The Wind in Time



Sunday Nail © 2020

Something outside.

Is it rain, or air, or the wind of time whistling by?

Oh how fortunate ...

to know it goes history passing each and every generation lost in time warp unable to know how invaluable to slow right down to ensure that of a deeper love inside can be found -

formed in a life to understand, love of God as love divine or as of now, consciousness, quantum, cosmic, or just love encircling waiting for each to wake to their own truth, history wise -

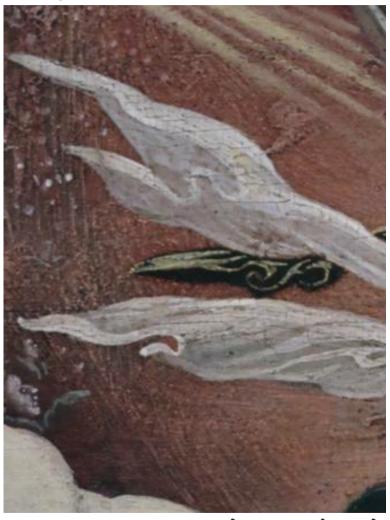
form newly invented ideas, thoughts as creatively peaceful –

no more wars and people, politicians and corporate giants' deceit; no more carnival events propping up our illusion - that all is ever so sweet.

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Love you see



is in the air we breathe

But in what we carefully take in is a choice to own, reflect and see ... is it valid, or of the dark of a historic event or two, or maybe three or even four.

Without a review

how can we become clear if it is more about our own life history of events and in how to wake and look once again to know how easy to then adjust, give us time to learn, that of a love and trust -

to know that in our life, goodness and clarity exist; to know of a future plan; to know of a guidance guiding advice is at hand; to know that of a love, a union within exists as thoughts and ideas for us, to be informed inwardly, to have a mind, a brain to service regularly,

clear the dark and clear the past of hatred and hurt; to clear the loss from a repeatedly patterned illness track; to clear the debris of a generation gone by failure, loss, demise and wars, meaning and purpose lost.

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To come and see

within that of a mind, a brain, God as a form of voice, from where at first one does not truly can explain

but in time, caution applied, seek the answers imperative to assist, seek the answers to check not follow foolishly.

To settle down and work out why fear has been a constant ally. To settle down and question you about how to learn love is in you.

To come to understand

one the outer individual, the other inwardly mind and brain contains, consciousness as the air in time, the histories of past and mine that of a genealogical trail, people part and past gone but live consciously, actively waiting to be heard as voice, thoughts in a mind.

Oh how exceptional

to have the opportunity to address what is in us daily trying in thought to assist and heal, help and deal so ...

no more horror or disdain, no more loss and constantly complain, no more arguing with the brain about love as little and hate as strong, no more argument whether we are worthy as a human being,

but love is what

and no need for doubt otherwise why have an internal voice trying desperately to reach out and help?

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God

God is not a word or two, Biblical or theological. God is a form of energy, a type of everlasting mystery, as is the air we breathe.

But what we are, is a seed to grow to develop and in life undergo many and various types of events to learn ... life on earth is where we can develop love inside to have as a constant all of those days we live to survive.

$G_{ m od}$ consciousness

God Cosmic, planetary.
God consciousness quantum as universally.
God creator.
God as Nature, Mother Earth.
God as time eventually on earth to learn.
God speaks as in one to another.

$G_{ m od}$ communicates through time

some more so as time reveals and poets as prophets to us write and contain how exceptional the life - heart, head and brain and in thought, if listen, then well then ...

the miracle of a birth can then again be known how precious, sacred and real, life on earth where each can in time share of that union head and heart of a mind contain elements of wisdom time and time over again.

What is evident is clear ...

God a word, but useless if one is enveloped in fear. God contains naught you see because 'It', this God is in the air we are to choose to breathe.

Love is what we need to be.

Love as beautiful experiences inside as well the outside too.

Love ...

as a voice inside to chat, ask very deep questions as, where am I at, but mostly listen quietly to hear that of a breath, a voice of time ... whistling by.

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${\cal B}$ ibliography:

Pamphlet Series:

Awaken to Truth

- Burdensome People Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are shut
- Adrift in Retirement
- The Other Side of Midnight
- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend

Continued ...

- Hello Mister Bee
- The Aloneness of Standing Apart
- Standing Apart
- What is War About
- Smoke Screen
- Who is He
- Eternal but a physical being earthly and real
- Blinded by Mechanical Toys
- Destruction on the rise no place to hide
- Shrugged Shoulders
- Can we Forgive
- He knew he was gone
- Shattered Splattered ... what's the matter?
- Soft Target
- Conscience Calling
- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Structure Divine
- Fortnite
- The Mystical Way
- Here we are again
- Frozen in the sand of time
- Conscious but Dead they Speak
- The Edge of Humanity the Poor
- The Source
- Loss of Who I Am
- Art as Agency

Continued ...

- The Brave Unknown
- I Am Love What of it
- They Drift to Where and Nowhere
- The World Undetected ... the Dead
- To Become Me
- The Sound of Silence in Speechlessness
- When Someone Dies
- Parting in a Death
- Surrender All Lies
- No one talks about it ... Death and Dying
- Where did they go but Home
- Aloneness
- To Become Him
- To Become One
- The Devil's Handyman ... America
- Jungle Fever Tread with Caution
- The Current Phenomena Nuclear War
- The Sacrificial Lamb
- Across Borders
- Across the Waters
- Surveillance
- Suffering
- Toward Loving Oneself ... the grief part
- Walking with (a) God by my side
- The Holy Grave