

# COMATOSE

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## CHAPTER I

### **WREAKING HAVOC**

When a child of God receives his indwelling Holy Spirit, he receives a part of God in himself. He becomes in essence, a mini god, capable of doing anything that God can do. He has needs, but they can be met. There is

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nothing that is impossible for him to accomplish, if he seeks to accomplish them by God's methods.

If you are trying to do something and you are not achieving the results you need, the solution is to check your methodology. You probably are seeking to accomplish a spiritual solution by using a worldly methodology. Most importantly, you probably are relying on the worldly wisdom of self-interested parties whose principal goal is to bind you to themselves, to guarantee themselves a source of revenue.

Godly wisdom seeks no



binding commitment. It seeks only the universal good, and desires only that you have a solution that relieves the universal distress. It seeks its interests through seeking the best interests of others because in doing so, it guarantees preservation of the universe, and of life.

When the goal is maximizing revenue for one person or for one group, the solution sucks the life out of the universe, and concentrates it on that person or that group. The universe begins to die while that one person or that one group, in a state of oblivion to its surroundings, revel in their acclaimed

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good fortune. When they awaken to their circumstances, the universe will have succumbed, and thus they themselves eventually succumb, because it is the universe, and universal principles that render them a living being.

It is the universe, and universal principles, that made them into who they were. If the universe, and universal principles, have been relegated to a place of disrepute, they themselves cease to exist as who they were created to be.

The earth in its current state is sucking the life out of the universe. It is one planet that seeks to reorder the entire solar

system, and the entire universe, in order to meet what it believes to be the goal of its existence—consumption. The earth exists to consume, and to consume, and to consume.

The craving for consumption fuels the ego of the masses, and when one casts aside that desire as secondary to principle, one is severely castigated. One is rendered atopic, and is subjected to social discipline and punishment by the collective. Wreaking havoc becomes their mission and their calling.

Rendering justice must become the new mission of those so plagued, because it is they who

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must ensure that the universe and universal principles are not subjugated to the will and purpose of those who cannot see, who always will be sightless because they chose to live in darkness. They scorned the light. They dove into the pit of hell, revoked the Messiah's contract on their behalf, secured hell's chains around their slender necks, and bid farewell to light and life and hope.

## CHAPTER II

### **WINNING SOULS**

Why? one might ask would anyone see the need to win a soul. Why not simply earn it or take it as the devil takes, by luring them into his hidden cave of darkness. God does not need to earn the souls he willingly

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gave to those he loves. He gave the souls as one distributes canvasses to a child, and watches in delight to see a new creation come to life on canvass. Our souls are canvasses on which the spirit writes. The spirit can write a symphony, or draw a masterpiece, or spin a delicate web of interwoven parts that reveal the love of God for his creation.

When webs are spun, it is one spirit who must spin them, for webs cannot be spun by two or three. Each spirit spins the web that it alone can spin. Each spirit shows the world the God who lives within. Each spirit leaves its mark to draw unto

itself the ones who see their God through eyes that swim with similar adoration. Each spirit clamors for the soul's awakening to the omnipotence of a God whose love is so sublime that none can ever cause it to subside.

The soul is won when each distinctive part releases its perversion to the light, when every silica is subsumed by love's embrace, and when every molecule of doubt, despair and feigning is shattered into parts that never can behold eternity.





### CHAPTER III

## **PAINTING THE TOWN**

The spirit that seeks to paint a town in red, the color of blood, must itself be painted red. One cannot paint a town in red and not expect to wear some of the paint. It is the bane of painters that their painting must be done

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in camouflage, because the paint demands that some of it be worn.

So when you choose the color of paint, choose wisely, knowing that some of it must be worn, must be an everlasting witness to the painting that transpired. Some of it must refuse to be forgotten, so that universal truth can make the crooked straight.

## CHAPTER IV

### **ANSWERING GOD'S CALL**

Seven times seven is forty-nine,  
and one more brings us to the  
jubilee. One more year when all  
that will remain on earth are  
those who pledged to serve, who  
sought to live, who answered  
heaven's call and fixed their eyes

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on heaven's open gates, waiting with fervent hope for heaven's promise of release from darkness, and from the power of death to bind them to a fate that God would never ever have decreed.

They answered heaven's call and lived to see the light on the horizon, the rainbow that was signed by God himself, promising that all who hope would never see despair, would always know that when the torrents of destruction had ceased to fall, the rainbow would bequeath to us God's promise of the light.

And now the light has come, blazing and brilliant white that none can ever hope to

captivate, blazing and brilliant,  
blazing, brilliant, and unlike any  
other light that earth has ever  
seen or known. Blazing, brilliant,  
and unforgettable. The light has  
come. The light has come to wipe  
away the tears.



## CHAPTER V

### **DELIVERING FROM EVIL**

Angels of God who lie in comas,  
undelivered from the call of  
death, awake and seek the Lord  
with every fiber of your being.  
Awake before the dawn of day so  
that you too may witness what  
the sun can do during your

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waking hours. Awake to every promise he has made, the promises that you yourselves told him he had to make in order to deliver you from death.

Angels of God who lie in comas, whether induced by hell, or by a doctor who would sooner see death than life, or by an agent of destruction, paid by hell to render comatose each child of God, awake. Awake to your inheritance. Awaken to your hope.



