

The boy who fell  
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Exodus 36:7 For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much.

The boy is me. I am the boy who fell. I am the one who had no one to turn to. I am the one.

However in fairness it was a time when all the things I did seem guaranteed to keep me in trouble. I was the boy who would shout and yell and people around me found that disturbing.

Now I only did that a few times. After that I went into a state. The state was called time. In time I went to the stars and had power over them. I did things that were wild but in a way it was in my thoughts. So if I were working on a story of life it would be one in me. And thus telling you wouldn't serve any purpose.

The best way to be is to be in life with hope. Hope is of the creature. Whether a bird perched on the heart or a cat on a line, Hope lives. Yet what if the way of life is to adjust by showing her as a different woman? Suppose she had been Hope but an evil and weird person had erased their memory. How would you help? Would you pray or would you look up in history? I did that with prayer. I went into things that were wild and woolly. Yet in the final analysis I did what any other person who prays would. The only problem is that at the end of the day I was so tired and wore out I could barely move. That is the truth. I went into war and I went into it with the time spirit fighting me until I chose to sleep.

It is war. It is war on a scale I'm not ready to fight. Yet somehow I got chosen and if that is bothering you then remember it is to see. I became blessed along the way with things and it was so much I ran out of room. I had to condense and each time I had to do more to make it fit. Thus the stuff I had was too much. Only I purchased what I wanted and it was stuff I went out of my way to use. Music and videos but they were things I enjoyed hearing or watching.

Thus the world went and did its thing and I won prize after prize. I went to the top of the story and then in a range of odd things I became an integral part of the story. One to be the evil spirits said 'Let us kill him and worry about God later.' For they saw God as having left me in charge. One boy. One child.

It was a day of worry and concern but it was a time to see. For if I had things and had no home then it was the will of God that I get rid of all the things I had. But if God were on the way back then it was Gods plan that I have a few things to put into the home I will be having. That is part of the story.

The other and final part is to be. I am to wait until the light is there. That means it is to come to a final and complete stop. In a spiritual sense we'll call it silence.