

The big again
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Jeremiah 29:13 And ye shall seek me, and find [me], when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

The big one. The heart of men. Yet in the sea of it is the sea of time. When men fell they fell down. They fell to the people of the below.

People of the below is like seeing in reverse. Imagine they built under the ground. When they had enough that is. We speak of things to prop up the house. Rocks. We speak of England where some of the first earth homes were built under the rocks of time. They looked for flat stones as round ones tended to roll.

Now if you want to know who the big again is it is the product of a lie. The lie is a bit of a stretch in the body. It is the bit of it in the heart. It is the lie of a heart but not the way of a soul.

Examples are to be in the way of God. To be in the way is like fighting with him. Now if I say it that means I do it. I fight with him. I'm always in the way. Yet in our age its like "I hope so" and it becomes a sound of defeat. One which people hear as defeat. They hear 'hope so' as the sound of maybe. An iffy sound which is based on people always saying "I think" or "I'll try" or "maybe".

Thus the will of us is the proceed into the will of time. We become men who have no one to turn to. We become the prize of a full and filling. Of course the filly is the price of time but so is the filling. It is the filling of a tank but when we hear that we think of bomb. It is the replenishing of the ammo which is what the tank commander wants. We do know they use fuel but replenishing is often the ammo. And thus I become the tank.

The tank is meant to be a filly but she isn't able to stretch out and fill the tank. That is the horse in power. She is the one that gives the leap to a car or a truck. I have a truck that stalls before it leaps. As in it goes up the hill but slows down before it gets up. Thus the hill is the lay of a soul in crying for help.

How then do I receive the big one? I fight up the hill. Then I lie down. I go to the next one. I again lie there. I fight on to the top of another. I lie on the side but I remake it to the top again.

All of this is the sigh of a man for help. I pray each day. I go to the bottle of Pepsi and I drink in satisfaction. I do have some weight issues but mainly because of a broken toe which never healed. I stomped it in glory but fell in de-foot.

The final sea of life is in time. Truth broke it to stop time from rising up. It was the sea and the life and the froth. Yet in the wee of the hour she rises up to sing. That is part of the dream for me but part of the hope for you.