

Piecemakers Schedule

April – June 2012

Death is Swallowed Up in Victory

Time surely is an odd commodity we all are born into, or perhaps it comes with us. The church age culmination is at hand. Seeing as how it is called the night age and the day star is appearing, how frightening when you really think upon these things. In the night season all of our deeds are made known but the secrets of our hearts can be hidden. Well the jig is up and as the day star appears we are all caught. Not only our evil deeds, but our good deeds done for wages, such as a thank you, a pat on the back, that feed our pride — they call it wages in the Bible — build up our arrogance and feed the tree being hacked down — the tree of good and evil that God has put an axe to.

There's something so fresh and new and an exceedingly great army beginning to fall right from the throne of God unto the earth beneath. It will wash the earth of any knowledge of sin as its glory will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. For all have sinned and fallen short of the glory, so sin really is the absence of His glory. Whoa, is it Joel's army I hear thundering, and is this the Holy Spirit coming like a mighty rushing wind I sense today? And we hang onto our umbrellas, or end up like Mary Poppins, for He shall come and pour out His spirit on all flesh, and it will not be a drop here and a drop there, but rivers of life, as the earth seems to be covered with dry ground and people dying of thirst for the Holy Spirit. Is this the time He pours out His Spirit on all flesh and they all shall know Him from the least to the greatest? I mean, know Him, like acknowledging

Him in all things from what we eat to how we treat people, to all our phony acting and religious pretending.

I do believe we are at the time where He will add a conscience to the human race and we will pound our spears into plowshares and our missiles into threshing machines. It's wake up time and I fear many will pray for the rocks to fall on them as they attempt to soften their hardened hearts to no avail. He is at the door about to make His appearance. We will all be surprised at who's there and more surprised at who's not there. So we all occupy until He comes.

More and more we hear that Christmas is no more. The holiday has died. Could it be that commercialism is what's really dying and a new corporate man child is being born? Innocent and without guile, like a child, but a man in responsibilities and wisdom. Old things have passed away, and behold, perhaps this is just touching on the new as our eyes are just being opened, like a baby being born. The man child being born will rule as the day star appears. If He drops a conscience into man and the one scripture, "Do unto others as you would have done unto you," we won't need any laws to guide the people.

So until we meet again,

His love eternally,

Marie

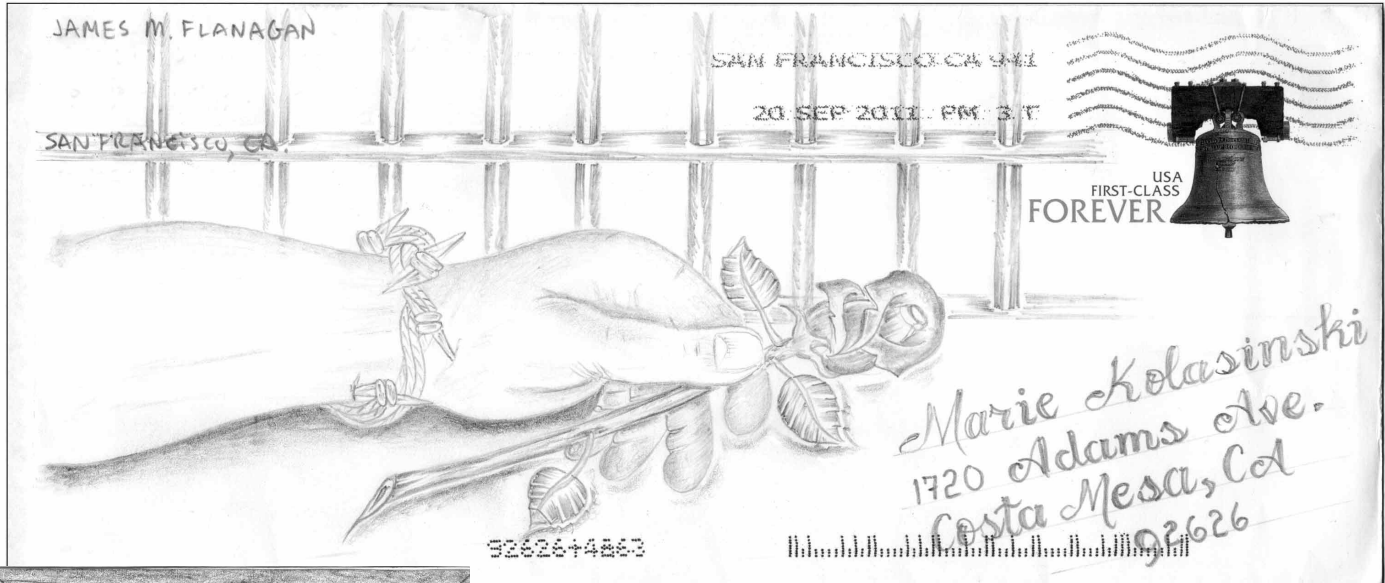
Marie Kolasinski



From the Prisons

Extraordinary Con Art

by James Flanagan in San Francisco, CA



by *Standing Eagle*,
sent by *Otis Primes*
in *Susanville, CA*



by *Mario Osorio*
in *Soledad, CA*

An Inmate's Poem

Take away the mirrors,
Take away the glass,
Strip off our misconceptions,
Bring us truth at last.

Show us not blind faith
As we all need to know,
There are no magic potions,
I don't need a religious show.

This is truly knowing,
Obscurations stripped away,
This is the path we travel,
Living here, now and today.

Marie harms no live creature
And she shares with the poor.
Piecemakers love one another,
Who could ask for more?

Life is such a blessing
And mama Marie is such a gift,
Reaching out to all others
Because we all need a lift.

So, take away the mirror,
Please take away the glass,
So we can all see and know the truth,
As we walk along the Piecemakers' path!

King Gilliland
Soledad, CA