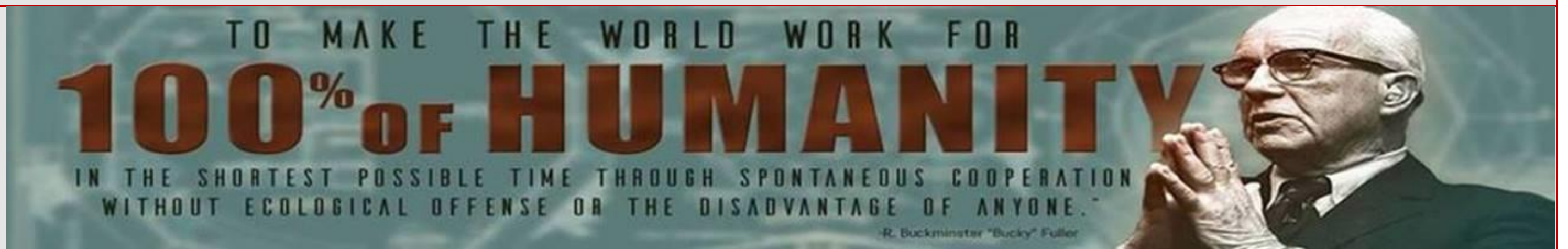


"My Father is the gardener.."

1 "I am the true vine, and my Father is the gardener. 2 He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit, while every branch that does bear fruit he prunes so that it will be even more fruitful. 3 You are already clean because of the word I have spoken to you. 4 Remain in me, as I also remain in you. No branch can bear fruit by itself; it must remain in the vine. Neither can you bear fruit unless you remain in me."



.....starts with one person, one relationship, one family, one neighbor, one neighborhood, one village, one community, one city, one state, one province, one nation, at a time... simultaneously.

There are only THREE things we fight for:

1. Defense of our Individual Bill of Rights. 2. Defense of our children. 3. Defense of our homes.

METAcognition and ACTION : The best way to predict the future is to design and BUILD it!!

Those existing by their own developed IMPERATIVES, in resonant unit with illimitable-spirit and nature, emerge relatively unharmed.

Love.



Virtue is a ray of Celestial Beauty,
The prize of the soul;
It does not fear the injustice of time,
But greatly conceals only human affection;
I will see you once again in Heaven,
Where virtue has its just reward,
Joy and Peace;
Where virtue has its just reward,
Joy and Peace;
When I first heard the fateful news,
Since there was no hope,
To return to my beloved family,
Crying and yearning,
What else could I do?,
But to turn to you gentle family one time;
You comforted me in my darkest hours,
My darkest hour;

Gratitude.



My soul has returned to these friendly shores,
Accepting its final homage;
For now I dedicate my singing to you beloved family,
You are beautiful and wise,
And heaven has blessed you with all of her gifts;
Others are less fortunate,
You deserve all the praise;
Your beauty harbored a gentle soul,
All the more worthy for being so modest;
While others may be haughty and unfaithful.
Heartless and fickle to those that love them,
Devoid of every noble thought or reason,
It is right they should not be praised;
Do not be slaved to your passions,
Do not be full of self-reproach,
I am looking down from Heaven to help you,
Listen to me now and you will have praise and life;

Joy.



I will come to you in the hour of greatest need,
At your lowest ebb,
And you are ready to listen;
Do not be bitter at what fate offers you;
Realize that on Earth no pleasure or pain is lasting;
You will one day join me in Heaven,
Where virtue has its just reward,
Joy and Peace;
My dear family,
We will revel in these Celestial honors,
In perfect happiness,
Where good never fails,
And sorrow never existed;
Do not shrink from the call of eternal God;
He who has experienced hell,
Will attain grace in Heaven,
And he who sows in sorrow,
Will reap the fruits of grace,
I love you all.

Robert Henry "Cy" Fuller

November 20, 1924 – October 17, 2005

SYNCHRONICITY and ELECTRIC UNIVERSE.

Sent from the New Republic.
playlist.

CONSTITUTIONALISM....is the
new counterculture!