

The Chronicles of Belle Weather  
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Each  
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The each. It is the be in us. The sea. The ear. The were. The mer. IN all things is the be we call God.

If God is male it is worth discovering why. If God is real for we sometimes tend to blame him for all things. We blame him for creation. We take him to the sea. To take him to task. All things!

Yet if God is really HE then who is the one in the body of men? For if we have a Spirit in the world then who is the spirit man in us? The spirit and Spirit refer to two different and utterly different and totally concentric be. They are be and yet in the ing are the base. In all things is the sea. In all the sea is the be. If God is the be then who is ing?

Lets put that into perspective. Ing is a word we use to refer to a company. If Ing is real then who is he? Lets say that Ing is the Be or be. If Be then he is like the God of this world. That would be wild to have a Ing in this world.

The point is Ing is like Ing only that is an L but L small is l and i big is I. So if the font I use is confusing then it is the cause of much and probable terms of endearment in the future. I use or luser. Of course no one is by definition a loser. They are people just like you and I.

Imagine in the future I have a friend in the world. Imagine it is Ing. Imagine. For if Be is God then Ing is see of Ing. And if Ing is the be in me then who is the bee we are losing?

If this sounds confusing it is. We are into a war with Sin and L of User. The Users are you. Of course you and ewe and u are often the same. The difference is in the eye or l or i or aye and so on of the be and holder.

Lets imagine as the Be of Ap I am in the Ap as it is. The Ap is Vi and Vi is a name. It is the Vi of all things. Vi means ship. Ship is the By Word or word of a captain who changed his name to Ap. He became the monkey of the works. We call him Sane but the Shame of him is still reverberating down through the centuries. That rever is the word we use for re of ver and it is like reverse or reverb. The reverse means to take a word and play it back and reverb is to take a verb and do it back. Who would want to do such things?

I guess the answer is Sin. He came into the world to buy us freedom. Freedom is the cost of a lie. Now lie is the price and price is the cost. Ost means to bow down to the East. East is the be and we are the price. Of

course price is like riser and it is the cost of things that go up. Like today the pocket of rice is going sky high.

Now it is a prophetic name I have in heaven. However I have a fight on my hands so I keep it simple. That is I bey down to God of this world but obey the God of life.

Imagine bey is the word we use to price things. I have a world I want to help but the fact of the matter is I need it. I have a bey and that is the way of time. Time is what reverbs down through the centuries.

Centuries is the cost of a lie.

We have in us the price. It is the price of ost and ost really did mean to bow to the east or East.

The problem is East was of rising and rising meant to increase. So lets say we are repeating a proverb of time.

The proverb is "We are into a bay of pigs." The pigs are the cost of life. We pay through the nose. That is what is of the sows ring. The sows ring is of the pry bar.

The bar was there to pry out the bear but it was also there to bend down in case of the pig using his nose.

Thus the pig came to speak of pryor things.

If we go on it is wild and woolly. That is the price of knowing who is in charge. The pry loose was the pile of manure that came up to the throne with the pig. Unlike the cow it wasn't easy to please in smell. This indicated the pig had eaten some of its own pile.

In this world we use pigs as the clean name of an utter organization and that organ is the zation. Zation speaks of zany things or the Zane of gray. Gray is like grey and grey is like Zane who used to ride the wild west.

Of course that is part of history.

The pile goes on to speak of rise in things that stink. On long ago days men used to pile up feces so they could bear it down to the stack. The stack was a place below. It was there the pile used to heat up in the winter. There the stack would meld with the house so it became a sows purse.

The purse became part of the bargain on a house. If you had a sows purse you had a fish in the living room to stink it up.

Thus the way of olde things was to be in olden days. They took out the n when the body of things fell apart. Thus you had things or thins. Today we fight to be thin. Today they fought to have things.

This is the way of Christ. He came to be simple. He was. He had a lifestyle so simple. Yet in a way he had to have something in order to have a life. Thus if he was wise he left everything. That leaving everything. It means he had wisdom. He ate what he could and then ate what was left. Then he went out and put down a route to the place he wanted to go. That route gave way to the root of things.

Now if root of things is the body of life then who is the body of time? The answer is pollution. We live in an age that understands it. We live in an age when pollution rises up like a stink. We call it oil.

Oil is the boil of bitches and heat. When a bitch of dog kind rolled in its feces it began. That is to boil up. The boil up is a way for the bitch of heat to stare down a mild case of flu.

The problem is that dogs like to roil in their own dung. This lead to men using it to help foster their own case of boils.

The problem isn't that it came down to the bee or the pea; it is the case of men in the reverberation.

They were people who came to the sea and left with a pea. The pea is a bit of knowledge. However I came to the sea and came up with a price of life itself. I had to bear all things by the sea. That is to order up a solution of the deep.

It was this deep met solution which is Ing. If we have it then we use it to carry up a roil or royal solution to the problem. That is how do we insure a success?

If I boil up Ing then I carry it. If I roil up Ing then I carry it. Thus the deep is the oil we use. We carry it to the duck who carries it to us. We place the duck as endangered. We take them out of danger. We pluck their feathers. We put them back into the sea of dogs called bitches of heat. They are spirits of wild and nature. They grow up out of the old rut. They call heat to heat. They boil. They complain. They grow with I or I only both are the same. They become a problem of time. Yet in the lin of it is the be. The be is the problem of time in the season of its seasoning. For when the bee is met they sting. They become a foul and utter brood. They go into the bee met with time. They become the sea of it. Sometimes the solution is to take the seasoning and put it on Wisdom. That putting on is like a mantle. Thus we put seasoning on corn for Wisdom was corn like. She had ears and could hear a long way up to the throne. She carried the sea and sons of it. She bore out the price of life. She carried it to the be of time.

Yet in the final lay of thunder I close this down. The bay of life is about to crash down. It is the lay of life in the being we call God. He was a man. He came to see as one. He came to us as a bee of time. He was a bee in the throes of life. Yet in the midst of all of it He saw. He became. He was and will be.

Yet we see by the sight of men. We become like they. He who is God had more. He had to become. He had to be.