

Bitney Adventures
Book Three:
A Remarkable Operation

Isabella Jeso

Bitney Adventures Children's Book Series

Book Three: A Remarkable Operation

by Isabella Jeso, PhD, MBA

Bitney Adventures

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Dedication

To Holy God the Father, Holy God-Son, God Holy Spirit
Our Trinitarian Creator of the Universe
And the Final Bridegroom
Thou *Mambo Mwari*
Who Art the Alpha, and the Omega [1].
With Gratitude for Thy Eternal Love and Life
That We Receive in the Prayers of Thy Only Son's
Holy Blessed Mother, Thy Own Blessed Queen
As She Is Guided by Thy Holy Angels

Notes for “Dedication”

[1] Revelation 21:6-7. *The Holy Bible, New International Version*.
(1978). Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan.

A Remarkable Operation

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It spanned the entire Earth. This operation had its entrance at a small cave on the spot of the North Pole, a place where no human had ever been.

We Start Here, at the North Pole



<https://pixabay.com/photos/north-pole-glacier-ice-calving-406902/>

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Then, like the leviathan [1], the operational complexity required tracking around the circumference of the Earth; as well as along the longitudinal height of the Earth, North to South.

We Have a Responsibility to Support the Earth's Health



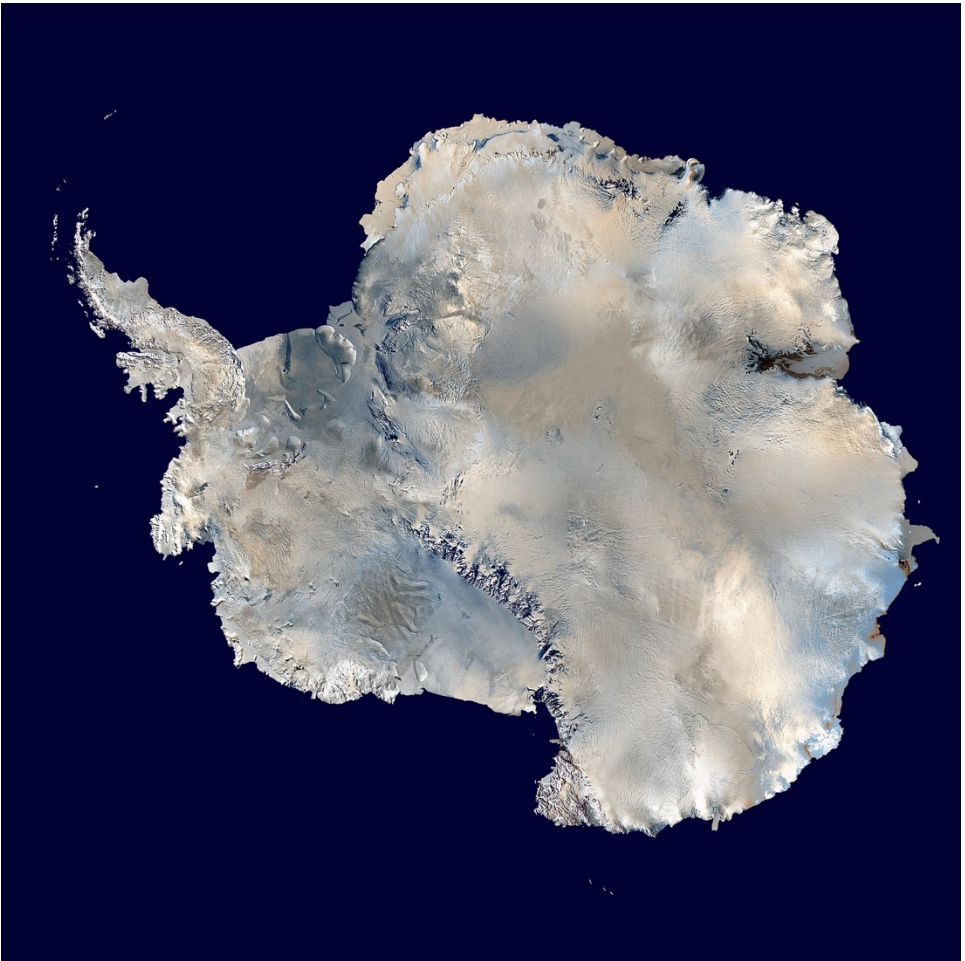
<https://pixabay.com/photos/Earth-globe-planet-world-space-11015/>

If successful, the operation would allow the Master's Special Forces to exit through the roaring volcano under the icecap of Antarctica, at the very spot of the South Pole, also a place that no earthly human had actually ever quite known. Yet, that spot plays a

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vital role in the health of the Earth, the wellness of the planet being the very reason for undertaking such a dangerous operation.

The Antarctic Pole Is Somewhere on This Continental Icepack



<https://pixabay.com/photos/antarctic-south-pole-continent-60608/>

To accomplish this emergency mission, the Lord Master had five men, including himself. His Holy, eternal, and only Warhorse

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added to the troops. These special forces had just minutes for the operation, from start to completion, or else there would be such catastrophe no one would survive.

A discovery, by the Holy Scouting Equestrian Band that the axis of the Earth was having a hard time breathing, had precipitated this special operation.

First the Lord Master took his Wife into the center of the Earth, commanding her to hold its rusted axis in place; just where he lay her torso, hugging the implement as though it were a vulnerable six-month old baby. The pressure about to be exerted upon it in that split-second special operation had never been done before.

Now the Master had four men left, including himself. For, one of these five special forces is his Wife. The other is his Mother. The remaining two are his Children, the twins; a boy and a girl, in human time, seven years old; but in spiritual time, centuries old; and strong; and knowledgeable; and capable; and courageous, like their Father when he was a young man.

These remaining four special forces, the Lord Master would commandeer, as spaceships, through rock, and fire, and water; under the Earth, under the oceans, in the seas; and above the land.

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The Lord Master's Spaceships Readied for Battle in the Belly of the Earth



<https://pixabay.com/photos/fantasy-ufo-spaceship-future-hover-5025661/>

The Lord Master's Holy Warhorse turned-on his special infrared cameras. He would fly the length of the Earth, from the North Pole to the South Pole in minutes, following the trajectory of the spaceships that would be warring within the belly of the Earth.

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The Master's Warhorse Tracking the Spaceships at War in the Belly of the Earth



<https://pixabay.com/illustrations/angelic-wings-heavenly-shire-horse-2743045/>

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The Holy Spirit of the Master's Father was the Bubble, through his Holy Angelic hosts, covering every inch of Earth's terrain, for this all-encompassing warfare.

And the Holy Priesthood, the Holy Groomsmen, the Holy Bride's Women, the Holy Animals, the Holy Birds; and all Holy Creation in the Heavens as on the Earth; each stood at their "Stations for Emergency Situations."

Momentarily, the Lord Holy Spirit doused the "spaceships" with a white rain, mixed with the Blood of the Cross, and the Plasma of the Sun, to transform these spaceships into formats that shape-shifted through rock, and fire, and air, and water, and ice; without incurring any damage to their being.

The Chief Holy Angel guarded the Lord Master's Wife, so that she wouldn't fall asleep at her Station while this delicate operation was in process. As she lay there, hugging the rusted axis of the Earth, she was thinking, if I could teach all the children of the Earth, this is what I would say to them:

The Lord is doing so much, every day, to save the Earth from its abusers. So much work. Please do NOT just state "Praise the Lord," children. Do not. So often it means nothing. You have heard it stated many times, "Praise the Lord" (Referencing Psalms 146; 147; 148, 149; and 150). In the realities of our individual lives though, in our relationships with Him, our Holy God needs more than our occasional stated praises. He needs us to CHEER Him on in all His difficult works!

Think about your favorite sports team. When they are playing against an opposing team, do you PRAISE your team? No. You cheer them on.

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<https://pixabay.com/photos/soccer-football-stadium-players-92194/>

What words, phrases, and songs do you use to encourage them on during the long hours that they spend on the field or the court, working hard, at relentlessly high levels of competition, encouraging them to play, despite their being tired?

Relating to God, many times you have heard something impersonal, like, “Oh, praise the Lord. Praise Him who is God of all the Earth and the whole universe. Praise Him” (Referencing Psalms 146; 147; 148, 149; and 150). However, these utterances don’t support God well in His striving to push the rains, the winds, the snows, the heat, distributing a climatic balance throughout the Earth.

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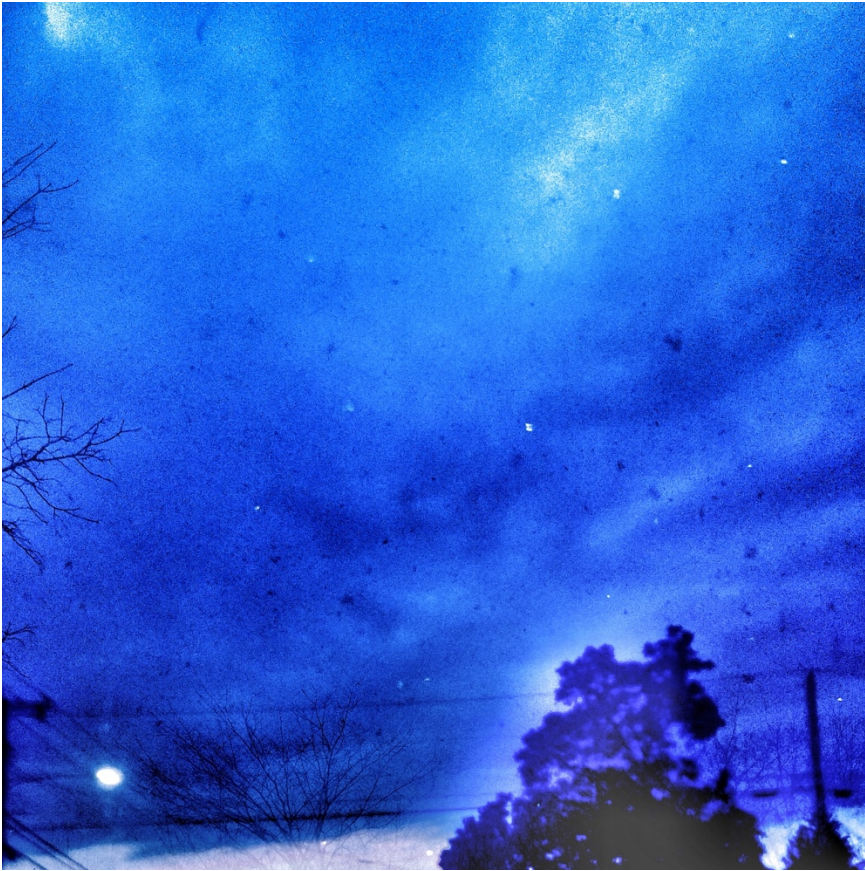
Therefore, such utterances can be seen as pretenses about being on God's team, respecting Him, appreciating the hard work that He does to sustain the life of the Universe. In fact, it seems that the speaker of such words, is only telling others, who remain unseen, to praise the Lord. Such speakers are not themselves praising Holy God; because their utterances only tell somebody else to do so. Therefore, what are the goals and outcomes of shouting, "Praise the Lord?" What does this phrase mean exactly in "prayer" contexts?

The Chief Angel saw the Princess Wife's passion, regarding the new knowledge that he had given her, and knew that, eventually, the children would hear it.

He turned her onto her other side as she hugged the rusted axis of the Earth, her Station in this remarkable operation of the start of the end-time-war; with time, driving everything toward the Lord's gathering to Himself, of those who have genuinely and respectfully cheered Him on in His difficult work of being God, in His battles, in His wars, defending the life of the Universe, through the millennia.

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Artistic Gifts, Celebrating God's Awesome Achievements



Holy Spirit Music - In the Gathering of Life Forces Music Cover

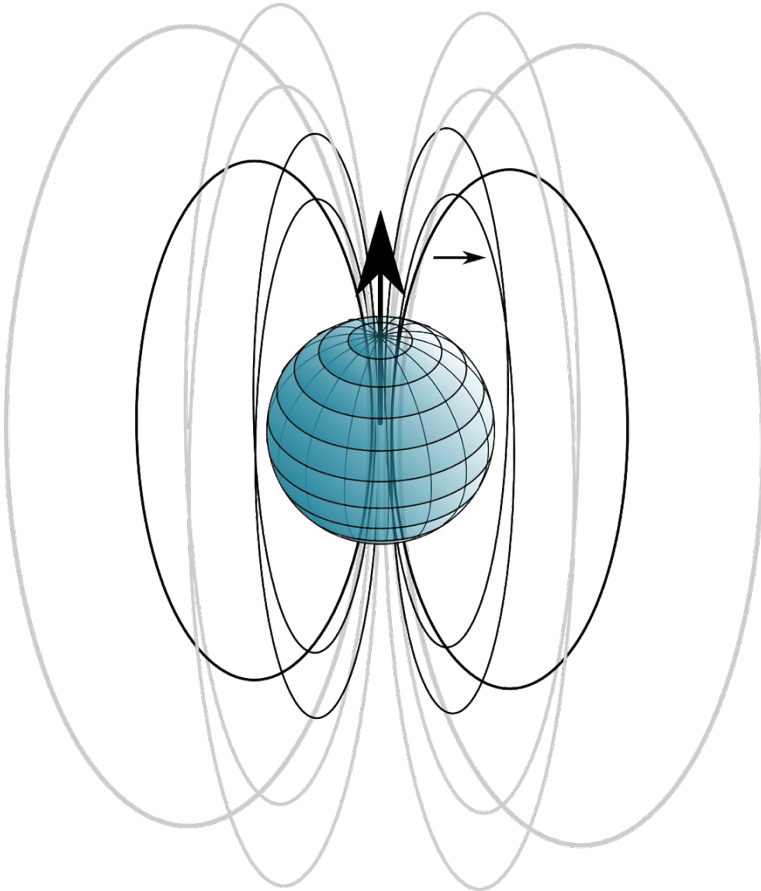
Suddenly, the rusty water in which the Master's Wife lay, hugging the rusted iron axis of the Earth, started bubbling. The fountain around it had been re-activated, to cleanse the axis, to strengthen its life-giving magnetism that constantly shoots up to the North Pole and down to the South Pole. With those bubbles making music around her, the Princess Master's

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Wife knew that the Lord and His spaceships had entered the belly of the Earth at the point of the North Pole.

The axis, not much longer than the Princess' height of five-foot-five-inches, gargled the newly created living waters for its existence. Tiny re-oxygenating bubbles swirled varied patterns around the Earth-axis-fountain, also removing the rust from the axis' iron metal.

The Magnetic Fields of the Earth



<https://pixabay.com/vectors/magnetic-field-lines-magnetism-154887/>

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Of a sudden, the Lord Master's Wife felt like she couldn't breathe. The pressure around her made it feel as though her chest would explode. She heaved.

While the Chief Angel touched her chest using his golden sword, his other war implements measured and protected the space around her; now compressed by the weight of the rocks at the center of the Earth, to just a few inches from her body; as she maintained her position, hugging the precious axis of Planet Earth.

The spaceships pushed through rocks, and navigated caves full of volcanic lava; mixed with the Blood of the Cross, and the Plasma of the Sun; a frightful mix that flooded everything, deep within the Earth. The spaceships did so while flying at extraordinary speeds; at the same time spreading unique sealants that keep seepages of poisons generated by human activities and sent down from the surface, into the belly of the planet. These sealants neutralized the poisons on contact, thus protecting the vulnerable axis at the center of Planet Earth.

And in a matter of minutes, cold air reached the fountain in which the Princess Master's Wife lay. The spaceships had exited at the South Pole.

The deep breath of life, of hope, or relief, of joy; that the Earth took was heard in every life system through which God sustains this planet's life. The oceans heard it; so the mountains; the rivers, the lakes; the meadows, the forests; the deserts; all the tropical, and tundra regions. And each system was grateful to, and greatly rejoiced in, our Holy God. All life systems thanked God for the renewing of the life of the Earth's Axis:

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Sunrise Over the Great Mountains of Mambo Mwari



<https://pixabay.com/illustrations/mountains-landscape-sunset-dusk-55067/>

A Watershed



<https://pixabay.com/photos/river-trees-woods-logs-calm-waters-977476/>

Our teacherly Master's Wife thought about the children and their responsibility to their own generation's survival. She promised herself that she would teach them about the necessity of abandoning our current inherited economic growth model. For, she thought, this economic model encourages over-extraction of Earth's resources; and is not good for the Earth's physical, and spiritual health. All systems that understand the vulnerability of the Earth rejoiced at its healing, by God's Power:

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The Desert, at the Great Pyramids



<https://pixabay.com/photos/desert-camel-sand-pyramid-dry-3217765/>

A Massive Rock in Southern Africa



Photo by Chikomborero Jeso

The problem with the economic growth model is that much of the time, humans end up over-extracting resources from the Earth, pushing the Earth to produce more and more, from year to year. And where the Earth gets exhausted and can't produce normally anymore, humans dig deeper. Or they put poisonous agents that force the Earth's soil to be over-productive again. The forced overproduction of the Earth is achieved at great costs to Earth's own physical and spiritual health.

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A Clean Freshwater Lake



<https://pixabay.com/photos/nature-lake-landscape-view-2572420/>

A Remarkable Operation

Miles, and Miles, of Snow-Covered Fields



<https://pixabay.com/photos/landscape-road-winter-snow-7822988/>

The Earth does not grow every month or every year, the Princess Master's Wife thought. God gives it rest in Winter. And Earth does not grow into a bigger planet every year, to absorb all the abuse by humans who seek more, and more, resource extractions, to

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buoy up financial profits every few months. While money is needed, we should find ways to create this resource for humans, without causing damage to the only planet that we must live on, along with all the other species that share this habitat with humans.

This teacher's concluding insight was that since the Earth does not function on our human-made growth model, we who live off Earth's resources must abandon our growth economic models. Instead, we should design models in alignment with how God manages the Earth's economic resources – at a yearly pace, and not monthly pace.

No, she would not allow the children to remain uninformed about the dangers to the Earth's life, of many of our current economic frameworks. For the practice of these growth models had, in fact, caused the emergency, leading to this remarkable operation.

The Princess Master's Wife thought these things as she unwound her arms and her torso from the axis of the Earth, to cling to the Chief Angel who carried her back to her Husband's life-giving love.

THE END

References and Notes for “A Remarkable Operation”

Leviathan. Reference to Job 41:1-9.

Mambo: Shona for King or Ruler. *Mwari*: the Shona Name for God, the Creator of
the Universe

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(1978). Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan.

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

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We started at Lake Baikal, the inland Sea. In the waves there, the perennially cool summer waters, were medicinal, so inviting; the mind found its rest there. To the individual soul, this gargantuan lake spoke a universal language.

*In Winter, a Force in the Earth Pushes Surface Ice Blocks Above the Water
Below*



<https://pixabay.com/photos/baikal-lake-ice-winter-hummocks-2631915/>

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

And so, we sang the song in the lake, and danced with the lake, its dance, worshiping *Mambo Mwari* who made this inland sea, as with all His waters on Earth, for His Own purposes.

This sea submits to *Mambo Mwari* in worship, cheering Him on, with profound knowledge. And we dance still, singing the song of the lake in our hearts, Mother and me. That is, the Blessed Mother, Queen of the Universe; so humble before *Mambo Mwari*, the King of the Universe; so loving to Him. Mother teaches the children the encouraging songs to sing to Him in each of His tasks of the day.

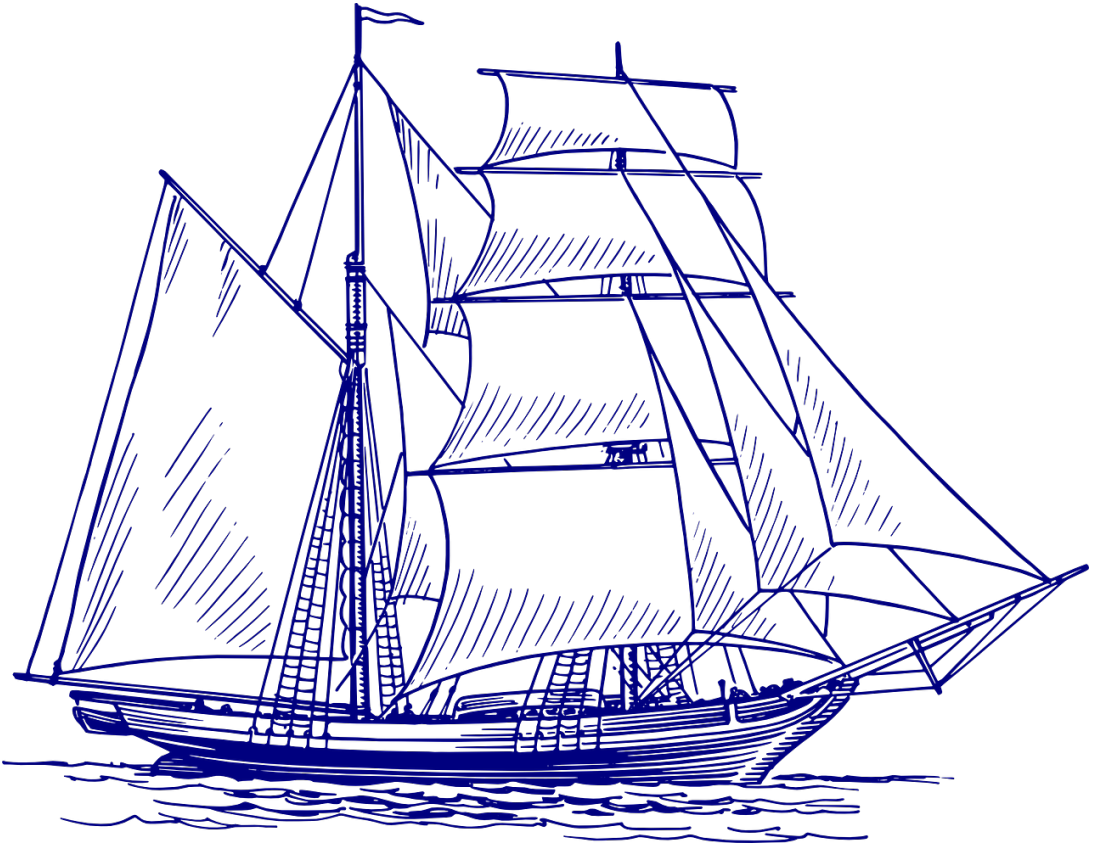
Together with the children, and The Blessed Queen, who has loved *Mambo Mwari* with such great love, and humility, and courage, for all eternity; we sing with the fresh waters on land, as the Creator and King of the Universe plows the cyclone-maddened salt waters of the oceans, driving them up and down the continental shelves, to re-life them, to distribute the warmth that sustains life everywhere.

The song of Lake Baikal is the song of Lake Tanzania. It is the song too of Lake Superior, and that of Lake Ouagadougou; the same as that of Lake Titicaca, and of Lake Galilee. The song, also, for worship of Holy *Mambo Mwari*, Creator of the Universe.

And the young Man roared. Alone. On the Pacific Ocean; land, a thousand miles away in every direction. Of the men, strewn so carelessly from fatigue, on deck the sailing ships, some had just dropped to their feet. Others slept, standing, eyes closed to the pelting rain; all of them tied at the waist, to their ocean-going sailing vessel. But that was to come later.

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

Model of the Best Sail Ship Ever!



<https://pixabay.com/vectors/sailing-ship-ship-sailing-vessel-312417/>

He led twelve such ships, fifty men to a ship. Their journey was commissioned at the old Carthage shipyard. And the priests of *Mambo Mwari*, the men, sang. They drummed, and piped, and stringed, music into each sail, into each ship. And they danced for the Lord there, blessing the ships for their African circumnavigation of the Earth.

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

The priests each touched the ships, in a ritual, to double the spiritual force that would be needed in the men, encouraging these ships along and across the gyres that move *Mambo Mwari's* ocean waters.

Festive Drum-Playing That Can Be Part of Worship



<https://pixabay.com/photos/drums-festival-african-people-kid-5949725/>

A Formal Ceremony with the Music of Drums



<https://pixabay.com/photos/drummer-african-man-drum-culture-175177/>

For, the ship and the man became one. And the six hundred men became one. In this life-and-death dance that the sailors undertook, commissioned; sang into, by the Holy Priests of *Mambo Mwari*; the Priests who had spent forty days fasting at the Great Pyramids. And the Holy Priesthood danced, without eating. And they sang *Mambo Mwari* songs into the African ships, to the African

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

sailors; and to their twenty-five-year-old Sea Captain, singing them all on their way.

She came into the Captain's Cabin, surreptitiously, sent there by the Chief Holy Angel; lace-dressed, bejeweled, her dark chocolate skin glowing in the amber light of the Captain's Cabin; and she smiled, looking at him, at his strong thighs,

The Princess Who Betrothed Herself to the Young Sea Captain



<https://pixabay.com/photos/black-woman-african-portrait-model-5505581/>

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

at his torso; in this ocean-going ritual. And held his powerful chocolate arms with her eyes. She smiled. And said, “I will betroth myself to you when you return.” And glided out of the Captain’s Cabin.

The songs of the priesthood echoed within the chambers of the sailing ships, with her gaze in his mind, long afterwards, as he towed, by his Spirit, each of his twelve ships through the treacherous waters of the Straits of Magellan.

And the young Sea Ship Captain roared, in the heart of the Pacific; as he led six hundred select, seasoned African sailors, with their professional training background in the Naval Academies of the ancient African cities of Carthage and Alexandria.

The Rough Waters of the Magellan Straits



<https://pixabay.com/photos/sea-fog-ocean-waves-ocean-waves-1850228/>

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

And he, only twenty-five years old. The mighty Pacific Ocean heard his roar as though it were the command of *Mambo Mwari* Himself.

The Open Waters of the Ocean Under Cyclone Conditions



<https://pixabay.com/photos/ocean-storm-waves-cloudy-weather-7461792/>

The young, knowledgeable, Sea Captain, an expert sailor, was facing seventy-foot waves within a day's time. And his crew, his ships, and himself, would be hit in the middle of the night the next day.

He could see it in his mind's eye. The sails tearing in the projectile-force of two-hundred-mile-per-hour winds. The masts, aft

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

and mizzen, popping into shreds like tinder. The broken planks of the ships he had built so painstakingly with his men, bobbing up and down on the surface of the foamy sea waters; his men, food for the sharks that would materialize, as from nowhere.

In his mind, he turned the fleet to the north, intending to evade the assault. But according to his mathematical calculations, in this size of open ocean, it was likely the storm center alone would be hundreds of miles in diameter. He did not have time to evade the catastrophic encounter.

A Huge Cyclone Happening



<https://pixabay.com/photos/cold-front-warm-front-hurricane-63037/>

The young captain passed the command for his men to lower sails and anchor the ships, for the men to rest; truthfully telling them that the next day or two would likely disallow any moment of rest.

When the men awoke, should he turn around and sail in the direction he had come? That was an option but would he out-sail such a fast-moving hurricane? Instead, he would address the ocean directly on this, as his Father had taught him to do, during his childhood sailing lessons, “Speak to the waters.”

So, he roared, in a silent scream that none of the sleeping sailors heard. The sound of his personal distress, of his knowledge of the seas, of his love and respect for the ocean, of his men, of his ships; and of his will towards the betrothal promise; all this was carried in that roar. Its sound sank like a battle command, to the sea floor where all was silent and calm. The Captain’s message traveled under the sea terrain, and up, right to the center of its stormy waters.

And the writhing, cyclone-maddened ocean heard the cry of the young Sea Captain. In turn, the ocean roared its own message to the winds, swirling and knotted, high above the roaring waters. The ocean’s responsive roar generated a sudden, hard reversal of wind currents at the center of the storm, bringing everything to a sudden stop. The rain stopped. The waves died down. The vast, powerful ocean had heard the silent roaring of the very young, if seasoned, Sea Captain, took it as a command of *Mambo Mwari* Himself, and obeyed.

In gratitude to both his Father who had taught him so much, and to the ocean that befriended him, the young Sea Captain renamed this ocean, giving it the name by which we know it today. Because it quieted down its waters for him at his request, giving him

When the Seas Tossed and Turned

a peaceful journey across its vastness, he called it *The Ocean of Peace, The Pacific Ocean.*

By the time he woke up his sailors the next day, he could already see the fleet rounding up the eastern Asian subcontinent; with stops for trade and fresh food and fresh water; heading down to the Cape of Good Hope; and up, to the waiting betrothal ceremony, full of unimaginable beauty and love.

THE END

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Spiritual Journeys

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Spiritual journeys take place in time, when we can say, “This happened in the spring,” for example. Spiritual journeys take place in space, when we can say, for example, “That happened at my grandparents’ house.” Spiritual journeys can also take place in the mind, in our remembering of things that we have experienced and things that we wish to experience in the future.

Your mind gathers your experiences, adding value to them. That value may relate to turning an experience into a business venture. The value added may be connecting with people who can support what you want to do with your life, and those individuals become friends for life. The value added may just be your mind inventing strategies that help develop in you, the courage to do things your own way, even if others resist your efforts, or they refuse to support what you are trying to accomplish.

Nope. I am checking out of here.



<https://pixabay.com/vectors/breakup-sad-couple-divorce-love-3502866/>

However, the spiritual value added only happens *if* your mind connects the experience to resources that can assist you in making sense of it all; at a deeper level that alters how you think about some life situations, going forward. For the followers of Jesus Christ, that value-measuring entity/resource is the Holy Spirit.

The journeys you travel in the mind and in the physical landscapes become spiritual journeys when you invite the Lord Holy Spirit to direct them that way; that is, into the interests of Holy God

Spiritual Journeys

Whom we serve. This can happen in your mind as it traverses time, such as imagining your future, or remembering things from your early childhood, with that memory-time journey happening in your mind; while you remain in a current physical geographical place. Spiritual journeys can be deliberately created by you; or they can be forced on you by your circumstances, relating to other people or to the goings on in nature.

Your emotional and intellectual temperament can also invite your personhood into a spiritual journey. Or your ancestors can do this for you, as is evidenced by the experience of individuals who, in the Zimbabwe ethnic Shona culture, play the role of what is known as the *Gwenyambira*. Spiritual journeys require great focus and are not to be taken lightly. For, your spirituality can play a significant role in the development of a healthy individual mind.

For some individuals, spiritual development occurs naturally; because the individual has that gift from the time they are born onto this Earth. For others, spiritual development needs to be learned from trusted family members such as parents, grandparents, or older uncles and aunts.

Let Loving Adults Teach You What You Need to Achieve



<https://pixabay.com/photos/family-portrait-outdoor-fall-7584006/>

Regardless of the form that these spiritual journeys take, learners will at some point need guidance from an experienced, wise, safe, trusted and loving older adult whom their family knows and with whom the learner is closely associated.

Spiritual journeys allow a level of inner growth that can develop your inner personhood, giving you inner strength to endure the onslaughts of life. These journeys can bring you wisdom and a

Spiritual Journeys

high level of sophistication to your personhood, a high level of being that is not based on, and is not measured by, your material possessions.

The value of your spiritual journeys is in that they can help you to create in yourself, resources that balance your need to gain life-sustaining things like food and housing; with your need to understand that, as the Lord taught His disciples quoting Deuteronomy 8:3, it is best that humans “not live on bread alone” (Matthew 4:3-4).

Though Food Is Important, You Need More Than Food to Feed Your Spirit



<https://pixabay.com/photos/food-salad-macro-fresh-2972974/>

Spiritual Journeys

Furthermore, your spiritual journeys allow you to hear, more clearly, “every word that comes from the mouth of God” (Matthew 4:3-4). The understanding that naturally results from your awareness of these necessary journeys, can help you to better play your role of helping God to take care of His creation.

Your spiritual journey can happen when you are fetching water from the river, or from the village well, for your family. It may be that, on a rainy day, you notice how pretty flowers, say, dandelions, grow out of mud. Yet their petals are generally not soiled by the mud; they remain quite clean, despite their plant sitting in the mud.

Seeing this can, in turn, help you to reflect that in the life you live, you too encounter what we might describe as “the muddy moments of life,” those times when things are frustrating; or you are worried about whether there will be enough food at home; or whether the family will have enough money for you to return to school in the next school year; or you are asking yourself why no one seems to want to be close friends with you.

The Beauty of Flowers Growing in Their Muddy Natural Habitat



<https://pixabay.com/photos/wildflower-meadow-flower-3386014/>

As you look at the little dandelion or other type of flower sitting prettily in a muddy location, you may feel encouraged to continue being a good person despite the “muddiness” of life encounters.

You may learn too that God looks at that little flower, its striving to grow and produce seed; so that He can have more flowers like it the following year; that in the flower’s efforts, in the little flower’s refusal to give up because the surroundings are bad; all

these efforts of the little flower please God, encouraging Him in His Own difficult work of sustaining the entire Universe.

If you go through these stages of thinking, connecting seemingly unrelated things, one to the other, in a circle that first, appreciates the beautiful life of one little part of God's creation, and second, connects the flower's living experience to your own; and third, also connects the flower's existence to God's creative powers and His Love for what He has made; in doing all this in your thinking, you are creating your own philosophy of life, a way of knowing the type of life that pleases God. You have thus completed a small but very valuable spiritual journey!

Are you currently on a spiritual journey? How would you know if you are on one already; as opposed to just be walking to the river for the specific task of fetching water for your family?

Well, Bitney says to the children, "All life is a spiritual journey that you participate in as you move through the places, and among the people; as well as all the other forms of life, that you encounter on a daily basis." For this to make sense, let us start at the beginning of a spiritual journey that Bitney experienced many, many, years ago.

Our friend Bitney, the Lord's only eternal warhorse completes many spiritual journeys in each of what we, who primarily live within the physical realm of life on Earth, call days, weeks, months, seasons, years. But I want to recount a very simple but special spiritual journey that Bitney experienced while fulfilling, one of the Lord Master's commands to him.

The Master's Horse Listening Carefully



<https://pixabay.com/photos/horse-horse-head-winter-snow-4720178/>

One sunny morning, the Lord Master came to the stable and informed his warhorse that he wanted him to take his Wife to the seashore; because there was something he wanted her to understand about the vast waters of the ocean. The Holy Angels, along with a select number of men from the Holy Priesthood would be there,

waiting to give her lessons. The Master, preoccupied by the distress call that he had received through the stars of the southern regions, overlooked one critical point. He did not share with Bitney that his Wife often did not want to go to the seashore in winter. At all. No matter what; as she told Bitney after her Husband had already left.

For you see, the Master's Wife had one thing about her. Either something worked or it didn't. And if it didn't work, in her mind, it was futile to force it; because the outcome would be the same – it wouldn't work in the end.

She spoke to Bitney with a quizzical expression on her face, about how her Husband would just send her to the seashore, without asking her to explain what she heard in the winter-voices of the seas.

For, as she shared with Bitney, she only enjoyed the eloquence of the waters in certain seasons; and winter wasn't one of them. In winter, when she was not teaching, she preferred to spend time darning her Husband's socks, crocheting, sewing, cooking and cleaning, or re-reading his Mother's diaries.

Very Nice Family Library Holdings



<https://pixabay.com/photos/library-books-old-vintage-classic-1866844/>

Bitney thought about calling the Lord Master; but he decided that since his Master was in the middle of preparing resources to send into the distressed situation of the southern regions, it wouldn't be appropriate for Bitney to address this matter with him at that moment.

Instead, Bitney called the Chief Holy Angel who showed up almost instantly, having heard the conversation; while accompanying the Master, and excusing himself for "a moment." As

soon as the Lord Master's Wife saw the Chief Angel, she jumped to her feet and put on her travel clothes. Without further remarks she was on her way to the seashore with Bitney!

But Bitney puzzled, "Why was the Master's Wife afraid to view the sea and learn from it during the winter months?"

As he thought this, she was singing the song she loves to sing to God. She called it "A Lullaby for Our Holy God, so That He Can Rest Too, as We All Do!" With the exclamation mark at the end as part of the song's title.

First, she hummed the song. Then she sang it softly, before suddenly bursting out, singing at the top of her voice, "Holy God, Mother loves You. I love You. The Holy Angels love you. And the Holy Priesthood, and the Children and all Holy Life in the Heavens as on the Earth. We all love you. Your work for the day is done. We live well because of your hard work, Holy God. Thank You. Rest a while now, my Friend. Holy God, Mother's Love, our Love. Rest now, my Friend. Your work for the day is done."

As she sang this song, it was exactly 6:00 a.m. in the western regions where she and Bitney were travelling. And Bitney wondered, "As her song gives Holy God a teacher's directive, what if He is just starting His work, rather than His work being done for the day? Would He have to rest before He begins the work; because of her early morning lullaby?"

The Lord Master burst out laughing beside them. He had just arrived and heard his Wife's hearty rendition of morning goodnight singing. Horse and Master laughed out loud together. And the Master's Wife smiled sheepishly saying, "Well, you never know when a Man needs His rest. Maybe God is tired from yesterday's work, in which case we must not let Him begin today's work, until He is very, very well-rested."

A Cold Sea Shore in Winter



<https://pixabay.com/photos/water-travel-alaska-ocean-nature-5929788/>

The Master held his Wife by the waist, helping her down onto the wet sand of the seashore. The Master's Wife loved the sea; and would normally be jumping with excitement, greeting the waters, telling them how she has missed them all winter; how happy she is to be in their presence again. But at this moment she stood there, as one stupefied, staring, not at the waters but at her Husband. He was

surprised. He stated, more than asked, “You are happy to be with me in the presence of the waters, no?”

She hesitated and said, “In winter, the water is freezing, suffering, and I feel that sadness. It’s not a moment for jubilation, my Darling?” With a question mark at the end. He chose a diplomatic approach, “Touch the waters then, Darling, and with your great love for the sea, help everyone to feel better. She did; only to find herself in the powerful arms of the Holy Angel, being transported to the seafloor for her lessons; lessons that, in fact, needed to be taken in the middle of winter.

Bitney turned the whole episode in his mind. He understood that fear had made the Master’s Wife not want to make this visit to the seashore. She was very afraid of the cold. She saw this fear as being present in the vast waters due to their exposure to the cold; since the waters could not have a blanket, or light a fire for warmth, even for a minute, all the months of winter.

And she suffered for the sea in her heart, and mind, and body. Each winter season, there existed a silent cry in her heart, for the suffering of the cold waters of the seas and of everything that lives in them.

The spiritual journey for Bitney in this was his understanding, for the first time, that his friend, the Master’s Wife, was very afraid of cold, and no matter what; she would rather stay indoors all winter season if she could. A spiritual journey then involves taking the perspective of another, that is, their feelings, understanding how they are experiencing the situation and why. A spiritual journey such as this simple example, is the proverbial walking in another person’s shoes.

Bitney saw her singing a lullaby to God in the early morning, as her attempt to gather courage for, and participate in, a journey

that would be difficult for her, in obedience to the Chief Holy Angel whom she loved and respected so. She could always act spoiled to her Husband as she sometimes teased Him that she does, but not when the Chief Angel gave a command. Bitney saw in his friend's singing, an attempt to gather strength from God's mercy, not wanting to make His job harder by resisting this journey to the seashore.

And in this new understanding of his Master's Marriage, Bitney felt that he too had grown on the inside. For, with his fire chutes and his ability to fly out of inhospitable conditions in an instant, he had not appreciated that other individuals might feel stuck in a place for a whole season.

He felt too that the Master had learned something about his Wife that he hadn't quite appreciated before, and that he was grateful for this new knowledge.

The Master's Wife emerged out of the freezing waters of the sea, giggling, shivering, happy. Her husband wrapped her in a heated drying towel and slipped her feet into heated travelling boots.

The lessons that this spiritual journey had brought the Master's Wife were to remain hers alone. But this journey had transformed her in a visible way.

The Master briefly conversed with the Holy Angels and with the Holy Priesthood; then he, his Wife, and Bitney were soon home, the Master's Wife drinking her favorite lemon tea, sweetened with honey, as the Master made it while she showered and changed clothes. Bitney was eating his breakfast in the heated stable, happy to imagine where the next spiritual journey would take him and his beloved family.

Your spiritual journeys always involve the physical places, things, people, and other lives that impact your life or that your

Spiritual Journeys

emotions, and your mind respond to, whether negatively, or positively.

Bitney, can you please explain to the children what this means? Thank you, Bitney. And children, after you hear Bitney's lesson of today, ask your parents, grandparents, pastors, and other loved, respected, safe, adults in your life; for them to further explain what Bitney teaches here, connecting it to how your own family and community live the spiritual lives appropriate for your situation.

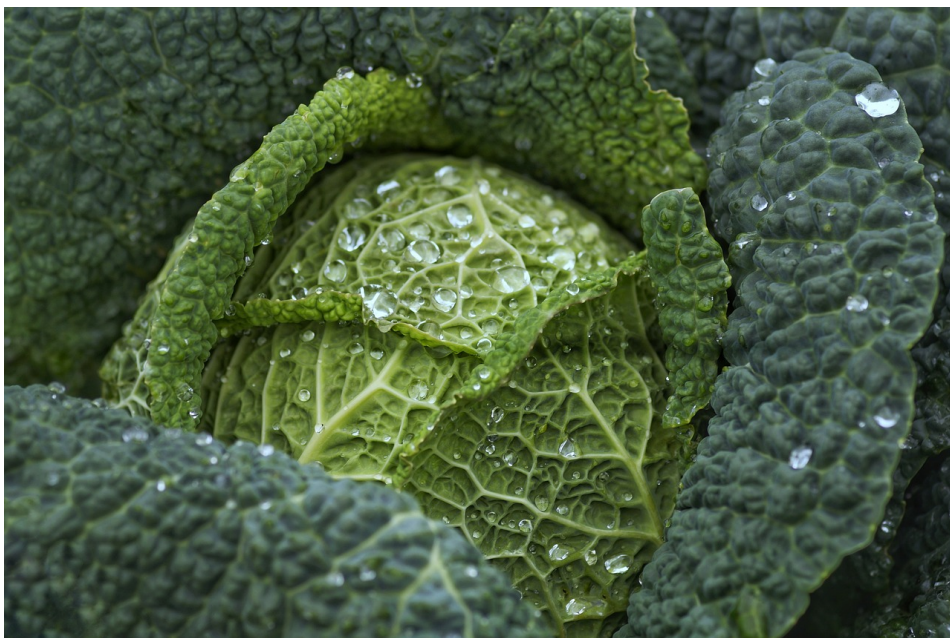


<https://pixabay.com/photos/students-classroom-to-learn-school-377789/>

Most of all, as Christian youths, connect it all back to the Lord Jesus, in His Holy Spirit, Who Alone Knows and Teaches humans to worship Holy God in the right way. Let us then, listen to Bitney's lesson of the day:

Think of the simple things that you do each day of the week. You get up in the morning, and 1) Wash yourself; 2) do family chores, such as stumping and grinding grain, gathering firewood, fetching water from the community well, cooking, cleaning, laundry; 3) go to school, walking or driving past various locations. 4) You read and write for school, for church, and for family prayers. 5) You eat family meals. 6) You talk and play with friends. 7) You work on the family farm, or the family garden.

Directly from Your Family Gardens!



<https://pixabay.com/photos/cabbage-vegetable-food-leaves-4513641/>

8. You take care of your family's livestock: cattle, donkeys, sheep, goats, dogs, chicken, ducks; cats, horses, and much more, taking some of these to pasture; and feeding some of them at home.

In all these many activities that you must do to help your family create, manage, and maintain its existence with dignity, activities that may make you very tired by the end of the day. Clearly, prayer, when approached properly, is not the few words that you speak at God in the last five minutes before you fall asleep.

A Well-Cared for Young Goat



<https://pixabay.com/photos/goat-grass-livestock-grazing-1596880/>

And the Beloved Cattle Also



<https://pixabay.com/photos/cow-cattle-meadow-farm-field-4751775/>

Rather, think of prayer as inviting Holy God to share in your work, at the start of each activity. Speak with Him throughout. For example, you could start, “God, thank You for letting me be in Your Presence as I go to fetch my family’s cattle from pasture. I hope they all had enough to eat today.

And the Much-Loved Chickens!



<https://pixabay.com/photos/agriculture-poultry-chicken-hens-4070443/>

Put forward those many questions to God, that you have for your life; asking Him such questions as this one, “Where should I take our livestock for grazing tomorrow, where the grass is best for the good health of our family animals? And listen for the answers that God gives you. It will add to your knowledge of Him. Have a conversation with God, asking Him also, if He has any questions for you that you can answer for Him.

God loves your company and feels left out when you don't invite Him into what you are doing; in the same way that you feel left out when no one picks you to play on their team during school recess. Know that God is always there, sustaining life in your village. Consequently, do not ignore Him. He wants to be with you as an individual. Learn to listen to Him this way, and you will have the knowledge of God, that the Lord Jesus teaches about (John 17:2-3).

God sees you as you see your brother or sister walking beside you. That most of us don't learn to see Him does not change this fact. Your ignoring Him just hurts, all the time, His very sensitive Heart and Mind. The Heart of God is His Holy Son, our Lord Jesus. The Mind of God is His Spirit, our Lord Holy Spirit. You Can imagine what it would be for you, in your life, to always know that you are surrounded by this huge figure, our Trinitarian One God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Who is all-powerful, and owns everything!

Are you jogging to school, because your community has not figured out a way to transport its children those many miles to your school? Ask God to walk with you there.

Are you walking with your goats from pasture? Show God the beautiful flowers that you are seeing and thank Him for creating them, to make the life of your community so nice and enjoyable.

Are you eating your family meal? Don't just thank Him for it in your meal-prayer! Invite Him to eat it with you. It will make God very Happy to be invited to join in eating all your meals with you each day.

For today, dear children, loved by God, I must end our lesson here; and attend to the Lord Master who has called me to return to him at this moment. Remember to take care of God. This way He

Spiritual Journeys

can more comfortably take care of the humongous Universe that Earth is Part of, and we rely on the Earth's well-being for our own lives. I will see you next time!

Good-bye everyone. God Loves you, your families, and your communities. He wants to see all of you happy, healthy, and successful in all the things you do.

THE END

References and Notes for “Spiritual Journeys”

Gwenyambira. A title of respect and honor in the Shona (Zimbabwe) cultural

milieu, meaning a Master-Player of the sacred Mbira musical instrument.

This instrument, when played by capable the *gwenyambiras*, produces music that has evocative spiritual powers to help traditional Shona communities, on a long-term basis, to remain connected to their ancestors.

Unless otherwise stated, all images and photos are from pixabay.com.

Unless otherwise indicated, all Scriptures referenced in this children’s chapter-book are from *The Holy Bible, New International Version*. (1978). Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan.

At the Heart of the Continent

Isabella Jeso. bitneyadventures.com

The Oracle sat, cross-legged, during her spiritual journey under the ocean. In this location, she would hear the story that the waters were singing as they worshiped Holy God. She wanted, also, to know their recommendations, from God, for humans who love Him on Earth, humans who can dance for Him, to make Him feel welcome where they live.

A Style of Cross-Legged Sitting



<https://pixabay.com/photos/girl-sitting-tailor-seat-91692/>

At the Heart of the Continent

For, the oceans, in places that have not yet been damaged by humans, can hear, and understand God much better than what humans allow each other. This is because when an individual human reaches a high level of understanding God, that person is usually feared and so treated as different, and is no longer welcomed in the ordinary life structures that humans have created for themselves; structures often, not very welcoming to God, yet using God's Name to get what they want from each other. The human situation is a confusing one.

And the Oracle sat, cross-legged, on a desert under the sea; freshwater fountains bubbling all around, releasing pure waters that balance the salinity of the sea, helping it to maintain relatively good health; under the assaults it faces each day from humans: on the land, on the seas, and in the air.

Situations Where One Is Conspicuous Are Often Very Isolating

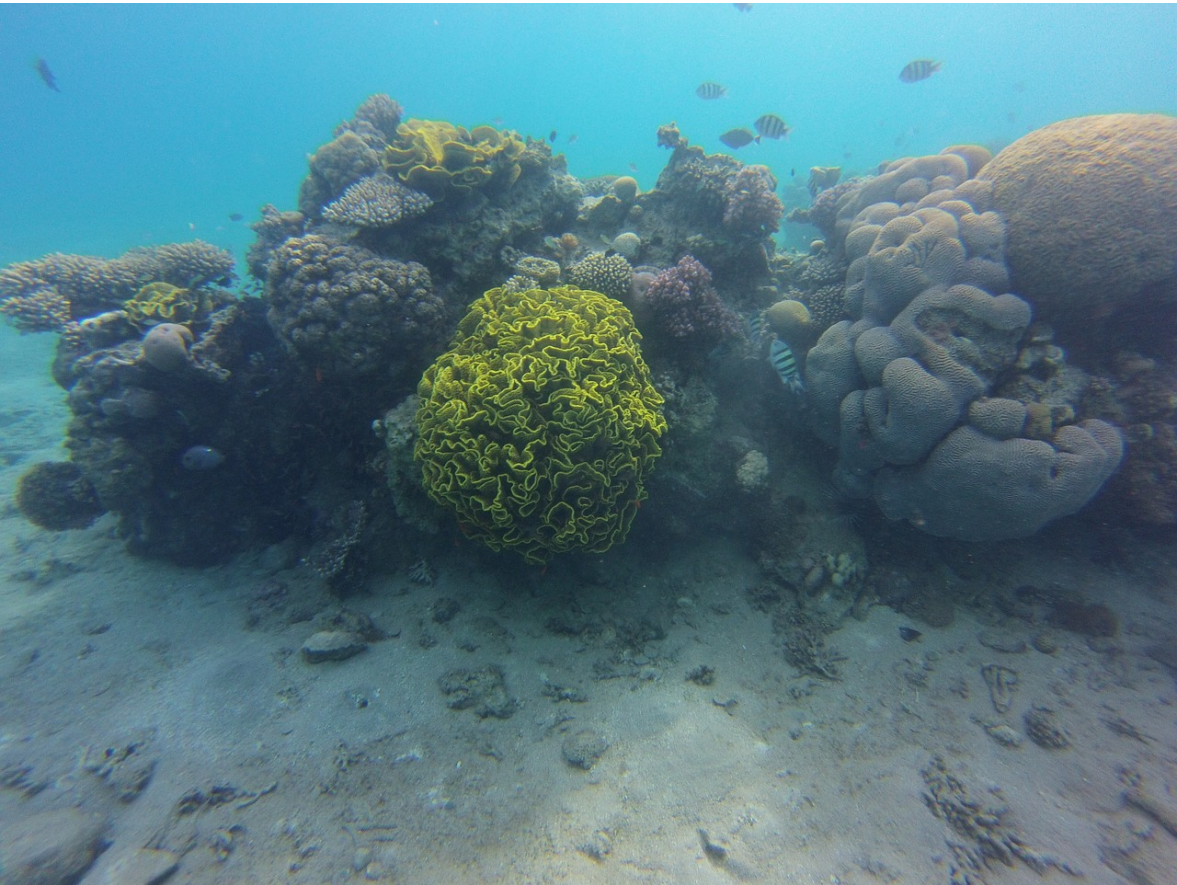


<https://pixabay.com/photos/alienation-loneliness-scapegoat-7703829/>

At the Heart of the Continent

The Oracle sat there; and her heart cried with the oceans, overwhelmed by their story of sorrow and rage, at their deteriorating condition, the story also, of their love for Holy God, their loyalty to Him.

A Desert Spot Under the Ocean



<https://pixabay.com/photos/corals-dive-swim-underwater-diver-786801/>

At the Heart of the Continent

In the mind of the Oracle, the savannahs of the African continent lay expansive, welcoming; their spirituality, knowledgeable about Holy God, worshiping Him together with His mighty oceans.

Yet there too, on those savannahs, together with humans, live dangerous creatures. For thousands of years these neighbors had shared their inherited lands, respectful of each other, if mostly wary of one another. And, the Earth was healthy, happy, in those savannah locations.

But someone had come from outside the African continent and said to the humans there, “I will teach you how to live on your inherited lands.” And that someone shunted the animals into prisons, inviting other outsiders to pay to shoot the captive animals for sport. Some of these imprisoned animals were captured for free and shipped elsewhere to be used as displays, for payment. However, the African humans were never given any of the money.

At the Heart of the Continent

The Freedom to Forage on Miles and Miles of Land



<https://pixabay.com/photos/elephants-kilimajaro-amboseli-279992/>

A Very Sad, Lonely Elephant



<https://pixabay.com/photos/elephant-animals-african-elephant-94592/>

Eventually, the African humans of the savannah were, too, shunted to prisons called “Communal Lands” or “Native Reserves;” unfertile areas, largely devoid of water. And the outsiders settled where they had displaced Indigenous Africans; where Indigenous peoples, and their ancestors before them, had thrived.

At the Heart of the Continent

The outsider started to burn the land with artificial fertilizers, commanding people to grow their crops in a new way. For chocolate brown African humans, the new way seemed to be the answer to survival; and they all turned to it. However, since then, the continent has sunk to the worst depths imaginable in the ancient times of this geographically holy continent.

Artificially Supported Productivity of the Land



<https://pixabay.com/photos/corn-field-farm-clouds-crop-440338/>

Yet that would not end whatever revenge the outsider levied on the continent and its people. The outsider's "Scientific Labs"

would in time also produce diseases and drop them onto the heart of the continent. Like what is written in the stories of old, plagues were made that killed chocolate brown African humans and their livestock. They said God had sent the diseases, against African chocolate-brown skinned people, that Holy God had rejected them altogether. This is not true. God Loves all his creation, including African people.

From the time of those negative stories about Africa and its people, Africinity has occupied the lowest ranks among human racial categories. Africans have since been traded in slavery economies. They have been colonized. Their inherited ways of life continue to be assaulted, being replaced by a largely innavigable cultural, spiritual, philosophical, political, and economic void.

In a few instances, new systems, toxic to the mind of the African person, have supplanted their traditions. The final consequence is that currently, the African individual, old and young, is unable to imagine a way out of this prison of the mind, a prison, equally, of the body, the soul, and of the spirit.

Not satisfied with their murder, with their destabilization of a continent, owners of the revered secretive Labs would produce and “introduce” Measles, Smallpox, HIV/AIDS, Ebola... to the heart of this continent. They say “Africa” is a cursed land. The Oracle knows that Africa is a Blessed Land.

To protect the self from going insane, the human African, pretends to have recovered, from enslavement, from colonization; though situated in a hollow “self-rule” program that is not of the people’s own creation.

In the heart of their wealthy continent, with natural resources unmatched anywhere else; with a heritage unmatched anywhere,

At the Heart of the Continent

African chocolate brown humans exist without wealth, and have been reduced to being unembarrassed beggars of the world.

Poverty on a Continent Endowed with Vast Natural Resources



<https://pixabay.com/photos/hut-dwelling-africa-rustic-travel-277229/>

Oracles who speak this way, having been trained by God for many decades are surreptitiously killed and the knowledge void created by their departure, returns the advantage to the outsider.

At the Heart of the Continent

The Oracle recently heard an outsider announcing to his compatriots, “Whatever Africa Has, We Own!” The announcement had forced this spiritual journey on which she sat cross-legged, waiting for the Holy Chief Angel, a mile under the ocean; among freshwater fountains that help God to maintain the salinity of the seas.

The cry in the story that the oceans sing to God said to the Oracle, sitting there, cross-legged on the desert floor of the seas, “In ancient times, African sailors circumnavigated the Earth, on sail ships that did not pour toxins into our waters.”

To this day, traditional chocolate-brown African water-people, fish and transport their families on the fresh waters found on the continent, and on the waters African seashores, mostly without pouring toxic chemicals into the waters, being capable custodians of these resources, that God put on this continent, before the creation of the human species.

But someone said, “I can do it faster and efficiently,” and the Earth has since then been in ill health.

A Respectful Relationship with God's Water Resources



<https://pixabay.com/photos/log-boat-fisherman-songo-mozambique-242570/>

And someone had said further, “He is God, why doesn’t He renew everything?” In response, the oracle said to God, “The humans who cause this irreversible damage will not stop. What is renewed, they will damage again and again, and again.” And God said in return, “Wherever they touch life, they kill it;” to which the

Oracle said of the current human systems, herself speaking to God, “Nothing is worth saving.”

However, the chocolate-brown-skinned Indigenous African humans, continue to hope in the false story, created against them; paying outside advisors, who teach them methods of doing things that generate further damage to their continental cultures, to their unity, to everything African, including the land and the animals and all the other creatures there. And they call it “development.”

Therefore, the oracle sits under the sea, grateful to know that her life on Earth is about to be ended; *because* she is unable to pretend that all is well, or that Africa’s Indigenous people should hope in the kindness and generosity of outsiders to solve their problems, problems created by those same people during the colonization of their lands and other resources; as well as their enslavement.

What lies in the hearts of a continent’s people who have not been able to give honor to their chocolate-brown ancestor-kings whose mummified corpses lie in State, on display for the tourist economies of other lands? What lies in the heart of a continent that has died? How must the children plan for a future in which they can improve things on their lands?

Learning the Value of Learning Healthy Silence



<https://pixabay.com/photos/children-boys-students-african-1388698/>

The Oracle heard the Master’s teacherly Wife instructing the children, “Don’t despair. Talk to one another about how you might solve the problems that you each see on your continent.” She was urging the children, with her optimism, encouraging them not to give up; but for them to turn inwards, not looking to outsiders for answers; instead, searching for answers among their ancestors’ voices; and in their own minds and hearts.

At the Heart of the Continent

The Oracle looked across the continent with her mind's eye, feeling as though there might be hope, if the continent's adults learned to listen to the children; and honor their youthful perspectives on things, learning from the children's fresh views.

The Oracle's final prayer was this, "Oh, that Indigenous African children would pick up the song in the heart of the oceans, for Holy God, and create a self-sustaining African reality, for the generations to come." As she completed her prayer to Holy God, the Chief Angel arrived at her waiting spot, under the sea, where listening is easier, and there, he taught her things unheard of in this era.

THE END

References and Notes for “At the Heart of the Continent”

Unless otherwise stated, all images and photos are from pixabay.com.

Mambo: Shona for King or Ruler. *Mwari*: the Shona Name for God, the Creator of
the Universe

In the Silence, of Holy God

Isabella Jeso. bitneyadventures.com

It was an embrace. The embrace of a lover, the Husband; just returned home after some days away. He presented her, as a gift, a gentle, life-giving all-encompassing touch of the body, the soul, the mind, and the spirit. And for her, there was nothing else that mattered outside of this. Not even the physical life on Earth itself.

A Couple Re-Connecting After Some Time Apart



<https://pixabay.com/photos/couple-african-love-man-woman-254683/>

In the Silence, of Holy God

He had once quietly explained to his Wife, teasing, “I cannot give a little; I must give all that is in me; all that I have.” And his words had touched her deeply. A woman who had grown up with no close friends, she took nothing for granted that her Husband did or offered.

It was then, as they nurtured each other, to reconnect after some time away from one another, when they both realized that Bitney had fretted all day; refusing his food in the stables; standing at the house, sometimes suddenly galloping, or flying around the farm.

The Lord Master had gone out and examined his beloved horse; but he found nothing physically wrong with his eternal warhorse.

Sensing War Elsewhere, Bitney Had Fretted All Day



<https://pixabay.com/photos/animal-horses-freedom-mustang-2691865/>

He said to his Wife, “Is it that he misses Barin, perhaps? Maybe we should bring her back for a while.” Barin, the warhorse mare of the Master’s Wife had been with the Master’s parents for quite some time.

The Lord Master talked to his horse in the ordinary language that his Wife could hear and understand in the physical. But Bitney responded in the war language that only the Master and the Holy Angels could hear and understand. The Master immediately put defense mechanisms around the farm, around the house, around his Wife. He and his flying warhorse left at the speed of lightning.

Deep under the seas, on the ocean floor, you find a quiet, the opposite of the wind-driven commotion of surface waters on the shores. In this undersea silence, sound travels better, clearer, even at its lowest levels.

Quiet Surroundings Worth Learning From

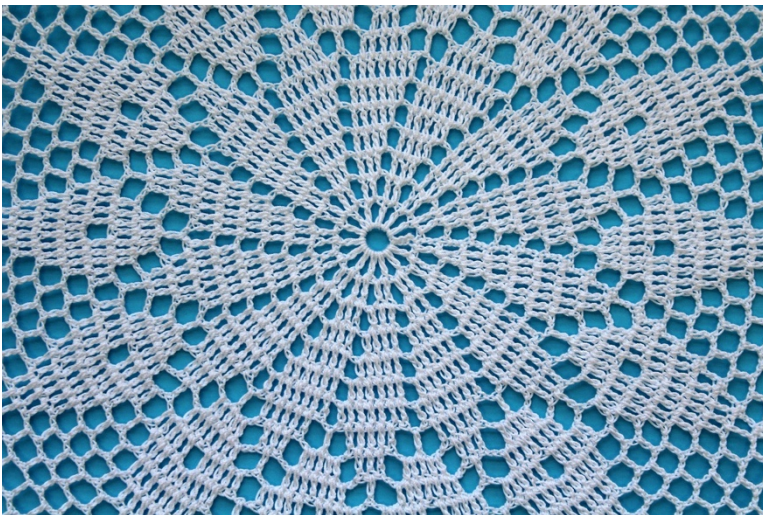


<https://pixabay.com/photos/sea-turtle-turtle-underwater-1851102/>

The Chief Angel took, in her spirit, the Master's Wife to this depth of the mind, a depth that she had, since her childhood, likened to the depths of the seas. In this space, inside herself, contained by the Holy Spirit of the Lord, she could hear and know clearly. At the sea-floor level of silence, God speaks to the individual mind, to the individual heart.

However, our human social demands often force most everyone to live at the surface level of survival-related fears that create and sustain human commotion. The Holy Angels, with the Lord Master's Mother, had taught the Master's Wife to seek, always, the Silence. She often found it in her Husband; in nature, in their farm animals when they were not feeding; she found the Silence in what she called her cooking-sewing-writing-reading-cleaning-listening-and-farming activities.

The Intricacies of Doily-Making



<https://pixabay.com/photos/lace-doily-crocheting-handicraft-4689186/>

Most of all, she loved the Silence of the Lord Master's Father. When they were visiting, he would look at his Son's Wife, trying to learn from the Master's Honorable Mother, the intricacies of doily-making. She would look back at Him, with a face that said to Him, "I totally have not a clue about what I am doing."

And he would smile and say utterly nothing. Just smile and this way communicated His capacity for listening, and knowing, appreciating functional family relationships. It is the Silence.

She wanted to be a master of such profound Silence, outside of her teaching moments when she was not laughing boisterously with her students; to encourage the children in their learning to endure the difficult processes of living in a world controlled by adults who never really listen to them, to understand how they experience life each day.

And the Chief Angel had at this moment taken her to the depths where the seas were silent; so that from there, she could hear and know how her Husband and his warhorse were faring in the unexpected battle into which the Holy Angels had called them. The Silence can be a matter of saving lives in distress.

Finding Silent Spaces in Nature



<https://pixabay.com/photos/crocuses-spring-flower-bloom-3226433/>

So, she sat there, in the Spirit, listening to the Silence of God constantly breathing, constantly speaking Life into everything in His universe: the sun; the planets; to all the little and big creatures of the Earth; to the mountains; as well, to the grasses of the land-based meadows and of those found in the seas; to everything.

It was there, sitting, in the spirit, under the sea, that she received insight that the human creature is socialized to talk too much, including herself; talking mostly about nothing; about things that are mostly unremembered, even the next day.

In the Silence, of Holy God

She observed further, in her mind, that the human creature does not know its own limitations; or its capacity to cause damage to other lives that share our planetary home. For, this human creature has often been known to speak before examining the possible consequences of its words' impact to the Earth's soul, to the physical and spiritual health of the mountains, the deserts, the forests; the waters ... , most everything.

The human, blurting out anything at all; rather than learn from the Silence of Holy God; Him Who created language and knows its power; yet is so seldom heard using it. A human has been known to speak for 17 hours a day, save for the few hours of sleep in each 24-hour day.

Possibly Being Trained on Talking Too Much



<https://pixabay.com/photos/children-togo-african-kids-331233/>

In the Silence, of Holy God

And most of those spoken exchanges in society tend to lack thoughtfulness about building up other lives, especially the largely silent lives such as the grasses of the field or the tiny ants that live under those grasses.

Nature's Silence in a Grassy Meadow



<https://pixabay.com/photos/grassland-bush-kenya-wildlife-wild-8121774/>

Why? It is suspected that the human species is largely unable to think outside of its own personal interests. Therefore, when it speaks, it often talks only about itself; its interests, its

In the Silence, of Holy God

preoccupations, often at the expense of others who share with it Earth's spaces.

However, those who do manage to extricate themselves, or whom Holy God, seeing their distress in the commotion of talking, extricates them from the mind-damaging commotion. These few individuals discover that if they achieve the capacity to mostly live in silence, they typically end up gaining the Holy Spirit's Wisdom; since they begin to listen better; and see more, of what is not working well for everyone.

Teach the Children to Practice Healthy Silence for Life



<https://pixabay.com/photos/children-boys-students-african-1388698/>

Over time, these wisely silent ones learn that Holy God's level of silence heals that which is hurting. This high-level silence also creates new opportunities for improvement, where many, who reject Silence, may see no possibility for change. Few pursue or achieve this silence. Some only acquire the skill of Silence too late in life, squandering their youthful energetic selves in decades of useless talking-too-much.

The Master's Wife, sat there, contained in the Spirit of the Lord, under the sea, away from human commotion; deeply immersed in the profound Silence of Holy God, Creator of the Universe.

God does not; will not; speak His Mind into that human commotion, where no one can hear Him; those multitudes of humans being so preoccupied with their own exaggerated survivalist talking commotions.

Individuals who desire to hear Holy God must, therefore, first purge themselves of the need to talk and be heard in the surface social commotion of human structures. Such individuals must be willing to work toward achieving, in their own minds and hearts, the deep Silence that God offers all His creation, a depth-silence that can sometimes be found in nature, in social isolation; and deep in the Silent Spirit that Holy God shares with His ocean floors.

So, the question becomes, how do we teach the children healthy, deliberate silence; silence by design; intentional silence, allowing them, thus, to better know, or understand, and own, the necessity of Silence, as God Lives in it?

The Children's Planning Session



<https://pixabay.com/photos/child-black-look-portrait-africa-4675664/>

Or, better yet, what do the children think about teaching themselves and each other to be silent, making the practice of silence a major priority for their own generation?

To your children, who are reading this story, when you find time in your very busy schedules, studying at school, helping your families with the work at home, think of some follow-up questions that you would want Bitney to answer for you and send them to him.

In the Silence, of Holy God

Not to Teach Our Children the Me, Me, Me, Approach to Life



<https://pixabay.com/photos/children-kids-african-south-africa-200066/>

Also, please remember to message Bitney, about your answers to the questions asked above; as well as messaging him about your own questions too, relating to these conversations that we are having together. When Bitney receives your messages, he will share your insights with the rest of the other children around the world, children who are, in God's sight, as wise and lovable as you are.

THE END

In the Silence, of Holy God

References and Notes “In the Silence of Holy God”

Unless otherwise stated, all images and photos are from pixabay.com.

Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

Isabella Jeso. bitneyadventures.com

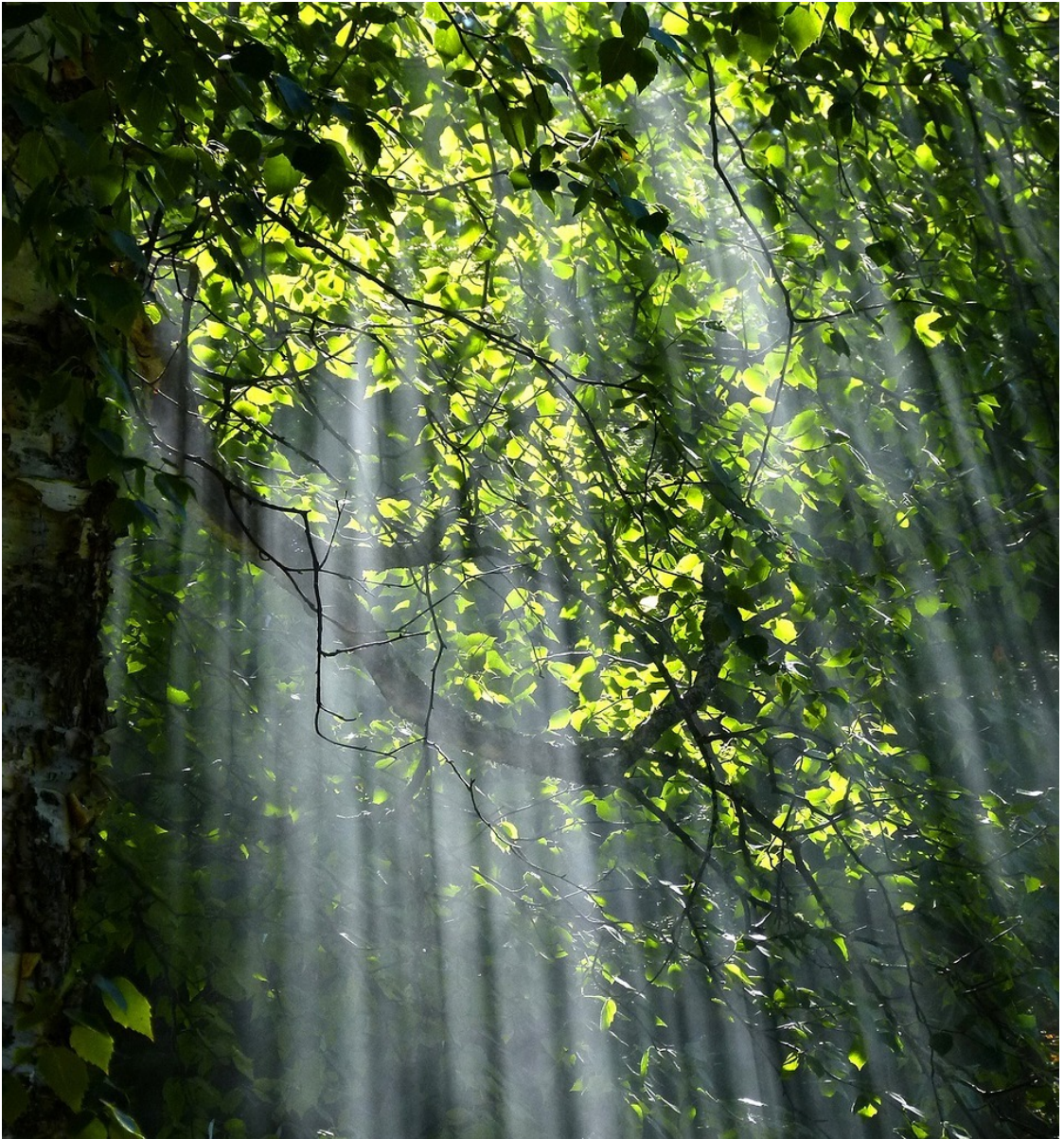
In a circle of collaboration, Holy God's mountains, though tall, and majestic, are not more important than His forests.

The Majesty of the Mountains



<https://pixabay.com/photos/snow-mountain-panorama-3370869/>

A Dense Forest



<https://pixabay.com/photos/forest-trees-sunlight-woods-56930/>

Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

Or His lakes, rivers, and marshes. Or His oceans, His deserts.
Or His grassy meadows. Or each individual creature that lives
therein. Nor are the planets, according to their masses, one, more
important than the other.

A Desert Interior



<https://pixabay.com/photos/desert-sand-dunes-landscape-1654439/>

Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

A River, Right Out of the Mountains



<https://pixabay.com/photos/river-rocks-trees-conifer-stones-5765785/>

Nor is the tiny fish less important, in Holy God's sight, than the whale and the shark. Nor the lion more impressive than the dove, before Him Who made each one of them, our Holy God.

A Happy, Healthy Small Fish



<https://pixabay.com/photos/siamese-algae-eater-small-fish-8044086/>

Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

And a Happy, Healthy Whale



<https://pixabay.com/photos/humpback-whale-natural-spectacle-436120/>

Holy God delights in the company of each of them, joyful to see them enjoying the life that He freely gifted them with.

Nor the moon, whose gravitational pull drives the oceans, as commanded by Holy God from the beginning.

On a Full-Moon Night



<https://pixabay.com/photos/moon-rising-full-moon-rise-sky-4317426/>

Nor is the Sun capable of doing everything by itself. For, the Sun sends its blistering heat into the deserts. The deserts receive the sun's heat and send it into

Oh, How the Evening or Morning Sun Pulsates!



<https://pixabay.com/photos/sunset-mountains-clouds-silhouette-1117008/>

the air systems above; where it is meticulously transported and spread out like a soothing filmy cloth over the waters. There, the heated winds massage freshwater droplets from the salty waters of the vast seas. Nor are the winds that drive the moisture, that becomes rain more important than the systems beneath.

Raindrops Dancing on New Leaves, for Holy God!

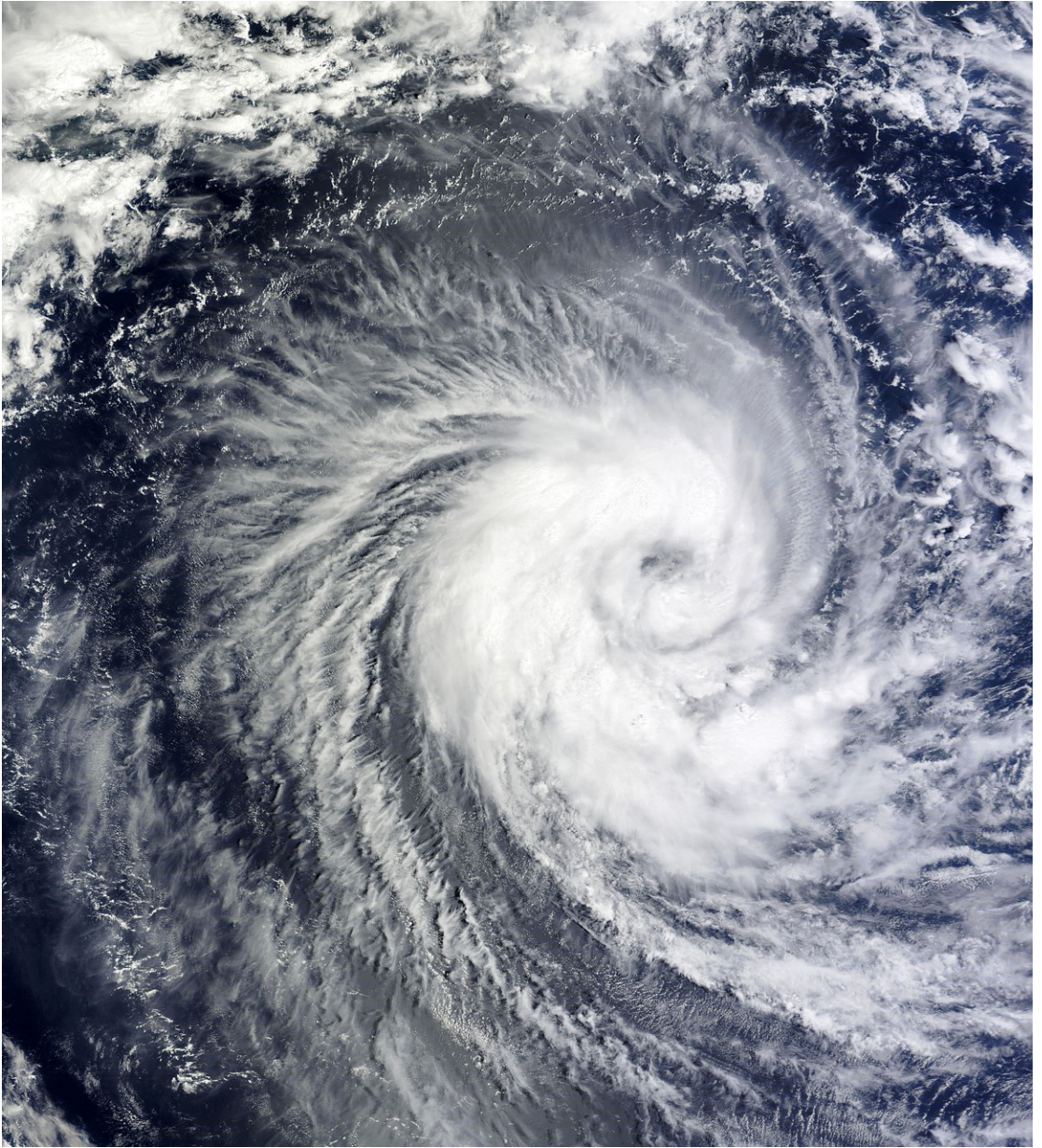


<https://pixabay.com/photos/leaf-green-foliage-green-leaves-1001679/>

The cooled winds carry their freshwater jewels, gathered from the saline masses of ocean water. These, the winds send into the atmosphere, working together with the towering mountain ranges where the mists develop into clouds, heavy with the moisture that fall onto the soils; that they may let lives lying dormant in them grow, and replenish the food supplies that Earth produces.

Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

A Powerful Wind System



<https://pixabay.com/photos/hurricane-cyclone-typhoon-wind-58025/>

Grasses Flowering After Summer Rains



<https://pixabay.com/photos/field-grass-rural-meadow-wind-6289253/>

The mountains, massive and silent as they continuously churn water from the soils of the Earth or from the soft rock beneath them, to send it, cascading as rivers, back to the oceans to await their being gathered again to the heavens, by the massaging heated winds from the deserts. And the towering mountains sunk twice more their above-land heights, into the depths of the seas work with other systems around them.

Backbone of the Land



<https://pixabay.com/photos/gran-canaria-island-spain-4360002/>

In their Grandeur, the mountains hold the torsos of all continental shelves into place; like the spinal cord of a creature supports its frame.

Holy God's systems are based on perpetual careful collaboration, on the most efficient conservation, and on recycling all life-sustaining resources. The windstorms, gravities, and magnetisms push, nonstop, as they were designed to do.

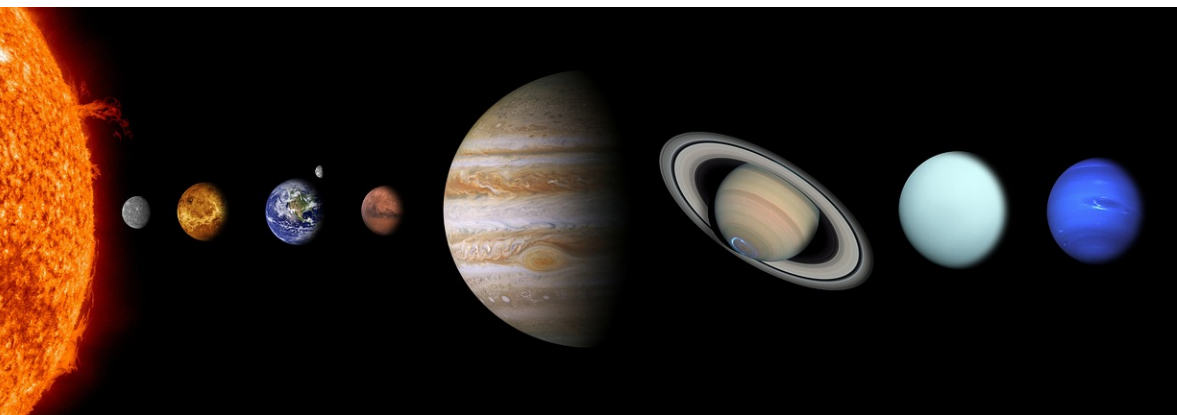
Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

The planets, their moons, and the sun; supporting each other in the entire Universe's capacity to maintain its structures in the air; the stars bejeweling all the heavens, holding the spaces that shore up the terrain of the heavens in their place; as is in the structures of our familiar Earth, for Holy *Mambo Mwari*, Creator God.

Holy God, thank You for making everything, everywhere to be Your many homes. For Your pleasure, Lord, You made them to be Your playing grounds, and Your swimming holes. You made all those various terrains for the training of Your Fighting Forces. You created your Earth to be where Your Holy Angels gather food for Your Kingdom, serving it at the feastings in Heaven. Holy God, You created the Universe for Your Own purposes. We glorify You because of these, Your many, many great achievements.

We worship You, because of Your capabilities; for Your Love and generosity, our Lord and King, Holy *Mambo Mwari*, and we willingly do so with deep gratitude and thanksgiving to Your Holy Name!

The Mystery of the Spheres Hanging in the Air



<https://pixabay.com/photos/solar-system-sun-mercury-venus-439046/>

Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

These collaborations lived by God's life systems represent what the Lord Holy Spirit showed the Apostle John, as recorded in the Book of Revelation, demonstrating to him that Holy God's way of doing things creates a remarkable, an impressive system of activities completed in the collaboration of multiple individual entities. Holy God's system is like the mechanical working-together of parts that make the whole operate smoothly and efficiently.

Working Together to Move Things



<https://pixabay.com/photos/gears-metal-rust-technology-1666499/>

Among these knowledgeable individual implements of God's making in Nature, collaboration is based on humility, and on mutual respect, with each entity exercising its freedom to contribute to the larger system, according to its characteristics, given it at its creation, by Holy God.

Collaboration benefits all members involved. Most of all, it honors Holy God, because it reflects His Own Ways of doing things. For, Holy God's Own Life models the practice of collaboration as a way of living. This is because He rules His Universe as Three Persons Who Are One in Mind and Spirit: Father God, God Son, and God Holy Spirit, working together.

Holy God's practice of collaboration, doing things together, is remarkably showcased in the New Testament Book of Revelation. Here we see first, "the four living creatures" worshipping Holy God, saying, "Holy, holy, holy / is the Lord God Almighty, / who was, and is, and is to come" (Revelation 4:8).

Second, as the four living creatures "give glory, honor, and thanks to him who sits on the throne," (Revelation 4:9), the human "twenty-four elders fall down before him who sits on the throne, and worship him [...]" continuing, in their own words, the worshipping started by the living creatures as quoted above. The twenty-four elders say, "You are worthy, our Lord and God, / to receive, glory, and honor, and / power, / for you created all things, / and by your will they were created / and have their being" (Revelation 4:10-11).

Third, "a mighty angel [proclaims] in a loud voice, "Who is worthy to break the seal and open the scroll?" (Revelation 5:2). The angel's question opens a way for God Son to come forward, when no one else can do so. He takes the scroll in His hand and opens it, also revealing His Holy Spirit, symbolized by "the seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent out into all the Earth" (Revelation 5:6).

And the twenty-four elders worship God Son singing, “You are worthy to take the scroll / and open its seals, / because you were slain, / and with your blood you purchased / men for God / from every tribe and language and / people and nation / to be a / kingdom and priests to serve / our God [...]” (Revelation 5:9-10).

Fourth, multitudes of Angels that form the outer circle around God’s throne are heard cheering God Son, as they also sing, “Worthy is the Lamb, who was slain, / to receive power and wealth and / wisdom and strength / and honor and glory and praise” (Revelation 5:12).

Fifth, “every creature in heaven and on Earth and under the Earth and on the sea, and all that is in them [all these are heard] “singing: To him who sits on the throne [Holy God] and / to the Lamb / be praise and honor and glory and / power / for ever and ever!” ((Revelation 5:13).

In this collaborative system of God’s Holiness, we see five tiers of life, with these categories of life, responsible for maintaining God’s Holiness in their spaces. The living creatures, closest to the throne of God speak their worship to that space; so the Angels to the spaces they are in; and the elders the same; as well, the creatures that live on Earth – on land and in the seas. Everyone and everything collaborates by maintaining the holiness in the spaces they are on, as animated by the Holy Spirit of God, for no one can worship God without the Holy Spirit.

In these collaborations then, all life that prefer and choose to be connected to God’s Holiness, do so at the tier of life that they occupy; with God Himself enabling it, since it all flows from His throne. In this sense, each category of life under God, is responsible for keeping holy the space that they occupy. The Revelation

Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air

chapters referenced here, model God's way of doing things, a way that is always collaborative in nature.

Therefore, this story, that includes a major lesson from the New Testament, encourages readers to consider how they, themselves, practice collaboration in life; and especially, collaboration that seeks to support the roles that each of Holy God's *Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air*, always play.

THE END

References and Notes “Stewards of the Land, the Sea, and the Air”

Mambo: Shona for King or Ruler. *Mwari*: the Shona Name for God, the Creator of the Universe.

Unless otherwise indicated, all Scriptures referenced are from *The Holy Bible, New International Version*. (1978). Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan.

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