

ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT

BY: BRAD CULLEN - JANUARY 2005

"I'm going to die when I'm thirty-five," he said, his eyes boring into mine with intensive sincerity. He presently is thirty-four. Words began to form in my mind, but instead of blurting them out, I asked HIM what to say.

"Listen," I heard.

"That's interesting," I finally said, "do you feel like telling me about it?" His narrative held me spell-bound for about thirty minutes. I knew the question I was supposed to ask.

"Do you believe that it's God's will that you die in 2005?"

"Absolutely." He said this with calm certainty. "I believe in God and I know that I'm saved, so it's no big deal."

I just nodded my head, waiting for any guidance that might be forthcoming. It came quickly. "Do you trust me?" I asked simply.

"That's funny, you know," he replied, "I really do and I'm usually not a very trusting man." He said this with a wisdom that normally accompanies only the words of those at a greatly advanced age. "Here's what I was just given. First of all, Bill, this body you occupy is not you. You are not a body with a spirit, but you are a spirit that occupies this body known as Bill." He had been listening quite carefully and I knew that everything had registered.

"The prophecy and the dreams you just shared," I continued, "are totally accurate. Have you ever heard the words, 'it's no longer I, but Christ that lives?'"

"Yeah, St. Paul, I think in first Corinthians."

"Well, what I'm seeing is that this body which is known as Bill isn't going to die, but the real you is going to die to the body's influence - in fact, you are going to be a healer, but it won't be you, it will be Christ. I've been given quite a bit to share with you, but I'm sensing you need to sleep on what you've got. You don't need me to learn what I've been shown, Bill, and I'm not going to chase you, but if you want to talk for a couple of hours tomorrow, come get me."

"Okay, thanks, I've got some thinking to do."

Bill came over to me the following morning and asked, rather nonchalantly, if I was still willing to spend some time with him.

"Sure, did you get some thinking done?"

"Nope, for the first time in three years I was at peace. I know that I'm not going to die in the way I was thinking about. I slept for nine hours solid - I'm starting a whole new life!"

Another way of thinking about it? No! Suspending "thinking" altogether and hearing [and speaking] what Holy Spirit has to say. "No longer 'I,' but Christ!"

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