

The Great Transformation

Two thousand years ago, there was a big egg with white and yolk. It was called the world. The food for the world was the white and yolk of the egg. A big hen called the Holy Spirit hovered over the waters of the deep causing much change as the yolk and white began to take on a new appearance. Much suffering, much joy and sorrows were woven into the fabric of this tremendous transformation.

However, as the food was eaten, the entity eating it was changing into a new being. There was much change in this somewhat limitless environment. Wars, changes of governments, prejudices dismantled. The precious Caretaker of the egg moved into the now maturing entity to make it aware of the love that was behind this tremendous egg turning into a new entity.

Now, we are at the end of the 2000 years of incubation and the new entity is all formed and ready to break out of its prison walls. What was once a nice nest is now a confining prison. All that was the ordinary way of life now became a dead hindrance to the churning to be free inside the squirming of this unbelievable entity ready to enter a new environment, a new world.

Was its size that made the walls begin to crack??? Or was it his brave persistence and perseverance insisting that he wanted his freedom from that which was perhaps a protection during his long period of incubation? But now had become a burden??

That is where we are today, my dear tormented sojourner. You will either grab unto your freedom by leaving all behind or you will starve to death because of lack of food. I am talking about spiritual food which we all need to make our physical bodies, our carriage survive. So if we are not full grown, ready to make the great leap into a new environment we will either starve to death or the fire of our new environment will make us perish.

But to those who are looking forward to their new life, their new freedom, the big change, they will rise up like eagles and run but not be weary, and do new exploits with God. And they will all be heard to sing the song of Moses, the song of the Lamb, and peace will reign once more in the valley and joy will descend from every mountain top as God becomes our new protective government.

Marie
Marie Kolasinski