

The Stolen Dream of men
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In a long time there were men who had a fresh view of things. They were those we call Ent. Men who walked as trees in the field of the Lord. They were the size of a tree but they were as the ones we call men. Men who had no one in all the world to fester their heart with. Men called a fester the sore of a nature. The nature was the size of the life form and if you were tiny like us you went up to the bin of size and went down to the will of man. That means you became part of his line and became part of the dream. For they had made a universe filled with wonder. One so vast and wondrous no one in all the world could find it. Only those who were of Elf and those of Clo and the way of Ta and the way of Se and the Way of Toh and the way of things sought out in the bin of life of the heart.

Then it was bin and men came to it and stocked it with their wishes. They went to it and stole it up to heaven and took it under lock to the thing we call time. It was the loss of their dream and the hope of a future. One which was given to the one who had a gift. One called the dream of men. Of course then the dream of men was the one who fought and overcame. They who were in the way were meant to submit but some took it and made it an empire. They said "If man rises we'll deal with him" and they did.

The difficulty was they stole the dream and it was the dream of all men. One called the gift of love. Love was the first of these and it was the least of these. It was the gift of home and happy and nessie in the play of the land as well as the sea. Nessie was like the whale of life. She grew to great size and she came to the men of her day and threw them down to the deep. They were there in the deep for eon after eon but no one cared for them in the i. The i was the ion and it was the cay and the t in o and it was the ion of life. Life which was set down to the deep.

There in the midst of the field of God was the best and the most fertile of all land. Land we call time. It was in this which was the best land God had for the one who would find a way to steal the choices of men of time. They were the dream worlds of those who had lost. They threw it down to the sea and they said "It has no real value" but it did.

For in the bottle were those who had been the heart of the sea and of life. We might call them carabins today which does have part meaning but they were the cherubim and some of the sera and they were of the wise calling called sera or Sara and they came from the line of muse and music and they joined with men in the heart of the lee. Princesses by the hundred

who had been caught in the bee. The bee was the place of the Queen but they were of the lee. In the sea they came up to the bee and said "We have sin" and it was.

Yet it was the sea which saw a way up if someone would dream with them. So they cast into the jar all their dream and said "We will be as one in the sea for the person who finds" and they were speaking of their own heart.

It came to pass that day turned to year. The year became a century. In century there was found a day of time when men rose up to sing to God. They were in the day of men and that was in the day of Moses. And yet they did not know it in the deep for they were sleeping.

Yet in the passage of centuries the jar took in all that was in the field of the Lord. People came to the sea and looked and wondered but no one asked of God. They all assumed all was and all is.

Then one day I awoke and I came to the sea and I said "Why?" It was the give of a man who cried to the sea this word for they found him in the deep of misery. They wrote out the will of it and that was the will of men. Not just in the bill of it but in the will of time. Only one wanted it stopped. That was a dark being called the spirit of darkness. He was called that because he had power over the men of this and each and every place on the surface of the earth. He called man his. He beat them down into plowshares and took away their weapon of warfare. He sent great suffering to the one I love called brother. He also sent it to the father and father of Heaven who was God. For God wanted him to be gone. He wanted him destroyed.

The point of the plow was the harrow the land. He called it plow and share and gave it to the bee. She took it to the land which was harrowed and it was fertile. Man put down his will on it but it was the will of his heart. He lost it when men became fuedal and took him off his own land. Thus the perfect way to deal is to bury it on the head of the home. Then man will eat of it in a way that will remind him from when he comes. He will bury it in the sea and in the deep and that is the sow of his law but not the so of la.

Now if this is the beast mind it is the sow of a heart for I have fought with life over the mystery of things. I have been to the battle ship and given up on it. I have sought for answers in the life of men and cast it down to the sea. I have asked God for help and he is giving it in the we of it. That is it is part of the solution and the other is based on number. Thus men carry a bin of time over their head and it is the we of wet in rain which is the problem of a future. For if it gets wet the soil will share with other people

and this is the problem of time. We bury it in the sea and in the lee but ne'r do we well. For the purpose of pollution is to carry it to the pee or the pea. If the pea gives us a name it is the name of a plant. The plant is a number and it is the grace of God in it. So all plants hold a number. The problem is to find it. If it is a letter first it is a solution to a problem but the second half is the solution. Not to the body of men but to the body of soul or heart. The heart is charged up and the heart is given to the soul of life in the sea.

Now I am wore out so I close for now. Let those who follow know this is the key to the sea and the son in life.