

THE QUIET PLACE



Glory to God in the Highest,

Glory to God!

**Angels descended upon Earth
singing His Praise,
God with man,
Emmanuel.**



Angelene of Heaven

Angelene of heaven

cast her glance toward the earth...
and smiled serenely on the sight...
the virgin giving birth.

She bowed her head and let her breath
replace the evening chill.
She raised her eyes and in the skies
placed angels on each hill.

Angelene of heaven

knew the time had come to man,
and looked upon the Son of God
held in the virgin's hand.

And all that was held sacred
by the One Eternal God
was placed amongst His brothers
to walk on earthly sod.

And in that blessed moment,
when heaven touched the earth,
Angelene took as her own
to accompany every birth.

She reached behind her wingtips
to untie her golden hair
and tumbling from the heavens
golden ringlets filled the air.

Angelene of heaven
shook her hair and let it fall,
announcing in the heavens
she would answer every call;

Pronouncing her intention
to preside at every birth;
pronouncing every child who cried
would feel her hand on earth.

Angelene of heaven
touches each and every child
and carries them in slumber
be they strong of will or mild.

For only a brief moment
they feel Angelene's sweet care...
But forever after
they are present in her hair...

Even though its fleeting,
they know from whence it came;
Even though its fleeting,
they know Angelene's sweet name.

December 10, 2003
4:02 am

The Quiet Place
“9” Day

Angel Gregory On:
THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM

At this time of year,
those living on earth
are more tender of heart;

More willing to accept the energy of Love,
more willing to open
to the things “of Spirit.”

Mankind is more willing to accept the words
concerning the Child born to them
in the town of Bethlehem.

I would like for you to consider today, the Shepherds of Bethlehem.
I would like you to put yourself in their position.
They were very simple people.

They lived basic lives.
They lived amongst the sheep and other animals.
They lived in the fields and mountains.

They talked more with the trees and the wind
than they did with their fellow man.
They had very little communication with the world of man.

They were more at home on the hillsides of Bethlehem than in town.
Their possessions were few.
They required little.

If you can put yourself on the hillsides of Bethlehem as a simple shepherd,
...imagine what it must have been like...
to behold the presence of angels!

Now, do not assume
that the descending of the Choir of Angels
was anything like what is often proposed.

Angels are not...
the caricature drawings of man...
depicting chubby, childlike entities with wings.

Angels are majestic and have a mighty presence.
This presentation of light beings startled the shepherds,
then frightened them to the point of panic.

They wanted to run from the hills in terror
as the masses of light bearing energy descended over the hills
and their tones reverberated into the dirt of earth.

...But then...
a great peace settled over the earth
and the shepherds' hearts were stilled.

And they beheld the great beauty
in the angelic apparitions.
And, they were not afraid.

They stopped and listened to the angels.
It was a song from another world.
They heard the tone of angels.

And their ears were kissed, with Love,
as the mountains and the valleys and the rivers and the very dirt of earth
joined in The Song of Joy.

All the vibrations 'of earth and Spirit'
sang out the name of The Child
that was born to all of mankind.

And, the shepherds in the field outside the town of Bethlehem
were selected by the angels to hear the news
and to be touched by Spirit.

And they followed Spirit
and went to The Child
and gave thanks to God for their blessing.

This visitation by the angels
to the Shepherds of Bethlehem
changed their simple lives forever.

They were selected by God,
chosen by angels,
but rejected by most of their brothers.

When they told
of the apparition of angels
their stories were spread as jokes.

There was much laughter
and they were told
'they had stayed in the fields too long.'

Mankind had moved too far from the garden.
Mankind had become more 'of earth and matter,'
than 'of Spirit.'

So, all but a few of the elderly ones
closed their ears
to the stories carried by the shepherds.

But, the refusal of man
to accept the fact
did not alter the truth.

Angels delivered
the Word of God
to mankind, through the shepherds.

The group of shepherds
became even more solitary,
finding more peace and comfort together;

And with the sheep and trees
and rolling hillsides.
And this, is where they made their home.

They formed a brotherhood. Their bond was sealed by Spirit.
And they talked amongst themselves of the angels
and of The Child that was born to man.

And, they grew in the wisdom 'of Spirit'
and became more Spirit
than matter.

I tell you this story,
so you will spend some time today
thinking of the lives of the shepherds;

Not as the figures
depicted in the drawings of man, but
as real people.

I tell you this story...
so you will ponder
on how their lives were altered forever...

Because of the apparition of angels,
announcing the birth of The Child of God
and man.

They were led...
by the voices...of angels.
Amen.

December 8, 2003
4:44 am

The Quiet Place
“7” Day

Message from MARY,
Mother of JESUS

Our morning communications with Spirit
continued during the practice of yoga
when we heard the voice of Mary, the Mother of God.

Her presence
was like being in a garden of flowers.
At first I was so excited...

All I wanted to do was tell her that we loved her...
and I realized that I was beginning a string of run-on words
and caught myself.

I stopped and asked ‘her pardon’ for my going on and on,
as I felt it was important not tie-up her time,
when there were so many people
who needed her touch
and words of Love.

Mary corrected
my misconception
as follows...

“My child
do not worry yourself
with such thoughts.

You must remember
that while you are on earth,
you are limited by ‘the things of earth,’ by the dimensions of matter.

This is not so on other planes.
I can speak to many at the same time.
I am spirit and therefore no longer limited by the physical body.”

I told Mary that I believed her when she said this.
But, I also admitted that even though I believed her words,
my mind could not conceive of her speaking to many people all at once.
She responded...

“My child
if you want to have a better understanding of this process,
just think of your body as you enter into the practice of yoga.

You send messages to different parts of your body.
However, the rest of your body does not shut down, or stop in motion,
when you are directing thoughts to your toe.

You can send multiple signals to all parts of your body at the same time.
Use this example...to ponder the concept...
of multiple layers of communication.”

During the writing of this account,
I received more information...
that would further explain the phenomenon
of multiple layers of communication...

“When in Spirit
the entity is energy
and there is vibration of the energy mass.

The energy mass is not confined by a restricted area,
but pulses and moves with the flow of energy,
whether it is high, or muted.

This energy mass,
without the use of verbal communication,
which is rudimentary at best, ‘speaks.’

“When in Spirit
the entity is energy
and there is vibration of the energy mass.

The energy mass is not confined by a restricted area,
but pulses and moves with the flow of energy,
whether it is high, or muted.

This energy mass,
without the use of verbal communication,
which is rudimentary at best, ‘speaks.’

And, all other energy fields navigating in the same vicinity
can recognize the communication, or message,
coming from the energy mass
because it is ‘felt’
as well as ‘seen.’

This is communication ‘of Spirit’.”

Now, to continue...
with the visitation from Mary...
her presence was warm
and filled with love.

My thoughts went to what she must have been like as a young girl.
Immediately, she responded by asking
if we would like to see the house she lived in
when she was a girl.

I sat up from my yoga position right away and called to Michael.
His arms were raised in prayer
and we both went back in time
to the place where Mary lived as a girl, she led us to see...

There were low mountains behind the house.
It was small. There were others around.
But this house was the one.
It was the color of sand.

Mary explained that the walls were thick
and made from a substance of sand and water and reeds,
and the shafts that had been stripped-off grain
from the making of breads and cereals.

The house was rectangular in shape.
There were posts sticking-out at the top near the roof.
The entrance door was off-center
and slightly to the left.

I could walk through the front door.
But Michael would have to bend slightly to get into the house.
Once inside, a large main room was seen to the left.
It was open and square.

The smell of flour was in the air.
Mary said that the making of bread was very important.
She said that it was a communal activity
that took place in cycles that varied.

Sometimes they took their grain to someone to be ground by hand.
Sometimes they sat around together doing the process.
This was a daily activity.
And the smell was fresh and appealing.

There was another door and window
at the back of the house on the farthest wall.
There was an odd-looking fireplace on the far left hand wall,
with windows on each side of the fireplace.

There was an alcove that held a table
with a few cups and pottery
used for cooking and eating.
The entire main room was sparse.

There were only necessary things.
There was no clutter around
and the floor was clean
and of sand.

As you turned,
to go into the main body of the room on the left,
there was a doorway
back toward the front of the house.

The doorway was covered with a hanging cloth.
The cloth was roughhewn
of loosely woven fabric
that reminded me of sackcloth.

It was a light color of blue that was uneven in shading.
Mary explained, that she and her sister
had dyed the fabric themselves,
and the color came from flowers.

The room was a very small chamber
Mary shared with her sister.
In this room they slept on mats of woven straw.
They did not sleep on the floor.

On the longer walls,
there was a raised area about one foot high.
This is where they placed their mats.

When the mats were rolled-out for sleep,
there was still a portion of the mat left in a roll
that was used to support the head.

Once sleep ended,
the mats were rolled-up
and the ledges were used for seating.
This is where Mary and her sister often did their sewing.

There was also a window in this chamber. The window was small,
but there was light streaming in through the opening.
My mind's eye followed the shafts of light...
and Mary responded to my thoughts, saying...

"It was through this window...
that I first noticed the forming apparition of the messenger...
who carried the news of the coming Child, The Word incarnate.

At first,
I just noticed that the light
was moving in a different way.

Then, I thought it could be Spirit...moving in to speak to me.
But, as I looked at the forming apparition,
I gasped...when I saw the full form of the angel.

So often...
people miss communication with Spirit
because they think they see something...

But, push it aside with a blink
or totally dismiss it,
and move on about their daily tasks.

Mankind misses most communications 'of Spirit.'
They substitute for it, 'the business of man.'
They chose matter...over Spirit."

I do not recall exactly where we were in our journey,
when Mary said: "I wrap my cloak around Michael
and send him love."

Her message was warm
and carried with it
the fragrance of flowers.

Then she added: "Michael should not get upset with people
who seemed to dismiss his messages
delivered with love.

There are always those who will not hear or see.
This does not mean
that the miracle does not happen.

It just means...
some chose not to see the miracles
set before them.

The miracle happened to me.
But, it went unnoticed by most in my world.
However...those who seek...find.

And, those who were waiting and took my word
beheld the miracle
and they were blessed.”

Mary touched us with love
when she took us into her childhood home.
She said we were always welcome to come back
and we will go again.

Then, Mary’s communication ended with the following...

“Oh children,
come kneel at my knee,
let us pray.

Take my hand and I will guide you
all the rest of the day
and into the night;

For when you lay your head down, I will be by your side,
for you are wearing the Crown
of your God.

You are all ...
children of God...
and you walk in the light of the day.

You are all ...
children of God...
and His ears hear the words that you pray.”

December 5, 2002
5:35 am

Poem & Song

The Quiet Place
“3” Day

LION ON THE PLANE OF MAN

Oh lion
on the plane of man
become a dove in His right hand
and fly to Him with love.

And hold it up for all to see
it shining from you nobly
and you will live eternally
in your Father's Love.

On the morning of this day Michael asked me to marry him and walk with him and be with him forever. And...I said yes.

In late afternoon, around 4:30–5:00 p.m., Michael asked Halepia to give him a new note to play on the flute. Halepia answered with a beautiful gift and the flute transformed the breath of his soul to song. The new ‘note’ was the ‘voice of a new song,’ and Michael played the notes as given to him by Halepia.

It was December 7th when his flute sang out the final notes of the song. And it was on this day that we received the words for the first verse. On December 8, 2002 we received the second verse and on December 9, 2002 the song was complete.

We were so struck by the beauty of the gift from the angel Halepia that we decided to record the song on a CD as a Christmas gift for our family. Our friend Brandon Bailey said he would help us make this happen as his Christmas gift to us and invited us to come to his recording studio.

On the way to Brandon's studio, Michael asked our teaching angel, Joseph, to help him know the words to say as an introduction to the song.

December 5, 2002
Page 2

The Quiet Place
5:35 am "3" Day

The following presentation begins with the "script" given to Michael by the angel Joseph and is followed by the song we received from the angel Halepia...our first Christmas song:

God's Gift To Man
Light of The Way

Man reached the edge of the plane, peered into the darkness,
and cried-out to God to show him The Way
as he was alone,
and afraid.

He wanted to get back to the Garden
but did not know The Way
and could not see
in the absence
of light.

God heard the cry of the lost man
and took pity
on His frightened
child.

At God's command,
a Star burst forth in the heavens
and in the darkness,
there was Light.

And the Light
made The Way clear,
for any,
who would follow.

(I)

Hear me my God, my Father mine.
I'm lost and I'm all alone.
And out of the sky a Star was born
to lead the troubled home.

(II)

Angels bent down toward the earth
to herald His birth in song
and the Light from the Star led The Way
of those who traveled far.

(III)

Into the night they walked and watched
and listened to angel songs
and followed the star to Bethlehem
wherein the Baby lay.

(IV)

They did not rest at castle door
or slumber on feather bed.
No, they did not rest until they saw,
the Golden Baby's Head.

(V)

When they beheld Him resting there
they fell to their knees in prayer
and offered what meager gifts they brought
to Jesus lying there.

(VI)

Mary looked up and smiled on them
and Joseph held out his hand
and welcomed the shepherds in to see
the Gift of God to man.

(VII)

It came to pass in Bethlehem
that the Baby Christ was born
when darkness was broken with the Star
early one quiet morn.

(VIII)

Light from the Baby waiting there
gave warmth to those gathered 'round
and even the lowing animals
gave notice to the sound.

(IX)

Out of the sky it fell on man,
descending on all below.
It covered the hills and valleys wide
and summoned all to know.

(X)

God sent His Son to dwell with man,
to show him the path back home.
So lift up your hearts and sing today
the Baby Child is born...
the Baby Child is born.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
JESUS!