

The Story of life
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Esther 1:18 [Likewise] shall the ladies of Persia and Media say this day unto all the king's princes, which have heard of the deed of the queen. Thus [shall there arise] too much contempt and wrath.

The purpose of life. It is the folk remedy. It is the stoy of time. It is the sea.

Of course the best is the sea for the Lord is God of it. He goes into the lay of the land and sees it with life. He knows it is the sea of time and the sea of life. He knows the way of life in all. And that in all is the sea of life, for the sea is the life of men. They are men who were and are and will be. They are men who held time and held home and held the sea. Yet they held it with the same contempt they hold the sea in its form.

The form of man is the give of time. God came to build a home. He came to build a house. He came to build a sea. He who is the father came to see and be. He came to see the world. He came to see it with help. Yet in the lee of the lee or the leaf of the vein he came to be in the heart of those who cried out for help. They were those who had been held in the Mede and in the Cup of those who were of life. They were of those who had been part of a group of women held down in the sea. Women who were of life and were of help. They were of people who had a when or wen. The when was not time so much as it was TIME. For they were of those who had been.

Yet in Time or time they came to pass on into glory where God cared for them. He put them into the bee and into the sea of life. They had honey and they had home. It was a bee of life because of Wisdom. She gave them simple and repetitive things to do so they did not have time to contemplate. Thus they were carried up to the sea and down to the lee of the land.

In the final lee they came to man and gave out their heart. They came with life of sin only it wasn't the sin we had in us. It was the curse. The curse which is the same one which was in all the name and nature and nation of God. The same curse we fought is the same He, who is the Father, had to bear. He was of the shrift of the bear and its scat. It was the scat which no one bothered to deal with but he did. He carried it up and down and said "It is done" and it was. Only in the bitter flow of it there were those we call men. They were men of old and they hated the God. One God.

Yet in the final plea we grew to lean fully on His arms.