

The road of time  
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The purpose of every road is to find. When I travel I like to explore. I like to be guided and yet I like to discover. In my journeys not all roads reach an end. At least not in the normal way. I have been stopped on journeys by weather and by vehicle trouble and by roads we call impassible.

Finding an impassible road isn't always easy to determine. When roads are bad how does one discern? For example there are those who travel roads least traveled. They arrive at their destination only to find they were stuck in a rut or in a drift or bogged down by circumstances. We might blame ourselves or blame circumstance but more often then not they become the one rut we didn't see or understand. We know we spend years spinning our wheels but more often then not we just abandon our vehicle and live out of it or live without it. Yet how wonderful the roads not yet discovered. How marvelous are the ways not seen.

In a way this was a day most unusual. First I slept a lot. I was still struggling with Time as a spirit and with circumstances which put me into this rut. I had wanted to do something today but it seemed your normal do little.

Yesterday I had begun a journey using Adobe PDF and I figured I might as well continue using it. Hopefully the future uses PDF or an equivalent. It is a good and easy to use software and yet it is part of what might be called adaptable by Google which gives you an automatic HTML view to study. So Google becomes part of the insight of things seen.

Now I had a time tonight when I believe God showed to me what I will call Wisdom and her chariot. It came when Time was captured in frame between me and things that Be. The was the heart of this story. The capture of life in the frame. For if one could be framed how would it happen but the hand in the cookie jar or the honey pot.

So when things go stranger it lead to me wondering what life was all about. For if Wisdom is there and if all things were a rush to get here how does one establish contact with someone like me? After all if you were rushing to someone who was in trouble only to find they were being helped by God would you be upset? More then likely you would sit and think "This is going to be strange." For if you arrive in a ship called Worth and help a guy you care for it would be a way of communicating. That is with word play.

How then does the ant react in a time of honey pot? For if honey pot is the honey then how does the bee avoid the sting? He does so because he knows the queen. And if the bee knows the queen of the bees he also knows the heart of life. For if the heart of love is there maybe there can be no fear of tasting the honey. For the taste of the honey is sweet and joyful and it would be a day of great and wonderful rejoicing.

So if there is a nurse out there who wants to help me feel better and if I happen to be a little on the sweet side or large side please send a nurse. I could use a little comforting at this point in glory.