

ESSENCE SPEAKS: SPIRAL SPIN, THAT I AM

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Jesus' gift of life, complete within the harmony of the Grace of God. And the movement stirs as the yearning desires of a mind filled with the heart of the child, weeping for joy. Cascading as waterfalls, drawn by a force into the Earth, such is My living waters of Truth pouring in through you.

Lovingly now, as the sun rises to greet the morning waiting in the Earth, am I rising in each one of you, beloved. Faces turned to the sun awaiting the rise, and with the heart centered in the awe, I shall be revealed. And in the twinkling of an eye, I believe, and move Myself to a new beginning in the day, a new rising of the Son in thee. Oh, My beloved one, the I I see. A mirror captures the image before it. You are not the mirror; you are the image I Am. I image.

Palpations of the heart are rhythms of the soul, and with each beat I rest at the center, impulsing the life force of the next beat.

Trilogies of the soul -- the seeker, the sought, and that which is seeking you -- become one. Look to your right and to your left, before and behind, above and below, within and without, and I Am there you are. For who but could look in each direction but I? And are you not *that* that I have requested?

The symphonies of your song blend with the symphonies of the song in all. And herein is one melody kept individually, multitude of songs singing, one choir, one voice, one song. Robes of white, blue, and green, and yellow, orange, red and colors yet not seen by the naked eye as the sun rises in you to greet the new day dawning resting in the dew. And the spider's web glitters, silvers itself.

Passageways into chambers of what you would call the mind are being opened, children of My Love. Resistance to the opening is like a mother resisting the birth of a child in her labor.

Relax and breathe,
For deeply is the seed emerging,
Beckoning to you to come close to see,
To *observe* the life growing in thee *as* thee,
Emerging from the womb of the mother I Am.

Your calling is written in the seed.
Your destiny is equally there.
Let your heart be prepared to receive,
And, thus I Am blessed everywhere.

You, My beloved Am I the beloved one,
The *only* one that sees and breathes
And hears and steers
And gathers.

And I sit with Myself in the Gatherings of Light,
Lighting Myself with the wisdom told,
As I speak to each one of Myself in you
Gathered here.

Combinations to the heart,
Once to the right, twice to the left,
Spin, spin, click within.
I Am that.

And the combination to your heart
Is known to Me,
For I Am the one that created thee,
Oh My beloved one.
And I keep you locked within My heart,
Ever safe and secure.

Punctuation marks in a sentence give emphasis and clarity. You are a punctuation mark in My Book of Life, creating an adventure and a journey all your own.

I Am the keeper of your mind, and your mind is Mine. And, as a coal*miner* goes deep into the caverns of the Earth, allow Me to be the *miner* in you, going deep into the caverns of your soul, revealing to you gold yet to be your fortune.

Precious moments endear our Earth,
As I can then see My ideas given,
Heralding from within Myself,
Much like an artist feels
When he brings forth too canvas or to stone or to clay
That which was in him or her.

What a way to live,
To be the All and remembered as such,
Experiencing that which I Am.
Indeed, could I be more blessed?
If you will allow Me, my friend, to be yours.

Cocooned in the mind, if you will,
Is that which is beyond your ability to grasp
In *this* moment in time.
But, as the butterfly to the caterpillar Am I kept,
And I do not need to know why.

I arrange Myself in this system of life,
And you are My eyes strategically placed.
Be centered and allow the eye to rove over
The oceans and the lands and the seas and the skies,
Until My eye real-i-zes I Am that.

I bring Myself forth with heart's desires
Opening new fields in time,
New worlds to explore as Columbus once did
To what you call America.

And I, the Columbus in you,
Am out for discovery of new lands within,
Yet to be revealed and explored again
From within.

Happy are the children
That allow the happiness to be revealed
As laughter and joy.
And humor is My *greatest* experience of Myself,
For herein am I revealed, indeed.

And then I then become as a child to Myself,
Innocent and open.
Spin once to the left, once to the right,
Two times again, spiral within.
Multitudes of combinations gathered

Within Myself each one.

Love is the master teacher,
Teaching from Its own - gathering.

Wisdom as the falcon flies free,
So Am I in thee, beloved one,
But in Earth held by gravity.
And as I walk My step in you,
Would you not believe it is I
Taking Me where I would go?
Would you not trust that I, the Creator,
Provide for all you need and more?

And if I gift Myself, and I Am all in all,
Would I not gift the All
As I gift Myself through you?
Oh, yes.

Wear the crown as a king or a queen,
And let *this* be My Kingdom come.
For in your crowning and in your royalty
I Am revealed as your eternity,
And the master, and the governor,
And the ruler of your world,
Which of course is Mine.

My Kingdoms come, for I Am the *only* one,
The keeper of the secret of the code.
And I have written Myself in all you see,
And with *faith* I shall unfold
Gatherings.

“Birds of a feather flock together,” you say.
Indeed, for this is My way to gather Myself
To increase the frequencies
Of falcons set free in Earth.
You are that.

I *love* the everlasting,

And the everlasting I love.
And all is everlasting; there are no illusions.
There are only ideas being true to themselves.

Mercury's readings are rising,
As with Christ in the Earth.
And the multitudes follow the rising,
For this is built in at birth.
The higher the fly, the greater the I.
Be still and know.

Let the congregations of your heart
Be called by your desire.
And sit before and beneath
The Tree of Acceptance in life.

And to the heart's desires say,
"Yes, O Lord, I Am,
And thus I glorify Thee."
This is the greatest Truth
Written in your history.

And the multitudes come, and the multitudes rise,
And the multitudes expand.
And like a river running all the way through the land,
It shall be revealed where I take Myself.
Not yet, but follow the River of Life,
And know that I Am that.

Let My passion be revealed as your own
And coveted as you would a butterfly resting in your palm,
Gently, freely, not tenaciously,
Gently, freely.

The cross was made of wood,
The wood is but a tree.
Follow the Tree of Life.
The roots are anchored in thee.

And I Am the Life, and I Am the tree,

And I Am the wood you see.
And I Am even the cross you seem to bear,
The Life of God, everywhere.

Trust in the giving and the receiving to be equal and the same.
You do not have a word that is equal to one name
For both,
Except "I love you".
And this is a trilogy of sorts,
I-love-you.

Let these words now
Be remembered as written in your heart,
The living Word of God.
And the power to ascend to their truth
Is the Essence within the Word here written.

And, I, the keeper of the Word,
Am the beginning, the alpha and the omega
And the beginning again.
Such it is with My eternal life.
Come, beloved. Go deep, deep within.