

The pole or Na of Cat  
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Joel Akin

Psalms 41:9 Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up [his] heel against me.

The poor man sits without anyone to turn to. If I were a man then I could see the world. If. The problem is if is a big and utter landscape. One filled with the poor and troubled. They sit in sorrow waiting for God to deliver. They are those who seek God the way I did.

Now if that sounds cruel it is because I grew up. Not in a little way either. I had to deal with the children. Everyone. Not just the bottle feeders either. They were among the worst. Billions of them among the loose folds of space. Each with loo on the mind. However since that sounds like a man off his rocker then listen. I am. I haven't been able to stretch out and relax. I have been run off my feet. Why? Because of the glue.

We often forget that people ground up the bones to make their bread. They also used it to build up glue. Now if we take dung and pass it back and forth it will glue itself to the pan. It does this by heating the pan back and forth with glue. However that isn't to say the glue is vile. I happen to know that eggs are the worst glue offenders. They can stick to all kinds of surfaces and that means a little yellow yolk on the plate as a reminder.

If we could put the poor man into the seat he would say "I was there!". It would be the frontal lobe of the brain which came under attack. He saw it. He knew. He relieved himself by hitting himself there many times. Of course it was sub or post but the fact is the mailman got through. That was the father. He came and stacked all the mail into the lobe. He said 'Here is the daily news' and it was. It was the news which came to me in prayer.

Now if that seems difficult it was. Not for God but for me. I went into prayer so hard God thought I was having a spiritual attack. I went into songs of prayer and it was Lite 96 here in Calgary. I know some doubt it but you have no idea. God takes the foolish things to confound the wise.

The big way to deal with this is to see that man is dumb. We put the fat out of the food. It is there for a very good reason. To make us smart. We become dumb. Smart people see better places to live. They become smarter. So when we lose smart people it is because there is a God. He does things to protect them. He sends them out of the city. He sends them on.

Now it is true people will hate me but I hate the city. I hate it for its design. It wasn't built for people who are disabled. It was designed for the auto. Only the auto hates it. That is because Calgary has no way of being designed well. They will spend further billions before they see it. That is because the main artery isn't going to survive further people. I have prayed for God to let me leave. That is part of the future. For now I remain.

I guess if there is a why it is to help people. Not with fat so much as with faith. Faith is the substance and we had better watch lest we lose our hope.