



A Crown Called Life

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When a man is awarded a star in heaven he is given a woman to hold. Now that sounds strange but think of it as a reward. Now if there were a billion stars in a galaxy then he would hold a billion women. Well, to be honest, hold means to possess or own. Now owning isn't of sin or Sin for Sin went out to own people. He wanted to own a universe so he could be rich. He sold men and women. So he decided if he were to sell men and women want not try to own other things.

So Sin went out and sold things like stars even though they were not his to sell. After all if you had the power to sell lots on Mars and lots to the Moon then you would have the gall to realize that maybe someone else owns those things.

In a way its like a government that discovers land and claims it for their government without giving credence or cadence or love to the people who now call it their home. They would cry out to God for freedom because someone came and sold them without their knowledge.

And if it were possible to be awarded a star in heaven and those things were ultimately owned by God but the star requested a man owner then who is to complain if God wanted that star to be in the crown of Life. The very crown of life that is meant to be awarded to those who overcome.

Now in all things there are stories that we tell and this is about the tree of life. It is next to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil and it is there that Death lives.

Death is a being who lived in a star but was cast out by Sin. Sin went into the heart of Death, which was the name of a star that went Nova a long time ago. The difference between Nova and Super Nova is the difference between big and the biggest. Scientists want to believe the difference is the way the star explodes. In reality it is the star which implodes first and then explodes after.

An exploding star is a Nova and there are only two types of Nova's. One that is big and one that is long. A long explosion is one where the star just explodes all the time. It puts out bursts and that is called a Pulsar. Now if the Pulsar is ready to explode it will give a clarion call which is the warning all stars give before they explode. You can read in history that some, like the Anasazi, knew the warning signals of the exploding star because they were wise.

Anasazi were the women and men of Queen Anna. They were people who had fallen from the Tri-Star which went Nova more than 30,000 years ago. It is in a Galaxy third from the right of Andromeda and it is the biggest flare in that region. So if you look North then go to Andromeda and then look just to the right or East and you will see within a seconds arc a composite of star mess called Tri Ce Ti Fa or something like that. It is a fact that most stars like to group in threes or twos. So if this star were real and it might be then it would be called A la Ti Fa or Me G with a pulse of two point two point one. Or something like that. It is one of the few pulsars in the region that still works and it is still one of the few areas that remains unexplored by men.

Now if Men don't explore every region of the sky its because they don't have a reason. So when you find this one search it out for my sake so I can write about it. You'll find some oddities there that are unexplainable by science. Write me with your questions and I'll answer them to the best of my ability. No charge. Just give me some credit if you publish after what I share with you. And then you go out to confirm it. Maybe a little like that guy who ate the banana with the skin. Kpax or something like that.

This story does get strange and the reason is because I'm from earth and I've been here since 1958 when my mom birthed me in a hospital. Dad was supposed to be there but had to take my aunt to work and it was in that 15 minute jaunt of leavance that I was born. Too quick to calculate and so quick poor mom felt abandoned. Well, just for that couple of minutes. I don't remember much except I was told that I weighed in at 10 and 3/4 pounds and I was one of those kids that just wore six months right away. I figured why not skip the baby stage and go right into the diaper stage size extra large.

Now if this sounds strange its because I said not much happened in 1958. It was a quiet year and I learned later I was a baby boomer. A child of the wars end. World War II. Dad went to Japan just a year or so after the war and worked with General Douglas McCarthur in one of the Japan high rises. One that must have escaped the bombing. He decoded Top Secret communications with an emphasis on secret because he's never shared anything with me. The only time he knew how to type. I type but I took it in High School.

Anyway I don't know what he shared with McCarthur. He probably passed it off to Office Staff and they carried it to him. I can only imagine what it was like.

Now there were signs in that place which said "Top Secret" or then that was wrong information from my father. Or he is still under military example and keeps mum about those things. I don't know what he saw. I guess its probably best that way.

Sometimes I find myself wondering how to fight a worm. A worm is an idea that gnaws at you. It is something I went through during the last two years wondering if my father ever thought about what it was like to fight. If he went into the Military around 16 and that is something he never really said, I wonder if he was happy? I know he went there with an idea to share. It was there his best friend Bruce York ended up coming home and marrying my dads sister. They had a tough marriage but those were the days of stick to it. His family was poor and yet they had a son named Brian who came to live with our family in the early 70's. He was a student in physics back then and tried to convince me to go into astronomy because I was outside in all kinds of clear weather studying the stars and dreaming. I was into Science Fiction and I was into Solar power and Astronauts and ideas too big for me.

None of my friends except maybe David Rickaby appreciate that desire to see the moon up close. We redid the Apollo Landing and flight there on tape and it probably was a hack job but we did it with our heart open which meant we didn't have any money. Just an old tape recorder. I think if I had it over again I would put it down as a job that needed prayer. David was a good friend but his memory of my weirdness needed softening with time. It didn't and I still am the antic to the Catholic who loved telling jokes about me. I couldn't ever get back on him so I am about to tell his story.

The time he poured beer down my ear in the cabin where we pedaled our bikes for forty miles. It belonged to Mike Metivier who went on to become a forest ranger. It was hard for me to find him because he had a flare and a temper at times but one of the best friends a man could ask for. Its just that they thought it was funny to try to get me to drink for the first time. I thought it was disgusting so David poured a bottle of Milwaukee's finest down my ear, Pabst Blue Ribbon, I think and the only drinking I did was not by nose but with an ear for fine bubbles. And it bubbled and I screamed with anger or something like that. I chased David who was well on his way by then and we had a token friendship which still went on with more tokens for him and Mike.

Now it is true that Upper Michigan can be spooky. It has its ups such as the Porcupine Mountains and its downs like the swamps on Shingleton road and region leading to Germfask. I have been there and I love it and its scary at times. Come winter there are regions sealed off from November until spring because of the snow. It is those cold weather months in the UP when nothing moves but the rabbit, the squirrel and a few other confederate Yankees seeking a Southern climate.

Now if I could spend a week talking about those times I would. It was a beautiful world and it fed you well even if you were a poor hunter or hated hunting as I grew to. Mainly because I saw that there was a worm pub that kept appearing in animals I killed so I figured the worms were taking over. It finally grew too bad for me when I killed a porcupine climbing to the top of tree looking for buds. I skinned it and almost threw up because if I had eaten it then the three types of worms I found would have gone into me. Tapeworms and pin worms and another one that burrowed into the muscle and were not just in the stomach region of the porcupine. This was one sick animal and it must have been in pure agony.

As it was I buried it in the garbage and prayed it would crawl away before the garbage man delivered it to the landfill. A job I would later do by the way.

It was a job I loved and garbage is what I loved. I owned garbage in the way of books, Hot Wheels, and a few rocks which I kept around. I wasn't as much into books then as I am now. At least in the way of collecting. Mostly library books for which I was an avid reader. There was a nice lady there I remember. I do remember her except she wore glasses and had white hair and was a little on the pleasantly plumb but not plump size.

She had a gift of caring and she helped me out and made me her friend and its sad that our youth lies forgotten like Li Mia. For Li Mia is part of that river. All men are. We li in its depths and it is there that God casts off our heart that is evil and it is there that we fall asleep. For Li Mia is the path to death and Li Mia is the road to forget and Li Mia is the river to forgetfulness.

In youth we pride ourselves on our youth. It is something we are arrogant about.

If I am young than I am pride for in pride I ride about with an arrogant sneer because I am young. Now I know that isn't true of every person of youth. Youth is the time when we are meant to enjoy life for when we age we take on the pride of age. And that is the pride that doesn't remember the pride of youth. It is then when we are forgetful of who we were. We cast about aspersion on the youth and tell them to grow up and to become like us. And so we carry a grudge to them and we call them names and they mock us and our infirmities and our trouble is that we can't remember what we were like.

So we carry them into the grave and that is our youth. And it is there that Li Mia, our heart, picks up the pieces of our heart and casts them back to us as flashes. And if we pick them up we are amazed to remember things. We dream of things that were and dream of things that are and dream of things that might be. And we become the measure of the heart. And we become the soul of that measure so if it were possible we might fall to sleep and perchance to dream. Now if perchance was a dream of the heart then perchance was a part of the dream. If we could see that dream and if we could hold that dream it would be our youth. For suddenly we would have back the one thing we could not have in our youth. Wisdom. And if we had Wisdom we would hold to her so tightly that we would never cast her

aside. For in Wisdom is all the knowledge of all the world. And if we knew her as Solomon did then perhaps we would not throw out knowledge as we do with curses and anger.

For Wisdom wasn't meant to be part of Li Mia. She was meant to be part of us. She was meant to be the rose that sullied our heart with fragrance. Not sullied in the bad sense but in the sweet scents of life.

For if there were a woman who needed love it was her. For she rose up with the dawn of the morning and cast about among the youth of this world seeking for one who would give her the time of the day. For if there were a youth and to her we men and women of earth were all youth. We would find that the love she offered would increase our fragrance a 1,000 fold. A natural sweetness that clings to us and we would carry her to the fold of heaven. And from heavens curtain we would rise up upon the rung of the altar and we would sing a song that like a chant of the sailor, the earliest singer, would rise up to carry to all corners of the room our heart song. And it would sing a song like this.

O beautiful for spacious song of amber grains of wheat. For singers of such limity do harbor songs true seat. And from our hearts we worship God who gave us hearts of praise. To Him I sing with songs of hope with prayers I do raise...

Well, I'm not a singer, at least I am not now, but I used to be before my voice was carried to Li Mia. I don't remember what I sound like anymore as I've been so many years without the voice I once used in radio and cable TV. I was into those things and it wasn't those things which destroyed my voice. It wasn't Li Mia for she kept them for me. It was Sin.

Now every star in the Crown of Life represents a Galaxy that is given to us at the Crown of Day parade. Parade is a word I like for it means Fathers Raid. At least that is the way I interpret it. Fathers Raid is an idea I had once when talking to God about how the return of the Saints to earth should happen. I thought "What if every warrior of all the ages were to participate. And if they joined with their flags of that time and began to parade through the streets of our city. What would that be like?" For suddenly they would come with the sound of thunder from a thousand ages. There would be an uproar like you have never heard since the day you were born. From every side there would be people who would gather for there had flashed a message to clear the streets for there was coming a parade unlike any the world had ever seen. And then out of the fog would come one boy marching and he would be wounded with blood and his head would be bandaged. He would carry two things because I haven't made up my mind on this. Either a small snare drum upon which he would beat or a flute from which he would blow.

And if this story is strange its because I think two children. Perhaps one a girl and one a boy. Both representing children of war. And if they ran about in circles we would laugh. But they don't. They come forth not with tears or blood but with

uniforms on for they were soldiers of a great war. And if that war were one of Sin and one that Sin fought with us in then maybe there would be a space while they marched out alone. A snare drum and a young girl playing the flute. And they would be from the early 1700's. And they would sing a song, a marching tune.

For where there is a war hurrah, hurrah
we fight against the sin of men hurrah, hurrah
and though the skies are dark and gray
we march forward upon this way
until we have won the war today hurrah, hurrah

And even if the words are weak perhaps there are those who wrote professional songs that would write for this parade. For following them would be men without arms only musical instruments and they would carry banners proclaiming their nation and the age they fought in. For there would be martyrs from the age of reason and the age of time and the age of men. They would carry a word, a banner, a standard, a long sheet, anything they could find to join the men of this parade marching forth from time to be part of the parade that would strike a chord with history.

For if there were a parade it wouldn't stop. It wouldn't end for at least a day. It would be wearisome to some of us but we would never forget it. We wouldn't stop crying for we would see our age approaching and we would wait with anticipation. Only when it arrived there would be one soldier. Just one. The lone soldier? Perhaps. The unknown soldier for sure. For we were still alive and we had not died in battle with Sin. We had just died and this age didn't have enough heroes to rock the world. And we were the age that didn't have a true army for God. We just had battles with each other and called it For God.

And if men waited and waited and waited for this age to appear then there would only be a few who would cry or weep. The rest of us would shrug our shoulders and we would walk away and say "Someone must have fought somewhere. I know I did. I fought. I carried a banner. I was there. I know I was."

And we never realized, even for one second that we were meant to be part of that parade. That Fathers Raid which wound through the streets of New York City. It was there that we were meant to leave the stands for there was one soldier with a banner proclaiming our time. I see myself as one like that soldier. One who rises up with words and proclaims out to the ages that the Fathers Raid, the one we were in the stands proclaiming, is on the way.

And if we men will not rise up to see, if we will not take our stand with the age of men. Then we will fall into the abyss of time and be lost to men. For we fought with reason and with power and with understanding of our time. But we did not

see that we were only men.

And if those two children that came out of the Fog could speak to us they would tell us they came from a time when Sin was real. They came from a time when fighting against Sin meant giving your life. For if there are two children then maybe Hansel and Gretel were them. They were lost in the forest of Germany and were swallowed up by the wicked witch in the house of gingerbread or whatever it was. They lost their heart but grew courageous and beat back the wicked witch and threw her into the oven. And she went in shrieking and screaming and crying out "I'm melting."

And perhaps that should be the end of Sin. To scream out "I'm melting", especially if he was an ore, an ore bit, a ro bit or an orbit or whatever you want to call him.

Sin wasn't just a spirit he was a man. He carried us to our grave with a sting of a scorpion. A lash and a beat that beat its last a few days ago. He died. His heart did. That means that all that is really left are his children. His children are us. We are the children of Sin and we are the ones he bound up with tape so we could not escape. He is dead because of that lone soldier who was in the parade. He wasn't blood enough for our tale but if Adama from Battlestar Gallatica could ring the bell and take a stand he would say from a battered face that he let them down. He didn't take a stand with them and force them to listen. Sometimes you have to take a stand. Sometimes you can't sit down and wait for your neighbor to speak. I speak but I don't tell the whole truth because I figure you can't handle it. But I was responsible for helping to kill Sin.

Now if that sounds ludicrous then listen. Jesus died for our sin and he went to Hell and fought Sin. That was in 33 AD and that was just when he died. It was then that Jesus fought Sin and went up to heaven and there he fought against a force he could not comprehend. It was evil and Sin hadn't shared it with Jesus on earth. It was an impossible scenario which Jesus couldn't share with anyone but the father.

It was a war that hadn't been written in scripture because if Jesus did it would scare us or turn us over to Sin. Speaking this riles Christians because I belittle God. I don't. Did you know that God lost this universe to Sin? What kind of power is that? Do you think God just sat back and let it be destroyed? No way! He went out and tried to stop it but He couldn't. He went out and sold all He owned so that He could help rescue a few who wanted help. They all wanted Sin and they all wanted to be free but no one could help.

Now if that is wrong then answer me how God lost the creation he had made. If it was six thousands years ago then God made Sin to own the universe. If Sin obtained the universe from Satan then he destroyed the universe simply by possessing it. If that were true explain how one little worm could destroy all of

creation without a problem you haven't thought of. A problem named God who would fight to the death for His people.