

The two Trees Within

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Forward

Man being who he is, is capable of making any mistake, but I have, to the best of my ability, wrote down the precise things of the vision that the Lord has given to me. This was the greatest of all learning experiences in my entire life, for in this case, I alone was the student, and while in the Spirit, I was amazed. Not only did it seem real, it was more real to methan the earth reality is.

I made a desired attempt to be as accurate as possible, in transcribing the events that took place in my vision. My memory may not be my strongest suit, but I do believe that this account is accurate.

I realize that many will take offense to some of the following chapters, and that is not my purpose. I have to do what I have to do, and that is write it, as I saw it before me. It surely was a neat experience, and like I said before, it was a wonderful, peaceful, and most needed happening in my life. To be a student, is great, to sit at the feet of our Lord, was more exhilarating than anything this world has to offer.

We all live in this world, and the world itself is drastically different than it was fifty years ago, during my

childhood. I have had no direct word from the Lord that the end as we know it, is near, but I do have a strong sense that something drastic is going to happen soon, an event. Call it a balancing or equalizing, something is apt to happen, because I can't see the same-o, same-o continuing. We, the world, are in an accelerating downward spiral of morals, and the attention that we are giving to our Creator God. God is almighty and man cannot create Him to be anything else than he already is, but yet man keeps trying change him.

Man has not had a conspiracy to destroy himself nor others, but man has been fed, and continues to feed others the hype and crap that our religious forefathers gave. Man still does not understanding the full Truth. I will be writing about this structure called 'church', and the terminology that I use in calling it a 'structure' and 'church', with a lower case c, is because I am speaking of the institution made by the mind and hands of the flesh, the carnal man. The Spirit wars against the flesh, and the flesh wars against the Spirit, so the following pages are an attempt to show the differences.

To those that can read this in the Spirit, leaving the carnal at the wayside, for neither are to be mingled one with the other. The Spirit does not speak flesh, nor does the carnal flesh speak in the Spirit. Those that are engulfed in the system of this man-made church, and especially those whose livelihood depends on that

system will be offended. I desire to hit hard at the carnal system, but in no way want to attack the people in it, afterall, we are all Gods' creatures and made in His image. Gods' true Church is alive and well, and waiting in the wilderness for the trumpet to sound, and it will. If you continue to read farther, it is my hope that your world will be shaken, and all that remains is a closer relationship with the Truth.

The harlot and the words whore and whoredom are mentioned many times in Scriptures, and we have been taught that they refer to the other guys, and I will attempt to turn that idea back around. All, that have a method, a ritual, 'a way that seems right', but still feel and understand the emptiness of the weekly gatherings, will find a Way, a Truth, and a Life that lies beyond the man-made services.

We are Gods' people, and all deserve to know Truth, and what's been going on for the last seventeen centuries, but in reality has been a glossed over atrocity. God is lifting up His voice through a people world-wide and His voice will be heard, and my hope is that you too will hear it. Please don't judge the contents of this book until you have read it to the end.

Each have been given that piece of God and nothing can destroy it, the rest of man feeding from the tree of Knowledge, is full of dead-mans'-bones.

Galatians 4:16

Where do I begin? I want to be able to say what God is leading me in to speak about and still not offend anyone, and at the same time talk about the things or happenings that need to be addressed despite some taking offense?

Before any growth can take place, any and all, have to be willing to accept CHANGE. Change involves RISK, we have to be willing to step from the so-called known and into the unknown.

If that which we are doing is working, then why would we change to something different? But if it's not attributable, then why would we continue to do it the same way? In other words: If you like what you got, keep doing what you've done. The definition of insanity is: Doing the same thing over and over and over, expecting a different result. Therefore, if we want something we've never had, we may have to do something we've never done, or see something we've never seen.

Folks, what we've been doing ain't working. We may have more technology, we may even have a greater understanding of the workings of the universe, but I don't

know of anyone with the brains of a lizard that would say that planet Earth is a better place to live than it was a generation ago. Yes, we like to pride ourselves in being bigger, smarter, prettier, and more sophisticated, when in fact we're in an accelerating downward spiral of disintegrating ourselves and our entire environment. Human nature isn't growing kinder or more appreciative; we're certainly not smarter than our forefathers, mankind has descended to a place that we don't even know our neighbors, and not many of us could even point which way is north. What was called a fifth grade education seventy-five years ago is now called a high school graduate.

This ain't working folks, what man is doing to man ain't working. We've made a change all right, although subtle, it's been constant, slowly descending to the depth we are now, a world that not only doesn't know his next door neighbor, but probably hates him. We are anything but united. What ever happened to loving your neighbors, heck, what ever happened to loving ourselves? Thinking about it, this might be the problem; we hate ourselves. Therefore, man has no choice; we love, or maybe better said hate our neighbor with the same degree of affection that we use on our self. Looking at it this way, mankind might ought to look at himself, so that he can see the guy next door differently. If we can't respect our self, how in the world can it be expected that

one would even know how to respect or love the guy down the street or the person across town.

We, the human race, and even more precisely, Americans, have been fed a bill-of-goods. All are taught from our youth up to pledge allegiance, and I'm not just talking about to our country, but also to a set of ideas from the religious system.

Think about this. Democracy or a Republic is a great idea and looks good on paper, and as a matter-of-fact it is a great plan, but only in an ideal world will Democracy work. Power corrupts, and giving more power, it will certainly corrupt even more. We've been taught the idealism of a certain government, something that isn't, or maybe even can't be. Freedom, truth, and rightness are slowly, subtly being taken away from the majority of the people mainly by our pie-in-the-sky ideals and the pressure to bow to the political correctness that is being forced on us. I could probably write a whole book about this subject, but this is not what I want to express. Again I hope I can tie this manner of teaching that has been taught to us to the real subject that I think is so sorely needed for us to see and then internalize.

Now, I said all that so I could say this: In the religious world, it is no different. I'm not using the word religious as a good word, but in its' purer definition. Religion or religious simply means methods. Did I just say methods? WOW!!!! I may have just completed in that one word all I

wanted to say, maybe even just completed this book. There is even one denomination that uses that word in the name of their calling card.

In all religions, each and every one of them teaches one thing, and they all have it in common. That there is something we must do. I'm not leaving any religion out of this category, be it protestant, catholic, mormon, muslim, buddha, hindu, or any of the independent or even the home groups. There is virtually no true teaching of the true and pure Love, Grace and Mercy. All religions demand that there is always something we have to do to keep our status and fellowship with God. Folks, listen to me. This is not rocket science nor do you have to be a road-scholar to understand this. Nothing can be farther from the truth!

Love is simply Love. Grace is simply Grace. And, Mercy is just as simple, it's Mercy. God just simply loves us, not because we've earned it, or deserve it, or believed it, or made a proclamation or a confession, and certainly not because we stood in front of the first roll of pews and let everyone come up to us, shake and howdy and then go on their way. It can be so elementally understood that; God just loves us, just simply loves us because that is what He does. Love us. Not because we meet at the building on the corner every week. Not because we pray, or read our bible or that we did or acted any certain way, He loves us because He loves us.

I'm thinking that at least one time in our lives we have all thought of God in a man sense, that is to say that we try to put our human attributes or maybe better said detrimental qualities onto God. His ways are not our ways and His thoughts are not our thoughts, so maybe it's time to stop trying to create God in our image by manipulating Him to a human standard with our earthly qualities.

All of us have been taught by the religious system that God only loves the good. The ones that obey Him, follow Him, seek Him, and spend their waking hours showing this great love that we are supposed to have, or at least show the appearances that we have them. That's crap! God just plain and simply loves us. Not because we're pretty or have a gift for speaking, or because we went to some cemetery school, or that we can pray some beautiful prayer, or sing well, or read the bible often, or talk to others about Christ or any other high standard or good morals that we may have achieved. God just loves us for what we are in Him, his image. God didn't so love a part of the world that He gave, He so loved all, where we are, in spite of who we are, or what we are, or even in spite of what we do or don't do. God doesn't love because we've proven ourselves worthy, or for that matter He doesn't withdraw His love because we've proved ourselves unworthy. God loves and sets His approval on us because that is who, and what He is. The heart of every religion is that we must be doing

something or saying something, you know acting religious, before we are recognized in His eyes. Again, that's crap.

All, in this earthly body have fallen short, none in this clay vessel can measure up, but God meets us where we are, in His image. WOW! That's not really hard to understand, but it's certainly not what we've been taught. The Man within is Him. So as a matter of speaking we are all in the place where God wants us to be, in Him. No, no, no, we've been going or listening to these seminary teachings, I mean cemetery teachings that there is the good, the bad and the ugly. All, according to mans' ways are about good and evil, and our judgments of people are based on our learned concepts of what good and evil is. In the tree of knowledge, good and evil both grew. Jesus asked; "Can a tree produce both good and evil (corrupt) fruit?" NO. Not unless they are the same thing. When Adam chose to eat of that fruit he was choosing his independence. And that's all good and evil is; independence. Let us not forget, that God also placed in the Garden another Tree, the Tree of Life.

INDEPENDENCE

When you and I were walking in the Garden of Eden, we walked with God. We were with Him and were one with Him. There was a relationship between us and God that was truly a oneness. Our spirit and soul were one, and we walked in a fellowship totally dependent on each other. We were created for companionship, and God said; this is good, this is very good. Therefore it's not hard to understand that our Creator had a use for man, as man had an inert desire, and total dependence on Him, we were one together.

But as Eve, (the soul), seduced Adam,(the spirit), they both ate of the fruit of the tree that produced one fruit; good and evil. At this time we chose our independence. Receiving that fruit, we ate it, becoming wise to the things of this world, but at the sacrifice of our relationship with God. We surely died. We chose Independence and then saw that we were naked, and at this time put into use our worldly tools of wisdom and made our selves clothes to hide our nakedness.

In a nut-shell, this was mans' genesis.

Some umpteen years later, God sent his first begotten Son, (born of flesh), to restore our relationship back to the rightful owner, God. Christ was to get back the keys that were seduced from us, thus restoring our dependence and relationship back with our Creator, even allowing Himself to be hung on the cross completely naked to take on our shame, and He did. Our first action after our independence was to hide our shame with the covering of leaves, made by our hands, and Jesus' last earthly act was to be crucified naked for our shame, thus restoring all that was lost. When I say 'all', I mean all that was given up by you and me, Adam and our soul, Eve. We were emancipated by that which Christ Jesus did and gave to us, not that we're now independent from the garden of Eden in our new given freedom, but that we now have the true freedom to choose God and His Way, Truth, and Life, therefore now we can, because of Jesus, eat of the fruit from the Tree of Life. That is; trade our independent life from the other tree, to a totally dependent Life that God has given to us through His Son. That is REST in Him. Faith. Adam, in the beginning didn't labor, nor do we that eat of the Tree of Life labor, much less carry a net full of burdens.

A vision by light of day

It was early one afternoon not so many years ago that as I sat on the front porch of my house and I was then called into the Spirit by a vision:

For some reason I found myself standing in the barn behind the house, what I was doing wasn't clear, but at this particular moment I seemed to have been cleaning for I had a pitch-fork in my hands maneuvering some hay from one side of the barn to another. The barn was a mess, things strewn every-which-a way, and stuff that should have been put up and/or arranged a long time ago filled every space that there was. It was so messy and cluttered, the roof had started to leak, and several of the slats on the siding were beginning to come loose. There was virtually no room left in the barn, rendering it useless, or so it seemed.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw some movement through cracks in the slats of the siding, and could tell that something or someone was coming towards the place I was standing. Thinking to myself, I wasn't afraid, and if it was some mischief then heck, I had a pitch-fork in my hand. Just a few moments later I could see that help had arrived. But I wasn't expecting anyone, and besides, I

didn't have a clue to who this person is, or where he came from.

The man standing before me was big, and I don't mean big like Hoss Cartwright, I mean huge like John Coffey, the man in the movie "The Green Mile". He looked to be a mix breed of several different races, for I could see Oriental, Hispanic, African, and maybe a touch of Caucasian. But anyway he was a large fellow, and had this kind, full face smile that touched a spot inside of me, that I could feel all the way down to my toes.

He flung his hand up, and let out this big-ole howdy that sounded more like a song than it did just a greeting. It warmed me to the bone, and for the first time on that warm late summer day, I felt good. I was no longer tired and my back quit hurting. Responding with a hello, I asked if there was anything that I could do for him.

"No" was his come-back, "Just thought I come up here and talk a little, if you've a mind to". It seemed the whole barn was lit-up and filled with the combination of sweet smelling grass, and the smell one gets after a brief summer shower. I don't think that I've ever turned down a pleasant conversation and the chance to rest, so I pulled up a bale of hay and invited him to do the same. "Ross, I understand that you're going through some stuff, and are pondering on some of the deeper things of your Daddy". I knew what that meant, I often referred to God as my Dad

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