

THE LITTLE CHILD...

The apostle Paul in 1st. Corinthians wrote...

“We speak wisdom among those who are wise” we have no way of knowing this wisdom that Paul spoke of, yet we do. I have the same truth within me as the greatest apostle that ever lived, including Jesus Christ. As man, I have a well, a very deep well that flows out from beneath the throne of the one who created this dream by losing itself in time, by losing itself in the maze of all these illusions of all of us dreamers.

I am a dreamer. God became lost in me when I took the plunge into these murky waters of a lost world. Yes! I have a well of knowledge deep within my soul which once again has come into the world. Many souls there are, but only one Spirit. *We all are that Spirit.* It's the root of all that I am, or ever at any point in infinity will be. As I grew up, I had a happy childhood. My Father was a coal miner and so we weren't by any stretch of the imagination wealthy.

Far, far from it. On the other hand we never knew a hungry day. Our Father was a hard working man. Who did what he could to keep us clothed and fed. As I reflect on my childhood I can tell you that for most of my young years, I enjoyed the kingdom of God, for it was my domain. Did I realize that I existed in the kingdom? How could I? I had never been without it! I cannot appreciate something I have never been without.

There are of course degrees to any experience I have, and I cannot tell you to what degree I existed in Eden, but I can tell you that I did. Today I understand verses like the one that says “blessed are the children, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. As far back as I can remember concerning my growing up years, I enjoyed life without a care in the world. I had no worries concerning where my clothes were coming from.

I had no worry concerning where my food was coming from. I had no worries about a roof over my head and a warm bed to sleep in every night; I

just had no worries, no concerns. Everything was just handed to me in terms of all my needs. I lived my life taking for granted that all these things would always be there. My parents saw to that. I can think back on so many days and as I remember my youth, I touch a chord somewhere deep within me that has somehow become buried over the many years of this adult sweat life.

That little child is still there, it's within, but buried so deep by the cares of this world. It's like I woke up one day and found myself thrust out of the garden. The little children are blessed because of their faith in mom and dad, yet they realize not that it's faith because they have not yet lost it, and you cannot know the glory of a moment until it has passed you by. There is that redeeming life within me that can reflect back into the illusion of time and redeem the past by presenting it to me as even more valuable than it originally was

Because of the influence of a religion that has served its purpose, I had a really superstitious concept of the kingdom of God. Yet the same religion that has in one sense drugged me, gives me a book that tells me what? "The kingdom of God is, peace and joy and righteousness in the Holy Spirit." The reason why the Lord used the children as an example of living by faith is because they normally do.

They have not a care in this world. That my friend is what I reach for. It is within me, it's the little child that was long ago lost due to the cares of this life. That little child is the Christ in me. So I work out my own salvation by keeping my eyes on the hills, and listening for that still small voice that comes from the little child. In other words I'm waiting for that the Garden of Eden to surface in my consciousness. The garden, the little child and the kingdom are one. It's all deep within me, it's there with the well and is the well.