

The way of God  
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Soon the day of God will come. It will come. It will be here. It will come. Of course the day of God is like a tree. The tree is brown. When the tree is brown the day is gone. The light is off. The day is long.

The day is long is today. Dad came home after having what we thought were a series of massive heart attacks. They carried him to the hospital by ambulance and was met by nurses. They cut off his shirt and his T-shirt. They thought it was the defibrillator at fault. Then they found out our doc had mistakenly taken him off the battle. That is he was given pills which were to keep his heart low. Those lead to a mistake which lead to a problem. The point is he is home but weak from his ordeal.

It is a time when I am in rough shape as well. I speak of it in the sense of Dystonia and possibly Dysphonia. I know some die and some lie. Some die is the way of dying from it and lie is those who are weak from it. I am both and I lie in bed groaning in pain and suffering. It hits and I go into spasm or into pain so great I feel like I am dying. It hits me hard and I have to go and stop dealing with people.

It is this which is why I pray. I pray for healing. I pray for deliverance. I go into it with battle of time. I go into it knowing that I write funny. I don't carry sentences to the point I should. It isn't that I can't but I find to write this way is the easiest of all.

Dying and lying for another year is the thought I had. For if I am in suffering then why is it going on?

There is a saying "Don't ask" because the while of it is the bile. I don't care about the nitty gritty dirt band. I've seen in the spirit some of the things that attack and they are disgusting. The point is it isn't the while of it but the bile. The bile is what I see. The while is what I endure.

To put the while into perspective it is the while of life. I can bear it but the while is the point. I am in the point of a man praying. I pray for the rapture. I pray for it with life. I pray for it with hope. I pray for it knowing God is in control. I know it and yet I cannot bear.

It is the point of misery where God sends in a brother. The brother may know I suffer but he knows I don't do much or say much. I go into it with hope and with a dream. I end up not finding it. The point of life is to give and to give is to ride. So here is the point of hope. It is to see. The see

was a spiritual demensis. It isn't much of a word per say but it means to sit on the point. It is a warehouse of pain. It is a build up of sin. It is a point which has been there for me but in the way of pain. What I saw were like dark rocks rolling into flavors of chocolate. Of course that sounds good but they are dark rocks meant to sit and break the point of time with hope. They are called demensis spirits. They are not in the point of a dictionary but they are in the point of pain. They were like a tiny kiss chocolate in shape but they were alive. I know it sounds strange but perhaps one day God will explain.

There are things in the bile I see which are not good. They are dark and spirit led and that isn't of the Holy Spirit. Not Jesus was here and took them and broke them. He shattered them beyond the point of dust. He is here with me and is with me in the story. He is with me in the dream. He is with me in hope. Yet when it comes to what is happening to me he is with me. That is why I am here. I am part of the story of life and part of the dream. I am part of the life of hope. Of course I write that but it is with hope.

Now the rapture is on the way but it is on the way in time. It is on the way soon. It won't leave me without help. The next few months are going to be tough. No one in our family feels up to driving. That is why I need you to help me pray.