

Subject: How To Fix The Big C. Part 3 of 3.
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Subject: How To Fix The Big C. Part 3 of 3.
June 26, 2911.

We now have some words to think on.

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So many of earth have chosen not to change, not to move forward, not to believe and not to trust, even themselves. So many of Earth have given up, have not seen their absentee landlord G-d in many moons, have not felt the presence of holiness, have not seen the manifestations of m-racles. What humanity seeks as the proof of the pudding is so animated that it actually has taken form and walks upon earth disguised in humanity and humility. The energy of mi-acles desired may have taken the forms of raindrops that were deeply p-ayed for on one street but not another. What you seek as a planet now has more mass to it. The biology has changed and shifted in the land of the su-ernatural, the land of the unseen. The belief system of Earth has faltered because many do not see with the eyes of F-ith. Most have given up being rescued, most have given up on the a-gels, and many have given up on Go-. As a planet you are asked to believe in what is invisible, what cannot be seen, what cannot be felt or touched or smelled or tasted. You are asked to believe in a sup-rnatural being that has placed you here for your highest good and your highest growth and then walked away to another project. You have been asked to believe that every loss, every de-th every dark day has a divine opportunity wrapped within it a chewy center that you often stick to.

We come to tell you that the matter of it is the mira-le that you seek walks amongst you. It listens when you speak, it dances in your dreams, it sees the patterns of your heart. The miracl-s that humanity so needs is guaranteed by the universe if one will only believe to the final hour, for a miniscule pattern of doubt creates a lethal toxicity that cannot be diluted.

As the planets line up and the eclipses of the heart stake themselves out, a deep deluge of emotions, are raised to the surface - angers and ha-es, loves and tears are birthed under a sunset full red moon. As these eclipses birth themselves through the dark womb of life a blue veil of sadness will befall Earth, a heaviness of the heart. A great global saddening weighs down the pulse of earth. Many earthly upheavals will come and people will cry out to the Creator and the Sa-ior for rescue. Rescue is slow to mount their steeds. We must continue to swim to shore praying with every stroke.

It is a time of becoming a living breathing pra-er for someone outside of your self. The sadness that befalls is biological and deep of cellular and stellar content. A giant purging occurs on all of Earth as the planetary heart heaves a deep sigh. There is nothing to do but try heard to stay afloat during this rouge tidal wave. Choices cannot be seen in the clear light of day. Many will truly panic and the monetary system of Earth will show that. It is up to each and every one of you to hold high your contract of light above the watermarks of life. Life is circular of nature and this too shall pass but each day and night seems a year long. People that you have taken for granted may walk out of your life or off the planet. People will make choices that do not make sense to anyone around them. Often times these cellular biological upheavals are necessary to expose another shaft of light.

We are the Sirian Council of Light. Do not falter but continue walking forward for there is an end and beginning to all storms. What matters in your world. We leave.

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Oakbridge University - J-shua -
Message of the Day
Beloved one, you have a most wonderful saying that I see ones sometimes wearing around the neck: What Would Je-- Do? Well, what would I do? I would give love. I would give the hug. I would give the smile. I would give the word of encouragement. I would say, I believe in you. No matter what choices you have made, no matter

where your life journey has taken you so far, this is not over; the journey is not over.

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June 24, 2011

Go- said:

There is no finesse to life. No one outsmarts it. No body outlives it. Life delivers itself to you, and then it drops you off.

Temporary is this life on Earth. Everyone knows that, and yet everyone forgets it.

Life on Earth becomes so utterly serious, weighty, worth arguing about. There are fatalities of the heart. Why is that? Why cannot life on Earth be a lark? Why must life be so serious that hearts break and life becomes tenuous? Even if life on Earth increased its span, what difference would it make in the seriousness with which life is taken? To live life is meant to be for the good of all. Enmity isn't to enter in. Certainly, wars are the silliest things I've ever heard of. Hostility is intended and seems real when, all along, everything in life is water under the bridge. What you call reality is not reality. You call strife reality. Strive for peace, not strife.

I did not present you with a battlefield. I did not present you with enmity.

I set you in green pastures with enough for all. Would that My children could let go of ownership and all the matters that they consider crucial.

Come, enjoy the allotted time you have on Earth. Make it wonderful. Life on Earth is not meant to be endured. Whereas life is everlasting, your time on Earth is short. It is a minute, and, then, poof, it is gone. There is little time for hard feelings. There is little time to make so serious bills and mistakes and all those matters that My children do take so seriously. It has become the end of the world when you flunk a test. What insignificance do My children take so seriously, as if it were the end of the world.

While you have life, make hay while the sun shines. What else is there to do? Let go of your grip on life. Don't hold on tight. Let go and create a life worthy of painting. Be an artist of life. Let your art be seen.

For such a short time, make your life worth noting. Give and take some happiness. Increase it. Layer joy upon joy on Earth. Why not? What have you been doing? Sometimes you have heaped layers of grief one on top of the other. You have held onto tragedy, as if tragedy is what life is for. Oh, what a waste.

The world was not created for tragedy. Yet tragedies have been piled up. Tragedies have become a known quantity and handed out generously.

Someone has to stop this attention on grief and sickness and palpitations of the heart. You wait for Me, and I wait for you. It is not an impasse. It really is not. Just get a different handle on life and know that it is for joy, joy expected and joy unexpected. Let go of your hold on life and roll with it. Tragedy is what you say it is.

What if death were honored? Death of the body is inevitably the outcome. You don't want to live forever in the same body anyway. How associated you are with your body when it is such a nebulous thing, not worth keeping as if your body were the purpose of your life. Why keep an antique car in your garage? Sooner or later, you will trade it in.

If you had no possessions, how easy life would be. The Truth is that you have no possessions. You have no ownership. Life is something you spend time on. It is something you give to make others' lives a little better, a little easier, a little more forgiving.

Wherein does your life exist if it is not given in trust for all the lives that follow? Show the way. Show the way.

Heavenletters

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From Ma-thew *

Part 3 of 3.

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