

## A Place of Prophecies

When the world seems dark and dreary,  
When your life seems not worthwhile,  
Think of something sweet and gentle.  
Try your best to smile.

It may take quite some doing;  
It's not an easy task.  
But "free will" is for "choosing"  
The kind of life you want to last.

I've seen an iridescent place,  
a quiet space to dwell,  
A place which seems to dance and meld  
In shades of soft pastel.

Within this world there is a room  
In which a golden caldron stands.  
From this, an older Man brings forth  
a flame of words into His hands.

A promise, first, of "joining",  
A certainty of "Peace",  
A growing into life, foretold,  
Where cares and stress shall cease.

That place surrounds and keeps you safe  
Within this earthly storm. A center of celestial calm,  
Though outside tempests seem the norm.

Be quiet, now, dear gentle one. Don't fret, don't fear. I AM is here  
To rock and calm you down. No harm shall pass beyond the Arms  
Of Him who holds you safe and sound.

Amen.

(The actual prophecy is found In "The Stewardship Papers", see number 48. "An Answer to a Prayer".)