

**By the Glory and Mercy of Adonia
In and Out Of the Darkness**

Throughout the world people are suffering in numbers by the billions. I find it very true that you can always find someone in worse shape than yourself, no matter how life-threatening this issue one deals with for a moment, a week, a month, a year or decades (and I do speak with a little experience) unless you live in places like the Sudan, or Gaza, or Ukraine. Many situations there can't miss being the worst exclusively due to the cruelty and ruthlessness of men beginning with their leaders. Horror beyond imagination. Couldn't make a movie that would paint even one frame of those lives.

It has been a winter whether I thought I would not make it due to health, falling into even the deepest depths of despair, no hope other than just hanging onto the concept of hope, just darkness. I was in and out darkness so many times. But every day I read our faith's cycle of readings from 'The Book', 'The Biblous', The Bible, The Torah. And despite the deepest of the deep darkness, our Master or Paul would exhort me like Paul's message this morning.

*They strengthened the spirits of the disciples
and exhorted them to persevere in the faith, saying,
"It is necessary for us to undergo many hardships
to enter the Kingdom of God."*

Recently and suddenly a friend of fifty years, part of five or six guys and their spouses if still living, three have died, fell so ill to the point we were planning his funeral. No one will even conceive how close this group is.

Today I heard his voice for the first time in over two months. We usually talked every three to four weeks for decades. And I could not believe the miracle. It was a three-way conversation with one of the other of our pack of five or six, his caregiver due to proximity, and our near-death friend sounded exactly like the 'old' Walter'.

Folks, it not only made my day, or week or month or year, or decade but perhaps my life. I'd have sacrificed anything for a miracle for him including winning the biggest lottery or more.

I am not a huge fan of praying for myself. Pleading maybe, but my prayers go to others. I got a lot of people praying for me anyway and I thank our dear Master for them daily. As I've mentioned before I picture prayers as little Japanese like lanterns, floating up into the heavens, hundred is not thousands of a time captured by our Great Mother and His saints and angels then all presented before the throne of the Lamb. When you deal with the type of discomfort, caused by a disease or disorder that interrupts sleep, nights can be very lonely and scary. But if you do nothing but pray, two things will happen, either you will fall asleep or you will pray for hours. You forget your own pain. What can be more powerful?

[My favorite Saint \(other than Francis\) is St. Theresa of Lisieux](#), none as the Little Flower of Jesus. Her dissertations on prayer and love of our Lord caused me to join the Order of the Discalced Carmelites. When I am healthy enough it is the first thing I will do, 're-up'.

This is the greatest example of the two commands our Master left us with when we pray...

Love Me, Adonia, in His Magnificent Trilogy and love every other person created in His image and Likeness.

Be not just the servant of the Master, but also spend every waking moment being like Him, will all your heart and soul.