

The big of time
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Jeremiah 49:16 Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, [and] the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the LORD.

We live in a time when men live in the sky. Above us are men who have been in orbit. They lie in wait for man to settle. When men are riding the wings of the wind they lie down with them in a field. They take their name. They take their way.

In Sodom and Gommora it was the same. God saw they who were alien monsters came upon men. They took the name of men but were not. They took the name of sin but were not. They were the power of things in orbit around the earth.

If men play they play with history. If men today rise up to take power from men they take it to their own dismay. That is for the Lord to take. That is for God. It is the power of God not men.

Man is the only one in all the world to see himself as mighty. He is the one who rises up with wings of men. He goes down to the sea. He rises up to orbit.

The problem is there are things which have gone into old ways or things. Things which go into things sounds like fiction. In a way it is of old fic but not of new. Old fic is story time. Old fic is when a woman then told a story. It was the heart and they cried unto the Lord for life. They were men in women and women in bed with a cadaver. They were body piled on body and all had a name; bile and boil.

They are two of the spirits I dealt with last night in prayer. They were a complicated pair of lying and confusing spirits. They were part of the story of life. They had with them two other spirits. One I call fur on and he was a shame and the other was without and he had no way of showing anything but a lie. If we go into prayer we keep fighting. Thus the will of God is to bill the way out with a prayer. Give it time. Give it will of life and love. Trust. For in the way of life God sets the way and makes its path sure.

Thus the way to the grave is fraught with illness. The way to life is the way of the eagle which rises up on the wings of the wind. They are the sore pleased creatures which rode out of the deep. Then the way to the deep was open and people came up with the eagle who were far from clean. They who were the eagle and the commorant were the only ones to make it up. Of course that means the way of the eagle. Things like kite and osprey and perhaps even the owl were those who came up.

In final lee I find it is the way of hearty men. Hear the ty to the way of Ca. The way of Ca is the way of Ty or tea. Thus this is the price of men who have no one to turn to.