

2Chronicles 7:14 If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.

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The Name of Sin

We speak of names with honor. And sometimes we speak of names that have more honor than any other. I think of one name I honor and that is the name of Jesus Christ for what He did for me as a man. He became the Living Word and conquered sin on our behalf. There are times we fall into a path of sin and there are times we fall into a trap of sin. But many do not know what Sin is. Is Sin real or is it just a bad action or thought. After all if Sin is real, and the Bible indicates it is, then is Sin a man, a beast or something else that we have not yet seen.

This is a serious question and one God and I spoke of before. There are many aspects of Sin and many warnings in scripture which speak of these things. Yet does Sin have a name? Yes. It is the first of the last. Now that might not sound like a name so let's look at why it/he is called that. Sin was a reject from Society who had lost his way in the world. He was a sailor who had founded a new world. That world was one that had lost its sound. Now when I say sound I do not think of sound but speak of sound. Sound is like a tree and if you branch out it echoes or amplifies in all directions. Sin wanted noise as the key to his success and wanted to find a way to amplify that sound to all the known worlds. Now there was a problem to this in that he did not have power to spread his message.

He believed that if he could find a way to carry this sound he would become a great man. Now first he found out about the echoes of sound from Mist or Fog. He learned the properties of it and learned that in certain times sound would carry and other times it would be so muffled that you could not hear anything.

There were other times Sin found that if he carried a sound maker, a device, that he could capture the attention of others. He loved making noises and always tried to discern the different sounds that things made. Sometimes there were things in peoples voices that intrigued him to great extent. One we might call the peal of laughter or the sound of a belly or even the giving of gas. There were sounds in nature and sounds he could make and music that seemed to rise up. But he knew of heaven and he knew of those who sang and though he did not frequent those places he made contacts to find those who were instrumental in all areas of music. Among them were what he called la's. They were women who carried the sound of music crystal clear with an uncanny sound he could not describe. There were angelic singers. Some so high he could not discern the high tones and lone singers who carried the deep tones. He found streams that wound through caverns and echoes of the deep. He was fascinated with each sound that he found and tried to keep a record of it. One might call it the sound of Sin but for us it was the sounds of

life. It was a way for him to record every conceivable sound he could imagine. And the more sounds he carried the greater his power would be. For he believed if he could mimic sounds he could carry sounds in a way that would fool any and all. And thus he became a great mimic, a parrot to those who heard and to those who listened and to those who turned their eyes to him.

But as life might have it he carried this desire for power over sound to such a degree that word reached heaven. Now not all saw the danger of Sin. After all what is the danger of recording music or recording sounds or making records of such things. They are like history. But this was an age when men had discovered Wisdom and this was an age when they began to question their existence. And in this hole, this surge of space, Sin entered in with his sound.

Now the sound of Sin is the secret of Sin. And the secret of Sin is one thing that none could see. His heart. Now every heart carried a very distinct pattern and beat. And if you could capture that rhythm you could capture the distinction of its sound. But what if you could capture that sound and then carry it into you. As in carry a thousand heart beats of sound. It was just a thought and a strange one but what would it be like? Would a 1,000 heart beats be like music or would it be something else? To carry this act out required an amazing feat of engineering which until then no one but Sin had thought of.

He went out and captured heart sounds from people he knew. And then he took his heart sound and added it until it created what we might call a single powerful beat. He thought "Wow, that is strong." It was strong and it was loud and he wondered "How would it feel if it pumped in me." He realized as just a man that would require an act of engineering and for a while he forgot about carrying just the sound to himself. He delved into the nature of sound and why the heart beat and how it fit into the thought. And he discovered a secret that every heart beat carried a measure he called laws. But some heart beats carried what he called flaws. Those heart beats lacked a particular sound common to the others. He didn't know what it was but there were not many of his time who studied the difference in variance or ambivalence of sound. He did and he took that variance and he searched it out until he saw that some people were different in blood types.

He began to search out blood types and he learned another secret that he carried a blood type that was uncommon for the people around him. He wondered if this meant he was rare or from some place where that blood type was rare. As he traced it out he paid others to find out knowledge on blood and had them hide their results. This meant they could capture blood by stealth because Sin began to realize he was into a secret and he sensed if he could figure it out he could become very powerful. For blood was key to the story of things he heard from people around him. And they paid highly for lineage checks but not from his perspective.

As he searched out blood and as he delved into beats he learned a few more secrets that intrigued him. First the blood of men was different then the blood of women. It wasn't just the Wisdom indicators but most women held knowledge differently then they did Wisdom. And if that were true it seemed possible that he could separate that blood from women. And there seemed to

be another secret he found is that men carried all genetic traces of experiences in their blood, even those cases of wrong doing they might have committed. He found traces of misdeeds with other men. And this meant that he could, if he wished, blackmail them for such were things whispered only in secrets.

As he searched out the blood he began to discover that elements were carried in it. Those elements were like blueprints to him which allowed him to trace movements. He discovered he could tell not just continents they had been too but other planets as well. He could tell people they had intimacy with and people who had gone so far as kissed them. He picked up traces of bugs and even bacterial growths, some which seemed to have influence on the cells in the body. He went into it so deep that he discovered a tracer and he played with it. It didn't seem to have any connection he could find so he probed it with different beats he had found. And as he did so it changed the pattern of the trace so that he squiggled all over the board. He was intrigued because if different beats caused this blood tracer to follow a totally different pattern that meant it was something high unusual.

He played with the beats and all of them seemed to have some effect on the path that the tracer would follow. Those who had abnormal beats seemed to follow a certain path and those who had normal beats followed a certain path. He wondered if he could cause it to change paths by anything that he did. So he played with different sounds that he recorded and he found that the path stayed true except when music or emotions were involved. This intrigued him for if emotions were the key to tracing the path of the heart then he had discovered a huge secret which he was sure no one had found.

He enlisted friends at first and tried different things with them and captured their patterns. He added music and sounds and then watched their reactions. As time went on he noticed that some changed moods for a time when the music was hard or discordant. He noticed the mood changes and practiced focussing on those things and included suggestions during those mood swings. As he changed their mood he noticed he could change certain behaviors. And those behaviors allowed him to control their reactions.

This intrigued him for he realized he had done nothing, not even needed to take their blood samples. He had changed behaviors simply by modifying sounds and language. As he delved into it further he began to grow in understanding of the heart. He carried sound machines with him whereby he was able to transfer this sound to various instruments. Some he left in regions where he was able to observe changes in certain towns. He would return and then meet up with people and ask if their had been any unusual occurrences. This way he worked through an entire repertoire of ideas.

He was able to change frequencies in materials and in this way he could capture the variance of sounds it created and then add his own modifications to it. He started off with artificial things made by hands but as time went on he delved further into the handicraft of Wisdom. And there he discovered the secret of cells and he was able to modify them so they carried the affect of sound to the plant. Sometimes it would change the nature of the fruit and sometimes the plant would suffer and be stunted or not grow at all. Those which produced the best fruits he cultivated and grew those to modify them

according to his whim.

As he developed this ability he realized he lacked size. He needed a way to transfer this knowledge to larger and larger samples. He felt if he could get this knowledge spread out that the ability to see its affects on others would increase. He waited for moments when crowds would gather and he would experiment not just with the crowds but with their water and food. He practiced with their music and sound. And eventually he got a breakthrough.

It was while modifying a batch of protein that he placed within it one of his sound modification machines. He had created a simple protein that carried what we might call anemia. It was lacking certain essential elements. One was based on a cor or core protein. That core protein was linked to the unfavorable results he had noticed and bypassed before. It seemed to lead to a middle ground which had not affected either the thoughts or the heart or the tracers in any matter. He took the core protein and traced it down to a single thought. That was the first time he had been able to progress from a thought to a core protein. He decided to substitute sound for one of his own thoughts. He added a thought called "I am here" and spoke it to the cell and then replicated it and carried it into his own blood stream. He waited and waited and waited and it seemed there was no reaction. But a faint thought came to him and he thought it was his imagination. It was "I am here". Now that sounds strange, even crazy but he realized that the blood would carry an additional thought which he could pull out and read so he would know for sure. He added "I hear you." He waited and then pulled out the blood sample and read it for analysis. He was able to trace the core protein and it read "I am here. I hear you." It had worked. He had found a way to transfer not only a thought to his thoughts but add a thought to the protein core.

At first he wanted to run out and tell everyone of his discovery but he thought about it for more than a week wondering what to do. After all it was a discovery and it was his discovery. He didn't know what to do so he thought and he thought and he thought. And it wasn't an overnight eureka. He had fought for knowledge and understanding of what happened to the blood and to sound and to people who carried blood markers. Everyone did and everyone's blood was different. But Sin wanted more. He wanted the ability to control and it seemed that he was on the edge of something. If he shared it, this secret, they might take it away. If he walked around and asked questions people would wonder and ask questions in return. And then he had an idea. What if he tried that. What if he did something that would require him to show up in a place where he would have to appear before someone powerful. What if he committed a crime. An evil crime. Something that would be a new sound for his machine and a new idea for himself.

If he committed a deep enough crime they would take him to the highest law in the lands. And if he was able to spread his word there he could move up the ladder adding his voice to their heads. And up he would go and up he would go. But how could he approach the benches without them being suspicious? How could he reach the highest judge of all? The very thought thrilled him for he realized if he could reach God and if God didn't see or understand then he could really begin to change the power of things forever.

Now Sin needed to find a way of reaching those in power. And he needed to

strike hard and strike deep. And he needed a way of reaching someone soon. Someone that irritated him. Someone that had genetic tracers that showed he was not what he seemed. That was Erich Death.

Secrets of Life

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Proverb Every secret written is called life. For in its banks are all the riches ever given.

Now we want to share some secrets with you. These are what I call secrets of life. Life really is the greatest resource of riches in the known universe. It is the secrets which God wrote in the center of our heart stolen by sin. Sin carried those secrets with him to the grave. And from the grave he carried ideas to men and played with their hearts. He never told us what he was doing. He stole the joy, the ideas, the love, the hope of men for countless centuries raising tyranny under the stars and trying to raise himself up above the helm of heavens. In those days he was a dark star written with motheric words. Those words were stolen from Wisdom. It is believed that in the transience of time that Wisdom will have her knowledge restored, God will set all things right, and the heart of Satan will be returned from whence it came. And if we mere humans can find the path to life it will be written in the riches of Jesus Christ.