

The sore of a bill being paid
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2Chronicles 32:1 After these things, and the establishment thereof, Sennacherib king of Assyria came, and entered into Judah, and encamped against the fenced cities, and thought to win them for himself.

Approach to the city. Wait. Defend it. Wait. Defend. Then hit back with all your might. Thus the way of the Lord is.

Of course if God had another way it would be 'Take defense to an ultimate path' and when you have it then steal away in the night. Of course it is an old defense but one which if done right isn't going to take anyone down. At least not right away.

The enemy would arrive in the morning and find that no one was there. They would go and they would see that it was done just right. It would seem they left behind something when suddenly God cuts the line. That is God who knows it cost one person pain but one who can bear it up. One man who doesn't see that it is the key to salvation. The key to hell and the grave. The key to life. For if all those who were of life wanted out of hell who then would stop them?

The answer is God would carry all things down to the grave. He would carry them there one by one until finally all crept down. All went there to see who was in charge. They all saw a man. One man. He was there in crisis and he was weak but he was blaring out the message of salvation. Not in a normal matter but one in so compelling a sort that all the world of hell heard and said 'It is and it isn't possible.' Of course they might have proper English and say 'is not possible' but of course I use contraction when speak of life rising up to be with the Lord.

For of those stuck in hell was one woman named Be who had never ridden a bike. She was old and aged and her teeth were bad. She went up last night. In a dream during the night God took me to her. He showed her as a young girl of ten and she was bright and happy and riding a bike. She stopped to look at me and when she smiled I saw that her mouth was filled with braces. Braces in heaven? Yes. Braces. Why? For she wanted them. She wanted to know the make and model of all things used in heaven to aid those on earth. She wanted to go into wisdom of a dentist. Why? It seemed that in the course of a mystery she had found a heart. One which she called Willy and Willy was the heart of my dentist. Willy Dick. His true name. He was the source of a dream and one in which she saw herself as being the one person who needed to heal those with bad teeth.

