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My Conflict with Jesus - Part 2<br>
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<p align=justify>I really struggled when Jesus Lord Sananda told me I should give my own platter of food
away to the hungry children, it had brought back all of my confusions and eating disorders that I struggled
with in the past when I lived through years of poverty and hunger, challenges, which I know have had a
spiritual meaning and a purpose to help me grow as a spirit. But I am really sensitive when it comes to
food. I can take the smallest thing and distort it into meaning that I don't deserve to eat, and then my life
will be turned upside down again. And now Jesus was doing that to me.

<p align=justify>You can't say to someone who has struggled with starvation and eating problems for
years, to take their own food and give to someone else. It is so immoral of Him to do that. I had become
extremely angry at Jesus and I had yelled at him and given him all of my arguments as to why it was
wrong and why I couldn't. It had turned into a huge argument, I had said some very mean things to Jesus,
because he was in effect taking food away from me, and it brings back so much pain I have gone through
with food and with everything.

<p align=justify>Now he did it again. I was vacuum cleaning the house and he tells me about the starving
and how I should give from what I have to the starving. I told him I have had years of poverty and
starvation and I just got back to a situation where I can eat at least something every day. I have not been
working for months now and had no income. I already eat probably less than a tenth of what a normal
person eats. Why do I have to give from what very little I have? Does he want me to live under a piece of
cardboard in the woods, eating earthworms and pinecones, and wearing broken plastic bags for clothes?
While I give everything I have to the poor, and then those poor children will grow up and have twenty
unwanted starving hungry children of their own? So out of creating my own misery I will end up creating
more misery.

<p align=justify>Why can't we just teach these people about birthcontrol and family planning? Just
because some people multiply exponentially like roaches why do I have to be punished for that? Just
because they can't stop having sex? I haven't had sex in a year. It's not like I would have unwanted
children that I can't feed. How about I get a kennel of dogs and let them multiply, oh I haven't had those
dogs fixed and here's all these puppies now I want handouts to feed these dogs? Why do I have to suffer
and starve and be poor just because other people are living like animals and can't stop having sex and
making unwanted hungry children, which in turn will make twenty more of those hungry children?

<p align=justify>I thought to myself that what if the cult of Jesus is a dangerous one. What if it leads
people into misery and poverty. Is Jesus perhaps a dangerous cult? Would I be happier worshiping the
ramhorned devil who would never ask me to starve and who is only asking people to give him goats? I
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could live on a goat farm and give him goats and have plenty of food to eat for myself. Is Christianity, when done properly exactly like Jesus would ask you to, a dangerous cult?

<p align=justify>Why doesn't he ask other people to give to the starving children? There are people who drink alcohol every day for lots of money, why can't they stop using alcohol and cigarettes and drugs and give that money to the poor? Why doesn't Jesus go to rich executives who are eating steak out on a restaurant five days a week who spend more money on food in one week than I do in a month or year. Why does Jesus come here and take my food and money away? I haven't been to a dentist in like ten years. I want to buy new shoes and clothes. It's not like I voluptuously go shopping, I haven't had any money in ages, and even when I do have money I don't spend a lot, I only get a few of the things I need. I never spend much, just look at all the other people, why can't they be asked to help the poor? I've <i>been</i> one of the poor for many years and nobody helped me then. Jesus never told someone to give their food to me.

<p align=justify>It brings back a lot of my issues that I had finally worked myself out of. It makes me eat really fast because I feel like I'm not allowed to eat so I eat it quickly so that nobody would notice, even when I'm all by myself, I guess I don't want Jesus to see that I am actually eating some food.

<p align=justify>This time, like last time when I argued at Jesus, he tells me how much it hurts him. It really hurts him when I argue at him. I told Jesus that I can't do all this all too soon. I told him that maybe he should leave me alone for a while. He can't ask me to suddenly become what He is. I am not Jesus. I have a human body and a stomach that feels hunger. And it's easy for him to say, he is not the one whose food is taken away from him, he is not the one who would have to starve, and it is easy for him to say, when it is not his money.

<p align=justify>I was actually at the grocery store while I continued arguing at him. I was picking up some bread for the family and I looked into the bag of bread and thought about what God had told me, and I knew that it was not bread in that bag, it was the thought of God.

<p align=center>

<p align=justify>I know that there is a powerful lesson here, one that will liberate me as well as others. I sometimes think that there are no others, because God speaks as if my life were just a test, God watches me to see how I do. I am supposed to realize something, but I don't know what it is yet. I just know I am afraid of starving again, and maybe it is the feelings of all those other people that I am feeling. Because I wondered, is this how the starving are feeling? Are they too asking why did somebody take their food away from them? Do they also feel worthless? Do they feel the same fears and pains I have?

<p align=justify>Yet I look around at all the ignorant selfish people who are spending so much money on stupid things and who would never have a thought about the starving. Why does God come to me to ask me to help them? When I am already probably one of the nicest most thoughtful people in this world? But then I wonder if there even are any other people. This is between me and God.

<p>God has not given you his fury. ~ God and Sananda together speak, April 12 2014, 12:46 noon  
<br>But many have given their fury to us. ~ God  
<br>I am afraid to starve again, how can I be asked to give when I have nothing to give from? I really need to buy shoes, what good am I to anyone if I give my money to people who starve, then all they are going to do is have more starving children? How does that help anyone in the end? I don't understand. And now I have to feel guilty when I eat, and it wasn't long ago when I had eating problems and starving. Do you God just hate me so much? I know you don't hate me, but you are really trying to ruin my life here.  
~ me

<p align=justify>Actually, if God had told me to give to the poor then I would have. But Jesus says things differently.

<p>We have always come to the women who were poor. When you were hungry, we were there. Thinking of how we could amend you. ~ Sananda

<br>Why don't you give to the poor? Why do you come to the poor, such as me, and ask me to give to the poor? Why can't you do it? It's easy for you to say when you don't need food or money. Why do you want me to not go to the dentist or eat food or buy shoes? Why me why me why me? Why do I have to be poor again? Just to make more poverty? I don't understand any of it. ~ me

<br>We are not here for Easter, if you don't want us to be. ~ God and/or Sananda

<br>You don't seem weak to us, there are many who are weaker! ~ God

<br>And then I like to tell you, why don't you go ahead and tell the person who has cancer that they are stupid for suffering because other people have cancer <i>and</i> they have broken legs. Instead of going to people who are ~ me interrupted

<br>There are no diseases. ~ God, or maybe he said "There is no one who is unhealthy", something like that I didn't write it on time and then I forgot exactly how he said it

<br>What? There are no diseases? But people suffer? ~ me

<p align=justify>Is this a dangerous religion?

<p>No, it is not. ~ God and Sananda smiles

<p align=justify>I don't understand. Why don't they make an apparition of themselves to the rich people and tell them to help the poor. And then send information about family planning to the idiots who are having twenty children and growing exponentially and making more misery. Instead of going to the few good people who are in this world who have already suffered enough and should be left alone to eat and enjoy their very humble meals instead of bringing back their eating disorders and making them feel very guilty when they eat.

<p>Jesus, leave me alone for a while. You didn't even help me last night when the Devil stood by my bed. ~ me

<br>I heard you calling for me. I wanted to see what he would do with you. As, we help the ones who are better, first. ~ Sananda

<p align=justify>Last night I had a long nightmare where I woke up in my bed and the Devil stood by my bed. I was calling for Jesus and Sananda but didn't see him there, and the Devil stood close to me for a long time.

<p>It wasn't a nightmare. Meaning, it really did happen. ~ Sananda

<p align=justify>Jesus gave me an assignment because I had been so angry at him today. He told me I have to fast for Easter and give food to the hungry. It is my assignment to do. And that made me really happy. I love to fast, and I would love to fast AND get to bring some meals to the hungry. I might cook some meals and bring it to a shelter, it feels better that way than sending money somewhere. I remembered I have 200 in Swedish money in my bank. It is all I have left until I get my next (first in a long while) paycheck nearly two months from now.

<p>We gave you that. ~ God smiles and laughs

<p align=justify>I knew it. It is God who gave me my new job. When he said "We gave you that" he showed me my new job. I have seen many signs at my job that have made me very suspicious that it was a gift from God.

<p>You are here to learn, with [my mother's name]. ~ Sananda smiles at me

<br>My Bread has been given, and it was many. ~ Sananda

<br><i>So? You only saw that?</i> ~ God says, God shows me the bread that I looked at in the bag today at the store

<br>Is bread many things? More than just the food? Is it just an image that you project there? Is bread just a lesson in life? Have you put me on a theatre stage to see how I will act? Are you teaching me as a

soul why you love me? Are you taking me home in your arms? Did you create me as a tiny little soul and now here you have placed me on this Earth which you created ~ me interrupted

<br>We have made many souls. ~ God

<br>And some of them are wiser than you! ~ Father Motreyah

<br><i>Some of them are never angry at us!</i> ~ Father Motreyah and God smiles at me

<br>Some of them take their lessons with joy. ~ God or Sananda

<p>Are you teaching me? Is it really not about bread ~ me interrupted

<br>It is also not about wine. ~ Motreyah

<br>Is it not about bread or money? Am I supposed to realize things that are more real than the things we think are solid? I will fast at Easter and give food to the hungry. I can do it that way. It makes me happy just thinking about it. ~ me

<p align=justify>And God as Father Motreyah beams so much love at me and gives me a hug. They showed me my new job.

<p>God? Why are there Fallen Angels and the Devil? Why did you not take them away? ~ me

<br>They were banished first. ~ God speaks through his tentacle beard

<br>Do you love them? ~ me

<br>Yes, of course! ~ God

<br>I love you. I have to learn to love all people here on Earth. ~ me

<br>You already do! ~ Father Motreyah

<br>Do I? Then why can I be so selfish? How can I walk past someone who is hungry, and only think about my own fears of hunger? ~ me

<br>Because your hunger and theirs is the same. It is the same thing sitting there, as in you. <i>That is the only reason why you see it.</i> So, when you cease to feel hunger, the world hunger ceases. ~ Motreyah, "same thing sitting there" is the poor begger man who was outside the grocery store

<p align=justify>I have to go bake a cake. We are expecting some family over today. I have asked Jesus if I should give food or money to the beggars in the street. Jesus said, that I should only give to them if they ask for it. I did not expect that answer. I know it is Jesus and not my imagination. I would never put myself through

<p>And, we also want you to have shoes. ~ Father Motreyah beams with so much happiness

<br>So I can buy shoes? Without feeling guilty? ~ me

<br>You need them to walk around here. ~ Motreyah

<br>We have always bought shoes when we needed them. As, no man or woman should walk barefeet. ~ Sananda

<br>So I can enjoy some shoes without feeling guilty that I did not put that money into feeding the hungry? I don't have to feel guilty about wearing shoes? ~ me

<br>How do you think they feel? ~ Sananda or Motreyah asks and shows me the Catholic pope elite sitting on their thrones

<br>I don't think they care about the poor. Because they have a lot of money and they ask for more money from the people. That is why protestantism was formed, when the people didn't want to have to <i>pay</i> for salvation. I don't think the pope cares about the poor, because he doesn't seem to go visit them and give them food from his own two hands that he cooked for them himself in a kitchen. But I could be wrong. What do you think about the pope and the Vatican? Jesus what do you think about the Vatican? ~ me

<br>They want to remember me. ~ Sananda

<br>Is Catholic Christianity the best form of Christianity to be what Jesus is? ~ me

<br>No, it is not. ~ God speaks

<br>It is only, when you feel it in the heart. And now, I, and the Holy Ghosts, must leave you at this time. ~ Sananda

<br>Forgive me for being so crude and terrible. I am just a human and I suffer here sometimes. ~ me

<br>I am sitting on my cloud and watching you. ~ God shows me himself as the white man with long stilt legs sitting down on a cloud, I love that image

<br>Forgive me God. ~ me

<br>Now, for what? ~ God

<br>I am imperfect. ~ me

<br><i>We don't want you to be.</i> We just want you to feed the hungry. And then, all of your own miseries will go away! As, that is how it has been ordained. Help the others, and it helps you. <u>As there is no others!</u> It is only you here, in these lands. <u>All of what you see, all of the misery, is a piece of you</u>. What you see is what you are. And, now! We will not say more! The rest is for you to find out!

<i>So, help them, and it helps you</i>. ~ God speaks while sitting on a cloud

<br>God? ~ me

<br>Tell the Popes that they are doing a pretty good job. That, we are always proud of them there where they are. <u>And that the gifts have been many, have been plenty</u>, for them. ~ God

<br>God? Is everything around me just a reflection of what I have inside of me? If I see misery does that mean that there is misery in me? ~ me

<br>I am happy to tell you, that no! ~ Father Motreyah laughs

<br><i>There is so much for you to learn, to be a nun.</i> The Catholics are not the only ones who can do this you know. ~ God speaks, he knows I have wondered if I should be a Catholic nun

<br>I have to go bake a cake. They are almost here soon, and I need to get that thing into the oven. I love you God, Lord Sananda, Jesoah, Father Motreyah, Imam Abdullah, and all of the other forms of God. ~ me

<br>You are loving yourself then, because we are in you. ~ Father Motreyah laughs heartily

<p align=justify>Time to go bake a cake.

<p>There will be a good justice for you. ~ God says to me

<br>I love you God, I don't understand everything, you sure have put us humans into a life that is a mystery. But I will enjoy learning about happiness and sharing and love. Now I must go, there are earthly things to attend to. ~ me

<p>Why do I have to give? I don't even eat meat. ~ me, 1:30 PM

<br>Why do you think there is anything outside of your self? ~ Motreyah

<br>Even the bread was given. ~ Sananda about the bread I bought

<p align=justify>9:18 PM ~ God is showing me scenes from when I was a newborn baby and my father held me in his arms feeding me. God has shown this to me in the past few days. God is teaching me something about feeding other people. God had also asked me, would I feed the hungry if it was my own father out there starving? Yes, I said, but I would also tell my father to please stop having too many children, and then I could take care of him, but I couldn't feed all of his many children if he had too many. I cannot help everyone.

<p>God? I don't understand the lesson I am given about feeding the hungry. I don't understand it? Do you want me to be poor too so that I can afford to starve a few of the millions of ~ me interrupted

<br>Do you think there are millions? ~ God

<br>Are there? ~ me

<br>No, there is only one hungry one, and it is you. That is why we want you to feed yourself, through them. ~ God

<br><i>Isn't that the lesson had?</i> ~ Father Motreyah

<br>Your mother has been feeding you, because you had wanted her to. ~ one of the God forms says, I've lived at my mother's for a few months in between jobs

<br>Now that I have a new job coming along, I can afford to take some of my monthly income and send it to feed the hungry. Is that, enough? Or do you want me to give so much that I too starve? ~ me

<br><u>No</u>, we don't want anyone to be poor or starving. ~ Sananda

<br>Then, there is no problem then? ~ me

<br>No, the problems are many, many that are had. ~ God or Sananda

<br><i>The Christian churches don't understand this either.</i> ~ Motreyah

<br>They don't understand where starvation comes from. They only know that it goes away with salvation. ~ Sananda, and the image of prayer when he says "salvation"

<br>Do you think foods need spices? They only need a touch of spice. ~ Motreyah, shows me an image of the spice rack here at home

<br>I don't understand? And, if you reveal to me the secrets behind these ~ me interrupted

<br>We are called Masters for a reason, because we reveal the lessons. <u>We tell you the right answers!</u> ~ Motreyah

<br>Yes, the answers are to be had. ~ Sananda

<br>Aren't I ~ me interrupted from "Aren't I supposed to learn lessons on my own?"

<br>So, when you teach children how to read? Or are they meant to learn it all on their own? The reading part is not easy, the learning to write is. And, there are many more lessons to be had. ~ Sananda

<br>This is only one of them! And then, you will be rich! <i>As, wealth comes from inside of every man.</i> ~ Motreyah

<br>I still don't understand. I will give it a try. ~ me

<br>Do you think people are rich, when they don't give to the poor? Or are they only deluding themselves. To sit, in nice chairs? To eat nice soup with a silver fork? To wear nice clothes? To have high horses, and stand tall? To wear nice hats, with a feather inside? To watch from the inside of a cart? ~ God, the inside of a cart was the image of a wealthy man from like the 1500's peeking out from the horse carriage he pulled the curtain back a little so that he could sneak a peek at the commoners outside

<br>Well? I don't think he is rich no. But I don't <i>understand</i> why he isn't. ~ me

<br>And look, he had also got those nice boots. ~ one of the God forms shows me the man's boots, looks like the Musketeers boots from the 1500's, dark fabric boots with the top rim folded down

<p>We humans don't understand what it means to have and to give. ~ me

<br>You have when you give. ~ God Sananda speaks through his tentacle beard, it makes his mouth move, but he has no mouth opening it seems

<br>So, ... if I give I have. Are you sure? If I give all of ~ me interrupted

<br>We never said to give all of your money away. ~ Sananda, "we" or "it"

<br>If I give a part of my money to the poor then I can still have some? ~ me

<br>Yes, but that is not done in the spirit of giving. ~ Sananda

<br>As, your teeth will be many, but theirs will be none! ~ Motreyah

<br>If you feed the hungry, then you will also be given. ~ Motreyah

<br>Don't you think, that we have given you your salary? And now, we want you to also give to others.

<i>And, your teeth will be tended to. As you will have enough to go there.</i> And, do not talk to the Catholics anymore about me. They will not understand. They have not prepared to receive me through you. <u>And so! Let it be!</u> ~ Sananda, they know I want to go to a dentist

<br>You can go to your holiday too. And tend to your teeth. ~ Sananda, I want a holiday yes

<br>I can give some of what I have, and still have enough for me? ~ me

<br>Yes, there will be plenty. ~ Sananda

<br>Do all humans have to learn this same lesson? ~ me

<br>Only the hungry ones do. <i>As, you have been hungry my dear</i>. So, when you learn to give to others, you also receive. And that is how hunger is stomped out! ~ God and Sananda

<br>Oh. I am starting to understand. ~ me

<br>Yes, that is why they call me the Enlightened Masters. ~ Sananda

<br>I understand! I UNDERSTAND what giving means! I understand it now! Yes! ~ me

<br>So when you give the soup to others, you are also give it. And that is why you had none in the beginning, <i>because you did not want to see it in the others</i>. You have been vain, in other words. ~ God

<br>You're making me look bad. I'm totally much nicer than average people. ~ me

<br>How do you know that, what niceness means? Because, if you cannot give to yourself, you are not nice. And, you haven't given, to yourself. ~ God Sananda

<p align=justify>I guess I understand it now. Sure I've been loving toward others, I care about other people tremendously much and always have. But I can admit that I never really knew how to love myself fully. And because I didn't love myself, I manifested the lack and poverty and hunger. It was my love toward myself that I was hungering for, food is just the metaphor for things that are really going on on the inside and in the mind! I was hungry because I didn't love myself.

<p align=justify>So when we give to others, we can learn to give to ourselves, because when we see ourselves in the others we are giving to ourselves when we are giving to them. And only when we give to someone because we love them, does it come back to us as a loving gift to oneself. Only then have we given to ourselves. Giving "because you have to" doesn't give back anything to yourself, because it is not done out of love.

<p>Lord? Jesus Sananda, and God and Motreyah? Have I starved before because I did not love myself?  
~ me

<br>Yes, that is it. And, if you can love others, you can also be loved. ~ God, with image of my mother  
<br>So, ... even though I've always loved other people. I am asked to give to the hungry, not because I don't already love them, but because I never loved myself enough. ~ me

<br>Yes, exactly. And, we were here to teach you that. So that you can help yourself, first. Because, you never had lack, but plenty! ~ God

<p align=justify>Ick! The Devil shows me a horrible thing! You know when they had the plague and they sent the men in who wore a face mask that had like a long nose, I suppose to keep the smell out or that they had figured out the disease was infectious through the air. I've only seen those pictures black and white but in this picture it was perfectly clear and that face mask with the really long nose was red colored. Oh how scary, with the plague. The Devil has confessed that it was he who created the plague, he still talks about wanting to give it to people. Also the benevolent religious deities have confirmed that it was the Devil who created the plague. Oh how scary to see that mask thing.

<p>Devil, GET AWAY FROM HERE! ~ me

<br>Why, it was so cozy here? ~ Devil

<br>GO AWAY, YOU'RE DISGUSTING WITH THE PLAGUE! ~ me

<br>I just wanted you to see that. ~ Devil

<br>No No NO! ~ me

<br>God? Please keep the Devil away from me, please? <i>I can't handle it.</i> I'm trying to learn something here. Go away. ~ me

<br>I can/can't, catch you. ~ Devil

<br>GO AWAY! You and your stupid diseases. ~ me

<br>They aren't stupid to me. ~ Devil says and shows me the red long-nosed face mask again

<p align=justify>Horrendous. The Devil also talks about leprocy. One day I told him that he really smells bad, and he said it was because he has leprocy. Sarasvita on the other hand has a different sickly sweet smell, he is carrying syphilis and other diseases and his exhale halitosis is yellow, the Devil's halitosis sickness is black.

<p>Devil? Why did they have those face masks because of the plague? ~ me

<br>So that the children wouldn't be afraid of them. ~ Devil

<br>I thought it was to block out the smell. Or that they had realized that the air was contageous.

<i>Wasn't that why?</i> Why did you give humans plague? ~ me

<br>So that I could have them. We were making them be with me. And then they got sick because of that. ~ Devil

<br>Aha! So your very presence makes a person get the plague? So you didn't mean it that way? Just stay away from humans. ~ me

<br>We still give it to cats in the wild, as, they don't mind it when we come. ~ Devil shows me some lynx cat in the wild

<br>Don't touch animals either. ~ me

<p>Your hair was nice and golden for me once, and now it is not. I like when it is golden and fresh. ~ Devil says and I see his black animal paws with black claws as he wants to touch wavy golden hair

<p align=justify>So the Devil likes blondes. The original Jews had golden wavy blonde hair and these Fallen Angels fell in love with them.

<p>Why are you sick with the plague? ~ me  
<br>Don't say sick?!?!?? ~ Devil  
<br>Do you think you are healthy? You have diseases. Don't you suffer from them too? ~ me  
<br>These little children here, are our toys. We like to play with them and take them apart then. So, we thought you would like to know, about our mischief! Our trouble, you said. So, <b>helter skelter</b>! ~ Devil  
<br>Oh go away, I'm reading a book. ~ me  
<br>I wanted to say, <u>toil and trouble</u> to you. ~ Devil  
<br>You're trouble. Now go, I really want to just read my book. ~ me

<p align=justify>The Devil lingers watching me as I tend to reading my book. Lord Sananda Jesus lets me know that he stays here too. After some minutes Lord Sananda shows me how the Devil is touching the long white tunic of Jesus, the Devil rubs the fabric between his fingers feeling it. I've seen Sananda get close to the Devil many times, usually the Devil runs away after a while. And there was that time when the Devil claimed that Sananda Jesus had told him to go into a salt barrel.

<p>Jesus? ~ me  
<br>I am sorry about what I said about that. ~ Sananda shows me the macaroni with tuna that I was eating when this conflict had first begun  
<br>It's ok. It really was a big platter! I could have shared it with other people. ~ me  
<br>See how nice that is? ~ Devil tells me about the fabric of Lord Sananda's long white tunic, it had felt soft and silky between the Devil's black fingers  
<br>Yes, it's nice. It is a white shroud. I will get one when I die and go to Heaven. ~ me  
<br>You already have you. You just don't see it. <i>We all have one, whether we live and die.</i> ~ Sananda and God bows its head  
<br>I love my white shroud, thank you! ~ me  
<br>You are given one when you are born. And we never take it off of you! Some people, just lose the sight to see it. You have always had one, you see. God never takes it off of you. And so also, so it is with the bread. <u>The bread was never taken!</u> ~ God  
<br>You were given the gift of your mother, and you are very lackadeisical about it. <i>So, we might take her away?</i> ~ God and Motreyah  
<br>No, I want to keep her. It's just that we don't have the <i>best</i> of relationships. I feel like she is holding me back. We don't have to talk about it. I love her though, but she doesn't know it because she doesn't love herself, or something like that. ~ me  
<br>No, she loves herself plenty. ~ God  
<br>Ok. Good. ~ me  
<br>We have silky smooth here! I wanted to have it! ~ Devil about the clothes of Sananda  
<br>Yes, if you are nice you can have some good clothes too. ~ me  
<br>We would burn them. ~ Devil about the clothes  
<br>Why would you burn good clothes? Wouldn't you want to wear them? ~ me

<p align=center><font size="4"><a href="http://www.angeloraclemaar.com/sananda.html"><font color="#2F0B3A">Return to Sananda</a><p><br>

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