

My God Comes to You  
By: Yours Truly  
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Smashwords Edition

Is god REALLY that omnipotent you ask? My GOD is. How do I know this? Because even when I thought it was me doing the searching, the grasping, the believing in, and the harnessing up of faith, did GOD come to me and say:

We are both excited. And *I have been hurrying your way as well.* I am with you. Even when you cannot find the strength to climb another rung to me, I am hurrying down the ladder to be with you. For I am not a wholesome, loving God unless I am willing to come down to your level and get you, because I Totally, in all aspects of My Name As God, LOVE YOU!

Sometimes I MUST show up sometimes, and these times will be the best times of our lives.....

### **About the Copyrighter**

Jay M Horne has been involved in psychology, spiritualism, and ninjutsu over twenty five years- since his first experience with interconnectedness occurred at the age of 10. Born in Jackson, Mississippi on December 1<sup>st</sup>, 1980, he attended various schools of martial arts and kept himself constantly engulfed in the study of philosophy. Eventually founding Ninja International, a school where students can learn from their own experiences and guide them selves to a deeper understanding of the world around them. Many years involved in different cultures led Jay on a mission to seek the ultimate experience of enlightenment. In 2002 his quest came to a head when he met a guru who would share with him stories that unlocked mysteries that every man eventually asks himself.

### **To Write to the Author**

If you wish to contact the author, please write to the author and we will gladly forward your request. Both the author and the publisher appreciate hearing from you and learning of how this book may have helped you in your own quest. We cannot guarantee that every letter can be answered, but all will be forwarded. Please write to:

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for Ben  
and the God in us all.

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May truth be with you and conscious guide you.

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*Versus by the Author*

*Did you ever find it?  
What you were looking for..?  
As a child, this fire wells inside us, It tells us that we have something special  
planned for our lives.*

*Did you ever find out what that was?*



*Or did you let it fade-  
And accept yourself as just another somebody?*

## Prologue

**“Changing the world is an inside job.”**

**–unknown**

I was only eight years old when I experienced my first unforgettable memory. I can recall it with ease. I perhaps, was an average kid, though I never really wanted to think myself so, doing not so average things. I would set a routine for myself each day to make sure I was moving toward my imaginative goals of becoming this or that. Climb the monkey bars, jump on the trampoline, study a book on plants and minerals, catch animals, and go running. A kid in action.

“Set your goals high.” My dad would say. “Write them down and let’s look at them.” We would get together, as a family, and compare goals. My sister, a veterinarian, my brother, a pro tennis star, and then there was me, *a doctor*. What I wouldn’t say is that, secretly, I could care less about being a doctor. I wanted to be a Ninja! Okay, go ahead laugh it out. That’s fine. What would you have done? I knew everyone would laugh at me. I knew no one would support me. How does anyone make money being a Ninja? I knew from the very beginning that I was all on my own!

Nothing was ever good enough for me. Every class I took, or job I tried always seemed to fall short of my expectations. With each change of tide I would look back at my meager achievements and say to myself, “Well, time to start a new chapter.” That was the funny thing about my life in general, everything always seemed to be occurring in distinct, well laid out chapters. As if I was living some playwrights’ script he had whipped up before my birth.

So, I know that every kid has their own share of problems, but undertaking the art of Ninjutsu at the age of eight, especially with the odds against you, was the single most important choice I was forced to make. That choice funneled the streams of energy in my life into a direct point of convergence. As I thought of everything I would have to practice, writing out each technique carefully on a pad of paper as not to forget anything, I came to an astonishing conclusion. I would, literally, have to teach myself how to do nearly *everything* in a certain way to achieve perfection. I found, therefore, a new definition to Ninjutsu. It was not only, how to perfect ‘fighting’, but rather how to become a chameleon, how to imitate anyone and anything, and to blend into your surroundings. This art was going to require innumerable experiences of mind and body, solely for the purpose to be *invisible* or unnoticed at will. This undertaking was not going to be easy, it was going to be a lifelong process and perhaps, impossible all together.

Some will say that mastering yourself, or *life*, for that matter, is exceedingly impossible and should not be attempted. But, there are those who have made it their lifelong work to do so. Albert Einstein spent his entire life looking for a unifying theory of everything. Bruce Lee spent his time on Earth looking for the answer to perfect harmony. Jesus of Nazareth gave life long dedication to bringing world peace, as did Mother Teresa and many others.

And so, at a very young age I set out on a journey.... A journey for

The Perfection of Life.



## 1.

### A Heart For Art

The backpack was not too heavy, it was all the moving about it was doing that bugged me the most. “They really need to make these things better for running.” I said as I pulled the straps tight and wiped the sweat from my forehead. Up and kick, two steps up the wall and I was atop the brick in an instant. Balance was really nothing, I had been running this wall to the bus stop for nearly a year and without a fall at all. The brick and mortar stood firm as feet pittered and pattered its surface at length.

The bus let out a loud hiss, “PSSSSSh.” I retrieved my bag from where it lay and told myself I would finish practicing my kicks later. I climbed the steps onto the bus nodding to the slightly crazed driver who would inevitably, slam the brakes on and send a few of us flying during the ride to and from school.

Elementary school wasn’t exactly as cool as the community dance, but it had its good side. That being Sarah Damon, a heartbreak in disguise. Her tresses were golden blonde, and her face, though not perfect in complexity, shined just enough to keep me mesmerized during P.E.

I am stolen away from my daydream by a deafening blow to the head., the big rubber ball makes a ‘boing’ sound a comedian would be proud of, “BOOOOOING!” I don’t hesitate. I am running full speed, gaining on my assailant. The grass is wet with early morning dew, and the air is thick with tension. He takes a sharp right, I slip, sliding at length into the fencing before regaining my feet. “You two boys, that’s it!” Mrs. Maloney screams, putting out a dead stiff arm in front of me.

Time out is for the birds. I am sitting, staring across the court at that jerk who still deserves what’s coming to him. In the end, I let it go. Something good would eventually come of that day though. My friend Marcus had hooked us up with a double date to the movie theatre that night. Sarah was his date and April mine. Sweaty palms doesn’t begin to explain my nervousness. “Okay, so it’s all planned out.” Marcus told me, and then, “When I give you the signal we’re going for it.” I nodded. I knew this was supposed to be the moment. The first kiss every little boy waits for.

The theatre was dark. We all were crowded into the back row, you know, in the corner, trying to get some privacy. I will let the fact that I can’t recall what movie it was we were there to see speak for itself. The bottom line is, yes, we got our first kiss from our date, but the kiss I got was nothing like I expected. It was, bad breath, coupled with uncomfot and awkwardness. I never asked Marcus about his experience because I noticed the eyes of his date, Sarah, connecting with mine ever so subtly. I began to get a hint. Perhaps she was here for the same reason I was, to see her, or me, whatever. Jealousy has started wars and ended eras. I knew this emotion was not for me, the moment I felt it. Seeing Sarah and Marcus together shouldn’t feel like this, and I knew it! I had taken a wrong turn somewhere, made a wrong decision, felt a wrong thought, and I was going to fix it immediately! I walked straight up to her the next day in school and told her out right, “Look. I have no time for girlfriends. I have to train and that’s all. Nothing else.” And with that I hopped on the bus headed for home, on the way learning a destructive way of tattooing myself with a straight pin. Later it would get me in deep, hot water.

The community dance was right around the corner. Despite my introvertedness of the previous week and my martial arts routines, I could not shake Sarah from my mind. I had heard since, that she had broken up with Marcus. Try as I might to forget the whole situation, I just had to know. I was going to that dance, no doubt about it.

People danced in the small building under disco balls, and changing lights, with the occasional smoke screen spraying in to the crowd and the all so familiar song 'Everybody dance now' blaring on the loud speakers. Jay sat silently in one of the chairs along the wall by the exit hoping not to get conned into another dance contest to cheesy music. Songs had played at length throughout the night, raffle prizes had been announced, and couples had danced their dance. Sarah on the other hand, had not. Sitting down beside him, she nudged him with an elbow, "So, you here to see anyone?" Jay turned a startled head to her and smiled, "You." He said. Sarah smiles back as he continues, "I have been afraid to cross this dance floor all night long. I have seen you over there and I remember what I told you, about having no time for you. I am sorry, I was wrong." She smiles and drops her gaze to the floor, "You want to dance?" he asks her. "There is only one song left." She exclaims. He knows that will do and lifts her chin softly, leading her to the floor by the hand. In the next few moments their hearts beat as one. They tell one another how they have felt for each other and they forget the world. The song had stopped long before the headlights of her dad's truck flashed through the blinds of the building. They were still dancing, "Oh my gosh. That's my dad. I can't stand him most of the time. I have to go, or he'll kill me." Sarah runs to the double doors and peers out the crack between them to confirm her fear. Jay's heart is pounding, he is utterly immobilized by the feelings that have overcome him. He hardly notices her rushing back at him, and then they meet. Her lips and his joined in a beautiful dance of infinitely soundless music. When it is over he is standing there, alone. She had left.

It wasn't more than a couple of days before I was back at school with a new found joy. I was nothing less than hopelessly excited to see her again. So I waited, and waited, and waited. News would finally come from April that her father had sent her away to Indiana to live with her step parents. I cried. My sorrow wouldn't defeat me though. I wouldn't let it! I knew that I deserved what I got. I should never had chosen martial arts over her in the first place. This was the bed I made, so I would lay in it. From that day forth, I vowed to train, and train, and train, until I made up for my mistake.

It would be years, before I loved again.

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