

Laying out the furl
April 8, 2008
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Revelation 13:2 And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as [the feet] of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.

The world is on the cause. The cause is the way. It is the way of life. It is the sea. It is the way of the sea.

The point of measure. The point of it. The point. Now in the be of life is a see of people. In the be is the sea of life. The life is the cause of see and life. Yet in the measure of all is the be. She who is the be is called the dragon of life. She is the silver or the Silver of the dragon. She is the cause of life in the sea. She is the breath of hope and the kee of time. Kee is the word which bespeaks of things which hold weight. She is the precious and the form. She is the set and the sea. Yet in the fount of life she is the cause. The cause is the fount of way and the way is the old way of things.

This is the pronouncement of the Lord. God is with us in this. He is going to reveal the case of women. Women had to be in the be and the be became. She was the cause of be. She was the set of be. Yet in the price of men she became the sort of stery. Stery is the word that is like free and people of. Stery is the word of love.

Word play is the prize of this and all things. Given hope we have it in the price of life. God made the price to be. He made the see of it in the eye. In the eye is the window of the soul. The soul is the entrance of life.

Yet if we who are in the sea can find it we can see it as well. We can rise up to be the best the world has. We can find what no one else can. That is the price of life as it was. In the day of old men rode chair upon chair to the bottom. They carried it into the deep. They rode down to the be of it until they had the form. The form of the deep was the sea. The sea was the set of it in the be or the Silver of the Dragon. She who was of time set her course by the way of men. She gave them her horde but she kept her sword. That was the Sword of the Spirit. With it she slew the hordes of men who came to take her. She gave them a sort and a name. It was the price of their one and only calling. Death.

Now that might seem cruel but remember this; she lived in a world of darkness. Be was of ness for ness meant of sea. Ness was a word for the woman side of the dragon. The dragoness or possibly dragonness. Yet in time people forgot. They said she was a myth. There was a call to end the product she produced. A honey of be and ness and it was the wax of eloquence. The full price of it was the manna of heaven. She was the call of the earth in the bee and the price of it in the hive. She was the voice of those who were called witness and she was the price of life in fullness.

Yet it was Christ who carried her up to heaven. There she carried the story to those she had held down. She broke them out of prison. She carried them up to Heaven. And in the final blow she captured the one thing this world did not see. Her own.