

# And The Story Begins ....?

## Lack Of Communication Engenders Broken Relationships.

The family? The most descriptive display of such horror in this insanity ridden world! Even so? Behold! The Power Of Love & Wisdom From On High Drenched Upon Us All. It Never Fails. It Always Avails!

We were a family—Don Miguel Jose Licona—his Family. He was a king in his own right. We lived in his kingdom abiding by his unbreakable laws. At the sound of his name? People tremble.

Indeed! My Father was a MAN, but! I saw him cry. Real man do cry. I shall never forget that amazing moment.

I was just 8 years-old. I was standing at the entrance of our sleeping house. I had just gotten up. The kitchen house had gone up in flames along the whole year's supplies while I slept.

I was perplexed. My grandmother and the rest of the help were cooking on the remaining coals from the fire. The hut had burnt to the ground. The efforts from the 40 field workers my father maintained to quench the fire did not avail.

My new born baby brother Carlitos had died. Papa—so tall as he was, dressed in his high boots and kaki trousers and long sleeves shirt? He paused by my side. O what a vivid memory! Don't know if he even saw me. He paused, his tears flowing he lamented, "He was just a month old!"

Not tears about the fire. Tears about his son. Wow! Real man do cry! Shortly afterwards, he moved us to another of his farms and my whole beautiful world turned out not so beautiful anymore. I had loved that beautiful spot on these earthly grounds.

Dear Reader, welcome to THE FAMILY. A TRUE STORY. That beautiful world that was wrenched from that unsuspecting 8 year old? The cradle where this TRUE story began.

The subsequent years mark the most gruesome of childhoods for that unsuspecting 8-yrs-old child. The new farm had no resemble to her cherished beautiful green world, but!

Children do adjust. Only the shock that followed shortly after that brutal change of location. Again she was wrenched from that location! The new location? Boarding School.

A torture chamber on the guise of education. There that child suffered 6 long years of torture. Why? Lack of communication. Lack of consideration for the needs of any other than one's needs.

Some 70 years later? Not much difference, but! That's what is called 'life' on this insanity ridden world. Regardless! This worldly 'life'? Not eternal, thank goodness!

THE FAMILY? That's THE FAMILY ALWAYS TO BE. That beautiful world of that 8-yrs-old unsuspecting child shall be restored! The beauty of that future world?

Human mind is not capable to come close to imagine such beauty, but! That restoration shall take place only by The Power Of Love & Wisdom From On High.

REALITY? UNITED KINDRED SPIRITS UNOFFICIAL—united by that Power Of Love & Wisdom From On High—Working Together. Restoring That Beauty. Love. Joy Inexplicable. Behold That Power's O Might!

Basking under the shadow of a different kind of Real Man—even Yahushua our Messiah. The restoring in progress. All tears in recess. Lack? What is that?

Welcome to THE FAMILY ALWAYS TO BE!

In the meantime and until the next post? His love in my heart for you and for all remains there to stay for eternity, thiaBasilia