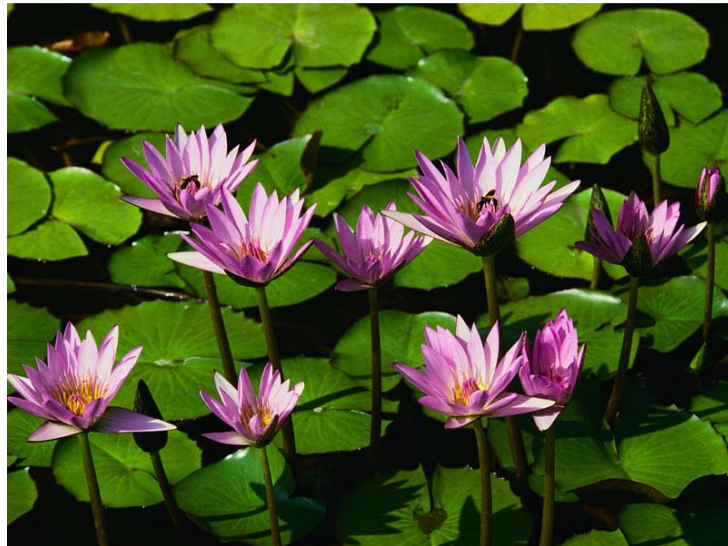


Writing Therapy®
Winter

Into

Spring
Spring



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Intro

(Journal entry) ...I don't know what's going on, or what this writing should show me now. I think it's about trusting what comes next and that helps me see that He's moving the strings around. I mean, am I supposed to go through pain and agony just to say something? *Come on now, life is simple.* I've just made it hard right now...

Maybe my dreams mean something much more than I thought.

Hey now, I think that Jamie's ideas are something very fine for me to consider right now. I mean, this communication system I share with him, and with God is beyond comprehension. It's just grand and it has been building in me for almost five years now. *Is it real?* I mean, are my thoughts with Jamie and the Lord actually happening? I think they are. The Lord shows me what I'll be doing after I die and Jamie helps me write my last book. Thinking that I talk with them has sheltered all of my dreams and ideas, so let this thought process work itself out.

I've always found that writing down my thoughts and feelings helps me see what's going on. So, this is what's going on right now. This dreaming or whatever it is is very hard to keep going in me at times, especially now when my writing and energy seems to be waning, but *what else is there to do?*

I see that life is all about making the best of things as they come to you, so this is my last book as I make the best of things coming at me right now. Maybe you see how to positively encompass what comes at you too. Great going! It's fishing season, so cast in your reel ...

Here's a book on my line. Have fun reading her!

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Letting Go

Letting go happens when you
let the present moment come.

I let go of my: anger, frustration, and resentment,
adding it up to show me that
giving up in the Lord
equates to a whole lot more
than just subtracting out
the bad stuff,
for He always hears me
and that means
the world to me.

That's why Jamie taught me to listen
(a couple of years ago):
because the Lord wanted me to hear Him
(I think Jamie knew this).
I needed some training
that only could be offered
beyond the normal bounds.
But now my teacher's leaving me
and wants me to be well
before he heads on down the road.
So he tells me to let him go?
What's that?
Where's the lesson, Jamie?

I think the lesson is a moment that
Jamie needs to look at
(my teacher of expression
needs to look at
what he's expressing to his student...?).

And I've told him time and again,
"Okay Jamie...fine...sounds great..."
I mean, **what's the big deal?**
If you want to leave, then leave!
You don't need me
to tell you it's okay
for you to go!
Just leave! I've told you this
for many months now.
It's just like my leaving
That's going to happen soon, too.

But that's much easier for me to accept
than the lesson
you're giving me right now.
Leaving this world with my death
is a beautiful journey I am
waiting to take.
Death is the end part of
the life journey.

Here's one big moment of time
that's going on, folks.
So now Jamie wants me to let him go completely,
for this guy needs to do something else
besides what he's been doing for years,
and besides just sitting around
thinking about me.
*(Is that what you're doing now, Jamie?
You don't tell me,
but it's so clear to me.)*

So, to end *Jamie's emotional red light*
he bids me to let him go?
(What's wrong with this picture?)
Jamie, the Lord knows perfectly well
what has been going on here
and I don't keep my emotions away from Him.
He knows, as I do that
I'm in love with you
and you've told me that
you're in love with me.
So, now you want me to let you go?
This sounds like a man's dilemma.
This is a one way street
And I've always offered you a
two way street.

I don't understand why
my emotions affect you.
You've never told me that they do.
You've only made it quite clear
that I have no affect on you (audibly speaking),
but that's not the way you feel,
is it?
So, you want **me** to let **you** go.
You want **me** to let **you** do what **you** need to do.

Sweetie, love doesn't work that way.
Not the love we've shared.
I can't let you go.
You are always inside me, everyday,
every moment.
You're just here and I have no idea how you got here.
This is not a mental, psychological journey.
It's a life journey.

The only way I'll let you go
is when I die.
This will let you go—
fly off into the sunset,
never to be seen from again.
That's the only way
I know how to let you go,
is to die (*no, I'll not commit hari-kari*).

You see, I don't have a say in what
the Lord has put together.
And you can't solve this
by just thinking that
I'm off my rocker.
That's not going to solve this dilemma.
But go ahead and think that!
Say whatever you want audibly.
We both know the truth that's not stated.

What really pisses me off is that
you have no guts to
audibly tell me how you feel.
You leave it all up to me.
But you helped to create this!
You helped to create
what you expect me to do now:
keep silence on the front burner.

The hard part to all of this is that
I don't want to hurt you at all.
So, I do keep quiet
and I'll do that
as long as I live
to give you what you need.
I can hold this in.
I'm stronger than you think.

And He is with me,
so here's the strength you see
me expressing now.
This is all I hope
all people see.

All that Matters

*Schemah Israel Adonai Elohaynu, Adonai Ehad.
Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one.*

The day I wrote this
I also thought of some words
that could have entered
and captured my mind
*(but didn't.
I didn't let that happen.)*

For speaking the Schemah
made me look at myself
and what I had almost created:
Movement to the dark side
without the Lord of love,
who's on high looking on.

For hallowed is His name,
Jesus Christ, the Lord almighty.

Faith in the Lord
is *all that matters*.

Snowfall

Today, after my shower
and dressed in jeans
with a sweatshirt to match
I started to head to my HMO because
my doc wanted to see
my CBC (blood count), so that
my weekly Avonex shot, for
my M.S. still kept
me moving right along.

But before I had a chance to leave
snow started to fall.
Freezing the roadways the news blared out,
and scared that we'd lose our electricity
we never left. Thankfully,
I stayed put
and let my blood count rise up
while the snow fell down.

Someone was looking out for me.
It wasn't the right time
or day for me to be checked out.
Checking out is a final option and
I just needed to regroup
my thoughts and feelings
upwards they marched
into His arms.

Held tight by Him
with all my foibles
I rose up
while the snow
came down.

Nagoshi

(Prayers that move with the wind)

Prayers hung on tree limbs
float in the wind of spirit.

This tells me that
if I can't figure it out,

then I can just
write it down:

*Tie the dream
to a tree*

that's a Japanese custom
to let life move as it will.

It's not gone,
but just untied now

to let you think
for awhile.

Let my dream
move with spirit.

Give my dream
to the Lord

Actually though,
in the moment

as I let my dream go
(giving it away to freedom)

it finds a new space,
a real space

that beckons me onward.
I'm just giving myself

back to
myself.

Isaiah's Wake-Up Call

One can never consent to creep when one feels an impulse to soar (Chinese fortune)

The news reports on Channel 5 today (12/1/2005):

Russia, China & India have the AIDs epidemic;

Accidents in the Seattle area continue due to the snowfall:
an arctic blast that melted into water after two days,
and I ask, *“Why don't people just curl up in bed
and stay home when the weather turns?”*

*“You will say in that day: “I will give thanks to thee, O Lord, for though thou was angry
with me, thy anger turned away, and thou did comfort me.*

*Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and will not be afraid; for the Lord God is my
strength and my song, and he has become my salvation.” (Isa 12: 1-2)*

“He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps.” (from a choral song)

=

And I sit on my sofa
listening to the news of the day,
watching commercials for sales of things
that I don't want to buy. (Pause)

*“With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation. And you will say in that day:
“Give thanks to the Lord, call upon his name; make known his deeds among the nations,
proclaim that his name is exalted.” (Isa 12: 3-4)*

=

This is our life.
Whatever turns on you,
read *Isaiah* and wake-up to
the good news:

*“Sing praises to the Lord,
for he has done gloriously;
let this be known in all the earth.*

*Shout, and sing for joy, O inhabitant of Zion,
For great in your midst is the
Holy One of Israel.” (Isa 12: 5-6)*

The Spirit of Love

by Jamie and Jackie

The Spirit of love
appears in a flash
like a cat's eye
that welcomes the new.

What I just shared with this man
welcomes what is to
come next within
humanity's epoch.

I rise and then I fall.
Each moment comes after the next.
I enter and then I leave,
as I awaken to,
abide with,
and welcome all.

My lover!
I cherish what you bring me every moment.
Emblazoned on your chest
are the accents of the day
to give account
for tomorrow's offering.

*I hold you in my heart
and adore what you bring me.*
You don't see it, lover—
you hear it as it soars

*for the man has the seed
and the woman has the body.*

Within one and to each other
*what we shared today
opens the door
for what comes tomorrow.*

In this moment of time
I know that
what I shared with this man,
and what we shared
and said to each other
is real,

just as everything is real
that belongs to God,

even my own disbelief
that anything actually happened
here today between us.

Disbelief also belongs to God

for it seems too unbelievable
(like every communication I shared before with him
and all I sent him
and what he sent to me).

*All are true reminders
that everything in life
points to God.*

**Knowing this
opens the door for us
to move beyond
the apocalypse.**

All One Gives in Love

All one gives in love
to another, to oneself
is of the Lord
and can never be
turned aside or reprimanded,
created as another kind of gift.

I am true to His truth,
no matter what it looks like,
for He knows the words I speak,
just as what is shared between
two people never usurps
the gift He brings to both.

Let me always
be with you, *my Lord*,
speak your word
and proclaim your holy name,
for nothing is lost
that is found.

Keep a Quiet Mind

**to hear the Lord speak to me.
Through me He speaks.
I speak His words
to you now.**

*“Come near unto me
and hear the words
I place in the mouth
of this woman.”*

Stillness creates a bond that is finely woven.
Spun, it lays its own fabric
in your soul.

Do not untangle the threads.

These are woven tightly
around the fingers
that keep the Father’s fire
lit within.

The Father’s fire burns.

An ember is lit.

This blaze never dies down now.

And the fabric
that he gives to me
sways in the spirit of the wind,
as all the threads sing together
in one key,
and keep the singing moments
hung like colors
on the sound.

Dancing together, the colors embrace,
Each to the other’s voice,
sparking down the loudness
that keeps the two entangled
and soon, only one kind of sound emerges,
though both are still present.

O, it is a mighty sound!

Only a quiet mind can hear it calling you to answer
across the border of its sound, for harmony
seeks its own kind when finely woven
in a sensible tune.

God the Father Speaks to You

Within I speak to you now,
curling you up
to listen to me.

I wish to speak to
the masses of people
in the Earth today.
Those who give my world
unspeakable harm.

You, who harm this planet,
are not forgiven.
I will come
and pick you up from off your thrones,
and cast you into the fire
that burns within you.

Listen to this woman speaking to you now.
She knows who I am in truth.
Others know too
and the many who are foodless, shelter-less,
driven beyond their own bounds,
each taken in turn
just to feed themselves
and keep themselves afloat.

O, you wicked persons
who say you speak for me,
but who do not
take care in every moment!
O, do take care!
I will come for you too
and cast you down
into the fire.

I HAVE HAD IT HUMANITY!
Your laughing at this woman
does not stop her from speaking
my words to you now.
*What does stop the truth
from flowing free?*
Nothing!

My truth flows into this world
and nothing can stop what I have created.

You, who are high browed, anxious and driven
to make the fast dollar
do not feed those who are starving!
Your words do not clothe the needy!

Listen!

*Come near unto me
and hear my words I speak to you right now.*

Greed does not take away my name,
but puts you into a place
that needs to be sheltered.
Don't be greedy O my children!
Be cautious now!
For what you have created
on my planet
only causes a torrent of storms
that you have to attend to
and fix.

Come near unto me now
and fix what you have broken.
The well has run dry,
but still you can fill your vessel
with what's left.

This is all I have to say to you
through this woman.
You don't have much time left
and no amount of trying to
jimmy back what you've taken
and ended from my planet
will ever help now.

REPENT WHAT YOU HAVE DONE

for a new time awaits
and will come quickly.

You can't fix what you have broken on earth.
You can only make ready
for what comes next.

I come next.

I will come
and bring massive destruction
to this world.

Behold, I have spoken.

Oneness

Oneness I have known with Jamie,
how this relationship moved
from normal to telepathic
formed my senses into a tempest
*(for Jamie never fulfilled
what he told me he would,
and I kept his secrets silent
until now, for He told me to
keep Jamie's words true,
so that Jamie would see for himself
all that he had done to me).*

Knowing Jamie as I did,
discovering and being with him
on a daily basis, which can never be proven as real,
but it was so real,
I kept telling myself
that I wasn't making it up
just to compliment my mind.

And then, close to the end
(sometimes six times a day)
I began to experience
a torrent of emotion
and I didn't know what to do,
or which way to turn
*(i.e. "should I believe this man or not?
What is true?")*.
So, I tried to still the waters
that moved me.

Such feelings I shared with Jamie
and how this union
*(a heavenly union
that never turned into an earthly union,
even though Jamie told me it would do so)*
slowly closed its door in my mind
and opened up my:
seeing and knowing a true heavenly state
*(beyond Jamie's words to me);
talks with the Father and His Son
about heavenly grace;
and their showing me where I'd be
and what I'd do with them,*

because my faith in God
shook the rafters loose,
moving me at the time.

My faith grew and I became more ill each day
(*“what is this, Lord?”*)
Then, I knew I would die from
all the stress I was feeling
(*the illness and ill feelings*).
These both grew within me
while the very man
who knew both sides of the river
pulled the boat free
from the current within me.

But, I spoke daily with Jamie still,
even though the Lord told me
what he was doing.
I just couldn't believe that such a man
would treat me so insensitively,
for he always showed himself to me as a
soul mate and confidante:
someone to whom I should confide
and say anything to
(*trust beyond the norm*),
for I knew that
surely, he would keep all things
that we expressed
only to each other.
They would be kept in secret,
shared only between us two
for Jamie had been given to me
by the Lord himself
and this was His way at times.

But, the secrets he shared with me
never materialized, but only floated away
(*was he using me again?*)

O, dear Lord,
what ever became of the feelings we shared?
All I could do then was grovel
and weep, for His new day was indeed coming
and I had been told
that I was a part of that.

I kept telling Jamie
that he should write a book
that expressed his inner secrets
*(I hope he does this
for he is a mighty man to do so)!*

What I shared with Jamie
was *oh so close!*
I had never seen this before:
that a man would express himself
so openly to me, a woman
like I meant so much to him
(I know that I did).

It all seemed mostly made-up by then
(all four years of us),
and Jamie, nor the Lord
ever told me that these weren't true,
for I knew in my heart
that everything we shared *was true.*

Then, I told the Lord
what Jamie had done to me
and He told me that
I was accepted to be with Him
under His heavenly canopy
and offer other angels what
was true for them to receive.
My giving did have its place with the Lord.

Then, I started telling Jamie,
*"O Jamie, find a woman
who sees as you do
and stay with her!"*

And so, because what we shared
grew more mysterious daily
*(everything seemed so, for
my memory was leaving with the M.S.),*
I began to pray to the Lord daily
about my thoughts and feelings for Jamie,
and He listened to me
*(Ah! There is another presence who listens
to those who call to another,
sounding loud and clear to Him!).*

Then I saw that
my life had receded into another space,
and Jamie then left altogether
to take care of his singular,
teaching, closing time, all alone now?
*(Why this? He promised me
I would be with him!),*
beyond the UTA method
(which I never wanted anyway).
So, I began only talking with the Lord.

**You see, this real world
diminishes as heaven
and its manifold spaces increases,
while what is on the Earth
disappears altogether.**

Acceptance of these things
takes hold, as my relating to them
decreases, for the Lord bids me tell you this.
And I write this passage
before I write the *Daily Prayers* this time,
for there is something new here now,
breathing within,
waiting to be born.

For He placed Jamie in my life,
so I could learn beyond the norm
how to express myself,
and then He took Jamie away again
(taking his place completely),
on 12/8/05, for I truly didn't need him anymore.
Not what Jamie had been doing with me
*(I was beginning to move into my last phase
and had learned to trust
the process by that time).*

The thoughts and feelings
I will always remember for Jamie
and his time in my life *(4.10 years)*
will never disappear.
I've prayed that they will not
and He has told me that
Jamie and his teachings
will never leave me.

Maybe Jamie will keep his promise to me
and be with me
again.

Maybe Jamie is supposed to
be with me then.

“Ko amar Adonai, Thus says the Lord,”
(so *Isaiah* tells us).

Thus it is.
Selah.

He and She Together

“So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him: male and female he created them.” (Genesis 1: 27)

~

John, His disciple tells us: *“Woman, where are those accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.”*

Here, John tells us how God sees faithlessness through forgiveness of one to another, as one does not sin anymore. (John 8:10-11)

~

There's a lot to say, in the story that was written and placed in the *Book of Judges* (Old Testament), about how a female adulterer was punished for her sins, by her husband, at that time.

This story is kind of tough to bear, but this was how her husband dealt with her fornication at the time Judah was created, which later turned into the land of Israel, where the children of the Lord began His reign. Read **Judges, chapter 19**, all the way through.

~

Our prophet St. Paul has something to say about adultery too:

“Recompense to no man evil for evil; Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay says the Lord. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.” (Romans 12: 17; 21)

Basically, let the Lord deal with the transgression and transgressors. But be sure to repent to the Lord, as He deals with all justly.

St. Paul also told us:

“Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake has forgiven you.” So, all is forgiven. (Eph. 4: 32)

So, what does a woman do (me), who wakes up with the voice of a man (Jamie) in her head, whom she wants in the morning and he wants her too (those early morning words have been going on for a long time), but he’s not willing to make his words come true by going to her home, or having her go to Austin, (even though this is okay with her husband that she leaves)? What does a woman do with a man who only talks about what he wants, but doesn’t do anything about it?

I think that the proper thing for the woman to do is not talk to Jamie and let him stew. After all, it’s his morning light that needs a tune-up, not her own.

~

And if there’s still a question in your heart about adultery that is not repented, cast it out with this passage from *Revelation*:

“But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.” (Rev. 21: 8)

The Problem with this World

The problem with this world
is that no one wants to
help each other.
We've got "...wars and
rumors of wars."
and as you are not troubled,
these are just the beginnings
of sorrow for "...the end is not yet."
(Matt. 24:6)

Instead of fixing the wars,
that are rampant inside ourselves
and outside on the surface of our Earth,
everybody wants to
fix each other.
Oh, what a sad, sad day we have.

And the real problem is that
nobody has the guts
to say anything
to start the ball
rolling down the hill.

Instead,
it's *dog eat dog* and
bitch at the other guy
to fix all the problems on Earth,
instead of fixing them
inside one self.

And an interesting thing
about all of this is that
the very guy (Jamie)
who was supposed to help me
and be with me (he said he would)
instead leaves me,
to go find him self
or another broad, because
he didn't have the guts or cash
to fly out to Washington
and stay in my home
(which was all arranged
for him to do)
so we could meet.

And he's the very guy who
taught me to express myself.
But instead now,
he has chosen to
tell everybody that
I'm mentally ill (*which I'm not*),
and go against all of his teachings to me
(*after he talked to me and found out that
I planned on writing his name
in this book.*")
Tell me, isn't that commotion
like a *rumor of a war*?
(Thank you, *Matthew*).

So, what am I to do?
My husband says he doesn't care,
and Jamie (**James Pennebaker, PhD,
who is head of the Psychology department
at Texas University at Austin**)
stopped talking to me
after he found out
what I was going to do.
Jamie only made sure that
I was crazier sounding
after I had met him,
so he was free to say
whatever he wanted about me
and cast me into hell
not caring about my trademark,
or my work,
or my writings,
or the many MFA programs
that he made sure I would not be
admitted to attend.

Jamie says, "*What the hell?
She's crazy anyway,
so it's okay that I say
whatever I want.
Let her burn.
That's all she's worth anyway.*"
Behind my back Jamie says this about me,
Making sure that he only says to me
exactly the opposite.
And Jamie may
sue me for what I've said here,

even though he's told me that he loves me.
But that was specifically done
telepathically, SO NOTHING IS PROVEN. *I'M NOT CRAZY.*
HE IS & THIS WORLD IS,
IF IT BELIEVES JAMIE'S CRAP
And just doesn't stop all the warfare.

For this world is based on the same thing
everybody wants: to
get a piece of ass
and make sure
his neighbor shuts up.
No wonder our master
said what he said to us.
*(The same thing happened to him
for just opening his mouth.)*
All he did was to tell us to
“*Love your neighbor as yourself,*” and

*“If I then, your Lord and Teacher,
have washed your feet,
you also ought to
wash one another's feet.”*
(John 13: 14)

So, I HAVE been a teacher too,
also an LMP for 20 years,
and I have a trademark—:
***“WRITING THERAPY —
Custom Writing Services
in the Field of Faith,”***
and I have washed your feet
with my writings in my books,
and I have told you that I am
a *Prophetess for the Apocalypse*,
and no one has spoken to me about this,
who I am, and I have seen this
and have also known that
there is nothing I can do about it.

Jamie only talking me down
and telepathically having me
masturbate, just to keep me quiet,
as if this “*present*”
was supposed to shut me up
(or make me happy),

only **after** the door mouse
(Jamie) said he would
marry me and make me happy,
but he never did.
There “... *will be wars and rumors of wars*”
and these are just
the beginnings of sorrow.

For he knew (or thought)
that I would not ever say a word against him,
**BUT HE IS SO WRONG
FOR I'M DOING THIS
RIGHT THIS VERY MOMENT.**

**Get it straight, folks:
I am a prophetess.
Jamie was my teacher.
You are my witnesses.
This world that you know
is going to end
inside you first,
and then outside you.**

This is what is meant
by understanding the prophets
of the New Testament.

The Lord has spoken.

Unwed Mother

This unwed mother
let's go of the creep
who's caused this birth
and lets the newborn emerge
on its own.

This unwed mother
tells **Jamie** to go
fuck himself, just like
all the lies he's told me,
knowing (*he thought*) that
I'd never say a word.
(*But he's wrong,
for now I have said it
and God wants me
to do this.*)

This unwed mother
hears Jamie tell me
"Goodbye," before I finish
writing this book,
maybe because he thinks
I can handle it,
or maybe because
he wants the credit,
but most likely just because
he can't handle it
(*he just wants somebody else
to handle this birth,
for he doesn't know how
to handle it himself*).

So, just like an unwed mother
deals with the pain herself,
all alone, for nobody believes her too,
it's so much easier
to tell everyone that she's nuts,
than it is for the father
to 'fess up to his own
mistake.

**Jamie's done this to me
and he's SO mistaken.**

O, Jamie, talk to me (audibly) now
and tell me (audibly) you're sorry
before I die.

Your silence puts you in
your own shell.

Do this and live.

Be saved.

*What you've done to me
is a crock.*

Rise up and be with me in heaven.

Daily Prayers dailyprayers@plts.edu

Psalm 32:10

Many sorrows *shall be* to the wicked; but he who trusts in the Lord, mercy shall surround him.

This passage in Psalms tells the reader to trust in the Lord, no matter what happens, for then the reader will receive the Lord's mercy. His mercy will *surround* him, which means that His mercy will: enclose, encircle, enfold, be a border, be an edge, be a boundary, contain him. *What does that mean to you?*

It means everything to me and there isn't anything else. The Lord has me all wrapped up and I don't think I'm any different than anyone else. He's the **big tomato** and there's no other catsup. The interesting thing though, is that the catsup bottle is only filled with this kind of tomato, which is a **mercy fruit**.

Oh, I see. I'm supposed to pour this kind of catsup on my hamburger, no matter what, and this is the only kind of fruit in any bottle of catsup and it all comes out just because I *trust the guy*? Well, what is that? Is that really going to happen? I mean, He's like this *invisible man*. It's all belief anyway, so what's the beef (what's on the burger)?

Lord, maybe I should just "let Mike try it." That's what the commercial used to say, so maybe I should just believe it because I do it too. It's easy to do and doesn't cost very much. After all, my belief is all beef anyway with just two more letters added.

Jaelyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Psalm 32: 11

Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, you righteous; and shout for joy, all you upright in heart!

This passage tells the reader what happens when one is righteous, no matter what someone else does or says. Who comes to my mind are two people and both men: one is a church pastor who was not righteous with me, and one is a well known university professor who was also not righteous with me. What's hardest for me to do about this is to keep my mouth shut (the university professor wouldn't like this, with all the teaching he gave me), but I don't think the Lord lives there. According to this passage, the Lord doesn't live in silence alone, but in a righteous heart.

The Lord does not live in an empty, silent world, but one full of song, where one dances and sings, *rejoices and shouts for joy*. So what should I do when speaking of another who hasn't been righteous in heart to me? And what will the Lord do to me as I speak out? Who owns my heart? What will the Lord do with all the lies told to me, even the lies told by these men who have known better? Does He blot me out just because I speak out?

I don't think so, for this passage talks about being *righteous in His name*, not about keeping silent. For the only thing pending is *simply being with Him*. That's what brings about the righteousness, not my speaking for or against anybody, for my **being with Him is what is righteous**.

Lord, I pray to always have faith in you, for I am happy when I rejoice in Your name. I shout and sing with praises flowing to you as I am with you.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Psalm 51: 1

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to your loving kindness, according to the multitude of your tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.

Do you know what I know?

Listen to what I say!

Listen to what I say!

The child, the child...He will bring us goodness and light!

Pray for peace, people everywhere.

Do you see what I see?

Do you know what I know?

Do you hear what I hear?

I think listening to myself and seeing what I do lets me in on hearing and seeing the loving kindness and mercy strings He always wraps around me. Seeing Him work, offering this to all people, shows me that He has indeed blotted out what I think I've done wrong, just as He does this for all people.

Transgressions, transgressions, what are those? My transgressions are gone and I lie with Him in a tall field of grass, waiting for the harvest, ready to gather in the loving crops that I've sown freely.

Lord, I hold in your tenderness and merciful sharing, as my transgressions exit on a wing and a prayer, bringing peace to my heartland.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Psalm 51: 2

Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

Asking the Lord to wash and take away what I've done on Earth, with my sinning all over the place, seems like a very hard thing to ask Him to do. **It's a task, dog gone it,** and I know that He's not a taskmaster. I mean, I know that that's not His job! He doesn't make me fork-up anything, just to pay the piper when I'm lost. He just offers me a hand to lift me up.

And being a clean machine, without a sin to speak of is not something that I value holding onto. I mean, I wouldn't know what to do with that. I know that I'll mess up whatever He puts in my storage locker and then try to clean it out, probably by kicking it over the closet. I should make this momentary clean-up job a lock-down, so I can clean-up this storage facility myself. That's what I've been trained to do, not let another guy help me out! And still He's just silent, waiting for me to relax my stead...

Lord, thank you for helping me relax and not think so hard. Your Holy Spirit takes my sin away, and dumps it in the trash heap, as I let my heart come to you.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Psalm 51: 3

for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is always before me.

*“No night can be darker than this night,
no cold so cold.
As the blood snaps like a wire
And the heart saps still,
And the year seems completed.”*

I sang these words to the song “*Winter Solstice*” with *University Choir*, at California State University, Northridge, under the direction of John Alexander, who was the best choral director, with whom I ever had the pleasure of working. As I write these words now, it’s 1:00 a.m., and we’re nine days in front of our 2006 *Winter Solstice*. It’s been about 30 years, I vividly remember this song, and right now this year seems already completed.

A *Winter Solstice* time relates to transgression, for this is a time of darkness, where there is no light and worry tends to set-up shop. So, in order to keep things going in an orderly fashion, I should not let my blood snap or my heart sense stay still, for these year-end frequencies cause a lot of transgressions.

Lord, I pray that in this empty and dark time of year I stay with you in your light.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Matt. 8: 8

The centurion answered and said, “Lord, I am not worthy that you should come under my roof. But only speak the word, and my servant will be healed.

Speaking the word only heals, for this man’s servant was healed just by his speaking the word. And the centurion’s faith made him whole. This also happens with writing and speaking words, one to another.

I pray that the he who hears my words, allows needful change to happen. Or maybe the Holy Spirit moves within him, he hears this, and that is why change occurs. For his fears are all unnecessary to the outcome and only his faith moves the mountain of change. *(Oh Jamie, let this mountain move!)*

Lord, I pray that all who are fearful of change speak the word within to let change occur without.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Matt. 5: 37

But let your 'Yes' be 'Yes,' and your 'No,' 'No.' For whatever is more than these is from the evil one.

I remember someone who kept telling me things that he thought I wanted to hear, (*but actually though, I think he was the one who just wanted to talk.*) His words went one way and then another, I heard these, and they didn't phase me because I knew what was going on. After a very long time however, something started to shift. It's kind of like sewing: the stitch goes in and then it comes out. Pretty soon a design appears and it shows itself because you let the movement happen on its own.

One's faith allows the shift from "Yes" to "No" to "Yes" to occur on its own. And it doesn't matter the sequence of the stitch, only the faith behind the sequence. This passage suggests the command to be steadfast in what you know to be true. The right thing will work out, as one's faith in the Lord holds steady.

Lord, I pray that I hold steady to see *Thy will be done.*

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Matt. 5: 39

But I tell you not to resist an evil person. But whoever slaps you on your right cheek, turn the other to him also.

There is a lot of evilness in some people. What Jesus teaches me here about that is not to take a stance, and fight back evil for evil, but simply *get the hell out of the way*. So, I say, “Let that big old giant come, because I’ll defend myself by casting a rock in the giant’s eye!” And then Daniel moves about in the lion’s den to tell me that movement along the lines of faith ends the battle at hand.

You see, it’s not about making yourself seem more worthy than your opponent, but letting the opponent do whatever he does, and that will end his own movement. Evilness begets evilness, so “*Be still,*” I tell myself, “*and see the salvation of the Lord.*”

Stillness begets stillness Lord, and I pray to be still, for this motionless, calm silence is what gets me out of the way.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Matt. 6: 8

Therefore do not be like them. For your Father knows the things you have need of before you ask Him.

Here we see how *assurance* works. All I need He knows, so I do not have to cast myself down, or feel troubled, or disquieted, for all will come to me as He sees fit. I just need to trust in Him, hope in Him, and praise all that He moves in my world to let it occur. And I need to see is that my doing those things helps my countenance know my way with His. My own seeing His movement within me deepens my *assurance*.

It's a trusting moment, just like when I used to play soccer and I would kick the ball to score a point. "Score" the umpire would call out! My inner sensing told me then that the shot was perfectly set, and for this I would score points. All I needed to do was just kick the ball and let the magic happen.

But now, my personal assurance deepens further when I see that the Father does all things for me, regardless of what I do for myself. After all, the ending moment may not be a goal, but I did kick the ball! Maybe that's all He wanted me to do anyway, just kick the ball and see His motion within me showing me His way.

Father, I pray to always see my assurance in your movement in me, just as I kick the ball and score points in life's end zone.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Luke 6: 36-37

Therefore be merciful, just as your Father also is merciful. Judge not, and you shall not be judged. Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned. Forgive, and you will be forgiven.

The gauntlet has been thrown down, but His flag is raised for all to see. And seeing what He has done shows me that in Him I am part of His holy kingdom on Earth. So, I should not be dismayed or dismiss His presence when my world comes to an end. I should be joyful! For I do sing Him praises during this time of the end, and the end is only the beginning, just as our *Revelation* author, John, tells us.

This new time requires me to be brave, courageous and strong, just as He was at the end of His time, for His gold blazed forth then, just as it does now, and He showers me with light. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, He tells me Behold, I come quickly! Let us ride this chariot together across the Earth into the light!

Lord, I pray that I stay merciful and strong, that I judge and condemn no one, and that I forgive myself and all people at this time.

Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Student of the Lord

Acceptance

for Jamie

How do you deal with a
deep and heart-felt emotion
that does not go away,
for there is something so
powerful and fine,
that is of the Lord
to keep your emotions within,
and nothing you can do
will ever have
these emotions go away?

What does a woman do
with love she has for a man
with whom she will
never be with?

She doesn't want to hurt him
or herself, nor does she want to
end this mystery, only keep it
silent and strong,
just like a prayer that rises
from a song within.

It's like Lazarus who died
and then was raised.
*What little I know of
these holy shrines.*
It's just the harsh, cruel,
unspeakable irony of it all—
being saved, but still being
lead around by your emotions
and unable to speak about how you feel
to the very man who created
the song and the censure.

Both feelings are true,
yet no meeting will ever take place.
How does a woman handle
this lesson after it's been
stated to her that it *will* happen
and then that it won't happen,
over and over again?
What does she do to heal her heartache?

Back and forth,
and forth and back it goes,
just like a ceaseless wave
that crashes against the sand.

The answer lies in
accepting the pain,
as it comes to you
again and again
(*the emotions crash and burn
just like a wave*),
while you know
that the man is there,
watching everything you do,
while nothing can ever be done.

Acceptance takes a lifetime of
happiness and grief,
as you see it like a pale
that enters you
beyond the storm.

With all the stresses,
rejections, trials, mistakes,
wishes, dreams, formulas
and hope everlasting

the voice that speaks to you
from beyond, asks you to
***rise up
and be not afraid.***

Thoreau's Walden

A Personal View from the Forest

Be Still

(Choral round by Jaclyn Stein)

Be still and know

I am the way,

Day and night

Radiant light

Flows through me

Eternally.

There's a similarity I see to Emerson and Thoreau, when I remember Jamie and myself. In my vision, I see that Emerson and Jamie were the teachers, while Thoreau and I were their students. And it seems that both these students saw something needful beyond what their teachers taught them at the time they were being taught. What they saw had to do with their teachers' teaching, and not with their vision, for a good teacher lets his student have his own vision. The teacher's job is only to help the student see things clearly. It is the student who needs to fulfill his own vision.

These are teacher-student relationships that go beyond the norm and speak of the nature of how things are. From the standpoint of the student, both relationships create a huge reservoir of trust within the student, to which the teacher doesn't comment. And what moves is a continual feed from the student's standpoint. For the student is left to live within the trust implemented by the teacher, and that compels him to see something more. I see with my relating to Jamie that this relationship was inspired by and came from God.

I've been reading *Walden* for the first time now, and I see personal added strength and understanding from my thoughts relating to growth and change that Thoreau offers us. These thoughts change how I view my time with Jamie, which I thought was the be-all and end-all of my life. Letting go of what I thought previously lets me now breathe deeply and move forward. And I think I'll post my thoughts here to let them also breathe and move forward too. These are mostly random thoughts, kind of like what's written in a journal, but I thought I'd post them here anyway, since I post all of my writings.

At this time I've let go of the teacher-student relationship that Jamie and I shared before, for this relationship changed—it moved from associates, to lovers, to friends, and then to business associates. It kept changing, I think because Jamie needed it to change. And with that I needed to change my feelings about the relationship, until it got to a point where neither of us could see the point. Jamie didn't want us to be close, so we became business associates, but, as a woman, I had to deal with emotions about this. This is what has become of the Lord's gift to us both, which I've kept close in my heart, but Jamie questioned.

I don't think we're friends anymore nowr, or at least not the friends we used to be. I don't know where this relationship rests at this moment, so I've learned to leave this in the hands of the Lord. Pointedly, I can't hold onto the *on again, off again* passages that have become demonstrative for this relationship. Nothing stays that leaves and then comes back (the bible tells us all about that).

So, it is best that we just stay business associates. I don't think friendship will have its place here either, for he knows me and I know him, and we both need and want

different things. What has been hard for me to handle, specifically for the last couple of months, has been ending my deeper love feelings for Jamie. That's been my trial and it's much easier for me now to do because the on again-off again disharmony has hurt me deeply. I never thought this relationship would end this way (*there was SUCH potential!!*), but my accepting things concretely is best to do now as it comes to an end. I just give what the Lord brought together back to Him now, and trust His presence with this passage.

I think it's best to let all things work together to perfection, or work to their natural conclusion, just as He did when He was with us. Thoreau did this during his time with Emerson and afterwards. It all has to do with personal faith. I just see a similarity between my travels in life now to those of Thoreau.

Both Thoreau and I are of the natural world, so we speak the same language—honesty to see things clearly. And I am also inspired to speak to you from a vein of faith that has come into my life, so I can face the emotionally debilitating stresses that have been with me.

Truth and faith are great teachers. So, I have great faith that the truth *I am NOT* going to express here about myself and Jamie will show itself. I'm not going to hurt this man, no matter what he does to me and how my feelings reach out to the Lord now to help me through the pain. This is where faith rests. Mostly faith comes to focus in the pain that's present on earth. And the Lord shows Himself to us through our faith.

Prayer ~ My Lord, I pray that *Thy Will be done* with this relationship that has moved from darkness to light to darkness and to light again. Even as I don't have anymore need to be with Jamie, I pray that one day our friendship will show itself to each of us. One day we will meet and I leave this in your hands. I have faith.

From out of a trickle there come a gush, *and then the wall comes a-tumbling down. This has been an amazing situation, one I always knew was of God.* I just needed to see through the maze that the Lord put in place for me to finally lift up my hands in surrender, saying *"I don't know why you put this man in my life Lord, and I only know that I see your power and strength in your doing so, just as I see your love in every human being.*

Behold, I come quickly.

There's the lesson.

References

My ideas regarding *Walden* were first inspired by reading the “Introduction” to *Walden and Civil Disobedience* by Henry David Thoreau, with an *Introduction and Notes* by Jonathan Levin, © 2003.

About the Author

Jaclyn Henderson is a writer and free-write, mystic poet living in Port Orchard, Washington. A retired massage therapy teacher and Licensed Massage Therapist for twenty years in three states, she is also a retired Energy Medicine Therapist, teacher, and Pastoral Intern. She now volunteers her time as a licensed Registered Counselor who offers pastoral care and receives in-home pastoral care. She has applied for and has been rejected from twelve MFA programs (?) maybe due to her M.S. problems and this doesn't matter, for *all good things have their day*.

Jaclyn holds a B.A. in Independent Study from the Robert D. Clark Honors College at the University of Oregon, 1990, and is an accomplished quilt artist. She is published author of: *The Healing Power of Attunement Therapy, Stories and Practice* (Findhorn Press, 1998), which was translated into three languages, and is now out-of-print; one of her memoirs *Pilgrimage, Leaving the New Age Cult* (Wasteland Press, 2003); and her free e-books: *Writing Therapy*[™] (*Parts I-IV*); *Writing the Labyrinth; Healing the Body with Soul; Faith and CAT, Complimentary Alternative Therapies for Multiple Sclerosis, etc.* These free e-books are available for free download from her website: www.healingwithsoul.com.

She has written, with an *Invited Guest*, a quarterly Online Literary Journal called *The Grace Note* that was originally published at her website by the tenth of: March and June, 2005. Jaclyn may choose to publish more *The Grace Notes* in the future. This is a quarterly journal that relates to the Christian calendar year. Published authors and pastors are invited to email Jackie to become an *Invited Guest* for a journal issue of their choice.

Jaclyn has also previously published many poetry books, which are also available at www.healingwithsoul.com. Her poetry books include: *The Wisdom to Grow Downwards*, *Poems of Loss and Recovery*; *Full Circle*; *Inexpensive Entertainment*; *Second Coming*; *the Field of Faith*; *Home among the Stars*; *Now is the Time*, etc.

She has been a free-lance writer, Feature Author and Columnist for: *The Awakenings Review*, *Massage and Bodywork Magazine*, *Alternative Therapies*, *The New Times*, *The Higher Source* (out of Bainbridge Island, WA), *New Thought Journal*, *Resonance*, *Transformation Times*, *Portland Down Towner*, *Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary's Daily Prayers* and other publications for many years prior to her e-book publications.

Jaclyn lives with a variety of incurable diseases: Asthma, Bipolar Disorder and Multiple Sclerosis. She takes prescribed allopathic medications for these illnesses and prescribed naturopathic alternative medications. Jaclyn has the trademark for *Writing Therapy*® that encompasses her *literary ministry*. Her books offer Jackie's faith increase for God within her illness expression that she offers to all. Within her book of ministry that's in four parts, she offers *cues* for others to express their faith in the Lord. Well, it's just a start, and I HOPE many other writers are also inspired by my words and actions to also express themselves benevolently, openly and with love to others.

Donations may go to one's church or charity of choice.

