

February 2022 - 2023
writings
Amy Lohrman

February 20, 2022

Subject: Tortoises at the Dallas Zoo

Taken one month after coming back home to Texas. I hadn't been to the Dallas Zoo in decades. Went there so many times, as a child, growing up in Dallas. I didn't know how much I missed it, until walking up to that same old entrance, and being greeted by the delightful flamingo garden, the bronze sculpture of the child playing on the giraffe, and the large elephant water fountain. I must admit, seeing these things again made me tear up a little bit, and I think my overall excitement and enthusiasm that day was equal to, or more than, the kids in the strollers.

But seeing these tortoises, above all, warmed my heart. I said "hello" to them, and even told the one going under the bridge (seen in clip #3) that I hoped it found what it was looking for, on the other side of the pen.

You just can't help but think deep when most of your adult life has been based on the "find your way through the chaos" theme.

I think that tortoise who was going under the walkway just wanted a little bit of shade, privacy, and alone time.

I completely get that.

I came home from Florida in Sept. of 2021

and hopefully will visit these tortoises many more times.

Florida has dolphins and lots of amazing birds and sharks and all the things, but Texas has my heart.

I'm thankful to be home.

February 20, 2022

Subject: Eddie

I don't know how many times I drew this guy, he was just stuck in my head all through my high school years.

I think it has something to do with all of my foot issues, when I was a kid.

I don't know.

Back then, in the 1980's, we art people were cool. Weird, fun, and cool.

Now, in my 50's, if I were to scribble this somewhere, it would NOT be weird, fun, or cool.

When you grow up and get older, I've learned, you just come across as crazy, when it comes to stuff like this.

Oh I know lots of folks remained in the art loop, and still aged gracefully.

That didn't happen to me, rather, I just raised more suspicions and uncomfortable opinions from others, until I finally decided to attempt to be normal.

I don't think normalcy ever really panned out for me, either.

sigh

March 26, 2022

Subject: A New Way

Once things have been processed, dealt with, forgiven, and redeemed, we are free to let it go, and go forward in Him.

Not only are we free to let things go, but required to, in our walk with Jesus.

In Jesus, our old person is dead, and we have new life with Him.

This is the freedom given to those who follow Jesus.
It doesn't matter how bad the old life was, or how much trouble, sin, and chaos took place. Once forgiven, we are free to move forward, cleansed.
He will heal and restore. He will refresh our weary souls. He will guide us further into His truth and His ways.
Memories of our old life - failures and accomplishments, losses and gains, sorrows and joys, and everything inbetween - can be settled down into their rightful place, in our minds, no longer front and center, no longer dominating our every thought, no longer making war against us.
In Jesus, we are free to let it go, and invite HIM to be center stage, and fill our every thought.
a prayer -
Lord Jesus, thank You for reaching me, forgiving me, healing me, teaching me. I give my old life to You, and all the memories of it. I accept my painful, troubled past, the reality of my sin, and the losses I have endured. I accept that my personal life has been a sinful, chaotic mess. Let there be no denial or avoidance anymore. I accept the truth. Please redeem my old life and bring about change according to Your will.
Please heal my mind of my past, and let the memories of it be settled down into the right place in my mind. Let me be washed clean and refreshed in You. Let me go forward with YOU Jesus magnified in my mind. Be front and center in me, take center stage. Let me be free now to serve You whole heartedly with singleness of mind. Use me in Your kingdom daily however You see fit.
In Jesus' name I pray,
amen

July 23, 2022

Subject: Where is the line drawn?

This was written in early 2020, and almost immediately after I wrote it, my (somewhat) stable life in my own (rented) home came crashing down, like it has a way of doing, and brought me into a season of living as a "room renter". For about 18 months, I experienced living in other people's homes, people I had never met before, until the day of entering in their house, in a state of dissheveled bewilderment, introducing myself and my pets, apologizing profusely for needing to seek shelter there, and apologizing profusely for my very existence, it seemed. A tale of chaos and woe hides within those 18 months, but, it's all been given to God, and I'm well on my way to complete healing.

During that time of room-renting, (at two different houses), everything I wrote here, in this text piece, was lived out. I was stretched and pressed beyond measure, put to the test, challenged socially beyond anything I ever thought possible.

Am I better off now with other people because of it? Have I gotten better socially? Did I learn how to mingle and relax?

...no.

In fact, I'm even MORE separated, cut off, silent.

I think it's the way the world is, and not all me. I just can't jive with the norm. All that being said, I want to add, that I miss some of the people that I rented a room from, even though it was stressful and awkward for everyone, it had it's purposes.

I remember those who took me in, and pray for them at times.

God bless Florida.

(thank you)

August 7, 2022

Subject: Food

I know this short bit on food is an odd thing for me to say, and I know it leaves some questions.

I never went hungry during my last year in Florida, just for the record, although I was relatively alone, staying in a room, in a home not my own, nor my husband's, but a place where I was a stranger.

I need to stop referring to other people as "strangers" and stay in the reality of the world ... I'm the "stranger", truth be told.

God bless every one who opened their doors to me, and my husband, and my pets, and all that that entailed, while my road was rocky, and I had no idea which way to go, yet.

I was a woman without her own home, tucked into the space of other women, and their ways, and their kitchens. I was treated well...

That's not what this item is referring to.

This item is referring to something I noticed happening, long before I found myself under other women's roofs, but it played a part in the deconstruction of the integrity of my life.

I myself was not suckered in to the "donations" that did indeed have a subtle agenda and motive, but I was unable to completely stop the thing from being received, because ...

let's just say, you can take a stand, you can fight the battles, you can convince others to take a stand also, but you can't make anyone to do what's right, unless they want to, for themselves.

Accepting gifts and "donations" can be a very dangerous thing, spiritually speaking.

(And thou shalt take no gift: for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous.

Exodus 23:8)

I want to expand on this subject, but it can't be done (currently, while it's still all fresh in my mind) without getting too personal.

For now, I'll sum it up like this -- don't take handouts or donations unless they're really needed. To accept free gifts of money, food, even loans, is detrimental and dangerous, it steadily erodes a person's integrity, independence, and God-given responsibility to stand upon their own two feet, mentally and morally.

God have mercy on us all.

Amy

(Jesus is Lord)

August 10, 2022

Subject: Bird In Plaid Pants

This doodle reminds me of one of my funnier/happier moments in Florida, something that cracked me up...

(there really were so many happy fun times there, until the last few years, just for the record)

So during my last year there, I looked like a complete dump, and when I say a dump, I mean, I was a wreck. Old, baggy, thrift store clothes (but I still love thrift stores btw), and walking slow, with my back still falling forward on occasion, so basically I looked like a half-crippled bag lady, not that there's anything wrong with that, but...

One day, one of the folks who were staying at the same place I was, spoke with me for just a moment, and after my response (I don't recall what we were talking about), he said, with a friendly smile, "you're a DORK, Amy."

I had only known this person for about 2 or so days.

Yes.

I died laughing, it was (is) true.

During that same time, as I was walking home from the art supply place, a guy pulled over, and hollered out, "HOW MUCH?"

..yeah. That happened. Ok, that one was definitely a first for me. Hence, the terrible, baggy clothing.... it comes in handy.

I found out later that I was walking in the "most dangerous" part of town. How was I supposed to know? The whole town seemed dangerous, to me...
Now that some time has passed, and I'm settled, more of the good memories are coming to mind.

September 3, 2022

Subject: What's Helped Me In My Christian Walk

My Christian walk is the only thing in my life that makes any kind of sense. Hopefully that will change, now that I'm getting older. Maybe things will even out now. Level road, no more impossible hills and mountains to climb. Smooth road, no more potholes to trip in. Safe road, no more ...

wait...

this is Planet Earth I'm talking about, it will always be dangerous. There's no escaping this.

On a side note - I'm thankful that I'm able to even have a "Christian walk" - a walk with God.

Everyone can have that. It's the hidden walk that is personal, just between us and Him.

No expensive car needed, no dangerous roads filled with dangerous people to walk on.

Our walk with God is a treasure.

September 18, 2022

Subject: My last day in Florida...

...was the first day of my new life, back home in Texas.

This is probably going to be the last audio recording I'll do, seems like a good place for a bookend. If I were to keep going, it would never end, and wind up like a dried up creek, with pond scum everywhere. That's what happens when one goes round and round, in their own head. Mental pond scum forms. Ugh. Enough of my own thoughts about my own life.

So that being said, I'm happy to be home, just getting my bearings and beginning to rebuild. I'm also happy to be almost 53 years old, broken down in my body, and out of the dating game. I'm expired. Completely. I have the bones of a woman in her 80's (I use a walker at home, and a cane when I HAVE to leave the house). My spine has opted out of normal backbone things, it just simply has no interest in holding on, remaining upright. Also, my mind is like that of a foggy brained elderly lady. So, I'm out of commission, and won't be looking for love in all the wrong places, like I used to.

I already found my place in the world - Jesus. He's my house, my shelter, safe place, provision, protection, comfort, security, and He meets my every need. With Jesus, there's no need to be self conscious or ashamed. He's what I was looking for all along.

I'm not changing that, rather, I'm going forward in Him. Where will that take me? What will happen next? Who knows, who cares. I'm safe with Him.

I'm back, but still not forming connections, social or otherwise. It's partially because of my psychological issue(s) with staying connected, but mainly, it's because I'm a different person, and I don't plan on even remotely trying to be who I used to be, or do the things I used to do.

I'm carrying on with following Jesus, and willing and able to take the losses that come with it. It's become a way of life.

God bless everyone I once knew. Friends, co-workers, relatives, old flames...

I love and miss everyone ... and hope we can all reconnect again, for real, one day in heaven.

A correction, admission, apology
(Jan. 18, 2022)

In my journey of faith, and following Jesus, I've learned so many things about Him, and what He says to us, in His word (the Holy Bible). I've been corrected in regards to sin, and the importance of living a life of repentance. (Continually checking oneself, and going to Him for forgiveness quickly when stumbling, and not carrying on with 'wilfull sin'.)

Now, there's another matter that I have come to understanding in Him - the issue of divorce, and re-marriage.

I have taken it all too lightly. It's not ok.

All along, I believed that divorce was alright, even if the reason wasn't adultery.

I never even considered what His word really said about it, and that ...

I'm not going to quote scripture here, anyone who is interested can do that for themselves. I'm not an authority or even a proper teacher about God, I'm just a sinner saved by grace, who shares things learned, in one way or another.

To a seasoned, mature Christian, what I've recently come to fully understand regarding divorce and re-marriage is obvious. But I'm taken aback, and shocked at my own ignorance, and now want to pass this on to others, not only to warn them, but to admit my wrongdoing. In all my online sharing, writing, speaking, for the most part, it was done while re-married. I want to make it openly known that I now understand that it's not ok to re-marry.

Unless... your former spouse is no longer alive.

Yes.

Even if there was unfaithfulness, abuse, and any other thing.

Separation? Maybe, but not divorce.

I always thought if there was unfaithfulness, that was grounds for divorce in God's eyes. But I've learned that's not what the Bible is referring to. The Bible says unless for the cause of fornication. I always assumed that meant, unfaithfulness within the marriage, the term applying to adultery as well.

However there's a difference. Fornication applies to sexual activity outside of marriage, before marriage. Adultery refers to sexual activity when one or both people are married (to others).

This is what shocked me, when I began to understand. That once married, that marriage covenant remains, even if there's adultery, and if there's adultery, forgiveness should follow. Not divorce. So... yeah... that's amazing.

In a nutshell - if your first spouse is still living, you cannot remarry. Period. You must either be reconciled to them, or remain single.

I know. Mind blown. And I've been a Christian since 1987. Still learning, still growing, and still very stupid in lots of ways.

If you ARE remarried, and your former spouse is still living, you are living in adultery. Sin. Yes. See for yourself what the Bible says. We can't just keep on and on, divorcing and re-marrying, as we please.

I've repented of my own sin in this area, and have resolved to remain single and alone for the rest of my days.

It took me some time to understand this one. When I first heard it talked about, in a Christian ministry, I couldn't fully receive it. Then, in time, I understood, and asked God to forgive me for re-marrying. But the problem remained, I was still married to another man, living in adultery, according to God's word.

By the time I fully understood that I had been living in sin, my second marriage had already come to an end, so I was not left with the task of figuring out what to do from there.

As far as that goes, I am still unclear on how second (or third or fourth or whatever) marriages should be handled, when those following Jesus realize they are living in sin. Another divorce? Separation? I don't know. Prayer and seeking God's will is what to do.

All of my life, I've been struggling with sin in regards to members of the opposite sex. All of my life. So for me, at this point in time, it's a welcome relief to say, thank You God, thank You for forgiving me, and thank You for the gift of

singleness. But for others, younger ones, I think this truth might be quite hard. The thing is, the original marriage covenant still stands, in God's eyes. A written divorce, made by humans, cannot erase the covenant made before God. Everything else is adultery, which is sin, until one is no longer living.

I think reconciliation should be the way to go, if remaining single seems impossible to some.

I've been forgiven of my sin (many, many sins, in this area, regarding men), and now by God's grace, I can pass this knowledge on to others. I speak in all humility. I'm a broken vessel, who holds on to Jesus for everything. So, to those who might find the things I've posted online, in an effort to share God with them, please, if you see that I was re-married for so many years, please know that I am aware that it was a sin.

If what I've just said offends someone, or causes them to say, "that's it! She's really gone off the deep end, now!"... My response would be, oh, no, you're wrong. I went off the deep end a LONG time ago. You should also go ahead and jump in. Learn that the ocean - the deep and mysterious ocean of God's ways - holds for those who seek Him.

Thank You Jesus.

October 31, 2022

Subject: more about church

One more thing... In this recording I mention how I enjoy some ministries on youtube that I trust. Last week I saw in my spirit a warning about this. I saw a few (3 or 4) white shampoo or soap bottles grouped together in front of the tv on the right hand side. I couldn't see the labels because they were facing the tv, and the bottles were white. But one of the bottles was turned slightly, I could see the label - it was a brand that I used to sell in the health food stores that was kind of creepy, with lots of writing on the label, going on and on about spiritual(ish) stuff that had nothing to do with soap or shampoo. Like a wall of text about "GOD", African spirituality, and things that felt voodoo -ish. So naturally this vision perplexed me, why was that bottle in front of my tv, and why were the other bottles not showing their labels? I raved and it's taken a week to fully understand. Acts chapter 8:9-24 is telling and it just so happened to be my Bible reading this morning, Simon the sorcerer immediately bringing my answer to the bottle with the creepy label showing. The shampoo/soap bottles are the ministries on youtube (on the "right hand" side). The labeled one represents the "Simons" in the mix- grouped in along with christian ministries. Counterfeit, for profit, false. False miracles, false healings, false signs and wonders. God is saying to me that these Simons are hidden in the mix of christian ministries and even though I am cautious regarding physical churches I should beware of the ministries online as well. The "labels" don't always show. It was placed on my heart to share this today. Forgive the typos please I'm on my phone.

November 3, 2022

Subject: A prayer for deliverance

Last night I dreamed many things, one of which involved a hospital. I saw the entrance, many people coming and leaving the place. Then a large family walked out, leaving the hospital, they were wearing dark clothes, heads down and walking slowly as if in mourning. They were grieving. Then as the family group passed by me I saw one of them pulling along with them their loved one who was deceased. They were an African American family, and the one they were pulling along on a gurney appeared to be a young man, maybe in his late teens or early twenties. He was laid out on the gurney still dressed in the clothes he died in. He looked like a gang member, and I sensed that he was in a life of drugs and violence. He had a gunshot wound in his head. He was being taken away from the hospital by his grieving loved ones.

When I saw this scene in the dream, I was wondering why he was being taken away by his own people, when he should be in the morgue, then funeral home? Why was he released like this like a regular discharge, for the family to handle? I prayed about this dream, and have two things to say about it. First, I hope things don't deteriorate to this point in American society, that deceased folks will be turned away from regular procedures in the hospitals. The family in the dream was on their own. Secondly, it was obvious in the dream that the hospital couldn't help this guy. Was he still alive, when brought in? I don't know. All I saw was the sadness, loss, and grief as they slowly carried him away. Dreams are illustrations at times, and the young dead man could not be helped by the medical establishment. He needed deliverance. He needed Jesus. I wrote this simple prayer to help people just like him. Fill in the blanks with addiction, despair, generational curses. Drug use. Really the blanks can be filled in with anything. Literally anything that hinders or keeps us outside of God's will.

November 6, 2022

Subject: Glad Janine's no longer in my head...

This is a scary drawing. Janine is supposed to be a happy girl with an expression of joy, complete with airborne flowers and even a daisy growing right out of her head, but... Her face does not look joyful. It looks dark, creepy, and sinister. What was I thinking? And why did I create such dark and weird works of "art", back in the day. The only explanation is that I myself was still bound up and lost in the darkness. I hate my old artwork and drawings etc. I've destroyed everything I could but I know lots of it remains out there, in the real world, and I hope people will also see how dark and ugly it is and get rid of or destroy whatever "art" they have that I did. I know that sounds harsh but thats how much I hate it. Yet, some has been saved digitally, like Janine here, so I think there is a purpose here. Which brings me to the point of this review. About that flower growing out of her head... A few years ago, in 2020 or so, I had a brief dream, in which a young woman, or a teenage girl? was standing and speaking to me, and I knew she was from another time. She was living in a future time, as in I knew she hasn't been born yet, in my time. Here's the thing- I noticed that there was a strand of ivy- living, green ivy- growing out of her head, as if it were naturally a part of her hair. It was growing from the top of her scalp and fell gently along one side of her head, the same length as the rest of her hair, and it was simply part of her body. It was not a clip or an accessory, it was a living plant and it was part of her. As she talked with me in the dream I perceived that the plant hair strand was a non issue, normal. I can only say that I think this is showing a time of genetic altering/tampering/meddling. Was it by accident that her DNA was altered or infused with plant matter, or was it done deliberately? This troubles me. Human beings are created perfectly and beautifully by the loving and mighty hand of God, and we are not science projects. We are not lab rats. God have mercy on us all. Please pray that science will not abuse it's rightful place and purpose in the world. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. The enemy seeks to change that.

November 6, 2022

Subject: Forest Path

This video makes me think of living life, and how it feels very much like moving slowly through an unknown forest. Dark for the most part, with no clear road to travel on, just footworn earth that's been walked on by those who went before you. My life so far has very much been a dark path in a forest, but with plenty of sunbeams breaking through the trees. Those rays of light are the guidance and tender love of the King - my Lord Jesus Christ. He is my everything. He lights my way. He brings order where there's confusion, peace where there's fear, growth when I'm stagnant. I think we all have to venture out and go through our own forests. But we don't have to go through it alone.

December 3, 2022

Subject: pharmakea

Our minds are valuable. Why do we abuse them with drugs? Why did *I* do so many drugs back in the day? Why didn't I even care about it?

I had this dream recently - I was on a fast moving train with some other people, and suddenly there was a knock on the train door- coming from the outside. But the train was still going, really fast, down the rails. I sensed the danger immediately and knew not to open the door. But there was an old friend of mine on the train who stood up to answer the door- and I yelled to her DONT OPEN IT!! ...but it was too late, she opened it and a demon grabbed her and pulled her out of the train. The door shut again and the train kept on flying down the tracks, my friend could not be rescued. She was taken by the enemy. I couldnt save her. This dream is sad but is a reality. You can warn people, share what you know, pray for them, but everybody makes their own choices.

December 3, 2022

Subject: how it is for some of us "people of the mind"

I put this video together just for fun and relaxation, and have stated before that I would do it all day if I could, but being a middle aged adult, I can't play all the time online, God has other stuff for me to do. One of which is sharing certain things that might be helpful to others. So today I'm going to share another dream that I had recently. It describes perfectly what it's like in my mind. In the dream I needed to go shopping at the grocery store. Just an everyday thing, right? Well, in this dream, I go in, and notice the fabric grocery bag/tote that I brought in had a big tear in the bottom of it, a big rip, like almost half of the bottom of it was open, there was no way it could hold anything. If I were to put anything in there, it would probably fall right out. So I looked for a cart to use, and found one, but the basket part was only a few inches long. Couldn't even hold a loaf of bread. So I looked again for another basket, and saw what appeared to be a normal sized one, but someone's baby was in it, I couldn't use it. At this point, I was so frustrated that I left the store, empty handed. Imagine having money to pay for groceries, legs to walk with, a brain to think with, in a well lit store chock full of all the things, but unable to obtain the goods, and having to just leave. This is how it is in the heads of those who have mental issues and can't handle things, either consistently or just sometimes. I struggle with it sometimes, and when it comes, I feel like the wooden guy in this animation. I'm sharing this to help explain the disconnect/confusion that is common with those with mental problems, maybe someone you know, but you don't understand. Maybe they don't have the words to explain or describe it. But I do (sort of). If you know someone who's like this, please don't judge them or ridicule them or reject them or pressure them to be something they are unable to be. Just hug them. (if they'll let you)

December 5, 2022

Subject: bird 8

This is another stock / public domain photograph that I helped myself to and doused in layers upon needless layers of art filters / edits, just for fun. And it was a beautiful bird, before I got ahold of it. Peacocks are colorful, and seem to enjoy displaying their feathery decorative plumage. People call them vain and proud, but I disagree. They're just using the assets that God equipped them with, in order to attract a mate. I think that was nice of God to give the male birds something extra. More colorful appearances, more melodic singing, nest building skills, and even awesome dance moves, in some species. For the most part, male birds really

need these dating advantages, because birds are nerds. So I don't think it's accurate to say that peacocks are proud and vain, as those are sins, and animals don't sin. People sin, and some traits in animals serve to remind us of our own sin. Thanks, animals.

It's so much more than focusing on one's appearance, it's also self-centeredness, needing/wanting attention, etc. God please help us all to let go of ourselves and focus on giving You all the attention praise and glory.

December 5, 2022

Subject: I Was A Bad Kid, Forgive Me

This is such a loaded subject in my life, and increasing even more, with the passing of time. I thought that as we get older and wiser, we make peace with our past. Guess I wasn't invited to that party, because as time goes by, and I learn and grow, and ask God to open my eyes, and help me mature in His ways, I am mortified at my old personality, character, and basically everything I was and tried to be. God had mercy on me and grabbed me out of the darkness. Why? I ask Him this on occasion but the only thing I understand is that I always had faith, but even that isn't to my own credit, because faith is a gift. I just can't comprehend His goodness. As a child, long before I came to Jesus (at age 17), I was exposed to witchcraft and occult things, such as ouija board playing, tarot cards being "read" to me, being taught how to do seances and participating in them, etc. And all this starting around the age of 7 or so, not at my own house, but at a neighbor's. Through this neighbor I was also exposed (again, as a very young child) to horror movies and books, pornography, and "alternative lifestyle" things. To young me, all this was normal and cool and fun. To middle-age me, I shudder at the memories. A doorway was opened up to my young spirit that has taken me a lifetime to close. Einstein said that imagination is more important than knowledge, but I beg to differ. God's word tells us that His people are destroyed for lack of knowledge (Hosea 4:6). I would give anything to go back in time and trade in all of my imagination, for just a shred of the knowledge of God. Btw I don't hold it against those who were a bad influence to childhood me- I completely forgive- knowing full well that I, in turn, was unfortunately a bad influence to so many others, and hope that they have or will forgive me.

December 6, 2022

Subject: Christian Cartoon Compilation

So the whole reason that I wanted to write a review for this one is to explain the whole "Jesus loves you" theme. It's such a simple statement, but I made these funny cartoon videos (not really MADE them, they were stock animations that are free to reuse & remix, etc) and added the background tracks... shortly after returning to Texas, from Florida, last year.

My head was a little bit (a lot, actually) mixed up shortly after coming back, so I got some help for that, and still am getting help for it, for lots of other reasons, but I digress... So in this process of getting some much needed "upstairs" help, I met and spoke with someone else who was in the same boat as me, and we got to talking about faith and Jesus and Christianity. She seemed to be outspoken about Him in real life, which I am not (when it comes to real life, physical humans around me). I asked her, "so, how do you tell real people around you about Jesus?" To which she responded, "I usually just start by saying something simple like, Jesus loves you, and sometimes that's all I ever say." I thanked her, and helped her out with a problem she was having, then we parted ways. I remembered that conversation shortly afterwards, when I was in the mood to create some new things. So ya'll have her to thank for these silly Jesus cartoons.

Which also reminds me of a sunny day in Florida, back in 2016 or so, there was a lone random wayward woman, walking down the street, a bit disheveled, who looked

everyone she saw square in the eye, and pointed sharply at them, like she was poking them with an air finger, and each time she saw someone and did this motion, she said, "Jesus loves YOU". She walked around and pointed at everyone she saw, saying this. My grouchy neighbor, who was sitting on his front porch when he received his air poke from her, said, "there must be a gas leak around here"... Again, I remember that woman, and also have HER to thank for these cartoons. I was inspired by her, too.

Also, in Florida, the last house that I lived in, someone wrote Jesus loves you in the cement of part of the driveway. Seeing that note in the ground every day was a comfort to me when I needed it the most. So I also have a patch of cement to thank for these cartoons.

Oh, did I mention that ..

JESUS LOVES YOU?

December 7, 2022

Subject: it was a dark and stormy night...

This audio is a little on the heavy / intense side. But when you gotta tell your stories, it just gets like that sometimes. I do have some happy fun ones that also need telling, now that most of the heavy deep stuff has been brought out of my head... such as the time that I was walking a long distance with someone back in 2011, we were walking because we had to, not out for a fun leisurely stroll or anything. We had to walk several miles that day and my feet began to hurt in a new strange way on that walk about halfway there, they began to hurt on the tops, not the bottoms. And I was wearing flipflops (stupidly). I began to limp from the sharp pains on both feet, each step felt like there were broken bones or tendons (or something). I had to stop, there on the sidewalk, and pray. I asked God to help me go the rest of the distance. When I finished praying we started walking again, rounded the corner, and there, on the sidewalk, was a pair of tennishoes. I kid you not. They were placed neatly on the curb, obviously a donation by whoever lived there. I laughed when I saw this timely gift from God and put them on immediately. They were older white Reeboks I think, just a size or two too big, but they felt AWESOME and I was then able to keep going. The person I was walking with was amazed, so I told him he better get used to answered prayers and miracles, if he was going to walk a mile with me. God never fails. He ALWAYS comes through.

December 8, 2022

Subject: Bird Sitting On Eggs

This bird has lots of eggs to keep up with. How did she have so many eggstra? Last night I dreamed of a baby that I was trying to take care of, and it got it's foot caught in the rails of it's crib while trying to climb out. I managed to get the little foot loose, and comforted the child with love and concern while checking for injuries. Then I picked the child up to hold it, only to discover a plastic battery cover on it's back. That's when I realized, the child was a doll, a fake. I knew then, in the dream, I was wasting my time on something that wasn't even a real thing to care for. After waking up and praying about it, I understand this is a simple illustration of allowing distractions in life to derail us and use up our energy and time, which keeps us from the matters and tasks we're supposed to be doing. More than distractions- it's also burdens, problems, and cares that we can't change or control. Gotta let that baby go. For me also, it's not allowing myself to be knocked down and destroyed, emotionally or otherwise, when life happens. Even when I see that people that I once knew, and loved, have passed away. I look at the obituaries often, and am amazed at how many people I see have died that were once a part of my life. I process the knowledge of their passing privately, pray, then resolve to move forward. After what happened with my brother back in 1998, I have grown to view death in a healthier way, for the sake of the living. Do you have a

big pile of eggs you're sitting on, keeping warm with anxiety, concern, grief, control? We can ask Jesus to take all those eggstra problems out from under us, and He will. Try it. Don't be chicken :)

January 7, 2023

Subject: Pipes

These abstract pipes are just another attempt on my part to do "digital art", an art medium that I never fully grasped. I'm old, and it shows. Oh, well.

Pipes. Water conduits...

About a week ago I dreamed this-

I saw a young woman, dressed in a simple white gown, barefoot, she was walking down a dirt road, going to a water pump. The setting appeared to be Appalachia, it was in a rural mountain region. I saw her walk up to a water pump that was beside the road - an old silver one - and she carried no container for the water, she was only going to refresh herself. As she approached the pump, I saw that she had also with her a small bit of clay, which she took and rolled upon her arm, as if it were soap. The bit of clay was enough. I then spoke to her in the dream, and asked her if she was in Kentucky, and she answered yes. I commented how beautiful the region was, and started to go on and on about how much I liked it, as if I were a tourist on vacation. She was silent, and went about her business, uninterested in my observations.

I felt conviction in the dream, as if I were missing something that was being shown to me.

The woman was simple, dressed in a white gown, and I understood it was a wedding dress, and although she had no shoes on, it was enough. She had recently received Christ and was newly saved, a new believer.

She was going to a water pump - accessing the Word of God, the Living Waters - and what was provided to her was enough.

She had a small piece of clay to be used as soap - her faith - and it was enough. What appeared to be a simple woman with little worldly goods, going to an old-fashioned water pump, was an illustration of how Jesus meets our needs, no matter what our earthly station or situation.

I felt conviction in the dream for arrogance, thinking at first she had nothing.

She had everything, and all that she needed.

It was a beautiful scene.

January 8, 2023

Subject: Sailboat

It's just a simple video animation, of a sailboat peacefully moving towards the sunset.

I enjoy playing with these public domain animations, it's relaxing and calming for the mind.

If only life were this tranquil and calm, on the sea of life...

"Jesus Is A Lifeboat" (written in 2020)

Trauma from the past, damaged emotions. Memories of abuse, mistreatment, neglect, abandonment. Spiritual abuse (being brought up in oppressive/false doctrine/controlling religious environments, not under the true authority of the Bible, but rather under the abusive dark blanket of man-made false doctrines)...is often overlooked, but it's just as damaging as physical, and other forms of abuse. As if these things weren't bad enough, they also open the door to worse things, spiritually speaking.

When we are abused as children, it sets us up for lots more bad things in life, like a never ending spiral of doom, like a perpetual chain of despair. Left unchecked, we ourselves become abusers, of ourselves, other people, and in turn, our own children.

Where does it end? How are the chain links broken? How can you heal a tarnished mind? Who can reach in, and repair the unseen wounds? Who can heal the trauma of our past? Who can soothe our souls, and give us a new heart, and renew our minds? Who can heal our skewed outlooks, our messed up perspectives, and our broken methods of functioning?

Who can clean up our utterly darkened and diseased minds?

Jesus Christ, the King! He can heal us of every infirmity, of body, mind, emotions. He's willing and able.

On this earth, we are all thrown into the sea, a sea filled with vicious sharks and stinging jellyfish. We can only tread water on our own for so long, before we start to sink.

Beside each of us, maybe a few feet away it seems, is a small lifeboat. It floats there, and it has your name on it. Printed on the side is "SS Jesus Christ". It's been there all along.

Swim to it. You have to go to it. It's there, but it will not force itself on you, or make you climb in. It's not too far away, but you have to make the effort to go to it. When you do, climb in. You will find safety and rest, in this lifeboat.

The sharks will continue to swarm around and beneath you, waiting for you to fall out, and the jellyfish will wait for another chance to entangle you and sting you with their tentacles. But in the Lifeboat, you remain safe.

Rest, and in time, the lifeboat will float to a larger ship, where you will be brought aboard, cleaned up, given new clothes and fed. You will be guarded, while you are learning about the King.

He will meet ALL of your needs, and heal you of every unseen, hidden wound, and all forms of damage, in your mind and emotions.

We must seek Him for true healing in this dark world. Other people, doctors, counselors, and books can only help so much. But with Jesus, we can be healed ALL THE WAY, fully, completely.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

John 8:36

The world holds nothing for us to hold on to. There's nothing - no person or thing or situation - that will not falter, or change. But Jesus is our rock, and He never changes. He's the only One that we can safely hold on to.

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

1 John 2:17

January 8, 2023

Subject: Veils Dream

This is a subject that I'm passionate about, having myself been born into and raised in false religion.

Only by the grace of God was I spared from settling into false doctrine. He showed me freedom and truth, in Him.

(written in 2019)

There is no "holy water" only Jesus, who is Living Water.

There are no dead "saints" to pray to, only Jesus, who makes every believer and follower of Him a saint.

There are no "confessional rooms", only Jesus, who gave His life for us on the cross, paying the penalty for our sins forever. Confession of sins, when we stumble, takes place privately, in prayer, and He alone washes us clean.

There is no "infant baptism". A baby cannot choose to accept and follow Jesus, this is a choice we make as we grow and understand. Babies are innocent and are not in need of "baptism".

Infant baptism is nothing more than an "initiation" ritual that spiritually binds the poor child into that particular "church", aka false doctrine. (Similar to "confirmation", which is a false substitute for accepting Jesus Christ....instead, when of age, youth are "confirming" their decision to carry on in the deceitful bondage of false religion, under the guise of confirming oneself to the "church")

The enemy has a false substitute and replacement for everything God has. The enemy wants to be God.

There is no "purgatory" or praying for the souls of the dead. The Holy Bible makes it very clear that there are only two destinations when we die - Heaven or Hell.

There is no "penance". Jesus paid the price for our sins, great and small, on the cross. Through

His blood alone we are made righteous.

When we stumble (sin) in our walk, we can go to Him, confess our sin, repent (turn from), be washed in His blood, receive forgiveness, and move on. It's done.

There are no certain prayers to recite.

He wants us to come to Him with our hearts, and our own sincere words, not formal prayers or creeds.

There are no "rosaries" or prayer beads. Since when does our God desire our worship

through
objects and rituals?

There is no miraculous transforming of the host, and the wine, in communion. Jesus, at the last supper, did this for His disciples, and instructed them (in turn, all believers, when gathered together) to "do this in remembrance of Me". It is symbolic of His giving us body (the broken bread) and His blood (the wine). Like Christian baptism, communion is symbolic of something wonderful. But, as the traditions of men would have it, "communion" is twisted into something it's not, adding unto the growing pile of idolatry and deceit that these false gods have built up their false kingdoms ("churches") with.

Only Jesus.

Back to the "holy water". Being sprinkled or making "the sign of the cross" with so-called "holy water" is a cheap substitute for true repentance and deliverance through Jesus Christ. We can't be purified externally. True spiritual cleansing is our responsibility, through trusting in the saving Blood of Christ alone.

In a recording I did on the Catholic church, I commented on how "it's hard". The opposite is true! I was speaking on all the false rules people must adhere to when I said that. But it's not "hard", in

reality, it's actually taking the easy way out, when blindly following a false doctrine. It takes the personal God-given responsibility off of the individual, and replacing it with false "tools" to use.

A priest is not an ambassador of Christ.

He is a deceived man who stands in the way of finding a true relationship with Christ.

I could list so many more contradictions of false doctrine and true worship, but that f s all for now.

What prompted me to write this is a headline I saw recently, about a Catholic bishop or priest wanting to douse a certain region with holy water, from the air, like with a helicopter or something, to help rid the area and people of crime and such.

sigh

I prayed for that place, that God would help those people for real. I also prayed for that poor man who actually thinks playing God, and dousing people with "holy water" is real deliverance.

We all need Jesus. Only Jesus.

Amy Lohrman (uploader)

(a former Catholic, delivered and set free by Jesus)

[July 4, 2022]

Last night I had a dream, there were several women from India, with their children, moving quickly away from some kind of severe weather approaching.

It looked like crashing waves and turbulent wind, as if a hurricane was coming in, there was wind and water crashing in a threatening way in the background, and the Indian women were walking away quickly, holding tightly onto their children, shielding them with their veils, covering them with the sheer fabric of their clothing.

This is what I noticed - the women were all dressed in their traditional clothing, the long flowing garments, wrapped in sheer flowing veils of various colors. All of their veils were brightly colored, but very sheer, almost transparent. As the wind blew, the women tried to cover their children with their veils, but the children remained unprotected, as the veils they were trying to use were ... of no avail.

As I woke up this morning, the dream was on my mind, and I prayed for God's will regarding those Indian women and their children.

I prayed that God would help them, and give the children the protection and covering that they need, and that God would help the women according to His will.

The women were in traditional clothing - they walk in the spiritual traditions of their culture. Although colorful and beautiful, their traditions and religion is thin, and not sufficient to protect their children, and guard them from the calamities to come, and the things happening even now.

Like all traditions of men, and nations, and countries, and peoples, the familiar ways and beliefs of our cultures and our ancestors are not enough to guard us and cover us.

We ALL need Jesus.

Not traditions, not man made religion, not the ways and practices of our forefathers.

The women in India were shown to me in this dream as an illustration, but it is true for us all. Our customs and traditions are thin, and are not enough to provide true shelter and protection.

Jesus Christ is the one true covering for us all.

a prayer -

Lord Jesus,
have mercy on us all. Reach us, Lord, and teach us about You. Let us all see clearly regarding You and Who You are. Let us gain wisdom in You, and see past the thin veils of traditions. Open our eyes, and let us see where we have been, and are, being deceived by false beliefs, customs, and doctrines of man. Let us learn

of You in freedom and truth. Break down the walls of culture and tradition and false religions. Show us all the truth, Lord. Let Your people, everywhere, in all nations, be able to come to You, in freedom and in truth.
Thank You Lord Jesus.

January 8, 2023

Subject: A Prayer

Done with lots of art filters applied to something I scribbled.

I called this one "a prayer" because it looks like wispy thoughts or clouds rising up.

About prayer and praying though, in real life -

It's frustrating to see people struggling with so many issues and problems, and know the answer,
but not be able to speak about it or help them.

I help people in real life (the ones I see and hear around me) by praying for them.

I see, and listen, then take my concerns to God, asking Him to help them and bless them
according to His will, and then I let it go. Sometimes I pray further for the person, if I'm led to do
so. But I don't assume to know what they need (other than Jesus), and I'm very careful when I
pray, simply and sincerely asking God to help them how HE sees fit - not what I think He should do
for them.

This is important to understand, as a Christian. We must remain in a yielding position with Jesus,
always, no matter how much wisdom, discernment, and faith we've developed over time, in our
walk with Him. We must remain submitted to His will, for ourselves, and others, and the world
around us. We can't assume that we've figured it all out, and know best. The wisdom of man is
foolishness with God, according to His Word.

This isn't to say we shouldn't pray for others! He wants us to, of course! But the WAY we pray
should always be with the attitude of HIS will, not ours. If I do think I know what a certain person
needs, I'll make the request known to God, but not in a "name it and claim it" stance. This is
prideful and unbiblical. Rather, I will approach God in all respect and humility before asking Him
for something, for myself or someone else, and when I've made my request known, I ask Him to
please forgive me if I've asked amiss.

My faith is great, and I know He will hear my prayers, and that's why I maintain a position of
submission to His will, not mine. I fear God, and know His mighty hand, and I've seen it move in
amazing ways, in my life. I've seen miracles and have been delivered from so many things. I stand

in awe of Him.

I began this with mentioning that it's frustrating when I see others struggling with life problems - it's frustrating in the flesh, when I want to help them with MY thoughts and MY advice and even MY prayers. But then I am led to simply pray, and the frustration lets up, and my mind eases. I cannot carry others spiritually anymore, God won't let me. He's taught me how to give all of my concerns for others to Him, in prayer. Then, I'm led to let it go, and move on with my own life.

That being said, I think everyone just needs to turn to Jesus, for literally everything. So much time and energy is wasted on struggling and suffering needlessly, when the answer to every problem in this world has already made Himself known. Jesus is available to all, but it's just too simple and easy for people to believe.

January 8, 2023

Subject: From one of my blogs

How can you say enough about Jesus, when He's done so much for you?

I do get quiet at times, but then...

I just need to speak more about Him.

The Word tells us that Jesus is all, and in all.

He's our shelter and our strength, our help and our hope. Jesus is our healing and our joy. He's our riches, our treasure, and the inheritance of those who let go of everything else, to follow Him.

He's our guard and our protection. And, He's our amusement and delight, giving us small happy things, like watching a playful puppy run around, little tail wagging, pouncing on a ball. Earthly delights like this are from Him!

Jesus is our clothing. He covers us in His patience and mercy.

He is our wisdom and our knowledge.

Jesus is the light in dark places, He's the way out of problems and trouble, He's the strong hand reaching down to rescue us from the pit, if we will only reach out and hold on to Him.

Jesus is life. His Name is written on our dna and found within our cells. Just like He's there with the prisoners - in their cells. Jesus forgives all who sincerely go to Him for forgiveness. Those condemned to die on Death Row obtain eternal life, joy, and freedom with Him, in heaven, when they turn to Him. The sentences rightfully carried out by earthly judges are temporary, but freedom in Christ - The One True Judge - is eternal, and no lawyer or accuser will prevail or be able to overturn His ruling. We are safe with Him.

Jesus is all and in all. He's everything. Learn of Him, follow Him. This fallen

world is under His judgement and is passing away. So are we. None of us are guaranteed tomorrow. We must remember that we are one second away from the eternal, at any given moment in time. We can pass from this life into the next - either heaven, or hell - at any moment. Our earthly lives are set for death, but to follow Jesus is eternal life.

He is King. Jesus Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords. He loves us all and gave His life on the cross for us all, for whomever will believe it, and receive it.

Jesus is everything.

January 8, 2023
Subject: Leaving Florida

There are times in our lives when it seems there's no way out.

Sometimes life is like being trapped inside a room, completely locked, with no windows, doors, or keys.

And you, unable to get yourself out, not even knowing how to do it, even if you knew the way.

Sometimes the locked doors are our own limitations.

Lack of resources, impaired mobility, a weakened state of mind, maybe. Lack of support, standing alone, with no one in our corner.

Some life situations are like staring at a puzzle on a table, and not even being able to reach for one puzzle piece, to see if it might fit. Life can seem like one big unsolved puzzle at times.

I've heard of real-life escape rooms, and that is exactly what some situations in life can feel like.

I know of a key that is able to set us free from these troubling situations, when all the doors are locked and the windows are sealed shut, when lions wait outside the door to devour, should you break free.

The way out is on your knees.

Through calling on Jesus.

He can open every door, subdue every lion, and lift you up and out of every hopeless pit.

It might not happen instantly, but in His timing, He will save and rescue, according to His will.

There are times in life when no outside help comes, and in these hopeless and scary seasons, we have a true friend in Jesus.

In a real life escape room, you're on a frantic search for the way out. But we don't have to handle life circumstances in a frantic, rushed state. We can fall upon our knees, and pray. We can call upon the name of the Lord. We can humble ourselves and pour out our troubles to the One who listens and cares and loves us unconditionally.

The way of escape is on our knees, in prayer.
It works.

January 8, 2023
Subject: Christian talk

A collection of audio recordings pertaining to the Christian faith, and some random observations / stories.

My heart is for those who don't know Him.
The things I've said about God are basically common knowledge (I'm assuming) to those who are already in the Body of Christ.

Jesus made Himself plain for everyone to see. He spoke openly to the people while here on earth, not in secret undercover meetings that only certain people could attend.

He is here for us all, no matter who we are. Poor or rich or somewhere in between, learned in the world or of a simple mind, it matters not. He came and gave His life for us all. He's available to us all, the way to go is laid out plain before us all. It's only up to each of us to choose it.

There's no hidden formula, special secret prayers, or any certain spiritual ability required to learn of Him and know Him and experience Him and follow Him. We all can pray to Jesus, and spend time with Him.

The Bible (KJV for me) is still available to us all, His Word is there plain to see and partake of. In it He shows us the way to eternal life, with Him. It's only our personal choice, what will you choose?

No one is excluded from His invitation to know and receive and follow Him. He forgives anyone and everyone who comes to Him for forgiveness if it's sincere and heartfelt.

No college degree or special training or education is needed to learn of Jesus. The world's learning system has nothing to do with seeking, finding, and following Jesus.

A prayer -

Lord Jesus, thank You for making Yourself available to me and thank You for Your Word that teaches me and helps me and feeds me. Thank You for not making it hard to reach You or understand what You want for us. Thank You for showing us how to live. Thank You for making it easy to reach you.

January 9, 2023
Subject: Invest In Your Soul
This is a silly cartoon, with a deep message...

When I was a child, I saw the horror movie, The Exorcist. I was utterly terrified and disturbed by it, for years. It gave me nightmares, but I thought none of it was real, so that comforted me, somewhat.

Then as time went on and I discovered that demons WERE a reality, I became disturbed all over again by the memories of that movie.

Then, as even more time went on, and I became a Christian, and learned about the healing power of Jesus, and how He sets us free from all kinds of evil and scary things, I found comfort again. The imagery in that movie, and all the other horror movies, didn't plague my memories any more.

Then, as even MORE time passed, I discovered a whole new type of horror - the reality of unconfessed and unrepentant sin, tucked away comfortably in the heart. The same heart of mine that loves Jesus and others and all the good things.

So what's the "horror" of unrepentant sin? It is a ticket to hell, without the cleansing blood of Christ. Hell, where all the imagery depicted in the horror films come from and portray, that some people think are entertaining to watch. Hell, where real demons torment real human souls. Those who haven't accepted the free gift of Jesus' blood that was shed for us, are in for a real-life horror movie if their own, for eternity.

Hollywood churns out these horror flicks, but we are deceived as we watch them. The scenes of gruesome torture and murder and everything else actually serve to undermine the reality of the very real evil that we face every day - the horror of our hearts.

We grow up exposed to what the media shows us as "evil", and so we go on, thinking nothing can ever be as wicked and horrible as THAT.

But our hearts harbour the very same evils every day, when we don't go to Jesus for cleansing. For example, His word says that if you hate your brother (fellow man), you commit murder in your heart. Murder is a sin. So is hatred. To be angry with someone, without cause, is also a sin. To look upon someone with lust is committing adultery in the heart. These are very real sins in our everyday life that, if left unchecked and not confessed, will take us to hell. Even for someone who calls themselves a "Christian".

Jesus died for all of our sins, past, present, and future. But we must apply that gift to our lives, and go to Him when we sin, ask forgiveness, and repent (turn from, stop doing). Then we get up, and go on. But we cannot abuse His grace. We cannot carry on sinning, thinking it's ok, simply because we believe in Him. The bible says that even the demons believe on Him, and tremble.

It comes down to not just believing in Him, but FOLLOWING Him. That means taking your walk with Him seriously, putting Him first, reading His word, and actually doing what it says.

The thought of unchecked and unrepentant sin in my own heart is horrifying. If I allow just one or two sinful habits to linger, thinking it's nothing, because I'm "saved"... I will be well on my way to hell. And THAT is horrifying.

Today's mainstream churches don't really preach or teach on hell, and if they do, it's a place where only the unbelievers, atheists, and all the others who've rejected Jesus go. That's what I thought too, for a very long time.

Hell is horrible, and it's real.

A prayer -

God help the horror of my heart. Please cleanse my heart, Lord, and renew my mind.

May my most secret and hidden thoughts, motives, desires, and ideas be lined up with Your will. Please wash me clean in Your blood, Lord Jesus. Please cleanse me from all unrighteousness. May my walk with You be pleasing to you.

Thank You Jesus

January 9, 2023

Subject: Bird Messages Video

This is going to be somewhat of a disclaimer regarding my own online creations. I feel the need to say this now, it matters.

I am a Christian. I believe that Jesus is the answer to every problem. I believe that He can heal us of anything - physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. I believe that we, as Christians, are no longer "our own", but bought with a price (His blood), redeemed, and sanctified. I do not belong to myself, I'm His.

I no longer follow my own desires or my own will. I follow Him and His authority in my life. He never fails me, or leads me astray.

So what does this have to do with "self help"?

On my personal journey I have experienced many, many struggles, trials, traumas, tribulations. I have known complete brokenness, including mentally. Without getting too deep, I'll just say a big part of my journey has been marked with many mental problems that I've had to overcome. Lots of these issues have found their way into my online stuff - comics, cartoons, and certain videos. If a person didn't know me, they might label my creations as "self help", because not everything I made and posted makes it clear that I'm a Christian, and not everything I made gives obvious glory to God. I myself have even deliberately placed labels and tags on some of my stuff as "self help", because that's the term we use today to cover this sort of thing.

My goal has always been, from the very beginning of my walk with Jesus, to introduce others to Him. I've been "working the door", so to speak. I've been standing in the darkness, motioning with one hand for people to come in, while holding the "door" open with the other hand. I want to tell people of Jesus and I want everyone to know of Him. But I haven't been called to speak in churchy, religious environments. Rather, I've been called to speak in dark places.

In order to do this, I have exposed myself and shared my personal struggles with everyone. I've allowed myself to be transparent. To be someone they can relate to and identify with. Not all of my posted material appears "Christian" on the surface.

If all Christians stayed behind the safety of Christian environments, only connected with other believers, how then will the lost be found? Who will reach them? How can we assume they'll eventually stumble upon some Christian ministry and be saved?

Some of us are called to work in the dark.

So, that being said, I want to make my statement here. I honestly do not believe,

or recommend,
"self help". I believe in "Jesus help".

I'm not into psychology or any of that, even though I myself have carried around a broken mind for so long. I know first-hand the healing power of Jesus. He puts broken things back together and makes them better than before.

He restored me.

So, if you happen to know me, and know that this is just one of my online names, and there's lots of stuff I did with the "self help" label - this is why. Just wanted to clear that up.

Galatians 1:8-9

8 But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.

9 As we said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.

I think that the whole self-help thing has grown into it's own gospel, the Gospel of Psychology and Self.

This is not to say we shouldn't help ourselves, and take no personal responsibility with our actions and choices, etc.

I just know where the real solutions and healing are found, and His Name is Jesus.

January 9, 2023

Subject: Go Ahead - Repo My Car (see if I care)

Not that anyone asked, but I still have strong opinions about cars.

Let me say, I am not into politics, not into socialism, globalism, communism, or any other "ism".

My reasons are pure and simple - driving cars, and all that entails, as we know it today, is dangerous, expensive, time-consuming. And quite stressful for some.

I'm not even into climate issues, (from a political view, that is. I know that we are in the end times, and what some refer to as "climate change" is simply what the Bible warned us of in the Book of Revelation - repackaged, to fit another agenda.)

That being said, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to see the damage that vehicles, as we know them, are taking a huge toll on our precious, God-given environment. And our lungs.

And what of the destructive effects caused by the continuous quest for oil and gas? What are we even doing to the ground, and the soil beneath, that's been given to us to walk on?

What are we doing to the rock layers beneath that, which our Creator has laid firmly in place for us? Why are we relentlessly shaking it up, breaking it up, drilling away at it?
Our greed will cause the earth itself to turn against us.
Our foundations have already crumbled and been destroyed, in more ways than one.

What are the alternatives for modern day transportation? Don't ask me, I have no clue.

Except, I get excited at the prospect of more light-rails, improved public transportation, environment-conscious subways, and the like. And I'm not even a green tree-hugger.

I'm a Christian with common sense.

Do I ride in cars? Yes, when necessary. Will I ever take on the burden of owning one again? No.

Do I need to own a car, so I can get out, and do things? No. At what cost? My life? If someone makes a mistake, and slams i to me? Or, if I should make a mistake, and crash into someone else?

Don't even get me started on the cost of gas, insurance, inspections, etc etc. It's like one big prison, but we are so accustomed to it, it's hard to see it as anything but normal.

We are groomed from a young age to look forward to driving, and owning a nice car. Look at the commercials for "luxury cars", showing very sleek humans, usually in dark sunglasses, behind the wheel of an expensive car. Do we really fall for it, in this day and age? Are we still falling for the carrot-on-a-stick, dangled in front of us, of luxury ANYTHING? Not only cars, but homes, clothing, jewelry, traveling for pleasure, yachts, etc etc.

Give me poverty instead, any day. I know what God has stored up on the other side of this earthly life, for those who choose Him.

Again, the light rails being talked about, that will run through cities, connecting people and places much better. Where do I sign up? Can I purchase a travel pass for say, the year 2050?

Ok so maybe I'll be long gone by then. But I can still dream.

January 9, 2023

Subject: False Religion

Jesus is the only way.

Good deeds won't get us into heaven.

Helping others won't get us into heaven.

Being good won't get us into heaven.

Being kind to others won't get us into heaven.

Giving money to charity won't get us into heaven.

Not stealing, lying, or murdering won't get us into heaven.

Not drinking or doing drugs won't get us into heaven.

Saving your virginity until marriage won't get you into heaven.

Dressing modestly won't get us into heaven.

Regular church attendance won't get us into heaven.

Reading and memorizing scripture won't get us into heaven.

Saying repetitive prayers won't get us into heaven.

Following religious rules won't get us into heaven.

Not eating certain foods won't get us into heaven.

Praying at certain times of the day won't get us into heaven.

Making journeys to "holy" places won't get us into heaven.

Confessing sins to a priest won't get us into heaven.

Getting baptized as an infant won't get you into heaven.

Committing yourself to a church or religious organization won't get you into heaven.

Going on missions and recruiting others to join your religion won't get you into heaven.

Having large families won't get you into heaven.

There is only one way to heaven - Jesus Christ.

He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

He is for us all. Every human being, everywhere, of all nationalities and races. He is Lord of us all.

He loves us all with an everlasting love, and His gift of eternal life with Him is for everyone.

In order to receive His gift, we first must believe that He is Who He says He is - He is God. He came to earth as a man, and gave His life for us all, shedding His blood on the cross as the final sacrifice for all of our sins, bringing the ancient Law to completion. Our sins are now covered, but we must go to Him, and receive this gift. We must confess our sins, be washed in His blood, and believe that we are forgiven. This is done in personal prayer to Him, one on one. It's a free gift for everyone, of all races and places.

Being forgiven of our sins in Him, and receiving Him as our Lord and Saviour, and telling Him, in prayer, that we believe, and receive, and want a personal relationship with Him - this is entering in the door, the one door that leads to eternal life with Him in heaven.

We don't stop there, though. We must learn of Him, read the Bible, learn what it says, and do it. Make it top priority before everything else. This is following Jesus.

When we stumble and sin, because we are human, we can go to Him and sincerely pray

for forgiveness, and He will wash us clean. He already covered that sin on the cross. He is merciful and patient with us, loving and kind. He is the Good Shepherd.

Following Jesus changes everything. It sets us free. We are set free from old things of the world, and we take on His yoke. His yoke is easy and light.

Jesus is the answer to everything. Every problem can be solved through Him. He heals, helps, delivers. He is for everyone. He loves YOU so much - more than you can imagine. No religious training or special education is needed to know Him.

If freedom is what you seek, look no further.
His Name is Jesus.

January 9, 2023

Subject: Space Scenes [with Old Dial Up Internet Sound]

The first time I got online that I can remember was back in 1999. I was shown the yahoo landing page, and all the various categories of content listed. The person introducing this to me failed to mention that the yahoo page was only one of MANY pages and sites on this strange and newfangled thing called the "internet". For a few years, I thought that yahoo - that ONE page - was the whole internet. As in, the ONE "channel".

It took me a while but I eventually figured out that the internet contained just a little bit more than that one page.

....

But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

Daniel 12:4

January 9, 2023

Subject: Stories From The Early 1990s

In the early go's: The Stamps

Being a stay-at-home mom really gave me the time I needed to do things, such as, writing my own tracts and sending them anonymously to random addresses found in classified ads that were placed in the back of questionable magazines. One time I created a "tract", even though I had only been a Christian for a few years, still, I knew the basics and I had such passion flowing through my veins, I never understood it, I still don't. It seems like I've been doing this kind of thing, in one form or another, since the moment I got saved. I remember sitting on my bed one day at the age of 17, I had made copies of a Christian article, grabbed a stack of envelopes, not even knowing what I was going to do with it, but the passion thing just took over and I wanted to mushroom whatever message was given to me. On this day, I got down to the last article copy, and I noticed there was exactly one envelope left. I was surprised, seeing as how I had no idea how many copies I had made, nor did I know how many envelopes I had grabbed. These coincidences kept

happening, and I began to see patterns and purpose in what I was doing. I didn't begin to tell anyone of the signs that were given to me until years later.

So about the tract I created. I made several hundred copies, stuffed them in envelopes, got the questionable addresses from the shady magazines, they were all ready to go, I was all set to save the world. Until it hit me: I didn't have any stamps. And each one required 2 stamps. And I had a few hundred or so to mail.

This is what I did. I didn't question anything. I closed my eyes, put my hands on the envelopes, and asked God to fund my mission. Then I went on with my day.

I don't know if it was later on that day, or that week, but soon after, my mom was going to Wal-Mart, and she invited me to come along with her, she wanted to buy me a bathing suit. I have no idea why. I was married, and the only place I ever went swimming was at my own house. Or, my ex-husband's house. I never viewed it as my own. (another blog entirely)

So I went to Wal-Mart and picked out a bathing suit and went into the dressing rooms to try it on. Wal-Mart has tons of dressing rooms to choose from, you go in and there's lots of curtain-covered rooms. I just walked down the hall and chose a random one, walked in, and guess what was all over the floor? In the one I just happened to choose?

Lots and lots of books of stamps. Yes. All over the place.

I bent down and picked them all up. It was treasure to me. I realized that I held in my hand enough stamps to mail my messages.

Normally I would have turned them in, but I knew that these were for me. Sometimes exceptions can be made, and this was one of those times. I took my stamps home and mailed all my tracts.

...

Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.

2 Timothy 2:22

January 9, 2023

Subject: 1987 Yearbook

The Hokey - a memory from one of my very first jobs, during the time of this yearbook...

Was it '88? or '87?

I think it was '87. Yes. Yes it was. I was not yet 18.

I was working at a pizza place, (not the one where I thought a pineapple pizza only had one chunk of pineapple on it, because one chunk weighed the right amount for one topping on a large pizza, according to the scale, and the Diabolical Chart on the wall that I was told NEVER TO STRAY FROM NO MATTER WHAT, and once said pizza came out of the oven, it was promptly spotted

by the angry little managerial woman operating the other end with the big spatula thing, scooped up, and thrown into trash, while I was informed: G-D- AMY, IF I HAVE TO THROW AWAY ONE MORE PIZZA BECAUSE OF YOU, YOU'RE FIRED...)

No, it was a different pizza place. I quit the other one on my own, no need to stand around much longer and wait to be fired. That woman hated me. On the first day, she walked up to me, grabbed the edge of my Rolling Stones concert shirt that I had paid good money for, shook her head and said, What makes you think you can dress like this up here? You have no sleeves.

No, I didn't have sleeves. But nobody told me otherwise. So again, it wasn't that pizza place. It was this one, where I was told to hokey.

It was my first day. I was nervous. I was already struggling with my usual mental block that quickly formed upon learning the new registers, so my mind was already compromised when he said it.

The manager. A married man whose young wife would come up, hauling her kids along, and sit down and eat with him each day. I always observed them. I wondered, is he making her do this? Or is he deep down embarrassed that she's here?

We never bothered my dad at work. We stayed in our world while he went to his.

Other families have been fascinating me for as long as I can remember.

But back to the hokey. The manager was leaving for the night, and told me, You did a good job today Amy. All I need you to do before leaving is hokey. See you in the morning.

I stood there, nodded and smiled.

I thought I knew what he meant. I assumed "hokey" was pizza-place language for "hurry", or "put a little spring in your step!"

Isn't that what it sounds like?

So I was proud of myself that night as I closed the shop with a few other people, the kitchen guys did their thing and I did mine. I hokeyed really well. I got everything done quickly. I straightened the chairs, wiped down the tables, you name it, I at least looked at it.

I left that night thinking, I "hokeyed".

Well, as it turns out, "hokey" is not slang for anything. Come to find out, it's a real thing.

A hokey is that little hand broom thing that looks like a vacuum that somebody forgot to finish building. I found all this out the next day when I got there. The first thing the manager said to me was, "Amy, do you remember what I asked you to do before leaving last night?" I said yes, and smiled.

I remember this conversation. I remember the look on his face when I stood there and smiled. His eyebrows went up and he looked half annoyed/half quizzical. He said, "Well. . . . why didn't you do it?"

I told him I did, and I did it well. I told him I hokeyed.

He looked down on the floor, in both directions, and all around. He told me that he could tell with his own eyes that I did not hokey.

I wondered how he knew whether or not I hurried as I was cleaning. And I began to wonder, how can this matter? This went on for a minute or two. A big misunderstanding began to form like storm clouds, like it always did, while I was on the clock somewhere.

I have a whole string of these types of things in my memory bank, believe me.

So we went back and forth, me stating that I did in fact hokey, and he thinking me to be a liar, as he could plainly see that his shop had not been hokeyed.

The frustration to this conversation mounted until the once pleasant manager shook his head and said to me, "AMY- COME WITH ME."

I followed him down the hallway and watched as he opened up a little closet door. He impatiently reached inside and grabbed a little gray pole and pulled it out. He slammed this contraption down in front of me. He said, "THIS" (making sweeping movements with it) ... "THIS IS A HOKEY. "

I was shocked. The clouds cleared, and I realized at once the misunderstanding. I began to laugh uncontrollably and had to cross my legs and hold my tummy so I wouldn't pee my pants.

The manager did not laugh. I was beet red and did not regain my composure for the rest of the day. Actually I ended up quitting the next day.

January 10, 2023
Subject: Marbles

When I was a kid in the 1970s, I was into collecting marbles for a little while. Not playing marble games with them, no... just collecting them, admiring them, and sorting them out, by style, shape, and color.

I had a neighbor friend, who was a few years younger, and she too had a marble collection going.

One day while playing at her house, we both had our marbles out, in separate piles. She left the room for a moment, and I, being the sneaky and devious little weirdo that I was, helped myself to a few of her marbles, adding them to my own pile. She didn't notice my theft, and I thought I had gotten away with it, that is, until her mother called my mother that evening, telling her that "Amy needs to return her daughter's marbles". My mother questioned me about this, and I immediately denied the deed. The charges were not dropped against me - it was known exactly how many marbles were in my friend's collection, and in due process, it was discovered that there were that many extra in my collection. I was made to go to her house, and return her stolen marbles. I remember being indignant, embarrassed, and ashamed. I'm thankful for her mom, who called me out, and for my own mom, who also made me own up to the crime.

If only more of my misdeeds throughout my youth were discovered, perhaps I would have developed a better moral character, alot earlier. Instead, it took me half a lifetime to straighten out.
Which makes me often wonder... am I still bad, and just don't know it? When I'm 80, will I regret my behavior and ways, currently?

sigh

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.
Proverbs 22:6

January 10, 2023
Subject: Bird Music Ringtones

Birds make the original music.
Befor there were any musical instruments,
or symphonies, orchestras, bands...
there were birds.
They've been singing to us all along,
I think we should take more time to be still and listen to them.
I also think birds are praising God when they sing, in a unique language known only to them, and their Creator.
Sometimes, however, I think birds communicate things to us humans. For example, when you take the trash out in the morning, and step out on the back porch, suddenly... a random bird tweets out to you, and you, being still half asleep, respond with something like, "good morning to you, too".
Then you realize, you just had a conversation with a bird.
And it was legitimate. Somehow, deep down, you knew that bird really was greeting you, and giving you some encouragement, as you began your day.

...

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.
They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.
By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.
Psalm 104:10-12

...

January 11, 2023
Subject: Polka Dots and Daisies

I think this design would make a good shower curtain.
That's literally all I can think this would be good for, after staring at it on & off several times today.

Why did I doodle it? Moreover, why did I post it online?

Is there any point at all to trivial bits of visual things, such as this?
Have I wasted too much of my existence on earth on drawings, doodles, and "visual

art"? Because the older I get, the further I move away from art, and the need/desire to create visual stuff, the more I realize, it was all so pointless.

Which makes me wonder... now that I enjoy writing so much, is that going to be pointless too, one day?

Is everything pointless?

I just don't know anymore.

Except, if designs like this were never created, how would we get shower curtains? And towels, rugs, blankets, etc?

I guess there is a point to doodles.

I really want to think there is.

...

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.
Ecclesiastes 1:14

January 11, 2023

Subject: Life Goes On

It's now 2023, and a strange season of my life is wrapping up. A season that began for me in 2006. How many years is that? About 17? ...So, like a hibernating locust, I emerge from the dirt after a seventeen year cycle of stages. I like locusts. As a child, when they hatched from their light brown casings, I would get a large plastic bowl, and scavenge the entire back yard, finding each one, carefully extracting it from whatever it was holding on to, and collected them all into said bowl. I was a strange child...

This season of my life that I'm referring to is marked by great instability, dependence, and living in a series of homes that were not mine, out of necessity.

At the end of 2006, I lost my way.

The reason(s) why are another writing bit entirely, so I'll try to just stay focused here on the point - I have been rocking along for all these years, without "my own" place, except for a 9 year period in Florida, in my home(s) with my husband. Even then, however, it was still as if I were in someone else's world.

If it's never happened to you, it can be hard to imagine the number it can do to a person's head. Especially if it's not by choice.

I have gone from home to home, for all of these years, constantly adapting and modifying myself, over and over again, in order to blend in, cope, survive, not rock the boat. After a while, continually changing oneself takes a toll on you - there comes a point where you lose yourself in the process, forgetting who you ever were to begin with.

It has taken a huge toll on me, psychologically.

A person can stand and judge, say "she's lost her mind", shake their head. I am familiar with this type of person, and of the opinions that come forth from them. I can only say, my journey has been unique, and the chaos I've endured - the broken road I've had to walk - has not been in vain, nor does it make me any less of a human being.

I am honored to have known the turbulence, the loss, the inability to always hold on. In the process, I have learned complete dependence and trust in God.

I have learned that it's not about my strength, but His.

It's not my knowledge and wisdom, it's His.

It's not my own ideas and plans in life, it's about following Him, where He leads me. How would my stubborn and prideful self have learned this, if it weren't for my broken road?

I now have found "home" again, not only in a physical sense, but in my head and in my spirit. It's only now that I'm settled that I can begin to look back on the last 17 years, and make sense of it all.

God is helping me.

I wanted to write about this today, because I see stuff happening in the world, so much has changed, so many people are also losing their way, and their homes, and their money. I want to hug each one, and help them, and fix their situation, but I can't. I can only hope and pray that God will redeem my life, and that I can be a blessing to others, however He sees fit.

When you see a homeless person, or a "room renter", or a hotel dweller - God have mercy, please don't judge.

Those who judge others for no longer being able to hold on, and float their own boat, have not (yet) experienced this thing that comes upon people. We all have different trials and challenges in this world. Those who sit comfortably in their own home, with everything still intact - bank accounts, retirement funds, physical health, mental health/clarity, etc - good for you. I hope you can see that this is a blessing, and that you will be humble, and kind and generous to others. It can all be taken away, and then you too will taste the shock, uncertainty, and fear of not knowing where you will live, or who you will live with, or how you will be treated, if you must be dependent.

Just don't judge. Share your blessings.

I am so thankful for all the people who helped me along the way and opened their doors to me. It was challenging at times, for everyone.

Panning out to a bigger picture, I wonder where we are headed, when it comes to housing. The times have changed so much.

Back in 2008, I did a vlog on the economy, not claiming to be a money expert or anything, but observing the growing instability in housing options.. Back then, I said I could see a day where normal single-family houses are divided into two, or four, and made into separate living quarters.

Now I see that the time is here, and room-renting is a good and solid alternative for many, myself included. Watch for more backyard sheds and garages to also be transformed into apartments. People are coming together, because we have to. How will this change us, as a society?

I kinda see the bright side here. Maybe we will be forced to put aside our differences and prejudices, for the sake of keeping the peace. When you are forced

to rent a space from someone else, it really puts things in perspective. If you're a problematic jerk, you could lose the roof over your head.

I might write more on this subject another time, explaining what happened to me, personally, that propelled me in to a 17-year rollercoaster through all kinds of crazytown living, but I'll save that for another time.

Houses and homes are a-changin', ya'll.
Get ready.

...

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
Psalm 46:1

January 14, 2023
Subject: Lost Marbles

This image was made with a simple doodle, then lots of different art filters layered on.

It kind of has an 80s feel to it, with the "marbles" and geometric stuff in the background.

Makes sense to me, because it was in the 1980s that I first began to lose my marbles. Maybe a few were lost earlier, like in my earlier childhood years... but they really started to roll around and come loose in the 1980s. I won't get too deep here. I'll just say, maybe I shouldn't have tried any drugs when I was a teenager, knowing full well that they could scramble minds.

Also, I had emotional struggles, from things that were unhealthy / destructive in my formative years.

Yes, my "marbles" have been lost over the years, but then, began to be found and reclaimed again, one by one.

Back in the 1980s, when I was in high school, I remember dodging and avoiding the guys at my school who were put-together, "normal", wholesome. They were popular, friendly, involved in athletics. They were the ones who the popular girls wanted to date. I remember thinking, I can't date any of them. What if they see my inferior underbelly... my instability... my sometimes broken mind. All the way back then, in the late 1980s, I was already aware of how different I was, and becoming. I experienced some abuse, that took it's toll on me, and gave me a sense of inferiority and shame, when I was around the popular, normal kids. They didn't know what I was hiding.

I've learned, as time has gone by, how unhealthy it is to compare. We are all on different and unique tracks. We all learn different things at different times.

The irony of it is, I had some intense difficulties and unseen hardships as a teenager, yet have known comfort and ease later in life. Sort of a reversal from what others have experienced. I suppose it all evens out, in the end...

a prayer -

Lord Jesus,
please help me to stop comparing myself to others.
Please heal me of the feelings of inferiority and shame,
when compared to other people.

Please help me to see and understand that You allow us all to go through things at different times, teaching us what we need, at different seasons in our lives.
Thank You for my unique and wonderful life.

...

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.
Psalm 139:14

January 15, 2023
Subject: Today's News cartoon

I drew this cartoon about 14 years ago, along with a handful of other ones, all slightly negative and sarcastic. I cringe a little when looking at them... why did I draw such dark messages like this? I was angry, I think, at so many things - the world, people, and myself. These days I give my anger and everything else that can't remain in my head and my heart to Jesus, just as soon as it crops up. He keeps me clean. I'm still a wretched sinning human, but His blood keeps me healthy and whole.

About that. The blood of Jesus is our protection in these dark days. The things we see and hear on the news, and online, are disturbing, and can't be stopped by the common man, on an individual level. We can pray, but even then, it's about God's will.

How can all of this chaos be understood? What do we do? Do we protest? No... I am of the opinion that we should start by learning. Seeking the truth about the big picture, and what's really going on.

Conspiracy theories abound, and it's all very interesting. I think, however, the best place to start, is at the top. The Book of Revelation says it all. Pray for wisdom and understanding, and ask Him to reveal to you what He wants you to understand. His word is the top - above the tip of the iceberg - above the "pyramid". The iceberg, and all that it contains, and leads to, is under, and within, the Word of God. Going down rabbit holes without knowledge of the end times, via God's Word, is dangerous. You'll find information but only end up with more confusion, without knowing the big picture.

Everything - diseases, wars, disasters, corruption, trickery, increasing control, and all the other things happening - lines up, falls into place, and makes perfect sense, when His word is understood.

I do find it interesting to see what the "conspiracy theories" are saying - but I know where it's all headed, so I have the clarity needed. It's simply discovering the details of how the end time things are coming to be. It's been a work in progress for a long time, and it's nothing new.

...

Ecclesiastes 1:9
The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.

...

Matthew 24:4-13

4 And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you.
5 For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many.
6 And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.
7 For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.
8 All these are the beginning of sorrows.
9 Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you: and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake.
10 And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another.
11 And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many.
12 And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.
13 But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

January 17, 2023

Subject: Mice - What Sad Little Lives They Lead

I drew this comic about mice, and rodents in general, but when looking at it now, all I see is a trap.

I hate traps.

They're everywhere, set for people, all around us.

What's on my mind today is the "trap" of the underhanded motives of those who recruit people to attend and join their church, for the sake of increasing the numbers and building up the congregation...for the money. Also, to scout out people to join, to make them a member of their denomination.

To whom are they loyal, who are they really serving?

True evangelism is introducing other people to the King, the One who sets us all free, the One who heals and delivers, the One who redeems our past and gives us hope for the future.

Denominations and "organized religion" (as it's called today) have become a dangerous thing. I don't think it started this way, nor do I think the intentions are shady all across the board. These are man-made institutions that have become businesses. There's no other way to say it.

When you, being a faithful member of a certain congregation, invite your friend or coworker to attend your church, are you extending an offer for them to find Jesus, or the Christian Clubhouse that you are a part of?

I know that churches rely on donations and offerings from the congregation to keep running, this is necessary. Pastors should be covered financially. The people benefitting from the fellowship should give as the Lord lays upon their hearts, naturally. But what has it become, in these dark days?

It's ok to break from tradition, and forge your own path with Jesus. Come to Him first, and see where He leads you, for fellowship. For some, an individual walk is needed.

You don't have to stay with the church that you were born into, out of duty or obligation to your family.

Tradition can be dangerous. It feels safe and predictable, and if you're bound (blinded) by it, you're less likely to question it...

Pray that God will open your eyes to the traps set for you that are all around you. Pray that He will reveal to you the trap(s) that you might be caught in. Pray, and He will set you free.

Seek Jesus, not religion.

...

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.
John 8:36

January 17, 2023
Subject: It's Ok To Sit And Stare Into Space

I wrote this during a pretty intense crisis, to say the least. A lot of the things I've said online were reminders to myself, as well as encouragement to others.

I've been pretty open about my own mental struggles, without giving too many personal details / information, for my own reasons. I'm called to be transparent and share my journey with others, and tell what God has done for me. In this process, however, I have to be guarded as well, which makes for a very fine line I have to walk.

It's not easy writing about mental health things, but I've reached the point where I sort of don't really care anymore. What others think, what I think, and so on. There comes a time in life where you just gotta get over yourself, and being self conscious. If you've gained some insight worth sharing, who cares how you came by it?

I've been diagnosed with "Major Depressive Disorder", that's what I'm getting human help and support for, currently. I was surprised to come away with that label, thinking for sure they'd determine it was something way worse. I just thought I had finally plain old lost my mind, to be honest. Anyway, without getting too deep (who, me?)... I want to say, I know the depths of depression, the fog and the confusion, the disconnect, the toll it takes on you socially - withdrawal, avoidance, uninterested. I've been there, on and off, for a long time, and have struggles currently as well. So anyone who sees my stuff about mental health, just want to say, I get it.

My issues are compounded/complex, but Jesus has been walking me through it.

From setting me free and healing me of generational stuff, to walking me through healing from past trauma, to teaching me how to let go, and forgive...

Yes, I'm finally getting a bit of human assistance for the state of my mind, because that's what I'm led to do right now. But I know where the healing comes from, and I give Him all the praise and glory.

(something I wrote, in 2009)
"dream of climbing muddy stairs"

The other day I dreamed this: I was slowly climbing a steep staircase, it appeared to be outside and it was carved out of stone, it was covered in mud and it was scary. It was steep and scary, and each new step to take was impossible for me, until I actually lifted my right leg to take a step, that's when a big strong arm would come down and grab hold of my hand and pull me up so I could get on the next step. I'd stand there, look at the mud, all blocked and overwhelmed, then attempt to step up and right then the help would come. This happened over and over again. I looked behind me and saw lots of people climbing the same stairs. I noticed each time the hand would lift me up and help me to the next step, I'd come down with such force on the new step that I left heavy indentions in the mud, footprints, and I turned and saw that the people behind me were stepping where I stepped, their climb was made easier because of my footprints in the mud. I made it all the way to the top and realized I had been climbing a mountain, there was no more mud on top, I was dizzy and I said, "that was so hard!" And I saw who had been lifting me, it was Jesus. He laughed at me and said, "I know!" And I understood that He had been with me all along. I woke up and cried and felt reassured that there is purpose to my difficulties, that other people are/will be helped because of it. And that's maybe why I can laugh, because I can't give any advice in any area of life except the spiritual.

Oh and I should say again, the hand didn't come down and lift me up until I'd lift my leg to take the step. Even though I knew I couldn't do it. I still tried.

January 18, 2023

Random childhood memory -

In 1976 or '77, I was around 7 years old or so, playing in the backyard, having the time of my life. I loved being alone outside. If I could go back to just one day in my childhood, I'd probably want to spend it in my backyard, in my treehouse, or jumping on the trampoline.

I grew up in Oak Cliff, a large section of Dallas, Texas. My childhood there was absolutely golden.

On this one particular day, at age 7, I was lost in my own little world, playing on the trampoline, but not ON it - I was hanging upside down from the rail, maybe pretending to do gymnastics or something. I just remember holding on with my hands, my legs up over the rail, swinging there, upside down, and singing.

I enjoyed this for a moment or two, then.... SPLAT.

Suddenly there was something in my mouth.

It came from the sky.

It tasted gross.

It was all over my front teeth...

I had a suspicion that it was bird poop.

I was not wrong.

This was discovered to be true after running inside and looking in the mirror. My front teeth and part of my tongue were splattered in black and white bird poop.

I rushed to the bathroom, wiped the poop off of my teeth, and spit out all I could into the sink, before rinsing my mouth out.

That's the story of The Day I Got Bird Poop In My Mouth.

January 19, 2023

Subject: I Love My Teenage Daughter

The family unit is priceless, whether it be large or small.

Marriage and child raising are at the heart of society, the healthy family and home being crucial to a healthy society.

In these strange times we're in, everything good is undermined, torn down, and if possible, destroyed.

In the future, will they even know what a family is anymore?

Will marriage be outdated completely?

Will any child survive the womb? If it does, will it be raised by a mother and a father? Or an institutionalized system that takes the God-given authority away from the parents, and legally calls all the shots?

I think dark days are ahead, regarding the human family as we've known it thus far. No one has had a perfect family, but most of us alive today at least know what a healthy family group is supposed to look like.

I'm afraid, in the future, it will be changed beyond recognition.

Everything good in the world is under attack, on every level.

I don't know what will be considered "normal" tomorrow, but as for today... hug your children, teach them God's ways, and pray that God will make a way for them, through even the darkest times.

...

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward. (Psalm 127:3)

But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife. And they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. (Mark 10:6-9)

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. (Colossians 3:19)

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones. (Proverbs 12:4)

A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish man despiseth his mother. (Proverbs 15:20)

But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God. (1 Corinthians 11:3)

Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord. (Colossians 3:20)

One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity. (1 Timothy 3:4)

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. (Genesis 2:24)

Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying. (Proverbs 19:18)

For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God? (1 Timothy 3:5)

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. (Genesis 1:27-28)

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. (Psalm 128:3)

And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. (Acts 16:31)

My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. (Proverbs 6:20)

Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise. That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. (Ephesians 6:1-4)

As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate. (Psalm 127:4-5)

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. (Proverbs 22:6)

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. (Exodus 20:12)

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. (Deuteronomy 6:6-7)

Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband. (Ephesians 5:33)

Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers. (Proverbs 17:6)

The proverbs of Solomon. A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother. (Proverbs 10:1)

And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve, whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. (Joshua 24:15)

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children. (Psalm 103:17)

A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway. (Acts 10:2)

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. (Proverbs 1:8-9)

But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. (1 Timothy 5:8)

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. (Psalm 27:10)

January 19, 2023

Subject: I Like Big Bugs And I Cannot Lie

I really do like bugs, I think they're cute, and I feel sorry for them.

A few years ago, roaches came to my rescue.

How is this possible, you might ask?

Well, I was living in the Florida Panhandle at the time, in a place that was comfortable, but had it's dangers.

It was a high crime area, and at this particular place, there were a few people who were a threat to my safety, coming around every so often to the property I was living at. A slipshod fence was built around the place, which locked from the inside, but sometimes it didn't completely hold the dangerous folk back. If I gave more details, you'd see that there's no exaggerating here - it was an increasingly dangerous situation, but it was handled, day by day, until another lodging could be found. It was scary...

So how did cockroaches help me at that place?

I will tell you. Towards the end of my stay there, a certain threatening person would attempt to come to the property every few days or so, harassing, yelling, making threats, and simply terrorizing in general. He was a raging alcoholic, and my dwelling was his favorite place to unleash his fury. It was a tricky situation, not something that could be easily dealt with, and at the time, I had no real understanding of why he was doing it, but that's beside the point.

Back to the roaches...

During the last few months that I was there, the smoke detector started malfunctioning, going off and beeping for no reason. The batteries were fresh, the wiring was good, there was no reason for it to be chirping, until -

I began to notice the timing of it. It always happened when I was there alone, in the day, and right before the Problem Man began his antics.

I started to understand that the "smoke alarm" really was a smoke alarm - it began notifying me that he was approaching, giving me time to pray for protection, and that God would subdue him. Every time. For a few months this went on. The smoke detector would chirp once or twice, I'd get on my knees and quickly pray for safety, then the Problem Man would either yell something profane out at my house, or bang on the gate, or whatever he could do, but he could not come in, or enter my property. It was scary, but God was with me. So for a while, I kept it a secret from my husband, what was happening with the smoke detector when he wasn't home, because I didn't want him to fix it. It was my Prayer Alarm during that time. God has always protected me, sometimes in very special ways, He is so awesome!

So eventually the day came, when the alarm chirped, and my husband heard it. I said, "quick, let's pray, ___ is coming!" My husband prayed with me, ___ did show up, and it went smoothly. Then he asked me about it, and I told him what had been going on for the past few months, how God was guarding me from ___ while I was alone all day. My husband did investigate the smoke detector, found nothing wrong, but began to pay attention to it, to find out what was going on.

One weekend, while he was home, it began to chirp. He promptly went to it, popped it open, and discovered a roach inside.

Later on, same thing happened again. Another chirp, another roach.

He said that roaches were crawling inside of it, and every time they did, it tripped the wire, and made the sound. He disconnected it, and it just hung there, on the wall, deactivated.

But it's ok, because right after that, we moved, so the Cockroach Prayer Alert Smoke Alarm was no longer needed.

Before anyone judges me for having roaches at that place, believe me when I say that was the least of my concerns there.

Florida was a time of fun for me, yes, but there were some times of simply surviving, and that was one of them.

All of this to say, God can use ANYTHING - including lowly cockroaches. I like and appreciate all bugs, even more now.

___ passed away shortly after we moved from that place, but I don't know if the roaches are still there or not. If they are, I hope that they too will serve a purpose, somehow...

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Psalms 34:7

January 23, 2023

Subject: Silver Bars

A looped animation with background track added,
with silver bars / rods moving around.

Maybe these bars, at one time, stood straight up, vertically...
like a jail cell. And maybe, in this animated visual, the bars are breaking down,
coming apart, leaving the scene.

I'd like to think that's the case - it's an illustration of freedom in the works.

At the ripe old age of 53, I'm seeing my own various "jail cells" break down, come
apart, and disappear. I'm finding freedom in new ways. It didn't come easy.

When I was a young adult - in my early 20s - I attempted getting help through
counseling. It lasted maybe three sessions, before I dropped it.

But I remember one thing about it.

I remember trying to explain to the counselor what was going on in my head, but
having trouble forming the words.

So I drew a picture one night, to show to the counselor.

I remember it well. It was the view from inside a jail cell. I drew my arms and my
hands, holding on to a row of the bars to a jail cell. I drew about seven bars, and
on each one, wrote a word. Each word was the label I gave to each problem in my
mind. Put together, each problem formed a jail cell. A prison of the mind. I
brought this sketch with me the next time I saw the counselor, and it greatly
helped. That was how I was able to speak.

Freedom is available to us all, from whatever mental prison, or jail cell, has
formed in the mind, keeping us a prisoner, holding us hostage.

I became a Christian as a teenager, in 1987, and my journey through the years has
been difficult, the bars to the "jail cell" being impossible to break, until I
finally called upon the name of the Lord. When I finally found deliverance through
Jesus, the bars came loose and gave way.

I had to be broken, and come to the end of my self.

That's when He began to take down the bars.

I am no longer a "prisoner". I'm free. But I am a slave to Him, and in His service,
I must tell others of the freedom that He offers.

...

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.
John 8:36

January 24, 2023

Subject: Doodlebug Gangsters

They may not be gangsters, but...
could they be food?

Will doodlebugs be a part of the "Insect Protien" thing that's on it's way?

and, ... are they tasty?

Crunchy?

Do they taste better than, say, Mealworm Larvae?

Is this really something that will be considered in this strange era - which insects taste good?
Or, will they all simply be ground up into a fine powder, removing the taste factor?

I suppose, in these end times, alternative protien sources do make sense, and if it lightens the load of regular animal slaughter stuff, ok. I like animals. And do feel sorry for them, being lower than us on the food chain.

But now our Bug Friends are in danger of becoming a staple in our diets. If I would have heard this, as a kid, I would've laughed my head off, but now, nothing surprises me any more.

Takes a whole lot to actually shock me these days.

After considering this looming matter thoroughly, I've come to the decision that eating bugs, and/or knowing they are being added into foods in the days to come (whether we know it or not), is the least of my End Times Concerns.

I'm not saying I'm excited about ingesting ground Cricket meal on a regular basis - nor do I plan on it- but it's kind of not a big deal, all things considered.

I know some people are freaking out about the manufacturing facilities appearing now that will be happily turning crickets, and other insect friends, into protien powder, which will then be sold as a common staple food additive thing. But really, is it that big of a deal, compared to the other stuff going on? It's gross, yes. But so is almost everything about these times we're living in.

I'm going to keep my eyes on Jesus, and if I'm hungry, and there's nothing else to be found, I'm gonna just eat bugs.

You gotta choose your battles. I refuse to worry about every new thing that crops up in the news.

...

Matthew 6:25-34

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

31 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

January 25, 2023
Subject: Red Bird With Eggs

A red bird with golden eggs... a simple doodle, that's all it is, except that it reminds me of Christmas, and Easter...

Traditional holidays are a thing of the past for me, it's been a gradual awakening to the full reality of what celebrating Christmas and Easter really entails. Halloween is a no-brainer, but I was surprised to discover what's really going on, behind the scenes, when we gather for decorated trees, gift exchanges, and egg hunts. Oh, and St. Valentine's Day, too. That one is extra creepy. Even celebrating one's own birthday - with candles on a cake, party hats and streamers, being showered with presents... I've turned from that, too.

I will admit, pulling away from traditional holiday gatherings was probably much easier for me than for others, due to my already reclusive way of life. But, I still get some heat for it, from a distance, occasionally. I can only imagine the reactions of those who already thought I was nuts, now, she won't even do birthdays! ...such is life...

Yes, I'm following Jesus, and in so doing, have had to keep learning, keep growing, keep tossing things overboard that I know to be not of Him. The lies exposed just keep coming. The more you learn, the more uncomfortable and unpleasant it gets, as a Christian, regarding other people who are still in the world. Jesus never said it would be easy, but He is with us, every step of the way, opening doors that have been locked, making a smooth way where the road has been broken. I'm holding onto Him, not letting go, finding grace and healing on this narrow path. I don't want to keep anything in my life that doesn't please Him, and knowing what I know now about our traditional holidays, I'm disgusted, icked out, and don't want anything to do with them. And no... they're NOT all about Jesus. That's a lie.

I know that some religious sects/groups don't celebrate traditional holidays, but I'm not one of them. I associate with no "religion", no denomination, no man-made doctrine. I'm simply one more sinner saved by grace, a born again believer in Jesus Christ, who shed His blood for us all. I read the Bible regularly, preferring the King James Version, it being the closest English translation to the original manuscripts.

Most people don't really care whether our holidays are pagan or not, I understand that. But I really hope and pray that folks, especially those who are believers in Christ, will take the time to learn about the origins of these holidays. It's just one more uncomfortable and unpleasant thing to deal with, I know.

Oh and it gets even worse, when you decide that's enough, and turn from the celebrations and traditional get-togethers. But it's worth it. Every loss in the world is a gain, when it comes to our walk with Jesus.

It's much better to be wide awake, and face the truth, and deal with the hardships, while still on earth, while there's still time to make choices for our lives, learn and grow, and see where He wants to take us, and what He wants to do with us.

January 25, 2023

Subject: Birds After The Rain

Birds have such good attitudes, the way they just start singing again when the storm passes.

Who knows how hard the wind blew, or if their nests were soaked and damaged, or if they were frightened by the thunder and lightening. We'll never know, they don't tell us.

We just hear their happy singing, that's what they choose to share with us.

The storms come through, they hunker down wherever they can, wait it out, then, when the coast is clear, come out into the sunshine, and carry on with their bird life.

May we all have the courage, and resilience, of the birds.

January 29, 2023

Subject: Field Of Flowers

Just a short and sweet clip, looped many times, with uplifting background music added to it...

We may not all be able to enjoy real fields of flowers that much anymore, but just knowing that they still exist is a pleasant thought.

Just knowing that flowers exist, that's a happy thing.

And butterflies. And wispy clouds upon a blue sky.

The world hasn't come to an end, yet.

Thank You, Jesus.

...

1 Chronicles 16:23-34

23 Sing unto the Lord, all the earth; shew forth from day to day his salvation.

24 Declare his glory among the heathen; his marvellous works among all nations.

25 For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised: he also is to be feared above all gods.

26 For all the gods of the people are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

27 Glory and honour are in his presence; strength and gladness are in his place.

28 Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

29 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come before him: worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

30 Fear before him, all the earth: the world also shall be stable, that it be not moved.

31 Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice: and let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth.

32 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof: let the fields rejoice, and all that is therein.

33 Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord, because he cometh to judge the earth.

34 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

January 29, 2023

Subject: Do You Have A Bible

When I first posted this video in 2013, it was long and rambling, which is pretty much the norm for me, but in this case, it went in way too many directions, including pointing out a newly purchased thrift store picture that was behind me on the wall, me attempting to sing a line from "Dust In The Wind" by Kansas, and last but not least, bringing my cat (Crittter) into the view, and having her wave goodbye. (which I may have left included in this edit, but I don't remember or know for sure, because watching my own videos make me cringe so bad)... so I think the cat, and the other diversions, have been edited out of this one. It's condensed and shortened to a proper point, that being, we need our Bibles, and we need to be reading them, like, all the time.

But when I first made the original video (in 2013), the very first recording was filled to the brim with even more off-topic rambles (than the ones I mentioned above), but I didn't realize it, until going to prepare it for uploading on my laptop.

I transferred the file from my little webcam, uploaded it to the laptop, in the Movie Maker program. The video file uploaded, and it did it's display thing, where it stretches out on that timeline, allowing you to see all the ...technical stuff, you know, all the computer things about it. So, when the video was there, displayed on the timeline, and I was about to hit "save", a message popped up on the screen...

I was offline, so it scared me.

It said: ERROR: ARGUMENT IS REDUNDANT
(or something similiar)

I froze. I was shocked. I thought, at that moment, the computer was criticizing my video content. For real. I had no idea at the time that was a common "error code", and it had nothing to do with what I was actually saying in the video.

So, after being blown away by my laptop mechanisms telling me that the point I was trying to make in my vlog was redundant/repetitive, I immediately went in, and edited it down, trying my best to cut out the redundant parts.

I then saved the edited file and posted it somewhere.

It wasn't until way later that I discovered that error codes are a thing, and when you got one, it wasn't a personal message.

Sometimes I wonder how I've even made it this far on the internet.

So, the question remains...

...DO you have a Bible?

January 30, 2023

Subject: Talk About God

This is a good sized handful of various recordings that I did over the years, starting in 2008.

I've said it before, but I'll say it again... (who, me, redundant? Certainly not.) I don't make myself out to be more than I'm not, or think myself to be any type of authority or expert pertaining to the Christian faith. I'm just a semi-broken

middle aged woman who's been thru a whole lot on this crazy planet, and God has placed it on my heart to share what I've learned, and what I'm still learning. I am no teacher or preacher, just a humble lost-soul reacher. I'm woefully unchurched, so please don't say I'm doing anything unbiblical by talking about God to people. I have never stood behind a microphone, never set myself in a position "over" fellow Christians, never even thought for a moment that fellow believers could learn a thing from me, it's not like that. Rather, I feel (know) that I do best when it comes to helping those who are still seeking, and don't know Him, find the way. That pretty much sums it up - I found the way out of the dark, into the light, and that's what I do - point to the light of Christ. He's the way out. He's the chain breaker. The life maker. The healer, the truth, the friend of all friends. He's my best friend. He is all I need, and He is enough.

February 7, 2023

Subject: Truth Is Like An Air Bubble

We shouldn't fear the truth.

Truth is a friend, whether it brings "good" news, or "bad" news. How it makes us feel is secondary.

...

John 14:6

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

...

This morning I saw in my spirit an open Bible, it was laid open to the New Testament page - like lots of Bibles have, the page that says in bold print "The New Testament", with the book of Matthew following.

But overlaid, where the words New Testament usually are, was written - JESUS.

That about sums it up.

February 8, 2023

Subject: Bird 20

This bird looks scared, as if it's shaking on it's little stick feet.

I've been following the stuff on the earthquakes in Turkey, and in Syria. It's mind blowing to see so much destruction in one place. "See" being the key word here. I'm not there, under the rubble, suffering. I'm only viewing the calamity that's currently happening to other people, in another part of the world.

As I ponder this, I'm reminded of the unsettling reality that we all face every single moment - we are ALL one shred of a thread away from eternity. Death can happen any second to us all, whether we are sick or strong, poor or wealthy, old or young, ignorant or educated...

eternity is not some far-fetched concept or realm, it's here, now. We have to be ready for eternity, every moment of every day.

...

Hebrews 9:27

And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:

...

We're ALL in the same boat, as human beings.

a prayer -

Lord Jesus, may I be ready to meet You, every moment of every day. May I be prepared to stand before You on Judgement Day.

Thank You Lord Jesus for Your shed blood on the cross for me, through Your free gift, I am sanctified and made clean. Through Your gift alone am I made righteous. May I live out the rest of my earthly days according to Your will, not my own, and may I be ready and prepared for whatever You allow to happen.

Thank You Jesus

February 9, 2023

Subject: Dignity

Dignity, and lack thereof, is a very broad subject, and might mean different things to different people.

So, there's no way to touch on every single definition or example of what dignity means in the lives of the weak, disabled, and mentally ill.

But I have noticed a common thread that runs through their lives - and I'm no expert - but I've met and seen a lot of folks like this, and have overheard something, again and again - they struggle to be heard. To really be listened to. To have a real life conversation with a caring fellow human, who treats them with dignity.

This might entail making an effort, slowing down, taking the time to hear them out, and letting them get their words out.

Many people with disabilities and/or mental illness really have a hard time communicating and getting their thoughts lined up enough to get to the point of what they're trying to say, but that doesn't mean they're out to lunch, and not worth the time or effort to hear out.

It just takes them a but longer to find the words.

We need more compassion and caring folks in this cold world, not more medications and drugs, that dull the senses and bring a false sense of comfort.

People still need real human care and concern and actual human comfort. A hug, perhaps? Someone initiating a conversation with them, on their functioning level - not rushed, not treated with impatience, and obviously, no undermining or trying to "correct" their way of thinking.

This world has grown so dark and so tragically uncaring and selfish, that it actually shows in everyday human interactions and "conversations", everywhere I look.

Mentally ill/different people need a friend who listens and cares - not to be pounded down into a pile of zombified dust, via head meds.

Meds should not take the place of caring people.

What on earth is happening to those who cannot compete in the normal way of doing things anymore. Where is the love?

A plea to all professionals who interact with these folks on a regular basis - doctors, counselors, social workers, those handling the phone communications, and

everyone else who still functions normally, in the working world - please slow down, and take a little more time with the ones who test your patience.

I have encountered this on a personal level, as I get older and have "loose wires" in my head, more and more frequently - and more than a few professionals, cutting me off, being brusque and impatient, wrapping up whatever it was that I was trying to say, in their own words, completely missing the point that I was trying to make. My upstairs deficiencies don't show on the outside, so I usually give professionals a heads up upon first meeting them, to please be patient with me, as forming my thoughts into words in real time doesn't always go as planned these days. I tend to "short out" when talking while under stress, going blank, dropping the ball. I give my disclaimer up front whenever I think it might be necessary, and that helps. So I'm thinking, how does it go who have real life talking/communication difficulties, but are worse off than me, and unable to speak up and say, hey, can you please slow down a bit, and let me finish talking? I'm guessing they're conversationally bulldozed, and driven further into social withdrawal.

Hence, this simple image.

I think it (or messages like it) can be printed out and posted on bulletin boards, break room refrigerators, and all the office spots where helpful memos go.

People just need to slow down and listen to each other.

God please help and bless us all.

February 16, 2023
Subject: Abstract 9

The arrows coming up from the left side seem to be saying "go! achieve! perform! attain! pursue!"... all on the backdrop of space... a void, nothing.

This picture reminds me of how futile it is to strive for the things the world programs us to want, and do, and be.

The circles in the image can represent anything, really - wealth, status, knowledge, power, beauty, strength, material goods. But they are simply circles - going round and round, with no end, no point of completion. A hamster wheel... the Rat Race.

I believe that the days of setting out to accomplish worldly things are coming to an end for us all. It's starting to become apparent to whomever will take the time to look - and wake up - that it's all done in vain.

Yes we have to get up and live. We must care for our health. We must learn to read and write and get educated, whatever is fitting for us. Then, we go into the world, and work. That looks different for each of us.

But all of these things are only the building blocks for our physical life, that we have to live out. They are not the "meaning of life", nor do they define us.

Material goods (houses, cars, clothing, etc etc) are not the goal.

We are created beings. Our Creator comes first. His will, His purpose for each of

us, His ways, His truth. His Holy Word.

I have strived in this world to the point of being broken under the weight of it. I prayed along the way that God would show me truth about things - regarding the times we're living in. Deception is not only everywhere, it is the norm. This will change everything about your everyday life. I personally am barely able to function within this world of lies that we are living in, and I admit, I lack the strength to go on. So I take it day by day, and if I am weak, it's alright - I rest in His hands. That's all I can do, until He takes me home.

Amy Lohrman

Thank You Jesus (items on Internet Archive)
<https://archive.org/details/fav-thank-you-jesus>