

## The Secret Place

God snatched me up into there about 31 years ago. I was in jail lookin' at 25 to life. I found this poem on top of a wall cabinet under a layer of dust and then I picked up a little New Testament with the words of Jesus in red letters.

There is magic in believing  
Let us keep our faith aglow  
The tomorrow we're awaiting  
May be closer than we know

There is magic in believing  
Let us walk in humble trust  
The shadows cannot linger  
Dawn is near and come it must

The sun a constant miracle  
Has never failed to rise  
Impossible is not a word  
That God would recognize

After I got out of the secret place one powerful bit of knowledge stuck in me from Jesus' words, Paradise is here on Earth.

No, the secret place is not jail, it's the place in your mind where you go to talk to God; Jesus, Buddha and John (Lennon) have talked about it. I spent a lot of time there making sense out of what was going on in the world preventing the realization of Paradise.

Twenty-nine years later I was slammed so hard as to make the trying times of the 25 to life look like a pubescent faux pas. A good life, built with honest labors was taken and destroyed by Society because of a previous felony conviction.

Lower than the pits and damned if I didn't get snatched up again. I was better prepared this time, I wanted to know, If this is Paradise, what the hell is wrong?

Rule overrules God, is the answer in an extremely simple form. Take it to the Secret Place and ask God if it's true. He told me, "Yea, I made the Rule, do ya think I'd fuckin' cheat"?