

# MARIA IS HERE! WHAT?

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THE WHOLE PLAN WAS  
FOILED, LEAVING THEM  
DUMBFOUND! HAHAHA!  
HALLELUYAH!

I hope you are all well. My heart replete with His love and wisdom I gladly share with you all. Hope also to catch your interest to the last line of this exciting experience of my life. Enjoy!

## Our Creator's Sense Of Humour.

### I Like To Say A Word In Her Behalf: Maria, Makes Me Laugh!...

*Journal—An ongoing dialog between thia/Basilis and Master Yabuwab/Yabushua. ...*

Tuesday, June 13, 2017 at 11:04 am

FATHER? YOU KNOW I WENT BACK TO BED around 5 am. I been awoken since around 7 am. Been optimizing what happened since Sunday. When I first woke up this morning at 1:34 am, You quickened to me Your sense of humor in it all!

We make our plans. That's when we make You laugh! Psalms 2 states the matter quite clear. As the kings of the earth plan all kinds of skims to do away with Your control of Your creation, so do we.

We had it all planned. Alas! We only made You laugh. They well say, Do you want to make 'God' laugh? Tell Him your plans! Hahaha! HalleluYah!

Let's go on now to Maria. Why Maria makes our Creator laugh. Because, *she decided to come on her destined moment, despite our careful plans for her birth. What a miracle!*

# Maria Is Here! What? Where Is Ahmad? Where Is Basilia? No Where To Be Found!

The Whole Plan Was Foiled, Leaving Them Dumbfound! Hahaha! HalleluYah!

*Journal—An ongoing dialog between thia/Basilia and Master Yabuwah/Yabushua. ...*

Sunday, June 11, 2017 at 10:24 am

HOPEFULLY I MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL to welcome Maria. It's 10:54 am. I am ready. No news yet. I wait with patience & composure for You. You promise to work all things for our good. So it is. Thanks for Your Word. Your Word is a lamp unto my feet.

Sunday, June 11, 2017 at 12:25 pm.

Evidently, Yazeed phone did not work. Ahmad could not get in touch with him. He told me he had to wait. He could not leave his dying brother's side. He was to call me later.

After waiting for a while, it came to me to go to the family. I went. I found the family gathered around in the grandparent's house. Just when I came in, I heard, "Maria is here!" Maria had been born just at the moment I entered the house. No one paid any mind to my concern for someone to be with the mother.

Ahmad could not reach his son Yahzeed. After a little while, Yazeed came in from the market. No one at the hospital with the mother.

Totally beyond my comprehension. I thank You my Father, for the patience & composure You have invested on me. Thank You for

empowering me to see that it is not about me. It's about You and the people in my midst including Ahmad and his family.

The immensity of their problems with illness and lack of money is enough to drive anyone insane. You know that my Father. You have the solution for all our troubles and inharmonious circumstances, but! Such solution is still far from our grasp. I wait on You. In Your time? You will open ears to hear and eyes to see. Sleep 1:35 pm

Sunday, June 11, 2017 at 2:14 pm

Father? I refuse to lose my trust in You. Your Word cannot return void. There will be no death. ***The birth of Maria and the recovery of Ahmad's brother marks a new fresh start between myself and Ahmad and his family. This start shall be on Your grounds not anywhere else or any other way.*** I wait on You in awe of Your unfathomable wisdom!

Sunday, June 11, 2017 at 5:22 pm.

This day things have become more clear to me than ever before. With this knowledge also comes wisdom and strength to live my life in Your Presence with joy and completeness.

- *To live in peace and contentment.*
- *To quit the insidious quest to make myself understood.*

I live a supernatural life. This kind of life cannot fit in the natural ways of my past.

So, that's the problem! Trying to fit the supernatural into the natural. Impossible, but! This is by far a better life than the life I once lived.

## TODAY, I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND TO LIVE THIS SUPERNATURAL LIFE TO THE FULLEST.

What's more, once Your people observe I am no longer lamenting the lack of understanding.

- *Once Your people observe my new attitude towards them and towards life in general.*
- *Once Your people observe I am not any longer concerned for the lack of response from them.*
- *Most certain, the evidence of this supernatural life I am now living will make the impact You intent for it to make.*

Sunday, June 11, 2017 at 6:58 pm

Well, my Father, the day is ending. I have not heard any more news. Whether the baby is home or in the hospital is a mystery to me. Perhaps Ahmad was unable to come to see his baby and wife home. Perhaps he is home enjoying them. Either way, I now understand. I am perfectly content.

No more anger or having my feelings hurt because I have not been informed. *Your wisdom and love prevails.*

- *I can now decline or accept any invitation to join the family celebrations with grace and common sense.*
- *I can now quit my expectation for a phone call informing me of things or asking for my well-being.*
- *It is no longer necessary.*
- *I need not to lament for the lack of such courtesy.*
- *I am not alone.*
- *You are always with me.*
- *Thank You, my Father.*

I am not any longer reacting to any situation. *I am properly responding with the wisdom You have invested upon me. I'm so blessed! Free at last from that horrible hurt feelings attacks! I sense within my being the power of You love and wisdom like I have never experienced before.*

Sunday, June 11, 2017 at 10:19 pm

A fleeting moment despite my determination to understand. Father? I ask for sleep. I heard no more from Ahmad. I refuse to imagine anything. But, I have lost my appetite. I can't concentrate on my work. And I cannot sleep. Please, my Father, give sleep until my body is healed and I can resume my work. I'll go to bed and hope for the best. I wait on You.

Monday, June 12, 2017 at 2:43 am

Looking around all things are looking nice. As I consider my life as of this moment, all things are also beginning to look very nice. Thanks, my Father.

I look at the dessert roses You gifted to me via Ahmad. I think of the meaning of Your love. Your love stands and lives even in the most arduous of the desserts of our lives.

So it is, with Your love between Ahmad and myself. So it is, with Your love between my children and myself. So it is, between my friends and myself.

Monday, June 12, 2017 at 6:38 am

Well, the water quit on me again! This is quite an unexpected event. Unexpected and unwelcomed, but! I am not troubled this time. Maybe I'll go back to bed. Things could be better after I get some more sleep. It's 6:44 am.

Monday, June 12, 2017 at 9:26 am

Father? You know I couldn't sleep. I would doze, see disturbing things; nothing specific just my upset emotions with all the happenings of yesterday. I last talked to Ahmad around 1 or 2 pm and then nothing.

Maybe I hear something this morning. Maybe not. Ahmad is under such stress, but! That's their way of life. No need for me to trouble myself about it.

Only, the water situation needs to be taken care off. You know all about it. I will try now to go back to the book. Having much problem concentrating. Maybe this morning I can concentrate.

But no, I couldn't concentrate. I decided to fix things around. Suddenly! I hear someone up on the roof. What? A water truck! A man upon the roof putting water in a tank.

I waved to signal I had no water. Sure enough he filled my tank as well! Father took care of my water situation! Hahaha! I cheer up!

### ***The Miracle At Last!***

Monday, June 12, 2017 at 4:42 pm

O my Father—O Father of mine? Thank You. Thank You. Thank You! Ahmad called about 2 hours ago.

***Great news! Maria was born on the First Day of the Week. Ahmad's brother is home safe! No death! O death where is your sting! The birth of Maria and the recovery of Ahmad's brother marks a new fresh start between myself and Ahmad and his family. This start shall be on Your grounds not anywhere or any way else.***

And so it is. Ahmad should come to get me in a moment. Then, I am supposed to go to meet Maria and share a meal with them.

Your power of love and wisdom prevailed again! It never fails. It always avails! This time it prevailed big time! I can't hardly wait to go and meet Maria. Hahaha! HalleluYah!

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Monday, June 12, 2017 at 10:08 pm

Thanks, my Father for the gift of Maria. I held her to my bosom for better than half hour. O what a wonderful experience of Your love. We shared a wonderful meal cooked by Hala and the wife's sister. I also had the opportunity for a good chat with Ahmad. All things back on a better track than the track before.

I sense I will have a better night of sleep now. After 10 days of havoc in our lives, we have come up victoriously! Behold! The Power Of Wisdom & Love From On High Descending Upon Us All. It Never Fails. It Always Avails!

Tuesday, June 13, 2017 at 1:34 am

Right on! I have not been able to finish LOVE—The End Of The Matter...The Power Of Love. I have been puzzled about it, but! Now I know why. I am to begin the book with the Creator's sense of humor. Why?

Because, our Father's sense of humor can catch our attention better than anything else. Sharing the humor in the grand event of Maria's birth.

Here we were. "Basilina will go to the hospital with me!" says Ahmad. "And what about me?" Says Ahmad's mom. Guess what? Maria had something else in mind. Maria listens to the bickering for 9 long months. She twirls around the womb, but! No one pays attention to Maria's twirling. They all think is either funny or a matter to worry about. She hears the comments: "Maria, turned! She is in the right position!" "Oh no! She turned again! There might be need for surgery!" On and on Maria is listening. She gives a twirl. Everybody laughs! She twirls again across the belly. Ahmad exclaims, "Oh no! Thousands of dinars for surgery!"

*That is until that Sunday.*

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*That Sunday Maria decides to make a bloody mess!  
Yazeed to the rescue! Quickly! Quickly! Mom could  
die! To this hospital, nay! To that hospital, nay!  
Where? Where? Ah! To this hospital at last! Phew!  
Mom is safe! Let me go to the market get food for  
mom's return home.*

### ***Maria? Still in the womb.***

*She wonders. She waits. Ah! They all gone! No one  
here? Great! Now is time for me to arrive! That  
solves all that bickering about who is to be here to  
welcome me! Can you believe it? **That's why Maria  
makes our Creator laugh!***

### ***The Almighty Creator of our beings?***

*He sits up there somewhere beyond the sky. He sits  
in the throne of our hearts as well even when we do  
not acknowledge Him to be right there with each  
breath we take. He sees it all take place for nine  
months and before. He is taking good care of Maria,  
and! All that time? The Almighty sings with Basilia's  
croaky voice:*

*"I like to say a word on her behalf. Maria? Maria  
makes Me laugh! Hahaha! How we solve the  
problem of Maria? How we catch a cloud and pin it  
down? How we hold the moon upon our hand?"*

### ***Me? Basilia?***

*Don't know what to make of it all! No speak the  
language. No one bothers with her continuous  
begging to know what goes on in the midst of all the  
raucous? High voices! Anger & laughter alike go on  
and on whether it is or not to her like.*

***Basilia?***

*Up four floors on her cozy roof apartment. Is she content? She wonders. She ponders. She dumps it all under the feet of her Master. She knows under the Master's feet all wanders and ponders meet with sure defeat! She plugs her ears. She works, works, works until her eyes her work she can't focus them on. She crashes in bed! She sleeps from here to thereon.*

***Alright! That magical Sunday of Maria's arrival comes, but! The mobile rings! Ahmad on the line!***

*"Basilia, the wife at the hospital! She is in trouble! My brother is fighting for life! I can't leave his side. Let me see how can I get you to the hospital. Wait. I'll call you back!"*

***Basilia stops all her doings. Quickly she dresses up hoping to make it to the hospital.***

*Ahmad calls back. He can't get in touch with anyone. He does not know which way to turn. He promised to call back again.*

***Basilia waits and waits for Ahmad's call back in vain. Suddenly! It comes to her, "Go to the house!"***

*She locks her door and calmly walks to the house. She enters the house to hear happy voices,*

***"Maria is here!" Basilia is shocked!***

*"Who is with the mom?" There is no answer to her strange to them questioning.*

*Yazeed comes in from the market bearing bags of food to cook? Basilia in wonder questions Yazeed,*

*“Who is with your mom?”*

*Yazeed*

*“My papa is with her.”*

*Basilia*

*“What? No, Yazeed. Your papa is trying to get in touch with you. He can’t leave your uncle, but you don’t answer his calls.”*

*Yazeed.*

*“Ah! My mobile is damaged. Can’t get or make any calls.” That was it! Everybody goes to the kitchen to cook or whatever.*

*Basilia sits there perplexed. After a minute or so, Basilia quietly leaves.*

She came home and recorded it all. Went to sleep. Wake up. Waited to hear some more to no avail. Don’t know whether mother & baby are home? Don’t know whether brother is dead or alive? But! Refuse to give way to any imagination. The water situation was taken care off. All this time?

*Basilia remains steady and confident of her Master’s loving control of it all! And so it was. And so it is. And so it shall forever be!*

**YES! OUR CREATOR’S SENSE OF HUMOUR IS A FACT. HE HAS**

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**TAUGHT ME TO LAUGH WITH  
HIM AT MY OWN RIDICULOUS  
PLANS.**

On to begin with the tale of **LOVE**—The End Of The  
Matter...The Power Of Love.

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## The Dream...

Meaning And Fulfillment? Read On To The Last Page —**LOVE**—The End Of The Matter...The Power Of Love. Amazing!

*Journal—An ongoing dialog between thia/Basilis and Master Yabuwab/Yabushua. ...*

Saturday, April 29, 2017 at 3:21 am

I woke up from a dream at 2:20 am.

- *I came in through a door of a dome over a new house.*
- *Ahmad & a worker were installing a remote device to open the door of the house.*
- *I found myself in the master room talking to Robin.*
- *The room was rectangular, narrow and long.*
- *The wall & the carpeted floor matched a discreet golden color, expensive carpet, and paint, very elegant.*
- *We were standing at the end of the room at the door of the master bathroom.*
- *Next, we were looking at the surroundings.*
- *There was another person with us, perhaps a relative, and I say, “If you gift us anything let it be plants & flowers.”*

- *The person mentioned a medicinal plant but the name of it evades my memory.*
  - *Then I heard Ahmad’s voice, he said, “there are oranges in the tree.”*
  - *Quickly we walked under the orange tree and plucked a couple of sort of dry oranges, they did not look plump & fresh but!*
  - *Ahmad hollered, “There are bananas!”*
  - *We looked, wow!*
  - *A huge banana plant!*
  - *I walked towards the plant.*
  - *It seemed that the banana season had ended.*
  - *I only saw one bright yellow banana but!*
  - *As I stood by the plant, there was a good stretch of land evidently for banana planting.*
  - *And I woke up!*
- On to begin the deciphering of this dream. Read on...

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I leave ye all in suspense to wait for the Meaning And Fulfillment of The Dream. You will have to Read On To The Last Page of **LOVE—The End Of The Matter...The Power Of Love**. Amazing, but! You will have to pay to read that tale. It will be published and for sale in Amazon as soon as Father gives me the **OK** to do so. That's all folks!

## Reflecting...

*Journal—An ongoing dialog between thia/Basilis and Master Yabuwah/Yabushua. ...*

Tuesday, June 13, 2017 at 6:50 pm

Father? You have brought me to the highest peak of Your mountain. This time, it is for keeps. Since that memorable day in October 3, 2009, You inhabit the deepest part of my being. On that day You lifted me up to the mountain peak of Your Presence in my heart. My life been in the up and up from that day forward.

Even so, there has been many ups and downs on the way. Many times, I have proclaimed to be living supernaturally, but! The difference between the natural life of my past and the supernatural life of my present has not been as evident as to make the impact on the world as You intent it to be. Why?

Because that is the way You intended it to be. As I reflect on these years since 2009, I realize the immensity of Your unfathomable wisdom. Each step of Your plan for me I have notice a change within my being, but! Though I notice the change within me, I have not been able to notice much of a change in my behavior.

So, what do I sense now? I sense a change coming in my behavior to correspond to the change within my being. I sense Your wisdom permeating my whole being in and out. You are putting me through one more test. Tomorrow is my birthday. My birthdays

have always been somewhat important to me, but! This birthday? It is all in Your hands.

Wednesday, June 14, 2017 at 12:58 am

It's my 78<sup>th</sup> Birthday, my Father! So what? I think there are other things more important than my birthday. Even so, like every year, I keep hoping for a big surprise. Silly me! But You know all about me, my Father. I am going to bed. I hope You give Your beloved sleep, and! I hope to wake up in a good frame of mind.

Wednesday, June 14, 2017 at 3:08 am

Some 78<sup>th</sup> years ago, at this exact hour, my mother laid in that room giving birth to a little girl. My Father sat on his rocking chair waiting for my grandmother to make the announcement of my birth. He recorded my name in his tablet, Basilia Licona Сарсеѝо.

Later on he would mount his mule in route to Los Amates. He would enter the Municipal building. The room of records. He would declare: "Nombre Basilia Licona nacida en Los Amates, Departamento de Izabal, el 14 de Junio de 1939 a las 3 de la mañana. Nombre del padre Miguel J. Licona. Nombre de la madre, M. Teresa Zarceno. Registrada en el libro 28, folio 275." And my name was officially recorded. An heir to the great Miguel J. Licona!

Such memories.

Wednesday, June 14, 2017 at 6:40 am

It's the dawn of Your day! There is always a dawn in my soul because of Your Presence within and without my being. I refuse to let the darkness of troubles and tribulations interfere with the dawn of my day. Hopefully the formatting is finish today.

Wednesday, June 14, 2017 at 10:18 am

Reflecting on this 78<sup>th</sup> birthday of mine. This birthday is really a fresh start for me. It is my birthday, but! I find myself completely cut off from my world once again, no Internet, no phone service. No way to reach to anyone for help. No ink in my printer, no honey or eats for my health, but this time?

- Wisdom instead of anger.
- Consideration for more important matters than my birthday instead of resentment.

- Hope instead of despair.
- Waiting with patience and composure instead of panic and cringing fear of the worst to happen.

Wow! What a difference! A fresh start for sure. And this time? It is all on Your time not mine. Not anything or plan that I have come up with. Not a product of my own doings. Only what it is, what it shall be from here on forward. All honor due to You, my Loving Father/Creator of my being! There is peace like a river flowing from my soul. In silence, I worship You. HalleluYah!

Wednesday, June 14, 2017 at 8:33 pm

Thanks, my Father! O thanks a million times! For You have given me a fresh start on this 78<sup>th</sup> birthday of mine. It's been a day to reflect on Your work within and without my being from even before my birth until the present moment of my existence on these earthly grounds.

What a peaceful undisturbed day despite the absence of the human element in my midst. Despite the lack of my means to communicate with anyone—no Internet, no phone service. Despite the fact that Ahmad forgot that it is my birthday. Despite the fact that Ahmad has not called to check on my needs. My water is cut again and I have no means to let him know about it.

A fresh start. Peace flowing like a river in my soul. No more anger. No more panic. No more imagining the worst. No more cringing fear of any kind. Peace. Wisdom. The power of love from on high. Courage. Strength. Hope. Waiting with patience and composure. It is all mine this time for keeps forever in my mind. What more could I ever want for?

Wednesday, June 14, 2017 at 9:57 pm

I will save this file with new name: Active Journal from Tue June 14 2016\_Dec 2016\_Present. I have spent many hours locating different dates. Now, I will have 2 files with the records from 2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017.

1. File 1: FROM Tue September 18 2012\_Fri June 01 2012\_Sun June 14 2015\_TO\_September 16 2015

2. File 2: Active Journal from Tue June 14 2016\_Dec 2016\_to Present.

This will save me time in locating different dates in my journal. My birthday is soon to end with no news about Ahmad. I remain in hope waiting with patience and composure.

Wednesday, June 14, 2017 at 11:32 pm

What a day! A fresh start for sure. I do not want to premeditate on how am I to act from here on out. There is no need to act or react at all. You are with me. I am confident that from here on out I will simply be. I thank You for Your Presence in my life. And now, I will end my day on my comfy bed. I hope You give Your beloved sleep for a long time.

Thursday, June 15, 2017 at 2:45 am

Father? You are my Keeper and my Provider. I refuse to complain for the lack of water and Internet and phone service and ink. You have a reason for things to be the way they are. I am blessed to have abundance of other things, including the delicious chocolates You quickened me to fix to celebrate my 78<sup>th</sup> birthday—Your gift to me. I thank You for my well-being. I thank You for my hope. I wait on You with patience and composure.

In addition, I beseech You to bless Ahmad and the family. I ask of You to bless my children and Joyce and Pat and Jan Cadell—the friends that keep in touch with me. Also, bless Ruba and Affaf and family and Muna. Bless them all according to Your will to bless those who bless me. I am on to the task You have assigned unto me. Hopefully I can advance a good bit today.

Thursday, June 15, 2017 at 9:11 am

Father? I can't give up hope for a phone call from Ahmad. I refuse to panic because of the lack of water in my tank. You gave me the wisdom to prepare for this eventuality. I had stashed water and is serving me well. No problem. No need to panic. You are in control of all of these eventualities. I wait on You in that hope, with patience and composure.

Thursday, June 15, 2017 at 10:45 am

Well, my Father? It looks like I am not getting any calls from Ahmad or from anyone else. Still, my water stash is holding. In hope, I shall keep waiting on You with patience & endurance. You neither slumber nor sleep. You are never late. Back to the formatting.

Friday, June 16, 2017 at 1:03 am

O my Father—O Father of mine? I sense the need to firmly establish my trust and dependence on You. Perhaps I need to learn to live without the Internet or even without the computer.

The message to prepare for the great tribulation is out there. Perhaps You need to take me out of the picture for a time before people can take the message for its own value. Perhaps that's the reason for this eventuality I am going through.

I know You are in control even of Satan himself. Not a hair falls from my head without Your notice. I also know You are restoring my body's health. And! The biggest? You have changed my attitude towards all things. The power of Your wisdom and love now prevails in all my doings.

As I advance with the formatting and editing of LOVE—The End Of The Matter...The Power Of Love I am amazed with the experience of Your love and wisdom throughout the span of the pages. Your Spirit vibrates within me as I read each sentence in paragraph after paragraph.

Thank You, my Father for considering me worthy to pen Your words in the pages of LOVE—The End Of The Matter...The Power Of Love. It's now 1:56 am. Returning to the formatting after I take a break.

Friday, June 16, 2017 at 5:02 am

Starting this day. I will rejoice for this is day that You have made. Let the power of Your wisdom and love drench my being. May Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven. No matter what this day brings, I remain steady in Your Presence.

After my visit to welcome Maria, I know there is not much of a chance for Ahmad to change his ways. I know now Ahmad along

his people are programmed to hate in the guise of love. They are passionate about their hate but refuse to recognize it. They consider themselves to have a 'white' heart' but only under favorable circumstances. Otherwise? They can be ruthless.

I could make plans to leave this town and forget Ahmad as well as his family, but! I will not. For I also know that it is not Your will for me to do so. You have shown me in no uncertain terms that You have assigned a most important task to Ahmad and his family. It is not for me to judge and condemn Ahmad on what I see. Looks are most deceiving.

## **A Water Miracle!**

Friday, June 16, 2017 at 8:34 am

Amazing! It was Monday, June 12, 2017, the day after Maria's birth. On that morning I wrote, I woke up about an hour ago. I sat at my bedside. First thing I was thinking was my water situation. Wondering whether Ahmad would call or not. Thinking my water stash was running low. I got up to go to the bathroom. On the toilet, it came to me to test the douche. Wow! Water! I quickly washed myself. I got dressed. I stepped into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, I placed a water bottle under the faucet and turned it on. Nothing. Suddenly! The water began to drip into the bottle. It filled that bottle. I placed the bigger bottle. It filled it as well. I got the bucket for toilet water. It, too, was filled. I hurried and got the pot to boil my drinking water. It also got filled. Then the tickle of water stopped.

A miracle? Indeed! Now I am well situated to wait with patience and composure. Whether Ahmad calls or not it is no longer crucial. Besides, when Ahmad calls, he will be relieved of the frantic search to supply water for me.

It is the same situation with the Internet. This time, Ahmad paid in advance for the Internet. So, I have no reason to blame him for the fiasco I caused. I reset the computer and in the process, I lost my downloading gigas. Add to these two incidents the incident of Maria's birth and Ahmad's brother bout with death. What do I

have? ***A huge board flashing the power of Your unfathomable wisdom and love from on high! WOW!***

In silence, I worship You.

Friday, June 16, 2017 at 1:31 pm

Woke up from a strange dream. Ahmad came to my apartment grabbed my money belt and backpack. He starting to go down the stairs. I noticed he grabbed the wrong backpack. So, I grabbed my backpack. I went after him. I came to where he was standing among all passengers waiting to board the bus. He was holding a small backpack. Evidently Hala was to go in that bus. While I was checking my own backpack, I said, “You got the wrong backpack. What about if she gets there and does not have what she needs?” I woke up. I still feel the heaviness of the backpack I carried downstairs. Also, the dream took place in Remas Hotel in Aqaba. Remas Hotel is no longer Ahmad’s hotel.

I know, O my Father, I know You will decipher this dream for me. In another subject, my programs have just been installed. How were those installed on their own without Internet? This is so good! You are performing one miracle after the next.

Perhaps the heaviness of the bags I have been carrying concerning Ahmad are about to lighten up. Perhaps that’s the meaning of the dream? Perhaps blaming people, not just Ahmad but! Blaming others for my own mistakes is the heavy bag You are lightening up for me? Must consider. Must reflect how the matter You are to correct.

Friday, June 16, 2017 at 2:08 pm

O my Father—O Father of mine? How amazing are Your ways! We all carry heavy bags down the path of our lives even from before our births. First insight about the dream. The heaviness of the backpack I carried downstairs in my dream. Wow! That leaves me to ponder about the lighter backpack that Ahmad was holding. Ponder about Hala to board the bus, but I did not see Hala. Ponder about the bus. Ponder about Ahmad holding my money belt on his right hand. Ponder about my statement, “You got the wrong

backpack. What about if she gets there and does not have what she needs?" while I was checking my own backpack.

Ha! I am beginning to see it all quite clear! You are correcting all the miss-conceptions that have been a heavy weight in my mind and emotions since I left the hotel in Aqaba! Wow! What a miracle!

Friday, June 16, 2017 at 3:56 pm

I dare not to ask, what's next? I know whatever is to be, it will be. You are working all things into a plan for our good. I do not have any news about Ahmad and the family. I could go to find out what goes on, but! I sense that would be doing things as I have done before. I wait.

I have no need of anything You are not providing for me. No need for my insidious request to get me one thing or the other. I am on to a fresh start on this 78<sup>th</sup> birthday of my life. As far as the Internet, the phone service, the ink, the programs? You will supply those things for me in Your time. I have enough work to occupy myself while I wait on You.

The programs installed but, I can only use them for 7 days before the Internet is re-connected to validate my subscription. The beauty of it all is that I am no longer waiting to get things to fulfill my needs. For a whole year since You gifted me this apartment, I have been waiting for Ahmad to take care of one thing or the other to no avail.

Subtly but surely, since last week or so, it came to me, "Why wait? I can do it myself!" Since then? My apartment is looking quite comfortable and unique. It reflects my gifted creative personality. I am now completely satisfied with what You are providing for me on the daily basis. Up until now, I have taken Your supplies for granted. Not so any longer. All honor to You, my Father. You have turned my mourning for things into dancing for better matters than just things.

Friday, June 16, 2017 at 11:41 pm

This was a long day! O my Father, I am going to bed, but! I am not sleepy. The situation at the moment puzzles me. No calls. No visitors. I refuse to think the worst. This is something that has been

happening as far as I can remember. Perhaps this is the normal way for people here. I know You have still something for me to learn. Perhaps to learn to live my life in Your Presence regardless all that goes on around me. I wait on You.

Saturday, June 17, 2017 at 4:41 am

I don't want to write anymore. I have nothing good to write about. All things are the same. We are dying in need, still, we remain stuck in our willful ways. Over and over. Whether good or bad times. We refuse to submit to You. Including my own self.

Yeah, it is easy to submit in good times, but! Comes the bad times? When the ugliness of human kind smacks one in the face? We coward! After days and days of neglect of my care, I would like to think that I am crying for them, but! Why fool myself? I am crying for my own self! But You know all about it. I have enough. I can't take it! It is of no use to write about hope when hope seems to be no more! That's enough to cry about. You know it.

Things are the same as they have been. Perhaps even worse. And it is not a matter of water or food anymore. It is the lack of fellowship. How well You know it! Whether I die or live You decide. What man can do unto me? I fear no man or devil. You are Sovereign. I remain Your bondservant. My fate is in Your hands. So be it!

Saturday, June 17, 2017 at 5:38 am

What am I doing, my Father? Pitching a fit like a two-year-old toddler! But You know all about it! I must go on no matter what? I will try now to install the Scriptures. Then, I must continue with the format. That's all there is to it!

Saturday, June 17, 2017 at 6:50 am

Thank You, my Father for returning my composure. You know me better than I know myself. I have installed the Scriptures. I will now restart the computer. Hopefully the computer remains optimized.

Saturday, June 17, 2017 at 10:06 am

You have heard my cry for help. Perhaps things are the same as they have been for so many years since You sent me to Ahmad. Perhaps help is not wanted even when it is needed. Perhaps Ahmad is only showing his limited power of authority over me. Then again, perhaps all his doings are catching up with him. Perhaps he is in serious trouble.

All these possibilities are running through my mind, but! This time? Your wisdom is in my side. I will not cave in to rescue Ahmad. Regardless! Whether he is in trouble or not, I refuse to worry or show him any concern for whatever mess he has gotten in. Unless You give me an indication of Ahmad's commitment to You, I will remain aloof from him. I wait on You.

It has been 5 days since I heard from Ahmad. I refuse to let anger undermine the wisdom You have invested upon me. I refuse to premeditate any behavior when Ahmad decides to get in touch with me. I have no idea what his excuse will be this time. But I know You will give me what to say and how to say it to demonstrate that wisdom You have invested upon me. I wait on You in the hope that Ahmad or somebody will get in touch with me today.

Saturday, June 17, 2017 at 11:16 am

Another hour gone and still no news. I refuse to despair. What can man or devil can do to me? I live in Your Secret Place. Under Your wings I am sheltered. Your power no foe can withstand. This is an evil month for all malevolent spirits to descend upon unsuspecting human beings to cause much harm.

Soon all these evil spirits shall be doomed forever. This they know. That is why the intensity of their attacks. They aim to cause as much damage as they can while they are roaming this earth looking whom they may devour. But You are in control, Almighty Creator of heaven and earth. Your wisdom is unfathomable. You will restore Your children to the original intent for our creation. I wait in hope with patience and composure.

Saturday, June 17, 2017 at 2:55 pm

Ahmad called around noon time. He has been back at the hospital with his brother since last Tuesday. He has not been home

until today. I don't understand what is it that he does in the hospital day and night that prevents him from calling or letting me know where he is at. He can't even visit with his brother. But, that's the way things are done according to his system. That's what he is compelled to do. I have no right to condemn him.

I thank You my Father for investing me with Your wisdom against my own reasoning. I went to the house to show that I care, but! Visiting is no longer anything I can do for enjoyment. I simply do not fit in the ways of the people. I come back home rather depressed from watching the things that people practice.

## I Am Back! A New thiaBasilia. Read On...

Journal—An ongoing dialog between thia/Basilia and Master Yahuwah/Yahushua. ...

Saturday, June 17, 2017 at 6:21 pm

Well, O my Father, You know that as far as I am concerned, the crisis is over. Not so with the family. Ahmad's brother is back at the hospital and so is Ahmad. The other brother is also ill; he is suffering with back troubles to the point that he can't move at times. The father also has heart troubles. Ahmad himself is not well. Then? The lack of money. Where is all to end, my Father? These are Your very elect children. I sense it all to end under Your feet of mercy. I wait on You.

## **I Am No Longer There. Emerged From It All!**

Sunday, June 18, 2017 at 9:01 am

There is peace like a river flowing from my soul. I sense this peace is there no matter what sort of disturbance threatens it. There is not, two ways about it my Father, You are working all things into a plan for our good. My hope flourishes. There is joy inexplicable and full of esteem bubbling in my being. And the half has never yet been told.

Eyes have not seen, neither has entered in the mind of man, what You have in store for all of us believers in Yahushua the Messiah. Though we have not seen Him, we not just believe but, we cling to, we rely on, we trust, we depend, and we listen and obey and follow Him wherever He leads us to go.

All these years that peace and joy inexplicable been there, but! Now is different. After all the hardships of the latest days, I have emerged trouble free regardless! How can I explain it? ***The troubles and hardships are still there, but! I am not. It is a spiritual event that cannot be explained in the natural. Like the new birth, any spiritual happening cannot be explained.***

I am not any longer waiting for any material manifestation to enhance my surroundings. I am already living in that blissful garden yet to be manifested. Wow!

[Complete! The Supernatural Work Within My Being Is Now Complete. Fresh Start. Read On...](#)

Monday, June 19, 2017 at 12:48 am

Tomorrow will mark my 32<sup>nd</sup> anniversary since Yahushua stepped into my tumultuous life. Thirty-two. Three + two=5. The Number Five - Grace and Preparation. All numbers for this year of my life point to The Plan Of Restoration To The Original Intent For Our Creation.

And how I came to notice the date I just recorded? Why the 19<sup>th</sup> not the 20<sup>th</sup>? Ha! Nineteen, 1+9=10. When the number ten is reached it seems as if the realization that whatever is about to happen is now going to REALLY, REALLY, happen.

Monday, June 19, 2017 at 3:18 am

I been trying to switch simcards again in a vain attempt to connect to the Net. Waste of my time. Perhaps, undying trust in You! In time, You will connect the Net. No problem. I wait on You.

I sense whatever is about to happen is now going to REALLY, REALLY happen. Why not? Only, there is no need for me to manipulate things to make them happen. You are in control. You

are doing the work. I thank You for blocking my attempts to get the Internet ahead of Your time and interfere with Your work. I am now returning to the hope in Your promise to work things for our good. I wait on You with patience and composure.

Monday, June 19, 2017 at 7:33 am

O my Father—O Father of mine? Here I am! Take the coal, touch my lips, send me! I am Your bond servant, waiting on You like a maiden waits for her Mistress' instructions on the daily basis. My hope and expectation are in You. You are an awesome Yah. Whether You give or take it is all for our good. Blessed be Your name forever!

Monday, June 19, 2017 at 9:42 am

Well, my Father? It looks like I would have to do without breakfast. Perhaps no Internet or ink. For my phone service has expired again. I have no way to call to find out what is in Ahmad's agenda. Perhaps he is at the hospital. Perhaps he forgot to get me some food. Or, maybe he is sleeping. Whatever it is, no problem. You are in control of it all.

I am still wondering how my water supply was cut, then it came on just enough to refill my containers, then it was cut again. Five days without water while my tank was full. How did that happen? The same with the Internet. The Internet was paid in advance, but! My downloading gigas are gone. And now my minutes in the mobile were recharged yesterday, today they are gone again. What is the meaning of all of this, my Father?

Perhaps it is still no time for me to communicate with anyone. Perhaps there is still some tweaking You must do within my being. No problem. I only ask to have Your way in all that is to happen today. And I ask to give me the power to remain in hope waiting for the best to manifest itself according to Your will not mine.

Back to the formatting. I also ask to give me the power to forget the Internet, the food, the mobile, the ink, whatever Ahmad is doing or not doing; instead I ask to give me the power to

concentrate in the formatting. Thanks, my Father for hearing and answering my prayer.

Monday, June 19, 2017 at 5:51 pm

O my Father—O Father of mine? Thanks for my birthday's gifts! Yazeed and Ibrahim came bearing gifts for my birthday. What a blessing! Also, I was able to check my emails and found out numerous good wishes from family & friends. And! A gift from Denise! And! A greeting from Robin! And! I am expecting Ahmad to come bearing more gifts for me! And! The best gift? Maria! A joy and rejoicing for all of us!

Thanks, my Father for it all but! Most important, thanks for the work You have performed within my being. You have now set me free for good and forever! My 78<sup>th</sup> Birthday is really, really a brand-new start for me. HalleluYah!

Tuesday, June 20, 2017 at 3:16 am

Thirty-two years ago, what a memory! It is time now to cut my foolishness. You have completed the work within my being. No need any longer to revert to the raw feelings of emotional upheaval to react to Ahmad or to anyone's doings. Last night, Ahmad made me believe he was at the market getting some food for me. Then, he did not show up with the food or even called me to explain himself.

Of course, the raw feelings of emotional upheaval to react to such behavior brought tears to my eyes. You saw my predicament. You intervened with a few hours of sleep. I woke up about an hour ago. I been pausing and reflecting on the matter. You are with me and in me. You feel what I feel. You hurt with my hurt. And my thoughts are under Your control.

The healing balm in this knowledge is penetrating the fibers of my being. The hurt feelings fade away and disappear. All retaliating thoughts fade away along the way of those feelings. Your wisdom appears to instruct me. The beauty of my children prevails, including Ahmad's beauty.

I am ready now to begin my fresh start on this 32<sup>nd</sup> anniversary of my journey in Your Presence. I am ready for a fresh start on my

78<sup>th</sup> year of my existence on this earth. How blessed I am. All honor be unto Your Mighty Being. Blessed be Your name forever!

Tuesday, June 20, 2017 at 9:58 am

O my Father—O Father of mine? You are in control of my tongue. You are in control of my life and my whole being. There is no way, absolutely no way for me to return to the kingdom of darkness. The kingdom controlled by Satan. Satan, the master of my carnal or natural self.

Slave in the kingdom of darkness I have been, but! You have set me free! The Son has set me free. I am free for good! No matter what threats or temptations Satan inflicts upon this child of Yours, You prevail in all instances of Satan's wicked doings to this child of Yours. You prevail over my carnal nature.

Thus, You prevailed last night. Behold the Power of Your love and wisdom to overcome! Overcome? What, how? That is what I have been posting for quite a while now. That is the reason why I have quit everything and everybody of my acquaintance. What do I mean by quitting?

All my life I have been depending on everything and everybody available to me for my comfort and pleasure. For the last year or so, I have quit attempting to revert to that pattern. But, this last week? Wow! My freedom is complete! No more dependence on the material for my peace and comfort.

I have overcome it all by the power of Your love and wisdom from on high. So what if Ahmad did or not whatever he promised to do? It is so liberating to overlook somebody else's wrong. It is so liberating to see only the good in others. To see as our brother Paul admonishes us to do in Philippians 4,

*...whatever is true, whatever is worthy of reverence and is honorable and seemly, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely and lovable, whatever is kind and winsome and gracious, if there is any virtue and excellence, if there is anything*

*worthy of praise, think on and weigh and take account of these things [fix your minds on them].*

Wow! That year, 1985, my precious Denise crossed stitched and framed that Scripture for me. I now realize how much that lovely frame reminded me what I needed to do. And I have attempted to practice such Scripture all these years, but! Now? It is no longer an attempt. Now that Scripture is the supernatural way of my fresh start on this 78<sup>th</sup> year since my birth. All honor be unto You, my Beloved Father/Creator and Master of my being! In silence, I worship You. HalleluYah!

Tuesday, June 20, 2017 at 10:34 am

Funny thing! All combinations of numbers here lately point to, Completeness and Rest - Grace and Preparation – Redemption – Faith – Fresh Start....

The number five including the number twenty of this date and hour. Twenty for the day=4x5. Ten for the hour=2x5. And the minutes? 3+4=7. The Number Seven - Completeness and Rest

The Number Five - Grace and Preparation

*The number five is generally agreed to be one of a handful of numbers similar to the church at Philadelphia. No bad things to say about it. Every source I have concerning this number associates the idea of God's grace and life to it.*

The Number Twenty.

*The number 'twenty' appears quite often in the scriptures. It seems to speak of redemption, for it was the 20th year of the sons of Israel, that they were redeemed with half a shekel of silver.*

O my Father—O Father of mine? I am simply fascinated with the way all numbers are fitting into my daily living. I just glanced at the number nineteen. Wow! Yesterday was June 19:

The Number Nineteen.

*The number 'nineteen' seems to speak of faith. The number is only found 3 times in scripture. The most demonstrative appearance seems to be the number of total people or groups listed in the so called 'hall of faith' in Ivrim 11.*

That brings to mind Hebrews 12:

*THEREFORE THEN, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses who have borne testimony to the Truth, let us strip off and throw aside every encumbrance (unnecessary weight) and that sin which so readily (deftly and cleverly) clings to and entangles us, (the sin of unbelief as in previous chapter) and let us run with patient endurance and steady and active persistence the appointed course of the race that is set before us, looking away from all that will distract to Yahushua, Who is the Leader and the Source of our faith—giving the first incentive for our belief and is also its Finisher—bringing it to maturity and perfection.*

Faith. Faithfulness. It was in that year, 1985 when I heard that lovely voice of Yours in my head: ***"It is not your faith. It is ALL My faithfulness!"*** Indeed! Hebrews 12 proves it to be so. How neat the way You tie all Your words to me with Your written words. Amazing!

Tuesday, June 20, 2017 at 12:21 pm

Father? You know me better than I know myself. About my expectations of the number ten meaning, 'When the number ten is reached it seems as if the realization that whatever is about to happen is now going to REALLY, REALLY, happen.'

I been expecting some spectacular blessing from You. Something like a big donation to start the United Kindred Organization. Perhaps a great position for Ahmad. Whatever in my materialistic mind set, but!

***What was about to happen? It has REALLY, REALLY HAPPENED in the most unexpected way! What was about to happen? The complete me! What a marvel! Greater spectacle than a billion dollars donation! What a Mighty Yah You are!***

Tuesday, June 20, 2017 at 6:18 pm

I am turning off the computer and on to the family's. Continue when back.

Tuesday, June 20, 2017 at 10:25 pm

Thanks, my Father. It's been an hour since I came back. As usual I came back empty. Nothing higher than the natural for any human being. I cannot explain it because it cannot be explained. You know it, my Father.

I sense much sadness in my heart for all of us. For I am as much of a human being as they are; thus, I am sad for myself as well. Human beings can only see natural or material things. We miss the beauty of the supernatural realm in Your Presence.

So, I am glad to be back, but! The emptiness of my visit has somehow marred the brilliance of my completeness in You. I understand more why Yahushua would go to the mountain to be alone with You. I am going to bed. I know after a few hours of sleep the disturbance in my soul will be gone!

Where? O Where Is My Kindred Spirit, O My Father—O Father Of Mine?

Tuesday, June 20, 2017 at 11:27 pm

I can't sleep! Such sadness invades my soul. I know this sadness is Your sadness. You bring to my remembrance Your words written in *Isaiah 30:18 AMPC+*

*And therefore, the Master earnestly waits, expecting, looking, and longing to be gracious to you; and therefore He lifts Himself up, that He may have mercy on you and show loving-kindness to you. For the Master is a Mighty One of justice. Blessed (happy, fortunate, to be envied) are all those who*

*[earnestly] wait for Him, who expect and look and long for Him, for His victory, His favor, His love, His peace, His joy, and His matchless, unbroken companionship! [Joh 14:3, Joh 14:27; 2Co 12:9; Heb 12:2; 1Jn 3:16; Rev 3:5]*

I do really, really *earnestly*, wait, *expecting, looking, and longing for Your graciousness to us. How long my Master, how long must I wait?*

Wednesday, June 21, 2017 at 3:27 am

Father? You are awesome! You are making a 'believer' out of me! Hahaha! HalleluYah! I, like all else, say that we believe, but! We really do not believe. What we do is simply to reason or dismiss things out as 'miracles' or an unusual event and leave the matter at that.

Me? No way I can reason or dismiss the amazing work You have done within my being. A miracle? Yes, but! This time? Not a one-time unusual event. Indeed! This miracle is an on-going event from here unto eternity. Thus, the unusual situations of the past two weeks cannot be reasoned out and dismiss and forget about it.

I am now certain and complete in my Father/Creator. I do not need to understand anything. I do not need to know all things. I do not need to plan my life. I do not need to set my goals, but! Understanding and knowledge are mine at any given time. My life is perfectly planned. My goals?

Before I quote the Scriptures to indicate my single goal, let me state: for years and years I repeated and claimed those Scriptures. I appropriated them. I did with them what I was taught with them to do all in vain! I read all instructions on goal setting. I kept setting my goals in writing. I would publish them in different goal setting sites. Only problem?

I was not focused! I had no idea of what was it that I really wanted, but! My day came. The Master Goal Setter stepped into my life. The Master set my focus on Him. Now? With Brother Paul,

I press on to lay hold of that for which Yahushua Messiah has laid hold of me and made me His own. Quote,

### **Straining Toward the Goal**

*Philippians 3:12-14 AMPC+*

*Not that I have now attained [this ideal], or have already been made perfect, but I press on to lay hold of, to grasp and make my own, that for which Yahushua Messiah has laid hold of me and made me His own.*

*I do not consider, brethren, that I have captured and made it my own [yet]; but one thing I do [it is my one aspiration]: forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead,*

*I press on toward the goal to win the [supreme and heavenly] prize to which the Almighty Creator of our beings in Yahushua Messiah is calling us upward.*

Wednesday, June 21, 2017 at 12:58 pm

The time was around 4 am. In the searching for my kindred spirit in the sight of our Father, it came to me to test Skype and see if I could connect with Joyce. Lo and behold! New Skype! All my contacts gone, but!

A miss call from Denise? Quickly I clicked the call button. Nothing. No answer. Call again. This time? Hello! WOW! My kindred spirit! Amazing spiritual connection. Unbelievable! After our long chat, I attempted to search and connect with Joyce to no avail. A miracle? Hum! Hum! Hum! Ahmad just called. On his way to connect my Internet.

Wednesday, June 21, 2017 at 6:33 pm

The Internet was connected a couple hours ago. I have updated everything. I have shared with Joyce, Pat, and Diana. I will now take a nap.

Thursday, June 22, 2017 at 6:02 am

O my Father—O Father of mine? The beauty of completeness in You. No matter feelings of glee or gloom, the beauty remains. This morning I am winding down from the amazing events of the last few days. I do not feel good, but! I remain steady and complete resting under Your everlasting arms.

Thursday, June 22, 2017 at 9:06 am

O my Father—O Father of mine? I am so blessed! Even though I do not feel good, I feel like crying, but! Not in despair. I feel like crying joyful tears of gratitude for You are merciful, O my Yah! Last night, I intended to Skype Robing, but! I Skyped my nephew Werner instead. What a joyful surprise!

The last time I talked and saw my nephew he was in terrible shape, even at the point of taking his life. This time? What a difference! Werner is in perfect shape. As we shared our lives, I realized, O my Father, I realized You were showing me Your work in Werner's heart. Wow! What a marvel to behold! Thanks, my Father!

### *Farewell at last!*

Hope ye all managed to read the whole adventure. Take care. The new thiaBasilia.

BTW the Internet is now connected. I will be posting again should you care to follow the happenings in this life that I live in the Presence of the Father/Creator of our beings, here is the link, (Insert site link!). thiaB.

(when the Internet connects, that's the email to send to my loved ones in the email list.)