

TALKING WITH  
GOD ON THE WAY  
BACK HOME

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*I dedicate this book to the owner of the voice who has never left me alone from the very beginning of this journey. He has been with me, sometimes audibly through the voice of a friend, sometimes brushing my skin by a touch of the wind. The excitement of reaching home, and the joy of being at home is all about him. He is the meaning of everything and when he smiles, everything smiles.*

*Secondly, to my family, the perfume of my home in this world drawing me to the home I have not yet reached. To my wife who sounds like the morning stars, to my oldest son who can see the heavens, to my second son whose smile reminds me the smile of the owner of the voice and last, but not least, to my daughter who swirls in the dances of the songs of the heavens.*

# Foreword

Sometimes when reading certain books, or watching certain movies, our hearts fill with a little sorrow at the end. It's not always easy to leave behind the imaginary world we've entered and the new friends we've made as it seems like we've known them for such a long time. The other reason that makes the separation hard is that what we've been reading and seeing is only fantasy, and that's not real.

Reality challenges us. Our hearts unwillingly and slowly surrender to the challenge. The poor heart that longs for happiness all the time is broken and behaves like a child who doesn't want to be comforted. We wish for it to be real and not to end!

The story you're about to read is not imaginary, is not a sweet story told on a hot summer night. This one is real. I hope this story will be a help to guide you on the way back home so that you will arrive safe and sound.





# I

## God's Friend

The color of the sun, yellow, all warm yellow, covered everything. The song of the swaying flowers, wild and free in the cool breeze, called me home. I was not in a rush to enter a residence where I've never been. Dust billowed around my footsteps like puffs of gold. The pace padded along nice and slow. Familiar fragrances guided me on my way. I was not alone. Someone with me filled the place with his invisible presence. Disoriented in this awesome world I found him by his voice, which filled me with great joy. He spoke and the echo of his voice bounced back from everything that surrounded me. I later learned this very voice gave life and made matter move. My heart, pleasantly surprised, (only by hearing a tiny whisper) desired to answer gracefully.

The one who whispered manifested himself to me in an unusual way. I saw a child smiling like the sun, which made me feel everything was okay, as if all was under his control. In order not to frighten me with the unlimited power he carries, he showed himself to me as a child, as I am a child. Moreover, in a child's innocence, he called me "friend."

"...You are my friend..."

## II

# Away from Home

**A**fter seeing these wonders at a very early age, as I grew I found myself looking for the way back home with great longing. The owner of the voice and his world gave me the reason to live - the meaning of my life. This was the only truth, yet everything else tried to take me away from my path. No matter what happened I knew I should not surrender to other things, other roads.

I made up my mind to look for the door that would lead me back home even though I might have to peek behind every rock of this world. The process would become more difficult and hurt more than I thought. Some rocks injured me and some rocks had little cracks hiding poisonous snakes waiting to attack me. Whatever



happened, taking this road gave me my only hope of finding the way back home.

In my innocence I thought the journey would be short, that if I went just a little farther, I would find the door. In the years that followed I found it wasn't going to be easy and the visions of that world within me became blurred. The warm yellow colors faded and turned gray. My trail wandered under a gloomy sky like in a cold winter day. Bland. Empty.

The years passed with so many disappointments traveling on such a twisted path that I reached the end of my own strength, the end of searching with my own effort. I was about to quit the journey.

*The truth that I had believed with all my heart  
seemed fragile and smashed by the force of the  
world that claimed to be the only reality.*

It clamored, hammering at me that there is nothing more than what we see. But what we see was punching me and I knew I could not go any farther. The only thing preventing me from giving up were the feeble signals bubbling up from within. If it weren't for those signals, I would have abandoned this journey long ago.

Those yellow lights, suddenly appearing in the midst of the hazy colors of this world encouraged and strengthened me to keep going forward in spite of the pressure. I felt parched like the desert missing the rain. The owner of the voice whispered inside of me, "Keep going; you haven't reached home yet."

In the following years I drew near to some springs of this world in order to cool my thirsty heart which tired of longing for home. These springs gave a sense of refreshing for a moment but they were taking me away from my journey and slyly making me forget about home. I was in a dry land. I felt like someone about to die of thirst in the middle of the quenching sea. The water was everywhere but I couldn't drink. Mingling with the crowd I felt alone. I heard words but they had no meaning.

I approached many guides hoping to find the route, but there wasn't a map, not even a seeing eye that could point the way. One of them who thought that he could see spoke louder than the rest and said, "I can see, I can see!" With excitement I rushed very near hoping to be able to see what he saw. He saw nothing! He only heard the voice of snakes speaking from the cracks in the rocks.

*What they spoke was the description of the truth  
from a human intellectual mindset.*

The poison that they carried was the worst of all. They said, "All that can be seen is all there is and there is nothing more.

*How can one say the thirst of the heart does not exist? To desperately desire to be at home doesn't exist? If they blindfold the eyes, can they make someone believe there is no sun when the warmth of it can be felt on the skin?*

I sometimes came very close. I allowed them to bind my eyes and I actually almost said, "There is no sun out there." just like the others. But it was so painful. They said the pain was normal and is the process of illumination. It couldn't be normal. It buried me in darkness. How could I betray the one who calls me friend and his wonderful land, that which is also my home? If I betrayed him I would die slowly like a tree cut off at its roots. Empty. Meaningless.

*The only thing hidden in my heart that nobody*

*could take away from me was the faith that there is  
a door somewhere to find the way back home.*

This was written on my heart but no matter how hard I tried I couldn't find the way. I was very tired but then a tiny hope arose when I comprehended that I must wait to be found. The silence shouting from the depths of my heart said home, home and so I waited.

*The only thing hidden in my heart that nobody  
could take away from me was the faith that there is  
a door somewhere to find the way back home.*

# III

## To be Found

**A**fter being found, I observed that every single person, with inward groaning, longs to be found. People carry inside themselves an emptiness and they try to fill the hole with different things.

*But how can external things fill this void?*

Some try to fill it with pleasure, with work, religion and with many other things. People consciously and unconsciously desperately battle the fear that no matter what they do this emptiness will not go away.

Life can't be about this! The feeling of being away from home puts people in a prison of unhappiness and dissatisfaction.

While this eternal emptiness seemed to promote the human race, later I noticed it became a curse. This emptiness was not in the mind but in the heart. If it was in the mind the cure would be knowledge but while knowledge increased, meaningfulness decreased which made the person unhappy. This is why children are happy. Knowledge cannot satisfy the heart. What can fill the poor heart's eternal emptiness? What else is eternal?

*But how can external things fill this void?*

# IV

## Holding

The weakest moment of a person's life is believed to be the moment of birth. But even in this moment, it is amazing to see the power of a new born baby's holding strength when they face a danger of falling. Peoples' effort to "hold on" is a tiring thing. This tenacity affects life from babyhood until letting go of the last breath. People are always "holding on", and that makes them nervous because they know the world is not a secure place. Home is the only place where you can lay your head and rest but how can someone rest without reaching home? How can the lives that are spent in the open without a proper roof overhead be secure? I noticed that one of the most tiring and hurting things in life is the lack of security for the soul.

Who and what can be trusted? Family, spouse,

lover, friends, doctor, environment, work, possessions? Who and what and how much can be trusted? What if I face some challenges that my loved ones or my possessions cannot cope with? Everything is just fine now, how about a little later? Is it possible to control everything and make it secure all the time? Is this possible?

*'By letting it go,' said the owner of the voice! 'As long as you are holding it tight you cannot have it but if you open your hand and let it go then you can have it!'*

Let it go! This seems like the opposite of our nature. People are ready to do everything, but do not ask them to let it go because they will keep holding on! What kind of paradox is this: people hold on when they are scared and the more they are scared, the more they hold on? People hold onto everything like a small child holding tight to its mother's skirt desperately crying because the mother has to leave. But those things they believed could be trusted, that they so desperately hold onto, are all broken somewhere, somehow and the only thing left in the hands is another disappointment.



Reaching the land where eternal security exists seems like crossing to the other side of the rainbow.

The reason people drown in water made me grapple with truth. It is not that they don't know how to swim; it's because of the effort it takes to hold on. The pressure and the fear of this effort pulls the person down into the water and finally kills the person. Instead, if you just let go of yourself, without any effort, the water embraces and pushes you up naturally.

*“Trust is the hand of love,” it is said. If you only hold on to the love which says let go, then you can have eternal security.*

Holding that hand of love means the storms and the waves of life may attack you but they are no longer threats as you're already in the waters of the peaceful bay.

I heard a real story about holding on where a few monks crossed the ocean sailing in an old trade ship. In the middle of the ocean, the ship, caught in a terrible storm, almost capsized. Everyone screamed in great fear and ran frantically about but these few monks sat in the back side of the ship enjoying great peace. When the

captain noticed this he asked, "What is wrong with you that you're sitting here like this?" They said, "Before the ship departed, God already told us we would reach our destination."

*"Let it go!", said the owner of the voice! As long as you are holding tight you won't have the peace but if you open your hands and let go of what seems like security, then you can have peace and rest!*

## V

# The Meaning of Life

The meaning of life is like a bottomless pit that professional and armchair philosophers have tried to fill for ages. So much has been said and written about it but the pit is still empty. Just like the ancient preacher who said, "There is nothing new under the sun, who can say behold, there is something new?" Former generations loved and received love, cried and laughed, fought and made peace, met and left, sowed and reaped, then they disappeared among the mists and none of them knew how to fill the pit.

I watched the wild butterflies flying freely for a few days. They flew without fear and worry. I said to myself, "This must be true freedom." And when I lost myself in their flying I heard again the songs of the

yellow land calling me back home...

*The dance of the butterflies under the Sun,  
discovering in a moment the secret of time, caused  
the embers burning in my heart desiring to go  
home to flame into fire.*

Freedom nourishes trust, and trust does the same thing for love. When love is mature and perfect, all fears and worries disappear. This is not the customary love commonly known which depends on circumstances to ignite it. This is real love, mature and perfect that which doesn't depend on natural causes but such love can walk, in peace, on the waters of the storm. It is free. I noticed that freedom is one of the main tracks of the road that leads to the meaning of life.

A free person is a happy person, a free person is a strong person, and a free person is free indeed. But who is free anyway? People are addicted and dependent on many things that claim to give them freedom. They claim that they know the truth, but they are deceived. They claim that they see but they are blind. They claim that they are civilized but they are corrupted. They claim that they have it all but they are poor and miserable.

*Freedom is independent!*

I found the meaning of life from a human perspective to be like a drop of water in the ocean, empty and worthless. I should have kept going, not lingering any longer. All the human solutions made my path going back home more complicated and confusing. In fact if I could have made my way in the simplicity of those happy butterflies flying under the Sun, I would have found truth.

*The dance of the butterflies under the Sun,  
discovering in a moment the secret of time, caused  
the embers burning in my heart desiring to go  
home to flame into fire.*

## VI

### The Master

The human race got lost on the way, trying to get home with their complicated and confusing ways. Human ways seem to be very fascinating externally but there is no application internally. Those big scary machine-like sounds created by people cannot be heard by hearts and souls. Because the mind is praised and the heart is despised people become insensitive. While people brag profusely about their minds, I marvel to see how easily they get deceived by the very same mind they thought to be so profound! Does the mind get influenced this easily?

The poor mind is trying to make its way without sight, and sight comes from a heart that can see! The

mind needs the heart and the heart needs the mind. When the mind can not handle some issues, the heart takes the control. Those souls who try to find the way without the guidance of the heart, are trying to catch the wind and embrace the waters. When one turns his back on his heart, which possesses the map for the journey home, how can they find the way and come back to the sea of eternity? How wise can it be to leave the rudder completely in the control of the mind?

There were some times that my mind was confused, but during these times my heart became my guide and gave me strength to keep going forward. I didn't understand everything in those times but I trusted my heart and kept moving.

*I heard the owner of the voice talking to me through  
my heart.*

He guided me like this on the way home. To ignore the heart and silence it with the mind means to get lost forever. This is dreadful!

*The mind and human knowledge, which are praised  
almost to the point of worship, are the main*

*obstacles on the way back home.*

Only One could know who we are and why we are here in such a world that consists of many sorrows and problems and even He is the only One who can get us out of here and lead us home. Nobody answered this quest in all of human history and all the things said and written about this subject are altogether guesses and speculations. The reason for this is that we simply don't know. My question of who we are and why we are here was answered graciously by the majestic creator who is the Master.

*The mind and human knowledge, which are  
praised almost to the point of worship, are the  
main obstacles on the way back home.*



## VII

# The Day that The Songs were Stopped

**W**hen the owner of the voice walked in this world He was not as easily recognized as He is in the other one. Later, by talking to me through His reflection, He told me the reason for this. In this world there are some “Writings”. In the beginning, when he was in this world, things were very different from today. Some parts of it were similar to the yellow land that I had seen. But the dreadful great emptiness occurred on the day that the songs were stopped! By His leaving this world, everything became empty and meaningless. Empty space, where people exist today, invaded at that time.

*The absence of the One who filled everything caused*

*an endless emptiness.*

Fullness turned into emptiness, light into darkness, joy into sorrow, order into chaos, security into fear, mercy into wildness, friendship into enmity, and love into hatred. All creation still feels the pain of it as if it happened yesterday. The empty space created by Him leaving the world sucked the songs away and left an incurable pain that even time could not heal.

*The absence of the One who fills everything caused  
an endless emptiness.*

# VIII

## To Be Deceived

**W**hen the owner of the voice explained that He never wanted this separation and that we were the ones who made this decision, I couldn't believe it. How could people make such a decision that caused an endless nightmare? Being away from the yellow land and being away from the one who fills that land must be the hell that plagued my thinking. When I asked Him, "How did this happen?" He told me that one enemy did this!

In the beginning the reason for creating man, calling man into being by using His voice, was for Him to have a companion in order to share the yellow land, the lovely life. He intended His eternal glory, which is immortality, limitless life, fullness of meaning and the security of home to be shared in everlasting love. He never planned to create man to be His servants; He wanted them to be

His children. "This is why I created man in my own image." He said!

People, deceived by the lies of the enemy, believed the creator spared something from them. They lost the glory given to them, the glory of immortality and perfection. The enemy made people forget who they really were and whose image they were carrying by locking them into a world full of sorrows and death. Still today the enemy corrupts the image of the owner of the voice and makes people pull away from Him. In doing this he puts people into prisons called emptiness and futile.

Dreadfully, I discovered the enemy to be the father of all lies and that's when I realized the main problem of mankind is not morality or even economic, but it is the lack of truth. Believing lies. By studying who we are and what are all the things that surround us, I perceived that we're not really who we think we are and the things we see are not really as they look like to our eyes. These lies closed our eyes to truth and made us blind. The main problem of the human race is that we got lost in darkness!

*I realized the main problem of us human beings was  
not morality or even economic but it is the lack of  
truth. Believing lies!*

# IX

## Love

**M**y challenge, “How could you allow this?” He answered graciously. When the owner of the voice told me, “There are some situations that limit my limitless power,” I was shocked as that statement turned my logic upside down! Kindly He continued our discussion with a question. He asked, “What describes me the best?” I was able to answer without hesitation.

“Love”

Thinking of this theme in a deeper way, that He is love, I observed that we use the word ‘love’ for so many things that we become confused. Saying we love someone, we love to read, love to travel, love to eat, and using the word for many other everyday things, the word lost its meaning and became too insignificant to describe Him. Sadly, people who are not familiar with

this love don't recognize that it is the most important thing people need.

What made people get sick and become wild creatures was the lack of this very love. The human body cannot live without "blood." In the same way the human soul cannot live without a higher type of "love." The blood of the human soul is "love." The heart of a human soul desperately tries to pump this love, yet because of its absence the soul experiences a continual heart attack. External things, given vainly for the benefit of the soul, are rejected by the soul!

*When the owner of the voice told me, "There are some situations that limit my limitless power," I was shocked as that statement turned my logic upside down!*

# X

## Love Chooses

The owner of the voice said, "Love chooses. Love doesn't force and doesn't get forced". You can't force love. When He said love chooses by using free will, then I realized what limits Him, He who is unlimited, and what causes people to become the way they are today.

*Free will is the very nature of love.*

That is why the tree of the good and evil was placed in the garden of Eden.

*Love is strong enough to receive rejection and is glorious enough to keep on loving.*

"The human race chose the forbidden tree and by



that decision demonstrated that their love was not for me.” said the owner of the voice. Every choice has results, but people couldn't reconcile the results of their choice with what they had chosen. Nor can they today. A baby who rejects his mother's loving care and thinks it can take care of itself is the same way people reject the voice without considering the dramatic, disastrous results of that choice.

Can a branch live cut off from its trunk? Maybe for a while. Outwardly it may look like it is still alive but the moment that it was cut off from its trunk, which is the source of its life, it started to slowly enter death. Today people move about like the leaves of dead branches moving in the wind and calling it life. “I am the life and people are far away from living!” said the owner of the voice.

“Everything apart from me dies because I am the source of life.” He said. “Death is existing in my absence, having nothing to do with me. The enemy confused people by claiming that death came from me! Death is not my punishment for people; it is the result of rejecting me because I am life. The result of rejecting light is darkness. In the beginning light was the first thing I called forth. Looking at light is always pleasant.

Everything is clear, secure and right in the light that reflects me. Darkness is dreadful, corrupt, holding many dangers and it reflects death. By rejecting the light, darkness came into the world and spread all over.

“Death was in the darkness and whatever has fellowship with darkness is occupied by death. People, left behind in the darkness, became strangers to the light even though they were created to reign on the morning stars. Their lives in the swamp under the dominion of fear made them dangerous creatures to each other and to their environment. This is why human history is full of tears and sorrows.

“People who were created for immortality, to live in my light, positioned in my love were stuck in a world opposite to their nature, to live as a result of their own choice. They were held captive in prisons of fear, hopelessness, disappointments, violence, sickness, wars, disasters, misery all of which are symptoms of death. People call this living because they have lived in this condition for so long they eventually got used to it.

“Life is something unfamiliar to people, yet at the same time, life is what people need most.

Life is eternal, life is love, life is perfect, and life

is the greatest desire and joy of where everyone always wanted to be. It's where your home is."

When the owner of the voice said, "I am the life!" I understood why and for whom people carried the eternal emptiness in them. As long as He is not welcomed into our hearts we would remain empty, empty, always on empty. I asked, "Why don't you just fill us?" and I was answered with the answer from before. "Love chooses, love doesn't force and doesn't get forced". Love is not passive. Our actions express our love. Love never gives up even though the other party may give up on us!

*Love is strong enough to receive rejection and is glorious enough to keep on loving.*

# XI

## Footprint

**T**hat's why before leaving the world I left a footprint in the sky and on the earth for people to find the way back home. In the dark nights of their lives, I put the shining Milky Way in the sky to remind them they have a higher and better home above. When they lost their way in the desperate situations, I wanted to show them the way through the northern star. By the early setting of the glorious Venus in the evenings I tried to spark a longing for their home in their hearts.

*“By seeing those birds fly away for the warmer climes before the cold winter arrived, maybe people would also desire to come back home. So I put my footprints all around.*

“Considering that maybe they wouldn't recognize any of these signals, I talked directly to them through some people I chose. I said, ‘Yes, one day I'll come to the place where I was rejected, and in order for them to be accepted, I will sacrifice myself in the very same place of their rejection.’”

*By seeing those birds fly away for the warmer  
climes before the cold winter arrived, maybe  
people would also desire to come back home. So I  
put my footprints all around.*

## XII

# The Setting of the Light

**W**hen you enter a room with a little candle where all is dark, darkness disappears. This is the judgment of the light against the darkness. The light destroys the darkness and it doesn't show any mercy. The owner of the voice, who is the light, left the world and darkness filled the void of His absence. The people who were left behind in this darkness are His most beloved creatures. The light naturally destroys everything related with darkness.

But the darkness was holding onto something most beloved by the light, loved even unto death.

Once created in the light, the children of the light were

captured by darkness and imprisoned in the dark. This capture hindered the light from coming back to the world directly. Because if the light came back to the world with all of His glory to shine on everything held captive by the darkness then darkness itself and everything contained in the darkness would be destroyed. The everlasting love which the light carried for His children would not allow this.

One night something happened that caught creation by surprise and changed everything forever. The light from its place in the highest where the songs never stop and the glory never fades, left its place and falling down surprised the morning stars by leaving all of its radiance. The Bethlehem Star left its place and followed the light to the very point where the light fell down.

*The light gave up His radiance and glory because of  
the love and the passion in His heart.*

That night the songs which had left the world a long time before were heard again in the world for a little while because of the great sacrifice of the light. The light which left its radiance was not shining anymore as He used to shine in the highest, but He was still recognized

by the stars of the sky. The stars talked to each other in their own language and said, "He looks like one of them but He is not one of them, do you think they will recognize Him?"

*The light gave up His radiance and glory because  
of the love and the passion in his Heart.*



## XIII

# The Upper and The Under Worlds

The owner of the voice continued to talk and said,

*“Love and its passion are stronger than death.”*

The world, covered by darkness, had two sections. One was called the upper and the other was called the under. The upper world was relatively superior to the under because the upper world was still under the sky, even though the lights of the sky were far, far away from the world. Their lights were still reaching the upper world by giving out hazy lights similar to the full moon ascending. Also, even though the sound of the songs was

not heard in the upper world, their existence was felt similar to smelling the seasons in the upper world. This gave a little hope and meaning to life. I realized this was another footprint left by the owner of the voice.

The underworld was a horrible place and the hope of life had forsaken that place a long time ago. This place, called in ancient languages "Hades, or the land of deaths," was without all good things that come only from the light, like, love, hope, meaning, friendship, trust and home. When I thought of those who live in this, a place like an endless nightmare, I realized this place is truly the land of deaths. I again remembered what the owner of the voice told me about death. "I am the life. Death is not my punishment for people; it is not my judgment or revenge but it is the result of rejecting me because I am life."

Those who are here in this land of deaths are the ones who refused to see His footprints, like the hazy lights coming from the sky when they lived in the upper world. The owner of the voice told me that He did not create Hades to punish the people but to be the place for those who rejected Him. They didn't want Him and would therefore live in His total absence - forever. I remembered again that love didn't force. Love is about

choosing.

*When love is rejected, one accepts hopelessness  
and abandons all hope of living with His love in  
one's heart. When He is gone, everything ends.  
Hades is a place where His light will never shine  
again - forever.*

Love left, but it didn't and it won't give up. The  
footprints that He put in the sky like the Milky Way are  
the signs that He will never give up.

*"Love and its passion are stronger than death."*

## XIV

# The Light is in the Upper World

The light had come to the world without its radiance. This was the only way for the light to appear to the children of the light who were captured by the darkness without damaging them. He looked like one of them outwardly but inside He carried the pure nature of the light. That's why His thoughts and behaviors were very different from the thoughts of people who live in the world. This was strange for people, totally unfamiliar to them. By saying,

*“If someone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to  
him on the other also, love your enemies,”*

He shocked the people. The tone of His voice and His message reminded people of the songs which they

had only heard about and that made them feel the songs were within them. He approached lepers rejected by society who desperately longed to be touched; He touched them tenderly and they were healed. Radiance of the light was not on Him but the power of the light with Him even raised certain ones from death. The light was the life and He was in the dying world. The crowds came to Him from all around to touch and to be touched by Him. Those who touched and were touched by Him experienced the light for the first time in their lives. They could feel the inner pain leave. The joy of those empty spots being filled for the first time was unspeakable.

*The touch of the hazy light in the darkness was  
as glorious as if it were all of His radiance in the  
highest.*

Who could describe the touch taking place, sometimes with tears, sometimes with cries of joy and always with tenderness?

The other surprising thing was the attitude of the religious class towards the hazy light that claimed to be the representative of the light in the world. They did not like Him! The religious leaders claimed the light was

dreadful and it came as a punisher. They said these things because others were trying to make the fearful ones believe and follow the light without fear. But the religious people wanted control and to have dominion over the people, and they freely admitted that was their main purpose.

On the other hand the hazy light told people that the light is good and loving and therefore threatened the dominion of the religious class over society. Because of this religious class misrepresenting the light of love, people were confused about the light and ended up

*“mixing the light and darkness”!*

This kept them in darkness. By the sly tactic of the enemy, both sides, the religious and the anti-religious, were deceived and remained in the same darkness.

The religious class thought the light was only dealing with them and helping them and that they were truly in the light. But the deception caused everyone, including the religious orders, to be in the darkness. The hazy light approached the people with compassion, those that society thought to be the most evil people of the day, prostitutes and individuals who had nothing to do with

religion.

For Him all people were lost in darkness and had forgotten who they really were. Just like a prince whose robe gets dirty and ripped during a hunt, that doesn't change his identity and statue. In the same way the darkness didn't change the fact that the people in the dark were actually children of the light. He had come for everyone and every individual person needed him. His voice told people who they really were, where they really belonged and caused the flame of fire for flare up for home.

He demonstrated and pointed the way back home as no footprint could describe. Only He knew how much this way would cost Him and that the way would be called, "Bloody Road..."

*The touch of the hazy light in the darkness was as  
glorious as if it were all of His radiance in the  
highest.*

## XV

# The Enemy's Camp Hades

The hazy light, who left all of His radiance in the highest, before the eyes of the morning stars, give up His hazy light, too. Actually this was reason of His coming. The evil power that bound all humanity occupied the underworld. This power pulled the people slowly down from the upper world and succeeded in getting them into the underworld. The chains of the shackles on the feet of people that were being pulled down to the pit were being attached by the underworld, Hades.

The weapon in his evil hand had a name: "Imperfection." He had a right to put his dark hand on anything that was imperfect. Perfection was the light.



That's why he had no power on anything that was in the light. The dark lord of the underworld attacked all of humanity through imperfection. The bullets coming from his pistols caused sickness, accidents, disasters, wars and troubles in the world. His final shot secured them in the pit of the underworld. That shot was called "Death". The enemy's camp was located in the underworld.

What brought the light to the world was His plan to save the people who were made in His image from the hand of this dark lord and to take them back home. According to the law which was ordained by the light before time, all the beings had a free will to choose. Everything that was created by the light was good and perfect. But all the beings by their free will could choose to stay in the light and remain perfect or, they could reject the light and choose the darkness so they became imperfect because of the lack of light.

People were deceived by the enemy and got away from the light but they still did this by their free will, without force. The only way for people to be free and get back to the light where perfection exists was for people to be perfect again. The most glorious of them had imperfections and being perfect for the people presented an impossible situation.

*The imperfection became one with people and it  
became the best description of men.*

Perfection was far away. Even monks who chose to live on high mountains in order to stay away from imperfections did not find perfection.

*So the very reason that brought the perfect light  
from above and even to the underworld had the  
solution in it for this impossible situation.*

## XVI

# The Two Trees

*And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree to the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, though shall not eat of it: For in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. Genesis 2: 16-17*

**T**here are two trees that impacted and changed the flow of human history forever. Both trees were planted in the Garden of Eden. The first tree possessed the door of all darkness and all death. The key to the door was in its fruit. The chief architect of all evil and sorrows of human history, and even today, was this tree.

It brought curses and the death of anyone who partook of its fruit.

*“Once its fruit was eaten there was no turning back”.*

Its fruit took over the mind first, then emotions and eventually the entire soul. The poison of the tree took away anything that people had received from the light. By its poison, fear replaced trust, wildness replaced mercy, greed replaced sharing, selfishness replaced generosity, violent taking replaced selfless giving, self-confidence replaced confidence in Him and hatred replaced love. Immortality was replaced with mortality and incorruptible with the corruptible.

The second tree and its wondrous fruit was an antidote for those who were poisoned by the first tree. Therefore mortality became immortality and the corruptible became incorruptible. This tree carried life and the light which were opposed to what the other tree offered.

*The fruit of this tree makes everything perfect to everyone who partakes of its fruit. But while doing this there was a dreadful price, for the fruit of this tree was supposed to pay....*

## XVII

# The Big Clash

**T**he day for the light's wrath to fall upon the darkness had come. The light was coming upon the world to shine with all of His power of radiance. By doing this the darkness would be judged and destroyed. What and who could stand before the light when it shines with all of His glory? Who could look at its radiance? The one who could look at the light and be able to survive must be spotless and perfect just like the light.

The hazy light was on His way to His dramatic destiny by carrying His tree on His shoulder. Naturally while all the trees carried their fruit on themselves, the fruit of life carried His death tree with His hazy light

which was about to be extinguished. But His heart, full of sorrow, and His body, bearing unspeakable sufferings had no more strength to carry His death tree.

The tree looked frightening. One side stretched over the earth and Hades horizontally and the other side stretched over the sky vertically. It seemed that the sky and the earth were going to clash upon this tree. From the beginning of time light and darkness were destined to clash with each other and the place where darkness would be destroyed was laid upon this tree.

*The hazy light did something horrible! All the wrong choices human kind had made, including the past and the future, He took upon Himself with His little hazy light and the strength that was about to be extinguished.*

When He did this, the sky and the earth silenced for three hours. The radiance of the light that came from above turned His face away from the hazy light now on the earth. Hesitating, as if not to destroy His very own light, "I cannot do this!" ...

The most painful dilemma of the Universe played itself out. Both of them knew this had to be done but the price and the pain of it were too difficult, too indescribable. Finally, when the radiance looked at the hazy light, which normally was his greatest joy to look at from the highest, the hazy light extinguished itself like a burnt wick. Then the songs of joy of the morning stars, who had been watching the hazy light with great admiration from the day He came into the dark world, stopped and the morning stars silently mourned.

*The hazy light did something horrible! All the wrong choices human kind had made, including the past and the future, He took upon Himself with His little hazy light and the strength that was about to be extinguished.*



## XVIII

### The Light in Hades

The hazy light was not able to stand before the wrath of His own radiance any longer and He died. First He had fallen from the highest onto the land of shadows, then He fell on the dark world where the land of deaths is found.

*His great love made it possible to carry His great sufferings.*

And when through love He totally gave Himself for His lover then the gate of the pit of Hades opened its dark mouth wide to swallow.

*Oh glorious light,  
whose majesty is unspeakable,*

*who would have thought that one day you would be  
seen in the land of shadow!*

*Or that you would disappear like a shooting star  
into the land of deaths that exists only in the  
presence of your absence!*

When the third day arrived the deep mourning of the morning stars turned into songs of admiration singing about the great sacrifice of the hazy light, "His love is stronger than death!"

After silent mourning the new song came like roaring waves of the sea exceedingly strong and shaking the sky. By the power of the new song "His love is stronger than the death" everything shook that could be shaken in the upper world. When the power of the song that was unstoppable split the ground of the upper world and dove into Hades with great speed, something impossible happened! The dreadful sounds of the land of the deaths silenced for the first time mimicking the silence before the storm. To be heard faintly in the distance, songs forbidden were once again in the hearing like the marching of a grand army from a distance somewhere beyond the hills. When the dark land started

to shake desperately its dark lord's shaking united with the shakings of the land.

*In the midst of the songs "Love is stronger than death," suddenly the hazy light which had been extinguished completely started to shine with all of His glory and power as He used to shine in the highest. That power and glory blinded and paralyzed the dark land.*

When the light put His foot upon the head of the dark lord who had captured all humanity, the chains that bound the people broke in His hand with sounds that could be heard even in the bottom of Hades. The light ascended from the land of the deaths bringing with it former generations who held hope in the light of inexpressible glory and beauty. The faces of those who ascending with him finally shining like the Sun were children of the light.

*His great love made it possible to carry His great  
sufferings...*

## XIX

# The Amazing Gift

The owner of the voice said, “When my light returned to the upper world then the way was opened for my children to come back home.” All imperfections were covered by my perfect light's sacrificial love. My love ended the enemy's ownership of my people. This is called “Amazing Grace” and is my greatest gift that one could take...

*Because the gift is the love of the light's greatest sacrifice, it is priceless. Nobody should dare to try to pay for it.*

The one who tries to purchase it, has no understanding about the gift, and to attempt to buy what has already been given is unfair to the light.

*What one should do is recognize the sacrificial love of the light, and accept it with a grateful heart.*

This is the gift that people desperately need and in truth, this gift is the only thing needed.

Gifts always bring joy and happiness to the one who receives as well as to the one who gives. Of course when the One who gives is the love, then His joy is unspeakable.

The day I accepted the “Amazing Gift” I was finally at “Home...” The door of that land suddenly opened and the sound of the songs and the familiar fragrances surrounded me again. The One who called me friend met me by saying,

*“Welcome Home!”*

I was not empty anymore as I was filled with Him. The more I filled myself with Him, the more I realized how empty I had been, and by this I started understanding

who I really am.

I am a son of the light who was supposed to show the way back home to other children of the light that were under the darkness and therefore were lost. My job was to wake the other children of the light and prepare them to become a guide like me until the day comes when we all are home because the Radiant Light lives on earth!

*Because the gift is the love of the light's greatest sacrifice, it is priceless. Nobody should dare to try to pay for it.*

## XX

# That Day

**T**hat day is the day that will never end! It's called eternity. The One who holds eternity will set us free from all limits on that day, as He intended in the beginning.

In that day, ultimately, the two worlds will be split apart forever. One of these worlds is the light's world. The other one is the dark's world where those will stay for all eternity because they rejected the light and His love. Just like the glory of the light's world is indescribable, because of the light, in the same way the dreadfulness of the dark world is indescribable because of the lack of the light.

Love opened wide the gate of His world through his "Amazing Gift". He also loves those who reject Him, those who will inhabit the dark land, but because of His



great love He respects their decision and gives them the desires of their hearts.

*He will leave them alone, as they have wished, for all eternity.*

*Love is strong enough to accept rejection and is glorious enough to still keep loving. When He is rejected, He goes away with love in His heart, and when He goes, everything ends. The place called Gehenna is the place where His love is extinguished forever.*

*Remember, love chooses and longs to be chosen...*