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A Matter Of Curiosity

I once read that a healthy curiosity is one of the signs of a mature and balanced soul. Broad curiosity is not one of my strengths.

While my curiosity is engaged by a wooded path I've never walked or an off-the-track side street that promises an art gallery, I can be un-curious to the point of indifference about events unfolding in my daily life. And while the concept of providing a voice for an advanced being had no place whatever in my worldview until I was about 65, I had no doubt about the reality of what was called in my youth ESP, Extra Sensory Perception. Today the term "psychic abilities" is more common.

By whatever name, I had no doubt that telepathic communication was real and that for some people the ability was an accepted part of their life. I'd had many minor experiences with precognition, sensing the future. Little things, like knowing that the hot water heater in our new house was going to cause a bit of a problem but nothing serious. Major things, like knowing with unshakable certainty that my sister, joyous about her pregnancy, would have a miscarriage. I kept that to myself and was simply prepared to support her.

The point is that my belief in abilities beyond the scientifically proven went so far and no further. Telepathy was in. Channeling was out.

As for curiosity, please understand that I spent over half my business career in the Information Technology department of an international Fortune 500 company. There are a great many strange things – technical and bureaucratic – that just happen and someone with focused expertise greater than mine takes care of them. If my curiosity had bid me probe to the source of every unexpected event, like tracing that two-cent discrepancy when balancing my checkbook, I'd have gotten considerably less work done.

So I curtailed my perfectionist streak and became very selective about investing time to investigate unexplained happenings. Couple that with my unshakeable belief

in the human capacity for psychic experiences and you have the contextual background for my first extended telepathic communication with Master Yeshua.

Trivial Pursuit

Fly backward in time to the year 1983, a point roughly 25 years before I knew that “Jesus” was the Greek version of the Jewish name, “Yeshua,” 25 years before I made the life-changing decision and told Master Yeshua, “If you need me to channel for you, I will.”

Picture a sunny summer day in Minnesota, a park with grassy green hills, a gentle peppering of graceful old trees and shaded pavilions for the public. Picture a company picnic, a long picnic table with attached benches and a group of co-workers playing a game of Trivial Pursuit where the team who knows the most trivia wins. Picture a computer systems analyst (that’s me) who sometimes gets rather light-headed in crowds and was feeling a bit light-headed as the game unfolded.

My turn to answer for our team. The first question resonates. “What is the capital of Romania?” I have no idea, but the answer flows into my mind from who knows where and I spit out, “Bucharest.” Next question. The answer flows again from a male voice in my mind. Third question: “When did Ty Cobb make the baseball Hall of Fame?” I barely have a grasp of the rules of baseball, but I hear the answer. “1936,” I say, which impresses my male colleagues. I just listen and recite as the fourth and the fifth questions spin my way.

Everyone playing begins to look at me strangely and I can’t blame them. I know for a fact that I do not know all this trivia! Still, I keep spouting the answers that the male voice feeds me . . . until the fatal question, and my fatal mistake.

“How many continents on planet Earth?” the opposing team asks.

“Seven,” the answer bursts in my head with male-voice overtones.

“That can’t be right,” I think and stop myself before I repeat what I hear. I answer out loud, “Five.”

“Ach!” the male voice utters in disgust and I feel the invisible being who had been standing behind me turn smartly and walk away.

I hadn’t known he was there until he abruptly left.

Someone with a less jaded curiosity about one-time strange events might wonder what in the name of Creation had just happened. I, on the other hand,

responded the same way I do even today when my computer does something inconvenient and inexplicable. Before I begin a tedious trace to the cause, I just reboot to see if the problem goes away.

My main interest that day was finding out how many continents there *really* are on the planet. I never once so much as speculated about the voice. I knew I had been light-headed and contented myself that the telepathic voice, while convenient, would never happen again. My curiosity took a different bent.

I discovered that there are – or were at that time – two schools of thought on the number of continents. One categorization named five continents and the other had seven. (Today, the predominant answer is seven, with some geographers arguing six.)

How was it possible that after all this time, geographers couldn't agree on the number of continents?! (This was before astronomers split on whether or not Pluto is a planet. I was rather naive about expecting "indisputable" scientific facts to remain unchanged.)

Yeshua, however, had a different perspective of the picnic events. I invited him to speak for himself.

Yeshua's View Of Trivial Pursuit

You ask me what I thought of the Trivial Pursuit incident. Well, first I would go into the reality of having channels deliver messages into the world. Each channel brings a unique set of current-life experiences, a unique buffet of past-life experiences and unique karma. Experiences and interests together create a vocabulary.

Why do we need a variety of channels? I would ask you why do you need over 200 TV channels? Wouldn't one be enough?

The human family stretches across a broad continuum of language, of culture, of personal experiences, of worldview and of spiritual maturity. One message does not reach everyone. So we have multiple messages and if we are going to deliver multiple messages we have to look at who is able to deliver them. What background is needed? What vocabulary is needed? What past life history is needed to be an effective channel for each message in each series of messages that we wish to deliver to the human family?

I know your soul. I know your past life history, which will make a good book all its own. You

and I had karma to settle. Your past life history provides you a plethora of clerical lives in various religions throughout the world. You have experienced life in various regions of the world and for your current life, you chose a mother who would become well read in the teachings upon which I planned to base many of my messages. You had not yet developed an interest in the teachings she studied but that would come with time.

Most channels are selected and trained pre-birth and I'm certain you will explain that in this book sooner or later. The decision to train for channeling is a soul decision and in spite of all the reasons I listed to justify your channeling for me, your soul was not, shall I say, excited about channeling in this life. Your soul had other plans that had to do with creative expression. Those plans have emerged in part as your two books of poetry. (*Word Songs from my soul* and *Word Songs from my soul II*)

Your soul wished writing to be your creative experience in this life with your teaching expressed through fiction and your spirituality expressed through poetry. That was the plan.

I reminded your soul and that there is karma between us – that story should be included in the book about your past lives – and your soul eventually agreed. If indeed you, as an incarnate individual with freewill, ever became amenable to becoming a channel, your soul would restructure your life plan and priorities. And thus I had a contract for the option. You did not receive any pre-birth channel training and preparation, but I held the option on you as a channel.

What messages did I want you to deliver? I intended to bring messages through you that would leverage your interest in religion and spirituality as well as your voluntary exploration of the ancient wisdom materials that your mother studied. I intended that you would deliver messages about spiritual advancement for the human family as well as private messages to those I planned to work with more directly to achieve a variety of course corrections and realignment of the churches that have been established in my name, churches often clinging to translations of translations of teachings that I delivered to enlighten humanity as they existed 2000+ years ago. That was my intention.

What was I doing at the Trivial Pursuit game? I wanted to know if you could hear me and if you would trust what you heard. Both are needed in effective channeling. You heard me loud and clear and, until the question about continents, you trusted the answers you were given.

What was not evident was any interest in pursuing what you categorized as a one-time

anomaly.

I wish you had pursued that. If you had begun to wonder what had happened and if it would be repeated, then we could have begun a telepathic dialogue.

Was I frustrated that day when you abruptly stopped trusting the answers I gave you? I suppose “frustrated” is as good a description as any. The channel was so very strong, so very clear and you had demonstrated spontaneous trust. But curiosity was lacking.

If I intended to pursue the option I had, my only choice was to wait until you were ready. And then I would train you from scratch because there had been no pre-birth training. I was willing to do that because of what I know about the leadership potential you possess and what I know about the depth of your soul’s experience in clerical roles.

I was willing to monitor your progress and wait for your curiosity to catch up so that is what I did. I waited. But I was not going to wait entirely on the sidelines.

Thank you.

Yeshua

At this point, I would like to say that I am privileged to have Yeshua call me friend. I was not brought up in the Christian Church so my regard does not include worship, though I hold him in admiration for the mission he undertook so long ago and consider myself privileged to be working with him today. It has taken me years and hundreds of lessons to come to know him comfortably as my teacher. I am deeply grateful.

My current gratitude, however, does not change what happened at that picnic.

In the cause of open-mindedness, supposing I had been curious about that voice. Let’s speculate about a different ending.

Supposing I had found a quiet patch of shade under one of the oak trees distant from the revelry of the picnic. Just supposing. . . .

I curl up on the cool grass and gaze idly upward paying no attention to the clouds my eyes report. I let myself wonder.

“Who are you?” I ask. “A ghost?”

“Not the kind you mean.”

“Are there other kinds?”

“You can’t see me.”

“Are you someone here? At the picnic? Someone telepathic?”

“I’m here, but not the way you mean it and I’m not a ghost.”

“Then what are you?”

He pauses. “One of the Masters of Wisdom.”

“Oh.” I’ve heard about Masters of Wisdom from my mother. I know they have names. “Which one?”

“Does it matter?”

Every instinct tells me not to press. “I guess not. Why were you giving me all those answers?”

“I wanted to see if you could hear me.”

That doesn’t make sense. “Why?”

“If you can hear me, you can help me.”

“Help you do what?”

“Communicate.”

“With whom? About what?”

“We can settle that later. Are you willing to help me?”

I’m suddenly aware of my heartbeat. Is this real?

“I will train you. I won’t ask you to deliver any messages beyond your ability.”

Messages? What messages? That is the logical question, but I’m not ready to ask.