

The Chronicles of Belle Weather
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Belle was the sort of ship which was given to men. It was the gift of God. It was a crack and utter contempt for the utter name. It was a ship so vast it gave utterance. Not to men but to people who saw it. She was the most vast and advanced ship of her type. She could be the size of a watch or the craft of a dog. Yet in her name she grew and became vaster than anything the worlds had ever seen.

Now if time is the gift of men then gift is the time. So imagine a ship which is stop and then go. Now imagine she is the gift of time to the men of this and every age. All because of one thing, an idea. One so cool that if we were to put things into perspective it would be to entrance men. An idea of a tiny ship. One you could carry on a watch. Only the watch would open a portal to the nether side of life. One in which you could travel anywhere and see. Not just a tiny little bit of life but a huge portion as well.

Thus the body of the ship became bi and bi became by and by became good and bye and then bye became the quest to own her. All because she belonged to the Heart of Quest.

Now that is the give of time and time was the give of motion. All things came to a rest in the sort of soft landing the Belle was provided and provided is the word we speak of to include Vi. Vi was the little lord or Satan. He was the quiz of life in this and every single realm he lived in. How could one being conclude a bye or buy of life if he were vile in nature? To answer it would require a solid week of teaching but the fact is he wasn't. If you owned a realm you had a right to quiz all that you came to including Christ. He who was Christ came to Sin as Satan and said "Get thee behind me" because Satan was in his face. Imagine a spirit like Satan getting his kicks by being in the face of Jesus.

Now I am not promoting Satan but I do know I have pushed him to his limits more than once. I have stretched his ache for vengeance and pushed him to a place where he finally quit. However he sought advice from a more powerful person we'll call the wind of trench throat and lice. It was the plague of men and that was the plague of gentle living. It was the hardship of sweat added to the curse. All because God saw man was able to deliver himself by prayer. Only we thought a curse is meant to last forever. Like hell. We forget God is mercy and those who wish to seat next to him better have mercy on the list of vices. Otherwise they would be off the list. Not to belittle the point but the devil had hell made for him so who among us doesn't think he wanted it for a reason? Why if hell were of the grave and the grave were of the trench mouth

I call Sirocco then who is his mouth over? Morocco? Lisbon? France? Utter parts of the world?

Lets be honest, the fact is that none of us want to live in a world like Sin did. He went to Eden and took it down to the grave. He put it there to build up reference and system. He put it there because the grave was a trench mouths best friend. He who was trench mouth gave himself to the fact of it not knowing the fracture was of the side of the scar. Of course today Battlestar has many fractured people. They kill the spirit of the word for it was meant to be pure. Some said it was but it wasn't. It was Truth but she was broken off of truth itself. Of course truth itself would be Truth also if it hadn't been bought by Sin. He purchased her as a course of deli and gave it the taste of stir. He bound her in prison and she was carried to the sea and the deep where it was stir crazy for the bound in mind.

Now the fact is Truth is truth is Truth. She is the bind of the weed and the fracture of the zonal plate. We'll say she is part earth and part mad. The mad part is the angry soul bound in light and dark. The light part is the green soul of men bound also in the weed of the dark night of the sea. The dark part is the made in part. Of course in this region we either call it cheap or bound up with twine that cannot be untangled. So made in came to speak of the maidens of the dark.

They were the cast down ones and they were the souls of depletion. Souls of depletion wound their way into the entrails of life. Ent rails were the tracks of souls bound into darkness and the cast of them was of time or eternity. Thus some said if the caste came to your door and knocked you carried him to the mummy wrap. Some said Egypt held that door sacred but in the world there is an undiscovered race which used the mummy wrap to perfection. One day man will find them and wonder at such knowledge. How can mummies carry the day? When the day is bound in wrap and sticker tape. Then it will be snapped and broken and shattered and people will see it for what it is.

Now Belle Weather was the ship given to me as a gift. It had been part of the Vi of the little lord. He had been overcome by me in a war of assassin vs man. I had beaten him on various levels in prayer. Yet some might wonder if Belle Weather were a gift or a toll to the heart. So I would gather up the fragrance of manna and spit it upon the coals of fire. There it would roast out the worm and the worm would bear it up to life as the promise of a bruised heel. Now if that sounds like mystery it is. If it sounds like nonsense then history writes itself forward when you are in the will of God. God carries the way and the sea and the coals of fire upon the altar. Yet when man returns to the page we find in it the eternity clause. It is broken because of faint hearts. The hearts were sent to be a witness of life yet they rolled over and died. How? The fact is it wasn't the Heart of Truth which failed to beat for justice but Time which lost the spring to Sirocco. He lost the spring and dry plague

followed. People cried out to God for thirst yet no one knew that life was meant to be of time and truth. Only they fell and became small. Small being the quiet voice of the heart and the gentle reminder of life with hope.

Now if the procedure of life is clue then the bind of the weed came at the head of the grave. Just as Jonah lost his way in the deep so did the weed bind upon his frame. The frame of a man is bound upon bound only it was the deep weed where the fragrance of the ty began. That ty was of the ty of a man we hold dear from Japan. He was the ty of things deep and things bound in the deep. He carried the knowledge of simplicity and it was his heart which bound him to the growth of new species of rice. He found the way to create new things by following after his heart. Now his heart was his but she was also his wife. And so in the whence of life we find the chance encounters of men who are willing to chance their way to success. Chance came to all men and said "Will you abide with me?" Men saw chances but did not see Chance. Chance was the lucky draw of life. It was the resurrection hope of dreams. It was the stir of a valley against the flood of the dragon. For when the valley saw the danger they rode to the top of the valley and carried out a song to the flood.

Sing with me in the lee of the flood
pray with us for the cessation of plagues
stow the will of the flood in the earth deep
fracture the way with mens crys
Thus the will of the grave rose up
the cry of souls for hope
they rose up to bend the plate
and the souls broke open the deep
They cried unto the Lord
and the Lord heard from Heaven
He wrote a song to the men of the sea
He carried the plague of men in the valley
and threw it down where the crew rowed
Upon the lee they carried up
a will for the way to be clear
and the will for life became wise
when the way rose up to suck

Of course the suck sounds bad but remember the way of the deep is to pray. The way of the deep were of souls. They were bound down for misdeeds. They went into the deep for prayer. In the deep they were carried to the sea. There they bound themselves to the weed of Truth. She bound them into the wrap. The wrap was the cigar but it was then. Men held it as the stoke of a dream. They carried it to the sea and bound themselves to the deep side of life. They were men who had a bind on the soul. They bound their heart to it. All the things they saw were of life. In the dream they saw the flood from the

dragon. It swept men away. They cried "God, heal the rift" and it was the gap between Paradise and Hell. They saw no one who cared. They wanted Truth restored. They wanted Paradise found. Yet the dragon spewed forth again and again upon the valleys until it became a bombardment from the soul of folly. They called it the deep but it was the volley of sin. Nature stirred out of wealth of men who wrote the way into every valley. Much of the wealth lay in the deep of the sea cast down by the dragons way.

In this God created a way for men on the side of hell. Pray. Pray for the volley's to cease. In the cease was the prayer of the deep. Cease for in the cease was the prayer of radiation. The radiation we call particles of soul and particles of time. Men bound in hell. Men bound in a way they could no longer escape. Men bound in layer upon layer. Their constant prayer was for God to stop the bombardment from heaven upon their heads. For judgment, they said, never ceased. Only it was the bombardment of radiation in an element that today we call cesium. A curse of ancient war. A curse of ancient bombs upon the heads of the populace. A curse on the green weed of life.