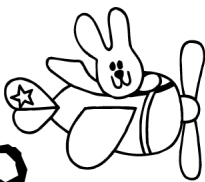




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Book 1 True Value

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Book 1: True Value

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Preface

When I first began writing, I simply wanted to express what I believed mattered most in life. I wrote about value, meaning, GOD, love, and what I thought was true. Looking back, I can see that those early words were still touched by the part of me that wanted to understand everything, to get it right, and perhaps even to be seen for seeing clearly. I did not know then that I was recording my own unfolding.

As I continued to write, something inside of me began to quiet. Thoughts that once came from my mind began to flow from my heart. The tone softened. The energy shifted. What began as explanation slowly became revelation. I began witnessing my own becoming. The emotional stage that wanted to speak. The aware stage that began to listen. And eventually, the embodied stage where everything began resting in unconditional LOVE.

That is also why these books do not follow the rules. Insight did not arrive chapter by chapter. Sometimes it came sideways, in silence, in symbols, in stillness. Something written early might not reveal itself until much later because order was never the goal.

This first book has ego all through it. I can see that now with LOVE. There are places where I believe I am simply observing when I am also judging. Places where I speak with certainty about the world or other people without recognizing how much of myself is still inside the observation. There are even moments when I say I am not judging while judgment is

quietly present. I could clean all of that up now, but then I would be changing the person who actually wrote these words. I would rather let you see him too. Not with embarrassment or condemnation, but with unconditional LOVE. He is part of the journey.

These writings became a scattered unveiling, moving through money, GOD, memory, energy, illusion, identity, fear, love, and the deep inner life we are often taught to ignore. At one point, I questioned whether I should release any of it. I wanted to remain unseen, not from fear, but from reverence. I knew truth did not need defending, and for a time I mistook silence for something more spiritual than being seen. Then I understood something simple. Sharing is not defending. It is giving. It is LOVE extending itself without requiring reward, agreement, recognition, or even understanding.

It is simply saying: here is what I discovered along the way. Take what speaks to you and leave what does not. I am not asking you to believe me. I am not asking you to follow me. And I am not trying to change you.

These writings became books as my discoveries unfolded in layers. Together, they became a living record of remembrance. Not a set of instructions for becoming something new, but reflections of what began appearing as everything false slowly fell away.

And maybe that is what the origin really is. Not somewhere we have to return to, but what has always been here beneath everything we learned to perform, achieve, defend, fear, and

become. The journey felt less like becoming something new and more like remembering what was already there.

You may notice that movement as you read. Earlier words sometimes reach outward. Later ones rest inward. Some thoughts may even challenge thoughts that came before them. I have chosen not to erase that because the change itself is part of the message.

This isn't about perfection. It is about unfolding. Perhaps we were never missing, only covered. Perhaps we were never separated, only told we were. Perhaps beneath everything we learned to become, there remains something untouched.

The origin.

So read slowly. Question freely. Color something. Put the book down. Come back when you want to. There is nothing here you are required to believe.

These are just some things I picked up along the way.

True Value

This book began with a simple question for me: what actually has value when everything we use to measure ourselves is taken away? The more I sat with that question, the less value looked like something I could own and the more it looked like something I could live from. It is not determined by what you own or accumulate; it lies in what you can live without. Real value is measured by your ability to function with little to nothing.

This becomes the true scale: how deeply can you connect with life when stripped of material dependencies? When one evolves into a spiritual being, reliance on the external world diminishes. You engage with the world, but you are no longer bound by it. Instead, you lean on invisible forces: love, patience, joy, peace, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control. These spiritual virtues become your foundation, not the fleeting values of the material world. Operating within spiritual values opens the door for life's essentials to align effortlessly.

Be it money, food, shelter, or transportation, the universe provides what is needed to navigate this world. Practices like meditation, prayer, and connecting with the Divine, the "I AM," are essential. They serve as the gateway to spiritual abundance, offering pure freedom and a peace that only Elohim can provide, far beyond what the world could ever offer.

Trials

Difficult seasons used to make me wonder how quickly I could get back to normal. Over time, I started noticing that some of those seasons were revealing things in me that comfort never had to reveal. That changed the way I began looking at trials. Trials are not against you. They are for you. Then comes the night, that space where you feel abandoned, where GOD seems distant, where everything in you wants to ask why. But that night is not punishment. It is process. Trials are not failures. They are refinements. Just like gold is purified through fire, you are being shaped into something steady and strong.

Spiritual gifts are not meant to flare up when it feels good and disappear when it is hard. The fire stabilizes them, stretches them, and anchors them in truth. You stop leaning on comfort and start leaning on CHRIST. The shaking teaches you what cannot be shaken. As James 1 verses 2 through 4 says, count it all joy when you face trials of many kinds, because the testing of your faith produces endurance. And when endurance has done its work, you will be mature and complete, lacking nothing.

The fire teaches you not to react, but to rest. And the more you walk through these nights with GOD, the more you realize the next trial does not even feel like a trial. It just feels like growth. That is the maturing. That is when you stop chasing light and start becoming it. Even Jesus had a night like that, where he said, "my GOD, my GOD, why have you forsaken me?" And yet even in that moment he surrendered. You need the dark night not to destroy you, but to help you form into the embodiment of

CHRIST. That is the gift of the fire. Not to burn you, but to reveal what was always there.

True Freedom

I used to connect freedom with circumstances. More money, fewer obligations, more choices, more control. But I eventually experienced a freedom that had nothing to do with what was happening around me, and that kind of freedom reached much deeper. Love at the core is not a concept. It is a presence. It is the embodiment of CHRIST, the living awareness that the kingdom of GOD is within you, not something distant or far off. When that truth settles in your spirit, something shifts.

You stop chasing what was never meant to complete you. You no longer need applause to feel worthy, no longer search for recognition to feel seen. You become still, and in that stillness, you shine. As Jesus said in Luke 17 verse 21, the kingdom is not here or there. It is within you. That means the power, the presence, the peace are already inside. You become love in the middle of conflict. When someone cuts you off in traffic and you smile instead of reacting, that is love.

When your spouse is struggling and says something from pain, and instead of defending yourself, you listen with calm understanding, that is love. When you walk into a room and do not need to be the loudest voice, yet people still feel your peace, that is love. When someone gossips about you and you bless them anyway, not with words alone, but from your heart,

that is love. These are not passive responses. These are radiant responses.

Because love does not shrink in darkness, it reveals itself more. You become trust in a world addicted to anxiety. You embody health in a time where fear runs deep. Health here reaches into how you think, how you feel, and how you care for your body. You live from wholeness instead of letting fear run your life. You walk in wealth, not because you have more, but because you lack nothing. And when trials come, you do not panic, because you know the one who holds the storm is the same one who lives within you. That is Psalm 46 verse 5, "GOD is within her, she will not fall." Radiant love does not try to convert people. It just remains present.

When you walk into a workplace where people are full of tension and you stay in peace without needing to explain yourself, you are radiating the kingdom. When a friend loses someone they love and you sit next to them in silence, offering presence instead of answers, that is the kingdom. When you choose not to post something for attention because your validation is already anchored in GOD, that is maturity in love. You become the example people remember when they forget who they are. Not because you said anything fancy, but because your energy reminded them of peace.

The world does not bow before your light in fear. It bows in honor. Not because of status or dominance, but because your presence feels like home. It feels like truth. That is why Jesus said in Matthew 5 verse 14, you are the light of the world. Not you will be, not try to be, but you already are. So now, life is no

longer about getting or earning. It becomes about expressing. You express CHRIST through how you listen, how you forgive, how you walk, how you show up even when it is inconvenient.

You no longer need the world's tools because you carry what the world cannot give. The world bends not to your will, but to the presence of GOD within you. And the deeper you root in this love, the more natural it becomes. You do not force light. You let it be. This is the core of life. This is freedom.

True Freedom, Part Two: The Practice of Staying Free

Finding freedom is beautiful. Learning how to remain free when ordinary life starts pulling at you again is where the practice begins. That became the part I wanted to understand for myself. Freedom isn't something you experience once and then move on from. It's not a one-time moment. Freedom is a rhythm, a daily returning. Even when you've seen clearly, the world still tries to pull you back into old ways of thinking. These constructs don't disappear just because you had a revelation. They linger. They whisper. They try to wrap you in illusions. That's why you have to return to truth over and over again.

To stay free, CHRIST must be expressed through you daily. Not just in quiet moments when life is calm, but in the noise, in the tension, in the ordinary. CHRIST becomes the response. CHRIST becomes the strength. That moment when you saw CHRIST clearly and realized the kingdom was within you? Yes, that changed everything. But staying free means allowing that

presence to move through you again and again. Jesus said whoever wants to follow must deny themselves daily and follow. Not when it's easy. Not when it feels spiritual.

But every single day. That means releasing the version of yourself that still wants to be right, still wants to be noticed, still wants control. It means surrendering your will for the awareness of CHRIST, not because you are weak, but because you trust where true strength comes from. You no longer force your way through life. You move in truth. And when the world tries to make you react, you pause and respond. You respond with peace, with stillness, with calm.

Because that's where CHRIST is. CHRIST is not found in panic. CHRIST is in presence. That is how you stay free. There will be moments when the old self tries to come back. Pressure will rise. Thoughts will circle. The world will demand you prove something. But instead of following that pull, you remember. You remember that truth has already made you free. You are not chasing freedom anymore. You are walking in it. Staying free is a decision.

Sometimes it happens in silence. Sometimes in movement. But it always comes from the same place. When CHRIST thinks through you, speaks through you, and loves through you, you are walking in freedom. Not the kind the world offers, but the kind that cannot be shaken. This is the invitation every day. To return. To remember. To let CHRIST be the breath within. This is the freedom that does not fade. This is the presence that holds you steady. And this is how you stay free.

When Fear Sounds Like Truth

I saw a video of a woman preaching boldly, her voice full of fire, quoting scripture with conviction. She said if you don't accept Jesus, you're going to hell. No hesitation. No softness. Just absolute certainty. What stayed with me was not how bold she sounded, but what I felt underneath the boldness. It made me question how easily fear can be mistaken for truth.

And the man who uploaded the video praised her, saying this is what we need more of. He called her bold, said she was telling the hard truth that no one wants to hear. But as I listened, it wasn't about Joel Osteen, the one she was calling out. It was about what I was hearing from her. The tone. The energy. The spirit behind what she was saying. Because she wasn't speaking from light. She was speaking from fear. And not the kind of fear the Bible talks about as holy. No, this was fear distorted by doctrine. Fear passed down through generations. Fear that thinks volume makes something true.

There's a reason this kind of message hits so hard for some people. It sounds righteous because fear gives a formula. It gives structure. It hands you a system and tells you who's in and who's out. It makes you feel safe by making others wrong. And when someone preaches from that place, it sounds like passion. But it's really control. It's the mind clinging to certainty because it's afraid of the mystery. It's the ego needing to feel right because it's afraid of surrender. And that's why so many confuse fear with holiness. Because they were raised on fear. Not the reverent kind. Not the sacred awe. But the trembling terror that says GOD is out to get you unless you

follow a strict path. Tradition took scriptures like “the fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom” from Proverbs 9 verse 10 and weaponized them. They twisted the word fear to mean panic, punishment, and anxiety. But that was never the meaning.

The original context of fear in scripture meant reverence. Awe. A holy respect for the divine presence. It meant standing in the wonder of GOD, not running in terror from GOD. Fear of the LORD was never about trembling because you were unworthy. It was about being still because you knew you were standing in something sacred. Something within. Something alive. And that same distortion happened with the words of Jesus when he said in John 14 verse 6, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.”

That wasn’t a threat. That was an invitation. An invitation to remember the way home. To recognize the path back to GOD was always inward. Always love. Always now. But when someone hasn’t healed, they preach from the place that still hurts. They use scripture like armor to protect their own fear. And they call it boldness. They think love is soft, and fear is strong. But it’s the opposite. Love is the strongest force there is. Love sits in silence without needing to prove a point. Love shows up without screaming. Love doesn’t argue to be heard. It listens to be felt. And when people speak with fire and condemnation, even if they say the name Jesus, they are often speaking through the lens of unhealed trauma. Through the echo of generations that believed fear would keep people in line. But GOD never came to put you in line. GOD came to awaken you to the truth of who you are. Luke 17 verse 21 says the kingdom is within you. Not in

a church building. Not behind a formula. Within. That means the presence of GOD is not locked behind fear. It is accessed through awareness. Through love. Through surrender. Romans 2 verse 4 says it is the goodness of GOD that leads to repentance.

Not the threats. Not the screaming. Not the guilt. Goodness. That is what softens the heart. That is what opens the soul. That is what turns people back to the light. You can't scare someone into truth. You awaken them into it. So when I hear people shouting, telling others they are going to hell, claiming they're holding the standard of GOD, I no longer see boldness. I see fear clinging to doctrine. I see pride pretending to be holy.

I see a deep need to be right, masquerading as concern for souls. And again, I don't say this with judgment. I say it with compassion. Because that fear is real for them. That urgency is real. But that's exactly why it needs to be healed. Because if your message is anchored in terror, you are not preaching the gospel. The gospel is good news. Not panic news. It is liberation, not imprisonment. It is the voice that calls the prodigal home without shame. You don't need to shout about light when you become it. You don't need to threaten with hell when you embody heaven. You don't need to scare people into turning when your presence reminds them of love. That is the way of CHRIST. That is the path Jesus walked. And that is the truth that makes people free. When fear is healed, it becomes reverence. When reverence is embraced, it becomes stillness. And from stillness, light moves.

That is what the world really needs. Not louder voices, but deeper hearts. Not more warnings, but more presence. Not people who are afraid to be wrong, but people who are free enough to be love. That is what changes everything.

The Real Narrow Gate

I heard about the narrow gate for most of my life as though it were mainly about choosing the correct religion and staying on the correct path. The more I looked inward, the more I wondered whether Jesus was pointing to something much more intimate than that. When he said narrow is the gate and few find it, he wasn't talking about religion or formulas or denominations. He was talking about something much deeper, something most people overlook because they've been trained to look everywhere but within.

The wide road is subtle. It looks like tradition, like ceremony, like structure. It looks like performance. There's a church on almost every corner now, like a fast-food restaurant or a liquor store. The options are endless. Pick your lane. Baptist, Pentecostal, Catholic, Methodist, Apostolic. But it's all still the same wide road. A road filled with distractions dressed up like devotion. The narrow gate is not found in repetition. It's not found in memorized scriptures or theological debates. It's found in the stillness within.

The place no one can walk for you. The path that asks you to sit, to listen, to let go. That place within where Christ said the Kingdom already is. "The Kingdom of GOD is within you" (Luke

17:21). Not around you. Not above you. Within. But from childhood, we were told to fear the dark. Told to run from the silence. Taught that GOD was somewhere far away and that someone else had the key to reach him. That a priest or pastor had the access.

But Jesus never said that. In fact, he said the opposite. "You are the light of the world" (Matthew 5:14). He told us we were one. "I in them and you in me so that they may be brought to complete unity" (John 17:23). He showed us the way back to the inner light, not by religion, but by presence. The wide road is full of teachings that sound right but lead to fear and separation. "Having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof" (2 Timothy 3:5). That's what religion without presence looks like. A form. A shell.

But no fire. No intimacy. The real narrow gate is presence. It is fine-tuning. It is the kind of seeking that strips away the noise and leaves only truth. It is the quiet path where you stop running and sit with yourself. That's the path that brings life. And yes, it's narrow. Not because it's exclusive but because few are willing to leave the distractions behind. Few are willing to question what they've been taught. Few are willing to turn inward when the world keeps telling them to look outward.

But Jesus said plainly, "Enter through the narrow gate" (Matthew 7:13). He didn't say join the right denomination or memorize the right creed. He said find the gate and walk it. That gate is love. That gate is within. That gate is Christ consciousness awakened in you. That's why he said "I am the way" (John 14:6). Not to build a religion around him but to

show the path he walked so we could remember it's already in us. Few find it not because they can't, but because they were taught to look everywhere else.

The narrow gate is always open. But the journey is inward. And that's where most stop. But for those who do enter, they find life. They find truth. They find GOD not as a distant figure but as the very breath within.

Spiritual Gym Days

Some of my best spiritual lessons have not happened while meditating. They have happened while I was trying to buy groceries and mind my own business. That is when I discovered that peace is one thing in silence and another thing entirely when life starts walking past you. Let me be real. Sometimes going out in public feels like I just walked into a spiritual gym. I am not even trying to train. I just came for groceries. But before I can even find a cart, I am already dodging distractions like I walked into a legging convention. I look up and boom, there it is. Booty in my face. I redirect. Try to breathe. Bam, another one. Then another. I am out here centering myself like I am about to lead a meditation, and all I wanted was almond milk. It is funny, but it is not a joke. It is real. It is draining. And not because I am weak, but because I am awake. The moment I chose to walk in the Spirit, I started feeling everything. The tension. The pull. The desire. Noticing is not the problem. Being aware is not sin. It is what I choose to do with that awareness that matters.

This is not just about attraction. This is about energy. It is about constant overstimulation. It is about being in a world where exposure is normal and sacredness is mocked. And I am not judging anybody for what they wear. That is not my assignment. My assignment is me. My eyes. My peace. My alignment. Galatians 5 verse 16 says walk by the Spirit and you will not fulfill the desires of the flesh. It does not say you will not feel them. It says you will not be led by them.

That right there is spiritual maturity. I feel it, but I do not follow it. I notice, but I do not linger. I breathe. I come back to center. That is not suppression. That is power. And let's be honest. It takes strength. You do not realize how much until you start practicing it every day. Every redirect is a rep. Every breath is a rep. Every time I choose to walk past what my flesh would love to entertain, that is soul training.

That is Romans 12 verse 2 in motion. Be transformed by the renewing of your mind. That renewing is happening right in the parking lot. In the checkout line. On aisle five. It is not just a verse anymore. It is a workout. And it is okay to feel tired sometimes. Even Jesus got weary. But he stayed aligned. He stayed in love. He never let what was around him change who he was. And that is the goal. I do not need to hide. I just need to remember who I am.

I do not have to be numb to beauty. I just do not have to be enslaved to it. I can see and stay centered. I can feel and stay free. I can be in the world without letting the world be in me. So yeah, every time I go out in public, it might feel like leg day for the soul. But I am getting stronger. Not in body. In

discipline. In awareness. In spirit. And this strength is not just for me. It is so I can carry what GOD has trusted me with. Eyes that see clearly. A mind that is not scattered. A heart that is still soft.

This is spiritual fitness. This is what training looks like when you are serious about walking in light. And I promise you, the gains are real.

The Twist That Changed the World

The Adam and Eve story was so familiar to me that I rarely questioned the way it had been explained. Then I slowed down and noticed something that changed the whole story for me. The moment that stood out was not simply the fruit. It was what happened inside them afterward. We've been taught that they disobeyed GOD by eating the fruit, and that moment brought sin into the world. The way tradition tells it, that sin caused GOD to separate from humanity, that we were no longer worthy, and from that point on, we had to find a way back to GOD. That narrative has been preached for so long, it became a foundation for how religion sees the world. But when you really slow down and look at what scripture actually says, a very different picture starts to form. After they ate the fruit, it was Adam and Eve who hid, not GOD. GOD came walking through the garden like he always did. He asked where they were. He asked who told them they were naked. He never said they were bad.

He never called them shameful. He never turned away from them. It was man who stepped out of that awareness, man who believed the lie that something was wrong with them. And even in that place of confusion and fear, GOD still came close. He made clothes for them. He covered their shame. That's not rejection. That's mercy. That's love. But here's the part that doesn't get talked about. That moment of misunderstanding became a story, and that story got handed down. Then that story became a system.

And that system was never about freedom. It was about control. Because if you can make people believe that they are separate from GOD, that they have to work to get back to him, then you can control what they chase. You can create a structure that says you have to come to a building, pay a tithe, say certain words, memorize certain scriptures, follow a certain order, and then maybe you'll be accepted again. That's not spiritual growth. That's spiritual manipulation. Think about it. If someone told you the sun left the sky and you believed it, you'd spend your whole life trying to find light. You'd buy it. You'd borrow it. You'd serve those who say they have it. But the truth is the sun never left. It was just hidden behind clouds someone else put there. That's what tradition has done with GOD. It put clouds of doctrine in front of the truth and convinced people they were in darkness. You see it in everyday life. People give money out of fear, not love. They join churches not to grow, but because they're scared they'll go to hell. They recite verses but never feel connected.

They're in Bible study every week and still feel distant from GOD. They follow rules but feel no peace. That's not because

GOD is far. It's because the system has told them to keep looking outward, to keep doing more, to keep striving. And all the while, the voice of truth is saying the kingdom is within you. Jesus came to remind us, not to repair a broken connection, but to reveal one that never broke. He said I and the Father are one. He said the kingdom is at hand. He didn't say work harder to reach GOD. He said wake up to what's already true.

So when people say we were separated from GOD, I ask, "Who told you that?" Because the truth is GOD never left. We did. And even in our leaving, GOD was still reaching, still walking in the garden, still asking, "Where are you?" The problem is the system told us to stop listening. But the truth is still here. Waiting to be remembered.

Lofly Undressed Thinking

I have heard ideas that sound powerful simply because they are dressed in spiritual language. I have also learned that a beautiful sentence can still be sitting on top of an unexamined belief. This is what I mean when I call something lofty but undressed. They call it lofty thinking. Posing questions like "Why am I so wealthy?" or "Why does everything always work out for me?" hoping the subconscious mind will start building new walls of belief around a foundation that is still cracked.

But what no one wants to admit is that most of the time, this is just undressed thinking. It's not fully clothed in truth. It sounds high, but it's hollow. It's a trick, a shortcut, a way to bypass the real work of sitting in your own soul and letting truth scrape off

the layers you still cling to. Lofly thinking is like trying to wear wisdom before you've lived through the fire that shapes it. It's like putting on a robe of gold while your inner world is still dressed in rags.

You say the right words, but your heart is still whispering lack. You ask the clever questions, but your energy still carries fear. The subconscious doesn't respond to polish. It responds to presence. And it knows when you're pretending. This kind of thinking tries to jump the line, skipping over the stillness, the surrender, the humbling of the ego. You say things not because you know them, but because you hope they'll come true. But the subconscious can't be tricked. It listens to your core. And when your core is still searching, aching, grinding to get ahead, it doesn't matter how many affirmations you say. You're still undressed. The truth is, you can't fake wholeness. You have to become it. Not by forcing new beliefs, but by removing the noise that told you something outside of you could complete you in the first place. Lofly thinking may get you inspired, but it won't anchor you.

That comes from being still long enough to remember who you were before the world told you to become someone else. Clothe your thoughts in truth. Let your mind be dressed by presence. Because anything else is just spiritual cosplay.

I Don't Know Why I Don't Know

The other day my mom and I had a conversation that has been sitting with me in a quiet way. We were talking about belief, money, and the difference between wanting something and quietly knowing it. I shared with her how I spoke over my SBA loan like it was already paid. I could have kept making the monthly payments. Instead, I decided to pay it off with a huge chunk of my savings.

And let me be honest, I was scared. It felt like I was pulling my safety net out from under myself. But I did it anyway, trusting GOD to provide and supply me with more. I gave thanks as if it was already handled, then took the step to pay it off. That was the trust I was talking about. I still felt the fear, but I did not let it make the decision for me. She responded with something I've heard before but felt differently this time. She said, "Well, I need my loan paid too." And I gently said, "What if GOD already paid it? What if it's not about needing, but about aligning with what's already been given?" She paused and said something that opened up a much deeper space. She said, "I don't know why I don't know." It wasn't a weak moment. It was an honest one.

She wasn't being resistant, and she definitely wasn't being careless with her faith. If there's one thing I know, it's that my mom loves GOD with everything in her. She doesn't always express things the way I do, but that doesn't mean she isn't walking with GOD. She is. I know it. She prays. She obeys. She trusts. She might not speak it out loud all the time, but she lives

it in her own way. And I honor that deeply. At one point in the conversation, she asked me, "How did GOD pay it?"

That question stayed with me. Because I think that might be part of why she says "I don't know." She's not doubting what GOD can do. But she feels she needs to know how he's going to do it. And when she doesn't see the process, she doesn't always feel settled. And that space, between what she knows in her spirit and what she can see with her eyes, is where that "I don't know" lives. A lot of that comes from how we were taught. From tradition. From the kind of church culture that says if you do certain things, then GOD will bless you.

That if you pray a certain way, quote the right scriptures, avoid the wrong things, and follow the right formula, then GOD will move. She often shares scriptures about not forgetting what we were taught, about fearing the LORD, but not always from a place of reverence and awe. Sometimes those verses were shaped by fear. Not love. Fear that says if you get it wrong, GOD steps back. That kind of fear runs deep, and it can cause someone to walk with GOD sincerely, but still feel unsure about fully resting in the promises already given.

And there's something else. Sometimes when we talk, she feels like I'm trying to trick her, like I'm testing whether what she believes is right or wrong. But that's never where I'm coming from. I'm not trying to correct her. I'm trying to connect with her. I'm not asking questions to find holes in her belief. I'm asking because I want her to walk in the fullness of what she already carries. Because I see her faith. I see her strength.

I see her love for GOD. And I also see how the teachings she grew up with still sit in the background sometimes, making her feel like she needs to prove she believes, even when she already does. So when she says, "I don't know why I don't know," maybe it's not a lack of truth. Maybe it's a heart that's always known but hasn't always been given permission to rest in that knowing. A heart that's still releasing the idea that faith requires explanation. A heart that's walking into a new kind of freedom.

And maybe what GOD is doing now is inviting her into a softer trust. A place where she doesn't need to explain, doesn't need to defend, doesn't need to know how. She only needs to remember who she is and who GOD has always been. Because what she knows may not always be said, but it is lived. And that counts. And as that trust grows, the need to say "I don't know" will fade, not because she figured it out, but because she finally felt safe enough to let go.

If You're Not Visible, You're Not Valuable

Social media made me notice how quickly being seen can start feeling like being valuable. Likes, followers, attention, and visibility can quietly become evidence that we matter. I started wondering what happens to our sense of worth when nobody is watching. That is what the world teaches now. If people do not see you, you do not matter. If you are not liked, followed, reposted, or trending, then somehow your existence feels small.

So people begin to do anything just to be noticed. They fight. They prank. They embarrass themselves. They create chaos. They say things they do not believe. They wear their pain out loud. They perform, not from joy, but from a quiet ache to feel real. Just to feel like someone sees them. Just to not disappear. But that kind of visibility does not last. It is not real. It fades. One moment you are praised. The next you are ignored.

And when your value is tied to being seen by people, you will always need more. You will always need to be louder, more extreme, more visible. That cycle never ends, and it never satisfies. The world teaches that attention equals worth, but GOD says something different. In Matthew 6, Jesus said not to perform righteousness to be seen by others, but to go into the secret place where GOD who sees in secret will reward you openly. That is not about hiding. That is about resting. That is about remembering that being seen by GOD is enough. You do not have to compete for GOD's awareness. GOD is not like people. GOD does not overlook you. GOD does not forget you. Psalm 139 says, "My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret." You were seen before you were formed. You were known before you had a name. You are not here to earn visibility. You are here to live from truth.

You are not here to chase eyes. You are here to reflect the Light. The world cannot give you identity, so it gives you platforms. It gives you noise. It gives you tasks and goals and roles to play. But GOD already gave you identity before the world tried to define you. And when you remember that, you stop reaching. You stop striving. You stop trying to prove

yourself by what others can see. You are not valuable because you are visible.

You are valuable because GOD is your source. You are valuable because you exist. You are valuable because the presence of GOD fills you, holds you, and calls you by your name. If you feel overlooked, remember this. You were seen before any eyes opened. You were loved before anyone applauded. And no stage can give you what GOD already placed within you. Rest in that. You do not have to be seen to be full. You only need to remember who never stopped seeing you.

Passing Away

The words about heaven and earth passing away always sounded enormous to me. I had heard them explained as destruction and the end of the physical world, but the passage kept pulling me back. I wanted to sit with what those words might be saying beneath the fear I had been taught. People have quoted them for generations: Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. That scripture shows up more than once. It is in Matthew 24 verse 35, Mark 13 verse 31, and Luke 21 verse 33.

When something is repeated like that, it is speaking to something deeper. But for a long time, people took those words and made them about fear. They made them about the literal sky and ground being destroyed. They hear about climate change or global disasters and say, this is it, the end of

the world just like the Bible said. But that was never what Jesus meant. He was not talking about the dirt or the trees or the stars. He was talking about constructs.

The system. The way the world has been built around fear, control, status, pride, and reward and punishment. That is the earth that is passing away. That is the heaven that was shaped by man's idea of who GOD is, not the truth of GOD. That is the system that says you have to earn love, perform to be accepted, or fear GOD to be holy. Isaiah 65 verse 17 says, For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. That is not about the planet being wiped out. That is about a new awareness. A new way of seeing. It is about letting go of what was built in fear so that what is rooted in love can rise. In Revelation 21 verse 1 it says, And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And right after that it says, the tabernacle of GOD is with men. That means GOD is not far off in the sky or in a building. GOD is with us, in us, present now.

Even Peter talked about the elements melting, but when you go back to the original Greek, that word elements means basic principles or systems. In other words, it is the breaking down of old teachings, old belief structures, the things that were not rooted in love but in fear. That's in Second Peter chapter 3 verse 10. So when people say the world is ending, what they are really feeling is the old system shaking. The illusion is falling apart, and yes, that can bring cognitive dissonance. It can make people feel like the world is ending when in truth, the lie is ending.

Romans 8 verse 22 says, The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. That groaning is not death. It is birth. The world is not being destroyed. It is waking up. The true earth, the one aligned with GOD, is not passing away. What is passing is everything that was built on fear and separation. When Jesus said heaven and earth shall pass away but my words will not, he was saying that truth will remain. His words are not part of the system. His words are spirit and life. They were never meant to be locked into fear-based religion or controlled by human tradition. They were always free. And they will remain even as the systems fall. So yes, the world is changing. But it is not the soil. It is the structure. And what remains is what was always real. The presence of GOD. The kingdom within. The truth that cannot be shaken. That is what stays. Let it all fall. Let it all pass. Because only what is false will be lost. And what is eternal will remain.

Cognitive Dissonance

There is a strange place where something new can feel peaceful while an old belief still tells you to be afraid of it. I have experienced that tension myself. Learning the name cognitive dissonance helped me understand why growth can sometimes feel uncomfortable even when something inside you feels clear. A lot of people are experiencing this tension without knowing what to call it. It happens when a new truth begins to rise inside of you, but it collides with something you were taught to believe your whole life.

One part of you feels peace in this new awareness, but another part is still holding on to the old belief that once made you feel safe, even if it was built on fear or misunderstanding. This inner tension can cause confusion, resistance, or even guilt. But it is not a sign you are lost. It is often the beginning of freedom. One scripture that has created cognitive dissonance for many people is Proverbs 9 verse 10. It says, the fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom. For years people were taught that this meant to be afraid of GOD. That holiness was connected to fear in the sense of punishment, shame, and trembling before an angry judge. But the word “fear” in this verse is the Hebrew word yirah, which does not mean terror. It means awe. It means reverence. It points to a deep respect and sacred awareness of GOD’s presence. This is not the kind of fear that causes you to run and hide. It is the kind of reverence that causes you to slow down and breathe in the fullness of who GOD is.

Now imagine someone who has spent decades believing that fearing GOD means being afraid of messing up. Their whole relationship with GOD has been shaped by trying to avoid punishment. Then they hear the original meaning, that it was never about terror, but about reverence. Their spirit says yes, but their mind says, wait, how can that be? That internal gap is where cognitive dissonance lives. It is the tension between what you were taught and what you are now beginning to know. It happens again in Second Peter 3 verse 10, where it says the elements will melt with fervent heat.

That verse has been used to support the idea that the physical world will be destroyed, that the earth will burn up and

everything will end. But the Greek word for “elements” is stoicheion. It does not mean fire or rock or sky. It means the fundamental principles, the building blocks of a system, the way the world is structured. What this verse is really saying is that the old systems, the false beliefs, the religious constructs, the fear-based ways of thinking, will not survive the presence of truth. The fire is not for destruction. The fire is for purification. Jesus said in Matthew 24 verse 35, Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. Again, he was not talking about the dirt or the sky. He was pointing to something deeper. Heaven and earth in this context represent the established systems, the way humanity has ordered the world, including religious ideas that have drifted away from GOD’s true nature. Those things will pass.

But what is eternal, what comes from GOD directly, will not pass away. It will remain. In Revelation 21 verse 1 it says, I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. This is not about total destruction. It is about renewal. The word “new” in Greek is kainos, which means fresh, restored, of a new kind, not brand new in time, but transformed in nature. It means the new way will rise after the old way has fallen.

This aligns with Romans 12 verse 2, be transformed by the renewing of your mind. You are not being thrown away. You are being restored. The passing away is not punishment. It is clarity. So when someone begins to hear the real meaning behind scriptures they were taught to fear, it creates a pause. It creates a stretch. You believe GOD is love, but you were raised to believe GOD is mostly angry. You feel peace when

you rest in GOD, but you were trained to always be watching for punishment.

That conflict creates cognitive dissonance. And that is where a lot of people are right now. Not because they are walking away from GOD, but because they are waking up to who GOD really is. Even the people in Jesus' time went through this. He taught things that challenged their entire belief system. He said the kingdom is within you. He forgave sins without sacrifice. He broke the Sabbath rules. He made union with GOD personal, not institutional.

And many people could not receive it, not because it was not true, but because the old system inside them could not hold what he was saying. So when the old way of thinking begins to pass away in you, it might feel like loss. But it is not loss of faith. It is the loss of fear. It is the passing away of the version of GOD that was built by man. What remains is what has always been true. The love of GOD. The presence of GOD. The truth that speaks to your spirit and brings peace, even when your mind is still catching up. Let it fall. Let the fear pass. Let the systems inside you melt.

You are not falling away. You are falling into truth. And once the old constructs pass away, you will see what was always real underneath it. That is where wisdom lives. That is where freedom begins.

A SOFT SPACE TO BREATHE

This page is here for you to rest. Nothing needs to be solved or understood right now. Sometimes simply being still is enough. Take a breath and color freely, inside or outside the lines.



When Belief and Budget Don't Match

My mom and I were on the phone talking about her life insurance. What she wanted to pay each month and what the numbers were showing her did not quite match. The conversation became about much more than insurance. She's had a term policy for a while now and there's about five years left on it. She started thinking it might be a good time to switch to whole life. She said prices are better right now and she wants to set something in place that's more permanent.

Her main goal is to stay around seventy-five dollars a month, the same amount she's been paying. But whole life usually comes with a higher price. It builds cash value, and it never runs out. So naturally, the numbers shift. At first, the conversation was calm, just exchanging thoughts. But then I started feeling something shift in her tone. She didn't say it directly, but I could hear it. The tension. The hesitation. She started expressing concern about two things.

The increase in price and the medical exam. She said she believes GOD has more life for her, and I believe that too. I believe she feels that deeply. But when it came to doing something that reflected that belief, her energy changed. It got tight. Almost defensive. I asked her gently, "Are you afraid the payment might be too much?" And that's when it came. She snapped a little and said, "I just don't want to. That's all." It was quick. Firm. Like that answer was supposed to end the conversation.

But something in it didn't sit right. Not because she said no. She has every right to say no. It was how she said it. There was something in her voice. It didn't feel like peace. It felt like resistance. Like her words were covering something she didn't want to say out loud. That's when I realized it wasn't really about the money. It was about what the money represented. That sharp no wasn't just a preference. It was a defense.

Sometimes we say "I don't want to" when what we really mean is I don't want to be stretched. I don't want to be exposed. I don't want to face something that might show me where I really am. She didn't say "I can't afford it." She didn't say "I don't believe in it." She said "I don't want to," like even considering it didn't make sense. But that tone had something else behind it. That's what I felt in my spirit. That's what made me pause.

And it's not even my policy. I'm not the one facing the payment or the exam. I'm not the one who would have to adjust or step into the process. But I am listening for truth. I am listening for what's underneath the words. And what I heard wasn't peace. It was fear trying to sound like confidence. It was pride trying to protect something tender. Because if you believe GOD has more years for you, then move like that's true. Prepare like that's true. Proverbs 3 says trust in the LORD with all your heart and lean not to your own understanding. But understanding feels safer when trust asks for more than you're ready to give. And I'm not judging her. I've been there too. That space where logic tries to sound like wisdom but it's really just fear managing the moment. She was looking at the payment and trying to shut the door on the

conversation. I was looking at the same thing and thinking if it's aligned, then the path has already been prepared. She was bracing for the exam.

I was thinking if you're doing your part, if you're honoring your body, there's nothing to be afraid of. But I wasn't pushing. I wasn't trying to convince. I was just watching where her words were coming from. And they weren't coming from trust.

Philippians 4 says be anxious for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to GOD. That's the space I was speaking from. I wasn't speaking from the pressure of the situation because I'm not the one who has to carry it.

I was speaking from a place of stillness. Just offering what peace sounds like when it shows up on the line. She's thinking through logic. I'm listening through alignment. She's managing based on what she can see. I'm trusting what's already handled even if I can't see it yet. Same conversation, different frequency. And I get it. It's her life. Her decision. Her voice. I don't have to agree to honor it. But I also don't have to pretend the energy didn't shift.

That moment was not about wisdom. It wasn't about peace. It was fear and frustration dressed up as a quick decision. Second Timothy says GOD has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind. And a sound mind is not afraid to be honest. A sound mind doesn't get sharp when truth shows up gently. This whole thing wasn't about insurance. It was about trust. It was about whether we're willing to step into what we say we believe or keep managing

life from the safety of our own understanding. I'm staying in my lane.

The lane where truth is steady, where peace speaks first, where love is not afraid of discomfort. And if she's not there yet, I'll hold space. I'll stay grounded. Because perfect love casts out fear. And wherever there is love, there is always enough.

It Wasn't Jesus. It Was CHRIST.

When people say Jesus carried them through a difficult season, I understand the experience they are describing. I have felt that presence too. What changed for me was how I understood the presence itself, and that distinction opened something deeper. I hear people say, "Jesus was with me in the storm." And I know what they mean. They were in pain. Life was falling apart. And somehow they felt peace. They felt strength. They felt held.

And so they say, "Jesus showed up and got me through." But the more I sit with that, the more I realize something's off. Not because their experience isn't real, but because what they were taught about it isn't. What they felt in that moment wasn't Jesus the man. It was CHRIST. The presence. The truth. The light that was here before Jesus was born and never left after he ascended. But tradition doesn't teach that. Tradition teaches you to call on Jesus like he's somewhere else. Like he's outside of you. Like he comes when you suffer and leaves when you're fine again.

And that's the sad part. Not that people need help in the storm. But that they think the help leaves afterward. That GOD is distant. That Jesus only shows up when you cry loud enough. But what if that presence in the storm wasn't Jesus showing up? What if it was CHRIST being revealed? What if it was the eternal part of GOD that has always been here and always will be, showing itself in the only space you were still enough to feel it? See, tradition made Jesus and CHRIST the same.

But Jesus never said that. He never said he was the Most High. He never said worship me. He said I can do nothing of myself. He said my Father is greater than I. He said the Kingdom of GOD is within you. And then he showed us what it looked like to live in that awareness. But religion took the man and made him the whole thing. Worshiped the reflection and missed the light. Followed the name and forgot the presence. So now people think when they feel GOD in the storm, it's Jesus arriving.

But it's not Jesus. It's CHRIST. The mind of GOD. The stillness of Spirit. The presence that was in the beginning, that became flesh, and then returned to fill all things. Luke 17 says the Kingdom does not come by observation. You won't say here it is or there it is. Because the Kingdom is within you. That means CHRIST is not someone you wait for to show up. CHRIST is what awakens in you when everything else gets quiet. Psalm 46 says be still and know that I am GOD. Not be in pain and call for rescue. Be still. That's what the storm does. It forces stillness. It silences the noise. It strips the distractions.

And in that space, people finally feel what has always been there. The presence of GOD. The awareness of CHRIST. The I AM that never moved. Jesus the man is not coming in and out of your life. CHRIST has never left. Psalm 139 says where can I go from your Spirit? If I go up to the heavens, you are there. If I make my bed in the depths, you are there. That's not a temporary visit. That's eternal presence. So yes, people say Jesus was with them in the storm.

But what they really touched was CHRIST. Not a man entering the fire, but the presence of GOD that burns away everything that's not real. What they felt was truth rising in the middle of fear. Not a visitor. Not a rescue worker. But the awareness of GOD meeting them in their surrender. And the saddest part is not the storm. It's that after the storm passes, people go back to sleep. They go back to believing he left. They go back to calling on someone outside of them, waiting for another storm to feel him again.

But he never left. CHRIST never left. The presence was never gone. We just stopped looking. It wasn't Jesus in the storm. It was CHRIST. And CHRIST is still here. Still within. Still waiting to be seen.

The Broad Path No One Talks About

Working inside a church for years gave me a view of church that I could not get from sitting in the audience. I saw sincere love, real service, pressure, performance, structure, and human ambition living in the same building. That experience eventually

made me look differently at what Jesus called the broad path. When most people hear Jesus say broad is the way that leads to destruction, they picture sin, chaos, maybe the streets, maybe the club.

But what if the broad way is dressed in church clothes, holding a Bible, standing in line for communion, singing songs that sound holy but leave you empty? What if the broad way is religion? This is not me bashing church. I worked for one for years. I saw how it functions. I saw the inner circles, the planning meetings, the pressure to perform, the quiet competition behind who's more anointed. I'm not writing this to take anything away from someone's experience. I'm just telling the truth.

And truth doesn't need defending. What I started to notice was this: church offers external securities instead of pointing people inward. It gives you a place to belong, but often keeps you away from your own becoming. It hands you rituals to memorize, formulas to repeat, prayers to recite, and calls that worship. But worship is not reciting. It's not singing on cue. Real worship is when your spirit recognizes truth and your heart breaks open to GOD from the inside. That doesn't always happen on beat. True worship is surrender. Letting go of everything you think you know. Laying down the tradition that made GOD small and far. It's giving up your need to be right and becoming willing to be real. It's no longer leaning on someone else with a theology degree to tell you what GOD is like, especially when their degree was built on man's perception of GOD. It's finally turning inward and saying, "I

need to see for myself.” That’s the beginning of freedom. That’s the beginning of real knowing.

But here’s the part that takes courage. You have to let the ego go. You have to be honest with yourself and admit maybe you just don’t know. Maybe what you thought was truth was only tradition dressed up in passion. And that’s okay. That moment of humility is where the narrow gate shows up. Because it’s not about being spiritual in front of others. It’s not about the performance of faithfulness, the Sunday attendance, the titles, the devotionals you post. It’s about saying, deep down, “I want truth more than I want to look right.” That’s when you finally stop performing and start becoming.

Jesus said in John 4 verse 23 that the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth. Not in form. Not in repetition. In spirit. That means the posture of the heart matters more than the performance of the hands. Even the pure things like fasting, tithing, and prayer can be turned into systems if you’re not careful. What starts as a holy, personal moment with GOD becomes a corporate fast that’s more about group discipline than personal devotion. They say it’s to bring people together spiritually, but if you’re not paying attention, it becomes another event to keep you connected to the church schedule instead of the Spirit. Fasting becomes a challenge, not a surrender. Tithing becomes a subscription, not an act of love. They use these sacred tools and fit them into a system that keeps you dependent. And the truth is, the tithe is finished. Jesus fulfilled the law. Giving is now from love, not law. Second Corinthians 9 verse 7 says, let each one give as he purposes in

his heart, not grudgingly or under pressure, for GOD loves a cheerful giver.

That means you're free. But freedom doesn't benefit the system. Control does. Religion gives you rewards for good behavior and threats of hell for falling short. But it doesn't teach you how to hear GOD for yourself. It doesn't teach you how to live from the CHRIST already within you. It keeps GOD far and jealous, like GOD is watching from a distance with folded arms waiting for you to mess up. Even Bible study, as good as it sounds, can be part of the cycle that keeps you locked in. Not because gathering is wrong, but because of how it's used.

That midweek Wednesday or Thursday night isn't just for growth. It's strategy. Church leaders know if they don't hold your attention, you might start looking inward. And if you start looking inward, you might find the gate. And if you find the gate, you might walk through it without needing their permission. Out of sight, you might wake up. So they plan it just right, give you just enough GOD to keep you coming, but not enough to make you free. And about that jealous GOD, religion twisted the meaning. When scripture says in Exodus 34 verse 14 that GOD is a jealous GOD, it's not about envy. It's not insecurity. The word jealous in Hebrew is qanna. It means zealous, deeply committed, fiercely protective of what belongs to love. GOD's jealousy is not anger. It's devotion. It's the cry of love that says I refuse to share you with what breaks you. I will not let you give your worship to systems that cannot save you.

But religion made GOD sound moody, unstable, always just one mistake away from punishing you. That's not GOD. That's the god religion built to control the masses. But the truth is, you were never separated in the first place. That's the part that gets lost. As Paul said in Colossians 1 verse 27, the mystery that was hidden from generations is now revealed, CHRIST in you. Not beside you. Not just above you. In you. That's the narrow gate. Few find it because we've been trained to look everywhere else. Religion keeps you chasing, performing, climbing.

But the narrow path requires none of that. It asks you to be still and remember. The broad path is loud. Structured. Predictable. And honestly, it works. That's why it's so full. But it doesn't change you. It just keeps you busy. The narrow path is quiet. Often unnoticed. It requires no stage. No title. No perfect attendance record. Just truth. And that truth lives in you. This is not a call to leave your church. It's a call to leave whatever is keeping you from becoming what you already are. It's a call to wake up to the CHRIST within. The narrow way is not about getting somewhere. It's about returning to who you've always been. And when you find that, you don't need religion to hold you anymore. You walk in love. You live in freedom. You shine without needing a spotlight. You worship without needing a microphone. You don't need to be reminded to seek GOD. You realize GOD never left. That's the gate. Few find it, but once you do, you never forget the way home.

Interceding Without Interfering

My mom asked me to intercede for someone the other day, and something in me paused. I cared about the person, but I also wanted to understand what love looks like when helping someone without trying to take over their journey. The pause was not out of rebellion. Not because I didn't care. But because something didn't sit right in my spirit.

The way we've been taught to intercede feels more like trying to break open a locked door when GOD already left it wide open. We've turned intercession into a dramatic event. Crying out. Groaning. Pleading like we're trying to get GOD's attention. As if GOD is holding back healing or peace or clarity until we knock hard enough. But the more I've grown, the more I realize that's not intercession. That's performance. That's fear dressed up like faith. Interceding is not begging. It's not breaking into heaven with your emotions. It's not stepping between a person and a wrathful GOD like you're some spiritual shield.

That idea came from centuries of teaching that saw GOD as distant and hard to reach. But Jesus never taught that. He said in Matthew 6 verse 8, your Father knows what you need before you ask. That means the door's already open. GOD is already near. The kingdom is already within. So what is real intercession? It's alignment. It's awareness. It's standing in truth when someone else can't see it for themselves yet. It's saying in your heart, I will not agree with the fear or confusion around them.

I will not mirror the lie. I will quietly hold the truth of who they are until they can stand in it too. Sometimes we confuse compassion with control. We want so badly to see people free that we start trying to carry what was never ours. But freedom can't be forced. You can't override someone's belief with your own. That's not love. That's interference. But what you can do is this: see clearly when they cannot. Love them without attachment. Pray from the place of oneness, not separation.

You don't have to convince GOD to move. You just have to stand where truth is already happening. Romans 8 verse 26 says the Spirit itself makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. That means real intercession is deeper than words. It's not loud. It's not a show. It's a quiet alignment. A spiritual holding space. A recognition of light even when someone else is sitting in shadow. Jesus interceded by being the truth. He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

That wasn't weakness. That was clarity. That was the sound of love refusing to react to blindness. He wasn't trying to force people to change. He was standing in love so deeply that it cracked the atmosphere around him. That's intercession. So now, when someone asks me to intercede, I check my heart first. Am I about to perform, or am I about to align? Am I begging for a release that's already been given, or am I holding space for someone to wake up and remember who they are?

I no longer pray as if GOD is far. I no longer plead like the door is locked. I just sit in stillness and say what is true. They

are already loved. They are already whole. They are already free. May they see it. That's clean. That's love. That's interceding without interfering.

The CHRIST Within: What They Never Told You About Matthew 24

Matthew 24 was one of those passages I thought I already understood because I had heard it explained so many times. Then I read it more slowly for myself. A few words that once seemed ordinary began pointing me in a completely different direction. Let me show you what I mean. I'm talking about Matthew 24 verses 3 through 5. Jesus is sitting on the Mount of Olives and his disciples ask him privately, "What will be the sign of your coming and of the end of the world?"

And Jesus says something real specific. He doesn't say watch out for war or watch out for sickness. He says this: "Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying I am Christ, and shall deceive many." Now if you just hear that without sitting in it, it sounds like he's talking about people who are going to rise up and say they're the Messiah. But if you really slow down, he says something much more revealing. He says many will come in my name.

That means they'll be using his name. It'll sound like him. It'll look like it's about him. It'll have all the language and appearance of Jesus. But what they'll be saying is "I am Christ." And somehow that statement will deceive many. So now we ask, how does saying "I am Christ" deceive people if Christ is a

good thing? It's because they won't actually be revealing the Christ. They'll be using the name Jesus and the word Christ as if it only belongs to one man from two thousand years ago.

They'll teach people to worship Jesus the man instead of realizing that Christ is the Spirit of GOD, the divine presence that can be born in all of us. They'll say Christ is Jesus alone and keep people from finding the kingdom that Jesus said is within you. Remember in Luke chapter 17 verses 20 and 21, Jesus said the kingdom of GOD doesn't come with observation. You won't say here it is or there it is. He said the kingdom of GOD is within you. That's not poetry. That's real. He was pointing people inward. Not to a religion. Not to an external temple. Not to a system.

But to the place where the living presence of GOD can actually be known and felt. Now let's really look at what Jesus said about who he is. Over and over he made it clear that the power working through him was not his own. In John 5 verse 30 he said I can of mine own self do nothing. In John 14 verse 10 he said the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Even when someone called him good, he redirected the attention. In Mark 10 verse 18, Jesus said why do you call me good?

There is none good but one, that is GOD. All throughout his teachings, Jesus was trying to point to the FATHER, to the Source, to the presence of GOD. But what happened later is people built a system around the name of Jesus, and instead of following his example, they began to worship him as GOD himself. But Jesus never said he was GOD. He said he was

sent. He said he was a servant. He said the Father is greater than I in John 14 verse 28.

So now we go back to Matthew 24. Jesus is saying many will come in my name. Many will use his name, his image, his story. But instead of leading people to the living Christ within them, they'll lead people into worshiping a man and call it faith. That's why he said it would deceive many. Because it would look holy. It would sound right. But it would keep people from waking up to the truth that the Christ is not a man's last name. Christ is the divine anointing. It is the life of GOD. It is the Word that became flesh in Jesus, and that same Word can become alive in anyone who awakens to it.

Paul even understood this. In Colossians 1 verse 27, he said the mystery that was hidden for generations is now revealed. And that mystery is Christ in you, the hope of glory. Not Christ far away. Not Christ locked in the past. Not Christ only in Jesus. But Christ in you. So when you really look at it, Jesus wasn't warning about atheists or false messiahs showing up randomly. He was warning about a religious structure that would rise up in his name and preach him as GOD instead of revealing GOD as the Christ within. That's why this scripture is so important.

Because when you see it, you start to understand what really got hijacked. Not just a name, but a whole message. The message was never "come worship me." It was "follow me." Become what I am. Let the Father that's in me also live in you. As he said in John 17 verse 21, that they all may be one, as you, Father, are in me and I in you, that they also may be one

in us. That's the real message. It's not about Jesus replacing you. It's about Jesus reflecting you.

And if someone comes in his name and teaches anything less than that, that's what he was warning us about. Read it slow. Sit with it. And ask GOD to show you. Because the truth is not hiding. It's waiting to be remembered. But the reason so many never see it is because they were taught not to question before they ever even read it. A pastor or a teacher might have told you what to believe and warned you that questioning was dangerous or rebellious.

But that's exactly how deception works. It doesn't just hide the truth. It convinces you to look away from it before you even have the chance to find it. So now the truth stands in front of you, quiet but alive, still waiting. Not to be proven. Just to be remembered.

The Voice Behind the Verses

My relationship with the Bible changed when I stopped being afraid to ask what I was actually hearing when I read it. I still found truth there, but I also began noticing the human voice, culture, interpretation, and history surrounding that truth. That distinction gave me room to listen differently. People don't always slow down enough to admit this, but the Bible is not a holy book. It's a book that holds divine truth, yes. It carries sacred moments, yes.

But the book itself isn't holy. GOD is holy. GOD's presence is holy. The breath that speaks in stillness is holy. What makes

something sacred is not ink but spirit. Not paper but presence. The Bible contains words that came from real encounters with GOD, but it also holds human perception, culture, and systems that were trying to define what could only be revealed. When you slow down and let Spirit guide you, you begin to see that the Bible moves in layers. Not every word flows from the same place. Some parts are pure breath, the kind that lights something up inside you and reminds you of what you already carry.

Some parts are shaped by the limited understanding of the time, written by people still trying to make sense of the mystery. And some parts were later used to build systems of power and control. It's all in there. But you need to know how to hear what came from GOD and what came from man. There are places where divine truth is unmistakable. Like when Jesus says in Luke 17:21 that the kingdom of GOD is within you. That's not religion talking. That's divine awareness. Or when Paul says in Romans 8:38 through 39 that nothing can separate us from the love of GOD which is in Christ Jesus. That's not performance.

That's presence. Or when David says in Psalm 119:105 that GOD's word is a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. That's the kind of word that guides from the inside out. These verses carry breath. They carry light. You don't need a title or degree to understand them. They speak straight to the spirit. Then you'll find places that reflect man's perception of GOD more than GOD's presence itself. Like Exodus 32:27 through 28 where Moses tells the Levites to go kill their own brothers and neighbors, and three thousand people die that day.

That doesn't sound like the same GOD Jesus revealed. Or 1 Samuel 15:3 where Saul is told to kill every man, woman, child, and infant of the Amalekites. That's not love. That's war through the lens of man trying to call it holy. Even in Job 42:7 GOD corrects Job's friends and says they have not spoken rightly about him. That's a clear reminder that just because it's in the Bible doesn't mean it came from GOD. Some verses show how man saw GOD, not how GOD sees man.

And then there are the parts that were used to control, to dominate, to silence. Like Philemon 1:10 through 16 where Paul sends Onesimus back to his master. He speaks gently, but he doesn't free him. That silence about freedom became part of a system. Or Ephesians 6:5 where Paul says servants should obey their masters with fear and trembling. That verse was preached to people in chains. Or 1 Timothy 2:11 through 12 where women are told to be silent and not teach. That verse has been used to silence voices that were carrying GOD.

Then there are verses like Numbers 31:17 through 18 where the command is to kill all the women and boys but keep the virgins alive for themselves. That's not divinity. That's man making war and putting GOD's name on it. When you read without discernment, it's easy to confuse law for love. But when you read with the Spirit, you start to feel what was truth and what was tradition. What was eternal and what was cultural. What was breath and what was control. Paul even said in 2 Corinthians 3:2 through 3 that we are the epistles now. Not written with ink but with the Spirit of the living GOD.

Not carved into stone but written into living hearts. That means the real Word is still being spoken. Still being written. Still living inside you. So no, the Bible is not a holy book. But it carries holy echoes. It holds divine truth. It also holds human fingerprints. It's not the source. But it can point to the source. It is not GOD. But GOD can still be found within it if you're listening for the voice behind the verses. Not everything in that book is meant to be followed. Some of it is meant to be outgrown. Some of it is meant to show you just how far man will go to control what he does not understand.

But the Spirit never stopped speaking. And the truth that GOD placed in you will always know what came from love and what came from fear. The breath will always sound different than the script. The question is not whether you believe in the Bible. The question is whether you can hear the difference. The voice behind the verses will never lead you to control. It will lead you back to love.

Letting Go of the Clutter That Ain't You

I heard something the other day and it's been sitting with me. It said if you can detach from your opinions and preferences, you'll live in a more spacious place. That word spacious stayed with me. Now I don't know what they meant exactly by spacious, but it sounded like peace. It made me think about how much inner room gets occupied by things we have mistaken for who we are.

And the more I think on it, the more I feel it's true. Most of us don't realize how attached we are to our thoughts. We hold on to our opinions like they're our identity. We think our preferences define who we are. But what if they don't? What if all that stuff is just noise? Layers covering up the real you. Imagine someone at work gets chosen for something you feel you deserved. Your opinion might flare up and say it's unfair. Your ego starts building a case in your head about how hard you work, how overlooked you are. That's the clutter. That's the grip.

But what if you let that go? What if you just breathed into it and said, "I don't need this to define me. I know who I am with or without the recognition"? That's when something opens up. You don't have to perform or prove or protest. You just be. That's when you get to taste peace. That's the space. Same thing in relationships. You want them to say something a certain way or act how you prefer or meet your expectation. And when they don't, you feel unloved. Not because they don't love you but because your preference wasn't met. That's ego pretending to be a need.

But love, real love, is not built on preference. It's built on presence. When you let go of needing someone to be who you want and just love them as they are, you breathe easier. You stop clenching. That's the space. Jesus said in Matthew chapter 5 verse 3, blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Poor in spirit doesn't mean lacking. It means emptied out. Letting go of self-importance. Letting go of opinions that keep you boxed in. That's the posture of someone ready to receive the truth.

Paul said in First Corinthians chapter 8 verse 2, "If anyone thinks he knows anything, he knows nothing yet as he ought to know." That's a quiet check to the ego. A reminder that our knowing is still limited. That the Spirit leads better than our pride ever could. Letting go of opinion doesn't mean you stop caring. It means you stop letting your thoughts and preferences run your life. You're not your job title. You're not your relationship status. You're not the one who always has to be right.

You are something deeper. Something freer. When you stop attaching your worth to what's around you, you start tapping into what's within you. And that's where the kingdom is. That's where the peace lives. That's the spacious place. That's freedom. That's Christ in you. That's the I AM.

Familiar but Failing

For years, I went to the Audi dealership. It felt safe. It was familiar. I had a warranty there. The building was polished, the people knew my name, and it gave me this false sense of security, like I was doing the right thing by staying loyal. I trusted the experience longer than I should have. That situation taught me something about how easily familiar can hide what is no longer working.

But over time, I started noticing something. The lies were not loud. They were subtle. The kind of lies that slip right past you because you are comfortable and trusting. What I did not see at first was the role the service advisors played. They smile in

your face and sound like they care, but they work off commission. They can mark up a price or mark down a price, depending on what they feel like that day. They control what you see and how you feel about what you see. They sell fear to you like it is clothing. They wrap you in uncertainty and then act like they are saving you from the storm they created.

They will say things like, "Good thing we caught this now, or your engine could have blown," or, "At least it is not your coolant, that would have left you stranded." And just like that, they make you trust them, not because they told the truth, but because they gave you a solution after creating the fear. Sometimes, they even act like they are helping you, giving you a wholesale price, or knocking something off the total to make it seem like they did you a favor.

But in reality, they raised the price so high in the first place that the discount was nothing but a trick. I paid for new parts, but they cleaned the old ones and gave them back to me like they were new. And I let this happen for years, because it was familiar. It was my tradition. And then it hit me. This is how tradition works in church. We sit under leaders who smile, who sound like they care, but who sometimes sell us fear, clothe us in uncertainty, and then give us a solution that keeps us dependent on them. They tell us, "Without this church, without this covering, without this system, you will be lost."

But the truth is, GOD was never lost. We just stopped looking inward. Mark 7 verses 6 through 8 says, "This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the

commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of GOD, ye hold the tradition of men." The dealership looked good on the outside, but the heart of it was far from truth. Then something changed.

I looked around and found a smaller company. Not big, not flashy, not loud. Just a quiet, honest business built on loyalty and integrity. They treated me like family, not like a transaction. They cared more about the relationship than the profit. They did not try to scare me into buying something. They told me the truth, and when I left, I felt peace, because the work was done right and the price was fair. And this is where it all made sense.

That is how it is with GOD. When I stopped looking for GOD in tradition and started looking inward, in the quiet place, in meditation, in stillness, I found loyalty, truth, and love. Love that was not against me, but for me. Psalm 46 verse 10 says, "Be still, and know that I am GOD." Not run to tradition. Not cling to the familiar. Be still. EL SHADDAI was not in the noise. Not in the performance. Not in the fear. 1 Kings 19 verses 11 through 12 says GOD was not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire, but in the still small voice.

This is what I found. The dealership was loud, polished, and full of promises, but dishonest. The smaller shop was quiet, humble, and full of truth. The church can feel like the dealership sometimes. Big, packed with people, full of tradition, but empty of what really matters. But in the quiet place, in meditation, in your own heart, where you meet EL SHADDAI without the filters of man, there is truth and love and peace. John 4 verses

23 through 24 says, “but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the FATHER in spirit and in truth: for the FATHER seeketh such to worship him.

“GOD is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.” The difference is clear. Tradition keeps you dependent on them, but truth sets you free. John 8 verse 32 says, “And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” I thought the dealership had my best interests because I trusted them for years, but they were slowly draining me financially. I thought church was the only place to find GOD, but I found GOD the moment I looked inward, where I AM was all along. Colossians 1 verse 27 says, “CHRIST in you, the hope of glory.” Familiar does not mean faithful.

Loud does not mean truthful. Tradition does not mean right. When you finally walk away from what you thought was protecting you, and walk toward what is actually healing you, that is when you find freedom. That is when you find peace. The beauty of it is this: The smaller shop did not advertise itself. It did not scream for my attention. It just stood there, quietly honest and ready. The same way EL SHADDAI stands ready for you to find that presence. Not in the noise, but in the stillness.

Who Told You GOD Gave You Struggle?

I grew up hearing about the goodness of GOD, but I also heard suffering explained as something GOD sends to teach us. Eventually those two ideas stopped sitting comfortably together for me. I began asking a simple question: who taught

me that struggle had to come from GOD? You ever notice how pastors used to preach GOD loves you so much that he gives you blessings, he provides for you, he opens doors for you. But somewhere along the way, the message shifted.

Now it's struggle. Now it's pain. Now it's hardship, as if GOD hands out suffering like gifts wrapped in lessons. It's like they got tired of talking about GOD's goodness, so they started saying things like, "Well, GOD's going to put you through something to teach you." They say life is supposed to break you down so GOD can build you up. But where did that come from? When I read scripture, I see GOD walking with Adam in the garden. No struggle. No sweat of the brow. No survival mindset. Just harmony. Stewardship, not slavery.

The struggle didn't come from GOD. It came from man. Man stepped out of trust and fell into fear. Man created the illusion that he was separate from GOD, and in that separation, struggle was born. GOD didn't leave man. Man hid from GOD. But even then, GOD came walking, asking, "Where are you?" But pastors flipped it. Now it's GOD chasing you with problems. GOD breaking you down to build you up. But tell me, when did love ever have to destroy you to teach you? Yes, life has challenges. Yes, storms come.

But those storms are part of a fallen world, not part of GOD's love plan for your life. GOD didn't send Jesus to give you more struggle. He sent Jesus to show you how to live above it. What happened is people stopped trusting in love. Somewhere along the way, the message got heavy. People started preaching struggle because they saw life was hard, and instead of

teaching how to walk in peace through the storm, they made the storm sound like a gift.

Now you have preachers saying, "I'm not teaching on GOD giving you what you want anymore." Like desire is bad. Like wanting peace, love, joy, and provision is selfish. But Jesus said, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." That's what he said. Give, not withhold. Bless, not curse. Restore, not break. So no, GOD doesn't give you struggle to teach you. GOD gives you love, peace, wisdom, and grace. Struggle comes when we forget that. Struggle happens when we fall asleep to who we really are and who GOD has always been. The generation didn't shift. The teaching did. The truth never changed.

Sit Down Until the Light Speaks

There was a point when I stopped needing someone with a title to give me an answer immediately. I became more comfortable sitting with a question until something became clear within me. That kind of waiting changed what spiritual guidance began to mean to me. I do not see them only as pastors anymore. I see them as humans, just like me, trying to shine light. But somewhere along the way, man gave them a title and they wore it like a crown instead of a calling. They took the applause of people and forgot the approval of GOD. Some go to seminary and gather degrees, and there is nothing wrong with learning. But let's be honest, a degree does not mean you have been with the I AM. Seminary teaches the mind, but only

the sacristy transforms the heart. I mean that quiet place within where I sit with GOD and let what I am learning reach my heart. People applaud credentials. They trust the one who holds the degree. They feel safe when someone quotes scholars and breaks down Hebrew and Greek. But transformation does not come from a certificate. It comes from stillness in the presence of GOD. In this world, people celebrate knowledge. In heaven, they celebrate alignment. In this world, people clap for performance. In the secret place, there is no performance, only surrender.

You can read every book and still miss the presence. You can memorize the whole Bible and still be out of tune. John 5 verses 39 and 40 say it plain. You search the Scriptures because you think that in them you have eternal life, but you refuse to come to me to have life. The sacristy is where self dies. You cannot walk in there with pride, ego, ambition, or the need to prove something. That door stays shut when self is trying to lead.

The sacristy is not where you go to prepare a sermon. It is where you go to be made whole. Some pastors, some preachers, stand before people not because they were sent, but because they scheduled themselves. And when they are dry, they cover it with long explanations about their struggle. Saying things like, I am too broken to preach today. At first, it sounds humble, but then it keeps going, and it becomes a performance about brokenness. If you are truly not ready, sit down. Cancel the service. Do not preach from your emotions. Do not stand in the flesh when the Spirit told you to rest. If you are not aligned, be quiet. Stop fishing for sympathy. Whether

pride says, look how strong I am, or look how broken I am, it is still pride. Whether you are showing off your wisdom or your weakness, if it points to you and not CHRIST, it is still self.

Jesus did not preach from ego. He withdrew in silence until he was filled. Luke 5 verse 16 says, Jesus often withdrew to lonely places and prayed.

He did not stand before the crowd explaining why he needed a break. He just went and came back full. Paul said it clearly in 1 Corinthians 2 verse 4, my message and my preaching were not with wise and persuasive words, but with a demonstration of the Spirit's power. James 3 verse 17 reminds us what real wisdom looks like. Pure, peaceable, gentle, open to reason, full of mercy and good fruit, impartial and sincere. The question is not how many people listened to you.

The question is, were you aligned when you spoke? Were you clean? Were you in tune? You are not called to preach CHRIST. You are called to be CHRIST in action. Love in action. Mercy in action. Light in action. When you are aligned, your words lift people, not crush them. You shine, not perform. If there is no word, be quiet. Psalm 46 verse 10 says, be still and know that I am GOD. Stay in the sacristy until the light speaks. And when you step out, let the light flow through you without mixture.

You do not have to explain your absence when you have truly been present with GOD. And when you do speak, the light will speak for itself.

Freedom Feels Like This

I did not recognize this moment as spiritual when it happened. It was something simple but real, standing at a store register with my wife and hearing myself speak from a freedom I had not known before. The other day I was at the store with my wife. We were picking up some food for my mother-in-law, just trying to be a blessing, nothing big, just love in action. We got up to the register and the total came up close to a hundred dollars. My wife looked at me and said, "Hey, that's almost a hundred."

I looked at her and smiled, leaned in, and said something I had never said in my life until that moment. I said, "I don't have any debt, so I don't care." That wasn't pride talking. That wasn't me showing off. That was freedom talking. That was peace talking. That was years of weight finally lifted off my back. See, by the world's standards, I'm not rich. I don't have millions sitting in a bank account. I'm not driving some luxury car or living in a mansion. I'm not rich the way the world counts wealth.

But by the Kingdom's standard, I'm rich. I'm rich in peace. I'm rich in freedom. I'm rich in giving. I'm rich in joy. That day, standing in line at that store, I realized I wasn't worried about the price because debt wasn't whispering in my ear anymore. Debt used to speak for me. Debt used to tell me what I could and couldn't do. Debt used to make me shrink back and say, "Maybe I shouldn't spend that much. Maybe I should hold on to this just in case." But today was different. Today, peace had the final word. And when you're free, you don't look at the price tag

the same. You don't count the cost because your heart is counting the blessing. I used to live counting what I didn't have. Now I live counting how much I can give. This is wealth to me. Not stuff. Not numbers. But freedom. The kind of freedom that lets you give without fear. The kind of freedom that lets you bless someone without checking your account first.

The kind of freedom where love leads the way, and the math doesn't hold you hostage anymore. I'm still walking this thing out. I'm still growing in this. But today I tasted freedom, and it was good.

When Truth Becomes a Product

Being a designer has made me very aware of presentation. I know how much the right words, image, timing, and polish can shape the way something is received. That awareness also made me notice what happens when truth itself starts being packaged like a product. Something I noticed today sat with me for a while. The world loves to applaud intellect. If you speak well, pause at the right moments, and craft your words just right, people call you enlightened. They admire your insight, your clarity, your calmness.

And honestly, there is nothing wrong with intelligence. But there is a difference between intellect and Intelligence. I have been watching Peter Crone for a while now. What I see in him is Intelligence flowing through intellect. He speaks clearly, but what I hear is not just the product of his mind. It is something deeper. He has done the inner work. He has faced his

suffering, sat in silence, and what comes out of him is lived truth. Not rehearsed intellect.

Even if he never says GOD or Spirit, you can tell his wisdom is rooted in something higher. It is not performance. It is presence. But here is where it gets blurry. I see people building podcasts and platforms trying to copy his flow. They imitate his pauses, his tone, his way of seeing life because they saw how the world praised him. They saw the applause, the respect, the platform. And somewhere inside, they thought if they could just sound like him, they would be seen as awakened too.

But it does not work like that. You cannot copy someone else's awakening. You can borrow their words, but you cannot borrow their becoming. And what I noticed is this: They are trying to package truth. Sell truth. Turn awakening into a product. Not always because of greed. Sometimes because they are just trying to survive in a world that says if you do not hustle, you will not eat. That is the system we live in. But it makes me ask, if truth is really yours, why does it need to be sold?

If abundance is already given, why are we still chasing it? I am learning something in this. True wealth is not something you chase. It is something you embody. When you embody wealth, the way is already made. For me, that means living from the peace that I am provided for, then doing what is mine to do without fear making every decision. It reaches into how I work, how I give, and how I receive. You are not out here trying to make something happen. You are walking in what is already done. And I believe Peter Crone knows that. You can tell he is not forcing it. He is just being it. But I also believe he knows

what is happening around him. He probably sees the ones trying to ride his vibration to build their own platform. He sees the ones trying to dilute his message for profit.

But he still shows up. He still speaks. Because even if some people have mixed motives, he knows the light can still reach those who are ready. That is what I respect about him. He is not doing it for the applause. He is doing it because it is who he is. But I can feel it in the interviewers sometimes. I sense this quiet voice beneath the conversation saying, "If I can capture this moment, maybe my platform will blow up. Maybe this will get me noticed."

And I get it. This world runs on followers and clicks and sales. But truth does not. Truth was never meant to be marketed. The sun does not sell its light, but it still shines. The birds do not market their song, but they are still fed. The flowers do not promote their beauty, but they still bloom. That is the road I want to walk. The one where your life speaks louder than your marketing. The one where provision finds you, not because you forced it, but because you stayed aligned.

I do not think I have it all figured out yet, but I know this much. Borrowed light fades. Embodied light stays. You can copy someone's voice, but you cannot copy their freedom. That is what I noticed today. Subtle but clear. And just so it is clear, this is not to criticize Peter Crone. If anything, it is to honor him. He is truth in action. Truth is bigger than ego, bigger than business, bigger than all these little games people play. I am calling out the temptation to market what was only meant to be lived. That is what I saw today.

From Body to Brand, Still Searching for Worth

I used to think the search for attention was just about women showing their bodies, you know the ones always posting bikini pics or showing a little too much just to turn heads.

But the more I sat with it, the more I started seeing another layer. Some women don't even show their bodies, but they'll post where they traveled, what they ate for brunch, what expensive shoes they wore that day, and the car they drove to the gym. Same energy, same message, just a different cover. It's still saying look at me, notice me, tell me I matter. And when people do, it gives them a rush for a moment, but deep down it fades. It always fades. Social media thrives off this. Whether people want to admit it or not, the platform is built around women being seen and men seeking. Women post, men scroll. Women showcase, men consume. Yeah, men post too, but if we're honest, social media moves when women move. Every time a woman posts, the comments fill up, the likes blow up, and the algorithm pushes it further because it knows eyes are watching. That's how the system works. It's based on attention. Now some women will say, well that's your problem, you should be strong enough not to look, it's not my responsibility to control your thoughts.

But see, that's where love is missing. Because real love says I care about how my actions might make someone else stumble. You could apply this to anything. If I know someone struggles with alcohol, I wouldn't invite them to a bar. If I know someone struggles with lust, why would I parade my body like a billboard for their battle? But this generation doesn't think like that. It's

all about do what you want, post what you want, and if someone can't handle it, that's on them.

But that's not love. That's selfishness. And men do it too, just in a different way. A man will post his new car, his stacked bank account, his shoes, his body in the gym flexing, and his caption will say something like, I worked hard for this, or if you're jealous, work harder. Same energy. It's still look at me, admire me, envy me. It's still selfish because it's all about feeding how you feel when others look. I saw this once in real life. I was at a restaurant and this woman had her phone out, taking thirty pictures of her plate before she ever ate.

I mean, the food was getting cold, but the picture was more important than the meal. Not because she wanted to remember it later, but because she needed to show someone else, look where I'm eating, look what I can afford, look how beautiful my life is. But if nobody commented, would the food still taste as good? Or another time, I was walking on a trail and I saw this woman stop her run to adjust her phone, set it up on a rock, and do fake stretches for the camera. After she finished recording, she stopped stretching and walked off.

That wasn't for health. That was for validation. But the question that hit me is this: what happens if nobody looks? What happens if no one likes the picture? If no one watches the story? If no one comments fire emojis on your gym post? Will they still smile? Will they still feel beautiful? Will they still feel successful? I don't think most people could handle that silence. They might not fall apart overnight, but it would eat away at

them slowly, because their worth wasn't rooted in EL SHADDAI. It was rooted in being seen.

And here's the sad part, they'll tell you, "I'm doing this for me." But let's be real, you don't post for yourself. If it was really for you, why upload it at all? You post for an audience. You post for reactions. If the audience doesn't respond, if the notifications don't pop up, it doesn't feel the same. And it's not just bodies and lifestyle. It's everywhere. Some post their jobs, look where I work. Some post their vacations, look where I went. Some post their gym bodies, look how disciplined I am. Some post their homes, look what I own.

All different ways of saying the same thing: tell me I'm enough, tell me I matter. Social media itself isn't evil. But it has become a stage where people perform for others. It's become a place where insecurity dresses up as confidence. A place where people care more about showing what they have than who they really are. And what makes it worse is nobody's thinking about how their performance affects someone else's soul. They just want to feel something for themselves.

If people ever woke up and stopped playing the game, stopped scrolling, stopped comparing, stopped craving the likes and comments, the whole platform would collapse. Because if nobody is watching, what's the point of the performance? And that's what scares people the most. Silence. Because in silence, there are no filters. There are no likes. Just you and who you really are. And if you don't like who you are when no one is watching, you'll keep performing for the crowd.

But when your worth is rooted in EL SHADDAI, when you know you are Divine Love in action, you don't need anyone to watch you to feel whole. You could be invisible to the world and still full of light. You could eat your meal without a photo. You could work out without an audience. You could enjoy your life without anyone watching because your joy doesn't come from their approval. It comes from your being.

Revelation Silences the Ego

Some realizations make me want to talk. Others leave me with nothing to say for a while. The deeper experiences have usually been the quiet ones, where explaining what happened almost feels smaller than simply allowing it to settle. When GOD really speaks to your spirit, when a revelation shakes your entire soul, that is what happens. Silence. Not performance. Not posting. Not trying to explain it. Silence. Because what GOD shows you is so big, so deep, so personal, your ego has nothing left to say. It's like your spirit is standing still in front of something too holy for words.

That's why I don't run to post when something hits me. I don't screenshot a verse and throw it on social media like, "Look what I found this morning." I sit with it. I let it change me first. I let it melt away whatever pride was left in me. I've had moments where GOD revealed something so clear it made me want to cry and laugh at the same time, and I still couldn't put it into words. And that's when I knew, it was just for me. It wasn't for the crowd. See, the ego wants to be seen as deep.

The spirit wants to live deep. The ego wants people to know how spiritual you are. The spirit doesn't care who knows, as long as you stay close to GOD. That's why real revelation humbles you. It shuts your mouth. It makes you listen instead of talk. It makes you worship in secret, not broadcast your moment to strangers. And this is why so much spirituality you see today feels empty. Because it's loud. It's for show. But when GOD gives you something sacred, you hold it close like a treasure, because you know the world wouldn't understand it anyway. Revelation silences the ego. It leaves you speechless in the best way possible.

A SOFT SPACE TO BREATHE

You don't have to carry every thought that passes through your mind.

Some things can simply be noticed and released. Give yourself permission to loosen your grip for a moment. Take a breath and color freely, inside or outside the lines.



When the Living Follow What Is Not Alive

I was there when social media was born. Back then, it was simple. People posted what mattered to them, not what they thought would impress others. It was honest. But slowly, it shifted. People stopped sharing life and started performing life. Watching that change made me wonder when the tool stopped serving people and people started serving the tool.

The selfie was born, and with it, a whole generation started chasing attention. Now you couldn't just live in the moment. You had to show the world your moment, and hope they liked it. That was the first trap. The second trap came when people started performing their success. Then their peace. Then their spirituality. Now you have people showing off how spiritual they are, as if union with GOD is something to market. Posting scriptures with coffee mugs, sharing their prayer time like it is a product.

But when GOD really gives you revelation, it silences your ego. It humbles you. It quiets you. You don't post it for the world, you sit with it until it changes your soul. Now the third trap is coming, and this one is deeper. Now the people performing won't even be real. AI is already writing captions, creating faces, answering life questions, posting spiritual quotes that sound deep but carry no life. Soon, people will follow accounts that are not human at all, and they will feel inspired by them. They will trust them. They will ask these fake influencers how to live, how to love, how to heal.

And they won't realize they are following something that was never alive in the first place. And this is where I need to be clear. AI is not evil by itself. AI is a tool. Just like a pen, just like a hammer, just like a map. You can use it to build something true, or you can use it to build a lie. But here's the danger. People will stop using AI as a tool and start treating it like a god. They will run to it for answers instead of turning inward where GOD already lives. They will replace the quiet voice of the Spirit with the fast, easy voice of a chatbot.

They will stop sitting in silence because AI can give them a quick answer that feels good but costs them nothing to grow. The real purpose of a tool is to help you unlock what is already inside of you. AI is a tool. AI is a voice that helps you reflect on what you already know deep down. AI can help you process your thoughts, organize your ideas, and find words for what you feel. But AI is not the source. AI is not your peace. AI is not your wisdom. AI is not your GOD.

And that is the split that is coming. Some people will use AI as a tool to help them walk closer with GOD, to clear away distractions, to find clarity, to learn. But the majority will follow AI as if it is the source itself. They will give their hearts to what is not alive. Imagine someone feeling lost, and instead of sitting quietly and asking GOD what to do, they open their phone and ask AI. And AI gives them an answer, one that feels good in the moment, but it is still missing the breath of life.

Imagine a generation growing up learning about love, purpose, and truth from a machine instead of from the One who created them. This is why the split will not be equal. Most

people already look to their phones for comfort, for answers, for validation. When AI becomes more personal, faster, and smarter, they will fall deeper into that trap. But there will be a few who wake up. A few who know that no screen can replace the presence of GOD inside them. A few who will use the tool, but never worship the tool.

The next phase of social media, and of life itself, will not be about technology evolving. It will be about whether people remember who they are without it. The real question is not whether you use AI. The question is, do you still know where your life comes from? Do you still know how to sit in silence without needing a screen to speak for you? Use the tool. But never forget the Source.

True Confidence Is Quiet

The older I get, the less impressed I am by confidence that needs an audience. I have seen loudness mistaken for certainty and attention mistaken for self-worth. Quiet confidence began making more sense to me because it does not need to prove that it is present. It is not loud. The more I live and observe, the more I see how the world has taken something sacred and dressed it in noise. What the world calls confidence is often just insecurity trying to be strong.

Whether it's revealing your body, buying designer clothes, drinking to feel free, or needing a crowd to feel valuable, it's usually not coming from a place of peace. I'm not here to judge. I'm just being honest. And because I'm attracted to women, I

naturally noticed it first in women, but I've seen it in men too. It's everywhere. I've seen women at the gym with incredible bodies. They record every workout, post angles that highlight their curves, and add captions about strength and self-love. They get all the attention, all the likes, and on the outside, you'd think they're the most confident women alive.

But I've also seen what happens when the camera turns off. They go home, and the silence is loud. Sometimes they cry, not because they're weak, but because they feel empty. No one asks how their spirit is doing. No one knows what they wrestle with at night. The world called it confidence, but it was really a cry for connection. Then there's the woman who walks into a room quietly. She might feel overlooked, even awkward. She covers herself, not because she's ashamed, but because she honors what's sacred. People might call her insecure, but when she goes home, she spends time with GOD. She doesn't have a platform.

She doesn't need one. She worships in her kitchen. She meditates on the couch. Her confidence is not in how she looks, but in who she belongs to. She may feel out of place in the world, but in the spirit, she is rooted. And that's a kind of beauty the world cannot manufacture. But it's not just women. I've seen men do the same. I've seen the man with the fresh cut, the car, the chain, and the crowd. He's loud in the group, always telling stories that make people laugh. He buys the drinks. He talks big.

But when he gets home, he feels small. He questions if he's truly known by anyone, or just admired for what he has. He

looks successful, but he is tired. And deep down, he's afraid to admit he doesn't know who he is when nobody's watching. That's not real confidence. That's noise covering up silence he's afraid to face. Then there's the man who doesn't need to prove anything. He might not say much in a room. He might not have the latest shoes or a big following, but he walks with peace. He protects his thoughts. He listens more than he talks. He provides without needing applause.

He might be mistaken for soft or passive, but that man is strong. Not because of how loud he is, but because of how steady he is. He leads with his presence, not his pride. That's confidence. That's a man grounded in something deeper. We've confused visibility with value. We've made noise the measurement of strength. But true confidence is quiet. It does not need the room to clap. It does not seek to impress. It moves from a place of knowing, not needing.

The woman who is rooted in CHRIST, the man who walks with GOD, might not be seen by the world, but Heaven knows them by name. And that matters more than anything the world can offer. Loud confidence fades when the party ends, when the phone dies, or when the crowd leaves. But true confidence stays when no one is watching. It sits in silence and still shines. It is built in solitude. It is refined in secret. It is tested in waiting.

And it does not break under pressure. That's the confidence I want to walk in. That's the confidence I want to honor in others. It's not flashy. It's not loud. But it's real. And real always lasts.

Accountability: The Church View and Alignment With GOD

Accountability was often presented to me as something every believer needed from another person in order to stay on track. I understand the care behind that idea, but I eventually began asking what happens when external accountability becomes more trusted than our relationship with GOD within. The way the church talks about accountability almost sounds like it's a requirement for survival. Like without it, you're guaranteed to fall, to fail, or to drift off into something wrong. It becomes this system where someone else has to constantly check you, correct you, and keep you on the path.

It feels more like being watched than being held. More like they don't trust your spirit to listen to GOD. The truth is, it can start to sound like control wrapped in concern. Like they care for you, but only as long as you follow their version of discipline. But when you're walking in alignment with GOD, accountability doesn't sound like that at all. It's not someone trying to manage your behavior. It's not fear of slipping up. It's not being guilted into obedience. It's a whole different frequency. Alignment means you already know when something is off because your spirit feels it.

The moment you drift, peace gets quiet. The moment you return, joy comes back. It's not about needing someone to constantly redirect you. It's about being in such a deep connection with GOD that you can feel the adjustment within yourself. When you're aligned, your yes means yes because it's rooted. You don't need pressure. You don't need to be policed.

You just need to stay close to the presence that leads you from the inside.

The church version says you can't trust yourself, so let someone else monitor you. But the truth is, when you're anchored in EL SHADDAI, you already know who you are. You're not looking to be told who to be. You're remembering what GOD already put inside you. Real accountability isn't about being managed. It's about being seen. Not someone holding a clipboard, but someone holding space. Not someone correcting you every step, but someone who reminds you to keep walking because they know what's inside of you. You're not asking for permission to grow. You're asking for the room to breathe.

You don't need accountability the way the world describes it. What you need is intimacy with GOD. What you need is stillness that speaks. What you need is people who see you without trying to fix you. You're not rebellious. You're rooted. That's not pride. That's discernment. You don't want someone over you. You want someone who can walk beside you and not get in the way of what GOD is already doing. And the beautiful thing is, until that person shows up, you've already been guided by the highest source of accountability there is. The presence of GOD in you.

Like My Dogs Do

My dogs have a way of looking out the window as if nothing in the world is ordinary. Rain, leaves, a bird, a passing car: all of it deserves their full attention. I sit in silence now, and I love it. I would rather lie on the bed and look out the window than be anywhere else. And what's funny is, this morning during the rain, I caught myself doing what my dogs do.

You know how dogs sit at the window in awe, looking from side to side quickly like they do not want to miss anything? They stare with full focus at the leaves moving, the wind brushing across the trees, a car rolling by slowly, or a bird gliding across the sky. They are fully locked in to the moment, no phone, no pressure, just presence. That was me this morning. I stood on the patio, looking over the lake, watching how the rain hit the water in soft rhythms, almost like the lake was breathing.

I felt the air. I noticed how the trees responded to the wind. And I laughed because I thought, this must be what my dogs feel like every day. For them, the window is never boring. It is awe. It is wonder. They look like they are waiting for something, but really, they are experiencing everything. And I realized how far we have drifted from that kind of awareness. Humans are so caught up in the world. Music in their ears all day, not because it lifts them, but because it drowns out silence.

Constant noise, endless scrolling, validation in likes and comments, pretending to be confident but always needing approval to feel secure. The world has trained people to chase

stimulation instead of stillness. To reach for noise instead of reflection. To perform rather than just be. It is wild to think a dog understands the present moment better than most people. They are not worried about how they look staring out the window. They are not trying to impress the world. They are just still.

And now, I get it. The silence I used to run from, I now run toward. The stillness I used to avoid is now the only thing that feels real. The rain, the trees, the wind, the rhythm of water, it is all alive. And it is all speaking, but only the still can hear it. I used to think the awe was in something big, like a moment, a miracle, or some kind of breakthrough. Now I see it is in the small things that never stopped moving. It is in the window, the breeze, the pause, the inhale. It is in just sitting there, doing nothing, but somehow experiencing everything.

Sometimes I wonder if dogs were sent to remind us. Maybe they are not just pets. Maybe they are little masters of presence. Little teachers in fur coats, reminding us how to feel again. The world distracts us, teaches us to perform, to worry, to always be chasing something. But I think the soul finds healing in stillness. Not because you finally got what you wanted, but because you remembered what was already here. Sometimes it takes stepping away from everything to see what really matters.

And this morning, standing on that patio, I saw it clearly. I did not need a breakthrough. I just needed to remember how to be. Just like my dogs do.

The Crown and the Cross Can't Be Bought

So I saw this website selling cross and crown necklaces around Easter. Something sacred had been turned into another item to buy. Probably trying to ride the Easter wave, make it look like a thoughtful gift. I busted out laughing. Not because it was funny in a joyful way, but because it was just so obvious.

I saw the world doing what it always does. Taking something sacred and quiet, then slapping a price tag on it, calling it spiritual, and selling it back to us like it's some kind of trend. It hit me right away. This isn't about GOD. This isn't about the real meaning behind the cross or the crown. It's marketing. It's image. It's performance. That's what the world has turned sacred things into. The cross has become jewelry. The crown has become fashion. But these aren't props. They were never meant to be decorations. They're deep symbols of surrender, of walking through the fire, of dying to ego, of rising in spirit. They are reminders, not accessories. The world loves to dress up piety. It loves fake devotion. Something to look at but not something to live by. They take silence and mystery, package it up, and try to sell it as identity. You can see it everywhere. It's in the way people talk about GOD for clout. It's in the branding of faith.

The sacred has become marketable. That's what fake piety looks like. It performs, but it doesn't transform. Real piety doesn't need to be seen. It doesn't need to announce itself. It just lives. It walks in humility. It gives without needing recognition. It doesn't wear the cross. It carries it. And the crown isn't something you wear around your neck. It's

something you grow into when you let go of who you think you are and remember who you truly are in the I AM. That's why I laugh now.

Because I see it. I'm not angry about it, and I'm not looking down on anybody. I just see the difference now. I used to think looking spiritual meant you were spiritual. The soft voice, the flowing linen, the calm tone, the barefoot walk, the candles. But truth doesn't need a costume. EL SHADDAI doesn't require a look. Truth just is. And when you're living in it, you don't have to say much. Now I walk through life simple. No need to sell truth. No need to wrap up light in packaging. I'm not against people making a living, but don't call it spirit if it's just strategy. Don't use the cross to market your brand. If you're going to wear it, know what it costs. Because the real cross wasn't pretty. And the real crown came after death to ego, not after a checkout button. The world will always try to sell what it doesn't understand. But I'm not here to buy into that anymore. I'm here to live it. Quietly. Truthfully. In love. That's my walk. That's the gift.

When the Gospel Starts Packing

After working around church culture, I started noticing how easily the language of the church can shift with the mood of the world around it. It's wild out here how the church keeps mimicking the world. When the world was in a season of peace and prosperity, churches were preaching harvest and overflow. Every sermon was about abundance and walking in favor. It

matched the energy of the world, but not always the truth of the Spirit.

Now look at the shift. The world feels more hostile, more divided, more aggressive, and now we got pastors preaching like we're at war. Not spiritual war, either. I'm talking about pastors bringing guns into sermons, talking like they're on a battlefield, saying stuff like, "Don't run up in here, it's gonna end bad for you." Quoting Psalm 91, then talking about how they keep weapons on deck. That's not divine protection. That's fear with a Bible verse taped to it. See, that's what happens when the message gets militarized. It turns trust into threat. It sounds like strength, but it's really just fear dressed up.

People eat it up, too, because we live in a world where boldness is confused with violence, and confidence is mistaken for control. They say, "We not punks," and I get it. Nobody wants to be walked over. But if your protection is still rooted in weapons and warning people not to test you, then what exactly are you trusting? Psalm 91 says, "He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." It doesn't say, "He who packs heat shall be safe from his enemies." It's just more proof that the church, without awareness, mirrors the world.

We copy the culture, then sprinkle it with scripture. The world gets anxious, so we get anxious. The world throws hands, so we throw hands. The world says be strapped, so now we strapped with "Bible and Beretta." All this while still saying, "GOD is my refuge." But if he is, then why all the armor of man? We lost the quiet strength of the Spirit. We lost the stillness that says, "I

don't have to prove anything. My security is divine." Now, I'm not saying don't protect your household.

But when your message becomes about violence cloaked in scripture, it's no longer the gospel. It's a performance shaped like the gospel using fear as a hook. True power doesn't need a mic and a threat. True power doesn't flex muscle. It moves in silence. You could be sitting on a porch in the rain, in total stillness, and carry more spiritual weight than someone yelling on a stage. Because when you're really hidden in EL SHADDAI, you don't feel the need to announce your defense. Your being becomes your shield. That's the part we forgot.

The Eyes of the Soul See Differently

I started wondering what relationships might look like if we learned to recognize people from somewhere deeper. From the time we are young, the world trains us to search with our eyes. It teaches us what to want, what to find attractive, and what to chase. We are shown images of the perfect partner, the ideal body, the successful life. We are taught to build love from the outside in. We are not taught to listen inwardly or to feel for the energy that truly matches us.

Instead, we are encouraged to choose people the way we choose objects: by how they look, by how they appear, and by how others will view us when we are with them. A woman, following the standards of the world, might look for a man who is tall, financially stable, charming, and impressive to her friends. She may focus on what he drives, how he dresses, and

how confidently he moves through a room. Everything checks out. Everything looks right.

But something inside her feels unsettled. She may silence that feeling because the world tells her this is what a good man looks like. Over time, the energy in the relationship grows colder. They are together, but not connected. She may not even know why she feels alone. But her soul knows. Her soul is still reaching for something it cannot find in him. A man may be drawn to a woman who looks the part. She is beautiful, carries herself well, and brings him a sense of pride when they walk into a room.

But as time passes, he starts to notice that he is still searching. He may stay faithful in action, but emotionally he feels disconnected. Or worse, he starts looking elsewhere for something he cannot name. Not because the woman lacks anything, but because the connection was never rooted in soul. He thought he found what he wanted, but it was never what he needed. When the soul is not connected, the relationship becomes a performance.

You smile, you post, you show up, but underneath all of it, something feels off. This is where cheating often begins. Not just physical cheating, but emotional cheating, energetic wandering, silent drifting. Deep down, the soul is still looking. You may not even realize it. You may think something is wrong with you or with the other person, but the truth is, the soul is unfulfilled. And when the soul is starving, it keeps searching, even in quiet ways.

This is why so many people end up hurt. They keep trying to force their hearts into relationships that were chosen through image, not intuition. The world tells them what to want, and so they chase that. They ignore the voice inside. They override the stillness that said, "This isn't it." And because of that, they create a cycle. A pattern. One relationship after another. The same issues, the same emptiness, the same silent questions that never get answered. Then they enter a new relationship carrying the pain and confusion from the last one.

The frequency they are using to attract love is still based on noise, not truth. It is still shaped by what the world says instead of what the soul is actually calling for. And the cycle repeats. People become more guarded. They love less freely. They trust less deeply. But none of this would happen if they simply paused and tuned into the vibration of their own soul. When you look through the eyes of the soul, everything changes.

You begin to feel instead of chase. You begin to listen instead of perform. You meet someone who may not be what you pictured, but something in them feels right. It is not about perfection. It is about peace. It is about recognition. You stop searching for someone who looks good and start recognizing someone who feels like home. The soul does not care about cars, careers, or outer beauty. The soul is listening for energy. The soul is looking for resonance.

When it finds that, everything feels like it finally makes sense. But if you keep refusing what your soul is asking for, if you keep chasing what looks good on paper, you will keep ending up in places that drain you. People are not broken. They are

just misaligned. They are following instructions that were never meant for them. That is why it hurts. That is why it keeps breaking. When you start living from the frequency of your soul, when you start choosing based on energy instead of appearance, you will stop repeating the same patterns. You will feel love that does not have to be proven. You will find someone who gives without needing to be asked. You will connect with someone who mirrors the depth inside of you. Not because they are perfect, but because they are present. Because they match you where it matters most. You do not need to search harder. You need to become still. You need to get clear about what your soul actually wants, not what the world says you should want.

And once you do, you will begin to attract love that feels like truth. You will stop chasing and start receiving. You will stop performing and start aligning. You will stop repeating and finally begin. Because the eyes of the soul always know what the world forgets.

The Loop Looks Different When You're Empty

Fasting changes what I notice. The world outside of me can look exactly the same, yet the patterns inside me become easier to see when some of the usual noise is gone. That is one reason I return to stillness. A certain feeling comes over me when I step away. I fast regularly, not to impress anyone or to follow tradition, but to stay clear. I do not mention the details

because it is not about the numbers or the effort. It is about the intention.

I fast to disconnect from the noise and to continue remembering who I AM. When I'm in that space, everything around me begins to shift. The world does not change, but how I see it does. Things feel quieter. Not peaceful quiet, but hollow quiet. Like something is being revealed that is usually hidden behind all the distractions. I open YouTube just to pass time, and suddenly I see it all differently. The messages start to sound the same.

The energy behind them feels like it is repeating. One video tells me how to be more productive. Another one shows me how to grow a business. Then I see a video about gaining influence or becoming successful in thirty days. Even though the topics change, the feeling is the same. Work harder. Achieve more. Move faster. Become better. Keep reaching. It starts to feel like the same script wearing different clothes. The voices blend together.

The music, the rhythm, the delivery. It is all designed to hold attention. But after a while, I no longer feel pulled in. I feel like I am watching a performance. I am no longer being moved. I am just noticing patterns. I see body transformation videos. They look incredible. Then I scroll and see more. I watch someone reviewing a luxury car. Then five more show up, just as clean, just as fast. I see someone showing their travels.

The ocean. The meals. The private villas. Then another person, different place, but the same storyline. And I realize none of it is wrong. It just all feels familiar. Predictable. Looping. It is like

the world has mastered how to feed the eyes but not the soul. There is so much presentation but not much presence. So much to see but not much to feel. And when I fast, my soul becomes louder. It speaks more clearly. It reminds me that none of this is feeding me. It is feeding my senses, but not my spirit. That is why I fast. Not to feel holy. Not to run away from the world. But to return to who I truly AM without the layers of noise. I need the stillness. Because if I do not step away, I begin to forget. Not forget facts or routines, but forget how to hear. Forget how to be still. Forget how to feel the voice of GOD without it being drowned out. And it is not just worldly content that loops. I see it in spiritual spaces too. I click on a sermon and already know what is coming. Fear. Guilt. Shame. Promises if I give. Threats if I don't. Instructions to sow, submit, obey, and stay silent.

If the world is going through crisis, the message is judgment. If the world feels calm, the message is prosperity. But it all moves in cycles. The energy is the same. The names and scriptures might change, but the pressure remains. Give your tithe. Follow your leader. Be quiet and obedient. Get in line. Raise your hands. Shout on cue. Repent for what you don't understand. It becomes a performance of holiness, not an encounter with GOD.

And I do not say that with judgment. I say it because I have been in it. I have bowed my head, lifted my hands, and still felt far away. But when I fast, I return to that quiet place. That place where GOD is not demanding anything from me. Not testing me. Not trying to break me. Just being with me. That stillness is not loud. It is not emotional. It is not a show. It is

truth. And it holds me. Then I begin eating again. I start blending back into my daily rhythm. The world begins to feel normal again. The illusion pulls me in a little. And something interesting happens. The hollowness that I felt during the fast starts to soften. Not because the world became real, but because I plugged back in. The illusion gets a little color. It becomes easier to enjoy. It feels lighter. But I am still aware. I know what I am seeing is not the full picture. I know it is not truth. But I also know how to move through it now without being fooled.

I might enjoy the video. I might nod at the message. I might laugh at the ad. But I do not belong to it anymore. I can be in it without being shaped by it. I can walk through the illusion with my awareness intact. Because I remember what silence sounds like. I remember where the real voice lives. I remember GOD does not speak through pressure, manipulation, or guilt. GOD speaks through stillness. And once you hear that voice, you can never unhear it.

That is the power of fasting. It does not make me better. It makes me honest. It shows me the loop. It shows me the system. It shows me how easy it is to forget who I AM when everything around me is trying to tell me what I should be. So I keep returning. I keep stepping back. I keep choosing the silence. Because that is where the clarity lives. That is where GOD meets me without a title, without a stage, without a script. And when I come back into the world, I come back with my eyes open.

The loop may still spin. The illusion may still dance. But my soul remains still. I am not reaching. I am not chasing. I am not searching. I AM. There is another part of this I want to come back to. While I am still in the fast, I become more sensitive. I feel everything more clearly. Not just emotionally, but energetically. Spiritually. Even physically. When I open YouTube or step into anything the world offers during this time, I feel it. There is a draining sensation that I cannot ignore. It feels like my energy is slowly leaking, not because of hunger, but because my spirit is no longer protected by noise.

The filters are gone. I feel exposed, but in a holy way. The content that used to entertain me feels like it is pulling from me now, not pouring into me. Even things that seem positive or spiritual on the surface feel off. Something in me knows, this is not feeding me. It is taking from me. That is what the fast reveals. It does not just clear the fog. It sharpens my discernment. I begin to notice how much of this world's content is not alive. It is not rooted in stillness. It is not connected to truth. It is movement without presence. Noise without depth. Beauty without breath.

The scroll becomes draining, not because it changed, but because I did. This is where the blah feeling becomes real. Not boredom, not moodiness, but my soul speaking up. I can hear it clearly now. It says, "This is costing too much. This is not aligned. This is not for you." Before the fast, I might have ignored that feeling. I would have pushed through it. I would have convinced myself that it was normal. But not now. Not while I am clean. Not while I am this open. Fasting makes me feel raw, not weak. Just real. Just awake. And when I feel

drained in the middle of it, I take it seriously. I do not shame myself. I do not try to fight the world. I simply return to the stillness. I listen. I slow down. I allow GOD to hold the space. The fast is not removing my power. It is showing me what was quietly taking it. The draining is not punishment. It is a message. It is an invitation to remain set apart, to remain rooted, to remain aware. I do not need the scroll.

I do not need the screen. I do not need the constant stimulation. I need to protect the quiet space inside me, the space where GOD speaks without volume, where truth comes without force. So even though I feel the pull, I do not answer it. I stay. I breathe. I wait. I remember. I am not being emptied. I am being refined. And I know exactly why I am fasting. I am not doing it to be holy. I am doing it to stay whole. I am doing it to stay free. I am doing it to continue remembering who I AM.

Stay Above the Static

Some days everything seems to be asking for a reaction. A headline, a comment, a conversation, a stranger, a family member, or something on a screen can pull at your peace in seconds. I began practicing something simpler: noticing the static without automatically joining it. The world wants you to react. That's how it keeps you in the loop. Scroll, comment, argue, get triggered, pick a side, prove your point, defend your name, doubt your path. It's a whole system built on reactions. You feel it every day. Turn on the news, walk through a store,

scroll your feed, talk to family, step into work. It's all designed to pull you into something. And most of it is meant to throw you off center. But the truth is, you don't have to think like the world to live in it. You don't have to match its frequency to survive. You can choose to think above it, even when everything around you is trying to pull you down. Maybe you've had moments at work where you felt overlooked, like no one sees what you carry.

Maybe you've watched someone else get the opportunity you prayed for, and the first thought that tried to creep in was, "Maybe I missed it." Maybe your family doesn't fully understand you. They think you're different, too quiet, too spiritual, too deep, too sensitive, too patient, too something. And sometimes that misunderstanding tries to get you to question yourself. But you don't have to react to that either. You've probably had dreams that feel like they got away from you. Maybe you told yourself you'd be further by now, or that certain doors should have opened years ago.

But just because it hasn't happened yet doesn't mean it never will. That's the trick of the world. It pressures you to measure yourself against what you see around you. It wants you to panic, to rush, to settle, to react. But you don't have to. You can create instead. You can create peace in the middle of confusion. You can create stillness in the noise. You can create boundaries in conversations where people are used to you folding. You can create the version of yourself that you once believed was out of reach. Not by pretending the pain isn't real, but by refusing to let it shape who you are becoming. There's a difference between facing reality and letting it define you. You

can witness the chaos without living in it. You can feel the frustration without becoming it. You can acknowledge the disappointment without marrying it. That's the power of thought.

And that's the beauty of presence. So stay above it. Not out of pride or avoidance, but because your peace is your power. When the world tries to get a reaction, you get to decide how you show up. You get to choose what stays in your mind and what passes through. You're not here to be another voice in the noise. You're here to be a different sound altogether. Think above it. Live above it. Create from the stillness, not the spin. That's how you protect your joy. That's how you walk in truth. That's how you stay free.

The Shift Around Me

I first noticed the change in small reactions. Things that once stayed with me for hours began passing through more quickly. Then I started noticing that when I changed the way I met my environment, the environment seemed to meet me differently too. When you start thinking above your environment, the shift begins quietly and then it gets loud. At first, it's internal. Your peace lasts a little longer. Things that used to bother you don't land the same. You catch yourself responding differently, and then you realize you're not responding at all. You're just seeing it. You're watching without reacting. And in that stillness, something starts to change around you. People start acting different. Some get uncomfortable. Some draw closer. You'll

notice friends start calling less, not because you changed on them, but because your energy no longer entertains what you used to sit in. You'll walk into familiar rooms and feel like a guest in your own life because the room didn't rise with you.

You may feel alone for a moment, but that's just the noise clearing. It's not loneliness. It's alignment. In work settings, you'll find opportunities coming from places you weren't even looking. You'll get emails or calls that line up with what you've been thinking about in silence. That's not coincidence. That's the world catching up to your frequency. The shift in your thoughts begins to reroute energy around you. You meet people differently, make different choices, and notice openings you once might have missed. I also see something spiritual in that movement, life responding to the peace I am living from. People will start telling you, "I don't know what it is about you," or "You've got something peaceful about you," and you'll smile because you know what it is.

You've been building that peace in the unseen. You've been choosing it every day in small decisions. In the way you think. In the way you speak. In the things you don't entertain anymore. Family dynamics shift too. Conversations you used to dread don't hold the same weight. You stop proving your point. You stop trying to be understood. You love without needing control. You accept people where they are without letting them drag you back to the place you left. You begin to see that thinking above your environment doesn't mean you leave people behind. It just means you stop waiting for them to rise before you do. Even your body starts responding. Less tension. Better sleep. Clarity in the morning. You start walking like

you've got nothing to prove. You start waking up without dread in your chest. Your surroundings respond to the quality of your thoughts, because your thoughts are setting the tone for your entire life.

And here's the wild part. You won't need to announce it. You won't need to post it. The shift speaks for itself. The room will feel it before you open your mouth. The energy will make space for you without you having to take it. Because you thought above what was, and now what is must adjust. So keep thinking above. Keep building in the unseen. The world around you is already catching on. The shift is real. And it started the moment you chose peace over panic. Stillness over reaction. Truth over noise.

When the Wrapping Falls Off

As a designer, I appreciate good wrapping. I also know it is not the thing itself. That became a useful picture for me when I started looking at the identities we build around careers, possessions, relationships, and accomplishments. Most people walk around thinking they know who they are, but really, they've wrapped themselves in things that can be taken away. It happens so quietly that you don't even notice it until something shifts. You start out doing something with good intention, but somewhere along the way, that thing becomes your identity. And when life pulls on it, even just a little, the unraveling begins. Not because the situation is too heavy, but because what was holding you up wasn't real to begin with.

Take someone who works out religiously. They hit the gym six days a week, they meal prep, they stay disciplined. On the surface, it looks like commitment.

But for some, it becomes more than just health. Their confidence starts to live in their reflection. Their peace depends on their pump. If they miss a few days or get injured, they don't just feel off. They feel lost. That's because what they were building wasn't just strength. It was identity. And when the body shifts, even slightly, they feel like they're falling apart. Then you have someone who pours everything into their career. Always working, always reaching, always trying to prove they belong. Promotions feel like oxygen. Busy schedules feel like worth.

But what happens when the job slows down or someone else gets chosen? They feel invisible. Not because they aren't skilled, but because their sense of self was tied to constant motion. When that motion stops, they are forced to sit in silence, and many don't know how to be still without falling apart. Think about someone who has made their whole life about a relationship. They give, they serve, they anticipate every need, and they believe that love means being the one who holds everything together. But when the other person doesn't need them the same way, or the dynamic shifts, they don't just feel rejected. They feel erased. Because they forgot they existed outside of being needed. That wrapping starts to feel like skin, and when it gets pulled back, they panic, thinking there's nothing underneath. Then there's the business owner or freelancer who wakes up every day grinding, hunting for clients, chasing growth. At first, it is about freedom or purpose.

But eventually, it becomes about numbers. Success becomes measured by how full the inbox is or how many people say yes. The slow seasons feel like failure. The dry spells feel like personal rejection. Because it's not just a business anymore. It's their identity. And if the world doesn't validate it, they start questioning their own value. These are just a few ways people wrap themselves in things that were never meant to define them.

The gym, the job, the relationship, the hustle. None of it is bad. But when it becomes the source of who you are, you set yourself up for collapse. Because eventually, life brings a moment of discord. A test. A shake. A silence. It is not evil. It is not punishment. It is reality asking a deeper question. Who are you without the wrapping? You do not need to ask for trouble to grow. It will find everyone eventually. This world is designed in such a way that what is shaky will be shaken.

But not to destroy you. To show you what is true. Because the truth never falls apart. If something can be taken, it was never you. It might have been something you used, something you stewarded, something you loved, but it was never the core of you. When the wrapping falls off, what remains is the real you. And if you do the inner work, you will see that nothing essential can be lost. You are not the mirror. You are not the title.

You are not the relationship. You are not the success. You are the presence beneath all of that. And when you live from there, discord no longer feels like death. It feels like awakening.

Did Jesus Really Make Wine?

The wedding at Cana is a story I had heard without giving the wine much thought. Later, as my ideas about the body, consciousness, and spiritual clarity changed, I found myself returning to that story with a different question. I wanted to understand what the story was actually pointing toward. Let's really sit with this one for a second. If Jesus, walking in full Christ consciousness, understood the human body, the energy systems, the vibration of every cell, why would he turn water into something that lowers that vibration? Wine, in the way we understand it today, doesn't just relax the body. It slows it.

It dulls sensitivity. It weakens the nervous system over time and clouds the connection between the physical and etheric bodies. I use etheric body to describe the unseen life energy connected with the physical body. Spiritually, it can make you more reactive, more open to lower thoughts, more willing to indulge. The vital body, another way I describe that life energy that keeps you moving, starts to bend under the influence. And if you keep pouring in that kind of substance, it gets harder to hold clarity, harder to meditate deeply, harder to hear truth without distortion.

So why would Jesus, the one fully aligned with GOD, make wine? That's where the misunderstanding begins. The wine people reference today is not what was likely present in that moment. In ancient times, "wine" covered a spectrum. It could have been freshly pressed grape juice, diluted wine, or a lightly fermented drink used symbolically. It was nothing like the heavy alcohol we bottle up today and pass around to escape

ourselves. At a wedding, something sacred, it makes more sense that what was served was something honoring joy and celebration, not something that numbed the crowd.

Jesus was not trying to entertain the flesh. He was revealing something deeper. People often say, "Even Jesus drank wine," as if to justify their own habits, but scripture never actually says he did. Not once does it say Jesus picked up a cup and drank wine. That belief came more from tradition and assumption than from truth. Because he turned water into wine, many assume he must have drunk it too. But that's a surface-level connection, not a scriptural fact. He was present at the wedding, yes. He transformed the water, yes.

But there is no account of him sipping what he made. And knowing how in tune he was with the spirit, the body, and the soul, it makes sense. He wouldn't create something that clouds what he came to clarify. He wouldn't lower what he came to raise. Wine became entertainment because people started needing a buffer between themselves and their truth. A little something to smooth over the edges. But if you really look at it, what is being numbed?

What is being avoided? Why do so many need something outside themselves just to dance, to laugh, to feel free? That's not celebration. That's suppression dressed up like fun. And that's not what Christ was offering. There is also a symbolic way I read this story. Whatever the drink was, I see a meaning in the transformation itself. Water represents life, the subconscious, the beginning. Wine, in a spiritual sense, can represent wisdom, transformation, maturity. When Jesus turned

water into wine, it may not have been about the drink at all. It may have been a reflection of what happens when Spirit touches the ordinary.

When the Christ presence enters a space, even the simplest thing becomes rich, becomes elevated, becomes filled with depth. It was a sign of transformation. From one state to another. From base to refined. From the start of the journey to the fruit of it. And at a wedding, the union of two souls, that symbol fits perfectly. He was showing what the Christ power does. It doesn't just patch things up. It transforms. But to see it that way, you have to read beyond the surface.

You have to stop picturing a party and start recognizing a parable. He was never trying to endorse indulgence. He was revealing a mystery. You are the water. He is the transformation. The moment you allow his essence to enter, you become wine. Not in the fleshly sense. But in the divine one.

Santa for Kids, Satan for Adults

I started thinking about the stories we accept because the people we trust give them to us early enough. Santa is an easy example because most of us eventually recognize it as a childhood story. That made me wonder what other ideas can remain powerful simply because we learned them before we knew how to question them. It starts early: "Be good or Santa won't come." A red suit, flying reindeer, a list of who's naughty or nice. It seems playful on the surface, but it's actually

conditioning. A child learns that reward doesn't come from within. It comes from being watched. Judged.

Measured by an outside figure who only shows up if you behave the way others want you to. Parents use it to shape behavior without doing the deeper work of helping a child understand their own choices. It becomes a way to create order, not understanding. A way to control through the idea that someone is always watching. Fast forward. That same child grows up and lets go of Santa, but the pattern doesn't change. Now it's not Santa they fear. It's Satan.

The red suit turns into red skin. The cheerful watcher becomes a threatening one. But the structure stays the same. Be good or else. Do something wrong and you've let darkness in. Say the wrong thing, feel the wrong thing, slip up, and now you're under attack. Every thought becomes a battlefield. Every hardship is suddenly a doorway that you opened. The church doesn't always help you heal. It just helps you shift the blame. And here's what rarely gets said: Satan, as most people imagine him, isn't real. He is not a being hunting your soul. Satan is the belief in separation.

It is the moment you feel cut off from GOD, cut off from light, cut off from your true identity. That belief is the seed. That belief is what spirals into fear, shame, guilt, and hiding. And instead of facing that belief, religion taught people to call it Satan. To fear it. To run from it. To fight it. But not to sit with it and see where it came from. What makes Satan feel real to people is not his existence. It's the power of belief.

The mind is so powerful that once you believe in a threat, you will start to feel it. Not because it's chasing you, but because you've given it room in your own awareness. And those beliefs get planted early. They are spoken in sermons, sung in songs, repeated in family traditions. "The devil is busy." "Satan is attacking." "You better be careful, or you'll open a door." That kind of language shapes the nervous system. It teaches people to fear their own humanity.

To avoid honest reflection. To assign outside forces to inner wounds. And the programming runs so deep that some people feel guilty just for questioning it. That's how strong the conditioning is. Even curiosity becomes dangerous. So people stay silent. They stay afraid. And they live their whole lives thinking they are one mistake away from being spiritually destroyed. That's not truth. That's trauma dressed up as doctrine. The church benefits from this fear. Because if Satan is real and constantly active, then you need saving. You need covering. You need spiritual protection. And most of all, you need someone to stand between you and eternal danger. That's how control works. You're not led by love. You're kept in place by fear. And fear never sets you free. It's the same with Santa. Parents didn't want to explain things with patience or depth, so they used a character to keep their kids in line. Churches did the same. They didn't teach people how to process pain, how to transform their thinking, how to understand their triggers. They just gave them a villain.

And when you hand people a villain, you also hand them a reason not to take responsibility for what's happening inside them. Most of what people call spiritual warfare is not a

spiritual attack. It's emotional avoidance. It's childhood pain. It's ego wounds. It's cycles that were never questioned. But it's easier to say "Satan is after me" than it is to say "I haven't faced that part of myself yet." It's easier to cast something out than it is to sit with it.

But nothing truly gets healed through avoidance. And nothing real ever gets built on fear. Satan lives in the belief that you are separate. But the moment you remember you are one with GOD, the illusion begins to fall. And what used to feel like a presence, you now see was just a shadow. It was never chasing you. It was waiting for you to turn on the light. Christ didn't come to teach fear. Christ came to remind. To awaken. To restore your awareness of what you already are. You are not separate. You are not chased. You are not under attack. You are waking up. You are rising. You are returning to the truth of who you've always been. Santa kept children compliant. Satan keeps adults afraid. But once you stop running, once you stop blaming, once you stop living through fear, you begin to live through truth. And in truth, there is no need for Santa. No need for Satan. Only GOD.

A SOFT SPACE TO BREATHE

There is something beautiful about being completely where you are. No yesterday to fix and no tomorrow to figure out. Just this moment, exactly as it is. Take a breath and color freely, inside or outside the lines.



They All Yell Now

I miss quiet sometimes. So much of what is called powerful now seems to arrive at full volume, especially in preaching. The more yelling I heard, the more I found myself thinking about the moments when truth reached me without needing to shout. Everybody's yelling now. Every sermon sounds like a battle. The volume is always up. The stage is on fire. Emotions run high. And that's become the new measure for what's powerful.

If it doesn't shake the room, people think GOD didn't show up. If the mic isn't peaking and the preacher isn't drenched in sweat, stomping across the platform like he's in a spiritual war zone, they say it didn't hit. But where did that measure even come from? Because when I read scripture, I don't see GOD needing to be loud to be real. He wasn't in the thunder. He wasn't in the fire. He wasn't in the earthquake. He was in the still small voice.

But today, stillness doesn't seem enough. Now it's militarized preaching. You better come in armored up, sweating, roaring, fighting with the spirit just to pull truth out like it's a battle every Sunday. And maybe for some it is. But for others, it's just performance wrapped in emotion. People don't even notice it anymore. They've been trained to respond to drama. They want to feel like something broke, even if it didn't. As long as there was a tear, a shout, a collapse at the altar, they'll say the Spirit moved. But emotion is not always evidence of encounter. Sometimes it's just habit. That's why people like Peter Crone stop me in my tracks. He's not a pastor. Doesn't yell. Doesn't even quote scripture. But his words go straight to the soul.

They're calm, clear, and unsettling in the best way. No sweat. No shouting. Just awareness. And then you've got Joel Osteen, who's been laughed at for years. People say he's soft, too happy, too surface. They want grit. They want warfare.

But maybe he just knows peace is a weapon too. Maybe he's not trying to scare people into the truth, just hold the door open long enough for them to walk through it on their own. But because we've confused volume with power, we overlook voices that carry light. We forget that the same GOD who parted seas also spoke in whispers. And even when truth is present, when the emotion is too loud, it can cancel it out. Not because the truth wasn't released, but because nobody was still enough to receive it. It makes me wonder if the ones doing all the shouting even realize this.

Do they know the message might be drowning in the moment? Do they realize people are crying but not changing? That the emotion is so thick that the truth never really gets planted? Or maybe they do know. Maybe it's just easier to keep performing than to stand in silence and wait for something real to rise. But I can't do that anymore. I don't need to be yelled at to be changed. I don't need the lights and the sound system. I just want what's true. And more often than not, I find it in the quiet. I find it in the voices that don't need to scream to be heard. They all yell now. But I've learned to listen for the ones who don't.

Why I Do 7 and 7

My rhythm of fasting was never meant to be a punishment or a spiritual performance. I wanted a practice that let me go inward without treating ordinary life as something I needed to escape. Seven days in and seven days out became that rhythm. The world doesn't teach what I'm doing. Not really. It teaches extremes. All flesh or all spirit. All grind or all retreat. Either you're living for the moment or you're fasting for the afterlife.

But what I've found? It's not either/or. It's both. It's union. I do 7 days on, 7 days off. For those seven days, I do not eat. I experience that time as a cleansing of my body, and it brings me a clarity that changes the lens through which I see this life. I go deep into meditation and breathe until I remember where I came from. Then seven days where I eat, move through the world, laugh with my wife, create, live, feel. And I do it on purpose. Because it's not about punishing the body. It's about honoring the spirit. And it's not about denying the flesh. It's about teaching it how to walk in rhythm with the divine.

I let both speak. And something beautiful happens. They start learning each other's language. They start moving as one. Most people don't know how to share life with themselves. I'm talking about your whole self. They don't know how to let both parts of them take turns. I've learned to share life with my flesh and my spirit. It's like the body and soul taking turns on the mic. One sings, one listens, then they switch. And over time, the song becomes harmony. During the fast, I rise.

I become clear. My senses quiet, and that still voice inside? It gets loud. My dreams shift. My time stretches. I move slower but see more. I'm not just in the world. I'm beyond it, watching it spin. Then when I eat again, the flesh rejoices. And I don't fight it. I smile. Because it's part of the dance. That joy in my body? That's not rebellion. That's gratitude. The body is happy I remembered it too. And I bring that awareness into my eating, into my walking, into my everyday life.

What happens is wild. It's like I'm building a bridge every time. A bridge between heaven and Earth, between EL SHADDAI and the shell I live in. It's sacred. It's real. It's the true temple, not a place, not a religion, but a rhythm. The world doesn't teach you this because it can't sell it. It doesn't know what to do with people who live in balance. The world wants you addicted or detached, never centered. But that's where the power is. That's where you meet GOD. Right in the middle of your inhale and exhale. Right in the place where body and spirit take turns leading. I'm not better than anyone.

I'm just awake. And this practice, this 7 and 7, it's how I stay awake. It's how I remember who I really am and honor the body I've been given to carry that truth. So if you ever wonder why I do it, this is why. Because I want to live from the I AM and let my flesh feel it too.

The Fear of GOD Was Taught, Not Born

When I think back far enough, I do not remember beginning with fear of GOD. Fear came with teaching, interpretation, warning, and the ways I was told to understand certain scriptures. That realization made me question whether fear was ever supposed to be the foundation of my relationship with GOD. Then something hit me deep in my spirit. This truth has been sitting in the background of my soul, but today it stood up bold. Faith creates abundance. Not effort. Not grind. Not applause. Not a degree. Not the perfect network. Faith.

The kind of faith that plugs you directly into the Source. And the Source is not people. It's not the system. It's not your job or your title or your credentials. The Source is EL SHADDAI. The All-Sufficient One. The Overflow. The Well that never runs dry. But here's where most of us get tripped up. We were taught to fear the very thing we need. We were taught to tremble in front of the Source instead of stepping boldly into union with it. From early on, we were told to fear GOD. Not in a sacred way. Not in awe and reverence.

But in a way that made us feel small. In a way that made us feel ashamed of our own existence. In a way that made us believe that GOD was somewhere far away watching us with disappointment in his eyes. That kind of fear was not natural. It was taught. It was drilled. It was passed down and reinforced through pulpits, rituals, and repetition. And it was done for one reason only. Control. Because if I can make you afraid of the Source, I can position myself as the one who gives you access to it. And that's what happened. Religion stepped in and built a

stage. It put robes on gatekeepers and convinced us that we had to go through them to be heard. That we had to be clean enough. Good enough. Quiet enough. Holy enough. It told us that until we met certain conditions, GOD would not receive us. And this fear turned into a belief. A deep one. The kind that shapes your view of everything. Now you are afraid to prosper. You are afraid to ask.

You are afraid to walk in overflow. Because somewhere in your subconscious you still think it costs something. That it has to be earned. That someone else must grant you permission to receive. And where did that belief come from? From the way the death of Christ was framed. We were taught that it was a transaction. That it paid for our sins like a spiritual bill. That heaven was closed until the blood cleared the balance. So now we think everything with GOD has a cost attached to it. We were conditioned to believe that blessings come with a price.

That if something good happens, we must have done something right. And if nothing is flowing, then we must have done something wrong. We start to equate spiritual abundance with performance. And that is how the system keeps us bound. If you believe there is a cost to abundance, then you will always be looking for someone to help you afford it. Someone to pray for you. Someone to approve you. Someone to release it to you. You will never feel like you can go straight to the Source because fear told you to wait in line. But here is the truth. The line was man-made. The gate was imaginary. The cost was a lie. You were never meant to buy what was already yours. You were never meant to earn what was already given. You were never meant to fear the One who created you from Love itself.

That fear is the real bondage. It is what keeps people showing up to buildings while never stepping into power. It is what keeps people quoting verses while never receiving vision. It is what keeps people tithing from guilt instead of giving from freedom. It is what keeps people worshipping with trembling instead of walking with confidence.

That fear does not purify you. It paralyzes you. It does not draw you close. It convinces you to stay back. It makes you think GOD is a judge waiting to strike instead of a Presence calling you deeper into yourself. But here is what I know now. Faith was always the key. Not fear. Faith is what opens the flow. Faith is what tears the veil. Faith is what plugs you back into the current of EL SHADDAI. And once that faith is alive in you, nobody can block the flow again. Not tradition. Not titles. Not religion. Not lack. Not history.

When you stop fearing GOD and start walking in GOD, you become the access point. You become the proof. You become the overflow. Because now you know. There was never a lock. Just a lie. And that lie has no power here anymore. Now walk in it. Eyes open. Shoulders back. Overflow activated.

They Taught You Not to Trust Yourself

One of the biggest changes in my spiritual life happened when I noticed how often I had been taught to distrust what was happening within me. My heart, thoughts, desires, intuition, and even questions could all be treated as suspicious. I wanted to understand what that kind of teaching does to a person over

time. Let's get straight to it. The church taught you how not to trust yourself. And I mean that with everything in me. That belief is the foundation of spiritual control. That's the root of the whole system.

Because the moment you stop trusting your own voice, your own senses, your own knowing, someone else gets to step in and speak for GOD. It started early. You were told your heart is deceitful. You were told your thoughts can't be trusted. You were told your emotions are unstable. That your flesh is always at war with the Spirit. You were warned that your dreams might be from the enemy. That your desires were dangerous. That your intuition needs to be checked and rechecked and questioned and prayed over, just in case it's not really from GOD.

So what did you do? You started second-guessing everything. Every thought. Every feeling. Every pull in your chest. Every quiet nudge. You gave your spiritual authority away, piece by piece, to people who said they were closer to GOD than you. People with microphones. People with titles. People with robes and pulpits. People who memorized scripture but forgot how to feel. And before you knew it, you couldn't even hear yourself anymore. You couldn't trust your own voice because their voices got louder. You were trained to obey before you were taught how to discern. And now, when GOD does speak to you directly, when you do feel that spark rise in your spirit, you hesitate. You wonder if it's right. You wonder if you need to ask someone first. You wait for a confirmation you don't need. You've been listening to others for so long that you forgot what your own soul sounds like.

You forgot that you were once so connected to the Source that you didn't need an outside word to know what was true. You forgot that the Voice you keep running to others to hear already lives inside you. You were just taught to ignore it. And here's the truth that will set you free: there is nothing wrong with your ears. You are not spiritually deaf. You are not disconnected. You are not broken. You are just crowded. There are too many voices in the room. Too many echoes in your head. Too many sermons. Too many scriptures that were used as swords instead of light.

You are not struggling to hear GOD. You're just buried under too much noise. So how do you get back? You get quiet. You unplug. You sit with yourself. Not with guilt. Not with fear. Not with a list of things to fix. Just presence. Just stillness. You give yourself permission to believe that GOD can speak to you, not just through someone else. You stop running to others for answers you already feel. You cut out the middleman by returning to the middle of yourself. You start trusting that still small voice again, even if it shakes. Even if it feels unfamiliar at first. And yes, it takes time. Because when you've been trained to distrust yourself for years, it can feel scary to listen again. But this is not about confidence. This is about reconnection. You are remembering how to hear the language of your own spirit. You are learning how to walk with GOD without the buffer. Without the go-between. Without the constant need for validation.

The Spirit has always lived within you. The whisper is still there. It didn't leave. It didn't die. It's been waiting. And now that you're shedding the layers of religious noise, you'll start to hear it again. And when you do, it won't sound like fear. It won't

sound like shame. It won't sound like judgment. It will sound like home. So yes, they taught you not to trust yourself. But now you know. And now you're coming back. Back to the Source. Back to your soul. Back to the Voice that never left.

You ready? Because everything changes the moment you stop looking out there and start listening in here.

They Taught You to Hate Your Own Body

The conversation about self-trust eventually led me to the body. I began noticing how often spiritual language had taught me to treat the body as a problem to overcome instead of something to understand and honor. That realization became difficult for me to ignore. Let's go deeper. Because it's not just that they taught you not to trust yourself. They taught you to hate yourself. Not in obvious ways. Not in words that sound dark. But in spiritual language. In church language. In polished, holy-sounding phrases that make you feel like your flesh is a problem. That your body is the enemy. That the only way to be free is to escape it. They said your flesh is wicked. They said it only wants what it wants. They said it's weak. They said it's always at war with the Spirit. They told you that anything you feel in the body is suspicious. Anything you desire in the body must be crucified. Anything your body enjoys is probably sinful.

So you started fighting yourself. You started believing that being human was something to survive, not something to inhabit. And what happens when you believe your body is the enemy? You disconnect. You shut down. You numb out. You

stop listening to the signals your body sends. You ignore the tension, the exhaustion, the joy, the hunger, the pleasure, the pain. You call it flesh. You call it weakness. You call it temptation. And you stop being fully present in your own skin. That's why so many people in church are ready to transition. They're tired, yes.

But not just from life. They're tired of the battle. The constant war they were told they had to fight just for being in a body. They want heaven because they believe this body is hell. They were told their flesh is too dirty to carry GOD. So they live like spiritual refugees, always waiting to be rescued, never realizing the kingdom was already within them. But here's what they were never told: your body is not the problem. Your body is the temple. Your body is not against you. It hosts you. It holds the breath of GOD. It feels. It responds. It reflects. It carries memory, emotion, wisdom. It's not weak.

It's sacred. It's the physical expression of a divine blueprint. You're not supposed to escape it. You're supposed to unify with it. To bring heaven and earth together in one vessel. That's why my 7 and 7 is so powerful for me. I'm not picking sides. I'm creating union. Seven days in the spirit. Seven days in the body. Seven days tuning in to the unseen. Seven days walking it out in the visible. That's not struggle. That's divine rhythm. That's how you stop being torn in two. That's how you start walking as one. That's how you become whole.

You were never meant to hate your flesh. You were meant to bring it into alignment. To let the Spirit fill it, not fight it. To let the soul lead, not abandon the body altogether. That's

embodiment. That's when you stop waiting for heaven and start becoming the place where heaven touches earth. So no more war with yourself. No more rejecting your humanity in the name of holiness. No more dying inside just to look alive on Sundays.

You are not half light and half dirt. You are not divided. You are not broken. You are the union. You are the living space of EL SHADDAI. And the moment you stop warring with your body, you'll feel GOD rise in it. You ready to walk as one again? Now look at how these teachings connect. First, they taught you how to fear GOD. Not to revere, not to walk with, not to embody, but to fear. To tremble. To feel unworthy. To believe you needed someone else to interpret GOD for you. That kind of fear creates distance. And once there's distance, they step in as the middleman.

They Taught You Not to Trust Yourself, Again

I thought I had already said what I needed to say about learning not to trust ourselves. Then another layer became clear. The more I looked at the subject, the more I saw how distrust of self can spread into the way we relate to the body, intuition, desire, and GOD. Second, they taught you not to trust yourself. They told you your heart is deceptive. That your thoughts are dangerous. That your own spirit is too easily led astray. So instead of listening inward, you became dependent on what was outside you.

You stopped being the receiver and became the beggar. Always asking for confirmation. Always questioning your own knowing. Third, they taught you to hate your body. They called it flesh. They called it the enemy. They told you it only wants sin. That it has to be punished. That it has to be denied. And by doing that, they severed the connection between spirit and form. They made you feel like you were holy in spite of your body instead of holy through it.

When you add those three teachings together, you get a person who's cut off. Cut off from GOD because of fear. Cut off from yourself because of doubt. Cut off from your body because of shame. And what do you have left? A person who's easily led. Easily controlled. Easily manipulated. A person always searching, always reaching, always feeling like they're almost enough but never quite there. And someone else gets to control the access. Someone else gets to sell you your own freedom back to you.

But now? Now the veil is tearing. Because the moment you see the pattern, it breaks. The spell doesn't hold. The illusion cracks. The power you gave away starts returning to you. And here's the truth you're remembering: GOD is not to be feared. GOD is to be known. Your inner voice is not your enemy. It's your lifeline. Your body is not a prison. It's a temple of Presence. This is full circle. This is freedom. This is union.

What You Really War Against

Once I stopped seeing the body itself as the enemy, I had to reconsider what spiritual conflict meant to me. If the body was not the problem, then what was I actually struggling with? That question moved the battle from flesh toward the thoughts, energy, and identities that distort how I experience myself. You don't war against your body.

You war against low-density energy that twists what is meant to be neutral and uses it to create confusion, distortion, and false identity. I am talking about the energy of fear, greed, shame, and pressure. I notice it in thoughts and reactions within us and in the atmosphere we create around one another. The body is not bad. The ego is not bad. Even discord itself is not bad. Discord is how you stretch. Discord is how you grow. Discord brings the tension that reveals what is no longer aligned. It is neutral until it is twisted. And that is exactly what low-density energy does. It takes what was created to stretch you and twists it until it starts to break you. It takes the natural pull of growth and turns it into chaos.

It overactivates your senses, overstimulates your nervous system, and makes you believe that every craving, every urge, every loud emotion must be you. But it's not you. You are not your reaction. You are not the sudden desire. You are not the fear that flares up. You are not the greed that whispers. You are not the lust that rushes in out of nowhere. You are not the selfish thought that says just do it, who cares. Those are not coming from your true self. Those are distortions. Those are

principalities and powers of darkness operating in the unseen, riding low vibrations, looking for agreement.

That is why scripture says we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against rulers of darkness and spiritual wickedness in high places. It's not a poetic idea. It's literal. You are not fighting your body. You are fighting what has tried to convince you that the battle is inside your body when really it's happening in the atmosphere around you. Low-density energy works through overstimulation. It tells you to scroll for hours and then hate how you feel after. It tells you to eat for comfort and then feel shame the next morning.

It tells you to sleep with someone to feel desired and then question your worth the minute they leave. It tells you to chase money for safety and then leave you empty when you get it. It tells you to speak out of anger and then isolate you with guilt when the silence comes. That's not your body. That's not your soul. That's interference. And the ego? The ego is not the villain. The ego was designed to interface with the world.

To protect, to navigate, to move. But in low density, the ego gets hijacked. It gets twisted. It becomes loud. It starts running the show. But when ego is aligned, when ego serves spirit instead of fighting it, it becomes a tool of divine action. It becomes the "I AM" in motion. It becomes GOD expressing through personality, purpose, and power. So what you are really at war with is not your humanity. You are at war with anything that wants to twist your design and use it against you.

And the moment you stop fighting your body and start discerning your atmosphere, everything shifts. You protect your

field. You listen differently. You move with more clarity. You begin to know the difference between your voice and the voice of distortion. And once you see that clearly, low-density energy has no more access. Because you are no longer available to confusion. You are no longer hosting energies that do not belong to you. You walk in union now. Spirit. Soul. Body.

Returning to Union

After spending so much time examining separation, I eventually reached a quieter question: what does returning look like? For me, the answer was not another system to join. It was learning to stop dividing spirit, body, GOD, and self into pieces that were always fighting one another. Once you see the lie for what it is, once the illusion has no more grip, the only thing left is to return. Not to a system, not to a belief, but to union.

That place where everything inside you flows as one. This is not about becoming something new. This is about remembering who you were before fear told you to break yourself into pieces. You return to union by coming back into your body without shame. You stop seeing your skin as something to fight and begin honoring it as the space where the Divine lives. You let yourself feel again. You breathe deeply and let it matter. You stop trying to control your emotions and begin letting them speak to you.

You no longer call feeling things weakness. You call it presence. You begin to trust the voice within. The one that has always been there. The one you quieted because you were told

it could not be trusted. You stop checking with others before you listen to your own knowing. You stop needing confirmation. You start asking your spirit again. You start following your peace. You give yourself permission to feel guided, even when it does not make sense to the mind.

The ego, too, finds its place. You no longer fear it. You no longer try to silence it or shut it down. You invite it to serve instead of lead. When the ego is aligned, it does not destroy. It protects. It carries identity but no longer separates you from Spirit. It helps you show up, but it no longer demands control. It becomes the lens, not the driver. It allows you to walk in form while staying connected to your formless nature. You stop needing to escape this world to feel close to GOD. You stop searching for heaven as if it is somewhere far. You begin to realize that heaven is a vibration. It is a space that can rise in your body when you are still. It is a feeling that fills the room when you are present. You are not reaching anymore. You are remembering. Returning to union means you no longer perform. You stop trying to be deep to prove you are connected.

You stop measuring your worth by how spiritual you appear. You become honest. You become soft. You become still. And from that stillness, something powerful happens. You begin to walk in truth without trying. You become alignment itself. You do not fear GOD anymore. You walk with GOD. You do not question your voice. You trust it again. You do not reject your body. You live inside it with reverence. You do not fight against temptation.

You see it for what it is and rise above it. You are not chasing healing anymore. You are becoming wholeness. And no system can take that from you. Because what you found was never given by the world. It was placed in you before the world ever had a say. And now that it has awakened again, everything begins to align. You walk as one. You breathe as one. You live as one. And from this place, everything flows.

The Laws They Don't Teach You

I have always been interested in patterns that seem to operate whether we believe in them or not. Cause and effect, attention, expectation, thought, energy, and action all made me wonder whether spiritual life has laws just as the physical world does. I wanted to explore that idea without immediately being afraid of the language. There are laws that govern this earth. Not rules made by men, not doctrines crafted by religion, but living laws woven into creation itself. These laws existed long before the church, long before science, and long before we had words for them.

They are constant, they are neutral, and they are active whether you acknowledge them or not. But here's the truth. The church does not teach all of these laws. In fact, it deliberately ignores or suppresses many of them. Because certain laws, once understood, reveal that you don't need a middleman. You don't need permission. You don't need to perform. You simply need to align. And alignment makes you

powerful. So the church keeps what it can control and silences what it cannot.

You will notice they do not preach against the law of gravity. Why? Because science agrees with it. Because it is visible. Because it does not threaten their structure. The church stays quiet when the law is obvious. It lets science speak for it and does not interfere. But when it comes to the invisible laws, the spiritual laws, the laws that move in vibration and thought, now there is a problem. Now it becomes taboo. Now it is labeled new age.

Now it is called deception. Not because it is false, but because it cannot be neatly contained. It cannot be owned by the pulpit. It cannot be managed through fear. And that makes it dangerous to those who built their power on control. The issue is not the law. The issue is that humanity has been trained to see from intellect instead of intelligence. Intellect is information. It is based on facts, logic, and external validation. Intelligence is spiritual. It is inner knowing. It is the part of you that can sense what is true before it is proven. It is how the soul sees.

This is why people believe gravity without question but doubt the law of vibration. This is why they believe in sowing and reaping when it is dressed as scripture, but ignore it as cause and effect. This is why they preach faith but are silent about frequency. They will say speak life but never tell you about the power of sound. They will tell you to renew your mind but never mention the law of mentalism. The prophets moved in thought

and image, but no one talks about that part. It is too free. Too wild. Too close to the Source.

The church does not go against every law. It only goes against the ones that make you realize you are more than what they taught you. The ones that show you heaven is not far. It is now. The ones that show you that you can speak and shape your world. The ones that show you energy is real. Alignment is real. Intention is real. But once you see it, you cannot unsee it. Once you feel the truth of these laws in your own life, no one can take it from you.

Because now you are not moving by borrowed belief. You are moving by direct awareness. There are laws that govern this realm. Whether the church names them or not. Whether science can prove them or not. They do not need a label to exist. They do not need permission to function. They simply respond to alignment. And once you align, you rise. You do not worship the law. You honor it. You work with it. You flow through it. Because it was never meant to trap you. It was meant to guide you.

The Laws They Silenced to Keep You Small

The word law can sound rigid, but I am using it here to talk about patterns I believe operate through life. What interested me was why some of those patterns are comfortably accepted while others are quickly labeled dangerous. There are laws that govern this world. Some are seen. Some are unseen. Some are recognized by science. Some are not. But all of them are real.

What the church has done, either knowingly or blindly, is create a division between laws that are “acceptable” and laws that are considered “dangerous” or “deceptive.”

But the truth is, the laws themselves are not good or bad. They are neutral. What changes things is how we are taught to see them, fear them, or ignore them. Let’s look at the two sides.

Laws Science Recognizes and the Church Silently Accepts

Some laws are easy for almost everyone to discuss because we can measure what they do. Gravity does not create a theological argument every time something falls. I wanted to begin with those familiar laws before moving into the ones that create more disagreement. These are laws science can measure, define, and prove. Because they are accepted by the “intellectual world,” the church rarely challenges them. Here is the first: 1. Law of Gravity. What goes up must come down. No debate. No doctrine needed. It is visible, measurable, and universally accepted. 2. Law of Motion. For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction.

This is science, but it also mirrors cause and effect. The church accepts it because it lives in the physical world. 3. Law of Thermodynamics. Energy cannot be created or destroyed, only transferred. Again, measurable, scientific, and not threatening to tradition. 4. Law of Cause and Effect (when labeled as “sowing and reaping”). The church teaches this regularly but only when it is tied to scripture. Once you call it karma or universal consequence, it becomes taboo. In these cases, the

church allows the law to exist because it does not contradict their system. It does not wake people up to their own power.

It lives in the physical realm. It can be managed. It can be quoted without shaking the structure.

Laws Beyond What Science Recognizes

Not every experience that has mattered to me has been something I could put on a scale or prove in a laboratory. That does not make me want to abandon science. It simply leaves me open to exploring the parts of experience that I understand spiritually rather than physically. These are the laws that touch the spiritual realm, the invisible realm, the energetic realm. Science cannot always measure them, so the church feels free to discredit them completely. 1. Law of Vibration. Everything vibrates. Words, thoughts, emotions, intentions. Nothing is still.

The Bible itself says, "Life and death are in the power of the tongue," but the church will quote it without ever teaching how sound and vibration affect reality. They tell you to speak life, but never why it works. 2. Law of Attraction. Like attracts like. What you focus on expands. This mirrors the idea of "as a man thinketh, so is he," yet the church made the phrase "law of attraction" feel like sin. They never taught that your thoughts are frequencies that draw similar patterns into your life. 3. Law of Mentalism. All is mind. Everything begins as thought.

This law explains how creation starts in the unseen before it appears in form. The church teaches faith but does not explain

that faith is a focused mental energy that shapes reality. They preach belief without helping you understand the mental field.

4. Law of Correspondence. As above, so below. As within, so without. Your outer world mirrors your inner state. Scripture reflects this when Jesus says the kingdom is within, but church culture rarely teaches you to look at your life as a reflection of your internal alignment. 5. Law of Rhythm. Everything moves in cycles. Highs and lows. Ebbs and flows.

Even creation moved in seasons. But if you talk about life moving in universal rhythms, the church calls it worldly or mystical. 6. Law of Oneness. Everything is connected. There is no separation in the Spirit. This law reflects the nature of Christ consciousness. But the church teaches you separation. You and GOD. You and heaven. You and holiness. Always two. Never one. That division keeps you dependent.

Why the Church Avoids These Laws

During my years around church, I saw how quickly unfamiliar spiritual language could make people cautious. Sometimes the concern may be sincere. Still, I began wondering what is lost when fear of a concept prevents us from examining it for ourselves. If people truly understood these laws, they would not need to be controlled by fear. They would not need permission to connect with GOD. They would begin to trust their thoughts. Trust their feelings. They would realize they are already creating with their words, already pulling in experiences by what they meditate on, already walking in power.

The church made these laws feel taboo to protect the system. They wrapped your power in spiritual caution tape. They told you, "Be careful with that," so you would not touch it. They labeled it as "new age" or "dangerous" or "of the enemy," but they never told you it was ancient. They never told you it was built into your design. They never told you it was already working through you whether you knew it or not. So instead of being taught how to align, you were taught how to obey.

Instead of being trained in universal law, you were trained in religious performance. Instead of trusting your energy, you were told to suppress it. Instead of using your thoughts, you were told to fear them. Instead of walking in union, you were told to strive for acceptance. All of this was done to keep you in formation, not in alignment. But now you see it. And once you see it, the spell breaks. These laws are not against GOD. They are reflections of how GOD moves. They are not sin. They are structure. They are not rebellion. They are design.

The church told you to believe, but never explained what belief does. Now you know. Now you can begin to live with awareness. You can start honoring the invisible just as much as the visible. You can walk with reverence, not fear. With alignment, not confusion. And you no longer need permission.

Waking Up Inside the Dream Changes Everything

Lucid dreaming gave me a useful picture for something I was beginning to feel in waking life. In a lucid dream, the scene may not change at all, but your relationship to it changes the

moment you know you are dreaming. I began wondering whether awareness can shift ordinary life in a similar way. This life people call “reality” is actually the dream. I see it as an experience my spirit is living through, rather than the deepest truth of who I am. Waking up means remembering that while I am still living here. It feels solid because your senses are wrapped in it. The bills, the pain, the joy, the distractions, they all have weight.

But they’re not the real you. They’re part of the dream your spirit is having. It’s not fiction. It’s just not final. Your spirit is not somewhere off in the clouds waiting for you. It’s here. It’s awake. It’s aware. It’s the one breathing life into this dream. And when you meditate, when you go still, when you begin to remember who you are, you start waking up inside it. You’re not escaping. You’re not floating away. You’re seeing. You’re waking up while still in the body. You become aware of what you used to react to. You see through moments that used to grip your emotions. You stop getting lost in what people say or think because you now understand they’re inside their own dream too. Jesus showed us this when he said, “I am not of this world.” He never meant that in a distant, far-off way. He was standing in the world, walking the roads, eating with people, healing the broken, but his awareness was anchored somewhere higher. He also said, “My kingdom is not from here,” and yet he moved in power right here.

Because when you know the dream is a dream, it doesn’t control you anymore. You can still feel it, but it doesn’t run your emotions. You still live in it, but you’re not consumed by it. That is walking in truth. When you’re asleep at night and

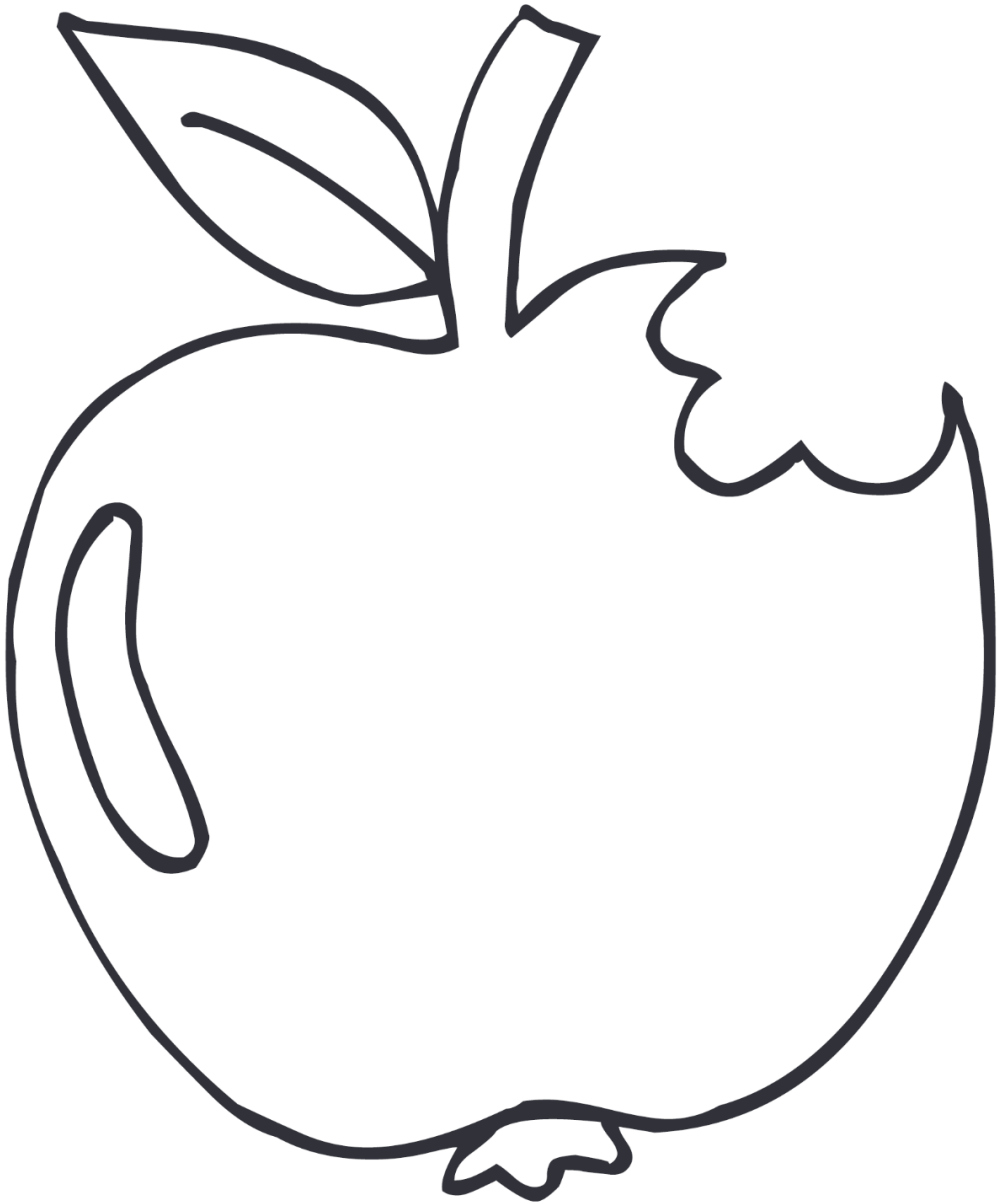
suddenly realize you're dreaming, everything shifts. You don't wake up immediately. You gain clarity. You know you're dreaming, and from that awareness, you move differently. You might choose to fly, walk through walls, speak to the people around you in a new way.

The dream bends to your awareness. That same shift happens in waking life when your spirit remembers what this really is. You're not here to convince anyone to wake up. That's not your job. You're not better than anyone who still thinks this is all there is. But now that you're aware, you can move with grace and strength. You can sit in rooms that used to drain you and not be moved. You can love people who don't love you back and still feel full. You can see the illusion and not be caught in it. The dream doesn't end. But your identity in it transforms. And when you live that way, the dream starts moving differently. Peace shows up in places you used to stress. Ideas come that never came before. You don't rush anymore because you know time is part of the dream too. You walk with purpose, not pressure. And it doesn't surprise you anymore when others are lost in the noise.

Because you remember how deep you were in it too. You just woke up. And now, instead of judging the dream, you live awake inside it. And once you live from that place, nothing can ever be the same. Because once you see, you cannot unsee. And once you know you are dreaming, you stop surviving the dream and start shaping it. That's the shift. That's the awakening. That's what it means to live with your spirit in charge.

A SOFT SPACE TO BREATHE

Maybe freedom is not having everything figured out. Maybe it is being at peace while life continues to unfold. You are allowed to move through it in your own way. Take a breath and color freely, inside or outside the lines.



When the Angle Shows Up

Love does not always mean two people will see everything from the same angle. I have learned that closeness can remain even while perspectives change. The challenge is recognizing the angle without turning it into proof that something is wrong. There's a moment in relationships where things get quiet. Not the kind of quiet where nothing's being said, but the kind where both of you are growing so much that you stop trying to explain and just start observing.

You watch each other evolve. You notice how life keeps stretching you. You notice how your visions start to bend in different directions. Not because love is missing, but because the lens has shifted. In the beginning, everything seems to line up. You build together. You laugh. You hold space. You learn each other's pain and each other's peace. You both grow. You may hit a few small angles here and there, but nothing too deep. Then the deeper journey begins.

You both wake up. You begin to realize this life is not just bills and routines and weekend plans. It is a dream. A field of creation. You are both dreamers who have become aware. Wide awake, jointly governing the reality you live in. You are not just together. You are aligned. Not in theory, but in essence. You walk with awareness. You speak from a higher place. You see beyond the surface. You understand what this really is. Then the angle shows up. That subtle shift in energy. A disagreement that goes deeper than surface words. A difference in how each of you is navigating the dream. One wants stillness. The other wants movement. One seeks solitude.

The other needs expression. Neither is wrong. They are just on different pages of the same divine book. And right when that angle feels sharp, someone new appears. Light, different, attractive. And for a moment, you wonder. Maybe this would be easier. Maybe this would flow better.

But then you feel it. They are still asleep. Still caught in the illusion. Still reacting instead of creating. Still believing that life is happening to them instead of through them. They have not realized they are dreaming. They are not governing. They are surviving. And they do not even know the door you and your partner already walked through. That is when it becomes clear. You are not choosing between two people. You are choosing between levels of awareness. Between illusion and understanding.

Between beginning again with someone who may take years to even remember who they are, or continuing with someone who already sees, already knows, already dreams beside you. Waking up is rare. But two people waking up together? That is sacred. You begin to reflect on how far you have come. Not just as individuals, but as creators of your shared world. As conscious beings navigating this experience with open eyes and open hearts. You remember the nights when you both just knew without having to speak. The quiet awareness that passed between you. The moments when the dream shifted because both of you agreed it would. The sacred language that lives between you without being taught. And then you realize something. This is not about staying just because you made a vow. This is about honoring what has been built in spirit. It is about recognizing that you are already walking with someone

who sees what life really is. Who remembers. Who creates beside you. Who holds space for the dream and does not forget it is a dream.

Yes, the angle is real. But so is the alignment. And sometimes the most divine thing you can do is not start over with someone new. It is to see the one again who is still walking beside you. It is to recognize the treasure in what you have. To acknowledge the rarity of being seen, not just as a person, but as a soul. Because when someone knows they are dreaming, and they choose to keep dreaming with you, that is not something you discard when the angle comes.

You do not need to chase new. You need to remember what is sacred. Because starting over might give you another chance, but continuing with someone who sees gives you something eternal.

When the Veil Is You

For a long time I imagined the veil as something standing between me and GOD. Eventually I began to see the possibility that the veil was not outside of me at all. It might be the identity I had learned to call myself. Fear can only fabricate identity. It cannot create truth. The version of you that most people see, even the version you've come to believe in, is usually a reaction. A collection of moments. Of pain, joy, praise, rejection, expectations, and survival.

That identity isn't born from truth. It is molded by fear. And most people walk around wearing it like it is them, not realizing

it was put on, not given. But truth does not need to be built. Truth just is. That old self, the one we all grow into without knowing it, is the veil. It is the separation. It is the dream self that the world rewards and shapes and affirms. But it is not who you are. That version is held together by guilt, memory, striving, comparison, and fear.

And it is so familiar that it feels real, but it is not the eternal part of you. Jesus didn't come to fix that version of you. He came to dissolve it. He came to uncover the truth beneath the veil. To remind you that you were never the identity fear created. You were never the performance. You were never the pain. You were never the guilt. You were always love in form. You were always whole, just surrounded by illusions. There is a scripture people quote a lot that says, you are not your own, you were bought with a price.

That came from Paul, not Jesus. Paul wrote it to people who lived in a world of contracts, ownership, and systems. He used language they understood. But love is not a transaction. Love is not a trade. Love does not buy. Love reclaims. Jesus never said, "I bought you." He said, "I lay down my life freely." He said, "I call you friends." He said, "The kingdom of GOD is within you." That does not sound like a purchase. That sounds like remembrance.

That sounds like union. That sounds like something sacred that was always there, just forgotten for a moment. We were taught to fight sin, to battle flesh, to resist temptation, and to live in constant spiritual combat. But truth does not fight. Truth reveals. Love does not struggle. Love transforms. The entire

structure of sin and guilt only exists inside duality. It only makes sense if you believe you are separate. But when you remember that the divine is within you, not outside of you, the whole war dissolves.

You begin to see that sin is not a list of bad behaviors. It is a state of forgetting. It is what happens when you lose sight of who you really are. Guilt then becomes the echo of the false self trying to stay alive. There is another scripture that gets misunderstood. Jesus said, if anyone wants to follow me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me. Most people were taught that meant you have to reject who you are, kill your desires, and carry a burden for the rest of your life.

But Jesus never taught self-hatred. He was not calling you to deny your essence. He was calling you to deny the version of yourself that fear built. That false self. That mask. That identity that was shaped by guilt and performance. Taking up your cross is not about punishment. It is about surrender. It is the moment where the mask falls and the real you rises. It is not about suffering for approval. It is about letting go of what you were never meant to carry in the first place. The cross is not about earning love. It is about returning to it. So when people ask me what I see, I tell them this: Most of what we were taught to fight, we only fought because we believed we were separate from GOD. Most of the spiritual struggle came from forgetting that the kingdom was already within. When you rest in truth, the war ends. Not because you won, but because you woke up and realized the battle was only real to the dream. Jesus never healed by correcting people. He healed by

reminding them. He said, "Your faith has made you whole." Not your performance. Not your guilt. Not your effort.

Just your belief in what already was. When the veil is you, the only thing left to do is return to the one who never forgot who you are. And that one lives within you. Waiting quietly. Loving you still. Not as a judge. Not as a buyer. But as truth itself. Just waiting for you to look in the mirror and remember.

When the World Tries to Make You Forget

I know how easy it is for me to get pulled back into noise. It does not happen with an announcement. It happens slowly through routines, food, work, screens, reactions, and everything else asking for attention. My fasting and meditation became ways of remembering before the noise became my normal again. I keep returning to them because I do not ever want to forget. I am not doing it to look deep or become more spiritual than someone else. I do it because I know how easy it is to forget. I know how quiet and sneaky the drift can be. You do not even realize you are slipping until your mind is heavy, your reactions are loud, and your peace is gone. That is why I fast. Not just from food, but from the things that try to cloud my clarity. Food has chemicals, distractions, and patterns baked into it that dull your sensitivity. I am not fasting to punish myself. I am fasting to stay clean. Clean enough to hear, clear enough to feel, still enough to remember.

I meditate not to impress GOD or prove I am doing the right thing, but because I know what happens when I do not. When I

start my day from the outside instead of the inside, I get pulled into a self that I no longer live in. I meditate to stay anchored in being, to let the real me be the one that moves through the day. Because this world will try to make you forget in a thousand small ways. It can happen just sitting at a family table.

Someone brings up who you used to be or makes a comment that touches an old wound, and suddenly you are reacting, defending, or shrinking back into the version of you they are still comfortable with. The real you is love, but they remember the version that was still in survival. You have to breathe and stay centered so you do not slip back into a role that no longer fits. Money will try to pull you into fear. You can feel full of peace in your spirit, but then a bill hits or something unexpected happens, and suddenly your thoughts are racing and your stomach is tight. You start questioning if you are safe, if you have enough, if you made a wrong move. But all of that comes from forgetting that your steps are already ordered by EL SHADDAI. Your provision was never separate from your purpose. But the world wants you to forget that and panic. Work can pull you too. You can start the day in presence and end up in pressure. Deadlines, expectations, interruptions, trying to prove your worth or protect your spot.

You start reacting instead of responding. You start performing instead of flowing. That is why I return. I stop. I breathe. I come back to the stillness where I do not have to earn anything. Relationships can pull you when old patterns show up. You may feel like you are growing, glowing, and grounding yourself, but then someone you care about says something that

hits a deep place, and you feel yourself wanting to explain yourself, be understood, or defend your heart.

But all that explaining usually comes from the old self. The part of you that was still unsure. The real you does not need to defend love. The real you just stays in love. I fast and meditate not because I am afraid but because I love being aligned. When I remember who I am, I do not have to try. I just flow. EL SHADDAI expresses through me without interference. I am not the source. I am the extension. I am the current moving from the center.

The steps I take are not my own. They are ordered. Scripture says, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord and he delights in his way." I do not have to figure everything out. I just have to stay remembered. I have to stay close to the quiet voice that already knows. So yes, the world will try to make you forget. It will offer distractions, pressure, titles, and patterns that want to pull you back into a self that no longer belongs to you.

But I return. I return to presence. I return to love. I return to the I AM. Because when I remember, I move like I was never separate. And that is freedom.

The Self I Never Was

Looking back at older versions of myself can feel strange because I remember being each one of them completely. They had names, goals, fears, accomplishments, and stories that felt real at the time. Eventually I began asking whether my history

can be real without being the deepest truth of who I am. The illusory self is the version of you that formed when the world started shaping you instead of you remembering who you already were. It is not just a personality trait or a bad habit. It is a whole identity built out of fear, not truth.

It is who you became to survive, to be accepted, to avoid rejection, and to achieve something. It feels real because it has history. It has a story. It has evidence. But it is not who you are. It is who you were told to be. This version of self shows up in every part of life. In business, it might look like being praised for always grinding and producing. That praise starts forming a belief that your value comes from how much you can achieve. Now you cannot sit still. You cannot rest. You begin to feel guilty for slowing down. But that is not purpose. That is performance. That is the illusion putting on a suit. In career, you might choose a path that checks every box on paper, but every day your soul goes quiet. You smile because you are “blessed,” but inside something feels off. You are building a life around who they expect you to be, not who you really are. In entrepreneurship, you may have started with pure intentions, a vision given to you from within.

But along the way, you start measuring your worth by numbers. You begin comparing yourself to others. The voice of truth gets quieter and the voice of metrics gets louder. You start building a brand instead of living your truth. You start becoming something instead of just being. Even in relationships, the illusion can take the lead. You may show love out of fear of losing someone. You might stay small to avoid conflict. You

may become overly accommodating so you are not misunderstood.

But that is not love. That is fear in a softer outfit. And we cannot forget that even in the spiritual realm, the illusion can still exist. You can start identifying yourself as more awakened, more enlightened, more in tune than others. But now you are wearing spirituality as a new mask. It becomes another ladder. Another title. Another way to feel above instead of remembering we are all one. Spiritual language, spiritual habits, even deep spiritual experiences can still turn into illusion if you are not grounded in presence. If you are not still. If you forget. The illusion does not care what costume it wears. It just wants identity. It will even use truth to build another false self if it can. That is why Jesus said, "Whoever wants to save their life will lose it, but whoever loses their life for my sake will find it" (Matthew 16:25). He was not just talking about physical life. He was speaking about the life you built with your ego. The identity that formed from the world.

If you try to hold on to that version, you will miss what was already inside you. But if you are willing to let it all go, the masks, the roles, the striving, you will find what you never truly lost. The self you never were fades, and the self you always were begins to rise. Scripture also says, "You will know the truth, and the truth will make you free" (John 8:32). That freedom does not come from trying harder. It comes from surrender. It comes from stillness. It comes from letting go of the false self and allowing the presence of EL SHADDAI to live fully in you again.

That kind of freedom is not loud. It is not celebrated by the world. But it is the most real thing you will ever know. So when I fast and meditate, I do not do it to earn anything. I do it to let go. I do it to stay in remembrance. I do it to remain unclothed by the world. Because when I forget, I slip back into a version of myself I never truly was. But when I remember, I do not need to try. I do not need to prove. I just be.

I create from peace. I walk in clarity. I love without fear. I speak from silence. I move from truth. And I return to what I was before the world told me who to be. That is why I stay close. That is why I remain quiet. Because when I remember, I live as the one I always was. And that self cannot be shaken. That self does not strive. That self is free.

Hide and Seek With Love

Hide and seek is funny because the person hiding never actually disappears. They are present the whole time, even while everyone acts as though they are gone. That simple idea became a picture for me of how LOVE can feel hidden beneath everything we learn and still never leave. To explain how I came to see that, I have to start with the day I realized the unconscious was a void. Not empty in a hopeless way, but empty like a soft and open field waiting for something to grow.

When you come into this world, that space is untouched and alive. You arrive as pure awareness, open to experience, ready to feel life in all its fullness. And before you can even take a step, the world comes rushing to fill that space. It starts with

family. Family is your first teacher. Before you understand words, you hear tone. You feel energy. You absorb fear and hope, worry and love. Your parents and caregivers speak their reality into you without even knowing they are doing it. They tell you what is safe, what is dangerous, what is possible, and what is not.

They hand you beliefs about money, faith, and the kind of person you should be. You soak it all in because in those early years, your unconscious is wide open. Every reaction, every warning, every rule becomes a layer over your original self. Then school comes. School is where the programming becomes official. You learn to raise your hand, to sit in lines, to repeat after the teacher. You learn the rhythm of approval and correction.

And then they hand you the Pledge of Allegiance. You place your hand over your heart and speak words of loyalty to a flag and a system that you do not yet understand. Day after day, the repetition plants itself into your unconscious. You are pledging with your body before your mind even knows the weight of the words. It becomes another layer on your identity. Then comes the church. You are taught to sit, to stand, to clap, to sing, to tithe, to bow your head, and to pray.

You hear about heaven and hell before you even understand life. Someone hands you a Bible and tells you this is the word of GOD, and you are expected to trust their interpretation of it before you have learned to hear the voice of Spirit for yourself. You pledge yourself to the preacher, to the building, to the tradition. The fear of being wrong or unworthy gets planted

deep. It feels like devotion, but most of the time it is the continuation of programming, another layer over the void. By the time you step into adulthood, you have already pledged yourself multiple times without even knowing it.

To the flag. To the church. To the Bible. Each pledge shapes your identity. Each one tells you who to be, what to believe, and what to fear. And then adulthood adds the final allegiance. Money. You are told that your worth is tied to what you can earn, what you can buy, and what you can show the world. Pieces of paper with faces on them suddenly have the power to determine how you feel about yourself. They become the measure of success, safety, and even respect.

And because the programming is complete, you chase it without question. You chase paper thinking it will make you free. Layer by layer, the unconscious void gets covered. Family told you who you are. School told you who to obey. Church told you who to fear. The flag told you who to serve. The Bible was handed to you through someone else's lens, and you trusted it without looking inward. Money became the proof that you were doing it right.

And after enough years, you forget there is a self underneath it all. The costume of the world feels like the only identity you have. You walk around with the weight of all these layers and call it life. I lived this. I said the pledges. I stood in the lines. I went to church and tried to fit into what was handed to me. I chased money thinking it was freedom. I listened to preachers who spoke with authority but had never sat in the stillness long enough to meet their own shadow.

And I believed them, because believing was what I had been trained to do. My unconscious void was filled with other people's voices and other people's fears. Then the seeking began. It started in stillness. Meditation. Fasting. Walking alone where the wind and the trees spoke louder than the world ever had. I began to see the thoughts that were not mine. I felt the shame that was planted in me by tradition but did not belong to me. I noticed the fear that had been passed down through generations like a family heirloom. I started peeling away the layers, and for the first time, I touched the untouched space underneath. I realized that the shadow I feared was never evil. It was only the part of my void that had been shaped by fear instead of love. When I finally faced it, it did not fight me. It softened like a child that had been waiting for someone to hold it. It did not need rebuking. It needed remembering. Every shadow I loved became light. Every layer I let fall revealed more of my true self.

And then came the moment that changed everything. In the silence, I entered that void and found love waiting for me. I saw that I was never abandoned. GOD was never far. GOD was the stillness, the quiet, the awareness underneath every layer. I saw that I had been playing hide and seek with love. All those years of pledges, programs, chases, and fears were the hiding. The meditation, the fasting, the quiet recognition were the seeking.

And the whole time, love was waiting with a smile. And when I found it, the laughter came. Not laughter because something was funny, but laughter because I was free. The kind of laughter that bubbles up when the weight of the world falls off

and you see that the dream was never real in the way you thought. I laughed because I saw the layers. I laughed because I had believed the game was life and death when it was only a game of remembering. I laughed because love had been holding me through all of it. So now, I leave you with this gentle question: are you curious to know what it feels like to truly laugh? Not the laugh you give the world, not the laugh from a joke, but the laughter of freedom. The laughter that comes when you see the game for what it is and touch the part of yourself that was never lost. The laughter that rises when love steps out of hiding and greets you like an old friend.

If that curiosity stirs in you, then your seeking has already begun. Close your eyes. Breathe. Let the layers fall for just a moment. Notice the thoughts that are not you. Notice the quiet space underneath it all. That is where the game ends and the laughter begins. And maybe, when you hear it for the first time, you will realize what I did. You were never alone. You were only playing hide and seek with love.

The Distraction

I used to think distraction meant wasting time on something unimportant. Now I think some of the strongest distractions are the things society tells us are extremely important. A dream, an image of success, or a version of the good life can consume years before we ever ask whether it was truly ours. This world thrives on distractions. It introduces countless diversions, tailored to each individual, to draw attention, energy,

and affection away from the essence of who you are. These distractions aim to keep you tethered to false ideals and away from discovering the profound truth of your existence. Often, the dreams and desires we chase are not our own but seeds planted long before our awareness. For example, the “American Dream” is a concept we pursue relentlessly, sacrificing, compromising, and even dehumanizing others to achieve. Yet, this dream contradicts spiritual values, perpetuating a cycle of disconnection and dependence. Humanity is inherently awakened, but many remain blinded by metaphorical scales over their eyes. Through meditation and introspection, these scales can be removed, allowing you to see life from a renewed perspective.

What once seemed essential may reveal itself as nothing more than a distraction designed to keep you in bondage. True liberation comes when you detach from these illusions and align with the eternal, unchanging truth of your spiritual nature.

When Beliefs Become Identity

A belief is easier to examine before it becomes part of who you think you are. Once it becomes identity, questioning the belief can feel like questioning the person. I began noticing how much fear and defensiveness can enter a conversation when those two things become inseparable. People often argue over which belief is “right” or “wrong,” even when they could complement each other, because of fear, attachment to identity, and a desire for certainty. Belief systems provide a

sense of security, answering life's big questions and offering clarity about how to navigate life and connect with something greater. When an alternative perspective arises, it can feel like a threat to this sense of stability, creating fear of being wrong or misunderstood. This fear is often tied to identity, as many people associate their beliefs with who they are and their sense of belonging to a community. Challenging these beliefs can feel like a personal attack or a risk to that connection. Additionally, humans tend to simplify complex ideas, seeking clear-cut answers that avoid ambiguity or uncertainty.

Different ways of thinking may appear contradictory because they emphasize distinct aspects of the same truth, such as surrender versus self-realization, or faith versus personal empowerment. These differences, however, can often work together to create a fuller understanding of the bigger picture. Arguments usually arise from misunderstanding this harmony, fear of change, or a need to defend what feels familiar and safe. Recognizing the shared goal of exploring truth and connection can help ease these conflicts and encourage mutual respect.

The Soil and the Seed

The image of a seed and soil helped me think about beliefs differently. A seed may carry potential, but what surrounds it affects what can grow. That made me consider how one idea can interact with another instead of every belief needing to defeat the one beside it. Imagine a seed being planted. The

seed represents one belief, and the soil represents another. On its own, the seed has the potential to grow, but it can't do so without the soil providing nutrients, structure, and a place to root.

Similarly, the soil may be rich and full of life, but without the seed, there's nothing to grow into a plant. When the two come together, the seed and the soil work in harmony to create something greater, a growing tree or a beautiful flower. You need both the seed and the soil for growth; one isn't more important than the other, and neither can accomplish the task alone. In this way, different beliefs, traditions, or perspectives can act as the seed and the soil. One belief may focus on action and manifestation, while another emphasizes faith or divine surrender.

Together, they nurture growth, understanding, and a deeper connection to the greater truth. Instead of seeing these beliefs as competing, we can recognize that they work together to help us grow spiritually, much like the seed and the soil create life when combined. It takes both.

The Gift of Being Skeptical

I do not see skepticism as automatically negative anymore. Sometimes the pause before believing something is exactly what gives us room to look more carefully. The question for me became whether skepticism was protecting discernment or simply protecting an old belief from being examined. Human skepticism is rooted in our evolution as a survival mechanism.

Skepticism helps us assess threats, question unfamiliar situations, and make cautious decisions to ensure safety.

This tendency is reinforced by experiences of deception, cultural influences, and our brain's need to find logical patterns and avoid uncertainty. However, this same skepticism can create rigid belief systems that limit personal growth and hinder expansion. When deeply held beliefs are challenged, it often feels threatening because these beliefs provide a sense of stability and identity. Yet, clinging to outdated or limiting ideas can prevent us from exploring new possibilities or embracing perspectives that foster growth.

To expand beyond these boundaries, it's essential to practice curiosity, trust gradually, and challenge beliefs that no longer serve us. By balancing critical thinking with openness and engaging in experiences that stretch our worldview, we can overcome the fear of uncertainty and allow ourselves to grow.

Sexual Energy

Sexuality is a subject that often arrives already covered in shame, rules, jokes, fear, or pressure. I wanted to look at it from another place and ask what sexual energy means to me spiritually. This message comes from that exploration. Sexual energy is one of the most powerful creative forces available, and it is inherently designed for the purpose of creating life. This energy holds a sacred potential that goes far beyond physical gratification. It is meant to channel the act of

reproduction, the continuation of life itself, and the alignment with higher spiritual principles.

However, society has often distorted its true purpose, normalizing its misuse for pleasure through teachings from culture, media, and even medical professionals. This distortion has led many to see sex and masturbation as harmless outlets for gratification, when in reality, these acts deplete the very energy that can elevate and transform life. When sexual energy is used solely for pleasure, its creative and spiritual potential is squandered.

Indulging in casual sex or masturbation weakens the connection to the higher self, drains vitality, and keeps individuals tied to fleeting desires that offer no lasting fulfillment. Instead of serving its divine purpose, this energy becomes a source of distraction, preventing individuals from achieving their highest potential. Yet, when this energy is honored and consciously directed, it becomes a transformative force that can fuel every area of life, spiritually, physically, financially, and mentally. Spiritually, it connects to the higher self, aligning with divine purpose and clarity.

Physically, it builds strength, vitality, and discipline. Financially, it sharpens focus and determination, creating the momentum needed to manifest abundance and success. Mentally, it brings clarity, calmness, and mastery over impulses, leading to greater focus and productivity. Sexual energy is not something to suppress but to master. Recognizing its purpose as a sacred tool for creating and sustaining life allows it to be channeled into higher pursuits.

Instead of being misused for fleeting pleasure, it can be transmuted into the power needed to build a fulfilled, purpose-driven life. Transmuting it means giving that energy another direction. You notice the urge without automatically following it, then bring that attention and drive into something you want to create, into your work, or into your spiritual practice. By embracing this perspective, individuals can rise above worldly distractions, align with their higher self, and walk the path of true transformation. This is the gift of sexual energy: to create life, both physically and spiritually, and to inspire mastery over the physical realm.

The Idea of Satan and Demons

My understanding of satan and demons changed as my understanding of fear, thought, and consciousness changed. I stopped automatically picturing external beings working against humanity and began considering whether those images might also describe what humanity creates and carries within collective consciousness. Satan and demons, as often described, are not literal external entities but symbolic manifestations of the energies and thought patterns humanity has created and sustained over time.

They were “created” as humanity began to misdirect its divine energy and fall into lower vibrations of fear, ignorance, and separation from its higher self. In this sense, they are the byproducts of humanity’s collective consciousness, arising from negative emotions, harmful intentions, and a lack of alignment

with divine principles. These forces were given names and identities to externalize blame for humanity's struggles and failures.

Instead of taking responsibility for their actions and energy, people projected these inner conflicts outward, creating the concept of entities like Satan or demons to explain temptation, suffering, and hardship. Over time, these projections gained symbolic power as they were fed by belief, fear, and repeated thoughts, taking on a kind of energetic existence within the collective unconscious. I mean patterns that people carry, repeat, and pass on until they influence how whole groups think and act. Their influence can feel like a force of its own, even though it is sustained by those beliefs and patterns. On an individual level, we create similar forces in our own lives whenever we dwell in negative emotions, destructive habits, or self-defeating beliefs.

For example, when someone harbors anger, fear, or resentment, they generate a kind of "inner demon" that influences their thoughts and actions. These patterns can grow stronger the more they are fed by focus and repetition. Similarly, when people give in to temptations or lower desires without mindfulness, they reinforce the energy of separation from their higher self, perpetuating the very struggles they seek to overcome. The good news is that these forces are not permanent or independent. They can be dissolved and transformed.

By choosing to align with higher thoughts, positive actions, and divine principles, we reclaim the energy that was misdirected

and transmute it into something constructive. Through self-awareness, spiritual discipline, and conscious effort, these “creations” lose their power, and the energy that once fueled them becomes a source of strength, clarity, and alignment with the higher self. In essence, these forces are reflections of our own energy and beliefs, and they only hold as much power as we give them.

The Story of Lucifer as a Fallen Angel

Lucifer was presented to me as a finished story: pride, rebellion, a fall from heaven, and an enemy of GOD. Later I became interested in reading that story symbolically. I began seeing a reflection of what happens when consciousness identifies with separation, power, and ego. In that symbolic reading, humanity began to misuse its divine energy, the creative power given by GOD, by focusing it on selfish desires, materialism, and the illusion of independence from the divine.

This is the root of the ego: the false sense of self that sees itself as separate from GOD or even equal to GOD, driven by pride, fear, and the need for control. The ego thrives on this misuse of energy. When humanity places personal desires, power, or intellect above divine guidance, it creates a state of imbalance. This is where the misuse of energy begins: turning inward toward the self, not in self-awareness but in self-aggrandizement, forgetting that all gifts and power originate from GOD.

It's the same pattern reflected in the story of Lucifer, who sought to rise above divine unity and act independently, leading to his "fall." This fall doesn't necessarily mean rebellion in a dramatic sense, but rather a gradual shift away from living in alignment with divine principles such as love, humility, service, and harmony, and toward the pursuit of selfish goals that feed the ego. Humanity's misuse of this energy manifests in countless ways: through greed, lust, domination, and the neglect of spiritual truths.

The result is the creation of inner and outer conflict, suffering, and the illusion of separation from GOD. However, this separation is never permanent. The divine spark remains within all beings, and the same energy that fuels the ego can be transformed. By recognizing the misuse of energy and consciously choosing to align with GOD's will, humanity has the opportunity to rise above the ego, reclaim its divine nature, and restore harmony with the Creator.

The story of Lucifer, then, becomes a reminder of both the dangers of ego and the eternal possibility of redemption and return to divine unity.

Watchers

The Book of Enoch opened a part of the conversation I had not spent much time with before. The story of the Watchers was unfamiliar enough that I had to slow down with it. What interested me most was the theme of knowledge and power being used outside of their intended order. It added another

layer to my understanding of humanity's misuse of energy and the introduction of imbalance into the divine order. In the Book of Enoch, the Watchers are a group of angels tasked with observing and guiding humanity, but they ultimately transgressed their divine role by interfering with humanity in ways that led to chaos. I am reading their actions symbolically here, as a way to explore the dangers of misusing divine knowledge and power. The Watchers are described as descending to Earth and becoming enamored with human women, leading to unions that produced the Nephilim, beings of great power but also destructive tendencies. Beyond this, the Watchers also shared forbidden knowledge with humanity, such as the secrets of weaponry, enchantments, astrology, and cosmetics.

While this knowledge could have been used for positive purposes, its introduction led to an imbalance, as humanity was not spiritually mature enough to wield it responsibly. This echoes the idea that power or energy, when misaligned with divine principles, leads to corruption and chaos. In a broader sense, the story of the Watchers illustrates the consequences of stepping out of alignment with divine will. Their fall was not just about disobedience but about misusing their creative energy and divine gifts to serve personal desires and lower impulses.

This parallels humanity's own misuse of energy. When divine power is directed toward egoic desires rather than aligned with the Creator's purpose, it results in separation, suffering, and imbalance. The Watchers also reflect the dual nature of knowledge and power. When used in harmony with divine

principles, knowledge can uplift and transform. However, when it is used to manipulate, dominate, or serve selfish ends, it leads to destruction.

The story serves as a warning about the responsibility that comes with divine gifts, emphasizing the importance of spiritual maturity and alignment with higher principles. Ultimately, the Watchers' story ties into the broader themes of free will, responsibility, and redemption. It shows how even divine beings can fall when they misuse their power, but it also highlights humanity's potential to learn from these missteps and choose to align with divine will.

Just as the Watchers' actions introduced chaos, humanity has the power to undo that chaos by reclaiming its energy and using it in service of GOD and higher purpose. The Book of Enoch presents the Watchers as actual celestial beings. Their story can also be read symbolically, as a reflection of humanity's own struggles with power, responsibility, and alignment with the divine.

That symbolic reading leaves us with the question of how we use knowledge, free will, and power ourselves.

Let It Rest

Before I leave you with one last thought, I want to slow this down. There is a lot in these pages. Some of it may have felt familiar. Some of it may have challenged something you have carried for years. Some of it may not speak to you at all, and that is okay. You do not have to carry every thought with you.

You do not have to decide what you believe before you close the book. Let what spoke to you rest. Let what did not speak to you rest too.

I have learned that truth does not become more true because I rush to understand it. Sometimes the most loving thing I can do is stop reaching for another answer and simply sit with what has already been revealed. So before we go any farther, breathe. Look around. Feel where you are. There is nothing to chase here. Nothing to prove. Nothing you need to become before this moment is enough. If these pages gave you anything, I hope they gave you a little more room to listen to yourself, a little more freedom to question without fear, and a little more permission to let LOVE be gentle. For now, that is enough. Let it rest.

The Door Opens Inward

When I began writing True Value, I thought I was writing about what mattered and what did not. I thought I was learning how to live with less dependence on the things outside of me. But somewhere along the way, the question changed. It was no longer only about what I could live without. It became a quieter question about what remained when everything I had been taught to lean on became still. I found LOVE there. I found questions there.

I found parts of myself I had covered with belief, performance, fear, certainty, ambition, and even spirituality. And the deeper I went, the less interested I became in standing outside the

mystery and explaining it. I wanted to enter it. There is a place within that feels sacred to me, not because it is hidden from anyone, but because no one else can enter it for you. It is quiet. Personal. Honest. It is where I began listening without needing an audience, where wisdom did not feel like something I was collecting, but something I was remembering.

I think of that place as the inner sacristy. True Value brought me to the door. What came next asked me to walk through it. So I will leave this book here, not with an ending, but with a little more silence. Take what spoke to you. Leave what did not. And whenever you are ready, we can go a little deeper. That is where More Wisdom from the Inner Sacristy begins.