

Trials on the level of Bulls and Banana's

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I awoke up around five with a splitting headache and grabbed a Tylenol. I took part of a sleeping pill and fell back into an uneasy sleep. Its been hell on heels with rumbling volcanic stomach acid reflux ready to erupt every time I lie down to sleep. My right foot is like a calloused soldier marching on to glory but not ready to give in to the true battle that hits like an enemies knife. Last week it was my neck standing stiff and proud, the next day it was my back going out for a date with Miss X-Cruciating and I speak of the suffering and not the woman. Lets not forget the snoring, the sleep apnea, the mysterious theft of dreams and thoughts, the constant ongoing battle to try to find Gods voice in the midst of this storm of a body fighting with deaths sting. There are times I find laughter rising up in me and I 'ha ha' while holding my head in my hands. The next moment I'm crying real tears that used to flow like rivers but now drip like an irritating faucet that has been forgotten by the repairman way too long. I look at them and I weep and I think "God, when..." and I know it seems strange but I hear music on Lite 96 here in Calgary and it speaks prophetically. Like now a song rises up and says "Hold on to me when you're falling apart. Just let me hold you and we'll both fall down..."

Have you ever been part of a story? I mean a story that you've heard of, like a grand fairy tale. And you know for certain that you are the Prince or the cinder girl working for nasty Step Mother? And yet it gets worse then the unhappy prince who can't find a state wife because there are none with the right shoe size? No, it goes far beyond just a missing show. This is a story of love and its a story of God. And I'm part of this last day story. I know what some of you think. And now the music is on "I'm having a party. "What should I wear?" It doesn't matter because its only going to be me and you..." And I want to chuckle because I know this is the way God speaks to me. I mentioned this once or twice in a previous article that there was a grand wedding on earth. I was invited but had received no official invitation. It was in a beautiful Cathedral and I was with two women friends. There were guards surrounding the massive church and many people wanting to go in but access was limited. The Press was there and there were others there but none of them could go

beyond a certain steps. I was dressed in casual green slacks and a plain shirt. I was not in wedding clothes nor were the women we were with. It was as if we had been in the field and came in just as we were. We began walking up the steps and the women were afraid. No one stopped me until I arrived at the top step where a man, an archangel stepped in front of me. His name was Gabriel. Without saying anything other angels stepped to take his place in guarding the doors and Gabriel lead me into the huge church and didn't hesitate in walking forward. There were fewer on the left side then on the right. The right was filled with people dressed in suits and there were famous people there. I remember seeing President George Bush and his family three rows from the front. Then Michael the Archangel appeared and he took over and lead me to the front seat, reserved for family, and the women looked at me in confusion. I didn't feel any confusion or worry. I just looked towards the front and there stood a tall man with a woman and I didn't know if he was being married. It appeared so to me. But there was another bride and she was standing in a side vestibule with two maids attending to her needs.

As I write this I got the impression there was no one for her. That she represented the Bride without true love. She was slightly overweight but she was lovely. And though I didn't understand it I knew that I represented the hope for her heart. That if only she would look at me she would understand that here was a man who represented the love of her life. I've thought about this dream so much. Who is she? I think that she represents the true church but if so then who am I? No more than a representative of Christ on earth? Yet since this dream God has shown me in dreams and by teaching that there is a wedding coming. I have been shown multiple Limousines and Chauffeurs ready to carry people to this great wedding. There is a Wedding Supper of the Lamb where rewards will be given out. A real wedding and a real time of rewards. And again I know that time is soon. And I wonder who of us is ready for what will happen.

Sometimes I get discouraged with my health problems. There are days I cry with the spiritual battles I face against the works of the enemy stealing away the promises of God. I mourn the clarity clouded by the spirit of darkness. And I pray still knowing that I am to play a part in what is coming. And I think "Am I ready?" "Am I prepared?" And I think yes and I worry no and I wonder about the dreams which show battles of the spirit and

knowledge of things. I believe I am helping to fight for the oppressed yet I am one of them and the pain I suffer is ongoing day by day.

Yet I search for Hope for in Hope is a light that shines that leads to joy. And from joy there is a song that the morning stars sing. They call it the song of joy and someday I want to be there to hear this holy chorus. I want to be there to worship God with them and I want to be there to speak with my Father Abba that I might be free of the pain that so easily besets us. Until then I wait and in the waiting I trust and in the trust I think and pray that I would be found ready for the path God has chosen for me.