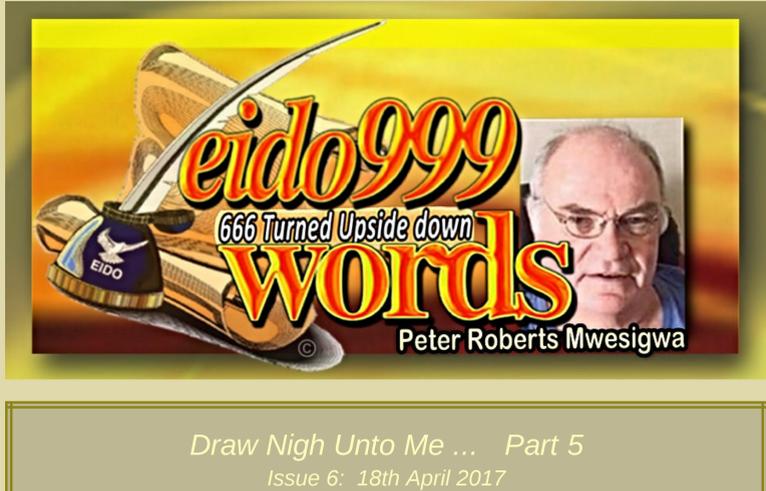


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Draw Nigh Unto Me ... Part 5

Issue 6: 18th April 2017



My grandson, under a burden of disability, had a need for love & achieved it, through pure heart intent & real need.

God took Mercy & interpreted his need to me His vessel.

My grandfather had no such disability & did not know God. So let us look closer for an answer to how peace, love & acceptance broke through to me. My earliest memories are of our family of six living together with my grandparents in their one bedroom cottage.

My grandfather came from a bygone era of respect & honour, being a very stoic man. I remember him going to work, kitbag in one hand & the wharfie's tool of trade, a grappling hook, in the other. Every morning I watched him rhythmically stroke his cut-throat razor to&fro on a huge leather strop, before beginning the intriguing ritual of shaving from another era. Fascinating sights, sounds & aroma's so invigorating to a young soul. Special memories remain from his timeworn homemade garage with its fascinating array of old-style tools. I would investigate everything with awe as he silently worked on at the bench. Other times I spent with him as he watered his garden. I would study every detail of their small enchanting garden & the fascinating large grotto/fish pond he had built. He always went about his business quietly, in fact, I don't remember him ever complaining about anything personal. He was simply there, reliable & dependable, always accepting. His stoic silence was never intimidating but in contrast always produced a calm contentment flowing from him to you. He forever displayed an entirely peaceful & gentle nature & demeanour which simply enveloped you, like a blanket, in a complete sense of that peace you get when unconditionally accepted. Over the years absolutely nothing ever seemed to change with him. I believe his stoic, loving, peaceful eldership, gave a strong reassurance of a solid, reliable heritage silently supporting me in my growth to adulthood in the midst of the rapidly changing world of the early sixties.

Conversely, my grandmother wore her crown as the matriarch of the family in a proud, assured & somewhat regal manner. Always pleased to see you, she welcomed you with all the usual hugs & kisses, forever spoiling you with her just baked goodies. She somehow always 'knew' the imminent danger of choking to death on that gumball I had bought 'again', sending it for pulverisation beyond any recognition or further appeal. She loved to sit & share stories, listened intently to mine, gave kisses & cuddles to show her love. She enjoyed being close & having you around, always talking & communicating as we all do through eye contact, facial expression & gesturing. Meanwhile, my grandfather, if free, would sit reading or be out on the verandah peacefully passing the time away.

It was his peace & the love it engendered that stands out in my memory as robust & unique & made it something to be soberly cherished & remembered.

The loss of it was what caused me, at 17 years of age, to buckle over with grief, falling to the ground in my father's arms, the day I came home for his burial.

He was always patient & kind with everyone, never envious, never overt nor pretentious, never rude nor self-seeking, never induced to respond, never evil in thought or action, never immoral.

Forever truthful in character, holding, believing, hoping & enduring, continuously exuding peace & love that never failed us.

1 Corinthians 13 (NKJV)

4 Love suffers long and is kind;
love does not envy;
love does not parade itself,
is not puffed up;

5 does not behave rudely,
does not seek its own,
is not provoked,
thinks no evil;

Six does not rejoice in iniquity,
but rejoices in the truth;
7 bears all things,
believes all things, hopes all things,
endures all things.

8a Love never fails.

Here now, I begin to understand why I previously stated that being with him was a minuscule foretaste of what was to become known when I first felt the Presence of God.

Please, do not interpret all this as having been some grandiose fantasy life, for back then it was simply life, accepted & enjoyed devoid of any need for fanfare.

*If happy with someone or something,
you simply live in the truth of it.*

*It is not hidden,
for light cannot be consumed by darkness
for darkness is absence of light.*

TRUTH IS LIGHT & RESOUNDS IN SILENCE.

*When in God's Presence,
the Resounding Silence of His TRUTH
envelopes us & engenders
Divine Peace & Tranquility to our souls
for 'I AM' is with us at that moment.*

In writing this, His Light revealed to me a deeper revelation to be considered by us all.

I was pondering what in fact may have added to the cause of my doubling over in emotional pain when personally confronting my grandfather's death.

My father comforted me in that moment of unbridled grief, telling me I did all I could for him & he had known my love through my actions toward him.

In the eyes of men, all was well, but the conviction that now befalls me primarily refers not to my relationship with my grandfather, but our relationship with God Our Father.

*Has 'Self' led us to read His silence as reticence
& furthermore to believe we are Honouring Him by
Seeking what He is to us rather than WHO HE IS,
what He can give us rather than
WHAT HE REQUIRES FROM US.*

I now see what I may have had with my grandfather except for the fact that self in us can only ever provide a single perspective to anything.

*It's for this very reason that
many come to the foot of the cross,
yet few take up the Purpose of The Cross,
many take up the cross but fail to first go
Through The Cross.*

Jesus & His Sacrifice, His Cross, His Death, His Resurrection is the Door to God Our Father & True Unity with His Purpose to bring His Children Home.

*Are there clues for us hidden in being:
Distant, Silent, Defaced?*

Love, Mwesigwa

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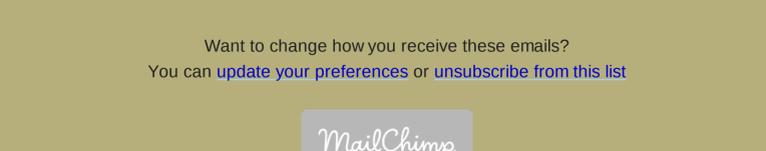
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What's the significance of 999?

For my first trip to Uganda, in 1990, I wanted a Post Office Box address to give out as a contact. As a Post Office employee, I was uniquely positioned to be able to choose any number available, & recently many new boxes had been installed taking the total to just over 1000. Until there was full occupancy of the old boxes, these were not available for renting. I felt strongly that PO Box 1000 would be ideal & easy to remember, but it was near the end of the new nest, creating three significant hurdles. 1. Not yet ready for use 2. Isolated sorting position 3. Key sets were in a box, unsorted. I felt I needed to find the correct keys before saying anything. So, daily, I secretly picked & checked keys from different areas in the box, only to have to throw them back into the same box again! Finally, weeks later I found the keys to Box 1000, placing them in one corner for easy retrieval & then sought full staff approval. Days later when ready to issue the box to EIDO, I went outside to test the keys when a fellow worker came & asked "Why 1000? If it were me, I would have picked 999." Later I pondered his suggestion briefly, thinking God's meaning for nine is Finality. Therefore 999 would be Finality, Finality! Ummmm!!! I thought that is meaningful as I believed EIDO to be an end time Vision & Ministry. But, no, I remained steadfast to my first idea, and besides, I knew where the keys were. Later, while walking back from the bank, I was busy justifying my choice to myself. I was heading back into the Post Office when an "out of order thought" invaded my mind. "999 is 666 turned over - Turn the devil upside down." Inside of me, my spirit soared, as these words came to me, certainly not from my mind which was preoccupied with the justifying of why Box 1000. Without any thought, bank bag in hand, I went straight to the box of keys. One look at that box full of so many unsorted sets of keys, & reality struck. Weeks were spent finding the keys to Box 1000; now I have to find the ones for 999. What an intolerable idea, to have to go through that process again. I thought, Lord, I already know where the keys for 1000 are, instinctively picking them from where I had earlier stashed them, turning the tag over as though to prove my point. 'See' I said to myself '1000', only to hear "What lies below 1000?" The logical answer of '999' sprang to mind & I found myself putting my hand into the box to take hold of the set of keys that had been immediately below those I had strategically positioned earlier. On turning the tag to identify them, I was totally amazed to see it embossed with 999! Unbelievably awe-inspiring! I then knew what I must do. Glory to God!

That's why 999 is significant to EIDO.



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