

KEZIAH'S JOURNEY

(a spiritual experience)



by

Grand-dad.

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(Reg. A. Watson)

January 2018

The characters in the story are:

Animals: The deer family. The Bear. The Black Panther family. The horse *Saint*, The horse *Francis*, The donkey *Sleepy*. *Wolf*. The Gatekeeper's animals.

People: Keziah. The Gatekeeper. Gabriel. Father Superior. Mother Superior. Sister Angelina. The Master. Masuala. The Christ.

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CHAPTER ONE.

THE NEW DIMENSION.

Keziah was bewildered. She didn't know where she was. One minute she was walking along a bush path leading to the summit of Mount Wellington, when suddenly the environment had changed. She was aware of it, but didn't know how it happened. Before she was ascending and the trail was rocky with eucalyptus gums on either side; and it was hot. She could remember that as she was longing for a drink from the cool stream that emanated from the small water fall called Silver falls which was not far off. She had done this walk before, so she knew what to expect. Now, however, everything was different. Her track was now surrounded not by gums, but by tall, remarkably green pine trees. The air was cool not hot. The scent was not of dryness, but fresh as though it had not long rained. There was also a slight breeze whereas previously there was none. Though bewildered she was not afraid.

Keziah kept on walking, after all the track must lead to somewhere. She walked for only a few moments until it started to take a long bend and as she walked she could see smoke in the air. The nearer she got to the smoke she observed it came from a chimney of a wonderful, picturesque cottage, the type she could remember from the drawings contained in a fairy tale book. It was so lovely, so rustic. It was made of brick with a slated roof, quite square in structure with two glassed windows with shutters on each side. The door had a little roof outside, but what really amazed her was the exterior of the cottage. There was a flag pole with a flag sporting the symbol of a unicorn on a red, white and blue background. There were also flowers and shrubs of all sizes and colours, but more....there were so many animals. They were aware of a visitor, a stranger approaching their domain, so they gathered together and stared as animals do. There were two horses, a donkey, two cows, a number of sheep, several goats, a number of ducks, geese and chickens, a sleeping black cat that aroused herself, stretched and looked in Keziah's direction. And there was a dog, a medium size dog, with brown shaggy hair and a kind look....just an ordinary dog, nothing special. When the dog saw her walking towards them he began to bark and trotted to her.

One would have thought that Keziah may have been a bit perturbed when the dog approached, but she had no fear at all, fully confident that it meant no harm. How she knew this she was puzzled, but she proved to be right.

When the dog reached Keziah, she stopped walking as did the dog. He looked up with a curious look as only a dog can, his head titled to one side while widening his mouth as though laughing. Suddenly the door of the cottage opened and a portly man of medium size, after hearing the dog bark, looked out. He was of mature years and placing his hands on his hips looked at Keziah and smiled. Keziah walked pass the dog towards the man.

“Greetings traveller,” he said. “Greetings. You are welcome. Come inside.”



The Gatekeeper's cottage.

Again, Keziah was not reticence to enter the cottage even though it was all strange to her as was the man, but she had this unexplained feeling that all was well.

As she entered she looked around. It was warm, inviting and quaint. While it was sparsely furniture it was adequate. In the middle was a large wooden table with four wooden chairs all of which were simply made. There were shelves containing crockery of the old fashion kind. In the centre of the room was a fire with an iron bar from one end of the fire place to the other, on which hung a rod which dangled a pot. The man was cooking something. Above the fire place was the mantle where was a vase of flowers were found, pretty yellow and white daisies. She looked further and saw a sink over which was a water pump and leading off the main room was two doors, obviously leading to another two rooms. The floor was finished with hewn boards and the whole place had an inviting feeling.

Flying around the room were several white doves and perched on the window sills, were several beautiful white cockatoos and two black red billed cockatoos. They just sat there like curious people wanting to know why she had come. To her

amusement as she entered to room she was followed by the animals which seemed quite natural that they would enter the cottage to find out exactly who this 'human' was and why she was there.

"Come," beckoned the man with his hand, "Take a seat, you must have many questions and I shall answer them for you."

Keziah sat with as many animals that could enter the room which was not all that large, they still viewing her with the cat rubbing itself against her legs, while the dog stood panting while gawking at the stranger.

My I introduce myself," began the man, "I am the Gatekeeper."

Keziah could not contain herself any longer, "Where am I? What I am doing here, what..."

The man waved with his hand, "I know, I know you are anxious to know what is going on and I shall explain.

"Firstly, I have some lentil soup which I would like for you to have as you have quite a journey before you and you will need sustenance." He moved away to the fire place, grabbed a copper bowl from one of the shelves and with a ladle scooped some soup from the pot that was over the fire. He returned and placed the bowl in front of Keziah supplying a silver spoon at the same time.

"Eat my child and while you do I shall tell you why you have come.

"You are a traveller and you have been chosen...."

"Chosen? But by whom?"

"I will explain. Listen Keziah as intently as you can and what I am to say is absolutely true. You have been chosen because of your virtue, your righteousness and your spirituality. You have been chosen to learn wisdom, truth and the answers to many of your questions you have pondered upon during your life. All what you wanted to know will be revealed to you.

Again, Keziah asked, "Chosen by whom?"

"By the Divine and where your will travel is where the Spirit of the Divine resides. You have simply moved into another dimension from your world. Where you go, what you seek, you will find. And what do you seek?"

Keziah contemplated the question; she began slowly, "What I seek is to know what is. Who or what is the Divine." It was a statement and not a question; she continued,

“What power the Divine has, what purpose do we live for, why are we here. I want to know all.”

“Then you shall know all,” replied the Gatekeeper. “I am known as the Gatekeeper because many like you are also chosen entering this dimension to pass through this spot so that I may direct their path and when you choose to return to your dimension and world you will pass this way again.”

“Then I can return?”

“Oh yes, any time you wish....you can return now if you like or tomorrow, or next week or in ten years’ time. When you return is your decision. You will return when you have found what you have been looking for.”

The Gatekeeper knew Keziah’s next question, so he continued, “And no matter how long you remain here, when you return you will be the same age when you left. You see, when you return, time has not passed. You will return without any one whom you knew ageing.”

“But what I have learnt here will I remember?”

“Yes everything...the wisdom, the knowledge, the power of healing and spirituality, the nature of the Divine, you will take with you because that is simply why you have been chosen. You can return to your world to help those whom you know and to help in your own way, the troubled world you belong to. That world is your home, you must return there and you will want to. Even though you will find great joy, comfort and happiness here, you will miss those whom you love and will wish to return. This is only natural and to be expected.

“So where do I go from here Gatekeeper?” She asked enjoying her soup.

“To the SANCTUARY. That is the name of the place you will travel to. We have no clocks or sensitive to time here, but in your time it will take about three hours to walk. I shall show you the path to take when you are ready. And know this, have no fear. Nothing bad will happen to you.....whatever animal you will meet will not harm you.....nothing here will hurt you. You are perfectly safe. Here you will find safety, love and security.”

“Is this heaven then?”

“No, it is not Heaven...it is another dimension. As said you have been chosen to enter this dimension and to learn, because you are a special type. Those who have been chosen before you have been chosen exactly for the same reason. No one who would prove to be unsuitable is chosen. There cannot be any dissent within the community at the SANTUARY. If there was, it would not work.

“The SANCTUARY,” Keziah asked. “What is the SANCTUARY?”

“That is where you will live, learn and where all will be revealed to you. People who have also been chosen reside there, learning. There are about 120 souls living at the SANCTUARY where the Spirit of the Divine resides. It is self-sufficient and is headed by Father and Mother Superior. There is much you will learn and much will be revealed.”

“Now that you have finished your soup...”

“It was lovely,” Keziah interrupted.

“...well, you will need the sustenance for your long walk....as I was saying, now that you have finished your soup, come outside and I shall show you the direction which you will go.”

Both the Gatekeeper and the Traveller (Keziah) walked outside of the cottage and pointing the Gatekeeper said,

“Stay on this path and within a few moments it will take you across a small brook which you will easily wade across and you will see the continuation of the path, transverse along that path until you come to another brook, but this much more like a river. You will see a white wooden bridge crossing it. When you come to the river, you are half way in your journey. You may like to refresh yourself there as the waters are pure and cool. Continue your journey and when you are three quarters of the way you will come across a strong challenge.

“The challenge is a rope swinging bridge which crosses a deep gorge with a raging river many feet below. This will prove daunting to you, but unless you cross it you cannot get to the SANCTUARY and you will have to turn back. If you do turn back, then your journey has been wasted.”

Keziah looked concerned. The Gatekeeper being aware of her fear stated,

“Remember you must walk over this rope bridge regardless of your fears, but let me say again, no one has ever, ever, been in danger while crossing. Nothing in this dimension will harm or hurt you. You are perfectly safe. You must keep this in your mind when you meet the challenge. Nothing will befall you. All will be well.

“Now begin your journey and remember what I have told you.”

Keziah smiled and waved to the Gatekeeper. She really did not know what to think, yet she wanted to get to the SANCTUARY and the only way to arrive was as the Gatekeeper said, believe that all will be well.

“Farewell Gatekeeper and thank you for the soup.”

“Bye Keziah, but I will see you again when you pass on your way back to your world.”

With this Keziah began walking along the narrow forest track that was to lead her to the unknown.

CHAPTER TWO

THE JOURNEY

Keziah walked the path as the Gatekeeper directed and before long, true to his word, the brook was found....it was a wide brook, but very low in water, probably two or three inches in depth broken by high-rise amount of gravel here and there. It would be easy for Keziah to wade across particularly in her boots. She was about to do so when from the forest from the other side of the stream she saw a graceful doe alight. The doe looked curiously at Keziah, but instead of running away it pranced towards her. Keziah then noticed she was followed by a full adult deer, obviously her mother. The doe was not the least afraid as would be normal when such an animal would sense let alone see a human. It went right up to her where Keziah could actually pat its nose, which it seemed to enjoy.

“You are beautiful,” exclaimed Keziah, whereupon the mother deer joined them and while she did, Keziah heard rustling from the bushes and there appeared this most wonderful of all male deer with outstanding antlers. He stopped, looked and thought to weight up the situation and he too joined them. There Keziah had a family of deer and to each she stroked their nose.

“My aren't you a beautiful family,” she complimented.

For some moments she enjoyed the experience something of which she could only dream about, but here it was, reality....she was with a family of deer stroking their snouts and they were looking at her intently not the least bit afraid.

Keziah then saw the father deer look away to her right direction. She followed his gaze and saw a brown bear rapidly approach. Immediately Keziah felt fear, knowing that bears can be dangerous, yet the family of deer did not jump away in fright, but rather when the bear arrived, sensing he was an intruder they just merely and casually walked off.

The bear had joined Keziah. She held her ground even though she thought better, but then again the words of the Gatekeeper came into her mind, that nothing would happen to her of a bad nature.

Indeed the bear, a full grown male adult, just held its head against her legs, making Keziah crouch down and put her arms around the bear's neck. The bear seemed to enjoy the experience,

"Hello Mr Bear how are you? Our friends the deer seemed to have left us,"

The matter of fact was the deer knowing of the bear found it annoying that he should interrupt their time with the human, so in disgust they made their protest and went their way, but the amazing thing was, they were not afraid of the bear as they were not of Keziah.

Keziah was with the bear for a few minutes, and then realising that she must travel on, patted its head and said,

"I really must be going even though I could stay here for ever with you. But Mr Bear I have to go," and with this she kissed his snout, gave him a "bear" hug and continued her journey.

The bear sensed she was on a mission so momentarily he watched her as she crossed the stream and continued on the track opposite. He then turned round and went about his business.

Keziah continued along the path which was rather straight, flat and narrow about three feet wide just enough for one person. It made its way through the pine forest giving up a marvellous perfume. She looked around her as she traversed and took in the lush and very tall rich green trees with the soft undergrowth of pine needles. It was so peaceful, bringing tranquillity to Keziah's spirit. There was a soft breeze which gently caressed her cheeks and the only sounds were of the whistling of the many birds of all colours and the buzzing of the bees. She played a game picking out the various breeds of birds, cockatills, rosellas, blue wrens, the black crow with his creaking squeak, but there were numerous and wondrous other birds of a tropical nature. *Surely this is paradise*, she pondered.

Quite a distance in she spied a wooden bench seat. It was just an ordinary seat, with arm rests on each side with a backing, but it was a welcome sight for Keziah. She decided to rest so she sat on the seat to pause for a while before continuing.

She closed her eyes and took in the senses that she was experiencing, the sounds, the aromas, and the touch of the breeze when she became aware that there was someone or something that had made their presence. She opened her eyes and there to her left were a family of Black Panthers looking at her. There was obviously the father, the mother and two cubs. They were every so attractive, yet she knew Black Panthers could be very dangerous and also knew that they could never be tamed. Nonetheless, she remembered how friendly the bear was and what the

Gatekeeper had said, so surely if they were aggressive they would have attacked her by now.

Instead they slowly came towards her with the father placing one of his paws on Keziah's lap. Taking the cue, so did the mother panther while the cubs played around Keziah's feet. Suddenly the father panther jumped on to the seat and sat with Keziah to her right side, while the mother did likewise to her left. The two cubs joined by jumping up and bounced on her lap. This was an experience that Keziah never dreamed of having; a family of Black Panthers sitting with her. It was exhilarating and never before had Keziah felt such warmth and pleasure. Being moved by the occasion she placed her arms around the two adults and cuddled them. They responded by actually purring. It was a wonderful moment.

"Oh you are so beautiful," she said.

They tilted their heads to her shoulder and for a time both human and the panthers basked in each other's company.

Keziah enjoyed the moment, but knowing she still had a distance to go and as time was passing, she made the decision to move on.

"Sorry my darlings, I have to go. Perhaps I will see you again."

With that, Keziah removed her arms and stood up, looked at the cat family and began walking. Only a short distance on, she looked back and saw the family standing there looking at her. She waved and with that, they moved off and like the bear went about their business.

On she walked until she came to a slight bend in the path which took her to a stream. *This must be the half way mark the Gatekeeper mentioned*, she thought. The stream was about twenty yards wide over which a low lying white painted bridge had been erected with railings on each side. As she approached she noticed that a man was at the water's edge sitting on a rather large rock. The unknown man was dressed in a white robe which had a hood, although the hood fell on the man's back as he was not donning it.



Keziah crossing the low lying white painted bridge.

As Keziah approached the man looked in her direction and smiled. He was a beautiful man, about thirty with long flowing golden curly hair. He wore no beard and his light brown eyes were warm and inviting.

“Come refresh yourself,” he beckoned.

“Yes I will,” replied Keziah. “I could do with a drink.” Keziah bent down and with her cupped hands scooped the refreshing and clean water to her mouth and then over her face. After satisfying herself in this way, she too took the opportunity to place herself on a rock. She looked at the man who was looking towards the river.

“I am Keziah,” she said to him.

“I know,” he replied.

“You know?”

“Yes, the Gatekeeper sent a pigeon to the SANCTUARY informing of your coming. They are marvellous creatures pigeons, very swift.”

“You came from the SANCTUARY? Are you returning? Will you walk with me? I am told there is a rather daunting bridge that I must first cross before I get there.”

The man shook his head. “No, I am leaving the SANCTUARY. I come from whence you go. However, I will return as I am the spiritual advisor there.”

“Oh. Will I find what I seeking?”

“What are you seeking?”

Keziah pondered before she spoke. She began slowly, "I...I am seeking an encounter with the Divine. I want to experience the Divine."

"Then what you seek you will find," he said. "And yes, there is a 'daunting bridge' ahead but know this Keziah unless you cross it and overcome your fears, you will not arrive at the SANCTUARY. Know this also, by overcoming this challenge within yourself you overcome much. Fear not, just believe and all will be well. No harm will befall you when you cross...just take a deep breath, believe and walk ahead without looking down. Keep your attention on what is ahead and what will be achieved and there will be no problem."

"I am not looking forward to it," she said.

"Hmm, just remember what I said."

The two just sat there with the sun's rays being reflected off the rambling brook's waters. It was so peaceful. Then the man stirred,

"Well I must go. There is much to do but I shall return and I shall see you again. For the moment, goodbye Keziah."

"Good bye and oh, I do not know your name."

"My name is Gabriel." With that he went on his business.

Keziah arose and walked the low lying bridge which took her to the other side of the path and she continued her journey. The next part will be, she knew, challenging.

It was not all that long before Keziah arrived to where she faced her greatest challenge in her journey. She had followed the path until it took a deep curve. It led her to the gorge that was spoken of - and what a gorge it was! She stood there transfixed, unable to move. It was indeed daunting. What lay before her was the rope bridge, quite narrow with rope rails for support, but it passed over a tremendously deep gorge, perhaps two, three hundred feet or more and about the same length across. She could hear the rushing, raging, mad waters below. It all seemed too formidable to her. Yet, she knew if she did not cross the SANCTUARY it would be denied to her and that she would have to turn back. What would she miss out? Everything she had been searching for all her life.

The words of Gabriel and the Gatekeeper came to her, promising that nothing would be of danger to her. Well this is it, she whispered to herself. Either stay here and stagnate and fret or go and overcome my fears. Bravely she chose the latter.

She hesitantly walked forward, step by step. Her breath deepened, her mind was an a-whirl. *There's only one way to do this* she thought. *By just doing it!* She began to go forward and she was on the rope bridge which swayed a little with the extra

weight. She clung on to the rope railings and slowly, ever so slowly she walked, transfixed her eyes on to the other side, which step by step came closer. The noise of the waters below penetrated her ears, but there was no turning back. Bit by bit she moved forward, keeping her attention to the other side and never looking down...by now she was half way and every step she would take would bring her to safety. Bit by bit, step by step, breath by breath....the bridge slightly rose in height as she neared the other side and with fortitude she kept on going until....until she was there! She was at the other side and when she arrived, she flung herself on to the ground and panted. She felt that her legs had turned to jelly, but she had done it, she overcame her fears, she was successful. She lay on the turf for a little time, recovering and within a few moments she had regained her composure. She felt elated and pleased with herself. She had overcome, she had overcome. There was great satisfaction in this.

There was still distance to travel. She stood up and now confident in herself, she continued her journey.

The path thus far had been level, but for the first time since she began, it began to rise gently. On one occasion she passed a small waterfall from which she took the time to drink. The trail rose with a regular grade with the foliage on each side getting thicker. It then levelled out and in between the trees to her left she could see below a settlement. She stopped and peered. The settlement was situated on a rather extensive plain with quite a big log structure being the central point. It was one storey but large in length, in fact very large. Out from the main building were a number of huts, while spreading from the building were numerous orchards, market gardens, small fruits plantations, with many animals, such as sheep, goats, cows, geese, chickens and ducks wandering un-hemmed. In the distance she saw beautiful flower beds and a number of cultivated trees. Beyond and flowing behind the main building there was a river. There were also people who seemed to be working by hoeing the gardens and picking the fruit from the trees with a number of them standing on a three legged ladder while doing so. This was most interesting indeed. She walked on with the path now taking her downwards towards the settlement, then around the cultivated fields where it became flat again. She followed the path's course and it entered through the gardens and as she walked, those whom she had observed waved to her and when they did, she waved back.

As she continued the path took her to the entrance of the low lying main building and as she approached two people appeared. She finally arrived and stepped on to the rather large verandah. The two people were smiling, a man and a lady. They were pleasant looking, friendly and Keziah felt a great warming in that she knew she was being welcomed. Then many people came to join them with Keziah sensing that they

were curious wanting to know who the new stranger was. She felt conscious that all eyes were upon her, but she never felt threatened. They were curious that's all.

The man and woman wore white robes with black trimmings with a hood falling upon their backs, much like the robe Gabriel was wearing. Those who had joined them were both male and female and they were wearing much the same, white in colour and made of cotton tied about their middle with a rope. They were all white people with all shades of hair colour. The women wore it longish while the men rather short, but not too short. They appeared to be much the same age, about thirtyish.

The man, who seemed to be a little more senior in age spoke, with the woman, who also seemed to be a senior, nodding, "Welcome Keziah. You have arrived at the SANCTUARY".

CHAPTER THREE

THE SANCTUARY

Keziah was somewhat bewildered with all the attention and this caught the eye of Mother Superior...."Keziah must be exhausted after her journey," she commented.

"Yes, you are quite right," said Father Superior. Calling to one near to him, he asked, "Sister Angelina, will you take Keziah to our dining room, let her be refreshed, then show her to her room and afterwards bring her back to us."

Sister Angelina nodded while smiling and beckoned Keziah to follow her which she did. Keziah followed the Sister along a passage then into a very large dining area, which was made of bench tables and bench seats. Each one would hold twenty people thus there were about a dozen of them. The dining room was of all rich pine with a very high arched open ceiling with supporting exposed beams providing a cathedral like atmosphere. The room was light and airy with many decorated laminated windows of red, gold and green glass which stood from the window sill to their height of ten feet. The floor was again of rich pine paillings and in all the effect was rustic, comely and welcoming.

Sister Angelina showed Keziah where to sit after which a smiling attendant brought her two freshly baked bread rolls with a bowl of butter and one of honey to spread on them. Accompany this was wooden drinking vessel in which was discovered to be fresh orange juice.

Keziah gave her thanks with the good Sister who said she would return after a few moments allowing Keziah to enjoy the fare privately. Keziah to her surprise was

somewhat famished after her journey. She placed the butter then the rich golden honey on to the rolls which she ate. It was scrumptious and the orange drink was fresh and cool. It surely must have been some of the best food she had ever tasted.

Sister Angelina rejoined her and stated, "I will now show you where you will abide Keziah. If you follow me I will show you your room."

Keziah now finished got up from her seat and did as was asked. Sister Angelina led her out of the dining room to the left and further along the corridor until they came to one of the doors located on the passage.

"This Keziah will be your room. Come let us go inside," the good Sister said.

There was no lock on the door and when they entered, Keziah was again somewhat surprised. It was a large room probably as big as the kitchen/dining room she knew from home. It was airy and well lighted. In one section was a rather large bed, not quite queen size but bigger than a single bed. It had what was obviously a home quilted covering and two pillows. It looked warm and inviting. Then there was a comfortable chair to rest in, a small desk, a chest of drawers and on the floor was a rich woollen hay coloured carpet spread which did not cover all the floor, but most of it, leaving the room's edges uncovered. The Sister beckoned Keziah to another door inside her room. When she opened it revealed a large bath and a convenience area.

"Water for both comes from our underground thermal waters. You can take a bath when you wish by opening the stop taps for either hot or cold and use likewise at the convenience apparatus. The hot water comes from, as I said our underground thermal waters while the cold water is directed from a stream which can be seen from your balcony."

The Sister beckoned Keziah to a door which she opened leading out to a small balcony. The balcony looked out to a glorious scene. It was a natural park with deep green grass edged by delightful pines and in between the grassed area and the pines ran a most beautiful clear, clean stream.

The Sister then indicated the shutters that can be used to make the room dark and showed Keziah her wearing gown which had been placed on the bed.

"Keziah dear, you will find in the drawers all you need, such as towels. The gown is what you will wear whilst you are at the SANCTUARY."

Keziah picked up the gown. It was made of cotton and as this was the summer season, very apt. It was white with golden trimmings with a rope to be tied around the waist. The length of which would come below her knees.

“Other gowns and ones suitable for the colder weather made of wool are also to be found as well as suitable under garments. We have a washing room which you will be shown where you can clean your garments when necessary.

“Now I will leave you to rest a little and will return and take you to Father and Mother Superior. Until then Keziah, relax.”

Keziah smiled. She knew she would be very happy.

She rested on the bed and closed her eyes and within seconds was asleep. In just a few moments she heard a gentle knock at the door. She awoke and even though it had indeed been just a few moments, she felt refreshed. She opened the door with Sister Angelina saying, “Come Sister Keziah I will take you to Father Superior and Mother Superior.”

The Sister led her pass the main entrance to another room where she knocked but once. It was opened by Mother Superior who beckoned with a smile Keziah in. Sister Angelina then waited in the passage.

In the room which was very much like an office, were the two Superiors with Father Superior sitting behind a desk, while Mother Superior sat in a chair. With a wave of her hand, Mother Superior jested to Keziah where to sit.

“Welcome once again Sister Keziah to the SANCTUARY,” said Mother Superior.

“The Gatekeeper would have explained much to you, in that you can leave here anytime you wish and when you do - and you eventually will - time would not have changed at all in your world.

“What has happened is that you have moved into another dimension of which there are ten. Here time does not exist. When you are ready you can move back to your dimension. You will take with you, all that you have learnt whilst you have been here.”

Keziah spoke, “The Gatekeeper said I have been chosen.”

Father Superior now spoke. “That’s true. The Spirit of the Divine hovers here. You will find tranquillity, peace, security and love. But tell me Sister Keziah what are you seeking?”

She waited for the answer. It took a couple of moments before Keziah answered, thinking on the question. She wanted to be sure and truthful.

“I...I...yes, I want to encounter the Divine. I want to experience Him. I want to touch Him. I have read all about the Divine in the scriptures and in other readings, preachers and others have told me His personality and His purpose, but all this is fine,

but the question is, is it true? Or have we in our minds a picture and understanding of the Divine which has been placed there by others?

“Is He as we are told He is? It’s all right to learn of these things, have faith and even believe, but how do we know what we are led to believe is correct?”

Keziah then answered her own question, “I am not sure it is correct. In essence we believe in something that has been shaped for us by others. Thus - as said - I wish to experience the Divine, touch Him and know Him personally, not just a Divine that is out there somewhere and remote and it seems really uncaring.”

The Father scratched his chin. “Sister Keziah you have answered well. We fully understand your quest and why you were chosen. Here at the SANTUARY it is essential to be honest and forthright. We are not fazed or offended by one’s questions or opinions, never, for all that simply means one is on the road for truthful answers.”

“Sister Keziah, you will find what you desire spiritually here and much more. You will learn not only the secrets of life and an intimate association with the Divine, but healing, wisdom from the wise that came before you, mysteries revealed, great understanding. In truth this is a great adventure for you, something which you can take back and use for your benefit and those whom you know and love.”

Father Superior spoke again, “At the SANCTUARY we are totally self-sufficient. You have seen our extensive gardens and pastures. We are vegetarians. We have animals to supply our needs such as milk, wool, eggs and we produce cream, cheese, whatever we can, but we do not kill them. Killing of any kind would be against why we are here. Truly the lamb will lay with the lion.

“There are many animals here many that roam free, such as lions, deer, tigers and so on. None of these will hurt you. They go about their business and they are not afraid of us as we are not afraid of them. None of them are meat eaters, so they have no desire to kill for their food.

“You would have seen a number of huts, these are lived in by our people who after a period of time wish to live alone. You are housed in the women’s west wing and the east wing is the men’s living rooms.

“You will appreciate Sister Keziah only those who are suitable to be here are chosen. We must blend in and be the right sort otherwise, as you can imagine, things would prove difficult.”

Mother Superior, added, “There are many sections at the SANCTUARY to keep us self-sufficient. All who are here help it to be so. You will find your most suitable way to help us or you may like to alternative your involvement. Some like gardening,

others farming, others in the cooking rooms, we have a special room to hand write and copy great books of wisdom, we have milkers for the cows and so much more. All are equal here. It is true that I along with Father Superior hold the title 'Father Superior and Mother Superior' but the title is not one of superiority. Those who are first must be last. We are here to serve not to dominate. However, it is only sensible that the SANCTUARY must have administration."

"I understand," cited Keziah.

"You will also have seen a building right to the main entrance that is the meditation room and is available anytime you wish. We start the day in the chapel, but everything at the SANCTUARY is non-compulsory, in other words attendance is voluntary. Some attend every day, others choose when they wish to attend. At the chapel, we sing hymns read the scriptures and take instruction and inspiration from whom is giving the lesson. It lasts only for a short time then we retire to the dining room for breakfast, followed by the day's activities and business."

"Sister Keziah you will learn much and you will find your way here. Come to us anytime you wish for any need or questions you may have.

"I trust you have found your room comfortable." said Father Superior.

"Oh yes, very much indeed."

"It is a beautiful place here, where you will know peace and security and you will find what you are seeking. Sister Angelina awaits and it will be she who will show you around and look after you while you are settling in.

"Be not dismayed Sister Keziah, all will be revealed to you, not all at once, because it is a learning experience."

"Thank you both," answered Keziah. It was a lot to take in, but she was confident that her journey would be fruitful, otherwise she would not have been chosen.

Winter had come. In our time Keziah had been there now for several months and she had learnt and experienced a lot. She got into a routine and found peace, happiness and was extremely contented; but not quite. She was still searching and was not fulfilled in her earning.

The SANCTUARY was indeed that; a place where one could find a refuge from the world she knew. This was completely different. No harm could come to anybody here. Her companions were on the same journey as she was, some were more advanced while others were fulfilled and had returned to her world. Since being here new "travellers" had arrived as she had done not so long ago.

Now it was winter they had changed their cotton attire to one of warm wool. Their routine was different too....summer chores and challenges were different to those of winter. Autumn had passed by preparing the winter which brought the passing of what was, but this was not depressing for in winter one knew that from this chilly season came new life and all started again when it bloomed in spring and rejoiced in summer.

Keziah had now become aware that the physical, the spiritual, the mental were not separate identities but part of the whole. To neglect one and develop another was inadequate. Those who were spiritual, but neglected their bodies and minds were not complete and so with the one who took pride in developing their bodies to perfection, yet neglected the spiritual and mental. No, the three were in the one. This she had learnt and each played their part in the overall completeness of the individual. The body was there to glorify the Divine, the mind was there to cultivate to the highest degree of achievement, while the soul determined one's peace and contentment. Each just as important as the other.

Keziah wrapped a robe around her as she left the SANCTUARY. She shivered a little. She felt the need to meditate so she made her way to the meditation room. She always found it comforted her and with a clear mind she always found wisdom, often answers and a calming of the soul.

It began to snow as she walked. Her feet crumpled the snow which had already settled. It made a low crushing noise. It was a beautiful sight with the flakes settling on the ground and on the boughs of the trees. The air was chilly, allowing her to breathe steam. Even though it was quite cold, she glorified in the beauty of it all.

She stepped on to the verandah of the meditation room and was met by Father Superior.

"Ah, Sister Keziah, you are heading to the meditation room." he said as a statement not a question.

"Yes Father Superior."

"And how is your spiritual journey going?"

"I am developing in this regard that is to be sure."

"But not completely?"

"Developing but no, not completely - as yet."

“A spiritual journey never ends. Even in this dimension. It only ends in the afterlife. Here it is preparation for you. If the spiritual journey would end then what purpose would there be?”

Keziah answered, “No doubt you are right Father. We learn constantly.”

“Yes we do and now that winter is upon us, we can learn from the seasons as well and be content with whatever they bring. With each season we learn to adapt and know that the new will follow. Each season has its reason and purpose as we do.

“I am glad you are developing in this regard.”

“Yes Father,” replied Keziah. Father Superior detected hesitancy in her tone, “but you wish to develop more.”

“I do,” she replied, “I have known of the presence of the Divine, but what form does He take?”

“The Divine is spirit. He can be nothing else and because of this, He can be at all places at all times

“You are developing to the place now when you are ready to spend time alone. Some distance from here we have a cabin where one can stay for several days or indeed as long as one wishes. There is great opportunity to meditate, pray and commune with oneself, with nature and with the Divine who gave birth to nature. The Divine is Nature and Nature is the Divine. I think it is time for you to undertake this experience. I will speak to Mother Superior. Perhaps go soon, perhaps tomorrow.”

CHAPTER FOUR

THE CABIN

It was Sister Angelina who was to take Keziah to the cabin.....the two had become firm friends over the time. It was morning sometime after the sun had risen. Being winter the sun was out but there was little warmth in its rays. Sister Angelina met Keziah outside the SANCTUARY with two horses and a donkey.

Sister Angelina saw Keziah’s surprised look. “It’s quite a distance to the cabin,” she said. “So it is easier for us to ride horses. Ha, don’t worry they are as tame as anything. In fact they know their way; they will just walk by themselves. Yours is named *Saint*, mine is *Francis*. The donkey here, as you can see laden with provisions which you will need is *Sleepy*.”

Keziah noticed a cage of pigeons.

“These wonderful creatures will allow you to let us know at the SANCTUARY when you wish for me to return to the cabin and collect you back to the SANCTUARY. All you have to do is attach a note to a pigeon leg and let it go. It will deliver the message to us and we will reply in like kind, informing you when I shall be there to collect you.”

Sister Angelina helped Keziah on to *Saint*. It wasn't a large horse, not much bigger than a pony as was *Francis*. *Saint* was brown with patches of white scattered through her body while *Francis* was dark brown all over.

“Grab the reins,” Sister Keziah said, “and just gently say to *Saint*, ‘Go’ and she will obey....*Sleep* will just follow. They all know what to do.”

With this, the small party was off. They followed a track leading away from the SANCTUARY a very different direction from the one which took Keziah to the holy place.

They walked to what seemed to Keziah in her own understanding of time for at least two hours through a heavily timbered landscape with tall, beautifully green pine trees hemming them in. They passed wondrous birds singing on the boughs and occasionally they saw large cats, such as tigers, lions and leopards looking at them with curiosity, but without fear. Keziah thought of the family of Black Panthers she met on the way and wondered where they were. Would she ever see them again?

Gradually the forest slackened to a grassed plain with trees here and there. They were getting close to the cabin and then, before her eyes, there it was - the cabin.

It was situated at the end of the plain. It was small in comparison to the SANCTUARY but adequate enough for just one person...it too was made of logs with a verandah at the front. The front was of one storey but the back of the cottage rose providing no doubt for more room. There were windows suitably placed and inside Keziah would find their shutters. An outhouse was seen to the right of it.

Sister Angelina said, “Well here it is” and continued.

They stopped outside the cabin, dismounted and began to unload the provisions which were carried by *Sleepy*. They opened the door for there was no lock to worry about.

Keziah walked in and looked around. She had entered a rather airy and spacious room which contained what could be termed a dining area with a large fire place in the middle of the room at the far wall. There was suitable furniture and towards the left of the room was a bed. From the room there were four or five steps which led to a higher platform. Keziah would find in this area old and not so old volumes of hand written books which she would spend time to study and was informed by Sister

Keziah there was provision with a unfilled book covered with leather that she could add her thoughts and wisdom so that those who follow her may read and learn.

“The pigeons live in a small enclave to the rear of the cabin. Let’s place the provisions where they ought to go. There are cupboards in which you will find much that you will need and blankets for the bed and other wants. It’s all self-sufficient, you will want for nothing,” Sister Angelina said.

“So how long do you think I will stay here?” Keziah asked of the good Sister.

“Oh, that’s entirely up to you. You can come back this afternoon if you wish or in two weeks’ time. Just let us know. Usually it is about three days or four. Most find it enough.

“Father Superior told you why he recommends you to come here. To meditate, to pray, to think, to commune with nature and with the Divine. You will grow spiritually while you are here. You would have noticed books on the higher level. They are for reading to gain extra understanding and you have the opportunity to put your thoughts forward giving your lessons learnt to be passed on to others who will come.

You will grow with understanding, in wisdom and to overcome any apprehension or fears of being alone. It will help you enjoy your own company and feel comfortable with yourself...although I must say you will not be entirely alone.

“Oh?”

“You might not have seen, but a wolf was watching us as we came. He was sitting on top of the hill. Like all animals he’s friendly and he will come when I leave and will be company for you during your stay here.”

“What’s his name?”

“You give him a name...now let’s have a nice cup of tea before I head back with *Saint, Francis and Sleepy.*”

Sister Angelina left Keziah with the animals to return to the SANCTUARY. After she had gone Keziah knew what it was to be completely alone and isolated. As she saw the diminishing figure of her companion an escalating feeling of being overwhelmed came upon her. *This is what is it all about,* she said to herself. *Over coming fears. This is a test much like the rope bridge over the gorge. Besides I am here to develop my spirituality and I can return any time I wish. Enjoy the beauty, the untamed wildness which surrounds me, the time alone and what I am to learn.*

Keziah then moved to the verandah where she found a wooden chair in which she sat and looked out on the scene before her. On the crest of the hill some distance away she saw the outline of a wolf which seemed to be inspecting her. Suddenly the wolf

began running towards her and as it did Keziah saw a half grey half black wolf of extraordinary beauty. It stopped running then mounted the verandah, approaching Keziah and placed one of its paws on her lap.

Keziah was pleased. "I won't be alone after all. Now what shall I call you...hmm, I think I will just name you *Wolf*."

Wolf, after introductions, then laid on the verandah beside her both looking out beyond.

Keziah decided to take a walk and explore her surroundings. "Come *Wolf*" she beckoned to which *Wolf* bounded up and trotted beside her.

Keziah walked away from the verandah. The terrain was one of grassed flatness which seemed to go for miles in every direction. Here and there was a tree or two. There were rolling hills and beyond them, vast snow-capped mountains. Keziah with *Wolf* alongside her walked for a time, but Keziah did not want to go beyond the sight of the cottage. After all she did not want to get lost. By now the cottage was a tiny speck in the distance and she thought she had gone far enough, so she turned ready to retrace her footsteps. She sensed a change in the atmosphere. It was winter after all. The air was extremely fresh and healthy. As she walked she heard the deep rumblings of thunder echoing off the mountains. She even felt its vibrations.

"Come *Wolf*, we must hurry for I sense a storm coming," She quicken her step and then the lightning started, silver flashes which lit up the area as by now darkened clouds had gathered. She could feel the build up of the wind becoming quite bracing. Finally the cabin was just about reached when without warning a hard, cold rain pelted her. She and *Wolf* ran the short distance and stepped on to the verandah and without hesitation entered the cottage.

By the now the storm was ferocious. The wind blew against the window panes, the heavy rain made an incredible noise on the tiled roof. She peered out of one of the windows and saw the gathering huge dark clouds moving as though they were to threaten the whole world with its smug contentment. She saw the fire place. It suddenly had become cold. She gathered sticks, dry grass and wood from within the wood box and paper and after orderly placing them in the fire place struck up the flint and fortunately the dry paper and grass took off and within minutes a blazing fire had begun. This warmed with the room to no end and with the tremendous force outside doing its best to display its power, Keziah and *Wolf* were inside in the snug, safe environment. After a while she began to enjoy this unique feeling and sat down on the chair, listening to the crescendo outside while she and *Wolf* inside were warm and contented. *I will make myself something to eat before long and I am sure I have something here for Wolf as well*

The following morning the storm had abated but it had continued all through the night, but Keziah felt secure in her bed while it pounded around her. Wolf stayed inside lying near the embers of the fire, which Keziah stoked when she arose. There was a hatch in the door which Wolf can go and enter anytime he wished.

Keziah prepared herself a hearty breakfast of grains and toast plus a nice cup of tea and fed Wolf much the same, except the tea. He obviously enjoyed it as he smacked his lips, looking at Keziah as though as to implore for more. “No, that’s enough until later,” said Keziah to Wolf wagging her finger at him.

The morning progressed and after prayers and meditation Keziah took to the upper level where she pursued the books which were scattered on the reading desk and within the shelves. She opened and shut several after reading with curiosity. She knew that these were to be referred to as part of her development. A very large volume in height, which was quite heavy, bounded by what appeared to be leather, she opened with dust coming off its pages which made Keziah cough. It was done with beautiful calligraphy and with each commencing paragraph a large capital letter was written in red. She was familiar with some of its contents,

“For everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven.

A time to be born and a time to die.

A time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted.

A time to kill, (this part Keziah did not like nor fully understood, but then she recalled it was to do with her dimension not the one she now resided in)

A time to heal.

A time to break down and a time to build up.

A time to mourn and a time to ‘dance

A time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together.

A time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing.

A time to seek and a time to lose

A time to keep and a time to cast away.

A time to tear and a time to sew.

A time to love and a time to hate.

A time for war and a time for peace.”

She read on and after a while she closed the book and fell back into the comfy chair. She pondered. They were curious words and she was not sure she liked them all, yet she also came to the decision that it was all true in her world and that one must recognise its truth and be comfortable in the wisdom. What was written was to be expected in life and one must not be dismayed when it happens.

She pondered some more then felt compelled to provide her own thoughts on paper. She gathered the pen, ink and un-used book which she opened and began to write.

“What is life?” She began. “The question is constantly asked what is its meaning? The meaning of life is life itself. To live, to endure, to learn, to overcome. To enjoy the simple things, like a child singing or laughing, the sun’s rays upon our face, the hum of a bee, even that first cup of tea in the morning. A good story; friends, family, good health.

“Do we expect life to be more than what it is? Should we expect ‘nothing’ therefore we shall not be disappointed with anything. Is life about self-control and self-management? In that what we have irritate us or offend us, is just a state of mind? In that we let these things concern us only because we allow them to?”

“What is our relation with the Divine? Does the Divine really exist and is He a creation of our imagination? Have we created God rather than God creating us? There is nothing wrong in asking these questions. Those who fear not to are insecure and if we find answers we will find faith.

“After all we are only human and not perfect and we should not be expected to be perfect. We must relax in that knowledge that we are creatures of inconsistency and very fickle. Knowing this then we are not surprised with our behaviour and therefore accept it. By doing so, we have no guilt complex which weights one down bringing disappointment if not depression. No, we are what we are. That is not to say we should not seek to improve ourselves.

“One thing is important even during our quest. To live for the present. There is neither past nor future. We should confine ourselves to the present knowing that wisdom is found from many quarters and we should not hinder seeking wisdom from where it is found. The answer is within ourselves.

“The question then, as asked, ‘what is our relationship with the Divine?’”

...and so she wrote, finally after two hours in our time she put down her pen. She felt drained and walked to the bed, lay down and slept a contented sleep.

Keziah stayed for four nights during which time, she grew spiritually and came to love *Wolf*. She knew, however, it was time to go. Whilst she passed the days, doing what she ought to have done together with long walks, the solitude became overpowering and she knew it was time to return to the SANCTUARY. She regretted nothing other than having to leave *Wolf* behind. She wanted to take him back with her, but as Sister Angelina explained when she responded to Keziah's call by pigeon that *Wolf* belonged to the cabin and those who followed her would enjoy his company as much as she did. But would they? Keziah simply adored this splendid, intelligent creature. Yet it was true, it would be mean of her to take him away from the cabin. It was strange she thought, since arriving at the SANCTUARY this was the first time she felt remorse. Others must have the company which she enjoyed. With a prolonged hug they parted and Keziah once again rode back to the SANCTUARY.

On arrival she spoke to Father and Mother Superior who listened with intentness about her stay at the cabin. They were pleased and impressed with what she had achieved while there. It had been worthwhile and it was a progressive part of her spiritual maturity

CHAPTER FIVE

THE MASTER

Winter passed followed by spring. Keziah had now been at the SANCTUARY in our time measure near a year. The routine had been varied and she was learning so much. What she was learning was never ending. Some of the others who were at the SANCTUARY had now left. Sister Angelina had gone. That was sad too, but there was great rejoicing as well, for it meant what she wanted to achieve she had done so and she would return enlightened. One did not reveal their past lives and residences so it would be improbable they would never see each other again.

Keziah learnt many things, not only spiritual but ways of healing and ways to prevent illness. She learnt the ways of the seasons and the science of the stars. She too became acutely aware of the wisdom of those who had come and gone. She read sacred works which guided her journey. She was able to meditate when need be and know the secret of peace and contentment. Her study of animals allowed her to have a unique relationship with them and realised they too had a world of their own. She was let into the secrets of ancient and magnificent societies which inhabited the earth long before the modern era in her world going back more than thirteen thousand years. It was revealed to her that time doesn't actually exist nor does distance. She had the experience of being projected out of herself and visualised the globe of the earth beneath her, the beauty which she held in awe. This showed

her distance and time is just an illusion. Then within a second she was back in her own body.

She learnt the importance of posture, of breath, of mental power. She was becoming a complete person and yet...and yet....

The apple blossoms were blooming. It was such a wondrous sight that it could take one's breath away. The air was cool, but pleasant and Keziah was attracted to the gardens full of roses, red, white and pale yellow all giving off the most adorable perfume. She was in raptures and took to the bench seat, shut her eyes, and let the sense of smell and feeling take over.

Quietly, she heard her name call..."Keziah." She opened her eyes and standing before her was a man who she recognised and then it came to her.

"I know you. You're Gabriel. I met you on my journey here."

"Yes. May I sit?"

"Of course." Keziah shuffled over giving Gabriel plenty of room.

"I have returned for a while to the SANCTUARY. I will go again and return at a later time. That is my calling and now, what about you?"

"Marvellous," she answered. "I have really learnt a lot."

"Have you truly found what you have been seeking?"

Keziah in her manner, thought before she spoke. "Yes...and no."

"Ah, a truthful answer as always. So what it is you find incomplete in your journey?"

"I have learnt much in all sorts of things, but one thing I have not achieved and that is what I am seeking. To touch the Divine and to experience Him. Learning is fine and secrets revealed are fine, but the real thing is what I have been seeking."

There was a silence and Keziah wondered whether she had offended Gabriel. Then he spoke,

"I can see now is the time for your to meet The Master."

"The Master?"

"Yes, he lives with his assistant Masuala some distance from here. The Master has devoted his life to spiritual truth and he will guide and show you to your ultimate goal. I will arrange with the Superiors so that The Master will be expecting you.

"Keziah what you are seeking you shall find."

Keziah was informed by the Superiors how to get to the Master's. So the next day she was directed to the track which to follow. It was a reasonably long journey, in our time, perhaps two hours. It was a level track, however, so physically it was not draining. She covered the distance easily walking through the same lush surroundings as she had become familiar. Being spring it was not too hot and the season produced remarkable scents in which her nostrils bathed. The air was pure and there was no wind.

Finally she came to a clearing with the track taking a slight rise. Keziah scanned the immediate distance and saw two men standing outside what could only be described as a remarkable dwelling. It was long and low, made of logs with a thatched roof. She could see that the balcony which went all around the building to its left stood over a deep incline which plunged itself over a river about fifty feet below. Quite obviously it contained a strong current. That part of the balcony was actually over the far below waters!

As Keziah approached, the two figures waved and as she drew close she saw a short man, with white hair. He appeared well advanced in age, but had a kind expression. His skin was soft even for his age and while not too thin was slim. The other standing next to him was much larger and somewhat younger. His hair and short beard were black and he had massive shoulders. He looked strong but welcoming.

"Welcome Keziah," said the older man. "We were told you were trekking to us."

Keziah smiled in return.

"I am The Master and this is my assistant of many years Masuala."

Masuala smiled and said "Welcome".

"Come inside," it was like a suggestion not a command.

Keziah followed the two men inside the dwelling. It was a little dim with the small windows letting in sufficient light. It was furnished much like the Gatekeeper's house with basic rustic furniture but enough to be serviceable.

"Here take a seat," Keziah sat at a bench table.

The Master continued, "You must be tired after your journey. Masuala will bring you some lentil soup."

Lentil soup again, thought Keziah. Must be a favourite with the Gatekeeper and now The Master.

“Here you will find what you seek,” began The Master. “You will find peace and answers. Stay here for three days and three nights then return to the SANCTUARY well armed with what you have obtained.

“But first refresh yourself and then Masuala will show you to your accommodation which I trust you will find to your liking.”

And like it Keziah did. The room was not large but was pleasant and homely. It had an entrance to the balcony which overlooked in the distance vast huge snow covered mountains, but immediately before her was a magnificent garden which would give credit to Eden.

Keziah took in a deep breath and swam in the beauty and closed her eyes. Here surely was paradise.

They too were self-sufficient, and what they could not supply for themselves the SANCTUARY would deliver on a regular basis. Likewise The Master and Masuala would send to the SANCTUARY exotic herbs only grown by the two for medicinal purposes or wonderful flavours for cooking or for drinking as a refreshing, healthy and tasty tea.

Keziah had now been with The Master for two days and two nights. During that time she meditated alone, meditated with the Master, had audiences with him where he instructed and inspired her, she learning great wisdom and insight in all things. On occasions she took long walks and on one occasion The Master accompanied her pointing out the flowers and herbs and bushes that could cure, help one to relax or to have one’s mind cleared and even those plants that needed to be avoided. What they could heal she was astounding with their power. One afternoon she stood on the balcony overlooking the waters below. The balcony was built over these waters and if one looked over the railing down to them below it could be rather a frightening sight particularly when there did not seem any strong support keeping the balcony from descending into the teeming river. The Master, however, assured her that all was safe. Keziah considered a challenge to be alone on the balcony much like the rope ladder. The fear was overcome by faith and belief and in the end she enjoyed the sensation of confidence and supreme awareness that all was to be well.

It was Masuala who kept the working aspect of the place going. True The Master would help in the garden but being younger and stronger it was Masuala who did much of the physical work and prepared the tasty, wholesome meals, three a day. Keziah did not feel full after each meal, but certainly satisfied. This gave her the feeling of being fresh and totally alive. Her mind had become keen, her body totally healthy and her spiritual side peaceful and unafraid.

On the third morning, The Master informed her that after the mid day meal they would walk the mountain together. After the meal he grabbed a large wooden staff and beckoned Keziah to follow. He took to a track which led up through the bush ascending as they did. It was not easy going for it was pretty steep, but Keziah was young and fit while The Master extraordinary for his age and size seem to walk briskly as though there was no problem.

They walked for some time, rested and then resumed their walk. It was a narrow track so they could only do so in single file. The Master led the way with Keziah walking close behind.

It was indeed some time before they came to a clearing some distance to the summit of the mountain, but not completely all the way. Nonetheless, the clearing opened up a spectacular view of the surrounding scenery which showed numerous giant mountains in the fore and back ground extending over many miles, most of them snow topped and all covered with thick pines forests.



“We will rest here,” instructed The Master. He placed himself on a fallen branch which he used as a seat. He was panting a little. Keziah was in awe with the view and walked to the edge of the clearing. She had never seen anything like it in all her life. It was better than the pictures she had seen in her world. It was absolutely incredible. She was overcome with the marvellous beauty and hugeness of it all. It was so great it could have even been a little frightening.

For some time Keziah just stood there taking it in, with her back to The Master who continued to sit on the branch. The he spoke,

“Keziah I am going to leave you here. This is where I wanted to bring you. I want you to stay and meditate for some moments and when you finished follow the track back down and join us for the evening meal.”

Keziah turned around. The Master rose from his seat with the help of his staff. He started to move off to go back to the home. He waved to Keziah,

“Now stay and meditate.” and before long he had walked out of Keziah’s sight.

Keziah sat down on the same branch as had The Master. She closed her eyes and took in the sensations of nature, the gentle caressing of the breeze upon her cheeks, the sweet smells of the environment and the rustling of the trees and the sounds of particular birds. She concentrated and was able to discern at least six different bird calls. Freeing her mind she meditated to the point of complete oneness with all. In this state she remained for some time until a thought came to her that she must not linger for too long. She opened her eyes and came to the decision that it was time to descent.

She began walking and as she did a strong heavy wind blew against her forcing her to keep her feet balanced. The wind came suddenly and made her curious. It came again and again forcing leaves to swirl around her. She braced herself and walked against it, she putting her head into her chest. Then as suddenly it came, it went. *This was all peculiar*, she thought.

Keziah had descended somewhat when she became aware of a golden light to the distance from her and to her right. It appeared off the track in the bush. This was all very strange, but she kept walking and as she did the shaft of golden light became stronger. When she got to it, she walked off the track towards it and as she did an image appeared which materialised into a man. Within seconds the outline was definite.

The figure was that of a tall man in his early 30s. He was clean shaven with thick clean, glossy light brown hair which fell to his shoulders. He was fresh-faced, well built and quite handsome with bright blue eyes. His lips were red and his nose perfect in shape.

“Keziah,” the apparition spoke in a manly strong voice.

“Keziah,” he repeated her name.

“It is I,” she responded. “Why do you call my name and what do you want of me?”

The man dressed in a fine multi coloured robe held out his hands, palms upwards. Keziah looked at them and said somewhat startled, "Ooh you have been wounded. You have wounds on both hands."

"That is true," came the reply. "It is I whom you seek. I have manifested myself so that you will know."

"By this you have met the Divine through me and you have experienced the Divine."

Keziah was overwhelmed. Was this real?

"Remember this Keziah and take back to your world what you now know. You are asked not to tell anyone what you have experienced, but you can use what you have learnt for the betterment of all."

"This I reveal to you."

Keziah was still speechless.

"So you are the Christ?" she asked.

"I that speak unto you am he.""

"And the Divine?"

"He is I AM."

'So now Keziah you have found what you wanted to find. You have eyes, so see. You have ears, so hear. And now that you have seen and heard, rejoice. For now you are complete. Glorious and blessed are you amongst women to have been chosen.

"When you return call your friends and ask them to rejoice with you because of the peace you have found."

"I shall now leave you and we will meet once again in the final dimension. I go and prepared a place for you. If it was not so, then I would not have told you."

"When will that be?" asked Keziah.

"Many years hence in your world. Have a long and prosperous life Keziah."

"Continue your way and rejoin The Master, for he knew what was to come of this day. You have been worthy to be called."

Then the shaft of golden light had gone and so had the Christ.

CHAPTER SIX

THE RETURN

Keziah did return to the SANCTUARY. She was welcomed by everyone and for the next few days settled into her routine.

However, she then decided to visit the Superiors. She knocked on the office door and was ushered in. It was as though they had been waiting for they were not surprised that it was Keziah. They motioned to her to take a seat. She began to speak.

“I have decided to return to my dimension. I believe I have found what I sought and have accomplished what I wanted to.”

“So you will leave us then,” stated Father Superior.

“Many do after visiting The Master,” commented Mother Superior.

“I thought I would leave tomorrow morning after saying farewell to all those whom I know.”

“Yes,” Father Superior said.

“You know of course, Keziah, you cannot reveal where you have been to those in your world. If you do, all knowledge of what you have learnt will be lost to you. What you have known here can be used but not the origins.”

“Yes, I understand that,” she answered.

Father Superior rose from his seat and moved towards Keziah, “We are pleased you have fulfilled your quest. Go in peace Keziah with our blessings.”

On the morn Keziah did indeed leave THE SANCTUARY. Sorrow is often found in parting, but she knew also that what she had attained would be of great benefit to all when she returned to her world. In this she had great joy and found great pleasure.

Keziah retraced her steps to the Gatekeeper’s cottage where she stopped and was welcomed. He gave her (much to her amusement) another bowl of lentil soup.

She then re-entered her own world.

THE END

