

The Spirit of Death

A dream received on January 14, 2009 and written by the hand of His Holy Spirit

“The Power to destine eternal life is not in the hand of God, but in the choices we make daily”

Prophet Shirley Ujimori

Chapter One: The Spirit of Death

Sudden silence fills the air of the small Mount Clair Hospital Emergency room as the eyes of John Parker closes forever. His family mourns as the doctors pronounce his time of death as 11:13pm. They had worked on John for more than forty-five minutes as he continued to slip in and out of consciousness then his heart completely stopped beating forever. What was to become of this young man beyond the wall of flesh that he lived in for almost twenty-seven years? He suffered so long with Leukemia, diagnosed when at the age of fifteen, so everyone new that time was all he had. Where would the door of fate bring him into?

As the family mourned in the corridors of the hospital wing a shadow walks by without being felt or noticed. The cries ringing so familiar in his ears, the tears flowing from the love filled eyes of loved ones left behind. He enters the room and sees a young man, no longer succumbed to the pain that waits most fleshly beings, sitting on top the edge of the very bed that his now lifeless body lays. “Is that really me?” He asks as the dark spirit entering to meet him. “I can’t seem to remember a thing about the pain that I had suffered for so long, almost as if I never experienced it. But I know I did, I remember going through treatments, painful treatments to kill that cancer, and now I see, without success!” “But why can I not remember the feeling that accompanies the memory?” John looks up at the Spirit that is now coming closer to him; “why can I not feel the pain that goes with the memory?” The Spirit reaches out a hand and responses “you will know all things soon, come” The spirit of John rises without a second thought and turns away from the body that no longer controls his destiny, and looks towards the direction that the Spirit guides him into.

It was almost as if that every step that John took with the Spirit leading forward, he could hardly remember what was left behind. A sense of knowing that all will be well kept him going. As they start to walk forward they disappear into a cloud of white that from John’s observation, has no top, bottom, right or left, almost as if walking still in mid-air’ yet feeling like your moving forward. Suddenly a light appears, dimly at first, in the far distance, and then closer it gets with every step. The light gets bigger and brighter as they get closer leaving John with a feeling of peace and calm. “There’s nothing to be afraid of right?” John speaks on their journey to the light. “The light is a good thing, right?” he mutters as he glances at the Spirit. Soon they are in front of a door, lights radiates from every area around the door but not the door itself. The door is not opened, as if hanging in mid-air, but it must be opened to move forward. Words are written on top of the doors post; “Your destined eternal waits for those who by choice lived. “Am I supposed to open it?” John asks with curiosity and fear, “Where will it lead me?” “Only you know,” says the Spirit as he steps back to make way for John to take hold of the knob. “You lived your life as you chose, this is your destiny, your choice, your eternal.” John looks at the door when a sudden calm enters his consciousness and he takes a hold of the knob with confidence. And as he starts to turn the knob he starts to hear the sound of laughter, then the sound of cheers, and as the door opens completely a soft voice calls out his name. “John, Do you want to enter in?” “Yes I do!” John replies quickly and without a second thought starts to run towards the door as the cheers of those inside rise to a great crescendo as the door closes behind the Spirit that now has turned to leave this realm to enter into the life of another.

“Who really determines life eternal?” speaks the spirit as he continues to walk back into the world of the living. “Is it truly by the living’s choices that they make, or does my God have a hand in the path they take?” He questions as he watches the living walk to and fro in the streets. “Why do you question the maker?” speaks another voice out of thin air. “Do you not yet expect that the fate of the living is determined by their own hands? It is not for us to question but to guide. We are the guides to the door, the door holds their fate.” “Laevious do not get ensnared in the questioning of the foolish that were before you.” Laevious, the spirit of death that just led John to his door starts to look around at the people who have yet to determine their own destiny, all shape and sizes, all colors and ages; why could they not agree on a way of direction that can lead all men to the door of eternal happiness? Laevious often wondered about things like these over the centuries as he watched people open the door to eternal happiness and also for those who opened to eternal torment. What really determined their fate in the after life? These questions had no answers for those who are of the spiritual realm; It was all about acceptance! All in this realm must learn to accept the fate of mankind as defined by the man and not the God. But it is a hard thing to accept when so many times he had seen the hand of God work and move in the lives of those that he felt were not worthy of the joy and that waits for those who were truly worthy. “Is not the choices that mankind makes guided by the hand of those in the Spiritual realm? Did we not have a hand in the decisions of the directions that they took through out their lives? Did we not in a sense tempt mankind to the left or the right to fulfill the purpose of He who is worthy to be praised? Is it not our fault that some did not find there way to the light of happiness when we were the guides to the door? Have we failed mankind or even, GOD?” These questions arouse within Laevious with such passion that he found himself surrounded by his own feelings of failure for those who walked around him without the awareness of his presence. “Laevious Snap out of it! You need to assist, that is you call, that is your purpose.” As the voice finished talking Laevious took a deep breath and found himself in the corridors of a near by nursing home.