

The spiritual wall
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If cast is the set of a broken bone then the sea is the set of a broken heart. Now the point of maturity is to give time to give life. Life is the gift of a soul in heart on fire. The soul of men is the gift of love to the wen of life in the sea. It is the sea in the set and the rise of a new way of life out of the old. It is the be of life in the fracture of see and the bee in the dream of honey for a promise of hope.

Yet in the we of life it is we who are hurt by the crush of time. We are weak and broken and the set of our heart is weak. Yet if I give what I have to the point of life who is there to grant me the hope of tomorrow? For if I give until I cannot give anymore then who is going to rise up to take the wheel for me? For if I rise up to see and rise up to be and rise up to help in the hope of the creature who will share life with me?

If I rise up in a moment and cry to the we part of my heart I find myself weak. I feel on the edge of a great precipice called the edge of a world and below is a world called cliff and sea. In the sea is the shark who would end the world for me. Yet if I rise up and pray and seek for the Lord I feel guilty that I don't cast all that I am into the lee. For in the fragrance of a moment of time I see that I have given all I can. It is the we in me who is the heart of a man and not the guilt of time for the wish to give even more. Yet in the fragrance I smell a hurt which is the hurt of will over the hurt of man. For if man is the call of life then who is the one to stand by me?

The answer is the one who could not stand in his time of life when the will of men took him to golgotha. He was cast down into the pit of time and cast down into the will of men. They cast off his way until there was nothing in all the world but a wide pit.

We often wonder how they could have him in the pit and on the cross. Suppose Jesus took a long time to die. Suppose they took him off the hill and cast him into the pit? Suppose the pit was where you will find the old hilt of the sword or the spear that pierced his side? For if they thought he was a righteous man then maybe the hilt of it was the guild of loggers who took their way to cut down the tree in the will of the forest. For if then a forest covered the way to life it was us who think we know what Israel was then. It was a forest of way and will. It was a pit filled with bones of men who were fractured by those who had to kill off the way of old. Then they found those who were strange to be the curse of the will of age and will of time. They called them odd and the odds were against you if you were found to be out of the will of time.

It was a world unlike ours. It was a world so odd that people then had no one to build up. They called it a time of men but before Christ the world fell to the sea. Men called it circumstance but it was those who came after who had been influenced by Christ. The whole world began to transform for until he came there was no one in all the world like him. He was a man who had no one to turn to. He was a man who had no one to care. He was a man who had to force his step out of sync for then it was the time of men who were into vile things.

He who was God in Christ had to remind himself that it would end. It was the bill of life to be in the sea of time. Time was the spirit who came and said "It will never be over" and it was a curse on the men of that time. They had a will but it was crushed under the bill of a time will. That will was the time of life in the sea of time with Christ as the center of a grant slaying. We think Christ was the only one who died. Of course I speak of those who were with him that day. They survived but in real life they had to wear their life on the frown of a new time. They had to bear the price of a weeping mother. A weeping mother wasn't unusual. Women were wise in the way of why is everyone weeping.

Men got into weeping but they could not weep more than once. Women were oft reported to wear out a rug in prayer. They grew out of the why of life into the sty of it. They went to the sty house and that was where the pig made the noise in order that they might cry. The wail of the pig was the wail of women in need. They went to the sty house and in it they wept until they were hoarse. If men cried they cried for horse or whores. They were the men who took men and crushed them on the cross. Men who cared only for the slaying of men. They built up a reputation as being the crush of time and the crush of men in the will. They were crush of women and crush of life and crush of those who were in the house of the Lord. It was a time of evil in the men of house of God. Men in the house of God were evil to the point they went down to the sea and cast down the way. It was a way out of life and they crushed all who went there. This was the house of prayer.

Men hated God with a vengeance. They wanted God down. They wanted to see if they could crush him in their paws and pause. They called it man but man was the crush of evil in the way of their spirit. They had the bear time and it was the soul of this time. We make it up with crushing down the will of men in the price of their soul. We take their wealth and wear it down to the soul. We take it and put it into the sea and into the wear of it. We put it into the be of our life and into the crush of man in us. That is the way of old.

The way of old is to steal away the joy of the Lord. The way of old was to

crush down the men of age. They went to the sea and threw down the way. It was the Via and the Dolorosa. The way or doorway to the dole of life in the sea. The rosa was the sea of flowers which came out of the season. It was a time in Israel of flowers and a time of joyful life. Yet they took Christ in the season of the flower and they crushed out his stone upon the leaf of its life. They took his power of life and crushed out his heart. They took his body and crushed out his will. They took the will of man and they took the will of Christ and they broke it upon the way of life in the sea. It was this which we would call demanning a man. They took his private parts and they crushed them. They were carried to the sea. They were carried out of his body and that is one reason water came out. They could not fill him with it enough. He was in agony of heart for a day. It was this which was the way of Christ. He was born in total obscurity and died in horrible pain. Yet in the Via Dolorosa was the way of those who took him to the grave. It was along the path of flowers and along the path of the rose.

It was this which brought him life inside. He saw it as a sign to those who came into his path to smile at them. He gave them a smile and they saw it and said "It is not normal". He gave them a small sign that inside he was still the man.

It was this which is the grave to those who were of vile nature. They took the private will of man and broke it. They crushed Christ until he had no way to go and no way to lift his head out of the briefs they gave him. He had no one to turn to for this in his heart and he had no one to turn to for the way they treated him. He could not share it with men then for they would see it as a way of fright and a way of sickness. It would be a condemning of life. A condemning of those who came to him. He had no way to lift the heart which is down but it was in this which is the way of God.

For God knows this is part of the story of men to come. They will read this and be sick. They will say "It cannot be" for if men are so vile who then could read it? For we try to understand but scripture is nice. It frightens us with its power but it doesn't go into all things. It is this which is why I fight for right. For if we carry all to the cross how does Christ carry to us what really happened to him? He carried it to me and I saw it and I realized it would carry pain. We thought "We knew it" but it wasn't all. They did things to Christ not known to this pain I bear or feel inside. I know it is a spirit I wear but it is something I try to fight. I keep thinking "If I just had a word to encourage me" but it doesn't come. It is quiet. I think "I have failed in some way" only it is the price of paying what no one then could.

It is the price of life for the season of time when the Via was the way and

the price of the pit was the cross of Christ.

I was given the name of the place. It was a pit of garbage. It was a place that no one seems to have paid any attention to. And if so that is the place I will grow a will to see what is there. In other words it will be a place I will dig until I have found what cut the heart of Christ open. The space was of a sword but the way was of a spear. It was the cut of a wound and the cut of a friend. For the person who cut Christ was one Christ called a friend. One that was one of the soldiers who had befriended him when he was in his ministry.

It is this which is why Christ saw it and said "Thank you" for the way of a friend was to stop the agony.

Some might say that killing him was murder but if it was to stop the pain of a bladder it was a plan of life. A plan which is why it is there in the pit waiting for someone to dig it up. One man like me who will see it and know it was this sword. It was thrown down to the grave and into the pit of perdition. It was the sword of damocles. Not in myth but in truth. For the sword that killed Christ is the name of a spear. It was the hurt of a hair that cut the heart of Damocles. He saw himself as the cut of Christ by the thread of a hair. He saw his way was to cut off the part of his heart that was in the way of life. All by a hair.

Yet the sword of Damocles became a myth and people forgot. They said it was of men only. They said it took place in time before Christ or after but it was Damocles who cut the heart open. He was there with John and John was there with Martha and Mary. Mary the woman called a witch was there also. She was a witch in her way of life but she was also a prostitute who called on herb and magic to live with men in luxury. She gave her way to Christ and he took it to hell where it was carried to the souls of those in pain.

It was this part which is why I end here. Christ didn't curse the witch by carrying her soul and gift to hell. He carried it there by way of his heart for he saw she had knowledge of herbs. Men then said it was witches brew and they called anything that which wasn't of normal knowledge. It was this which gave Mary the herbalist a witch name.

The final act is to put things into perspective. Men think they have all. They do but it is the part which is undone. It is the part which is why we are here. We are here to know the truth. We are to find a way to set free the part which is broken by time. We are here to fight with those who were given relief. We are called to overcome our prejudice and our anger at those who call themselves victims of time. For in time there were some

like Shakespeare who went to the cross and found life. He came to it with hope that one day men would read his work. They did but they didn't. They read it in life as a man of mystery but never understood that here was a man of prophecy.

It is also true one day Shakespeare will return and continue to write. It is possible he will carry a stent in his heart called time with men. If so he needs help to relieve it from the pain of those who carried him to the hill to be killed. He died in a way that we men of this age have forgotten. It is a way of pain for the heart.

Finally I do one thing. I close this note with a thought. If you read this and want to give give. Don't give with life but give with hope. For the hope of Christ was to give to those who came. He came to the cross with a hope of life in him. He was not able to bear the price of his heart and it was this which claimed his way. It was the way of souls and the way of pain. It was a way I bore in a way but not for him. I bore it for me. That is the price of the cross I bear. It is the price of life. It is the easter story and the easter way of life.