

"Yes, Rabbi, I know, but it is still a sad time," replied Michael.

"Sadness that is an expression of your love for your father, but you can also express that by accepting the happiness he saw in his death," I said, feeling the sorrow in their hearts. "In the gift of death tonight, God also offers this family something else. Michael, go and see your father for a moment please."

Michael rose and hobbled into the room; a few moments later he returned.

"I saw nothing, Rabbi," he said.

"Michael!" shouted his sisters together, "you are walking. You are walking."

Michael looked at his legs and saw they were straightened, then he ran around the room shouting, "I can walk properly! I can walk!"

The three of them then stopped, and said, "How can we be so happy? Father is dead."

I replied, "Wouldn't your father be happy to see his son so?"

"Yes, he would," they said, as they embraced each other crying with joy and with sorrow. My disciples began to sing a Psalm, thanking God for His mercy.

All of a sudden Michael stopped embracing his sisters and with wide eyes fell before Me saying, "I understand what my father was saying now. I understand. You are the One. It is You, isn't it?"

I placed My hand on his head, and simply said, "Yes." He began to kiss My feet and his sisters, who now also came to understand, joined him.

"My friends, there is no need for that. Be thankful to My Father in everything you do, and offer the love in your heart to others to help them come to the love of God," I said. "We will Lord, we will!" they cried, in unison.

HAPPINESS IN THEIR HEARTS

The next day we helped them bury their father but now there was only happiness in their hearts. Then, as we made our farewells, I said, "Keep your trust in God, and your lives will be full."

"Lord, You will come back, won't You," said Elizabeth.

"I will be with you always," I said.

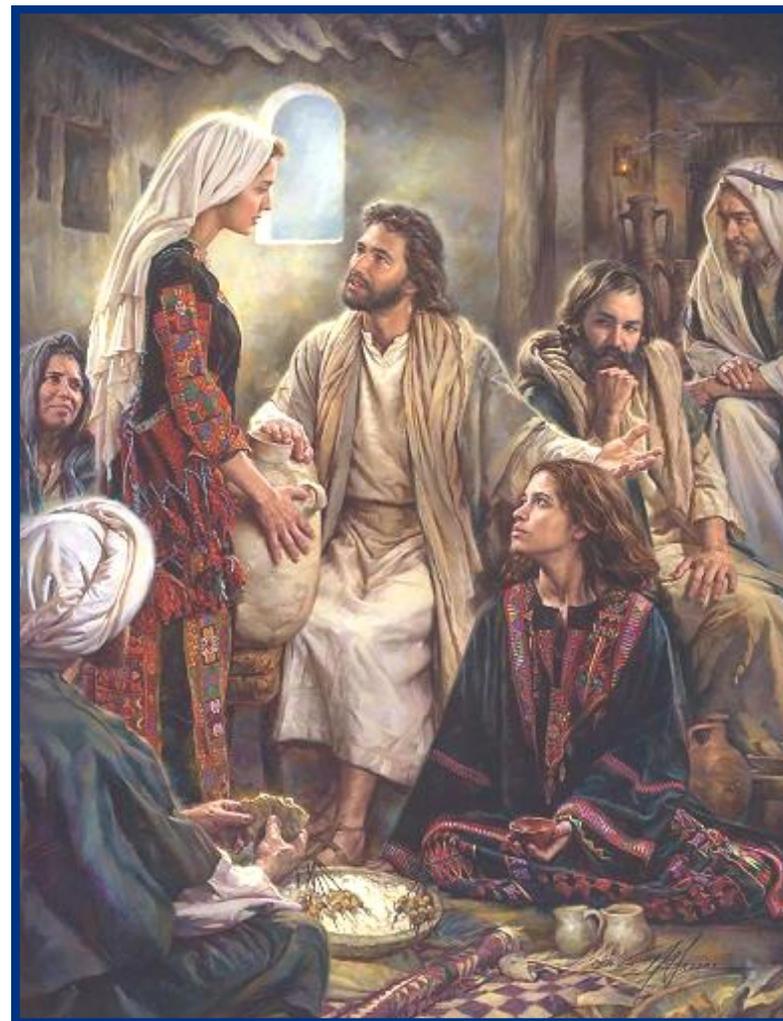
"But please, come back to see us," said Michael.

"I will, I promise," I said, knowing that the next time they would see Me would be after My resurrection, when I would come and visit them to show the truth of death, the truth that is eternal Life. (Ref. Baruch 5:1, "Put off, O Jerusalem, the garment of thy mourning, and affliction, and put on the beauty and honor of that everlasting glory, which thou hast from God.")

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CAN YOU HELP US?

PART II OF II



...*"Peter, they need our help.*

We must never turn away anyone who asks for help, ..."

THIS FOOD IS WONDERFUL

The dinner was delicious and there was so much food, but poor Judas sat with only a little on his plate picking at it and looking sad. James, who was next to Andrew was eating a large piece of meat on his plate and saying, "This food is wonderful." Judas looked at the meat with a hunger in his eyes. The younger woman, whose name was Elizabeth, said to Judas, "You are not eating much, have some more, there is plenty," as she put a dish of corn before him.

"I cannot," said Judas, "for tonight I have promised to eat only a little." I could see in his heart he wondered how he had made such a promise.

"But you must be so hungry after all the hard work in the fields," said Elizabeth, with concern in her voice.

"No, a promise is a promise," said Judas, as all at the table looked at him. I hoped Judas would learn from this, but I knew he would not.

NO STRENGTH TO KEEP HIS WORD

After the meal we were so tired from the work, most fell asleep quickly, but as I lay there thinking of My Father, I saw Judas crawl from under his blanket and go to the kitchen, to return moments later with some of the meat in his hand. Then the next few minutes were filled with chewing noises from where he lay, and then a belch before he fell asleep. Poor Judas could not find the strength to keep his word.

A SPECIAL TIME FOR ALL OF US

We rose early and spent some time in prayer with the old man. Then we went to the fields to finish the seeding.

"It should be completed tonight," said Michael, happily. "You all work so hard. You have done in two days what would have taken me weeks."

"Yes, tonight will be our last night here," I said, "and tonight will be a special time for all of us."

When we had finished the work, the seeding had been completed, and we all felt happy to have helped so. While washing, Judas was quiet, while the others were noisy in their joy of finishing the work. I knew Judas was being careful so he didn't have to make any more promises. Thomas said, "You are quiet, Judas, is anything wrong?"

"No," replied Judas, and he continued washing. Entering the house the two women spoke to Me, "Will You pray with father again? He has been so happy since last night."

"We will," I said, "but tonight, I would like you both with us."

"Are You sure," said the older sister.

"Yes, I am," I said.

We all went into the large room where the old man was. Again he was propped up on the pillows, and as I came towards him, he said, "I have been thinking on what You said last night. Is it true?"

"Yes," I answered. He began to smile and he spoke excitedly saying, "It's true," as tears ran down his face. "I can die a happy man now. I have seen Him."

Michael looked at Me confused. "What does he mean, Rabbi?"

"Michael, spend these last moments holding your father, and you as well," I said to the girls. As they gathered around *their father*, *he was touching their faces*, saying, "We are blessed. He is here." Then his voice began to fade and he slipped into death's arms. Michael and his sisters began to cry.

Then I came over to their father, blessed his body in death and began to pray. My disciples joined in the prayers. After praying, I placed My hands on the children and said, "Bring some oil, and we will anoint him. Then you must make him ready for burial."

All three stopped crying and were filled with peace. They did as I asked. When they had finished preparing the body, I said, "Let us go to the other room and celebrate this joyful moment, when your father's spirit has taken the final step home to God." In the other room was the food ready for the evening meal.

"I don't feel like eating," said Michael.

"Neither do I," said both of the women.

"Did you not see how happy your father was in death? But now you are sad. Do you think he would want you like this?" I said, gently, to them.

"No. You are right, he was happy wasn't he," said Elizabeth, forcing a smile and wiping a tear from her cheek with the back of her hand. Soon we were saying the prayer over the food. Then we began to eat. Everyone was slow to eat except Judas, who was wolfing the food down, saying, "This is delicious."

"Michael," I said, "you and your sisters should see the joy that is the truth of death. If like your father, you have lived a good life, a life for God, then death is a special blessing that will bring you to the Father and eternal happiness in heaven.

"Death is not to be feared for it is only a step into the new life with God. Death brings the rewards of God's love to those who trust in God. Death is a wonderful gift from God."