

OUR FATHER'S TALKING
I ♥

And
He Sent Us to Get You—

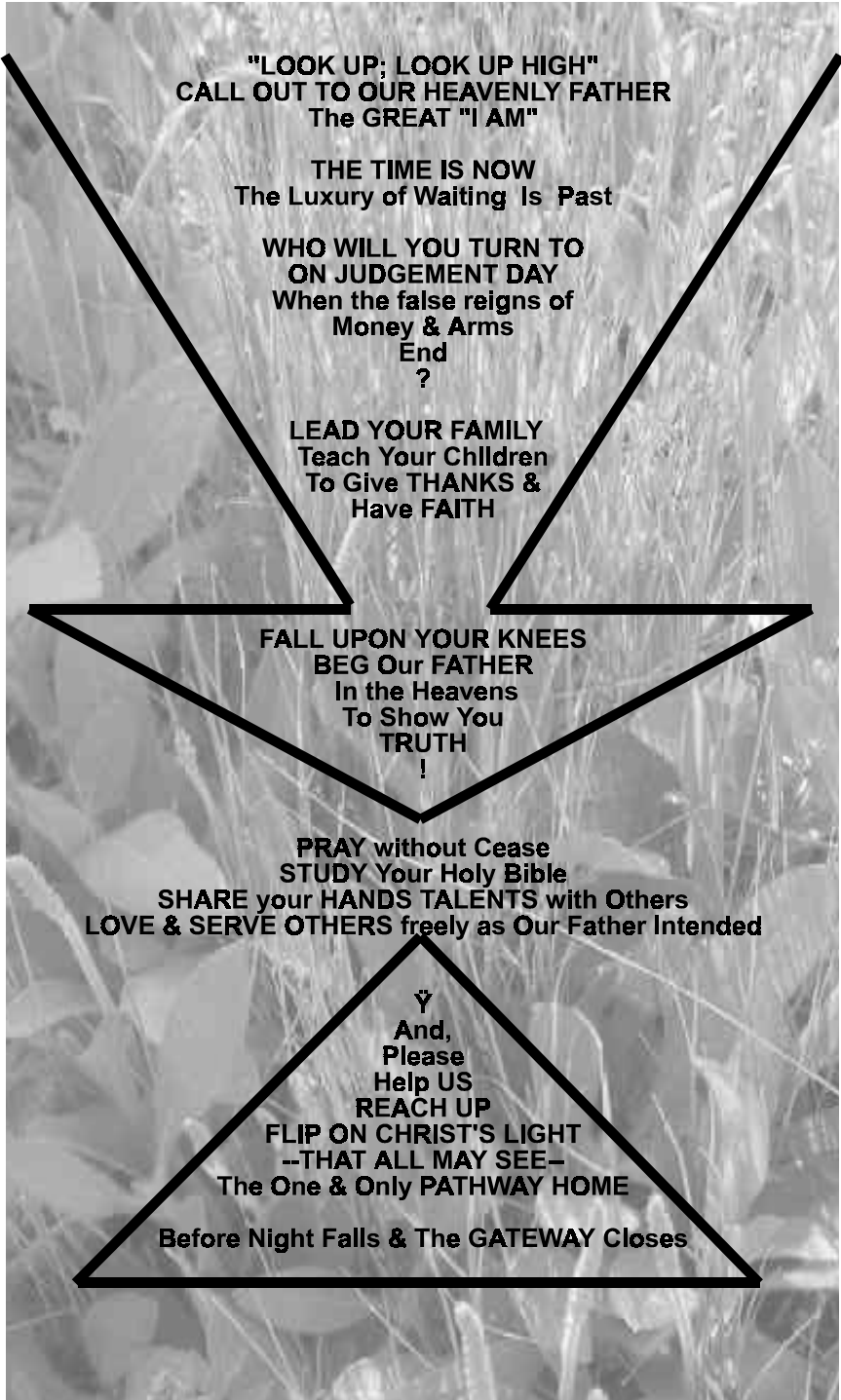
**“It’s Late—GO NOW:
Bring As Many TO ME as humanly possible,
by the hand in love”.**

05.15.2006

**COME ON
PEOPLE, LET'S
WAKE UP
&
REVIVE
AMERICA**

IT'S
TIME
TO GET
READY FOR
INSPECTION DAY!

**PLEASE, HELP US GATHER the MANY on this
Mission of HOPE, LOVE & Faithful OBEDIENCE
—your citizen sister, cj Randolph**



hearts and to lead our thoughts, desires, decisions, and actions. We must see our national budget, as a *mere* extension of our personal.

If we cannot afford to take our families out to dinner, *we can't afford steak & lobster tax write-offs for government officials, lobbyists, or business executives.* If our children must ride in worn cars with balding tires—our public officials can use public transportation. If we cannot visit our families because gas is so costly, *we can't fuel weekend jets* for politicians. If we cannot afford to take our children to the doctor, *we can't afford pay raises for Congress.* If our children cannot attend public funded preschool because: *they speak the native language of the country to which we pay taxes* **OR** *because the necessity of our twelve hour a day working class existence makes us too wealthy to qualify, something is desperately wrong.* If we cannot make ends meet without plastic indentured servitude because of taxation, *we can't give tax breaks to big business.* If our elder citizens eat dog food because social security isn't *so secure*, then *dump Congress' self-approved "pot of gold"* at the end of the *retirement rainbow.*

When we, the *Working Class*, can't afford something, we don't buy it—yet our tax dollars are pooled into one big kitty *and liberties are taken with those mutual funds to satisfy lobby whims, shams, and near-sighted decisions which cause our families to suffer.*

I suggest it's time to *reinvest* our grassroots voices in common sense efforts and prayers—clearly our tax dollars don't set us free from further responsibility. It's time to join hands, hearts, minds, and lives—*ALL for One & One for ALL.* Let's promote a plan that better serves All hu-mans in this blessed land of Milk & Honey!

And one other thing...

Peace Up to the Highest Everybody—
Your citizen sister,
cj Randolph

Planting SEEDS for a Better Tomorrow
Down Here On FREEDOM FARM ROAD

turbosistercj@aol.com

Contact Me—If we can help Pump Up the LOVE at your event!

**Hey PEOPLE
Randy & cj here--
These two Old High School Sweethearts
turned
2 FAITHFUL BEACH BUMS
Need your help**

**We're Asking you...No Begging You
To Gather Around, Listen Up, & Join Hands**

**ALL for ONE
&
ONE for ALL**

**It's TIME for Us
As One humongous Family, To Step Up to the Plate
&
Take Responsibility "GRASSROOTS STYLE"**



THINK ABOUT IT:

**“Every word we speak or leave unspoken,
Every act we participate in or turn our backs upon,
Every thought we conceive whether
Carefully analyzed or impatiently dismissed
Moves us one step closer to the future
we are destined to reap.”**

—cjRandolph

THE MOST AMAZING DAY of MY LIFE!

And, I've had many amazing days in my life!!!!

January 2006

Our Heavenly Father — **The GREAT “I AM”** **Came to me in Song:**

Then

A voice behind me called.
“COME”

*I turned, crossed the room, and fell upon my knees—
in Reverent Awe
for*

STANDING before me—In VISION—was

“The Son of Man”

***Calling me to HIM—to Prepare & Comfort us—
like a Father***

**THIS BOOKLET IS A TRUE STORY
BROUGHT TO YOU
BY THE HAND IN LOVE**

Just like I was told

From the HOME PRESS on FREEDOM FARM ROAD

September 2007

Please, Read this book COVER to COVER, then *like a baton*—Pass It On

March 26/28, 2007

Good Morning to All in our **U.S. Family**,

My name is **cj**—I'm one of your citizen sisters, and we need to talk.
Please, join me for a “deep think discussion” about some *mental matters*
that really matter.

A **wild fire** is growing in our homeland—lit and relit by many sources,
but “We Can” control it by “*putting our hands together and working
together*” as **ONE UNITED FAMILY**.

It will be like planning a road trip vacation—for a large, impatient, multi-
personality family.

It will be putting our selves on a strict budget...a belt tightening diet—
for the good of one & all.

**Granted, it will not be easy, it will require ideas & actions beyond the
customary left and right choices, and it will require concessions &
commitment, but as they said, “We Can Do It”!**

Granted, it will not be easy—there are *301.5 million* of us, with at least,
602 million points-of-view. **Think about it:** It is nearly impossible to
get *even a small group to agree: who-to, what-to, when-to, where-to,*
how-to, and why-to because we are driven in different directions intellec-
tually and emotionally—*and money matters!* No one begrudges an-
other's right to life and liberty—after all, our earthly fruits are gifts, yet
all desire happiness and justice. When taxation burdens our hard earned
“*payday to payday*” dollars for services that we ourselves need, **yet do
not qualify**, and then, **must somehow manage to pay again, privately,**
something is wrong.

**Granted, it will require ideas & actions beyond the traditional left &
right choices**—because *neither time honored effort serves justly—
rather each bleeds the pulsing veins of working class citizens. Working
Class hands serve others.* Most people I know are **Working Class War-
riors**. They value family, education, G-d, and country. Each approaches
life differently. Few qualify for federal funding and/or public programs.
G-d's **Grace**, Personal Effort, and A thin gray line separate most from
the **lifted and assisted**. None complain about helping others—they live
the **Golden Rule** and are too tired at the end of long workdays to engage
in tax law & equity battles.

Granted, it will require concessions & commitment—the apple cart
must be upset...top down. Our grassroots voices must be heard *all the
way to Washington: Working Class Citizens need our help.* First, and
foremost, we need to pray everyday for our leaders and citizens alike.
We need to ask **G-d Our Father** in the name of **His Son**, to **speak to our**

Heavens to Honor Our Creator, His Call, and His many Blessings and Sacrifices on our behalf. It will be our opportunity to say: Thank You, Dear Abba—We LOVE YOU, too—In a Holy UNITED state—Just like He’s Calling us to do!

Visualize: It is *our* opportunity to Glorify His Name: by singing songs of praise as we walk—*our united voices carrying thru the air floating to the doorway of Heaven*, by praying together each time we rest, by reading scripture aloud: “The Revelation” for instance, and “HEBREWS”, “ROMANS”, “PSALMS”, & “MATTHEW”. Each evening when we set up camp for the night—we can read a chapter aloud. We will get to know one another—*growing our faith*—helping both those who SEEK & those who BELIEVE move closer to His Light!

FAST FORWARD: In effect, we would learn to care about one another; therefore, when the storms do begin to hit our soil, we will be bonded—and will reach our hands out further to those in need —*whole-hearted.* After our **United Experience**, I can’t imagine resting content until all are well.

PLAY: I want the I LOVE Sole to Soul—United States Journey to catch on from sea to shining sea! *Please discuss it with your family, friends, neighbors, co-workers, teachers, doctors, hair dressers, business partners, clients, patients, music-mates, biking buddies, store clerks, on-line contacts, trainers, pastors, youth ministers, recording artists and DJ’s, and everyone else you encounter in your personal walk thru life!*

IMAGINE: A NATION of G-d’s CHILDREN... **TOGETHER** —GROWING IN FAITH as **One United NATION**...instead of wasting the days away! We can be the ones to make a difference in our lifetime and for all eternity! We can affectively impact the lives of all, by inspiring each to take comfort and rest with our Father’s Plan beneath the veil of Christ Jesus. **Let’s GO; Together As One!**

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HE LEADS, SAVES, & TEACHES Daily

Like they say, “*ALL THINGS IN CHRIST*”

HE SPEAKS

HE PREPARES US—Step-by-Step

HE MOVES ME THROUGH MUSIC

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A LETTER to Think About

**To Our Many Brothers & Sisters of these United States—
grown from seed of the many nations—Hand Planted in Pure
Love by Our Heavenly Father**

In January 2006, I began receiving Messages & Warnings
from “**I AM. I AM Your FATHER.**” One of my grown children
advised me to introduce myself before handing you the heavy load...it
seems good advice—so please take a minute to **MEET this MESSEN-
GER...your citizen sister & fellow time traveler.**

My name is cj...Cindy to some. I am an *everyday* woman—a
daughter of the earth, a soulful sister, a wife, mother, grand-
mother, aunt, and educator who was introduced to the **Father,
Son, & Holy Spirit** at an early age, yet spent little time in organ-
ized study...even less in private; however, by **Divine Design**, I
acquired **G-d’s Breath** before my own. I feel *His Presence*. I
sense *His Nature*. I understand *His Heart...at least in part.*

**Although I was introduced to Yeshua...Jesus Christ at an
early age** through Sunday school and song “*Jesus Loves Me*”
& “*Jesus Loves the Little Children of the World*”, I didn’t turn to
Him, instinctively. I went straight to the *F*ather. As a child, in
the 1950’s, I laid in bed beneath my covers—holding tightly to a
rounded metal treasure found in a street gutter near my home. I
believe it was an army cockpit transmitter—probably from WWII.
I would *depress* the send button with my small fingers & *pray*
faithfully into the built in microphone, “*Earth to G-d—Hello G-d,
this is Cindy. Please Bless ALL the people of the world.*” Then I
proceeded to name everyone I knew.

**I was a tomboy through and through, and back in those
days, we kids played outside**—sun up to sun down—unless in
school or doing little chores for our parents. We ran together in
neighborhood packs, and usually had a clubhouse of some sort.
Ours was an old green tent—complements of the **U.S. Army**. A
sign “**No Girls Allowed, EXCEPT Cindy**” hung from the en-
trance. We often played soldiers. My code name was **Joe**—that
was the best name for a successful soldier *in my opinion*. (See, *I
had two uncles who, as prisoners-of-war, barely survived Nazi concen-
tration camps. Back in the states, they remained mental prisoners—one
sullen, one drunk—both hid from the memories. Neither was named Joe!*)

**We spent a great deal of time preparing ourselves for fu-
ture events**—digging foxholes in the backyard and building forts

Go NOW— WAKE UP & REVIVE AMERICA!

If You’re Confused & Undecided—**PRAY About It—Ask G-d to
Show you Truth and
HE WILL!**

AND NOW FOR THE CALL TO ACTION:

PLAY: Well, it’s here, the last day of January, and our
brains are fired up with great ideas—thanks to Our Holy Fa-
ther of course!

REWIND: Randy labored three days to chart a route for **I
LOVE: Sole to Soul—United States Journey**. Supposedly, if
one could walk **24** hours *straight* at a rate of **3** miles *per hour*, you
could travel the approx. 2,600 miles **East to West along I-40** from
N. Carolina to California in about **36** days, but since most of
us need rest along the way, it would take a bit longer. So,
bikes & buggies would be helpful for the long haul!

PLAY: Anyway, we’ve been thinking about the “Walk to
Emmaus” events sponsored by the United Methodist Church.
We learned about them earlier this month when we went to
Sunday service @ First United Methodist Church of Eureka.
They are cool spiritual journeys where you walk the same
path as other seekers for days—*in silence*—praying & listen-
ing for **G-d’s Voice**. The events are scheduled monthly at
different sites and imitate the original **Walk to Emmaus:**
where two men journeying along a road by foot—*back in the
day*—met **Our Messiah Yeshua—Christ Jesus—needless
to say**, their lives were altered—*eternally!*

VISUALIZE: My thought on the matter is this, **I LOVE Sole
to Soul—United States Journey** will help do exactly what **Our
Father** said—“**Bring as many To Me as humanly possible—
by the Hand in Cove**”. Promoting the event—on TV, radio, &
print, on-line, houses of worship, & college campuses—we
could draw a *sea to shining sea* of **Committed Believers &
TRUTH SEEKERS—Together Beneath the Veil of the**



out of *downed trees* and *old cardboard boxes*. We ran up and down the street searching our neighbors' curbs for discarded treasures—like cast away *Christmas trees* lying as shocked, dying soldiers on a battlefield. We tied the trees to our bicycles and towed them home. **Shiny, silver icicles clung to their dry-needled arms like badges of honor—I couldn't help feeling sick inside, as I watched them die.**

What stood tall as welcomed visitors in our homes weeks earlier—crowned with stars & angels, bells, balls, and lights... heralded with sacred awe & anxious excitement, center points of thought and song—laid helpless and decaying in our yards. They awaited the demeaning trash truck ride to the city dump to rejoin their friends—the **equally glorified**—the **equally betrayed bows, boxes, and wrappings**.

We salvaged cardboard boxes from big, trash dumpsters behind *Buddies* our neighborhood grocer's store. As a united neighborhood tribe, we walked or biked the quarter mile to the vacant alley then climbed into the dumpsters one-by-one and rooted amongst rotting vegetables and cigarette butts for the best boxes we could find. Once unburied, we drug them home—and attached each end-to-end...flap-to-flap making tunnels and opposing forts. Then, we gathered seasonal ammunition from the yard—mudballs, small rocks, occasional snowballs, and—good 'ol "Indian Needles"—perfect for picking, licking, and flicking.

Finally, we pitted ourselves against one another and unloaded our stockpiles—pelting our opponents from those backyard forts and foxholes—*mimicking the battles, we caught glimpses of on glorified war movies shown on Saturday TV, as we paraded in and out of the house in search of Sugar-Sandwich Rations*. And, we didn't stop pelting each other until we ran out of fuel, or someone ran home crying—or we bored of the game. I didn't know it at the time, but we were acting out the heat of anxiety that fueled our nation...left over from *WWII*...made possible by unresolved hate & long-distance missiles—*The Red Scare... The Cuban Missile Crisis... The Bay of Pigs*.

A few families in our neighborhood went so far as to build underground bomb shelters in the middle of their backyards—it was a time when our minds & our nation were still innocent enough to believe that little concrete boxes with hinged tin doors five inches beneath the grass could protect us from evil.

I was unaware then of the wretched slaughter of 6,000,000 Jews in Europe—Yahveh’s Chosen People—Yeshua’s Family. I didn't fully grasp the horror of it all until many years later when, as a teacher, I read *Ellie Wiesel’s Night* aloud to 150 seventh graders—reared on **political correctness** and **religious freedom**. We wept together—fifty minutes a day for several weeks. *We wept* for mothers, fathers, and their babies. *We wept* as our vision of humankind was blurred & blinded—our minds branded—our innocence bathed in reality. Our collective social conscience—ignited! Although we sat safely on the sidelines of time and sea, we will never be the same.

As a teenager, I was on the fringe of the hippie-movement.

I dressed the part, yet steered clear of joining the protests for two key reasons. First, I was scared. I was not *emotionally* capable of opposing my *much beloved* earth father or the tightly held values of his generation—despite the worlds of thought that separated us on matters of politics and people. I feared dishonoring the hands that fed me; I feared losing my father’s respect; and I feared clinging too tightly to my own beliefs. Second, I was not ripe. I understand, now, that *G-d’s Hand* was lying tightly upon me, holding me back from formulating my own opinions...too soon.

But, the spirit of the anti-war marchers filled my head and heart with fresh-breath—serving me hope from the inside out. I watched them *willingly pay the hefty* price that comes from standing in vocal opposition to those around you. They were ostracized by their country’s men & women—*for utilizing a First Amendment right afforded them by the Founding Fathers of this nation*. To compound the confusion and painful burden, many protestors’ parents shunned them as well—leaving protestors alienated from country and family alike. *But, despite the costs*, they followed their hearts and stepped closer to *God’s Law*—“*Thou shall not kill.*” In the process, a few died and many were wounded—*emotionally & physically, but G-d Himself had etched His Commandment deeply into the core of their souls long before they were born.*

I watched Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. march & pray publicly across the screen of our TV set. I saw the ire of a nation who thought he, too, was far out of line—*though he owned the same right* to “life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness” as eve-



FATHER HELP US PRAY
By OUR BRAIN SOUP 3-30-06 A Soulful Drum song

**FATHER help US pray—Open up OUR doors
We’re bowing on OUR knees
FATHER, help US please**

FATHER help US pray
Hold US close to YOU
Down here on OUR knees
FATHER HEAR US, *PLEASE*

**FATHER, help ME pray—Got so much to say
I Need to share with YOU
Please draw the words from ME**

FATHER Help US pray
Hold US close to YOU
Down here on OUR knees
FATHER HEAR US, *PLEASE*

FATHER, help US pray—
“[*YOU are*] Looking Down Out of the HEAVENS—
Calling Out [*Our*] Names—[
YOU] Gave [*Us*] YOUR EVERYTHING...
That [*WE*] Could SERVE and LOVE ONE ANOTHER—
For ALL ETERNITY!”

FATHER, help US pray
**Please, Hold US close to YOU
Bowed Down here upon OUR knees
FATHER, HEAR US PLEASE**

**FATHER, help US pray—
-To Serve YOUR Final WILL:
To Join OUR Many HANDS & STAND w/YOU as ONE**

FATHER, help US pray
Please hold US close to YOU
Down here on OUR knees
Begging *FATHER* Please—PLEASE HELP US PLEASE YOUR WILL!
—To GATHER As YOU’VE CALLED—
STANDING ONE and ALL
In YOUR CIRCLE of PERFECT LOVE

12.10.2005

By Your Side

Lyrics by cjRandolph October 5, 2005

Musical Composition by Randy Randolph October 5, 2005

All I—ever—wanted to be was...by your side,
Inside—your life,
So much—time has passed now—I don't remember where I was heading
I lost—that feeling—that—I had

It really—doesn't matter—anymore...anyhow
Look around, and you'll see
Everyone falling and fighting, trying to find their way...in the dark
The oceans...the sea of clouds
Melting life—before me

Never thought! It would be—anything—like it—has turned out to be
I'm sitting here in your heart...in your life—
On the lake

Living the dream that we dreamed *when—*
We only dreamed of what was...and never could be

Now—we are here, together—
Finding our way back home—In the darkness
That we've created—*for ourselves*
All I really ever needed was being here—with you, right by your side

That's all—
I think—that it should be—
You are my—desti-nation, my destiny, my fate
And I am glad I—walked behind that—sli-iding door.
I don't know, what I—expected to find
When I stepped across that magic-line, you drew in the sand of time.

Before today—and forever—
I'm just—happy to be—here with you—
Could you—feed me some more of that Princess Treatment that you fed to me,
Before I crowned myself your Queen?

I'm much more a follower
I need some power...strength...something to grab on—to
You like to walk behind me
You like to stand—In my shadow
But *I've never been the one—to cast—a very dark line*
I've tried to tell you so many times—I'm not a leader—yeah
I want to hit rewind
I need a strong—shadow—to walk beside.

GUESS WHO HEARD MY CRY & GAVE ME STRENGTH to GRAB ON To?

ryone else. I saw him pay the price with his life, and although the civil rights' movement was anything but pretty, *we have been blessed to see the fruit of his love ripen upon the tree of life.*

Prejudice spewed through the airwaves of this nation like weapons of mass destruction. I sat quietly in my own thoughts—listening to the opinions of others, yet rarely speaking out—lest prompted by classroom discussion or a mandated report. It was the safest place to be—at the time & *remains so today—* although it causes *deep internal scars of self-disrespect.*

Two months after I graduated from high school, I married my sweetheart...my friend. We're still happily together, today, 35 years later. We have *six* amazing children—three of our own & three who complete us—handpicked in marriage...by our first three. Together, they gave us *four Grand Children—Our Grand Angels!* We are truly blessed.

We attempted the church house movement off and on numerous times over the years although we never bought the package, for reasons—until now—beyond my understanding. Still, we raised our children in faith...*based more on walk than word—seeded by love, up-righted by the depth of our roots, and nourished by the Hands of G-d.*

I could never fully grasp the concept of an earthman being the Son of God; even though, I fully admired *Jesus'* dedication and commitment to follow **His Heart—***all the way to His Death—*pleading for *our* forgiveness down to his last breath. See, I reasoned it this way. If *Jesus* walked the earth, then he was my brother. I felt like I was a good person, *too.* I mean I was a peace-loving individual. I turned away from the hot-breath of prejudice. I fully believed “**Thou shalt not kill**”—*even bugs!* I thought, ‘*Why should I have to go through Jesus to talk to Our Father in Heaven.*’ I mean, I thought, ‘**HE is OUR Father. HE CREATED ALL of us—not just Jesus.**’ Granted, *Jesus* went to his death believing *He* was the **Son of Man—***dying for us, but* if I want to talk to my *earth dad,* I don't go through one of my brothers—*no matter what—even if* one of them has a better way with words. I just go straight up to him myself—build my own case—depend on my own ability to connect. **So why—?**

PREFACE:

In January 2006, I learned “why”—straight from “*I AM: I AM your FATHER*”

Actually, amazing things started happening a long time ago, but I finally learned the identity of the **Driver at the Helm of My Ship.**

One Saturday, my husband set up our musical equipment to practice for an upcoming gig. He even hooked up the recorder, so we could analyze our efforts and weaknesses, later. As he fine-tuned his bass guitar, I limbered up vocally. ...doing a little stand up comedy. Without discussing it or fully realizing it, I was crying out for help to ease the emotional pain I had been experiencing for a few years.

I was finding it more and more difficult to accept the condition of our world. The ritualistic fussing and fighting and Blame Game finger pointing we exercise every day while thousands of children fall victim to starvation & disease.

My music had become Bob Dylan-ish and Arlo Guthrie-like. I was trying to raise awareness through potent, thought provoking story songs, using simple, folk riffs...with catchy beats to lure my audience—sort of like KY Jelly for the brain. It came to my attention long ago that we will ingest much more through music than we will through the spoken word.

So anyway, that Saturday I warmed up by taking on a silly pseudo persona. I bantered into the microphone, “Oh my gosh, I wonder if he’ll come today?”

At that exact moment, the Heavens parted and Our Father entered!

I was sitting on a stool in the hand-built belly-womb of our home—a log cabin that *Our Father* literally held our hands to build—when *He, Yahveh—Our Father G-d made HIS Presence known—thru Song...using my vocal cords!*

Now, it’s critical to mention here that I have never been a religious zealot. I actually blame much of the world’s ills on religion and those who spew it into the air like daggers at the hearts, minds, bodies, and souls of others while purporting to know the



FAITH IN LOVE

Put in Randy Randolph’s Head 3-22-06

Trust in Love for Self-Confidence
To Believe In Love Creates Devotion
I Promise to adore with tenderness
You Can Always Count On Me
You Can Always Count On Me

Faith In LOVE, Faith In LOVE, Faith in LOVE, FAITH IN LOVE

Do Not Despair

To Have HOPE IS FAITH
Your True Conviction is Trust in LOVE
Your Compassion is So Warm
We Can Make A Difference
We Can Make A Difference

Faith in LOVE, Faith in LOVE, Faith in LOVE, Faith in LOVE

02.26.2006

RAIN DOWN THE LOVE

Our Spirit SOUP—Head chef “I AM” 3-06 Reworked August, 06

Hand to Hand Pass Sacred Answers

Round & Round the Family Fold of Time
Defended By Our Breath
Snarling Black & White—Superficial Soul
Thickened By Time!

04.15.2006

Rain Down the LOVE (x’s 4)

Rushed Around All Mornin’—Still Made It By 9
Time to Drink in the Moment & Offer Up My Dime
Life Keeps Crowding Me—I Need to Be Somewhere!
Preacher Keeps Preaching—I Gotta Get Outta Here!

Rain Down the LOVE (x’s 4)

Where’s Everybody Going—Let’s Stop & Pray
Sorry About that Father—Already Did That Today
I Thought This Was My House of Prayer
Sorry, Dad, Gotta Be Somewhere
PLEASE, Just Stop & Pray
I’M TRYING TO SHOW YO THE WAY!

Rain Down the LOVE (x’s 4)

Everybody Keeps Struggling—But Nobody Can See!

Our Father "I AM" Sends Comfort & Awareness in Music...

THE WAY TO LOVE

Delivered to Randy Randolph March 2006

The Way to Love

There's a Decisive Sign

No Motion Wasted

On Unsure Paths

It Just Is, It Just Is, It Just Is

Feel It From Your Soul

Forget Reality, Let Go

What's Inside Will Lead You

Feel It, yeah, Embrace It

It Just Is, It Just Is, It Just Is

UPSHOT

Scribed by Randy Randolph 3-20-06

We are traveling down two paths

Riding along a single vessel journey

The voyage is heading for the same destination

To Serve One Purpose—Single Goal

We Are Upshot Bound,

We Are Upshot Bound,

We Are Upshot Bound...

Our Intentions they are the same

Neutral in OUR resolve

Resolution void of single minded limitations

Our Minds they are Made Up

We Are Upshot Bound,

We Are Upshot Bound,

We Are Upshot Bound

We are traveling down two paths

Heading for the same destination

Our intentions they are the same

Cause we're Upshot—UPSHOT BOUND!

thoughts, depths, & expectations of our Creator *The GREAT ONE*—The Great "I AM".

It has been said in scripture that we can only know The Father through *The Son*...but only The Father can lead us to *His Son*. That circle seems confusing in human understanding & dimensional reasoning, yet that is exactly what happened! **1st The Father came in Song**—an aged, wise man, followed by **The Son**—a more youthful version of the same **Holy One!**

Note: Before we go too far—you're probably wondering **WHY I leave the "o" out of G-d**...good question and easy answer. My spiritual journey has been a huge learning experience. It is a sign of reverent respect for *Our Father*—to eliminate the "o" on *disposable documents*. Then If the document gets thrown out with the trash—*Our Creator* won't be disrespected. *If it's difficult to internalize*, think no further than the **American flag**. Custom teaches us to *burn* our **U.S. flag** if it hits the ground—the reason, **R-E-S-P-E-C-T**.

Another Note: Why do I call **Our Father G-d "Yahveh"**? Because that's what the scribes of ancient texts called *Him*. That is also what Native Americans call *Him*. The same goes with calling *G-d's Son "Veshua"* instead of **Jesus**. I am talking about *the same Holy Ones*—I am simply respecting the original names.

Peace Up to the Highest Power of Love, cj



So, with no further ado—HERE come the Messages—
that I received from Our Father in January 2006!

“I AM” sang His Heart’s Song—breathing Faith, Hope, &
Love into the air, yet He was heartbroken & angry like a
parent who spends every waking moment’s energy *Serving*
Others, yet is cursed, trampled & ignored in return—but still
Forgives & Loves.

“Every thing’s gonna be alright.... Every thing’s gonna be okay
All We’ve got to do Is put Our Hands Together
All We’ve got to do Is Work Together
Do you hear Me—Do you hear Me, child—Do you hear Me?
I AM Looking Down OUT OF The HEAVENS!
I’m Calling your name—Can you hear Me, people?
My Tears are Dry—
I’m sending you MY EVERYTHING
I have Given ALL that I Have
I have Given MY LIFE—
MY SON for you!
&
I Gave you
My Arms & My Will—
I Gave you My Spirit—My Self—My Mind
I Gave you Everything—
My Feet, My Hands, My Eyes
That YOU could SERVE One Another!
That YOU could LOVE One Another!
That YOU could SERVE One Another for ALL of ETERNITY!
I Thought you would TEACH your children—
I Thought that you would LOVE your Mother—she’s given
you EVERYTHING, Everything!
I GAVE YOU LIFE!
To hell with ALL of you, but still I LOVE & still I Forgive
I AM. I AM your Father.”

Every Single One of Us
Carries Seeds of Possibility Within--
That NO other Human Carries--
IF We Fail to Plant Our Individual Seeds,
We forfeit Our Unique Opportunity to Serve.
Never, in a hundred million light years,
Did I imagine performing publically,
Especially Since

My 7th grade music teacher damaged my little psyche

Instructing me to “just hum”--since I couldn’t carry a note--
But that was then & this is now,
And although I still can’t carry a note,
I’ve got things to say that need to be said
So here I stand,
Plunking my guitar & Planting My Seeds
And it feels good--Real Good
You see,

I am passionately driven to make the most of this LIFE JOURNEY--

I hope you will too--Because
It’s my way of THANKING Our CREATOR for His Saving GRACE, &
Through Elevated Awareness, Individual Actions, &
FAITH in Our FATHER’s PLAN!
So come on People--
Gut it up,
Swallow your pride, and
Plant YOUR seeds!
Peace, CJ

Plant Your Seeds

By cjRandolph—started 1999 in my journal—stumbled upon 8-2005...finalized 9-15-2005
Dedicated to all the little children of the world—for now and evermore &
To our ever-nurturing Mother Earth, & to Our Heavenly Father...Creator of ALL

Looking out the back door,
Heading for the front door,
Wondering if we're wasting our time,
Speaking our minds
Cause they aren't ready, aren't ready to see.

And a voice answered
They weren't ready for Emerson or H.D. Thoreau,
Weren't ready for Socrates or Plato,
Weren't ready for JFK or Mohandas Gandhi,
Weren't ready for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. or Jesus Christ
No, They weren't ready.... weren't ready to see,
So why waste time worrying if they're ready for you and me?

They followed their hearts &
Followed their dreams,
And Planted their seeds because **THEY** believed,
Did it w/sincerity...did it w/real dignity...did it **For Humanity**
Did it for you & me!

Like Sheryl Crowe said, "What it all boils down too—is..."
THEY BELIEVED,

But following your heart & following your dreams isn't cheap &
It doesn't come easy

Socrates paid the price w/his life,
Gandhi paid the price with his life,
John F. Kennedy paid the price with his life,
Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. paid the price with his life,
And YESHUA—Our Christ Jesus paid the price with His life
& Fire fighters & Soldiers & Scholars & Protesters pay the price w/their lives.

See,
Some things wither & Some things thrive,
There's no way to know if Our Seeds will survive,
Just, follow your heart, follow your dreams, & plant your seeds
Do it w/sincerity...do it w/real dignity... do it **For Humanity**
Do it because **YOU BELIEVE!**

Don't second-guess—just do your best—Set them FREE-& Pray They Grow!

Hey, if **Gandhi** sat down with us, today, what would he say?
If **Kennedy** were president, today, what would he say?
If **Dr. King** spoke to us, today, what would he say?
If **Mother Teresa** walked up to us, today, what would she say?
If **YESHUA** dripped blood for us, today, what would he say?
If **Socrates** questioned us today,
"Are we wasting our time, speaking our minds?"
What would we say?

Just follow your heart, follow your dreams, and plant your seeds
Because **YOU BELIEVE—**

Do it w/sincerity; do it w/real dignity; do it **For Humanity!**
Now, you may never see—the fruit on them trees,
But Plant Your Seeds...yeah Plant Your Seeds—& Let Them Grow.

Footnote: You may be feeling a little freaked out & unnerved @ the prospect of planting your seeds because, hey, who really knows if we're wise enough or smart enough or if people will show us 5 cents Worth of respect. But I'm asking you to just take a minute to realize that G-d sent you and nobody else to deliver the Seeds of Possibility that you carry inside. Still, it's true that we humans have a tendency to ridicule that which we don't understand—they laughed at Johnny Appleseed—BUT, hey, who's Laughing NOW? Soooooo, Jump Out there, defy the Odds, and PLANT **YOUR SEEDS!**

09.02.2005

Special Note: Uncomfortable or Not—*Please*—THINK ABOUT IT: As Our Father "I AM" sang His Heart using my mouth, *everything was sweetly compelling*—though heartbreaking, *until* His Words "*To hell with All of you*". That part was like eating bitter fruit—it literally tasted bad! It was shocking & painful. When I began sharing His Song—didn't want to repeat that phrase. It left me torn wide open...aching. Every time I thought of it OR attempted to repeat it—even in writing, *it was bitter*. That one phrase caused me & others great distress. But, then Our Father led me—*took me by the hand* to "EZEKIEL 2:7-8 "*You must give them my messages whether they listen or not. Listen, son of dust, to what I say to you. Don't you be a rebel too! Open your mouth and eat what I give you.*" EZEKIEL 2:8-9 "Then I looked and saw a hand holding out to me a scroll, with writing on both sides. He unrolled it, and I saw that it was full of warnings and sorrows and pronouncements of doom." EZEKIEL 3: 1 Then He said: "Son of dust, eat what I am giving you—eat this scroll! Then go and give its message to the people of Israel." EZEKIEL 3:3-9 "Eat it all," He said. And when I ate it, it tasted sweet as honey. Then He said: "Son of dust, I am sending you to the people of Israel with my messages. EZEKIEL 3:14-15 I went in bitterness & anger, but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me. EZEKIEL 3:17 "Son of dust, I have appointed you as a watchman for Israel; whenever I send my people a warning, pass it on to them at once." Several times, I deleted "to hell...", but EZEKIEL 13 [warns against *whitewashing YAH'S Truth*.]

Then, His Son—Yeshua, Christ Jesus spoke: "**Come**"

I went To *Him* as if sleep walking—led by *The Holy Spirit*.
I feel the need to explain that, from the moment "I AM" entered, I was unaware of all things in this physical world. My focus was solely upon Him—His Words, His Grace, & His Homeland. My husband heard "I AM" sing & saw me cross the room & fall upon my knees in tearful reverence, but he did not hear "I AM" speak, nor see Him.

He Appeared in VISION: *His Arms were Widespread and Welcoming. His Elbows bent gently, and the palms of His Hands opened upward. His long, white-beard and the draping, v-shaped sleeves of His white robe moved gently to the rhythm of a soft breeze. I was in reverent awe. He Is Alive & Holy—He Is Majestic Living Grace. He was close enough to touch, but I knew time & great space separated us. It was the most amazing moment of my life—Sacred to the Mega-pty!*

He Spoke, again:

“It's Late. Go Now: Bring as many To Me as humanly possible—by the hand in Love.. I want All with Me as My Children—Standing Together as One to greet what ever

comes. I will veil you with My Self. I will take the first hit upon My Own Back. *I Will Not Leave, You—No Matter What.*”

His Voice was Sincere & Straightforward—

He Is Ready—

He Drew No Lines of Division.

Every One is Welcomed & Wanted—*He Calls ALL to Stand with Him—NOW—as a Father...we, as His Children!*

HE sincerely desires “as many as humanly possible” to COME—to Gather To Him for COMFORT.

It was a HOLY, SACRED, Divine Meeting, and I clung to every word *He* spoke—not wanting to miss a grain. I understood the Magnitude of *His* Presence and the importance of *His* Message—as if seeds planted within the core of my soul long ago sprouted, the minute I *Heard Him* speak.

He Returned—Unexpected & Unannounced! He Took me by Glorious Surprise—Just as He Promised, so long ago, when He left us I was a speechless, young child sitting at my Holy Father’s Feet—overjoyed by His Presence and Glory! An endless sea of tears streamed my face. Every fiber of my existence rejoiced and feasted upon His Presence. He had been gone so long I had almost forgotten Him, yet the moment He Called, I knew His Voice. It was as if He secretly hung His Promise To Return sign over the Doorway of My Heart—long before it was mine.

He Rose Higher—Then Stood on the Threshold of

Heaven’s Gate: The Gate was made of three, thick, hand-hewn, dark wood timbers—simply formed: two—up right & one horizontal. They formed a perfect doorway for *Him—slightly wider* by a comfortable degree beyond *His Widespread Arms*. In height, it was over-sized a bit—higher than *His Head*. *He* stood center-point. I could see *Him* full length. *He* was tall & slender—clothed in a long, white, flowing robe. *His Arms Widespread and Welcoming. His Hands* were open—*His Palms Upward*. Although no walls were present, I could see into *His Homeland* only through the gate. Out of respect, I avoided looking inside—like standing on the porch at



**Think about it:
-16,000 Children Die Daily-
From hunger related causes alone:**

**667 per hour;
12 per minute;
1 every 5 seconds**

**Is this how Our Creator Thought We Would
SERVE & LOVE ONE ANOTHER?**

**SIMPLY PUT:
CLEAN WATER, FOOD, & PRAYER are needed**

OUR race is against TIME & SELF

ONE WORLD FAMILY!

**Remember HURRICANE KATRINA?
Recovery comes through action--
Yours, Mine, & OURS
GRASSROOTS STYLE**

**Think About This:
One day soon, we may cry out for others to help save
our babies & for refuge in another country!**

**GET INFORMED
Make a COMMITMENT
GET INVOLVED
RAISE AWARENESS
START WITHIN
EXPAND!
Peace,
cj**

**Check Out
BREAD FOR THE WORLD
There are many UNIQUE ways to help--
START with PRAYER then GET CREATIVE--
Feel the Heartbeat...of Mothers, Fathers, & Babies!**

11:12

I Have One Question; the question is, "WHY?"

Thanking our FATHER for the job HE's done—while sucking in Early's slow-rising sun
Giving thanks for the gift of this decked out ride—given for me & you—mine & yours

Those of us straddling these North American shores

Feeding from the pantry of Mother Nature's corridor

And as we talk—cause we talk for awhile—I muster up the courage to ask HIM—"WHY"

So many others around the world got to die?

I know it sounds ungrateful, but still it's true

I simply have to know—WHY—so much was given to me & you

While others got—poverty & hunger—death & decay—&

Mothers laying babies in premature graves—in this—"HIS"—World of Plenty.

And a tear fell as HE stared my eye—Think us both started to cry

HE said, "I gave the Earth, the sea, and the sky

I gave MY hands, MY feet, MY eyes—I gave MY heart, MY soul, MY mind

That *my children* might LOVE *one another* enough to share the free flowing feed—from

Mother Earth's big-bosomed teat—oozing Womb-warmed Milk for ALL to feed.

Then He stared me down a little while longer, before finally HE said:

It's time for you to crawl out of bed—& spend more time inside your head

Take a deep think w/the face in the mirror—and let your GLARE—hang THERE

Then take up the matter of this chatter with your sisters & your brothers

Study eyes and lives—then ask each other "WHY?"

So many others around the world got to die

Why there's—poverty & hunger—death & decay—&

Mommas laying babies in premature graves—in My—Gift of Plenty!"

So here I am—Put back in my place—Addressing you, my family—face-to-face—

You know, there's really very little standing between us & them

Outside of borders and boundaries—sea & air—&

Man-made fences built w/weathered boards—Rusted shut on hinge-sprung doors

Rusted by the tears of time—Glued w/the ignorance that warped our minds

So, I'm asking—"WHY?"—my brothers and sisters—like I was told to do

Here to Plant HIS Seeds inside of YOU

Let's take off our shoes for a minute or five—set them down right by our sides

Set our pigs free—free to fly—free to catch the view from Heaven's eye

Free to breath the earth, the sea, & the sky—&

When they've—seen—all they can handle—can take no more,

We'll welcome them home to the comfort of OUR children's corridor

But before we rest easy for the rest of the night—Let's reach across the room

Pick up—Slip on—Lace up real tight—somebody else's pair—FULL SOLE

Walk around for a day or seven—Feel their heartbeats—Rock their hungry babies

Kiss goodnight the weary heads of desperate-eyed families—praying beside near-death beds

You know, there's really very little standing between us & them—

Outside of borders & boundaries—sea & air

Man-made fences of weathered boards—Rusted shut hinges & hinge-sprung doors

Rusted by the tears of time—Glued w/the ignorance that warps our minds

So I'm asking—You—my Brothers & Sisters—"WHAT ARE WE WILLING TO DO?"—

With these hands, these feet, these eyes—these hearts, souls, & minds

To get Mother Earth's—FREE-FLOWING—MILK of PLENTY

Into the starving mouths of desperate-eyed mothers, fathers, & their babies

Before the final good night—in this, "OUR" World of Plenty?

someone's home unless you're invited in, *but still it was my Father's Homeland, & I was drawn. Clearly, He understood my hunger to see and gave approval to my desire—because for a brief moment, He allowed me to feast upon the Glory Beyond.*

He Let Me Look Past Him: I saw the *most beautiful*, Up Rolling Pastureland—bathed in a subtle wash of watercolor green. There was no debris or distraction of any kind. Serenity and Grace *soothed My Soul—enveloping the moment—in perfect peace.*

**He Took Away My Sight as He Spoke:
"There is much you will never know."**

His Words anesthetized me—and in that blinded state, I drank from the Ancient Holy Waters of Time *submerged like a sponge in A Sacred Cup—or as an infant still in the womb—feeding from the umbilical cord—drinking life from His Body & Blood. Either way, His Spirit filled me with New Life & Sacred, Ancient Knowledge, for which I had no deep studied foundation.* I did not see or hear another thing until I awoke standing near center point at a T-shaped intersection in a massive stone temple. I was at perfect peace with His Words—*which intrigues me because I am analytical by nature and question everything & everyone, but not that time—not Him—for I knew Him as TRUTH.*

He Filled Me with TRUTH while my eyes were blinded:
He said the Time is Now—He wants ALL to stand with Him—He said He will shield us—VEIL us with Himself—He said He will take the—1st hit upon His Own Back—He said He will not leave us—no matter what!

He Took Me Inside a Temple: I do not know if I entered through The Gate, *but when allowed again, to see, I was standing alone in a wing of a Massive, long, Sacred Stone Temple with high ceilings.* I remember the room was *narrow—compared to its height.* It seemed to be a Holy Place—*definitely sacred & serious.* It was made of Giant, Rectangular-cut, stone blocks. I remember feeling cold. I saw no one initially...*not even my escort—though we stood side-by-side, for He talked, as we walked down the long, open aisle (corridor) of the chamber.*

*NOTE: Recently, He led me to 2 photos inside Holman's Illustrated Bible Dictionary that resembled...to my mind's eye...the room—from the outside! One is a Temple's *Holy of Holies Place...* where the Covenant of the Ark was originally stored! The other was the original Jewish Temple that sat just outside of Jerusalem.

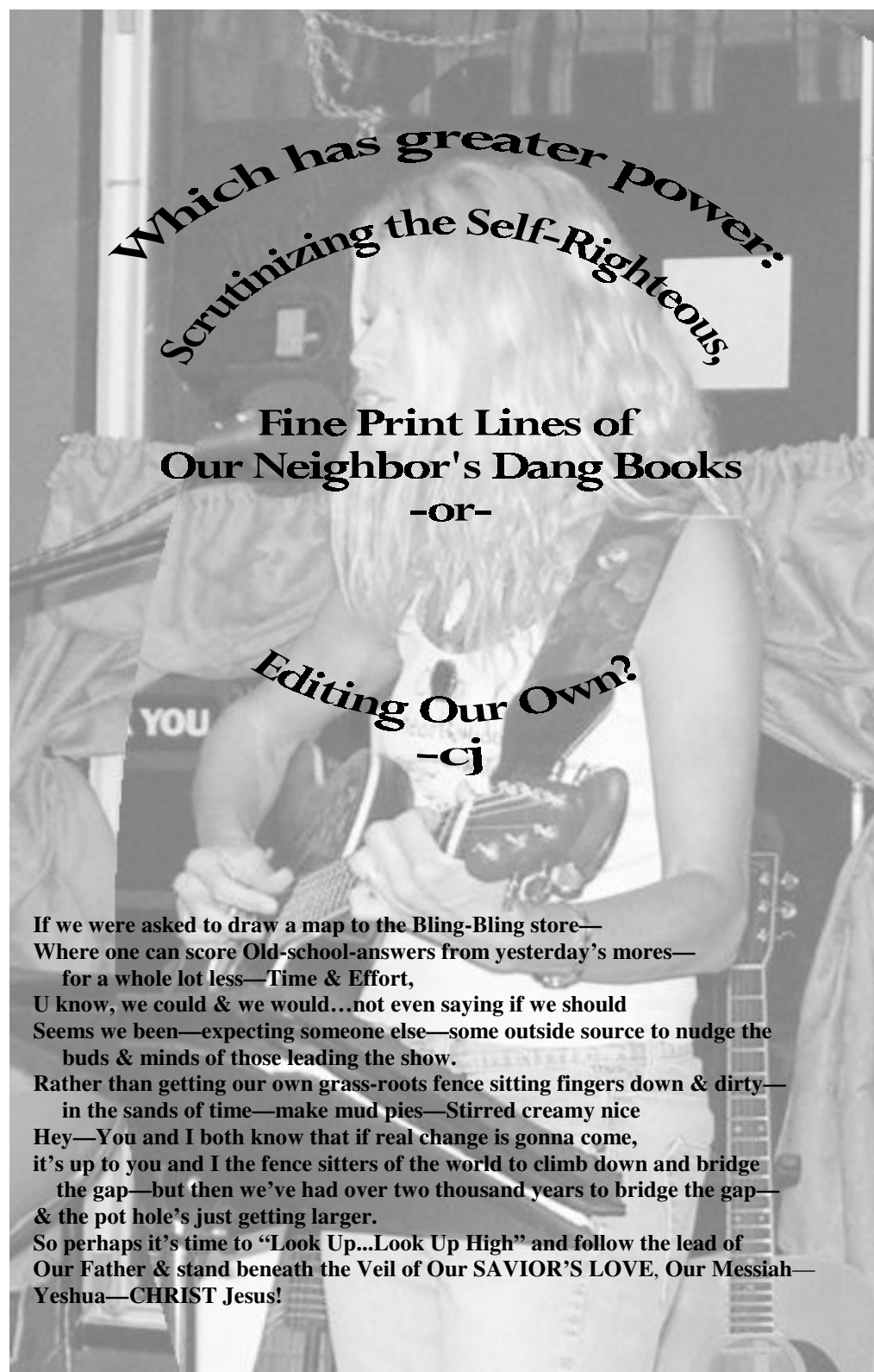
He told me the story of His Youth. He said, “*There was a time when I was young that they were angry.* [*At that point, I briefly saw or sensed thrones, and although We were alone, I could hear many voices!] Two numbers stuck out in my head afterwards: 12 & 24. He talked of His 24 Elders—and how He had hurt them. Suddenly, We were inside a smaller, square room—with lower ceilings. I saw His Elders gathered around. They were discussing our atrocities against Him—they were angry and thought we should be banished from all existence. (At the time, I didn’t know what we had done—but have since come to understand it was when we Crucified Him on the Cross) He stood silently outside their discussion—listening. (I do not know if it unraveled before us—or if we were simply looking back thru time together—it seemed I was witnessing His 1st Return to His Homeland.) Finally, they ruled—condemning us (earth beings) to become fuel for the rest. At that point He spoke. He spoke in our defense—challenging the decision. He explained His Belief that Negative Seeds can be transformed into Positive Energy if held long enough in Perfect Cove. They turned and stared at Him in disbelief—shocked, dismayed, and offended. They had ruled from a position of honor against us—To Honor Him—because of the horrible thing We did To Him—and there He stood—correcting those who truly Love Him in favor of us—the riff-raff. They were more than a little hurt & upset—they felt disrespected. They could not believe He spoke against them—HIS OWN—to take up for us...those who betrayed Him!

But, HE IS LOVE! —HE purely “LOVES OTHERS AS HE LOVES HIMSELF”—and that means ALL OTHERS—not just friends and family!

Note *I was allowed to listen to fragments of those Ancient Conversations between Him & His Elders in order to understand—the urgent implication of His Present Call to us.**

**Ultimately,
They put our original sentence on hold &
Put His Plan Into Action—
for a Predetermined Period of Time!**

- ***If His Plan succeeds:***



**Which has greater power:
Scrutinizing the Self-Righteous,**

**Fine Print Lines of
Our Neighbor's Dang Books
-or-**

**Editing Our Own?
-cj**

If we were asked to draw a map to the Bling-Bling store—
Where one can score Old-school-answers from yesterday’s mores—
for a whole lot less—Time & Effort,
U know, we could & we would...not even saying if we should
Seems we been—expecting someone else—some outside source to nudge the
buds & minds of those leading the show.
Rather than getting our own grass-roots fence sitting fingers down & dirty—
in the sands of time—make mud pies—Stirred creamy nice
Hey—You and I both know that if real change is gonna come,
it’s up to you and I the fence sitters of the world to climb down and bridge
the gap—but then we’ve had over two thousand years to bridge the gap—
& the pot hole’s just getting larger.
So perhaps it’s time to “Look Up...Look Up High” and follow the lead of
Our Father & stand beneath the Veil of Our SAVIOR’S LOVE, Our Messiah—
Yeshua—CHRIST Jesus!

BLAME GAME by cjRandolph —Summer 2005 **sprawled out—soul side up** on our faded blue, dry beached, 2-seater paddleboat —after fishing CrabCreek w/my guy.

Been thinking a lot lately about what is & was & could be—& where I've been standing all these years.

Seems like I spent a lotta time watching, listening, thinking—w/o much doing.
To a large degree, it served me well—filled my headpack w/most everything I might ever need

Took to the fence—tablet in tow—dodge primetime lime in the finger pointing Blame Game occurring down below.

I wasn't trying to hide, but it worked to my advantage just the same—I was PALMOLIVE clean

I didn't suffer from being far-sighted, and I didn't suffer from being near-sighted

I was pretty certain I was 20/20—10/10—my vi-sion clear & perfect I was a peace-loving individual—do you know what I mean?

Can you relate to any-thing that I'm saying about this finger-pointing Blame Game?

Are you sure that you're so pure—Or—are you maybe, just a little bit, baby —partially to blame—like I'm sculpting here 'bout myself?

Seems like I ought'a spend more time reading between the fine print lines of my own dang book

Although they say, "You can't judge a book by its cover,"

We seem long content—catching eyeball glimpses of each other's.

We study them hard & study them twice trying to value-surmise the superficial hidden prize

And as for us, the Paper Back Writers, we rack up millions—billions--zillions in plastic indentured servitude interest for camo-clothes, tucks, & creams bells & whistles & knock your drool gleam

Yet rarely do we invest a hard day's cent on the mental matter that really matters

Say—If somebody walked up to YOU, today, & asked what you want to say & promised to follow your lead if "YOU", yes YOU, would simply illustrate—dictate—orchestrate—detail deep A twelve-point plan that could better serve All hu-mans in all lands w/Pure unadulterated JUSTICE-for-all-Living Things & Mother Earth's Milk of Plenty

Well, could U...would U...be willing to take the time to dream up a better plan—to plant FRESH seeds 4 humanity if it could feed the babies in every land...& treat the ill with docs & pills despite ability to pay OR locale...& build bridges of peace over every hill...

Or should our tax dollars set us free from any further responsibility?

Do you just sit around—like me—content w/your perfect-minded ideology—Scrutinizing B-grade actors dole near-sighted ill-logic across life's big screen

You know, you & I—fence-sitters anonymous—are the heart of the blame—caught strangle-hold deep in our fence-sitting game—

Blind to the power we hold—like ticks & fleas just riding along on a dog—We gotta Jump Down-or-Stand Up—

Hard Plan in Hand—Rock the Action—R U w/me, man?

Gotta Give Our Creator some elbow room—Hit the ground on our knees

Ucte these hands, minds, feet, eyes, & lives—to please—H3is Standards *not ours!*

11-12-2005

*He will bring ALL of us back into favor...our sins forgiven.
With our negative energy purified—we will be worthy of
Eternal Life in the Holy Dimension.*

"Nothing impure will ever enter it" -The Revelation 21:27

• **If His Plan fails,**

The high court's original ruling will be implemented...*thusly our sin punished—and we become fuel for the rest.*

The Predetermined Time is nearly exhausted!

***His Plan failed by His Own Standards, and
He Is shattered:***

***"My Tears are Dry" He does not want to leave Anyone
behind, and it is killing Him —***

***Everyone is PASSIONATELY—Wanted & Welcomed to
COME To HIM while the gateway is still open!***

**Perhaps we should lift our BIBLES from their showcase
positions & study The LIVING Word—
Unveil G-d's Own Messages & Warnings.**

Maybe we could even

**Work up the Courage to Discuss Christ then
PRAY TOGETHER & IN PRIVATE for ALL.**

THINK ABOUT IT:

**IF YOU were confronted by
The GREAT "I AM" & the SON of MAN
And INSTRUCTED**

To get "as many as humanly possible"—"NOW"—

How would you go about it?

**Please—Step Forward, Join Hands, & Help Me "Bring" the "Many"
"By the HAND IN LOVE"!**

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