

*HIS WAY IS
PERFECT:*

*A Biblical Storybook
To Celebrate God's
Power*

All stories in this collection were:

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THE FLOOD

The packed dirt flooring of the courtyard began to tremble, shifting lightly beneath the feet of Noah's family as they tended to their chores. Drawing water from a well was Noah's wife, while their sons tended to the pen where the animals were kept.

And on the roof was Noah himself, who was adding more straw to cover the house in preparation of any coming rains. Made of sun-dried bricks, the house vibrated beneath him, and he clutched the straw-covered roof with both hands to remain steady.

As thunderous footsteps came closer, a colossal shadow fell over the house, and every eye shifted to the figure which approached. Behemoth in size, the giant thudded toward them, shaking the ground beneath them with every step. Even from where Noah sat on the roof, he still had to look up quite a distance just to see the giant's face, and as he did, the giant glared down at him.

Noah's family, who were all on the ground, stayed well out of way as the monstrously sized figure passed by. And so small in comparison, they could have easily been flattened by an enormous foot. Each step the giant took created zig-zag cracks in the dry dirt, turning pebbles to dust as they were crushed beneath his weight.

Little more than pests in his eyes, the giant hatefully regarded Noah's family as he heavily lumbered past, a nasty scowl distorting the hard features of his face. Even once he'd passed by,

the ground continued to shake, until little by little the repetitive thudding noise of the giant's steps began to lessen.

Resuming their duties, Noah and his family continued to work. It wasn't until sundown that they stopped, heading inside the house to share a good meal.

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It was during this time throughout Mesopotamia, that wickedness was in the thoughts of man continuously. Not a day went by that Noah didn't see something vile happen. During his trips to the marketplace where he would procure goods needed by his family, it wasn't unusual at all to notice giants carousing with women. Children came from these interactions which Noah knew was ungodly, and as a result, the land he lived in was teeming with monstrously sized men.

Along with giants going into the daughters of men, he always saw drunkenness in the marketplace. Fights often broke out, sometimes resulting in stabbings, where people were maimed or even outright killed over foolish squabbles. It had gotten so bad, that Noah discouraged his wife from accompanying him on shopping trips, and instead had his sons come along, if help was needed to bring items back.

More often than not, the food scales at the market were rigged to make measurements incorrect, so being cheated on various items was something Noah had come to expect. It seemed that everywhere he looked, people were going against the laws that

God had ordained. Not only frustrated yet also sickened by the rebellion of man, Noah was grieved by all of the sin which plagued the land where he lived, and as a result, kept himself separate from the ungodly ways in which everyone else followed.

And as Noah looked upon the land with a grievous heart, God above was also observing. It repenteth the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And it was then that the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

And as God looked upon the earth and saw all of the corruption and terrible violence, he also saw Noah, who had found grace in His eyes. The Lord knew that Noah was not only just, but also perfect in his generations. And it was for this very reason, that the Lord then spoke to Noah some words. And Noah, being a man who walked with God, heard the voice of his Creator, and he listened.

“The end of all flesh is come before me,” God spoke. “For the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.” *Genesis 6:13*

Continuing to hear in the spirit, Noah listened on as his Creator spoke on.

“Make thee an ark of gopher wood; room shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this *is the fashion* which thou shalt make it *of*. The length of the ark *shall be*

three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits.” *Genesis 6:14-15*

Making notes in his head as God spoke to him, Noah nodded and took in all instruction.

“A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set it in the side thereof; *with* lower, second, and third *stories* shalt thou make it. And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life, from under heaven, *and* every thing that *is* in the earth shall die.” *Genesis 6:16-17*

Stunned at the words, Noah listened very intently, as knowing what the Lord planned to do, had struck him with great fear. Having always been a God-fearing man, he had a reverence for the Lord that kept him righteous. And knowing the very emotions that Noah was now experiencing, God made a promise to his five hundred year old servant.

“But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons’ wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort thou shalt come into the ark, to keep *them* alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every *sort* shall come unto thee, to keep *them* alive.” *Genesis 6:18-20*

Every bit of this information was spiritually downloaded into Noah’s memory, as it was divine instruction, and to be followed

just exactly as spoken. Ultra awake and energized by the words that God was speaking, Noah kept on listening as the Creator went on.

“And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather *it* to thee; and it shall be food for thee, and for them.” *Genesis*
6:21

Having come to the end of His instruction, the Lord’s voice stopped. And knowing this was all the Lord had to say, Noah immediately carried out God’s commandments.

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With immediacy, Noah’s hands were put to work, gathering the gopher wood needed in order to construct the special ship. From morning until sundown he was kept continually busy, stripping the wood and carving it, until sufficiently sized and ready for use. Many weeks passed by, turning into months and the work went on.

Until months stretched out into years, and as the hands of Noah tirelessly worked to finish the ark, he did everything to exact measurement in the which the Lord had commanded him to do.

Anointed by God, Noah’s fingers found no trouble in fashioning the ark, and as the massive ship came closer to completion, his wife and sons couldn’t help but be amazed at the sight of it.

Knowing it was not him, but *God*, Noah humbly kept on with his work, constructing the ship with just as much zeal as the very first day he'd started the project.

Then one day his hands just came to a halt, and realizing there was nothing left to sand down, saw off, or hammer together he went very still, and it was then that he knew the ark was finally done. Gazing on at the ark which God had so skillfully created through him, Noah gazed up at the massive ship. So huge in size, it dwarfed him in comparison.

Euphoric-like wonder took over his body as he studied this astonishing work of God, and he immediately went into praise. Then the voice of God came to him, and in a still, small and completely calm voice that Noah knew so well, the Lord began to speak.

“Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female: and of beasts that *are* not clean by two, the male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth.” *Genesis 7:1-4*

No sooner had these words been spoken, did Noah obey, gathering the animals just as God had told him. And on the day that the ark was filled with animals, the sky broke open and down

fell rain, wetting the land which stretched out beneath it. Knowing it was time, Noah gathered his family and they left the house, heading for the ark which was on their land.

And as Noah went in, so did his sons and his wife, as well as the wives of both his sons. As they entered the ark, the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the deep were broken up. But Noah, who was now six-hundred years old, felt calm and completely at peace, as the ark was their place of safety, sheltering them from the hard rains.

Warm, reassuring, and filled with a woody scent, the timber-framed structure sealed them off. And as the hand of God shut them in, Noah and his family were separated from the world. Fastened securely, the gigantic door would not open again for a full year. And as the rains kept coming down, the waters of the flood began to cover the earth.

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As the heavens remained open, the ground became soggy and filled with mud. Animals were taken to higher ground, and families who were able, moved to drier land which still had yet to be flooded. This rain was like no other, and everybody knew it. But as the murky brown waters steadily rose, people exited their houses, climbing up to the roofs.

Only days ago, people had been marrying and planting and selling things in the marketplace. Babies had been born and celebrations were held, people eating and drinking and being

merry as usual. Life had seemed normal, with not a cloud in the sky. But now, the rain had gone on for five full days, and everyone in Mesopotamia was beginning to wonder when it would stop.

But as five days turn to seven, and the rain went on without lessening a bit, everyone in the land was past the point of wonder, and those who'd moved to the roofs of their houses were now stranded. The land beneath them was submerged, and all of their crops were completely destroyed. Smaller animals like roosters and chickens had been drowned, and barns filled with hay and grain now lay in ruin.

Seven days became two weeks and the rain kept on, filling every house and building in the village with muddy waters. Even the animals who'd been moved to higher ground had all died, and many who'd been unable to reach the roofs of houses, or some other high point, had perished from the rising waters.

Yet as bad as it was, the rains still did not stop, and as the waters went higher and higher, they bare up the ark of Noah and his family. As the huge boat shifted, settling onto the waters which now flooded the earth, Noah and his family rushed to the window. Intensely curious they gazed outside, and their mouths fell open at what they saw.

Where once had been villages with houses, and farming communities with various animals, there was now nothing but water. Everywhere that they looked, there wasn't an inch of dry land, and completely stunned at the change of landscape around him, Noah stared in wide-eyed wonder.

Now a vast sea of rippling waves, the submerged landscape was completely destroyed. Noah didn't see one person at all, not a single mountain, nor even a bird flying about in the air. Just an endless horizon of dark waves, which effortlessly carried the ark along.

Just as stunned as Noah was his wife, who stared out the window with a dazed expression. She had no words for what was happening, neither did Noah's sons, nor their wives. Just forty days ago they'd entered the ark, with land still visible and people alive.

But now everything was gone, hidden deep below the waters that God had sent, and knowing they were the last people on earth, rendered them all completely speechless. Struck with awe and great wonder and incredible reverence for the Lord, Noah and his family went into prayer.

Fervently and with much delight, they thanked the Lord for preserving them, as even the high hills that *were* under the whole heaven, were covered by never-ending waters. All flesh had died besides for them, and they thanked God for being so gracious to spare their lives.

And as the Lord looked down upon Noah who was just and perfect in his generations, his ears were attentive to the words that they spoke, for His eyes were always on the righteous.

The windows of heaven remained open, sending fat drops of rain hurtling down to the already submerged earth. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.

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Carried along by the waters through an earth that was devoid of life, Noah's ark was impenetrable, sealed off from any damage by the grace of God. And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark. And God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters asswaged, settling down at God's command as He told them to be subdued.

After forty days, the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained. And at the end of the hundred and fifty days, the waters began to lessen.

Having heard a steady patter of rain upon the roof of the ark for nearly two months, Noah and his family were shocked, blinking in surprise at the halted rain. Immediately going for the window, Noah sent forth a raven, and he watched it go to and fro. He then sent out a dove as well, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground, but when the dove returned to him, he saw she brought nothing to indicate dry land.

Seven days passed before he sent out the female dove once again, and when she returned he was overjoyed, as an olive leaf had been plucked from a tree to be held in her mouth. But Noah

could feel from God to wait seven days more, and he sent forth the dove once again to see what would happen.

When she didn't return, he knew for a certain she'd found dry land to rest on, and filled with excitement, he told his family. Having kept track of the time through daily markings on the untanned skin of an oxen, Noah knew it was the very first month of a new year, and the very first day as well. And now six-hundred years old, Noah and his family were finally ordained by God to leave the ark.

Speaking unto Noah, the Lord's voice said, "Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that *is* with thee, of all flesh, *both* of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth."

And following his Father's command, Noah did go forth with his family, as well as every beast, every creeping thing, every fowl and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark. And with immediacy Noah built an altar for the Lord, and took every clean beast and every clean fowl as an offering.

And as the scent of the burning animals went up, the fragrance was sweet to God, and in his heart these are the words that He said:

"I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart *is* evil from his youth; neither will I

again smite any more living thing, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.” *Genesis 8:21-22*

And from this point God blessed Noah and his sons, and told them to be fruitful and replenish the earth. And he gave them dominion over all the animals of the earth, including the fish which swam in the sea. And a covenant was also made between Noah and God, for God told him that never again would the earth be flooded to destruction. And as Noah listened, the Lord continued on, letting him that a bow would be set in the cloud as physical evidence of this divine covenant.

And through the three sons of Noah, who were known as Shem, Ham, and Japheth, God’s commandment to be fruitful and multiply in the land was fulfilled. And through them, the whole earth was overspread.

Jesus Is Tempted In The Wilderness

Freshly baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost, Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness. Cracked clay beds where water once flowed could be seen as he walked, valleys and deep ravines cutting through the Judean desert.

Feeling his Father steer him along, Jesus walked confidently ahead, soles of his sandals leaving prints in the sandy trails of the bumpy terrain. An open blue sky streaked with clouds stretched out endlessly above him, no beginning nor end to its majestic span.

The wind whistled through stone and along the canyons as he trekked along, expertly piloted by the one and only Spirit of God. Always at one with his Father, he continuously prayed, eyes gazing upon the stunning desert landscape as mile by mile gradually elapsed. Hanging at his hip was a goat bladder filled with water, which he only took small drinks from at specific times along his journey.

Streams could be found along the way for water replenishment, yet not knowing just when or where he would come upon them,

Jesus relied entirely on his Father to provide at just the right time. Having been instructed by God to fast, he only drank water. When night came and he needed to sleep, Jesus was directed at times to caves where he would slumber, before once again journeying once dawn arrived.

And when he needed to rest during the day, he would sometimes relax beneath an overhanging cliff, taking small sips of water as he looked out at the immensity of the Judean desert. Once he'd sufficiently taken rest, Jesus would continue along, still being guided by the Spirit on hard-packed and uneven ground. Heat from the ground rose up through the soles of his cow-hide sandals, and as he continued making steps, dust settled lightly onto his feet.

Now a week into his journey, Jesus kept on forward, not wondering nor worrying as to where he was going, as he entirely trusted in His Father. Painful blisters had begun to form on the soles of his feet, and his lips were now dry and getting cracked from the wind which whipped through the desert. But that didn't deter him at all, as the will of his Father was his own, and just as the Father was in him, he was also in the Father as well.

As the landscape stretched on, so did Jesus, and as a second week elapsed, the feel of the sun-baked earth beneath his sandals seemed to cook the soles of his feet. Hunger pains gnawed into his stomach, as it had now been empty for fourteen days. Hot and dry, the air around him smelled of dust, which flew around to settle on his clothes, as well as his skin, which was like burnished bronze.

Sharp pebbles could be felt in his sandals, causing considerable discomfort as he continued on his journey. And as a coppery taste came into his mouth from all the dust that was blowing around, he paused a moment, taking a drink from the goat bladder flask he kept tied to his hip. As the water touched his tongue he closed his eyes and savored the drink, enjoying the smooth, soothing feel of the fresh, clean water he had gathered from a stream.

Although warmed by the desert sun, it was still very welcomed by his throat, and now ready to go on, he walked once again. Giving thanks to God, he allowed continuous prayers to come off his lips, tongue speaking a never-ending praise as he kept in communion with the One who had sent him.

As night fell upon the land, the Spirit led him toward an overhanging rock, and settling down beneath it, he rested his body. Shivering and numb from the blistering cold of the evening, he drew his knees to his chest to try and keep warm, then tucked a hand beneath his head as a pillow.

Sleep came quickly but the time to awake came even quicker, and while the sky was still dark he went into prayer, speaking to his Father while gazing up at the pre-dawn sky. Wanting only his Father's will to be done he communicated this, and he also gave thanks and glorified the Lord, before starting to walk and continue on his journey.

Days passed but Jesus kept on forward, clothes chafed from sweat and dirt as it clung uncomfortably to his skin. Thirty days

had passed since he'd last eaten, and a gurgling in his belly sounded out loudly as his dust-caked feet made steps along the earth. An empty sensation in his stomach could be keenly felt, and a hollow ache had begun to form in his mid-section.

He did not know how many miles had elapsed, nor was he aware how much longer he had to go on, but acting in accordance with God came naturally to him, so moving forward he kept obeying the Lord. As days slipped into nights and nights slipped into day, still no food touched the lips of Jesus. And with only water to enter his stomach, the strength to go on was drawn directly from his Father.

Having continually lost weight, his linen tunic hung loosely on his emaciated frame. His cheekbones jutted out from all the weight he had lost, and each step that he took became a challenge, as traveling the rugged desert landscape meant bypassing ridges and valleys, as well as deep ravines that cut through rock.

The slopes he hiked up became progressively steeper by the day, and now thirty-eight days into his fasting, he felt so lightheaded that it was sometimes difficult to keep his balance.

Stomach pains were a daily occurrence for him now, and sometimes he felt so weak, that continuing on was a challenge. But he never forgot to give praises to his Father, and whenever the Spirit led him to do so, Jesus knelt down and said a prayer. All of his heart and his soul and his strength was put into it, hands clasped before him as he spoke to the Lord in a voice filled with deep devotion.

Heat waves rose off of the earth, burning his knees as he continued to kneel, but Jesus never faltered a bit, face glowing with pure love as he prayed to God with a tender softness. Only once every bit of himself had been poured out to the Spirit of his Father, did he rise to his feet and continue on, moving ahead across the sand and rock landscape.

Now traversing a dry and rocky area of rolling dunes, Jesus felt his limbs begin to tremble. Well-worn from all the traveling he'd done through the barren landscape, the soles of his sandals had worn out, leaving his already blistered feet with only a paper-thin covering of cow hide to walk on.

The sun seemed to beat down harder with every hour that passed, and now swollen from heat, his tongue felt thick and meaty inside his mouth. Halting a moment, Jesus allowed himself a small drink from his animal flask. Hands trembling from weakness, he clasped the waterskin in his dry and cracked palms, and as water touched his tongue, he felt a bit of relief.

But the throbbing pain in his head continued, pulsing with such strength that his vision had become diminished, and feeling slightly dizzy, he took very careful steps.

The flap of a bird's wings could be heard as it continuously circled above him, as if noticing his weakened state. Gazing upward, Jesus noticed it was a vulture, undoubtedly watching his slow and heavy steps as he continued across the harsh, sun-baked desert terrain.

It was then that he noticed a billowing sand storm forming just ahead, and clasping the prayer shawl which covered his head he shielded his eyes. Then lowering himself to a squat he knelt down, head lowered to protect his face.

Within seconds a violent blast of sand, dirt, and bits of rock was coming towards him, encircling and swirling around his form. The prayer shawl covering his face kept most of the debris off his skin, but bits of grit still got into his nostrils, dust and desert particles clinging to his dry, peeling lips.

The amber-colored cloud of dust which surrounded him was so thick he could actually feel it, encloaking his crouched form as turbulent winds drove it strongly forward. Then after awhile it began to clear, and rising to his feet he slowly unshielded his eyes, yet kept his prayer shawl over his head so it would still be protected from the harsh desert sun.

As day became night and night became day he kept on forward. And now forty days into his fasting, Jesus hungered so greatly that his stomach twisted into knots. Having never stopped praying over these forty days in the wilderness he spoke to his Father, saying everything that was in his heart, soul and mind. Praise flowed from his lips like living water, his tone smooth and so very tender as he spoke out loud.

But then a dark shape materialized just ahead of him a few feet, and slowing his steps he gazed upon it. Knowing immediately who it was he kept on watching, and as the shape took form into a

human-looking being, Jesus halted his steps and narrowed his eyes.

Dressed in a black tunic and shawl which hung over his head, the dark shape emitted a presence of unadulterated evil. Yet rather than fear, Jesus only felt a great empowerment come down through him from the Holy Spirit.

The tempter, Jesus thought as the form in all-black began walking toward him, and in seconds the devil was next to him. Disgusted at his presence, Jesus's skin began to tighten, and then the tempter was speaking to him.

“If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.” *Matthew 4:3*

Pointing towards a cluster of stones, the devil crookedly smiled at Jesus, awaiting his answer with a blinkless stare. Looking right at the stones, Jesus felt a gnawing come into his belly, as if the mere mention of food had made his stomach react. And studying Jesus with a sneaky smile, the devil eagerly waited to hear his reply.

“It is written,” Jesus firmly began, “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” *Matthew 4:4*

The devil's brow furrowed lightly at these words, but his stance remained firm before Jesus, as if unwilling to give up and leave the Son of God. Stance just as firm, Jesus stared him right in the

eyes, and as the surroundings suddenly shifted around them, the holy city of Jerusalem was all around them. Now standing on the pinnacle of the temple, Jesus looked out at the city below them, which seemed miniscule from their vantage point.

Eyes sneakily hooded as he studied Jesus's face, the devil made another suggestion, speaking words through lips that were twisted into a subtle smirk.

“If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.” *Matthew 4:6*

Immediately and without any hesitation, Jesus faced the devil and began to speak.

“It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.” *Matthew 4:7*

Jaw setting tight at Jesus's words, the devil narrowed his eyes and the atmosphere shifted, taking them both to a mountain so extremely high, it was exceptional to the eyes. Now standing upon it they both looked out at the view beyond, where various kingdoms now came into sight.

Materializing right before his eyes, Jesus watched as dome-shaped buildings, great palaces, and palatial houses came into view. Majestic mansions also came into sight, with huge courtyards and flourishing vineyards that stretched out for miles.

As a multitude of kingdoms continued to spring up before Jesus's eyes, the devil swept out his arm, eyes glittering excitedly as he spoke.

"All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." *Matthew 4:9*

"Get thee hence, Satan!" Brows lowering, Jesus spoke with full authority, tone firm and voice loud. "For it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." *Matthew 4:10*

Now glowering at Jesus the devil quickly turned and walked away, and as he left, angels came to Jesus and began ministering. Now pervaded by a feeling of peace and utter calmness, the atmosphere surrounding Jesus had quickly shifted. The powerful glow of his Father's spirit could be felt through the angels as they attended to Jesus, and enveloped by the holy servants, he received all that the Holy Spirit had to give through them.

The Woman Who Touched Jesus' Garment

For twelve years now, the bleeding had not stopped, continuing to flow in a way that left her hopeless. She had been to every doctor there was, and spent everything she had on countless healers. But not one could do a thing at all to make it cease. Due to her continual bleeding, she was seen as a *niddah* – menstruating woman, and was therefore considered unclean. An *issue of blood*, was what they called it, but the roots of which made her bleed, was completely mysterious.

“Is there nothing you can do to make it stop?” She asked in desperation, with eyes which were wet with tears.

A shake of the head was the typical reply, and she would leave in great sadness, back onto the streets where merchants hawked their wares. Everyone knew of her condition, and she was therefore shunned by every person in the settlement. All she needed was for the blood to cease seven days, in order to be regarded as clean for some time.

But it never let up for even twenty-four hours, so she lived in a state of perpetual uncleanness. A social pariah in the settlement where she resided, her eyes were always lowered to avoid the stares. The veil

around her head was used to shield her face, but the whispers which came from those around her still reached her ears.

Cloaked in shame she always walked briskly, as even the religious men of her community gave looks of distaste at her mere presence. Nobody wanted to walk near her, and even the craftsmen who sold goods she needed, such as spices and bread, refused to touch her hand for the exchange of money. Her coins were always placed on the table where they sat, so no contact was made with this *bleeding woman*.

Both socially and religiously isolated, she spent much of her time alone, always returning to the two-room stone dwelling which she had shared with her parents since birth. Having bled since the age of sixteen, she was now twenty-eight, and therefore seen as unfit marriage material to most of the men.

This made her even more of an outcast, and no other women in the village were friendly towards her. More than embarrassed, she lived in a state of total anguish, as there was nobody beside her parents, who would look at and speak with her. It was during one day in the afternoon, when she heard much talk in the village, and perking her ears to what was said, listened in.

“There is a man who performs miracles,” spoke a maidservant, who said these words to two other women. “He is to be at the river in just a few minutes time, as the boat he’s traveled on, is now approaching the shore.”

“Is this not the same *one*, who cured the demon-possessed man that lived in the burial caves?” The female servant who spoke, questioned intently.

“It is,” she excitedly affirmed. “And now he will be here, for us to all see him in the flesh.”

Excitedly chatting the women started to walk, and noticing others were, too, the *lady who could not stop bleeding* followed behind. Soon a small group had joined them, as word of this man who performed miracles, made others want to follow and meet him as well.

Once at shore's edge they saw a figure who stepped out of a boat, and now larger in size, the crowd thronged around him in much excitement. Wanting badly to see him, the *woman who could not stop bleeding* stood up on the tips of her toes, but it was difficult to get a clear view.

His face and upper half was visible, however, and that was more than enough for her to see what she needed. A light emitted from his very being, one that drew her closer to him in a way she just couldn't explain. More than eager, she was now desperate to get closer, and struggled among those who had gathered to be near. Then suddenly she noticed someone, a synagogue leader named Jairus, and he quickly fell to his feet in front of Jesus.

"I pray thee," he called out, a great humbleness filling his voice as he spoke. "My little daughter is dying. Please come and put your hands on her, so she will be healed and live." *Mark 5:23*

Eyes soft and filled with compassion, this man who performed miracles immediately went with Jairus. The crowd followed close behind, and still doing her best to push her way to the front, *the woman who couldn't stop bleeding*, followed too.

His name was spoken by many as they all walked...*Yeshua, Yeshua*, was the word everyone kept saying, and *the woman who had an issue of bleeding*, softly spoke it just beneath her breath, too. The name made her feel good, protected, and she felt a power in it that only affirmed this man was truly the Messiah. He *was* God, she felt it deep in her

heart, and right then and there she decided she would do anything at all to touch him.

If I just touch his clothes, I will be healed, she suddenly thought, in moments she was at the very front, and coming right up behind him, fell to her knees and reached out to touch his cloak. *Luke 8:44*

Her palm found purchase with the fabric of his prayer garment, grasping hold of his Tzitzit, which dangled from the hem. As she touched the edge of his cloak, a warmth spread throughout her, and her bleeding immediately dried up. Taking in a gasp, she felt a powerful healing, zipping through her body like a beam of light. *Luke 8:44*

Eyes wide and glowing, she felt ultra-awake, both rejuvenated and elated by the mere touch of her hand to his fabric. She'd already known it would work, as her faith was deeply rooted, but the actual moment of being healed, was unlike any other feeling she'd ever had in this world. Halting immediately, Yeshua took pause, as he'd felt the power go out of him. He then turned in the crowd, and called out these words to all in attendance.

"Who touched my clothes?" Mark 5:30

Searching the crowd with curious eyes he waited, but then one of his disciples suddenly spoke.

"You see the people crowding against you, and yet you ask, who touched me?"

But Jesus's eyes never left the crowd, wanting to see who had given the touch, which had made power go out from him. Shocked he had immediately known, the woman who had touched, trembled at his feet. Then opening her mouth, she confessed it was she who had done it.

“It is I who touched you,” she said, chin dipping down as a bright flush spread across her face.

Gazing down at her with a warmth and love that surpassed comprehension, Yeshua gave a reply that immediately soothed her.

“Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace and be freed from your suffering.” *Mark 5:34*

Jesus Prays To the Father

The steady hum of the crowd could be heard as Jesus walked on, heading away from the village center and towards a hill which overlooked the settlement. Eyes scanning the land before him, he sought out a place to be all alone, to be in silence and seclusion so he could pray to His Father and be in the spirit.

Many crowds were now gathering wherever he went, as reports about him went abroad, spreading word that they could be healed of their infirmities. It put joy in his heart to do His Father's will, and to help and heal people of what plagued them. But balance needed to be kept so it was time to be alone, so he could stay focused and divinely empowered.

Clad in a pair of sandals which clung comfortably to his feet, Jesus took on an incline which led up a small mountain that was lush and green. Beautiful wildflowers dotted the landscape all around it, blossoms facing the sun as gentle rays beamed down on the hillside. Just like the flowers, Jesus also sought out a warming presence.

His own Father, who resided in him, and who gave him direction in every way he should go. Once led to the right place where he would sit and pray, Jesus comfortably settled down, then went totally still and tuned into His Father.

Quietly, yet with an unshakeable faith, Jesus spoke the words. Rather than having to think about what he would say, it came automatic and straight from his spirit. There was no doubting as to whether the prayer he spoke would be answered, as he immediately gave thanks for it being received.

“Father, may your will always be done, he began to speak. “I have confidence that anything I ask according to your will, shall be heard by you.” *1 John 5:14*

Head bowed and fingers clasped in his lap, he continued on.

“Holy Father, I pray for those who believe in me through their message, that all of them may be one, Father, just as you are in me and I am in you. May they also be in us so that the world may believe that you have sent me...” *John 17: 20-21*

Speech unhurried and breaths calm, the Son of God had no desire to be anywhere else, than in the presence of His Father.

“I have given them the glory that you gave me, that they may be one as we are one – I in them and you in me – so that they may be brought to complete unity. Then the world will know that you have sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me.” *John 17: 22-23*

The breeze was gentle as he spoke, sun pleasantly warm as it shone upon him. Each breath that he took was soaked with the Holy Spirit, each beat of his heart perfectly synched to that of His Father in heaven. His thoughts were the thoughts of the Father, each word passing his lips fully matched to the divinity of the Holy Spirit.

The glow which always surrounded him became even brighter with each word he spoke, and savoring every single second that he had in His Father’s presence, Jesus poured out a love that was all consuming.

Although no humans were around to soak it in, the birds in the trees could feel it pour out. Knowing full well it was the presence of the Holy Spirit, they sung out in joy and gave praise with their melodic songs.

Ground animals took note of Him as well, rooting up from their burrows or taking pause to listen. It seemed that every living thing knew these

were the words of the Son of God, as the very atmosphere began to change all around him.

Being in communion with His Father put Jesus deeply at ease, and as the Holy Spirit generously poured out on him, a revitalization began to take hold. Strength was recovered as he went into communion with the Lord, and the energy he'd expended to help others and heal various infirmities, began flowing back into him like a mighty stream.

Now looking out over the small fishing village of Capernaum, Jesus was still and just allowed His Father to speak. The demands of his ministry never stopped, and many depended on him for hope and healing. So keeping an intimate relationship with His Father, was of the utmost importance to him. Silence and solitude kept him fully in tune, so he made it a priority to do this daily.

As Jesus gazed out at the village which was the center of his ministry, peace overwhelmed him and God's grace washed out over him. Making any move without the Father was just simply not acceptable to him, so taking the time to hear his Father's voice was as natural as the process of breathing.

Still, in full solitude, and with his spirit as one with His Father's, the Holy Son spoke and received, while gazing up and lifting his eyes toward heaven.

Jesus Calms the Sea

Waves from the ocean slapped violently against the boat, tossing and shifting it around like a bobbing cork in a deep, vast sea. Peacefully asleep in the stern, Jesus remained in slumber on a cushion. While his spirit was well aware of the powerful storm, his soul could not have been any more calm.

As if to contradict his cool, composed manner, the wind picked up sharply, forcing the waves to break over the boat. Sea water splashed in violently, almost swamping the boat with its salty liquid. Tossed about by the large swells of water, the boat was defenseless, a mere hunk of wood against the forces of nature.

Distressed by the waves, the wooden boards of the boat creaked loudly, as if threatening to give at any moment. Nearly knocked over by the vicious swaying, the disciples panicked, reaching out for anything stable to clutch. Each struggled to keep their footing, hearts palpating quickly as they got soaked by the waves. Each of their gazes kept going to Jesus, but he continually slept, as peaceful and calm as if the boat were still.

Lacking the serenity of their master, all twelve disciples were extremely unsettled, and one in particular chose to call out, tone fearful and shaky as he called out to Jesus.

“Master!” One of the disciples shook Jesus’s shoulder, eyes wide with fright as he spoke again. “Master, carest thou not that we perish?” *Mark 4:38*

A whistling gust could be heard as he said this, blowing right past them with an ominous feel. But Jesus remained the same, calm cool and collected with posture relaxed. Rising from the cushion where he had been sleeping, he faced the wind, then spoke to the waves with a voice of authority.

“Peace! Be still!” *Mark 4:39*

The wind died down immediately as he spoke, and in a few brief seconds it was totally calm. Waves smoothed out completely, allowing the boat to level out. Miraculously everything was hushed and tranquil, and turning to his disciples, Jesus spoke again.

“Why are you so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?” *Mark 4:40*

Eyes still wide with terror, they struggled hard to comprehend, as everything around them had changed so quickly. Completely speechless they gazed at the still, smooth water, now gently rippling as it carried the boat. No wind could be heard at all, just total stillness and this left them perplexed.

Eyes bulging at the quickness with which everything had changed, they looked back at their master, who still stood before them. With softened features that implied calm, he just looked back at them, before turning to gaze out on the waters.

“What manner of man is this?” They excitedly chatted amongst each other. “That even the wind and the sea obey him!” *Mark 4:41*

And in His Anguish, He Prayed

The night was still and quiet, no sounds to be heard as Jesus sought a place to be alone and say a prayer. Walking through the grove of olive trees he continued forward, expression grave and eyes deeply serious. He went a little further and then fell face down, lips speaking a prayer in a sobbing tone.

“O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.” *Matthew 26:39*

Forehead pressed to the ground in humbleness, Jesus directed every ounce of his being to God, and then an angel from heaven appeared to Him, and strength in his body rose up quick and strong. Still deeply anguished, the son of God kept fervently praying. Skin bunched around his eyes as he plead to his Father, sweat pouring from his face like great drops of blood as it fell to the ground.

Neck corded, there was audible stress in his voice, toes curling and body bowed in reverence. Consumed with sorrow to the point of death, his lips twisted grimly but the prayer went on, face soaked with blood-like sweat which dripped copiously from his pores. Hands clasped so tightly that the veins beneath skin nearly popped right out, He called out to God in an emotion-choked voice.

Surrendering completely he wanted only his Father’s will to be done, and knowing this was his purpose, knew deep in his heart that it must be fulfilled.

Throat nearly sore from calling out to God, Jesus then ended the prayer, and for a long moment He gazed up at the sky. Then slowly He rose to his feet, and with sandals touching ground, went off to the area where he’d left the disciples.

Jesus Evades the Enemy

“Look!”

Pointing toward a star, the noble pilgrim halted his camel, going completely still as he sucked in a quick breath. His eyes focused hard on the astronomical object, which glowed so intensely it had him transfixed. It was then he immediately *knew*, as did the other two men who were travelling along with him.

“The King! He has been born!”

Speaking these words in a breathless tone, was one of the Magi. Eyes widened, he gaped at the star, and a euphoric feeling overcame him at just the thought of the newborn child. Casting a silvery glow on all three of the Magi, they stared heavenward at the star, which dazzlingly twinkled in the Eastern night sky.

An overwhelming divinity could be felt as they stared hard at it, and following in its direction, they were led by its light. Travelling east, they headed toward Jerusalem, each mounted on camel as they made their journey.

Far from easy, it took many months, with even the camels growing weary as miles elapsed as the wise men went on. Eager to see He who was born as *King of the Jews*, the Magi followed the star as it led them, travelling by night so they could be guided by the one who kept their path lit.

As they made their faithful pilgrimage, none complained nor regretted the journey. For paying homage to the one whom the star belonged to, far surpassed any temporary discomforts. Twenty-four months passed before they finally came over the hills which surrounded Jerusalem, and

on entering the city went immediately to Herod. On reaching the king they spoke, excitement lacing their words as they communicated in his palace.

“Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.” *Matthew 2:2*

Regarding the three wise men who stood before him, Herod the king lifted his brows, as the three pilgrims before him were timeworn. Clearly they had come from far away, as their capes were less than fresh looking, and the conical headdresses they donned showed signs of being worn down by the elements.

“We’ve travelled many roads and struggled along mountain passes,” spoke the magi who stood in the middle. “So we must find this newborn king, that way we can honor and worship him.”

Adopting a sullen look, Herod felt his stomach harden, as surely there could not be another come to take his place? And a *child*, at that? Who could this *be* that these three men spoke of?”

“I know *not* of any such child,” Herod said, and gesturing to one of his servants, made it clear he wished to have some words.

The three wise men watched as Herod the king spoke in private with a lowered tone, and as the servant hurried off at Herod’s request, one of the Magi inquired of Herod.

“If you know *not* of this newborn king and where his birthplace is, who does?”

“The chief priests and scribes,” Herod replied, and it was then they began to approach, all in a group as they came to Herod.

Eyes glowing in eagerness the Magi waited, looking to the chief priests and scribes for their much-needed answer. Turning to them, Herod inquired of this newborn king's location.

"Tell me," Herod began, tone stern and posture tense as he spoke more words. "Where *is* this *Christ*, who should be born?" *Matthew 2:4*

"In Bethlehem." The scribe who spoke up, unrolled the scroll which was in his hands, pronouncing every word which was written upon it. "For thus it is written by the prophet, Micah: 'And thou Bethlehem, *in* the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.'" *Matthew 2:6*

Not liking what he had heard, Herod's brows drew tightly together, and with bitterness in his spirit, shifted his attention from the scribe to the wise men. Mouth dry with apprehension, Herod now inquired of *them*.

"You must tell me, what time was *it*, that the star appeared before you during your travels?" *Matthew 2:7*

"It was twenty *and* four months ago," replied one of the Magi. "As soon as we saw it, we set out to trace its path, and ended up here." *Matthew 2:*

"Then make your way *now* to Bethlehem," Herod gruffly replied. "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found *him*, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also." *Matthew 2:8*

Departing on those words, the three wise men made their way to Bethlehem, and as night fell upon the city, the star appeared and began to lead them. It was a few hours later when the star suddenly shifted, and seeing the location where it now hovered, the Magi followed it up

to that very point. Knowing this destination was the house where the newborn king was, each Magi lowered himself from their camel.

Little more than a square, stone structure that was humbly small, this dwelling they arrived at gave off a pure and divine energy. Undoubtedly the house where this King child was, the wise men felt a lightness come into their limbs.

Each had a wide grin on their face, eyes gleaming with amazement as they shared hugs of exuberancy at having finally reached this young and most divine child. Speaking excitedly they gathered their gifts, offering loud praises to the Lord for leading them to this King of the Jews. Adrenaline rushed through their veins as they walked to the door, and with upturned faces, knocked on the door with three gentle and polite knocks.

As the barrier swung back, a man was revealed, and knowing that these visitors were wise men, he allowed them to enter. Known by the name of Joseph, the man of this house was dressed in a tunic, with robe overlaying it which was drawn in with a belt.

Understanding that this was the man to whom the mother of Jesus was espoused, the Magi nodded in respect, then took off their sandals before entering the dwelling. As Joseph led the way, these men from the East all followed, where they were taken to a young woman who sat with child.

Relaxing on a thin mattress which was stuffed with wool, she gazed up at the Magi, who openly gaped at the male toddler whom she held. Falling immediately to their knees, the three wise men began to worship him, faces pressed to the ground in reverence as they cried out to the Lord with great appreciation. Filled with gratitude and

overflowing with joy, the Magi spoke excitedly to the male child, with noses still pressed to the ground as they extolled his presence.

“How great is the Lord, most worthy of praise!” One of the wise men enthusiastically proclaimed. *Matthew 2:11*

“There is no one like you, O Lord!” praised another. “Your name is great, how *powerful* you are!”

As the woman, who was named Mary, held onto this child of the Holy Ghost, she watched on in complete stillness. Knowing full well who her son Jesus was, and from *whom* he had been sent, she tenderly held him in her arms. Now at the age of two years old, he was maintaining a healthy weight. Having always possessed a sweet disposition, he had a dignified and calm way about him.

Even now, as these three men remained humbly bowed before him, Jesus regarded them with a gentle look. It seemed that even at his young age, he knew exactly what they were there for, and that he fully understood the magnitude of his presence on the earth. And yet he remained serene and collected, just comfortably sitting on Mary’s lap as the Magi presented what they had brought.

“King of heaven and earth, we have brought you some gifts.”

Hands shaking with excitement, as well as a deep and solemn respect, one of the Magi undid the drawstrings of a bulging pouch he’d brought along. Fashioned from linen, it was filled to the brim, and as the pouch was emptied, fat nuggets of gold were presented before Jesus.

As it lay in a small pile before the divine child, he looked on with relaxed features. Clearly appreciating the gift, the Magi could feel that Jesus approved. And yet it also was clear that the presence of this precious metal didn’t excite the child in the way that it would a common man.

Next to present a gift, was a wise man who had brought frankincense. Laid out on a silk cloth, the aromatic resin gave off a pleasant odor, and the wise men could see from the way that Jesus leaned slightly forward in his mother's arms, that the scent was very pleasant to his nose.

The grin that the wise men all wore just couldn't be contained, as it put great warmth in their hearts that this child King was approving of the gift. Next to be put on display was myrrh, which gave off a woody and slightly medicinal smell.

Just as Mary silently observed, so did her husband Joseph, who stood next to her with a hand resting lovingly on her shoulder. A soft smile was at his lips, and every now and again he'd look to the child, observing his reaction to what these men from the East had brought. He could see that the young boy was well pleased, and eyes glistening with tears at the divine atmosphere which pervaded his house, Joseph felt a thickness come into his throat.

Warmth expanding through his chest, he felt a love for the boy that just couldn't be described. And as the Magi continued to revere this Holy child, Joseph watched on with warm, tear-filled eyes.

* * * *

"How beautiful He was!" Spoke one of the Magi as they left the house.

"Did you see the way He reacted when I presented the frankincense?" Asked the second wise man. "It's fragrance was clearly most pleasing to Him!"

"Every gift that we gave was good," said the third wise man. "But the gift that He gave us, was much better than anything we could ever hope to offer."

All nodding at this, they entered a structure which was built behind the dwelling they had just been in. A barn which housed the animals, it was well kept up, and after creating makeshift beds of hay, all three of the Magi relaxed their bodies. Still overly excited it was difficult for them to sleep. But as slumber did arrive, they peacefully went into it.

* * * *

The silvery light of the moon shone softly into the barn, waking the wise men with a peaceful gentleness. Yet as each came full awake, they immediately remembered having a dream. And eager to tell the other, they began to share what God had shown them.

“We must *not* return to Herod,” one of the wise men said. “I have just woken from a dream that has warned us to go straight home.”

“I had the same dream!” The second wise man exclaimed. “God showed me that Herod is *not* to be trusted.”

“As did I!” The third wise man regarded the other two with awe-filled eyes. “We will *not* go to Herod to report on the heavenly child, but immediately go back to our own country, as God has told us.”

Completely in agreement, the Magi started off immediately, strapping sandals on quickly before exiting the barn and getting onto their camels. They then departed with quickness into the night, heading off toward their own country in a different way from which they’d first come.

* * * *

As the wise men were departing beneath moonlight, Joseph was asleep and having a dream. This was when an angel of the Lord appeared to him, and speaking to his spirit, the angel gave him these words:

“Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.” *Matthew 2:13*

It was after these words were given, that Joseph came awake. Lying on a mattress stuffed with wool, he slowly rose up. He then looked to the young child who slept soundly next to Mary, and placing hand to her shoulder, gently shook her awake. Gradually she was roused from slumber, and as her lashes fluttered open she saw her husband, who looked down at her with a serious stare.

“We must go now, and take the child into Egypt. “

“Why?” Lifting head from her pillow which was cloth stuffed with wool, she gave him a slack expression.

“Because I have just had a dream, where an angel of the Lord appeareth to me. He said we must flee, for Herod seeks to destroy the young child.”

Remembering very well how her husband had received dreams before from the Lord’s angels, she immediately rose from their sleeping area. She covered her head with a shawl in preparation of going out into the night, then lifted Jesus into her arms, along with a piece of linen which served as his blanket.

Having quickly filled a sack with bread and raisins, Joseph then filled a clay jug with water, before nodding to Mary that it was time to depart. With baby Jesus in her arms she was ready, and leaving the house with not one look behind them, headed off and into the night.

Although it was highly unusual for them to travel with the moon still out and the sky still dark, Mary completely understood, as dreams from the Lord were not to be taken lightly. She also understood that her son Jesus was a divine child, so as his Father directed they must always do.

With Joseph by her side and her precious baby boy in her arms, Mary kept up a steady pace. Both knew there wasn't time to waste, and yet neither was in a panic, either. They knew all would be okay as they were following the Lord's orders, and keeping straight on their path, continued on toward Egypt.

Knowing that God himself was doing the navigating, put a peace deep inside both Mary and Joseph that surpassed all understanding. And cuddled up safely against his mother's soft, warm bosom, the young child named Jesus rested comfortably in her arms. The moon hung high as they continued their journey, giving off its light as they made their journey.

* * * *

It was just after dawn when Herod received word of the wise men departing. Yet on hearing the words as it came from the mouth of one of his servants, his face immediately blanched and he went very still.

"You bring me these words but I do not believe them," he said. "The Magi *departed*, and I was not informed?"

"We were not aware, my king." Posture tense, the servant rapidly blinked. "Was it not your word that sent them away?"

"Of course it was not my word!" His deep voice boomed. "Did you not stand beside me, as I demanded them to return to me, with word about the young child?"

"I did." The servant firmly nodded.

"Then you should know, that it was not / who sent them away."

Sitting before a breakfast of boiled eggs and salted bread, along with yogurt, honey and raw milk, Herod felt his appetite immediately dry up. Nostrils flaring, he stood to his feet, and marching off in a huff,

prepared to give orders to his men in waiting. In mere moments he had gathered them up, and standing before them with heat flushing through his body, shouted orders as they keenly listened.

“All children in Bethlehem, two years and younger are to be slayed. Leave not *even* the coasts untouched, as I expect *all* to be taken care of.” *Matthew 2:16*

Grinding his teeth, Herod then waved his arm in a dismissive way, and as his men went off, he angrily watched. Expression tense, he felt his heartbeat pounding, and fantasizing in his head, began to imagine the young child’s death. It would be done, he was certain of it, and as his men marched off with swords already drawn, Herod glared after them with cold, flinty eyes.

* * * *

Fashioned from field stones held together with clay mortar, the tiny one-room house was located peacefully on a small hill. Built on the foundation of a rock, it was solidly built, and made to withstand any type of weather which came through. Sleeping within the walls of this dwelling were three – a young child named Jesus, his mother Mary, and her husband Joseph.

Made of straw, the roof held solidly above them, shielding the family from the cool night air. Joseph, who was having a dream, slept very deep. And as an angel of the Lord appeared to him, he heard him speak. As the words came from the angel Joseph’s ears perked up, his spirit attentively taking in every word of this divine messenger.

“Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child’s life.” *Matthew 2:20*

No sooner had these words been spoken, did Joseph wake up, and head rising from the pillow, reached out his hand to touch Mary's shoulder.

"Mary, wake up." Rousing her gently, he waited for her eyes to come fully open.

"Joseph?" Tone laden with drowsiness she slowly came awake, taking a few moments to focus on his face before speaking again. "What is it, my husband?"

"We are to leave immediately," he excitedly said, and as her head lifted from the pillow, he gave her a gentle kiss on the lips. "An angel of the Lord came to me again. He says we must go to Israel, as Herod is now dead!"

Brows lifting at this, she almost couldn't believe the words he'd just spoken. But knowing that God had often spoken to her husband in his dreams, she could be most assured that the words were *most indeed* true.

"This is wonderful news!" She replied, and immediately reached for the young child, who'd been peacefully sleeping just right beside her. "I will prepare Jesus, as we have a week of travel ahead of us."

While Joseph gathered the food and water for their trip, Mary woke up her son, then ensured he was properly clothed in garments which would keep him well-protected from the elements. When she got to his sandals, she made certain they were firmly strapped on, then taking a moment she spoke to him. Now aged five, he was able to walk, and resting on her knees so she was eye-to-eye with him, she softly smiled.

"We must make a journey," she told him. "Into Israel, which will be our home. We will be safe there, my son. And taken well care of by your Father."

Eyes filled with a brightness that drew everyone in, Jesus nodded at his mother's words, as he knew in his spirit just what was going on. Still slightly drowsy he rubbed his eyes a few times, but his softened features implied he was calm. Knowing full well of her boy's divinity, she could feel his serenity wash over her like a balm, and taking his hand into hers she then rose to her feet.

Just as when they'd left Bethlehem toward Egypt, they made their way with a sense of calmness, as they fully understood who it was that was guiding them. Their Lord, their Creator in heaven, and the Father of Jesus who walked right alongside them as they left the house.

Knowing her son needed rest periodically, Mary sometimes carried him so his feet wouldn't get too tired. But Jesus was able to walk longer periods that she expected, and unsurprisingly, the boy was most unbothered by this sudden and most unplanned trek. Rather than be stressed or tense during their journey, he observed everything as they walked, checking out their surroundings with a wide-eyed and curious gaze.

And yet there was also a wiseness in the way that he saw things, as if rather than just simply looking, he was also studying things on a much deeper level. A spiritual level, and Mary knew this, which made her wish she could see things in the exact way that her son did.

As days elapsed they continued on, until finally reaching Egypt after a full week of walking. On arrival there came word to them, about Herod's son, who was named Archelaus. Learning that Archelaus reigned in Judea, Joseph felt uneasy about going any further in that direction. And after receiving direction from God in a dream, led his wife and her son to Galilee.

A fertile, mountainous region, it had plenty of rocky terrain, in which homes had been built into. They travelled further into lower Galilee until reaching the town of Nazareth, and knowing this was the place, it was where Joseph settled them.

And this was the spot which God had ordained for his son Jesus, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.