has to be a freewill choice on your side to make those decisions. The results wouldn't accrue to you if I forced you. So although I can present opportunities, you have to take the steps.

127. So look around you. What opportunities am I giving you now? Will you take them and use them to take the spiritual steps I want you to take toward My nature? That's what will satisfy you and last. I realize it's hard. But it's also important for you to understand that it will make a difference in your spiritual state and your spiritual satisfaction when you come to your spiritual house here with Me. Knowing this, I urge you to make wise choices. They will only build up for your good and spiritual wealth--both when you get to Heaven, and now, in your life on Earth. ("Jesus is Enough")

December 2023 (Prophecy) Jesus: The flesh is always fighting. The flesh is always trying to get in the way of satisfying the spirit. The flesh tries to convince you that I don't fully satisfy. But you have to fight the flesh. You have to lean more into the spiritual realm. The more you yield to the spirit, the more you'll know that I'm enough.

When you don't stay in the word enough, you begin to think that the flesh is more important. Your channel gets muggy, and it's hard to hear My voice. You slowly think that maybe I'm not actually enough, but that's because you've been so involved in the flesh and satisfying it. You've let it come before the word and then you drift farther away. But if you're listening to the spirit, trying to be in the spirit, you'll have a clear channel, though u have to keep practicing. When I say in the spirit, I don't mean you'll be oblivious to everything around you, but you'll be more prayerful, more in tune. Becoming one with Me means you'll think My thoughts, you'll be trying to be like Me. it's knowing 100% that I'm enough, and you'll know the world doesn't satisfy. Sounds like Enoch? Yes, I know it's hard for your carnal mind…the flesh...again. You'll fall, you'll make mistakes, you might slip back, but you'll get closer to Me. ily (End)

Fun synonyms for muggy: hot and humid, sultry, sticky, stuffy, clammy, damp, soupy, heavy, fuggy, claggy.

In slang muggy means when someone is taking you for a fool……. that would be the devil!

In the Urban Dictionary it says muggy is a person who is bullshitting, but with great skill and humor and sounds like they might be telling the truth.

Muggy makes you sweaty and uncomfortable and long for air-conditioning.

Deuteronomy.32:2 *My teaching, let it fall like a gentle rain, my words arrive like morning dew, like a sprinkling rain on new grass, like spring showers on the garden.* (MSG)

The Enemy is very subtle. He doesn't always hit you over the head with a two-by-four or hit you head-on in such a way that it's obviously him attacking you. His more common tactic is to gently, slowly pull you away from the Word, away from your life-source. (ML 3255:118)

'Privileged To Suffer in Christ's Behalf.'

Philippians 1:22-30. Our ''manner of life'' is all important. _In the open day and in the hours of darkness it must be worthy of the gospel. We must show ourselves to be of a heavenly tone and temper, as citizens of that ''city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.''

Lady Powerscourt used to say that she dwelt in heaven, but came down for a few hours each day to do her work on earth, returning home at night. Clearly, then, our dress, accent, and behavior should betray us as strangers and pilgrims who can well endure the discomfort of the inn or the 'troublous experiences of the place of our sojourn. Notice that remarkable expression, For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ . . . to suffer, v. 29. This is an added honor conferred on us by our Lord. The King gives us the opportunity of lying in the stocks with him, of standing at the same pillory, and of being crucified on the same Calvary. But those who have drunk of his cup shall share his throne. When earth and heaven shall pass away, his fellow-sufferers shall be his chosen body-guard and attendants in a world where all shall love and honor him. ("THE EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS" F.B.Meyer Bible Commentary)

Excerpt of prophecy- from **"Revelation 12 Eagle Wings"** PDF- MB
December 03, 2021—My supply (Prophecy) As tribulation sweeps the globe, the real issues of life will begin to come into focus for a lot of people. It will be akin to a person being told they have some terminal illness and only have a short time to live. Suddenly their life snaps into perspective and they begin seeing things as they really are. The things that were important to them no longer hold their place, as they are pushed further and further back; being replaced by real issues. Those of My children who know Me and My Word will be the first to snap out of their stupor…many are even now beginning to realize something has changed and the world is not the same. They are beginning to awake from slumber; pray for these, for even in their unpreparedness I can mightily use them. Don't put down the clarion I have placed in your hands, keep calling, keep praying, they need your prayers. The hour is late, but not too late to rise and fight. The enemy is a liar, he will tell them that the hour to fight has past, and they should just forget it. Never never never is it too late to save your life and the lives of those around you. Quickly go to the market and buy oil for the darkest hour is just before dawn. Dawn is close and the enemy would have them believe that it is too late, liar liar liar. Blow and blow and blow that clarion that horn of war, the enemy has overrun the world but don't just lie there to die in your bed of languishing. **Call on the keys, call on Me and My Word, we three are more than a match for the enemy, we will come in strong on your behalf.** We will be what you cannot be, when you are weak, we are strong. Call on us because the hour is never too late, where there is life there is hope. (End of prophecy)

To your human mind My love would seem to be manifested in how much I give you, but in reality My love is manifested in how much I take away from you leaving only Me in their place.

This is the deepest form of My love. This is My love unveiled. This is My love in its purest form. Not many desire to see Me as I am; See My heart as is it truly is. It's not that I don't want you to love anything else; it's just that I want to be first, I want your eyes to be for Me above all.

My love, greatly have I torn you, greatly have I loved you. I have loved, and loved and have wept sore with you. But because our desire for each other is greater, we had to agree to this your torment. I have not withheld from you, My

most treasured one. I cherish you, that is why I have walked on and let the sorrow overwhelm your soul. To another I would have withdrawn My hand, but you yourself have given Me leave. **This is how our two broken hearts will surely be molded together as one.** Your life shall run down and pour out and then shall it merge with Mine. Lo, I have ripped apart your humanity's desire. You have borne your heart and you have laid it down. You have kept nothing back from Me in your heart of hearts ; you have already burnt it all. Thus I must lay on you the sore testing that your very being may be purged to follow that which is your greatest desire. (Pure Desire for You compilation)

Hos 6:1 ***Come, and let us return unto the LORD: for he has torn, and he will heal us; he has smitten, and he will bind us up.***

29th November, 2023 (Azure Blue Angel) Being there for Him is the best motivation to sustain you, to enable you to keep going. Leave everything else behind now and step forward into His light, into His frequency. Make each step one of His steps by staying in the frequency of 6.66. You belong to Him and to stay in the Light your desire needs to be for Him. It will sustain you and keep you going through the 'dark night'- these times as well as your personal times of darkness. Love Him, come to Him and your way will be lighter. Focus on His eyes and fall into His depths and He will sustain you and help you to go above and beyond what you even think yourself to do. He will be your strength and will make your way seem lighter. Think about Him throughout the day, always communing with Him, asking Him what He thinks about this and what He thinks about that, call on the Keys using them as a trusted faithful friend and you will stay up there and be refreshed as you go throughout your day. Barricade your mind with the Keys to ward off unwanted attacks on your mind with negatives. Turn each thought into a prayer! Be patient and be still in His spirit. Avoid getting flustered and show faith. Give My counsel when needed in a loving caring way. Fight for your unity for it is so important and praise Him a lot. He loves that and it's so uplifting to you because it is a weapon against the enemy and it's pretty powerful. Stay close. Play your part of allowing the plasma to flow through you all today! (End of prophecy)

(Clear Blue) Look down the path ahead, yes there is one more valley you must ascend into and down there the light of the new dawn has not yet touched, it is still very dark down there. The Final Key will bridge the gap between this mountain and the next and you will be given unprecedented power, power that has not been given to any man since the beginning of time. As is said, the darkest hour comes just before dawn, but fear not, you have the power of the Keys in your hands and they will light your way. The way will be short in comparison to how far you have travelled thus far, and surely your way will be thwart with many perils, tests and trials**, but the final hour will be your greatest hour and you will overcome.** All heaven walks by your side, march on strong beloved, march on strong. (End of prophecy)

I am Companion, and I've tutored many of God's wayfaring ones through this earth safely. The secret lies in learning to set your eyes on the focal point, on the prize, on Heaven. This is what you know as, the Heavenly Vision. This is the most important thing a traveler can do in order to reach his destination. He cannot look to the right or to the left, but straight ahead. And praise helps you to keep your eyes facing forward. Praise lifts your head for you and sets you aright again, on your feet, and gets your vision cleared. Praise is the breath of the wayfarers, it's the staff of the pilgrim, it's the voice of all those who are seeking that City.

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her" (Gen.29:1-28). That's quite something. Because he had a passionate love for this woman, he was willing to gladly pay the price of hard labor and count it as nothing. And then when Laban cheated him, what did he do? He did it all over again because of love. The emotion in his heart made the actual physical tasks of the day seem lighter.

This is the feeling that you can have in your heart too as you practice the weapon of loving Me intimately.
My love will indeed compel you--and what love it is!

This love is powerful and it can motivate you to go above and beyond the call of duty.

Just like Jacob's love for Rachel had the consequence of making his physical work seem easier and the years of labor go faster, so our love together will make your load seem lighter and more bearable.

Behold how I have blessed you with riches and treasures that those of the world know not of! You are so blessed--the most blessed upon the face of the Earth! For you can feed of the Words of David and the Words of Maria and feed your soul and strengthen your heart for the battle. Behold how I have loved you and how I desire to love you and to lift you in My arms, to hold you ever so closely and to whisper in your ears the things that you must know, to give you the direction and the instruction and encouragement to strengthen your heart, to lift your burdens, to bear your burdens for you. Cast your burdens upon Me and I shall sustain you (GN 496). (From Jesus with Love 1)

"Jonah." A voice warm and rich and soft with emotion called my name. "Jonah." There it was again!

"Who are you? Where are you?" Could it be there was another living being in this dark hole with me? Who was he? How did he know my name? I began feeling around; where was he?

"Jonah, it is I, your Father. Peace, be still, my son." Then I knew ... it was the voice of my God speaking to me out of the darkness of the pit.

"My Father! My Father!" I cried out weakly, tears springing to my unseeing eyes. I marveled greatly at the gentle sound of ineffable* love in His voice as He spoke my name and these precious words of comfort. Feelings of love and wholeness began to wash over me, incredulous revelations of His love for me, His mercy, His greatness, His awesome power and majesty. Without a word, the light of revelation broke over me, and I could see the fears which I had feared at His command to go to Nineveh, and which I had tried to run away from. But here I was, having to face these same fears in the belly of the great fish. I saw that to have obeyed God would not have resulted in my death, but to run from Him was to let death and torture stalk and find and imprison me.

How foolish I am! my heart exclaimed. *How blind I am, to doubt that God would take care of me! Why did I doubt My Father in Heaven? How could I have regarded Him so lightly as to think He would have abandoned me in Nineveh? Here He has not abandoned me in my bed in Hell. Here He is loving me even in my most disobedient state. Who can comprehend such love as His which has never left me, even though I ran from Him with all my might?*

I cried out in the darkness, "My Father, You have not afflicted me to kill me, but that my sore affliction would bring me to repentance. When I cried to You, You heard me. When I cried to You from the belly of Hell, You heard my voice!

"Your anger was not the outrage of an avenging warrior, but rather the chastising hand of a loving father when You cast me into the depths of the sea. The floods compassed me, and all Your billows and Your waves passed over me. I thought I was cast out of Your sight forever, yet still I cried unto You in Your holy temple to look down upon me and help me.

"When the waters went over my head, the dark waters of despair entered my soul. Then the deep waters enclosed me like a tomb and the seaweed wrapped around my head like a grave cloth. I went down to the very bottom of the mountains until I could sink no further. I thought that the earth had shut her prison bars around me forever, but You were not finished with me. You delivered my life from the corruption of death, O Lord my God. When I fainted in the belly of the great fish, You revived my hope and I remembered You, O Father. My desperate prayer flew swiftly to You in Your holy temple."

"Oh, my God, my loving Father," I prayed earnestly with great awe and passion, "I love You! I see You now! I feel so ashamed. Please, please forgive me. O my God, I have truly learned, they that follow lying vanities forsake their own mercy. But I will forever sacrifice unto You. I have no bull, no sheep, no dove, but I will sacrifice to You with the voice of thanksgiving, I will pay what I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord!"

This was the most desperate and heartfelt prayer that I had ever prayed in my life. Now my heart was overflowing with love for my God. Illumined by the revelation of His love for me, I yielded to Him completely for the first time in my life. "Here I am, Lord God, take me!" I earnestly entreated. "I'm ready to die so I can come to You! Take me to Your bosom. I see You now, and I want only You. I am Your son once again. I thank You, mighty Father; I worship You, Lord of Heaven and Earth! I lift up my voice in praise to You, dearest Father of my heart. Please take me now, take me to Your home. I don't deserve Your infinite mercy and love, but You are all I desire now. Thank You for Your love and forgiveness. I thank You and I praise You and I love You forever!"

With many such words of love and praise and laughter, I felt I had surely ascended into Heaven already, bursting through the gates and bounding into His bright and glorious presence. My surroundings, so bleak and hopeless and black moments before, had become a glorious palace, shining in the full revelation of My Father's love! Oh, how a word, how a moment can suddenly transform the darkest hell into a heaven of light!

"My son, My dearest son, be at peace in your heart," came the sacred Voice again. "I will gather you to My bosom in your time. Never fear, My son, nor doubt Me again. But it is not your time to come into My presence. You must go back. Return to life, Jonah! Return to the land of the living and do that which I will ask of you. Will you do that for Me, My son? Will you trust Me now?" (The Reluctant missionary HL book)

God can, when he pleases, make a prison to become a refuge and hiding-place to his people in distress and danger. (Talking about Jeremiah being kept safe in the prison's Court room)

(Matthew Henry's Commentary on Jeremiah 38)

MB: We are like that broken reed, seemingly useless and only to be cut down and burned, good for nothing and with no purpose to those with a worldly outlook. But not to God! That reed is like a pipe, a conduit that is in the hand of Jesus and He will blow His spirit through that reed as a warning to the Gentiles. It is a time of judgment. The Children of David have been taken off the streets, yet are still blowing out the warning to those who will listen. Those who are still attracted to the truth will hear. Our prayers are that voice, both as a covering and as judgment. You might just have to take this all by faith, which some are doing. If you want to see some of the background –there isn't too much time to do this, but if you really want to understand what is happening, then go back as far as you can and begin following the MB blogs. That is the best suggestion I can give you. Or as I said at first, just take it by faith and I know that Jesus will give you little signs of confirmation. That is –if you truly have an open heart. This whole world is coming to an end. It has been prophesied for thousands of years. The Endtime prophet has come with his pen and led the way out of the world. God is done waiting at the crossroad; He's moved on up the mountain and is waiting there for those that desire that thick darkness rather than the gross darkness of the Devil's system. ("Mystery of 6.66" Final PDF)

EXTRA: Alice Cuts the Strings: Act Six *Heaven's Library* 249 – AM January 2009

-Chapter 18 - "ZE CAT IS OUT OF ZE SACK"

A minor hubbub ensued at the table as Anne took the unexpected visitor's rain-soaked trench coat, Alice hugged him, Stortok made room for him to sit down, and Mr. Sage offered him a drink, which he politely declined.

"How on earth did you find us, Monsieur Truncheon?"

"Not in the same peculiar manner zat Mr. and Mrs. Sage with zis remarkable script did, Mademoiselle Alice. We at Ireland Yard have other methods!"

"But you used it to apprehend Larrikin and Hooligan," said Anne.

"True. With ze irrefutable detail zat ze script had provided, ze two felons were convinced zat ze young ladies had 'squealed,' as they put it. Neverzeless, Alice, I now know from recent intensive investigation zat you are well acquainted with not just estrange stories, but actual *events*. You have ze rabbit hole, ze looking glass, and zen ze cards to add to your wealth of experience, so nothing should surprise you. In fact, you might find this rather mundane."

"I most assuredly shan't, monsieur," said Alice.

Truncheon smiled. "Maybe. But before I go too much further, I want to say zat zis meeting must be quick and to ze point. It is not a social visit."

"Oh dear," said Anne.

Truncheon lowered his voice. "I was sent to apprehend Alice and in particular, Marian."

At this, the whole table gasped, those present at it did also.

"Now, do not panic. I have arranged … where *is* Marian, by ze way?"

"She retired to the outside back area, monsieur," said Alice. "To accompany Mario who is smoking a cigarette, I presume. It has been a rather long time, though. I shall go and fetch them."

"Needn't bother--I'm back."

"*Marian*."

"Something wrong?"

"Where's Mario?"

"Gone," Marian said stonily and sat down. She was clutching a rolled up magazine. "And he's not coming back."

"But I thought you two were serious," said Alice.

"*Were*. Now he's going back to Italy and that Ailish puppet. He said his friends would despise him if he hitched up with *bourgeoisie*."

"Bourgeoisie? What on earth do you mean?"

"Mario's a staunch member of the Italian Socialist Party, and even in the circus he would promote his views. Now that he's found out about me, he told me to stop pinning my hopes on him."

"Oh, Marian, *please*!" said Alice. "Do explain. What do you mean 'found out about you'?"

Marian slapped the magazine onto the table.

"Ah," said Mr. Sage, "last week's edition of *Newsbleak*,"

"Yah. Mario had just found it in the smoking area. Anyway, the cat's out of the bag. I'm going home."

"Really?"

"Yes. Flights leave from Shannon Airport."

"Home to where?"

"*There*. On the cover."

Sage cleared his throat and read from the magazine cover's headline. "Search for San Romani's runaway Princess continues as new evidence comes to light!"

He then turned the pages to the featured article. "Why, this is *you,* Marian. And taken only recently."

"At the Tuck Inn, sipping an espresso," said Marian. "How, I have no idea."

"I think *I* do," said Anne.

"The smoothing iron?" Alice whispered with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Anyway," Marian went on, "my name is not really Marian. … I chose as close an acronym as I could think of to Marina, my real name."

"I believe the word is *anagram*," said Mr. Sage.

"Her Highness Princess Marina!" Stortok exclaimed, as the fact appeared to suddenly dawn on him, and he stood up reverentially to take a bow. "The daughter of King Alberto and Duchess Victoria of San Romani."

Marian commanded him to sit back down.

"What and where is San Romani?" Anne inquired.

"A small puppet country bordering Italy with a puppet government that still has nominal marionette royalty," Marian nonchalantly replied. "Anyway, the responsibility was too much--stuffy etiquette, dress, formalities, and all that, so I left my family a note saying I couldn't take it any longer and I ran away. It was in the news for quite awhile about the 'runaway Princess Marina.' I cut my hair short, dressed like a tramp and lived on the streets. That's when I met Mario and we joined the circus together. He was a troubadour and he had a b-beautiful singing voice. … He … he *sang* to me. …"

Suddenly Marian drew her breath and winced.

"And on top of it, my father, King Alberto, is d-dying. That's why it's b-back in the news. It's breaking his heart. … I was the apple of his eye … oh, *God.* …"

Water was welling up in Marian's eyes and she gave a start as a droplet rolled down her cheek and plopped onto her arm. Alice held the puppet's hand and silently prayed.

"Oh, what is *this*?" Marian exclaimed, wiping her arm on her mouth. "It tastes salty."

"It's a tear, miss," said Mr. Sage, and handed her a tissue.

"I know that. …"

She turned to Alice. "But *me*?"

"It *can* happen," said Alice, "especially after suffering something like this."

The puppet pressed a hand to her chest and looked imploringly at Alice. "And inside here, it *hurts* like hell*,* and I can't stop this water coming out of my eyes."

Mr. Sage handed her another tissue.

"Thank you. But it feels weirdly *good* in a painful sort of way. … Oh, Alice, *you* understand, don't you, what with that soldier boyfriend of yours?"

"I understand perfectly," Alice replied and burst into tears herself.

"Of course she does," said Mr. Sage and handed Alice a tissue. "Alice almost drowned in a pool of her very own tears."

"That sounds rather unlikely, sir. When?"

"When you went down the warren."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Down the *what*?"

"The rabbit hole."

"Do you think it will affect my wood?" Marian whispered to Alice through a misty smile.

"Only for the better, I'm sure."

"There is no better beauty lotion than tears to sweeten, soften, and brighten a woman's countenance," Mr. Sage said.

"Lance would have said something like that," Anne remarked with a wistful look at Mr. Sage. "Or if he'd not have *said* it, he would have at least put it in words in one of his plays. You and he are so wise, darling. … Well, he *used* to be."

"And still is, ma'am," Alice said with a sniffle. "We must not forget that."

At Alice's statement, Anne also burst into tears. Her husband handed her a tissue.

Stortok cleared his throat and shuffled in his seat. "Well, I think I should sort of better be gettin' along. …"

"Oh, *do* stay, Mr. Stortok," Alice pleaded. "I'm sure Marian appreciates the support after such trauma."

"It's not just that," sobbed Marian who was accepting another tissue from Mr. Sage. "I'm just amazed, Alice, that you stuck with me through all of this, with me being such a creep, and especially you not knowing who I am. It's meant a lot to me even though I didn't show it."

"You most certainly didn't," Alice responded with a sniffled giggle. "But it wasn't really *me*, all the credit must go to Joshua. He told me to stick with you no matter what."

"I'm so glad you did. I certainly didn't make it easier, and … I'm just so sorry to all of you and everyone else I must have … oh, I wish I could just go to them all and … you see? I'm imagining all the faces of those I've hurt and I can *feel* it, you know? Oh, it hurts so much in here--it's as if it could *burst*. … Am I going to die, Alice?"

Alice signalled to Mr. Sage for another tissue. He indicated that he was out of them, and Alice put her arm around the convulsively blubbering puppet.

"Of course not," she said.

"Shall I call ze waiter for a mop?" Jacques said in an attempt to lighten the atmosphere.

He received no response, laughter or otherwise, and so he, along with the other two men who were also markedly uncomfortable in the presence of three weeping females, ordered a drink.

"Ah, *bon*," Jacques said, his face falling into sobriety. "Now zat ze cat is out of ze sack, I suppose I can speak freely. As soon as Princess Marina disappeared, ze kingdom of San Romani put out a reward for information leading to her whereabouts. Larry and Harry decided to capitalise on zis and capture her and hold her for ransom. Furthermore, a higher power put out a sum zat topped it all as a reward for ze capture and possible death of both Princess Marina *and* Alice."

His glass of Bordeaux arrived and Jacques Truncheon suddenly glanced at his watch. He pushed his glass away.

"You need to leave, Alice! You and Marian, right *now*."

The two startled girls sat upright, puzzled.

"As I said at ze beginning of our impromptu rendezvous. I am here to apprehend you. Ze instructions were zat if I was gone for more zan half an hour, and I did not give ze signal, a…"

Jacques broke off. The wail of police sirens was filling the air outside.

"I'm sorry, it's already too late, mademoiselles. I apologise, Princess Marina's confession was so captivating. I don't know what to do because ze streets and motorways will already be blocked."

"But Marian needs to go *home*," said Anne. "We need to get her to an airport."

"And Shannon Airport is about a four-hour drive away," said Mr. Sage. "Even after you manage to get through Dublin."

"I know what we can do," said Stortok. "I have a motorboat moored on the Grand Canal, right out back there--me home these days. It's not much, goes a mite slow, and it's in a state o' disrepair. …"

"Zat is irrelevant at zis point," said Mr. Truncheon. "What's your plan?"

"Well, the Grand Canal is linked to the Shannon River that runs all the way to where the airport is on the north banks o' the river. Ye don't have river blocks, do you?"

Jacques smiled. "In a situation such as zis? Most likely not, fortunately for you."

"First leg of the Grand Canal to the Shannon is the slowest, with forty-four locks* to tackle," said Stortok. "But we could be at the airport at least by early morning, if not before dawn." [***lock**: a short section of a canal or river in which the water level can be altered to enable boats to pass to a higher or lower part of the waterway. The lock has gates at each

end with a mechanism for letting water in or out]

"Zen do not tarry," said Jacques. "Girls, follow Monsieur Stortok *tout de suite*."

"I just have to get my bass," Stortok said.

After bidding hasty and tearful goodbyes to Mr. and Mrs. Sage and Jacques Truncheon, Alice and Marian slipped through the crowd and the back door of the Rainbow Trout and onto the small wharf that led off the pub's rear car park. The clouds were clearing and moonlight was shimmering on the black waters of the Grand Canal where Stortok had moored his motor boat. He dumped his double bass inside it and helped Marian aboard, and was about to do the same for Alice when Jacques Truncheon softly called to her from the Rainbow Trout's back door.

"*Un moment, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle*."

Alice, remembering a little 'school French,' hurried back to the stooped and dejected police inspector. The sirens had stopped.

"Zey are here," he whispered. "I will go back in now and say zat I could not find you. I did not wish to tell you this in ze company of so many inside, but ze truth is ze 'powers zat be' promised to give me a 'pardon' from their trumped-up charges of police brutality, and I would be vindicated if I turn you and Marian in. I agreed to this only after I was tortured, and my wife and family threatened with ze same."

"That is most *awful*, monsieur," said Alice.

"So, what was I to do, mademoiselle? I agreed to their offer. Zey needed my expertise and allegiance. Alas, I do not have, as you do, ze faith zat will lead me to ze stake."

"Oh, Monsieur Truncheon, I trust that that will be neither your nor my er … fate. But should my convictions lead me thither, I know that my Lord will walk me through to victory."

Inspector Truncheon smiled. "Ah, a mademoiselle of whom to be proud. Like ze Maid of Orleans."

"You mean Joan of Arc?"

Jacques nodded. "Of course. *Jeanne d'Arc*, my favourite story and personage as a child."

"Mine too, actually, monsieur."

"*Vraiment*? *Ecoutez*, we have little time, but if I may ask you a question, mademoiselle? …"

"Most certainly, monsieur. You have had my express permission to interrogate me!"

Jacques laughed. "*Eh bien*! Are you planning to create a disturbance? Upset ze *cart de pommes?"*

"I don't quite know what you mean, monsieur," said Alice. "But I am planning to--and *have*--cut strings by inviting people to Joshua's wedding banquet. That is my commission."

"Strings, mademoiselle?"

"The strings of the puppeteer."

Jacques Truncheon sighed and shook his head. "Very appropriate. Although I feel I am doing you and others like you a service by being what you call a 'mole,' I must confess that I sometimes feel more like a puppet."

"But I see no strings attached to you, monsieur."

"*Vraiment*? Zat is most encouraging."

Alice patted Trucheon's arm and smiled. "You have suffered for the truth, monsieur. You did not deny our Lord's name."

"*Merci, mademoiselle*. But you must go."

Alice gave him a kiss on the cheek and dashed down to Stortok's boat.

"See you at Joshua's wedding banquet!" she called back as she clambered aboard.

"*Certainement!*" said Jacques.

Despite Stortok's deprecating description, his old motorboat had retained a rustic charm. The boat's enclosed upper deck, illuminated by hanging oil lamps, was fitted like a small dining-cum-living room with the table situated in the middle surrounded by wall cupboards and green velvet-upholstered benches. Two cabins, one with a bunk and the other with a double bed, comprised the lower deck.

Having revved up the engine, and finally being able to puff on his pipe, Stortok, through the expression in his eyes, humbly besought the two girls' approval of his quaint abode. Alice, and to her surprise, even Marian, perceived it and spared no accolade.

"The wood and its workmanship is outstanding!" said Marian. "It's beautiful."

"I imagine taking a holiday in it would be lovely," said Alice.

"Ye both be welcome anytime--just say the word."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Stortok, Brandon would be ever so thrilled. He likes to wakeboard, you know, and he's ever so good at it."

"Well, miss, if ye have a mind to do so, we can take our time right now and enjoy the ride."

"That would be most awfully nice, sir, but according to Monsieur Truncheon this is a matter of some urgency."

"Ye be right," he said. "But forty-four locks? Might as well relax. Polignac anyone?"

Marian nodded and Alice shook her head.

"Thank you, sir, but I think I shall retire for slumber shortly," she said.

Stortok shrugged, fulfilled Marian's request, and took his place at the helm. Shortly, with Stortok merrily singing bawdy sea shanties, one of which was his song about Alice's peculiar palace that made Alice giggle and Marian blush, the boat was in motion.

"So," said Alice as she joined Marian at the table, "you're returning home."

Marian sipped her polignac. "Yes. Disappointed?"

"In a way. This has been quite the adventure, what with walking, talking puppets and…"

"I'm not a…," Marian began, and then broke into a smile. "Oh, it doesn't matter really, does it?"

Alice smiled and continued. "*Marionettes,* Punch and Judies, pantomime horses, and suchlike. … It's actually been ever so exciting, and I never know when these adventures will befall me. Though I must confess it keeps me on my toes in real life, as I do not wish to fall asleep in untoward circumstances that would be printed for the whole Family!"

Marian giggled. "Circumstances such *as*…?"

Alice giggled too. "Oh, I am sure that such *highly* improbable circumstances to which I assume you are intimating would be edited out! Nevertheless, dear Marian, I will miss you terribly, but you cannot abandon your crown. Actually I'm learning a huge lesson about that during this experience."

"I know."

Alice looked startled and Marian placed a wooden hand on Alice's. "You probably didn't know I'd seen it. I covered

the fact well, you must admit."

"You most assuredly did, but I am afraid I don't quite comprehend your implications."

"Let me explain." Marian gestured upward with a bewildered expression. "He, it … *Something* … the great *good* puppeteer up there, has granted me the gifts necessary for my station. One of which is an ability to 'read' people. It's too much sometimes. …"

"Uncomfortable," said Alice.

"Exactly. You just want to kick back with someone and not see it … whatever it is that's *mismatched.* You know what I mean, don't you? Get down with them, type of deal."

"I think I do. It's nice to just be … er … *normal* sometimes."

"For sure." Marian went on. "Anyway, I *read* you, almost from the moment I met you. I wondered 'she's *royalty*, but what's her kingdom?'"

"The Kingdom of Heaven," Alice said.

"I knew it! Then why the shame?"

"Shame? What on earth do you mean?"

"You're blushing and hanging your head, Alice. Don't kid me that it's humility."

Alice stared into the puppet's earnest large black eyes, and tears came into her own.

"It's just not in me to say 'no' to Joshua, Marian. It's not in my destiny. 'Many are called,' he said, 'but few are chosen.'"

"Explain."

"The few who are *chosen* cannot get away with second best, like some of the prophets, for instance. If they go back on their commission, they become a jinx to everyone they're around."

"Like Jonah the prophet," Marian pensively remarked.

Alice was surprised. "*Exactly*."

"Just like I've jinxed *you,* Alice. I was disobedient to what Joshua had for *my* life and me."

"I do suppose that's what happens when you just do what you think you want," said Alice.

"Yes, but I didn't know what I *did* want, Alice. I just knew what I *didn't* want."

"And what was that?"

"*That."*

"That *what*?"

"Dog-eat-dog politics," said Marian. "Licking boots and a lot of other things to stay up there."

Alice fell silent, but she was inwardly praying. How was she to answer this puppet who was now paradoxically teaching and convicting *her*?

"Whether I like it or not, I can't get out of it," said Marian.

"Me neither," said Alice and took a swig of Marian's polignac. "So we might as well get used to liking it!"

After all, it's still only a dream spirit trip, she thought.

"*Carry* it, Alice," said Marian, "as I have now decided to carry mine."

Alice knew exactly to what Marian was referring.

"Then I pray thee, Queen Marian, wilt thou help me carry it?" Alice asked with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "We can like, email our requests to Joshua!"

At her last remark, the pair collapsed into giggles.

"Of *course*," said Marian.

"We can, like, *counsel*-type thing on random heavy-duty matters of state such as the recommended serving temperature of fish and chips!" said Alice, feeling a sense of rollicking relief at what she knew was Joshua's granting of a temporary respite from her admittedly rather staid Victorian speech and demeanour.

Marian roared with laughter. "And *you* can like, *shoot* me pearls of wisdom about raising taxes on pasta. ..."

Marian's tearful mirth stopped short. Mr. Stortok had stopped singing and had turned to look at them, perplexed.

"Seems like both ha' been nippin' at the polignac."

Silence met his observation.

"Okay, but maybe you lasses will want to turn in soon. Ye can take the bunk room."

"Thank you ever so, Mr. Stortok."

"It would be cool to have some music right now, though," said Marian.

"To be sure. Umm, what sort of music do you like?"

"*Drone*," said Marian.

"Drone?"

"You don't know what *Drone* is?"

"Well, I know what the *word* means," said Alice, "but a music style?"

"Yeah, it's the latest."

"Goodness! I should ask Brandon. He would know."

"Hey!" said Marian. "Where have you been?"

"Living under a rock, I do suppose," Alice said and broke into a giggle. "Rock of Ages cleft for me," she sang laughingly. "Let me hide myself in Thee!"

"Hey, you have a good voice," said Marian.

"So I've been told. Brandon thinks it's wonderful, but I confess I cringe when I hear myself recorded. Like once after a show in a country music barn!"

"You should sing for me sometime," said Marian.

"What? When?"

"Like now?"

"With no accompaniment?"

"Yah. I'll just thump a beat on the table."

"Very well," said Alice, and set the metre with a tapping foot. Marian grinned and thumped her wooden hands on the table in time.

"The advantage of being created with built-on drumsticks!" she said and Alice began singing.

Come hell or high water,

I'm the King's daughter.

Though I burn, though I drown,

I'll not forsake my crown.

No matter what the scene,

I'm destined to be a queen,

Come hell or high water.

"That's a cool song!" Marian exclaimed. "You wrote it?"

"Joshua just gave it!" said Alice and continued singing.

Yes, a-come hell or high water,

I'm the King's daughter.

No matter what the world lays down,

I'll not forsake my crown.

I was born for this day,

No matter what they do or say.

I'm claiming my destiny

To be what I'm meant to be,

Come hell, hell, hell

Or high, high water!

Though I burn, though I drown,

I'll not forsake my crown,

Come hell, hell, or high water!

Though the flames or the floods rise high,

It's a case of do or die.

And as the King's daughter,

I'll do what I oughta,

Come hell, hell, hell

Or high, high water!

Marian gleefully joined in on a repeat of the chorus, and after more chatting together, she and Alice bid Stortok goodnight and descended the steps to the lower cabin.

"Do come home with me, Alice," Marian said once they'd climbed into their bunks.

"To San Romani?"

"Of course! It'd be great fun, and I'd love for you to meet everyone at the palace. They would simply *adore* you."

Alice immediately thought of her wardrobe, or lack of it. "I would love to, but I suppose you understand that I will have to ask Joshua about it."

"By now, I know that's a given, Alice," Marian said drowsily.

Meeting people in a palace, Lord? Alice wondered.

Yes.

Like this?

Yes.

"Anyway, Marian, thank you ever so much for the invitation," Alice said.

The marionette did not reply: she was asleep.

I was so ready to kick back and relax, Alice thought as she lay in the creaking bunk, *but I was almost afraid to, as it seems that at other times I do so in these adventures, I end up in trouble.*

Only when you kick back without including Me, Alice. Tonight you did include Me.

Thank You, Lord. But I wish we could, like, relive that day of horseback riding forever. …

Presently, lulled by the rocking of the boat, the chugging of its engine, and the lapping of the water, Alice fell asleep.

To be continued…

The Siren of Babylon

A trawler was touched by dawn's early light,
Raised anchor and caught the breeze,
And the sails that filled with wind from the coast,
Drove the ship to the high, open seas.

Out on the seas, on the high, rolling seas,
With nothing but ocean in sight,
The nets were let out with a lusty shout--
Lines cast to catch what they might!

At the helm was an ancient man of the sea,
A Mariner weathered and wise.
His happy crew laughed as they toiled on the craft,
'Neath the free and boundless skies!

As they trawled one morn near the shimmering reefs,
For the fish of the tumbling deep,
A strange, eerie song was borne o'er the waves,
So gripping, it made the skin creep.

"Tis the Siren's cry," the Mariner said,
"That has swept many men to their graves!"
Then he pointed to a Nymph of the Sea, whose moan
Came echoing low on the waves.

"Tis very enchanting!" a young man cried,
As he cocked his head to hear.
"Do not be deceived," the Mariner warned,
"For the price of such folly is dear!"

"There's no end of bones on the coral below,
Of men who sleep 'neath the tide,
Who turned from their quest at the Siren's behest,
And were swept to the bottom and died!

"She's a Witch and she seeks to lure you, lad,
And her song's from the Netherworld!
Now come! There are nets to cast o'erboard,
And sails to be unfurled!"

The youth turned to his work again,
But his tasks now seemed so long.
He was drawn all day, in his mind, to her,
And his heart was sick with her song.

All he saw was the lure, and the beauty of her,
And her palace of shimmering shell!
What he couldn't perceive and wouldn't believe
Was that she ... was a creature from Hell!

Finally he put down his compass, and stood
Caught up, bewitched by her wail,
And leaving the crew to labour alone,
He threw himself over the rail!

"Save him, old man!" cried the youths in alarm,
As they saw him swept off in the swell!
"It's no use," he replied, "pulling him from the tide,

If his heart is still bound by her spell!"

"He must drink his belly full of the deep,
Like a dog to his vomit must go,
Before he'll want free from the Witch of the sea!
But then, by God, he will know!"

The youth barely tasted the Siren's delights,
Though she'd promised them oft in her song,
For a whirlpool from Hell, quite unseen from the rail,
Quick caught him and swept him on down!

Like Jonah, he sank, and he went all the way,
'Bout as low as a man could go,
Entangled in weeds in the depths of the deep,
Yes, then, only then, did he know!

'Twas a hard fight back by the half-drowned lad,
But he knew now all he'd lost!
And he prayed to the Lord, "If You'll bring me back,
I'll serve You at any cost!"

There's a wise young man on the trawler now,
On whom the Mariner depends,
For he's learned the sow-wallow, dog-vomit way,
How the song of the Siren ends!

Many was the time, in the months that passed,
When a-fishing, out high on the sea,
That he heard her alluring, wailing call,
As hauntingly sweet as could be.

"Hi-ho!" he would laugh, "You'll not get me!
I've my compass and chart in my grip!
There's a sea full of fish that I must catch,
And haul up onto my ship!

"I'll not turn aside," he said, "No, I won't,
For the Witch of the waves full of wile!
I'll close my ear to her Siren's lure,
And distrust her friendliest smile!"

"There are oceans to trawl, precious cargo to haul
'Cross the high, rolling waves of the sea!
I'll not be allured! Thank God I've been cured!
(I tell you, that lad was me!)

"O Mariner, tell me," they hastened to ask,
"The meaning of all that we've read!
Who is this Siren and what is the Sea?"
Then turning, the old man said:

"The waters thou sawest, where the Whore doth sit,
Are peoples, and nations and tongues!"
"But who is this Whore on the waves," they implored,
"Alluring both old and young?

"The name on her forehead is Babylon!
Here's the Truth that must be believed:
Her merchandise is the souls of Men!
--By her sorceries are nations deceived!

"The glittering, enticing spells she weaves
Of fashions that're passing away,
For ages have dazzled poor youthful hearts,
And by millions have led them astray!

"Her riches and fashions and music allure!
Like a moth to the flame they're drawn!
They yield to her pull, abandon their goal,
And are sucked into Babylon!"

Are you enticed by the Siren's song?
Is she snaring your soul with her wail?
Does her glitter and gold bedazzle your soul
And lure you right over the rail?

Or do you, instead, look straight ahead
In your life that you live for the Lord?
Do you know what is right?--So that false, cheap delights,
Cannot lure your soul overboard?

Only what's done for Jesus will last,
In this short fleeting life nearly gone!
Give your all for lost souls, and don't you be fooled
By the Siren called Babylon!
--Hart (reprint)

43. So when things look DARKEST, DON'T look DOWN.--Look UP! Don't murmur and complain! But start PRAISING the Lord, and you can often praise your way right out of the pit of doubt, defeat and discouragement into which the Devil is trying to cast you! The Lord LOVES praise and thanksgiving. His Word says that He DWELLS in the PRAISES of His people!--Psalm 22:3.

44. Doubt, fear, discouragement and murmuring KILL! But faith, trust, courage and praising the Lord brings LIFE! So let's try to TAKE our testings and our temptations graciously, and even gratefully! The Lord promises that He will NEVER give you more than you are able to BEAR, and that He will always make a way of ESCAPE.--Somehow He will always make it easier for you or at least help you to bear it if you call on Him for help. He says, "There has no temptation come upon you except what is COMMON to man. But GOD is FAITHFUL, Who will NOT allow you to be tempted beyond what you are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to ESCAPE, that you may be able to BEAR it!"--1Corinthians 10:13.

45. "But oh!" you may say, "I don't see how I can possibly bear THIS trial, THIS chastening, THIS test, it's TOO BIG for me to handle!" Well, look at the trial the Lord let His Prophet, JONAH, go through after he refused to obey the Lord and go and warn the wicked city of Nineveh as God had commanded him. A gigantic WHALE swallowed him up, and he thought that he was FINISHED!--But that same whale that gobbled him up was the means whereby God brought him safely to land!--It was a BLESSING in disguise! For three long days and nights Jonah was in the belly of that whale, but when he finally quit complaining, yielded to the Lord and began to THANK and PRAISE God, the Lord commanded the whale to spit Jonah out on dry land, and he was DELIVERED! (See Jonah 1 and 2.)

46. So always remember, the Lord LOVES you, and life's DARKEST hour is often just before DAWN! WHATEVER trials may befall you, don't despair, don't give up, don't lose hope!--But look to JESUS in your time of trial, claim and cling to His promises and believe His Word--that whatever it is you're going through, He will truly work it together for your GOOD--and He WILL! He HAS to, it's His PROMISE! He NEVER fails! Amen? GOD BLESS YOU! (ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR YOUR GOOD!)

Prayer is a skill that can be honed, so take time daily to sharpen your prayer scythe. Then when it comes time to use it, you'll be able to cut through the obstacles with ease. Effectiveness in prayer is not a talent that you either have or you don't have. Everyone has the ability to be a winning, proficient master in the art of prayer. You just have to hone your skills. Study the music sheet of My Word so that you will know it backward and forward. Tune the strings of your heart so that you're in the best position to receive My answers. Practice your voice of faith by memorizing and claiming My promises. And then get ready to play beautiful music that will reach My heavenly courts and allow Me to pour out the blessings and answers in abundance. Things are going to progress beyond anyone's natural abilities, and those who have leaned on the crutch of their carnal talents will find themselves much less useful, but a person who has mastered the art of bringing his requests to Me, and then patiently and praisefully waiting for Me to work, is going to become infinitely

more valuable in any sphere of My service than one who is naturally gifted for certain tasks. If you knew how effective and efficient prayer was, you'd hardly do anything else. Prayer opens doors that cannot be opened otherwise, breaks chains that would be impossible for human strength to break, removes the most daunting obstacles, delivers the most well-guarded prisoners from Satan's clutches, and causes miracles to become commonplace occurrences. (Praying Professionally PFTCOD14)

Denith's heart was pounding, and he'd broken into a cold sweat. He was afraid, anxious, not wanting to hear and not wanting to see, yet at the same time desperately wanting to partake of whatever was happening around him.
"I know it's a struggle," Hoden continued. "It is always a struggle when someone from your world reaches through into ours. There are those who are as eager to keep you from discovering it as we are to help you find it. But this time they have failed, and we have succeeded. They have not been able to keep you from seeking, and now you have found us--or we have found you, rather." (**THE SEVEN KEYS BOOK I - DENITH'S STORY)**