

# Love Farm

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an education in love ...

**Diane Stanley**

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May all who read this book  
come to feel  
the pure logic  
and immense power  
of Love.



This is a story of not only our current human condition but of our immense potential – and the way the Creator has made for us to bridge that gap.

Although this novel is based on the Divine Truth teachings ([www.divinetruth.com](http://www.divinetruth.com)), it is a reflection of my current soul condition and understanding and therefore, changes may be made in the future.



The three unsourced quotes at the beginning of the book are mine - all other quotes are sourced.

Although the animal characters contained within this story appear to have souls and soul mates, this anthropomorphism is only for the purpose of telling this story and is not a belief aligned with Divine Truth teaching.



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# Introduction

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*L*ove Farm offers a very different perspective on what most of us view as ‘the problem and solution’.

Regardless of whether the conflict is within us, the larger collective or between individuals, when we misunderstand the problem, it is inevitable that we misunderstand the solution. And within that misunderstanding, nothing can ever change. Nothing. We are doomed to repeat different variations of conflict ad nauseum.

Throughout this book, the sincere reader will have an opportunity to gain an emotional understanding of how the lack of an education in love creates all conflicts, internally and externally – as well as of the significant impact that this education can have on us individually as well as collectively.

And when the impact of this education in love begins to dawn on us – it feels as if we are a long-lost traveler who has finally spotted the North Star for the first time and now knows the direction toward home. And even though we still have a distance to travel, Gratitude begins to bubble as we orientate ourselves more in the direction of Love.

*A distorted view of love runs us in circles,  
while an education in love orientates us.*

# Prologue: Ready

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*“What is the highest form of freedom, you ask?  
Why ... the highest form of freedom is the freedom to love.”*



Bernadette thought she would live longer but she was ready. After she felt the impact, it happened quickly. Her eyes remained clear as she recognized the one looking back at her and then the moaning began.

“What have I done? What have I done? Please – please don’t die! Please!”

And although Bernadette could not manage to say anything before she took her last breath, she hoped her eyes would convey what she felt.

Many years later, Bernadette’s eyes did bore their way into the heart of the one moaning, which then began their education in love.

But now ... the story of Bernadette’s education in love which began seven years earlier.

# 1: Desire Sparked

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*We are all looking for the North Star,  
for the orientation toward Truth –  
why then do the comets enamor us so ...*



“Did anyone leave?” Bernadette had just learned what was about to happen and felt a dread come over her.

“What do you mean?” Her mother, Minnie, smiled inwardly at her daughter’s inquisitive nature.

“After the uprising when you all ran the humans out of Tribesville, did any of the animals leave the farm – willingly, I mean? Not like Snickers, but did anyone decide that life here was just too – well ... was just not for them?”

Minnie was surprised at what her daughter’s question implied. And it sparked fear in her. She knew Bernadette no longer liked school but she thought that was the extent of her unhappiness. Questions like that caused her to fear for her daughter’s safety. “No, no one left. Why do you ask?”

Bernadette shrugged as her sinking feeling grew. She didn’t have the energy or will to answer.

“Only Snickers left and certainly not willingly, as you know. Good ride to that swine! He belonged with the humans – those vile creatures who only look out for themselves.” Minnie looked over at her daughter and decided she needed to soften her voice as she explained why a second uprising was needed.

“After the first uprising – after all the animals joined together and ran those humans off the farm – for a time everyone was happy. Everyone accepted the Chester Whites’ rule and we were happy to enforce that rule. As you know, all the animals agreed that those particular swine were well suited to lead. And we German Shepherds are very well suited to help maintain order and enforce their rule. We took that responsibility on willingly.”

Bernadette, a smaller than usual German Shepherd pup, was very young when she learned of the hierarchy in Tribesville. Chester White pigs were the only pigs in leadership. And German Shepherds were the only dogs who were trained to enforce the pigs’ rule and had the privilege to serve them. Bernadette wasn’t sure why that was, but it had never occurred to her to question it.

“For a time,” Minnie continued, “the Chester Whites seemed wise with all their talk about freedom and the common good and how sacrifice is necessary and we trusted them. We were so naïve. But then ... oh, wait ... there was one animal who left – a Shetland pony actually. I think her name began with a M– Maggie? Magley? No, I don’t recall her name but I do remember she was a foolish chestnut colored pony who liked her mane decorated with red, blue and yellow bows.”

Bernadette’s ears perked up. “Why did she leave?”

“She didn’t understand the cost of freedom, of course! When the swine took over, they made it clear that we had to be free of everything human – clothes, bows, walking on two legs – everything. Before Magpie left – that’s her name! It’s Magpie. Before she left, she was heard saying ‘I like bows.’ And then she was never seen again at Tribesville.

But – oh, now I recall. Months later, Abraham reported seeing her in town pulling a cart full of children. She had six colorful bows in her mane. He said she at first seemed happy but when she looked up and saw him flying overhead her eyes clouded over and a tear fell. It was clear to him that she regretted what she did. That’s what happens when we put our own selfish desires over what’s best for everyone. We end up regretting it.

It’s late and tomorrow will be a big day with our secret meeting but you can rest assured that the second uprising will put things right. We ran those humans off the farm and now we’ll run those Chester Whites off! German Shepherds are meant to lead! Even the other swine – the Kunekune, Duroc, and Berkshire agree! And the other dogs! We are unified in this decision.”

Bernadette sometimes wondered why the farm’s six non-Chester White swine and the five other dogs, who all happened to be Rottweilers, put up with the poor treatment they received. They were all often tasked with the most menial chores away from the general population and tended to be very passive due to their upbringing.

Bernadette was brought out of her musings as Minnie continued, “Everyone agrees that German Shepherds have the heart and brain to lead our farm well. We’ve proven ourselves trustworthy and once the Chester Whites are gone, everyone will finally be treated equally and taken care of.” She gave Bernadette a snuggle before she curled up against the wall of their shack. Her father wasn’t home yet and their tiny room seemed empty without him.

Bernadette didn’t even say ‘Good night’ as so many thoughts ran through her mind. She was unconvinced that the German Shepherds in charge would make things better. And then she thought about Magpie’s tear and how Abraham was so certain it was about regret, but Bernadette wasn’t so sure about that either.

As she thought about Magpie’s desire for bows, it awoke something within Bernadette that she hadn’t felt for several months. She remembered all the details about that day when the new desire first sparked within her, as

well as the day three weeks later when it was nearly extinguished. That was when she began to question things that she had never questioned before.

It happened when she was only six months old and for the second time in a week she had nothing to eat for breakfast. The Chester Whites began rationing food again three days a week, which now included the German Shepherds. Up until that time, they were excluded from food rations because of their loyal service to the pigs but now Buster, the pig in charge of the food, announced ‘Loyalty is also shown through sacrifice and now is the time for you German Shepherds to actively show your support.’

This was the day that the German Shepherds first began to talk among themselves about how oppressive the Chester Whites are and how they’re just using them to do their dirty work to keep the others in line.<sup>1</sup> Groans now spread among the German Shepherds about how the Chester Whites will grow fatter as they all grow thinner.

Bernadette was hungry but glad she had an hour to herself before she needed to start the daily chores the leadership posted. The farm’s library was only open for one hour each day so she got there right on time. Being a German Shepherd she was good at math so when her parents told her that accounting was her destiny, she accepted that. There were only a few accounting books left that she hadn’t yet read so she looked forward to checking them out. But all of that changed when she spotted a fallen book.

It was a book for young scientists about stars and planets and on the cover was a toroidal swirl of light and dark coming out of a bright center. Her eyes widened as she stared at its beauty and she quickly opened the book to find out about this swirl. But just as she began to read about the Milky Way, the librarian came around the corner and told her to move on.

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1. The German Shepherds only became concerned about food rationing when it affected them directly. If they had felt God’s Truth that everyone is equal, they would have felt how unloving rationing is if anyone at all is excluded. Notice if there are any areas in your life where you feel entitled to preferential treatment. Or areas where you feel it’s okay for others to get preferential treatment.

He was a thinner than usual Chester White but also an openly meaner one than usual. The other pigs tried to seem nice but Mr. Briggs was different and didn't care to try. His eyes matched his words and actions and, because of that, she found that she didn't fear him as much as the others.

"Don't loiter! Pick your books and move out." Bernadette was taught from birth not to question her elders so she picked three books quickly from the section on astronomy and brought them to the front desk. Three books were the maximum she could check out so she grabbed the thickest ones available.

Mr. Briggs scrutinized her over his glasses. "Not your usual. No accounting books today?"

"My mother has one I'm still going through." She kept her voice steady and her eyes down as she felt his eyes bore into her. It wasn't a lie.

"Hmmm." He slowly looked over all three books. He turned them over, looked inside, and then looked at her before he stamped them with the return date. As he pushed the pile toward her, his words, disguised as a compliment, sent chills down her spine. "They tell me you're very good at math. Keep it up and you'll be a valuable leader of the freedom movement." His mouth turned up into a smile but his eyes didn't lie. For the first time, his eyes didn't match his words and Bernadette felt fear.

For three glorious weeks she read all she could about the bright swirl of light stretching across the night sky. She learned that it was called The Milky Way galaxy and although it had billions of stars it was only a small part of space, which the three images in the center of the book beautifully illustrated. The first image showed how tiny earth is within its vast solar system. The next showed how small earth's solar system is within the expansive Milky Way galaxy. And her head spun as she contemplated the third image. The Milky Way galaxy was minuscule in the midst of the expansive space full of numerous other galaxies swirling around. She marveled at it all and had so many questions – namely, how did it all come

about and why. Answers that, she was sad to see, weren't in the pages of her books.

When she asked her mother about how everything came to be and what was the purpose of it all, she said simply, "Those are questions best for your father." And when she asked her father he said confidently, "As for how everything came to be, well – that's not a very important question, is it? But why are we here – now that's a question that gets right down to it. And without a doubt we're here to make sure we're free. We're here to make sure that no one oppresses us! No matter what we must do, no matter how we get there - we must be free." Although her father spoke with such confidence and she had never questioned him before, this time she felt unsure of what he said.

From the moment Bernadette woke up to the moment she went to sleep, every spare moment she could, she read about space and when she wasn't able to read, she thought about what she had read. Whenever she could, she took night walks to the open field behind the barn to see if she could first spot Polaris and then from that point any constellations she could find.

When she first read about the North Star Polaris, she could barely believe what she had read. With everything in a constant swirl of movement, it seemed strange to have such a reliable fixed pointer of true north. And when she read of lost travelers finding their way home using the North Star to orientate them, she was amazed. This filled Bernadette with such hope. She began to feel that maybe there was a different kind of North Star that could orientate her toward what is true. And she longed to find it.

Bernadette looked up often now - even during the day. When doing her chores or walking to and from school four days a week, she looked up. It didn't matter if all she saw was the blue sky and white clouds. She couldn't help herself. Space called to her. But then one day, as she enjoyed the movement of the clouds against the bright blue background, she spotted Mr. Briggs looking at her sternly. After that, she tried to keep her eyes earth bound whenever she spotted a Chester White.

Weeks later when she had to return the books, she got up early to reread as much as she could. Although she had finished all three two days earlier, she had to wait until the return date to go back to the library. She never questioned any of the farm rules until now. So many seemed senseless and unfair to her now since none of them ever applied to the leadership.

After a meager breakfast of some oats mixed with water, which did nothing to satisfy the almost constant ache of hunger, Bernadette made her way to the library. She was so happy as she anticipated what other books she would find, that, as she entered, she missed the sign to the right of the library door.

Mr. Briggs was taking books off the shelf and barely glanced her way as she walked down the second aisle. She was so focused on getting to the astronomy section that she didn't notice anything unusual around her until she stood in front of where the books should have been. Her heart dropped. They were gone. Every last book on space was gone. Her heart began to race as she looked around at all of the other empty sections on the shelves.

Most of the books about myths, religion, philosophy, history, and science were gone. Only those written by Chester Whites or Chester White sympathizers were left. She couldn't believe what she saw but she tried to calm herself. As her parents often told her, "You may not understand the rules now but what's done on this farm is for your and everyone else's good."

She tried to steady herself as she made her way to the front. "Mr. Briggs, there are a lot of books missing. Why?"

Without looking her way, he pulled down the book titled, *The Scientific Method and Why It Matters*, dropped it into a bin beside him full of books and pointed toward the front door. "It is written. Look outside to the side of the door."

The words were written in bright red letters, some capitalized and bolded for emphasis: '**WORK** is why we are here. **WORK** is where our

attention needs to be. Books of another nature will be burned tomorrow at 6 pm in the town center. **ALL ARE REQUIRED TO ATTEND.**'

As she sobbed, her parents comforted her. She couldn't bear the thought of being deprived of exploring the wonders of space. Three weeks ago, it was as if her soul had come alive for the first time in her life and now it was dead. Her parents assured her that there were rumblings about the pigs' poor leadership and that change was in the wind.

Finally, after some time, she fell into a quiet, restful state which caused her parents to mistakenly believe she had fallen asleep. And what she then heard her parents say caused her to question more of what she thought she knew.

Her father's voice was quiet but firm, "Her head is too much in the clouds anyway. This is best. She needs to focus on math. That is her destiny."

Her mother, as usual, agreed, "I guess you're right, dear. No good comes from looking up. We must keep our eyes grounded. It's safer that way. Safety is paramount. I do feel much better when she's focused on math."

That was the moment when Bernadette first had the feeling that she wanted to leave Tribesville. That feeling shocked and terrified her. She couldn't imagine leaving but she also couldn't imagine staying. In order to stay she would have to deny her desire to explore space. And that seemed impossible. Nothing now felt as it did before – not even her parents.

And the second time she had the feeling that she wanted to leave the farm was six months later when her mother told her about the soon to come second uprising – the same day she learned about Magpie.

Tears welled up as she considered Magpie's desire behind her words 'I like bows' and the courage it took for her to pursue that desire. Bernadette was amazed that Magpie, a 'foolish chestnut colored pony' as her mother had called her, did what no one else dared do.

Little did Bernadette know, as she finally drifted off to sleep, that she would soon be the second one to willingly leave Tribesville. Yet, unlike Magpie, no one there would ever forget her name.

## 2: Heart Torn

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*My experience in this life has taught me  
that it is always best to reach the mountain's peak  
before attempting to understand the view.  
-Through the Mists*



The morning after Bernadette learned about Magpie, she was barely awake when she heard her mother whisper to her father, “Maxim, we must keep her safe at all costs. The second uprising will happen soon and I can’t bear to lose another offspring.”

Bernadette moved slightly and by the expression on her face her parents knew she had heard.

Wide eyed, Bernadette asked her mother what she meant and Minnie’s voice shook as she responded, “You had a brother who was born moments before you, but his one leg was a little shorter than the others. He was so bright and picked up tasks quickly but the pigs didn’t care. Their eyes only see what’s damaged and not beyond to what’s good. He was useless to them so when he was only seven weeks old, they got rid of him. We have no idea what happened to him.”

“What was his name?”

“Gabriel. Gabriel was his name.” Bernadette waited in silence as her mother seemed lost in thought. “We’ll be safe once again – you’ll see. First the humans and now those Chester Whites have proven to be evil. They care nothing about our safety.”

“Am I in danger?”

Minnie looked at her husband and nodded for him to respond. Regardless of what Maxim said, he spoke with such great confidence that others were often swayed in his direction. Now, however, his confidence seemed empty to Bernadette.

“We have everything under control. You don’t need to worry about anything. Trust us. We’ll keep you safe. And very soon Tribesville will contain no more threat to any of us. The evil pigs, like the evil humans, will be behind us. Our leadership will finally make things right.”

She felt conflicted when others talked about the humans, and even the Chester Whites, being evil. A human with kind eyes once secretly handed her some food over the section of fence hidden from the rest of the farm. Her mother said that humans can only see what is damaged but she wondered if her parents were that way also. She kept that wondering to herself, however, as her father continued.

“It’s our duty to get rid of the Chester Whites, especially now that they’ve befriended some of the humans! Imagine! Just over a year ago we ran them off the farm and now the swine dine with them! We’ve been their servants far too long enforcing whatever rule they come up with today. They in turn ration our food and, more each day, limit what we can do and how we can do it. We know what freedom is. We’re not meant to live chained to the evil urges of those pigs and their human friends. They’re damaged beyond repair and once they’re gone, and *we* lead instead, then all will be well.”

Minnie smiled at Bernadette before she added, “And today is the day we will have our final planning meeting before it begins. But now let’s see if there is anything at all for breakfast.”

Bernadette knew the meeting would be behind the barn in the enclosed field and that no pig knew about it. Not even the few non-Chester White pigs. Maxim said, “Swine are swine – so it’s best we not trust any of them.”

Sunday at noon was the perfect time for a secret meeting because that’s when the Chester Whites and their human friends always had an extravagant meal together in the big house. They drank together and planned how they can improve things at the farm, which mostly involved how to tighten control of the animals.

The first secret meeting with all of the animals was four weeks ago after Mascot, a close advisor to Chief, the pig who ruled the farm, made an announcement. That was the tipping point where they all went from complaining among themselves to organizing a revolt together.

Mascot stood up on two legs teetering on top of a wooden crate as his plump body swayed into the podium in front of him, almost knocking it over. He steadied himself and coughed and struggled to unfold the paper before him. And then, after a few more coughs, anxiously began to speak, “Chief, our esteemed leader, could not be here with us today but these are his words.” He held the paper up so high that he almost toppled over again. He then caught hold of the podium, straightened his body to seem as tall as possible and began to read Chief’s words confidently. “Your work is valued but you must understand that sacrifice is needed to secure freedom. Listen closely! To remain free from the corruption we faced when the humans ruled us, our farm must work well and become a model for others. Easy water access for drinking and watering our crops is essential to our success. Digging for water in the east field will begin tomorrow at 7 am sharp. All are required to be there – young and old alike. Thank you for your cooperation.” Without looking at anyone, Mascot turned and left.

The ten German Shepherds in leadership, which included Bernadette's parents, then did what they had previously been instructed to do. They circled the animals and barked and nipped at whoever was in their reach. Chief told them that this tactic would ensure loyalty which is essential to any thriving community. Maxim nipped at the backside of the goat, Samuel, and Samuel kicked him hard in the head. Maxim fell backwards and struggled to get up until Samuel offered him a hoof.

"We have a common enemy, Maxim. Don't you see how they're using you canines and care nothing for you? We can help each other become free of these vile pigs." Samuel hoped Maxim felt his loyalty.

That was the day when the German Shepherds came together with all of the other animals to plan the second uprising. They had had enough. They knew this project in the east field meant going back to twelve-hour work days, six days a week, with little food and rest while the Chester Whites took shifts from the shade of the large tent brimming with food as they supervised the German Shepherds supervising the other animals.

It took four weeks of planning for them to get to this final meeting which would soon begin – but Bernadette first wanted to spend some time alone. As she headed toward the section of fence hidden from the rest of the farm, she wondered if the human with the kind eyes and yummy treats would be there. She wasn't, but the warm sun felt good on Bernadette's back as she looked up into the clear sky and thought about the leadership of the German Shepherds. Bernadette shuddered as she considered it.

She once overheard the largest German Shepherd, Rico, say, "Those goats, now, we must watch. Mark my words. They cannot be trusted. I saw one – I don't remember his name – bring some of his food over to the old cow – I don't remember his name either. But you know the useless one who can't seem to remember anything. It makes me wonder what they're up to. I say, mark my words now. A goat and cow together? It's unnatural. They must be planning something ..." His voice got softer and Bernadette

missed the rest of what he said but her skin crawled as she saw the other animals, including her parents, nod in agreement.

She also once heard her mother tell a group of friends, “Those barn cats are such frivolous animals and they smell awful. They have no initiative. They need a strong hand to manage them. We must care for them because they’re unable to care for themselves. It’s for the best.” Everyone spoke words of agreement and then her friend Dot added, “You speak the truth, Minnie. You know that black and white cat with the two front gold paws who slinks around like a ghost. The one that just appeared here a year or so ago, I think it was. He thinks he’s so much better than us. Keeping to himself most of the time.”

Bernadette knew the cat Dot spoke about. John had only come up to her twice before and was a strange cat indeed but she found him strange in a good kind of way.

Shortly before her library encounter with the fallen book, John came close to her for the first time. Bernadette was drinking from a puddle when he suddenly appeared. On that day food wasn’t being rationed for the German Shepherds so Bernadette showed John some scraps that were left close by and after he gulped them down, he looked directly into her eyes and said ‘Thank you’ and left. Although he had only spoken two words, it was enough for Bernadette to feel that she wanted to get to know him better.

As Bernadette considered how the German Shepherds would treat the other animals once they were in leadership, she shivered. She couldn’t see a way out of what was happening at the farm, but she longed to. She had no idea where to look for answers but she was desperate to find them.

Her parents denied there is a Creator, and she wasn’t sure if there was one but she felt it couldn’t hurt to ask for help, just in case. So, very simply and with deep emotion she said, “I feel there has to be a way to something other than this! This just doesn’t feel right. It doesn’t feel true but I have no idea how to get to what is true. Please help me find the way – or help

me recognize the way. Maybe it's already here – I don't know. I don't really know what to ask for so how can I ever receive anything?"

Bernadette cried for some time before she noticed the sun high above her head so she made her way to the field where the secret meeting had already begun. Even though all the other German Shepherds were up front facing the audience, she stood in the back behind everyone. The horses, goats, sheep, cows, as well as the five Rottweilers, were closest to the stage and jockeyed their way to get in close proximity to the dogs in leadership. The ducks, chickens, barn cats and rats tried to get close underneath the larger animals but often ended up moving to the edges to avoid getting kicked – except for John. The strange barn cat, John, with the two front gold paws often managed to get close to things, which would soon prove to be of benefit to Bernadette.

Bernadette's mother and father were front and center on stage with four German Shepherds on both sides of them and all the pups behind their parents. It was her father, Maxim, whose steady, no-nonsense voice she heard.

"This much is clear – we must work as one if we are ever to succeed. The Chester Whites have betrayed us all. They have fallen prey to the ways of the evil humans. Right now, at this very moment, they dine and plan together to an end that does not bode well for us! We must not let them rule us anymore! We are united in securing our freedom by any means necessary! Freedom for all! I say, freedom for all!" All the animals repeated 'Freedom for all!' until Maxim bowed slightly and he could continue.

"The swine's words of unity and freedom do not match their actions. Little by little they have silenced us, starved us, divided us and taken away our freedom. They have taken our voices, possessions and even some family members! No one is safe. These evil creatures even use our families to threaten us into falling in line! It's clear to all here that we must not let it continue! It's up to us alone to stop them."

The animals erupted in cheers again and then he boomed, “They say science is behind what they do! Well, my friends, we must use our brain to untangle their web of deceit. Listen to their words and then look at their actions! I say – look at their actions do not just listen to their words!

First the swine told us, ‘Science tells us we must not wear clothes like the evil humans. The humans took the cloth from our comrade’s backs and they worked their evil magic in such a way that the clothing will make us sick if it dares to touch our skin. Wear gloves, comrades, when moving their clothes to the fire pit! Science proves that sickness will follow if we wear the human’s clothes.’

That is what the Chester Whites told us – do you remember? We must not forget! They said science proved the cloth would make us sick but now, what of their actions? Now, my friends, just over a year later do you not see the swine prancing about in the human’s clothing? Why just the other day I saw Chief prancing down Main Street in a bright red hat with a flower on it! He looked ridiculous! Where does the clothing come from? Did we not burn it all or did they store some away hidden from us? What about the science? Has it changed?

Believe me when I say that these pigs and their human friends must leave. Some of you have questioned that. You have wondered if Chester Whites can be rehabilitated. But according to the chart I brought to our last meeting, the science clearly and irrefutably shows that the brain of the Chester White and human are unfixable. They are damaged beyond repair. You only need to look around and see what they have done. The evidence is not only in the chart but all around you! Trust me and the science on this. We must be unified in our mission.

Time is running out and we have to act soon because things are much worse than we thought even just a week ago. We have known for some time that the pigs and their human friends are making deals with the outside world. This evil alliance puts us in jeopardy of an unequal dependence and of losing our freedom forever. But recently, we have learned some more

very troubling news. We have learned that they are in communication with that swine *Snickers!*”

All the animals gasped in unison as they took in this shocking news. Bertha, an unusually attractive hen, fainted and a rooster hooved over her fanning her with his wings declaring how he would keep her safe come hell or high water.

“As you know,” Maxim continued, “Snickers is the worst kind of traitor there is. During the first revolt, he tried to destroy us all before he was run off the farm so it is treason for the pigs to be in communication with him!

We have information that Snickers is now trying to gain the trust of the leadership here along with their human friends so they will help him with his run-down farm in Hillsmont. But *we* know he cannot be trusted! *We* are not deceived! It would just be a matter of time before he was back on this farm trying to take it over once again. And we certainly don’t want that – do we?”

Maxim paused as everyone yelled ‘NO!’ and then he asked if there were any questions. Socrates, the old slow Quarter Horse, raised his head to signal he had one and Maxim paused before he acknowledged him.

“Yes, Socrates, please make it quick.”

Socrates spoke slowly as he said, “Yes, well, you see, you said that Snicker’s farm was run-down but well, you see, Munchkin said there are reports that Hillsmont is doing well ...”

“That is quite enough, Socrates,” Maxim interrupted. “Do you trust an old half blind goat or me? As we all know there are a lot of lies going around and I can tell you with certainty that Snicker’s farm is run-down and he’s trying to manipulate others into doing his work for him and winning his way back here. He will not deceive us again! Trust me in this.

Snickers, as all Chester Whites, cannot be trusted. We have talked enough about the problem of their evil ways and it is now time for us to act on the solution. It’s time to get rid of them and allow the German Shepherds to lead. This is the only logical solution. We have proven ourselves to

be trustworthy and fair and committed to freedom and science. And with your support we cannot fail! Tribesville will be prosperous again, a beacon of light for everyone. Equality and freedom for all!”

The animals cheered in unison “Equality and freedom for all!”

“The time to act is soon. The second uprising will be within the week. We all have our duties and when you hear the horn carry them out courageously. Go in peace, friends, and be comforted by knowing that truth is on our side. It’s all crystal clear. Don’t let doubt disturb you.”

Socrates looked around bewildered as everyone began to leave. He raised his head high indicating he had more to say but Maxim, without acknowledging him, turned and walked off.

As Bernadette made her way to the front, she heard two comments – both of which made her shudder equally. “The pigs have lost their souls. We should slaughter them all – Chester White or not,” said a horse with a laugh and “I agree! We’re lucky those German Shepherds are so capable! We can’t go wrong with them leading us,” said a goat in response.

Just as she was within reach of the stage, the barn cat, John, told her he had important information for her. Bernadette looked down and was curious about the cat who had only said two words to her on their first meeting and seven words on their second. And although she did want to get to know John better, now didn’t seem the time.

“Can it wait?”

“No. It’s of the utmost importance and should be told now.”

Although Bernadette didn’t really understand the depth of what John said to her during their second encounter, she still remembered all seven words he spoke. There was something about his presence that caused her to take what he said seriously so she led the way to a private spot and waited for him to continue.

“I’m telling you this because I feel you’re ready to hear and you’re ready to act.” He looked at Bernadette and saw he had her full attention. “Last night the moon was bright and I was close enough to see but not to hear.

It was by the brook on the west side when I saw your father and Chief behind the old abandoned shed. They were laughing and talking quietly for quite some time and then they bowed to each other and went their separate ways.”

Bernadette wasn’t surprised by any of that news. Her father had a leadership role as enforcer and met with Chief, the farm’s leader, frequently.

“As I watched them go their separate ways, Abraham landed beside me and said, ‘I heard it all and now you must too. Listen carefully before I forget. The exact words I cannot remember but what they are planning I can. There is no question about that. But do not ask questions or interrupt me for any reason. I must speak now before I forget – there is no question about that either.’ Well, as you can imagine I stood very still and almost held my breath as I let Abraham speak without interruption. And this is what he told me:

‘Maxim and Chief are planning the second uprising together and they have convinced Mascot to leave the farm during the chaos of it all under the guise of a coward and traitor. Everyone on the farm will think Mascot’s a traitor like Snickers – except for those few who know the truth, of course. The news of Mascot’s ‘treason’ will travel far. They will make sure it travels as far as Snicker’s farm where Mascot will go. When he arrives at Snicker’s farm in Hillsmont, Mascot will earn Snicker’s trust and take over his farm.’ And then with a heavy sigh of relief and a swift bow, Abraham flew off.”

John paused to let the gravity of what he said sink in. And then he continued slowly and gently.

“I’m sorry you have to bear this but you’re ready for the truth of what’s going on. If you weren’t, I wouldn’t be speaking to you now. Your parents are blinded and do not see what you see. Unlike your father I will never say the words ‘Trust me.’ You must take this information and do your own investigation. Come to your own conclusions. Don’t trust mine.”

Bernadette could barely think straight but felt she could trust John enough to take what he said seriously and investigate for herself. Her voice shook as she asked, "Please – do you have any other advice?"

"Don't let fear keep you from taking action. Feel your fear and act anyway. No matter what. That's if you want to get to the truth of the matter, that is. You don't have to, of course. But if you do desire to know more truth, you must act. If you give into fear and do nothing then confusion and despair will close in around you."

Bernadette shook inside. She loved her parents but she had to admit that she didn't completely trust them. Although they spoke of unity with all the animals, their coldness toward some of them gripped her heart.

She was torn up inside, yet she wasn't convinced that her father and Chief were together plotting the uprising at their farm and a takeover of Snicker's farm. That seemed unbelievable. It didn't make sense. There had to be another explanation.

Bernadette was startled out of those thoughts when John continued, "That's all of what Abraham told me and if you'd like to talk to him yourself, I suggest you do it quickly before he forgets it all."

Bernadette took her time getting home that night as she wondered for the first time in her life where her true home actually is.

### 3: Love Farm

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*The one sacrament God has instituted for observance on earth is that of Love,  
shining from Heaven as the Pole-star to guide humanity homeward.*

*-The Gate of Heaven*



At the end of each day Snickers often liked to sit in one of the many nightly campfires throughout Love Farm. Most farms didn't have gathering circles like this one. They were often limited to only certain older members but, at this farm, anyone, at any age, could join in and their gathering circles were diverse based on desires. There were campfire gatherings celebrating the arts such as singing, dancing, poetry reading, painting and others to converse about love and truth. Snickers was one of the older pigs, but his mind was sharp and his soul was clear and that night he joined a circle of conversation.

"Papa, can you tell us the story of the founding of Love Farm? Please? Robbie has never heard you tell it."

Robbie was a multi-colored puppy who had taken a special liking to Snicker's grandson, Nuchi. Whoever encountered the two of them together often found themselves warmed by their special bond and interest

in being educated about love. They both looked at Snickers with sweet anticipation and, with a smile, Snickers nodded.

But before he began, he took a deep breath and looked up. The North Star was the brightest he's seen since that night when he first met Joshua, so when he spoke it was with a catch in his throat.

"Even though the traveling from Tribesville to here was almost over when I got to Montesville, it was at that farm when my real journey to love began. The travel from Tribesville to Montesville was difficult. I was injured, hungry, exhausted, and angry. I felt betrayed by everyone at Tribesville and I was homeless. I blamed everyone and I didn't trust humans or even pigs, even though I am one myself. I considered them both my enemies. But then at Montesville I met the human Joshua and everything changed. He introduced me to love." His voice broke and he paused.

Everyone waited patiently for him to continue. They rarely heard him talk with such emotion.

"It was my second night there but my first night sitting around a campfire much like this one when I first met Joshua. I sat alone behind the enclosed circle but then the man in front of me turned around and said, 'I see we have a new member. We would love to have you join our circle if you'd like.' He waited for me to respond and then motioned for the others to make room. When I made myself comfortable beside him, he looked at me with the kindest eyes and touched my back and said, 'Your journey has been difficult and I can't tell you it won't continue to be so for a time, but if you desire truth you'll have no regrets.'

I felt embarrassed for him because he and his words seemed so odd. So rather than respond, I looked up and saw a shooting star that ended at the brightest North Star I had ever seen – until tonight."

Everyone looked up and oohed and aahed in agreement but quickly settled back into silence hoping to hear more.

“I spent a lot of time with Joshua and his soulmate, Mary, during my visit in Montesville. Oh, and their good friend, a cat. I can’t recall his name right now but he was black and white with gold paws. A lot happened to me there. It was the beginning of my education in love, although, at first, I resisted Joshua’s teaching. I didn’t really begin to understand much of what he taught until after they killed him.” Snickers cried softly.

After a long pause, Nuchi felt uncomfortable as his grandfather cried so he broke the silence. “Papa, I’m so sorry Joshua died. He taught you so much.”

“Yes, he did. And one thing he taught me is that it’s important for me to feel all of my emotions. It’s okay that I’m feeling sad, Nuchi. You don’t have to feel responsible to comfort me out of the sadness.” Snickers looked at his grandson with tenderness and Nuchi nodded. “At first, Joshua gave me time to rest physically and then he encouraged me to go deeper into what was going on emotionally. As he would sometimes say – ‘Being emotional is not a flaw when we’re orientated toward love. If we’re not than being emotional is a trap.’”<sup>1</sup>

“What does that mean, Papa?” Nuchi asked.

“It means that if we feel we are those emotions than we’ll never get through them. If we feel we are actually hurt rather than feel the hurt or we feel we are actually shamed rather than feel the shame than we’ll never get anywhere. The trap is when we get stuck in the emotions rather than feel the emotions while having a desire to know truth.”

Robbie spoke up, “Are you saying that who we really are is not who we feel we are – like when we’re feeling our emotions?”

“Yes, that is often the trap many get into. We feel we are bad rather than just feel the feeling of ‘badness’. Or even if you start where you are and you feel you *are* bad – don’t stop there. Because that’s not the truth. Be curious to feel the truth of what you are. If you stop with the ‘I am bad’ feeling you

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1. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller)

are stopping while believing the lie as truth! That is the trap. You're not orientated toward love and truth. You're stuck in what's false believing it's true.

For so long I felt I was my sin – and I sinned a lot. I thought I was better than others so I dominated them – and ... and, I even killed someone. I stole, I cheated and I lied my way through so many years. I was cruel to others. Very cruel. And arrogant. And I denied it all. But then it changed.” Snickers picked up his well-worn notebook, took out a piece of paper and unfolded it.

“Joshua left this for me. These are his words:

*‘While the created soul of (everyone) is pure and perfect, and (all) must realize that fact ... (everyone) has covered over that pure soul with such a deep and fallacious covering that they have never yet been able to get a correct idea of what that soul really is. ... so long has (everyone) been accustomed to see that soul as it appears in its false covering that they have concluded and had no other thought than that it is really what it appears to them to be.*

*But never was a greater mistake made and never has (everyone) been so little successful in discovering the truth of things as in this matter of the **true condition of the hidden soul**, waiting only to be relieved of its covering in order to shine out again in all its purity and truth. So, you see, **the first thing for (all) to do is to realize the true condition of their own souls**, and then make the effort to rescue such souls from this false and unnatural condition, and let it appear again clean and pure and beautiful.’”<sup>2</sup>*

Snickers let the words settle before he continued. “To really feel the truth of what Joshua said here changes everything. We are not our sin but our sin covers over what we are which prevents us from feeling what we are - the true condition of our soul as God created it. This is why an education in love is so important. Without this education we're lost wandering around in the wilderness of our emotions with no sense of direction. We believe

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2. Excerpt from an undated Padgett Message from Jesus. Bolded sections are not in the original.

lies are truth and truth are lies and we have no way to tell the difference. Joshua's teachings are a life line. They orientate us toward truth and love. And he also taught that we can actually receive God's love and become at-one with God." Snickers paused before continuing. "This is the New Birth that Joshua spoke of. But back then, when I first met him, I had a very distorted view of love so, as I said, I didn't understand a lot of what he taught."

Snickers shook his head as he continued. "I challenged him a lot at first. So much of what he talked about seemed unscientific and illogical – not at all practical. He knew about my interest in science, engineering and logic so he was patient with me. And then one day we were talking about Tribesville and the conflicts going on there and in most other townships and I was so frustrated and angry about how there didn't seem to be any solutions and he said, 'Sin, which is missing the mark of love, is the cause of all the world's problems and the only sin you can change is yours.'<sup>3</sup>

I was so angry. He was saying it's all my fault. I wasn't thinking clearly and the first question that popped into my head to ask him was, 'Are you saying you don't believe in self-defense? How can anyone be loving with those who stab you in the back? Love is a two-way street, after all! You've never had anything bad happen to you so how can you possibly understand what it feels like to be betrayed!'

And I'll never forget what he said. He said, 'Until we begin to feel that love is *not* a two-way street, that it's not transactional, that it's not dependent in any way on another's response – than nothing at all will change. Not individually or collectively. We will continue in the misery we're in.'

I looked at him with pity then. He seemed so naïve. But I was completely wrong. Over the next three months I spent with him I was at first intrigued and then inspired by his strength, clarity and love. It was a love I had never

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3. Quote taken from 20240908 1230 Living Room Tour Ireland Day 3 Part 2

come across before. It was nothing like I thought it would be. The love he demonstrated with everyone was clear, direct, firm, not at all wishy washy or compromising. I began to feel the logic in it all! His teaching made so much sense.

Gradually, I came to feel that so much of what I thought was love wasn't and so much of what I thought wasn't love was. And I began to see how that misunderstanding of what love is caused so much suffering in my own life and in the world. What he demonstrated in everyday life gave me enough faith to explore whether the same is possible for me."

Snicker's voice got softer as he continued, "At the end of our three months together I found his body tossed in the woods with the cat and Mary crying beside it and that's when I found out that a month before I got there, he had been tortured in another town. I didn't know. I didn't know that he had also experienced awful things. I thought his ideas about love could only come from someone who suffered little hardship." Snickers cried softly before continuing. "The cat, Mary and I left that day but we all went in different directions. I came here to Hillsmont and after I had been here awhile my desire to begin Love Farm sparked. Everyone here had the same desire to be educated in love according to Joshua's teaching, so we changed the farm's name to Love Farm. But Joshua was the first real Love Farm – of one."

"Why did they kill him, Papa?" Nuchi asked.

"They felt he was dangerous – an agitator. Those in the government at Montesville and other farms felt his teachings would sow discord because he said things like, 'Those who project fear are trying to control you. When we're without fear we're uncontrollable and love then is free to act.' And the religious leaders felt he was blaspheming against God. He called some church leaders hypocrites for saying that they know God even though they take money from the poor to keep for themselves or give to the rich. Those in power felt threatened by him."

Just then the village warning horn blew loud three times and everyone stood up. Snicker's son, Moshe, bellowed through the bullhorn, "Move quickly but calmly. You all know what to do." Moshe was close to his father who had raised him alone when his mother left shortly after his birth.

While everyone was leaving, he went and stood beside Snickers and waited for him to speak. "Moshe, if this is it, I want you to know I am happy to die if it comes to that. I hope you can accept that."

He gave his father a quick hug and, as he watched Snickers leave, he wondered if it would be his last.

## 4: Heart Torn Wider

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*God will not rescue us.*

*He will help us go through our own experience  
but not rescue us from it.*

*He wants us to learn from our experience.*

*Jesus (A.J. Miller)*

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Bernadette's parents were worried about her. They commented on her loss of appetite, how she tossed and turned in her sleep and how much time she spent alone. When they asked her how she was doing Bernadette often responded with something like "No need to worry," as she walked away. She was so concerned about what was going on at Tribesville and with her parents that she even stopped looking up. It took too much energy and now seemed childish.

Her insides churned and her heart was gripped with an ache she had never felt before. She couldn't think of anything other than her parents and relatives ruling over the other animals and her father using Mascot to

take over Snicker's farm. She loved her parents but if what Abraham said is true so much of what she thought she knew was then called into question.

The day after Bernadette's encounter with John she found Abraham, but he was no help. All he said was "Whatever I told John is what I heard. There is no question about that. But what I told John I now know nothing of. And there is no question about that either." And with that he flew off.

Before she decided what to do, however, she had to be sure that what Abraham told John was true and it was two days later when she got her proof.

After a long day of work moving wood and supplies to the east field in preparation for a shed to be built close to their new pond, she turned down the path she saw her parents go down just a short while ago. They were well hidden behind some bushes and Bernadette kept still when she heard their voices.

"Maxim, I'm so worried about her. She must have been more upset by what we told her than we realize. The news of her brother and the upcoming uprising must be weighing on her more than we thought."

"Let's give her some space. She needs time to let it all settle in. She's stronger than most know and that's why The Council has decided she's the perfect one to head up the instruction of the young pups when we take over. Accounting will wait another year or so until she can train someone to take over for her. This is an honorable position with a lot of responsibility."

"Yes, and that's what worries me! With that responsibility comes a great deal of accountability and consequences if she strays! And we both know how independent minded she's become over the last few months. Those books on space seemed to change her somehow. She now questions things she once accepted.

Why, just the other morning she asked me why I thought a second uprising would work when we thought the first one would but it didn't. Imagine that! She must think us German Shepherds are like the pigs! I was shocked at what she was implying! She's not thinking straight, Maxim, and

I'm afraid she may lead the little ones astray which would be disastrous for us all!"

"You're being too emotional, Minnie. She's just going through a phase. She'll be so pleased when we tell her what The Council has decided. It's the perfect work for her. The young pups look up to her already and her instruction will help mold them into powerful leaders for freedom.

But there's something else, Minnie. And this news is only for the five of us in The Inner Council. Yes, that's right – there's an Inner Council of five – me, Rico, Sheila, Oscar and you. We voted you in last night."

Bernadette knew The Council itself has a total of ten which included the five her father mentioned. He told her that the only German Shepherds excluded were the two old and useless ones, Rascal and Puff, and the dog, Guardian, who lost most of one ear when he broke protocol and tried to reason with two roosters fighting over Bertha, the unusually attractive hen. Maxim felt the dog deserved what he got. No dog who uses reason over a bark and nip could be trusted in leadership.

"The others on The Council know nothing of The Inner Council. We must keep it that way. No one must know we exist or what we're planning. I'm sorry it took so long to vote you in, Minnie, but I'll just say that the delay was not my idea. We don't have a lot of time before we must head back so please listen as I tell you quickly what's about to happen.

We've talked often about how the other animals need the discipline of wise leaders. They don't have the inner compass or self-control that we German Shepherds do. During this planning period we've proven we're up to the task with our fair and compassionate leadership. But is this kind of leadership needed for just the other animals on this farm or for everyone? What about the other animals and even the humans outside the farm? Do we not have much to offer them also? Would they not be better off under our wise leadership? Does our responsibility to lead end at the borders of this farm?

This may come as a shock, Minnie, but Chief agrees that our vision would benefit those outside our borders and has partnered with us to facilitate that. We start here and then extend our mission of freedom to wider and wider areas. Chief really is quite wise and we can go farther with his help and any Chester White that follows him.”

“But the others won’t trust us if we partner with Chief,” Bernadette detected anger in Minnie’s voice.

“That’s why we won’t tell anyone – right now anyway. They won’t understand. This is best. They’ll be so distracted by the tasks of daily life that they’ll be unaware of how all sides are working together. It’s all in their best interest. When the time is right the German Shepherds, Chester Whites, and humans will present a unified front once we gain more control in moving freedom forward.”

“The humans also! But ...” Minnie exclaimed loudly.

Maxim put up his arm to stop her from continuing and boomed, “Keep your voice down! Please listen!” Surprised by the loudness of his voice he continued more softly, “Yes, there are a few humans who have proven to be very helpful. And more will come on board later. I need to explain the rest quickly. Chief, along with any other pig we catch during the uprising, will be put in a pen...”

“I thought only the Chester Whites would be captured,” Minnie interrupted.

“No, Minnie. We can’t risk a non-Chester White messing up our plan by aligning with a Chester White while not knowing our wider plan! Please listen.

Gradually, imprisoned Chief will make himself useful to us and others will see how beneficial it would be to work with him. At first, he will make it seem to the other imprisoned pigs that he is going along with us to gain our trust in order for the pigs to take over but we will know that’s not the case. After some time, he will explain to them that they can go farther if they team up with us.

And there's more. Mascot also agrees with our mission to spread freedom so he, like Chief, is in on the plan. Mascot will be run off the farm and accused of being a traitor to ensure that he gets into Snicker's good graces. We will tell the others that Mascot memorized the plans to our solar project and is bringing them to Snickers to help his farm succeed so they can then both come back here and take over. It is true that he has memorized the plans and will make his way to Snicker's farm but not to help him. Mascot's plan is to destroy Snickers. He will earn Snicker's trust and destroy his leadership through creating division within. That farm, along with others over time, will then be transformed into beacons of light for freedom. We will finally be unified – all animals and humans once again.”

Bernadette couldn't listen to anything more and quietly left the area.

Waves of emotion churned her insides. She vomited up some mush she had eaten earlier which left an awful taste in her mouth so she stopped to drink some water. As she lowered her head toward the small pool her eyes reflected back the anger, fear and then the aching sadness that she felt course through her body.

She knew what she had to do.

And she shook uncontrollably as she considered how different her life would now be.

## 5: Resolve

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*He who stands alone with God against the world,  
stands with the true Majority.  
-Gate of Heaven*



**I**t all happened so quickly. Bernadette thought she had more time. Two days after she overheard her parent's conversation, she was barely awake when her mother told her that today is the day.

"As soon as you hear the horn, make your way to our special place." Minnie smiled and then added, "I don't know what time it will happen but don't be afraid no matter what you see. All will be well. We are protected and we will succeed. We have truth on our side. Go about your day as usual and when you hear the horn get to our spot as quickly as you can. Don't stop for anything. Be safe, dear one."

As Bernadette held out hope that she wouldn't have to do what she was planning, she asked her mother, "What if I don't care about safety, mom? Is there nothing more worthy than that?"

Her mother was shocked and angry, shook her head, and before she left said, “We don’t have time for that, Bernadette! Asking questions like that is not at all safe. Please just do as I say!”

With all hope gone, Bernadette was resolved to do what she knew she had to.

It was early Friday morning and she was required to go to ‘Educational Camp’ as the pigs called it. It was neither educational nor a camp. It was a training school for the young German Shepherds under one and a half to become enforcers for the pigs. But Bernadette took comfort knowing that this was the last time she would ever have to attend one. This camp was only once a week for two hours and then she was off to work on the farm for another nine hours. Farm labor was difficult and tiring but she preferred it to being forced to sit in front of ‘Governess’, as the pups were required to address her.

Governess was a massive Chester White who had a strong bent toward order, discipline and unquestioning loyalty to Chief and the farm. Bernadette could recite by memory what Governess repeatedly told the canines under her care.

“Your job is to *remember* what I tell you. To *remember and act on it* when needed. Nothing else. There is no need to think about it and heaven forbid – to doubt and question it! No, do not worry about such things as that. All the thinking and sorting has already been done by expert pigs far smarter than yourselves. My job is to share the information and yours is to simply remember it and act on it accordingly.”

Since this was the last educational camp before the second uprising, Bernadette felt a strong desire to ask a question. But because questions had never been asked before she wasn’t sure how to go about it. She considered bobbing her head up and down rapidly, making yipping sounds and raising her front paw but finally decided it best to rear up on her hind legs.

“Bernadette you must sit down. The ones behind can’t see. Order and discipline please!” Governess’ voice boomed as all the pups’ eyes were on Bernadette. There were fifteen pups in this class and she was the oldest.

In order to discourage interruption, Bernadette spoke rapidly without pausing. As she heard herself speak she was amazed at how calm she sounded and how many questions tumbled out of her. “There is something you often say, Governess, that I don’t quite understand. I hope you can clear it up. You say humans are evil because of how they treated us but now under the pig’s leadership we’re not treated well either. Does that make pigs evil as well? And what makes the evilness – is it within all of us? And what can we do about it? I don’t want it to ...”

“That is quite enough, Bernadette!” Governess boomed so loud the walls seemed to shake. “You are not here to question or doubt, only to remember. Order and discipline is the path to you remembering. Nothing is to get in the way of that. Order and discipline! Order and discipline! I won’t have it any other way! Your mind is too undisciplined today so you must leave immediately and begin your work assignment now.”

All the pups stared at her wide-eyed. Most of them had eyes of fear but there were three whose eyes twinkled with joy.

Each Friday she left camp she felt deadened within – numb and lifeless – but that day, as she walked out of the classroom, she felt energized and uplifted. She felt more alive than she had in a long time.

As she walked away, she could hear them sing the farm’s anthem extolling Chief and his comrades as wise and the German Shepherds as brave and obedient soldiers of truth. She imagined the pups being extra careful to stand, sit, kneel and bow at all of the appropriate times as they sang. One Friday several months ago she thought about the stars she had seen the night before and kneeled during the song when she should have bowed and Governess demanded they all repeat the entire song ‘for order and discipline to prevail.’ The other pups didn’t stay angry at her for long, however – they all looked up to her.

Just as Bernadette was about to check into her work assignment, it happened. The horn blew loud and long and, in that moment, she knew everything would change.

Immediately there were animals moving in every direction around her but she stood perfectly still. It was as if she was frozen in place.

She saw some animals pick up pitchforks, hammers and shovels and a few of the pigs try to get away and she heard loud screams “There he goes! Get him!” and distance cries of young ones and Bernadette continued to stand perfectly still in the midst of it all.

And then below her, she saw the barn cat John.

“What are you doing, John? Why don’t you get to your station?”

“I’m not in this. I never was. If you’ll have me, I’ll go with you.”

“But how do you know? I told no one.”

“I just know.” John waited patiently as they stood face to face.

A fire raged in the shed to the east and gun shots could be heard to the west and yells and cries were all around them.

Bernadette lifted her head, looked toward the gate and said, “It’s time. And I’d be honored to have you accompany me.”

With Bernadette in the lead, they walked unhurriedly yet steadily toward the gate as the chaos continued behind them.

And neither one looked back.

## 6: Fear of Not Being Inferior

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*Heaven gathers up all fragments  
that nothing is lost.  
-Life of Elysian*



The warning horn at Snicker's Love Farm turned out to be a false alarm. When Tony realized his mistake, he took up the second horn and blew it twice in short spurts. Everyone relaxed and went about their business smiling to themselves as they realized it was Tony's first night as Watchman.

Tony was a sheep who had a strong desire to overcome his deep-seated fears. Since birth, it was ingrained in him to follow the flock rather than make decisions for himself. He was repeatedly told that his destiny is as a follower, but everything changed when he got his first taste of how it felt to be free of fear.

Four months ago, a few months after Snickers arrived, everyone decided to change the town's name from Hillsmont to Love Farm. After Snickers exposed them to Joshua's teachings about love, the inhabitants decided they wanted an education in love. Some were more sincere than others but,

because they were all at a beginning stage, it was decided that everyone who wanted was allowed to stay unless they were physically violent. And Daisy, a small, slender goose was one of those sincere ones.

Daisy changed from being afraid of her own shadow to seeming unaffected by Gruff's insults and Tony wondered why. He and the other sheep were petrified of Gruff but Daisy's calm, firm responses to him intrigued Tony so he decided to ask her about it. And it didn't take long before he came across Gruff, a larger than normal goat, calling Daisy names as she sat sunning herself on a rock.

"Why don't you grow a few inches, squirt! Who will ever want to marry you? You're so scrawny."

Facing Gruff, Daisy stood up as tall as she could, not even reaching the top of his leg, and firmly said, "There you go again, Mr. Gruff – with all your unloving words. But as for me, I'm going to enjoy my day. I do hope you decide too also." And off she went leaving Gruff standing awkwardly by himself. He dug his hoof into the ground, scooped up some earth to toss behind him and then went on his way.

Gruff was rude and arrogant and felt entitled and Tony didn't understand why he wanted to stay at Love Farm and why he was allowed to stay. After all, everyone here had agreed to stay because they have a desire to be educated in love. He decided that the first chance he got he'd ask Snickers why Gruff, and the others like him, could stay.

Tony caught up with Daisy. "Doesn't Gruff hurt your feelings?"

Daisy looked at him and said matter-of-factly, "I used to be hurt a lot by what he says but no longer."

"What made the difference? What did you do?"

She sat in the shade and got comfortable before she answered. "I'm not sure I can explain it well at this point but I'll try. I came to feel how I didn't feel worthy to speak up. I felt that others know better than me and I deserve their bad behavior somehow. It was all so mixed up. I felt inferior and I felt they are superior. And once I began to feel all those emotions, I also began

to feel this terrifying fear come up that I'm not inferior! That that's not how God designed me.

Facing the truth of that, feeling the truth of how I'm not inferior brought up so much fear. That shocked me. Then I began to see why the belief that I'm inferior was so attractive to me. It meant I didn't have to speak up, I didn't have to learn to trust myself, I didn't have to learn to use my will or have desires – I didn't have to do much at all. It felt safe to be in that place of inferiority. I was comfortable to let others do what they want, treat me how they want and for me to, in a way, feel above it all. It's strange but I also began to feel how my inferiority also has some superiority baked in – largely because I didn't want to feel how inferior I felt. I told myself those inferior feelings were no big deal which was a lie. But that lie then created the arrogant feelings.

Well anyway – after I began to feel all of that into some deep sadness about it all I began to feel that the loving thing for me to do for myself and Gruff is to speak up! So that's what I'm doing. Acting on what I'm now feeling is true. And the amazing thing is that the more I act on the truth, the more sensitive I'm becoming to feel the truth of it all. I'm getting proof that it's real! That the love we're being educated about is real!”

Daisy paused and they both looked at each other stunned. She was usually very brief in her responses and rarely spoke unless spoken to. “Wow, I haven't talked to anyone about this in such detail before. Is there a reason you asked?”

“Yes. I'm petrified of Gruff. Actually, of most everything. My parents, my siblings, my grandparents – I don't want to disappoint them. I feel such pressure to do what they want, to be what they want me to be and sometimes I feel like I need to scream! The pressure is so great and it doesn't feel right. And because I can see that you're no longer afraid of Gruff at least and you used to be, I wanted to see what you did.”

“The first thing I did was go to the Education in Love classes Snickers started and ...”

“I didn’t realize there are classes!”

“Yes, Snickers announced it at the town picnic the day we decided to change the town’s name. Only five of us showed up at the first class but now about twenty attend. But anyway, the materials from God’s Way or some call it Divine Truth is what we’re reading and listening to and discussing and experimenting with in our lives to see if it actually works. Joshua, the first teacher, left a lot of written materials and videos which are all in our library.”

Tony remembered he left that town picnic early because his father wanted his help moving something at the house and was insistent that it be done right then. Tony didn’t want to leave but because his father told him he felt sick, he decided it best to go. “I’m not very familiar with Joshua’s teaching but I am definitely interested to find out more since I can see some good changes in you. What can you tell me about the teaching – briefly, I mean.”

“Wonderful! I’m so grateful for the teachings. It’s made a huge difference in my life and I’m just starting out. In a nutshell, the teaching is about how God designed everything to work in harmony with love. But when we either misunderstand what love is or we do understand love but don’t act in harmony with it, then things degrade. Relationships degrade, monetary systems, medical systems, governments – everything. Even our bodies and minds and our happiness. Only what’s in harmony with love thrives. The Creator designed it this way for our happiness. So, all the false beliefs and emotional blocks we have to love are what we’re becoming more sensitive to and releasing.”<sup>1</sup>

“But what if I don’t believe in a Creator? I don’t really know if there is one.”

“That’s okay. Do you believe that there is such an emotion as love?” Tony nodded and Daisy continued. “God designed two ways to develop in love – the natural love path and the Divine Love path. On the natural

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1. Much of this paragraph is taken from a talk by Jesus (A.J.Miller)

love path, we can develop the love that's built into all of us. And that love can be developed to the level that the first couple on earth were before they used their wills to reject God. But the Divine Love path is very different than that path. It's the path the first couple could have taken but didn't. Instead of using their will to be self-reliant they could have used their will to be God-reliant. Because of what they choose, the Divine Love path wasn't possible again until Joshua came the first time in the same perfect natural state as the first couple did. But then, unlike them, he chose the Divine Love path. For all of us, he demonstrated the way we also can take, if we choose. That path is infinite in its growth of love and the love itself is of a different quality than the natural love built into us because it's from God directly. It's God's gift to us if we desire to receive it.

I find this all so amazingly loving! Imagine it! God is so loving that He actually designed a path to a certain level of happiness which doesn't even require a belief in Him! Nothing is ever forced on us. We choose each step of the way."

"Okay, wow, well, that's certainly a lot of new information – thank you! I'll definitely check out those classes. I do want to grow in love – and out of fear. Do you have any advice about what I can do right now with my fear about Gruff?"

Daisy nodded, "How do you feel when you're around Gruff?"

Tony teared up. "Weak, small, like a tiny lamb shaking in the corner."

"And how do you feel about Gruff? How do you perceive him?"

"Huge, powerful, strong, a bully, more confident than me but mean."

"So, this is very important. Can you see what false belief you have which keeps you reacting in fear?"

Tony took a while before answering. "That I don't feel equal to him?"

"Yes. God's truth is that everyone is equal. No one is superior and no one is inferior so when we have a belief contrary to that it's false. We're believing, feeling and acting on a lie and whenever we do that nothing good can come from it. Things degrade – they don't thrive."

“So should I start in the past and try to feel where that belief came from?”

“Always start in the present. Start with what you’re feeling now. Your history of error is built into each moment. You can’t understand your history without starting with now.<sup>2</sup> Feel your emotions now – not only those you feel about Gruff’s actions but those you feel around the false belief that you are inferior. Feel how feeling inferior limits you and causes you to be unloving to Gruff and to yourself. Feel how unloving you are when you believe he’s superior to you. And then if emotions come up about how unloving others have been to you in the past when they didn’t treat you like an equal – feel them also.

And then – and this is very important – feel the truth of who you are – equal, not inferior or superior. And if you don’t know what the truth is, you can ask God or your guides to help you feel that truth.”

Tony nodded. “Thank you, Daisy.”

“And one more thing – take action. This is also important. *Act* on what you feel you know is true and then with that action what’s loving and what’s unloving – what’s true and what’s false – will become clearer. If you don’t act, even if it turns out to be unloving, then nothing will change. You’ll remain stagnant. You have to be willing to make mistakes during your education in love. Mistakes are opportunities for more growth.”

Daisy stood up, fluffed up her feathers as she shook her body and then smiled and said, “I’d love to talk to you more sometime, Tony.” And with that she left.

As Tony sat by the river, he had an overwhelming sense of fear and dread come up within him. Whenever that happened his usual response was to get busy doing something or talk to someone but this time he decided to feel it. He shook uncontrollably as he felt how afraid he was of not only Gruff but everyone in his family and how inferior he felt to almost everyone. And then a deep sadness came up about how no one knew him

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2. Quotes from Jesus (A.J. Miller)

and how he didn't even know himself and how much he wanted to. He cried for quite a while not really knowing why. As the sun set, he felt a chill and that's when Gruff came up behind him.

He told Tony to stop being lazy and get back to work. And then he added, "Your kind are so useless. You sheep can't think for yourself. You're doomed to follow those greater than you. Get back to the flock where you belong! You shouldn't be out here all by yourself." He grimaced at Tony and moved in close as he added, "It's not safe, after all."

Gruff was so close Tony noticed his goat breath smelled like watermelon which caused him to laugh at the same time he trembled with fear and then cried. As he went from laughing to crying and shaking Tony looked unhinged and Gruff stared as he tried to understand Tony's reaction. For some reason Tony wasn't embarrassed and then moments later he was amazed at what came out of his mouth.

He had a wide grin as he stood tall facing Gruff and said, "You know – I want to thank you! I now know what to do!" He then hugged the rigid and startled goat and as he ran off toward the center of town he looked back and laughed as he yelled, "And I like how your breath smells like watermelon!"

From that day on Gruff watched Tony. He observed him first from a distance, then closer. Within three months they ended up being best friends and many years later when Gruff helped bury Tony, he cried. He told the others gathered at the burial site that "Tony's hug changed everything for me. He didn't hug me to get something from me. He didn't even care if I changed. And because of that I began to feel that maybe I do want to change." And then Gruff passed everyone a piece of watermelon.

When Tony left Gruff that day, he went directly to the town office to sign up for a Watchman apprenticeship. Two weeks earlier when he first told the other sheep that he was thinking of signing up, they all tried to discourage him. Some of the comments he heard were: "We're not built for that! Why don't you just accept who you are and where you come from?" and "Who do you think you are? If Twiggy can't do it what makes you

think you can? Sheep are not built to be Watchman. We're made to follow not lead." He even overheard his father whisper to his mother, "He's always been different – going out on his own, not staying with the flock. I don't understand him at all."

A few months ago his cousin, Twiggy, had started Watchman training but quit weeks into it. "It's just too much responsibility," she said. "It doesn't feel natural. I'm meant to follow decisions others make – not make them myself. That feels more like me." All the sheep, except for Tony and his cousin, Whinny, then closed in around Twiggy offering her comfort and, in that moment, all doubts wondering if she had made the right decision left her. The comfort of her family felt so good.

Tony understood what Twiggy felt. He also felt more comfortable when he followed others. But since that moment by the river with Gruff, he began to feel that what seems impossible may actually be possible. And to him, that possibility felt worth investigating. He had to find out for himself if fear is inevitable and all he is meant to be is a follower. Truth, now, held more appeal than comfort.

So, without telling anyone, he acted on his desire and signed up for Watchman training.



When his family found out he signed up for a Watchman apprenticeship, some were angry and others laughed and made bets about how long it would take before he dropped out. His father told him he was being selfish and his mother held her heart as she sobbed, "You'll be the death of me yet."

He was accepted into the apprenticeship but required to also take the Education in Love classes, which he had planned to take anyway. Two months into the apprenticeship he found his family impossible to live with so he told them he would be moving out temporarily because he needed

to study in quiet. He felt justified not telling them the truth about why he moved out or that he had no intention to move back in. Why upset them further, he reasoned. They were already distressed enough about his decision to be Watchman. And although it took him one week longer than normal to finish the apprenticeship, he completed it at the top of his class.

That first night as Watchman, Tony walked the farm's assigned perimeter alert for anyone wishing entry. At this Love Farm, any one was welcome to visit as long as they agreed to be given feedback about any unloving behavior and anyone was welcome to stay as long as they had a desire for an education in love. The farm's purpose, as well as the instruction to check in with a Watchman, was clearly written in various places around the perimeter. The Watchmen were there to make sure visitors understood and were aligned with the farm's purpose and if so, to find them a host family until they met with The Council.

But every once in a while, a human or an animal tried to force their way in which warranted the Watchman to blow the large spiral horn three times warning the town. Four nights ago this happened at a neighboring Compassion Farm. A man and a goat tried to sneak past the Watchman and as she set off the alarm system they tackled her and ran into the town. Two days later they were found in a barn and were brought before the leadership to hear their side of the story.

In Compassion Farm it's believed that there are many sides to truth and they need to be compassionate enough to hear all sides before making any decisions. After all, they may have a good reason for doing what they did. After hearing their reason, which included the man having deafness in one ear, both the man and goat accidentally tripping over a rock into the Watchman and then, due to that fall, getting disorientated in finding their way around town which led them to stay hidden for two days eating stored corn in Ms. Lovelys barn, the leadership decided compassion dictated that they could stay. Three weeks later, however, they were told to leave after they were caught stealing food once again – this time from leadership.

Their explanation that they couldn't read the words 'Frankie's Food' on the food bucket did nothing to sway the leaders into allowing them to stay this time.

The closest Pleasure Farm required those who wanted to enter to list ten things that brought them pleasure and if song and dance wasn't included, they were rejected. The Intelligence Farm, right outside Pleasure Farm, required potential visitors to take a written test of their ability to solve puzzles. If they took too long or had more than two errors they were rejected.<sup>3</sup>

The other Love Farms, some of which followed the teachings of Joshua and some that didn't, had their own system of greeting those or screening those who wished to enter. But in most, the system changed over time as the inhabitants developed in love.

Not everyone who applied for Watchman at Snickers' Love Farm was chosen as an intern. But Dolly, the leader of the Watchman apprenticeship program, saw qualities in Tony that she felt supported his development into a loving leader. And it was during their conversation the morning after his mistake on his first night as Watchman that these qualities became apparent once again.

Tony faced Dolly, a goat with clear eyes, and he waited patiently for her to begin.

"Please tell me what happened last night."

He took a deep breath before he began. "Well, just to let you know that since last night I've had some time to feel about what emotions I was denying which caused my mistake but I'm not sure I'm done."

Dolly nodded, appreciative of his commitment not to avoid his emotions.

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3. Do you have any unloving parameters about who you desire to spend time with? Do they need to look a certain way, be a certain age, have some level of education or income, be more outgoing than you or quieter than you? Or does Love and Truth determine who you spend time with?

“Before I went on duty Twiggy actually talked to me, which was a surprise. As you know, my family has had very little contact with me since a few days after I moved out. But Twiggy was being Twiggy and she got into my head.” He paused, felt the judgment and anger he had toward Twiggy and his lack of responsibility for his own emotions and began again once he felt through some of it. “Before I came on duty Twiggy went into a long story about all that went wrong four nights ago at Compassion Farm and what could go wrong tonight. She actually, in a way, seemed genuinely concerned for me and kept repeating the phrase ‘Safety first’, ‘Safety first’ so by the time I started my watch, I was on edge.<sup>4</sup> But that’s on me – not her. Rather than feel all the fear that was coming up, I stuffed it down. I ignored it. I felt I didn’t have time for it. My Watchman shift began and I needed to focus.”

He paused again and Dolly waited.

“I was anxious and every noise seemed loud and a threat so when I heard something run past me, I sounded the horn. But it was just Pete. I’m so sorry.” Pete was one of the many squirrels who chose to live outside of all townships. He was harmless and would sometimes visit Love Farm but never chose to stay.

“You mentioned that since last night you’ve had some time to feel emotions you were denying. Can you tell me more about that?” Dolly asked.

Tony’s voice took on a bit of a whine, “Well, it was all about fear, of course, as I said. It was about what Twiggy told me.” Dolly remained nonjudgmental as Tony closed his eyes to feel the judgments he had about being imperfect.<sup>5</sup> “I can feel now that it’s deeper than the surface kind

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4. When others voice fear for your welfare or safety are they being loving toward you? When you voice fear for their safety are you being loving toward them? Is any projection of fear loving?

5. Can you feel that you are both perfect and imperfect? Can you feel that as a Soul God created you perfect yet at the same time your soul condition is not perfect? Or do you feel that who you truly are is your current soul condition?

of fear around what Twiggy told me about the intruder.” Tony started to breathe more rapidly. “It’s much deeper. I’m afraid I’m going to let my family down. I’m afraid I’ll let you down and myself down.” Tears then started to stream down his face. “And ... and ... I feel I’m not good enough and I can never be good enough. I’m just a dumb sheep and that’s all I’ll ever be. I can never think for myself. I’m a follower. This was drummed into me by my parents. Who do I think I am anyway?” He cried openly now, sobbing and shaking and Dolly allowed him all the time he needed without trying to comfort him out of his emotions.

When he was done crying he felt much clearer. “But I can also feel that I’m not what I was taught I am. And ... and that also brings up such fear and sadness! Fear of what I truly am and sadness about how I know so little about who I am. Will I ever get to the bottom of these emotions?”

Dolly smiled. “Things will get clearer and clearer. Your honesty and desire to feel everything are key. Have you been honest with your family yet about why you moved out?”

Tony was surprised and confused about why she brought this up again. This was the third time she asked him about this since he left home months ago. Here they were trying to get to the bottom of his mistake as Watchman and she was once again asking him about his family.

“No. I haven’t.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m afraid.”

“Afraid of what?”

“Of disappointing them even more, of angering them.”

“What do you avoid feeling by not upsetting them with the truth of why you left?”

“Their anger – their disapproval. I don’t want to feel their withdrawal of love!” He cried softly before he continued. “I know. I know. They’re not really withdrawing love and I’m not really losing love – love’s not like that at all. It’s not like they’re loving me when they’re trying to control

and manipulate me but there *is* a certain comfort in having a family – even though they rarely talk to me anymore. But to lose that completely just feels awful. And I just don’t want to feel how they don’t love me. It’s unbearable! But what does this have to do with my mistake last night?”

Dolly seemed to ignore Tony’s question as she asked, “Do you remember during your training there was an assistance group about emotional addictions?” When he nodded she continued. “And how Sarah told us how addicted she was to ‘peace’. Her addiction to ‘keep the peace’ was more important than truth and love. She became a doormat and others treated her badly largely because she didn’t want to feel the emotions that would come up if she angered them by telling them the truth about how unloving they’re being. But then one day after releasing some feelings of unworthiness she decided to love herself and them enough and do it anyway.”

“Yes, I remember.” Tony felt a bit embarrassed thinking about it. Sarah was a cute little bunny, all white with a black button nose, and during her time in training he was surprised at how much she changed compared to him.

“And then she told you that she felt you had the same unloving addiction to peace as she did. She told you how unloving it is for you to complain to her about Twiggy but never talk directly to Twiggy about it. Do you remember what we talked about after that meeting?”

“Yes, I told you I was confused because I thought love was unconditional and if that is the case we should love everyone who wrongs us. And then you said something about the feeling of love versus the behavior of love. I can’t remember it exactly.”

“Yes, I said, ‘It’s the *feeling* of love that’s unconditional regardless of the unloving behavior, not the *acceptance* of unloving behavior that is unconditional.’ Many who say ‘Love is unconditional’ misunderstand that to mean that they or their loved one should be a doormat. That is not true. Love is direct and firm. There is a structure to the expression of love. It

honors what is true. It's not compromising or conciliatory. It stands up and speaks for itself when others are unloving. Love does not unconditionally 'accept' or put up with unloving behavior. Love acts in harmony with itself exposing the error."

"Yes. But I still don't know how this relates to my fear during my Watchman shift."

Again, she seemed to ignore what Tony said as she continued, "Do you remember what changes you made after Sarah talked to you about why you often complained to her about Twiggy rather than talk to Twiggy directly?"

"Yes. Her honesty helped a lot. But at first, I was angry at her for saying that – I'm not going to lie. But once I felt my emotions about that, it did really help. I realized I didn't want to be truthful with Twiggy because of my addiction to peace keeping and avoiding conflict. As I said, I thought love being unconditional meant I had to put up with bad behavior so what you told me then about love having structure helped me so much. But it's obviously not a solid truth of mine yet since I forgot about it and I'm not always acting on it."

"But then you did end up taking action in speaking up. You became more truthful with Twiggy."

"Yes, the next day I was on my way to training when Twiggy yelled out, "Look there! There walks his majesty!" All kinds of emotions flooded up – anger, embarrassment, fear – but I felt them as best as I could in that moment. And then I said something very simple like, 'It's so unloving of you to put me down like you do.' She didn't talk to me for quite a while after that and she even turned some others against me."

"Your parents also got angrier after that – is that right? And that's when you decided to move out but not tell them the true reason about the move?"

"Yes, that's right. I tried to soften the blow."

“You tried to soften the blow by not being truthful. By lying. And then the next time Twiggy spoke to you was right before your Watchman post last night.”

“Yes. That’s true.

There was a long silence before Dolly asked, “When Twiggy finally talked to you after that long period of silence – how did that feel?”

Tony looked down and tears came up. “If I’m honest, I can see that I felt relief. I felt like things may now be patched up. That maybe I didn’t lose my family and the rest of the flock after all. She seemed caring – or at least that’s what I wanted to believe.”

Tony cried for a while and then had a spark of insight. “Are you saying that these things are connected – my lying to my family and my fear last night?”

“What do you feel about that?”

“Well, it does seem they are related. If I hadn’t given into fear and lied – if I had felt my fear instead and told my family the truth, it is possible I wouldn’t have felt fear about what Twiggy said – or the misguided relief. Is that how you feel about it also?”

“Yes. Every time we avoid feeling our emotions, we take actions out of harmony with love which then can’t help but impact future emotions and actions.”

After a long pause Tony responded, “What a mess it all is! Wow! And yes, I can feel how a part of my fear which caused my mistake last night is connected to my fear to speak the truth about why I moved out! Living in that fear made me more susceptible to Twiggy’s fearful influence because of how much I want to hold onto family. So rather than stay in truth and feel how unloving she was – and tell her that - I missed that entirely and felt relief when she talked to me and then took in all the fear! I believed it. And I even thought she was being loving! And then because of all that I messed up during my very first night as Watchman!” He put his head in his hooves and cried.

When he was done crying Dolly said, “The law of cause and effect is always at work. Whatever we don’t feel we project or act on. We’re just recycling old stuck false emotions and projecting them toward whoever is in our path. Nothing new and beautiful can then enter. That’s why taking responsibility to feel all our emotions is a very loving thing to do. It frees us up to be loving to ourself and others and to create things that are new and beautiful.”

“I do now feel strongly that I need – and want – that I actually *desire* to tell my family the truth. Whatever happens, happens. But I am coming to feel that truth and love do have a power and I want to see if that power means that I could really live without all this fear. That’s my stronger desire now – not to keep my relationship with family. So, I will tell them. Would you like me to step down as Watchman?”

“How do you feel about that?”

Tony didn’t hesitate. “Yes. I feel I need to step down temporarily at least, until I talk to my family, that is. And then if you feel I can continue I’d love to.”

Dolly smiled. “I agree. Take all the time you need to feel what you need to feel before you talk to your family. After that, we will talk again. Your desire to act in harmony with truth and love is growing – and that desire will not lead you astray.”

## 7: Trials

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*If men would make sure of their ground,  
their feet would more seldom slip.  
-Gate of Heaven*



After they walked one hour, Bernadette was hot and thirsty and thought longingly about the cool pond at Tribesville. “I hope we find some water soon. I’m so thirsty,” she complained.

John remained quiet.

Two hours into their walk Bernadette was hot, thirsty and hungry and thought longingly about the grainy mush the pigs gave her most nights. Even though it was never enough to fully satisfy her it was usually adequate to help her sleep through the night without hunger pains. “I hope we come across some food soon. I’m so hungry.”

John said nothing.

An hour later Bernadette said she wanted to rest during the heat of the day so they found a comfortable spot under a maple tree.

“Thanks for the ride,” John said as he jumped off Bernadette’s back. “You must be exhausted.”

“I am. But it’s not just my body.” Her eyes filled with tears as she continued. “I’m afraid I made a mistake in leaving.” She cried for a while and through her sobs told John she was so confused. “Before I left it felt right to leave, but now I’m not so sure I should have.”

Bernadette wondered if John heard her but after a few minutes he responded, “Without a North Star we easily waiver.”

Now it was Bernadette’s turn to remain silent. She was fuming. Why did John have to talk in riddles? Why didn’t he just say what he meant? She was too thirsty, hungry and tired to ask him to explain even though it was about the North Star.

John’s cryptic response reminded Bernadette of her second encounter with the cat. It was less than six months ago soon after the book burning and although he only spoke seven words, she wasn’t completely sure what he was getting at.

She was off by herself crying over Topsy Toes torment of Sprinkles. Topsy Toes was part of Chief’s inner circle and he was a bully to those he considered weak. Perhaps this was because of his own weakness of losing his balance when he made right turns or because of how his own father had bullied him but regardless, he made life difficult for Sprinkles and Bernadette had enough.

She loved Sprinkles, a kind old cow who wouldn’t hurt a fly. She had even stayed with her emotionally abusive husband until his death because of how much she loved him warts and all. But now Topsy Toes bullying was escalating. He went from taunting her with wolf sounds and ghost whispers to sprinkling hot water onto her back or poking her from behind with metal rods. That day the rod broke skin which startled Sprinkles into running forward directly into a nail sticking out from a misplaced board. It pierced her forehead but fortunately not too deeply. Bernadette moved to help her but Socrates and Samuel got to her first.

“This has got to stop!” she cried to no one in particular. And she didn’t just mean what Topsy Toes was doing to Sprinkles or what all the Chester

Whites were doing to the other animals. Since the book burning, the raw meanness among all the animals was escalating. It was as if fear had a grip on most of them and they were turning on each other. A few days earlier the old goat Munchkin kicked Socrates hard in the rear for not getting out of his way fast enough. Everyone was appalled, but too afraid to say anything.

Bernadette cried behind the barn wondering what it would take to stop it all when she felt a presence beside her. "I want the meanness to stop and I don't know what to do about it!" She wasn't sure why she told this to John. The words just came out.

His response stunned her. "Bullies need underlings. Neither knows about love." Bernadette sat there in silence so long that John walked off without another word.

His words were a shock. What was he saying? Was he saying that kind, gentle Sprinkles also doesn't know about love? That she is as wrong as Topsy Toes is? Bernadette could feel that there was something different about John and that it was a good kind of difference, but his words disorientated her.

This time, however, his words infuriated her. John's cryptic message about the North Star maddened her and she erupted. "You must think you're better than everyone else since you talk in riddles that only you can understand. If you can even understand them, that is. Maybe you don't. Maybe you're just talking gibberish. Why don't you just say what you mean? There's no use in talking if no one understands you anyway!"

Bernadette stormed away to lie under the huge oak a distance from John. And John curled up under the maple.

Within an hour they both awoke scratching all over from the dry grass underneath and continued their journey in silence. Bernadette moaned under her breath about the bugs as she thought longingly about her favorite spot on the farm that was usually bug free. She imagined herself there enjoying its sweet grass and cool water. But she said nothing.

Late afternoon the clouds darkened and the rains came. It began as a cooling mist, welcome to the earlier heat, but soon turned into a downpour that was short lived but heavy enough to turn the ground into a slippery muddy mess.

Bernadette didn't want to complain out loud and give John the satisfaction of knowing her discontent. He seemed calm jogging along beside her, his short legs caked with mud and his fur slicked down to reveal the stark thinness of his body. His appearance shocked Bernadette and she felt a twang of sympathy for him but still decided not to invite him up to ride. After all, she thought, he could always ask if he wanted.

An hour later they were almost dry from the warm sun that appeared after the rain and Bernadette was the first to speak when she got a whiff of food. "We're getting close to a farm and I need to eat. And maybe someone there can tell us if we're heading toward Hillsmont."

"Yes, let's stop but we must feel our way along." John looked at Bernadette and then continued, "What I mean is, words don't always match others' emotions and motivations. Others will often say nice things but have an opposite emotion. So, it's helpful to feel our way with others rather than only listen."

Bernadette appreciated the attempt John made to explain himself but she didn't feel like letting him know that. She understood what he said but all she cared about was getting something to eat and drink and finding out if they were headed in the right direction.

As they approached the town, the first creature that appeared to them was a rat, carrying a piece of bread in his mouth. He twitched his nose in every direction and dropped the bread.

"You're not from around here but you smell just fine. You are free to enter but first look at our sign and decide for yourself whether you want to." He pointed toward a large sign up the path, quickly picked up the bread and as best as he could with a full mouth said, "I'm Benjamin, the Watchman," and then with a wink scampered off into the brush.

The sign was simple but well done and at the top in large letters was written 'Unity Farm.' Below that was the statement 'Unified we are strong, divided we are weak.' And then below that was a drawing of simple figures (human and various animals) together in an unbroken circle with the words 'Loyalty Rules' underneath.

"This seems like a wonderful town." Bernadette looked at John and then asked, "Do you agree?"

"We'll find food and drink here but as I said it's helpful to feel what's motivating others. Many are not orientated toward love and truth."

Bernadette walked ahead into the town without responding. She had no idea how to be orientated toward love and truth either, but decided against saying anything else right then. She was hungry and just wanted some food.

Unity was unity and unity was good as far as she was concerned. Little did she know that when they left Unity Farm the next day, she would have a very different view on the matter.

## 8: Unity Without Love

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*Men's desires are not naturally of the kind  
that unite them together in one great object,  
... and as a result war will ensue, and hatred and envy ...  
will take the place of love and brotherhood.  
Only when men shall get this Divine Love in their hearts  
will they be able to overcome these natural desires.*

*-Padgett Messages August 1, 1915 George Washington*



Bernadette and John were directed to a building where they could eat and drink to their heart's content. Quite a bit of time passed before Bernadette's stomach was satisfied and she felt a rush of tiredness settle in. A man walked by and she asked him if there was somewhere "we could sleep."

The man looked around and asked. "We?"

Bernadette realized John was no longer there and said, "Yes, I'm traveling with John – a cat. He's black and white with two goldish front paws."

The man looked at her intently, nodded and said, "Strange creature. There's something about him I don't trust. Come."

As Bernadette walked behind the man down a well-kept path past well-kept buildings all painted in various hues of beige, she noticed a large chalkboard on a building.

She shuddered as she read the sign: ‘Tuesday Talks 6 pm – 8 pm: Mandatory for all.’

“What are those Tuesday talks about?”

Without looking at Bernadette the man said, “Talks about how unity fits into all aspects of life.”

“Do you mean aspects of life like science, math, spirituality, politics, relationships – everything?”

“Yes.”

“But how can you be unified in how everyone understands these different things?” John’s words about the importance of having ‘a North Star’ popped into her head so she added, “Do you have a North Star which helps you understand things? Some truth that’s unchanging and reliable?”

The man stopped walking so abruptly that Bernadette’s nose went in between his legs. He jumped forward with a squeal and turned around. “Keep your distance!” He straightened his pants and continued, “It’s very simple. Different views are conflicting views and conflicting views lead to conflicts. And conflicts are what we’ve worked so hard to eliminate. Here our goal is to live in unity free from conflicts. That is our North Star, I suppose. If you stay long enough you’ll come to appreciate this way of life.”

Bernadette wasn’t so sure and asked if he ever disagreed with the views given on Tuesday. “I may, but that is inconsequential. What is consequential is unity. Nothing else matters. Unity allows us to live in peace. And who doesn’t want that? Don’t you want to live in peace?”

She was confused and didn’t know what to say. Even as a small pup, she could remember wanting everyone to live in peace. And she did feel unity was necessary but she also felt something was off about what he was saying. “But what if you don’t have a desire to attend the talks or at the meeting you bring up a different way of looking at something?”

“The talks are mandatory – our desires are petty. The collective is more important than the individual. Those who feel differently are free to leave. After all, we all have free will. Some just can’t tolerate unity. They feel more comfortable with conflicts. Those who stay agree that the unity we practice is the way to peace. There are other Unity Farms that have a different view on the matter. Anyone is free to go to those farms also if they desire.”

He continued his walk in silence and soon pointed to a large beige barn. “You’ll find your friend and a place to sleep there.” Without another word, he left.

Before Bernadette entered the barn, she found a private spot to sit in the warm sun. The conversation with the man brought to mind the last time she saw her grandmother before her death two months ago. During that visit they talked about how an education in love is like having a North Star. But the next day, when she died, Bernadette put all thought of that conversation out of her mind until that moment. Now, for some reason, it came back to her in a rush and she could feel its significance.

Soon before her grandmother’s death, Bernadette’s parents forbid her to see her grandmother, but Bernadette snuck over to her house anyway. “Grams, I’m so upset and confused! So many on the farm are becoming meaner and meaner and I don’t know what to do about it. And the Chester Whites used to say humans are bad and clothes are bad but now they have humans over for Sunday meal and wear clothes! Maybe you’ve seen the red hat Chief now wears?” Her Grandmother nodded and Bernadette continued. “And even my parents say one thing and then say or do something else. Like how they say they want me to follow my dreams but when I do, they say or do something that makes me feel guilty for following my dreams. I’m so confused.”

“I understand confusion well. I’ve been confused most of my life, until recently. But about six months ago I started meeting with the cat John and I can now honestly say I’m beginning to feel real clarity. It’s like I’m coming out of a fog. And it has to do with being educated about love.”

“Is that why my parents told me I can’t see you? Because they don’t agree with you?”

“Yes. Would you like to leave?”

Right then Bernadette wanted answers more than anything else. “No. I want to hear more.” She had so many questions but wanted to start with the most pressing one. “What do you mean ‘being educated about love’, Grams? Don’t you know what love is? You’ve always seemed like you do to me.”

Grams smiled, “I thought I did, Bernadette, but it turns out I didn’t. Love is very different than we’ve been taught it is.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Do you remember when I told you to never look a Chester White in the eyes and never to disagree with them?”

“Yes. You were looking out for me. Keeping me safe because you love me.”

“That was not love. I was putting fear into you. Fear of pigs. Fear of speaking. Fear which limited your voice and shrunk your confidence and created enemies out of all the Chester Whites and shut down your ability to think for yourself and caused you to feel inferior and to feel the pigs are superior and to fear for your life and to put safety over what you feel is true. The fear caused you to live a lie rather than be truthful which then helps you to discover more of your true personality. Projecting fear is a sin – and nothing true, loving or lasting comes from it. And that’s only one example of many.”

Bernadette was stunned. “I think you’re being too hard on yourself, Grams.”

“You misunderstand, Bernadette. I’m not being hard on myself – I’m being ‘hard on’ or firm with my sin. I *want* my sin exposed. I want to *feel* it’s impacts on me and others. And I want to feel more of my *true* soul – which is what happens when error leaves. Without a desire to feel our sin – which is whenever we suppress emotion – our true soul remains hidden.”

Her grandmother waited a bit before she continued. “Do you remember how you felt after I told you not to look the Chester Whites in the eyes?”

Bernadette was hesitant to say but her grandmother encouraged her to speak. “I remember feeling more afraid of them and more confused than ever because Mrs. Twinky was nice to me. We even talked about the stars once and I looked in her eyes ... but ... but after you told me that, I ignored her. And I didn’t look Chester Whites in the eyes as much after that or if I did, I looked away quickly.”

“I’m so sorry, Bernadette. I was wrong. That was unloving of me.”

“But how do you know? How do you know for certain that fear isn’t love?”

“One way is by its fruits. Look at the effects of what came from the fear ‘never look a Chester White in the eyes or disagree with them’. Did that fear close you down or open you up to know and love others more and to feel them as an equal?”

“It definitely closed me down from wanting to know others and it made me feel inferior and them superior. But is there another way to know also?”

“Yes – well, there are two ways John shared with me but only one I’ve experienced myself. And that’s as I told you – getting an education in love from someone who’s educated in God’s Love, like John. But also – and this is very important. The education in love is not about sitting in a classroom listening to words but actually acting on the teaching all during the day. So, from the moment we wake up until the moment we go to sleep we’re feeling our emotions and investigating what is true and what is false.

And John also shared about receiving Divine Love from God directly which actually transforms our soul and clarifies Truth for us, but I don’t feel that’s happened for me yet. That’s when we can learn from God directly.”

“Are you saying that an education in love can make us more sensitive to love and that love is like having a North Star to navigate by?”

Her grandmother smiled. “Yes, actually – that’s a good way to put it. An education in love does anchor us. It orientates us. It provides us with a reliable, unchanging, completely trustworthy direction to emotionally discriminate between what’s true and loving and what’s false and unloving. But also, Bernadette, something John often told me is – ‘Don’t just believe what I say, investigate – emotionally investigate – for yourself.’ As I said earlier, this is so important. You must investigate for yourself, if you want to come out of your confusion, that is.”

Bernadette felt such excitement at the possibility of there being something reliable and unchanging that could help her. “I also want to be educated, Grandma. Where do I start?”

“You can talk to John if you’d like. He has some books of Divine Truth teachings.” Her grandmother snuggled Bernadette. “There’s so much more I want to tell you but we can end here for now. We can talk again any time you’d like.”

Her grandmother’s eyes had a light Bernadette had never noticed before. The next day, however, her grandmother died in her sleep and her parents forbid her to attend her funeral. Her father also told Minnie not to attend but Bernadette saw her mother walk in the direction of the graveside ceremony soon after Maxim left for the day. Bernadette was so sad about her grandmother’s death that she lost all desire for an education in love until that day she sat in the warm sun at Unity Farm thinking about her grandmother and how she was now in the company of her teacher, John.

As Bernadette entered the barn to meet up with John, she felt thankful that he was on this journey with her and regretful for how meanly she had treated him earlier that day. It was an open barn without stalls and there were many animals scattered about conversing loudly with each other in tidy areas throughout. John sat alone in some straw to the right of the door.

Bernadette was glad to find John awake as her words came out in a rush of relief. “John, I’m so sorry for what I said this morning. I didn’t really mean it. I mean – well, I did mean that I don’t understand what

you're saying a lot of the time but I didn't mean that I think you think you're better than others. I don't – but – but maybe I did at the time. I don't know." Bernadette paused as she desired to be completely honest in what she was saying. "I do want to understand what you're saying. I think it's important that I do. But it's like there's a block between your words and my understanding. And I don't know what to do about that. Could you help me understand? Can you educate me in love like you did my grandmother?"

The barn was in complete silence. It was as if all the animals had stopped breathing and were waiting for John's response.

Bernadette noticed John's eyes glistening with tears. "I'd be honored to share with you what I've come to know but it's not only the information I share that provides the education. The education is also based on investigation or action. Joshua's teachings are, in a way, a roadmap for how to live life aligned with God's Truth and Love. But the real education is in the living of it – from the moment we wake up to the moment we go to sleep. How humble are we to our emotions, how do we engage our free will, how deep is our desire to know, feel and live God's truth of love – to act in alignment with it regardless of consequences. *That's* what provides the real education."

And with that said, it was as if all the animals gave a collective sigh and then continued their conversations.

## 9: Trust

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*How can the full beauty of the plant and flower be seen  
when the seed has only just been discovered?  
How can we know the oratorio  
when the overture has but just commenced?  
-Through the Mists*



Early the next morning while John and Bernadette walked around Unity Farm, John asked, “What do you desire most?”

“To know the truth. To know how to love. It feels awful to be unloving.”

John nodded and motioned for them to take a seat under a large oak tree. “How are you feeling about Unity Farm?”

“It’s strange. Something about it doesn’t feel right. On the one hand unity seems like a good thing. I think it’s important for us to live unified but there’s something about the way they go about it here that doesn’t seem honest.”

“What do you mean ‘it doesn’t seem honest’?”

“It seems forced. They force unity and it doesn’t seem to be based on anything other than what they think unity is.”

“Yes, I agree. Their idea of unity comes from what those in leadership think it is. It doesn’t come from a universal principle based on how the Creator has designed things.”

Just then an adult cow and his adolescent son came into view and Bernadette and John stopped talking as they slowly walked by. “Dad, I don’t trust him or what he’s teaching.”

His father looked alarmed and said, “Why not? I trust him completely. He’s one of the most respected canine teachers we have.”

“Do you remember last semester when he wanted me to join his chess club because he needed more cows in his group but I had no desire to? He said it was for ‘unity’s sake’. He told me I was being selfish by not thinking of the group.”

“Yes, but didn’t you try the chess club and ended up doing well?”

“Yes, but I hated it! What I’m getting at is, now he’s telling the class to just trust him when he says that Gordon’s newspaper should be censored for the well-being of the group. He said the purpose of our rules is bigger than the individual but I and some of the others don’t agree with that and want to ...” As they rounded the bend their voices could no longer be heard.

Bernadette was confused. “Yesterday, the man who brought me to the barn told me he didn’t trust you. But I trust you. And that son didn’t trust his teacher but the father did. How do you know who to trust?”

“That’s a big question with a simple but not easy answer. But unlike that canine teacher I will never tell you to just trust me. As I’ve said before, whatever I share with you, you must investigate for yourself to find out whether it’s true or not. If you want to, that is.” John paused before he continued. “You ask ‘How do you know who to trust’ and what I can say for certain is that love can be trusted – God’s definition of love, that is. When *you’re* orientated toward love you can more easily feel when others aren’t.”

“I’m not sure I understand. Can you give me an example?”

“Let’s look at free will. Do you feel love would restrict or manipulate another’s free will?”

“Well, maybe, in certain situations love would manipulate others like parents with their young children.”

“Manipulation is very different than loving education. It’s the parents’ responsibility to educate their young children in love, so at times it is loving to restrict the use of their free will when it’s being used unlovingly. But the purpose of the restriction is always an education in how *they* can develop their free will in love’s direction – not punishment or manipulation to break their free will and do what you want.

But then let’s say that the child is a teenager like that cow that just passed and his teacher and father are manipulating his free will to do things they want. If the teenage cow had been educated in love, would he trust his teacher or father to give him good advice and steer him in the right direction when they are not honoring his free will?”

“No. That’s what happened with my parents. At first, it felt fine when they told me I had to do accounting even though I wasn’t sure I wanted to but things changed when I found those books about the solar system. I began to feel angry and confused by their restrictions even though they said they loved me.”

“So, one way to tell if someone’s being loving toward you – or whether you can trust them – is to feel whether they’re trying to interfere with or manipulate your free will. The manipulation could be through fear or so called ‘kindness’, guilt, bribery, threats or even so called ‘logic’.”<sup>1</sup>

“But what about that man yesterday? Did you say something to him that caused him to mistrust you?”

“As he walked me to the barn he paused and pointed to a sign that read ‘Unified we are strong, divided we are weak’ and asked me what I thought

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1. To learn more about the addiction of manipulation, go to Divine Truth Youtube channel: The Human Soul – Addictions & Bribery, Threats & Blackmail P1, P2

of that. And I said, ‘We’re not strong because we come together with others – we’re strong when we’re developing in love. And we’re not weak when we don’t come together – we’re weak when we’re not developing in love. Believing in ‘strength in numbers’ shows a misunderstanding of truth because it doesn’t take into account how loving or unloving those involved are.’

The man then laughed and said, ‘If that’s what you think, you should go to Love Farm.’ I then asked him how close Snickers’ Love Farm was and he said he didn’t know anything about any Snickers but the closest one was about eleven days journey. He said all he knew about that Love Farm was that it used to be called Hillsmont. And that was the extent of our conversation.”

“So, because your belief about unity is based on love, he didn’t trust you?”

“It seems so. When our beliefs are not aligned with how God designed things, we tend to only trust those with the same false beliefs we have – regardless of their level of love. It’s a very strange thing that happens. Love doesn’t factor into what we come to believe and how we come to trust. There is no universal foundation or principal to our beliefs. And we think we’re being logical. That is the opposite of logic.”

Bernadette nodded and then added, “But the man did acknowledge free will. He said everyone has free will to leave if they want.”

“He acknowledged how everyone has free will to leave the farm but not to make decisions while they stay on the farm. His belief in free will is not built on a universal principle and is therefore inconsistent and illogical.”

Bernadette took some time before she responded, “Yes, I can see that now – although at the time when he said it I didn’t see how he wasn’t consistent. But – but – how do you *know* your beliefs about love are better or truer than his beliefs about unity?”

“One way is by its fruits or effects – what actually comes from our understanding and actions. Are the fruits more aligned with pretense,

control, confusion and conflict or honesty, freedom, clarity, and love? And another way to find out what is true is to have a desire to develop a relationship with the Creator of the laws of love. The entire universe is designed in accordance with the laws of love and God can teach us directly. But again, this you must determine for yourself.”

Bernadette remembered her grandmother said something similar about how the ‘fruits’ will tell us if we’re on the right track. But something bothered her. “What if I don’t know if I believe in God? Things in this world are such a mess.”

“Would you assume the violinist is dead just because the strings of his instrument are broken?”<sup>2</sup>

“Well, no. But, if God exists, why would he create such suffering?”

“He didn’t. That’s a misunderstanding. He created the potential for violence and suffering because he gave us the gift of free will but he didn’t create our suffering. It’s like if someone gave us the gift of a knife and then we use it to go around stabbing a bunch of people and ourself and then say that the knife is very painful. Instead of using the knife for its created purpose to cut up vegetables and prepare food and carve beautiful wooden instruments, we use it badly and then complain about its creator.”<sup>3</sup>

“But can I continue my education in love if I don’t know if I believe in God?”

“Yes. Just as you can know there’s the North Star, Polaris, without knowing its Creator, to a certain degree you can know love without knowing the Creator. You can continue with your education in love, if that’s what you want. But the love you feel and will develop in, is a natural love within all of us rather than God’s Love given by Her to those who sincerely long for it.”

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2. Quote from *Through the Mists*

3. Excerpt from *Divine Truth: FAQ* Youtube video: Why did God create fear? Is there actually a reason for it?

Bernadette wasn't sure she understood everything John said but she was ready to leave Unity Farm. As they walked out the gate, Benjamin, the rat they met when they first arrived, was there.

He sniffed them both again and said, "I knew you wouldn't stay long. You're not meant for this place." And with a wink, he was gone around the bend.

## 10: Feeling Feelings vs Taking on Feelings

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*We are created to have new experiences –  
not to keep regurgitating old ones.  
When we don't release emotions, we store them  
and live those experiences again and again.  
We miss what is now.  
-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*



After Tony told Daisy he would step down as Watchman until he told his family the truth about why he moved out, he spent the next few days feeling his emotions and writing about what he was feeling. And after some time, he came to some clarity.

On the surface he saw that he was afraid to tell his family the truth about why he moved out because he wanted to avoid feeling their anger. He was willing to lie to avoid feeling that discomfort. And by not wanting to feel their anger, he blocked himself from acting in truth and love. If he had been humble to his emotions, he would have acted differently. But he also

felt that he wasn't getting to the cause of why he resisted feeling their anger so he went to see Mr. Whiff.

During Tony's Education in Love classes, which were part of his Watchman training, he learned a lot about fear. He learned fear was an effect emotion or a symptom of the cause and if he wanted to release fear, he needed to feel the false belief that was causing it.

His teacher, Mr. Whiff, an unusually elegant skunk with a top hat, often reminded his students to pay attention to God's law of attraction events. He said, "They are God's gifts to you. Opportunities for you to become emotionally awake to your addictions and fears – as well as the truth of your soul as God created you."

When Tony began the Education in Love classes, he wasn't sure of God's existence but that changed after the first couple of weeks. When he began to see how certain things that happened to him were working together toward his development in love, his belief in a Creator sprouted. Joshua's words that 'Design assumes intelligence'<sup>1</sup> rang true to him. Logically nothing else made sense especially when he felt his happiness increase as his development in love increased. To believe love wasn't built into the design of his soul and the universe seemed ludicrous to him. And to believe that there was no designer seemed unintelligible.

During those beginning days with Mr. Whiff, Tony told him about two incidents that brought up fear. The first was when he told his parents that he wouldn't be joining them for their next Saturday picnic because he wanted to study. This was an event which no family members dared to skip except when very ill, so Tony knew they would be upset. His father said, "Family is family. We need to stick together no matter what, even when you're in training!" and his mother told him that she didn't recognize him anymore.

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1. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller)

And the second incident was when his grandfather asked him about what he was learning in his apprenticeship classes and Tony shared that he was finding out that love is different than he thought it was. His grandfather sighed, put up his hoof to signal that he didn't want to hear anything else, and said, "Tony, no need to go into any of that. I've lived a lot longer than you so I certainly know what love is." Immediately, in both situations, Tony felt as if he had done something wrong. He felt he was to blame for their upset and was afraid to say anything more.

Mr. Whiff then asked Tony, "What were you afraid of in those situations?"

"Upsetting them, doing the wrong thing, being 'bad'. Not being the good ram they want."

"So, you wanted to avoid feeling that you're bad?"

"Yes. It doesn't feel good."

"Does it feel good to avoid that feeling?"

"Not really, but probably better than if I felt it." Tony was confused. "Are you saying I *am* bad?"

"No. I'm not saying that you're bad but just that it's the truth of what you're now feeling. Always start with where you are – but *with the intention to know God's Truth*.

So, for example, when you feel the 'I am bad' emotion you're not really feeling your 'I feel bad' emotions. Your 'I feel bad' emotions are entangled in the false belief that you *are* bad and unless your desire is to feel the truth, you'll continue to believe that you *are* bad. When our desire is for truth, the lie will be exposed."

"And the truth being that 'I'm not bad' or who I truly am isn't bad? That God didn't create anything bad?"

"Yes, but you must feel the truth of that emotionally. And that is often a process which involves releasing the blocks to feeling that truth. As you feel your emotions and release false beliefs more truth can enter and deeper sensitivity to love will develop."

Tony didn't really understand everything Mr. Whiff told him back then but his teacher never gave up on him. He felt he could trust Mr. Whiff so he was the first one he thought of to go for guidance now. The fear he had about telling his family the truth about why he moved out was bigger than anything he had ever felt.

Tony explained the entire situation to Mr. Whiff – about the lie to his family, how he was relieved Twiggy spoke to him that night he was Watchman and how he took on Twiggy's fear all of which contributed to his mistake when he blew the horn. And then he waited for Mr. Whiff's response.

"Do you remember during your apprenticeship when you took on the feeling that you're bad whenever your family projected those emotions to you?"

"Yes. When I told my family I didn't want to attend the family picnic and then when my grandfather told me he didn't want to hear about what I was learning about love even though he asked me about what I was learning."

"Were you unloving in any of those situations?"

"No."

"So, you weren't unloving to them but because they reacted unloving to you, you felt you were unloving."

"Yes."

"You took on their feelings about you rather than stay with your own feelings."

"I suppose so. But it's kind of hard not to feel their disapproval of me."

"That's not what I said. Feeling their disapproval of you is different than taking on their disapproval of you. Do you understand the difference?"

"I think so. I didn't just feel the feelings of their disapproval of me and all the emotions that came up with that. I believed and I felt that I was bad because that's what they felt about me. I can see now that I actually took on what *they* were feeling."

“Exactly. You took on *their* feelings rather than feel and stay with your own. Rather than feel *your* fear or anger or sadness or whatever emotions *you* were feeling about their disapproval, you felt their ‘you are bad’ emotions as true. And only more lies can come out of that – more entrenched fear, false beliefs and unloving acts. But when we stay with our own feelings, with the desire to know truth – so much good comes from that.”

Tony felt a lot of emotion bubbling up so he thanked Mr. Whiff and left. He wanted time alone to feel his emotions. Over the next two days he did just that and then he asked his entire family to meet with him.

As his family waited for Tony to arrive, they talked about what they thought the purpose of the meeting was. “I knew it! He quit night Watchman!” said his father. “He wants to beg forgiveness and come back home!” said his grandmother. “Yes, I think he wants to come home to my cooking. He loves the way I make his favorite meal of cut up apples and dandelions with a hint of clover wrapped in lettuce. I can’t wait to make it for him again!” added his mother. Only his cousin Whinny remained silent, not offering an opinion about why she felt he wanted to meet.

All seven pairs of eyes were on Tony as he walked over to where they sat. They all listened with eager anticipation as he began to speak, “I want to apologize to you ...”

“I knew it! I knew it! I knew you wouldn’t last as Watchman,” his father reveled.

“You misunderstand. I haven’t quit and I have no desire to quit and I’m not coming back home. I want to apologize to you all for lying about why I moved out and telling you that it was only temporary.” Tony spoke quickly so he could get it out before another interruption. “I told you I was moving out temporarily because I needed quiet to study but that’s not the truth. I moved out because I don’t want to live with anyone who is outright unloving to me and has no desire to change and I won’t be moving back as long as that is the case.”

Everyone was quiet as they took in what he said. It was his cousin Twiggy who spoke first. "Does that mean I can have your sleep spot?" Then everyone else, except Whinny, erupted in anger, talking at once until his father's voice boomed over the others.

"You have no idea what love is! You think love is going against your nature? You think love is embarrassing yourself and your family? You think love is trying to be like others rather than who you are? You have no idea what you're doing!"

Tony responded calmly, "Dad, you're free to feel that way about me and love but I don't see love that way. Love honors others free will. It doesn't try to control others."

"But you're trying to control me by telling me what I can say and do!" His father was literally shaking with anger.

"No, I'm not. You're free to say and do what you want and I'm free not to stick around. By moving out I'm not trying to control you or even change your beliefs about love. But I am choosing not to be a target of them. If I allowed you to use me as a target for your unloving beliefs, that would not only be unloving to me but also to you."

His younger cousin, Whinny, then spoke up, "He should have the freedom to do as he pleases! Isn't that the loving thing to do? Why do you stay at Love Farm if you're not interested in love? Can anyone explain that to me?" Everyone, as usual, ignored Whinny. She was an abnormally small ewe which caused others to overlook her. Tony alone, however, recognized and appreciated his cousin's wisdom.

Aunt Matilda then spoke up and tried to bribe Tony to give up night Watchman with the promise to wed her beautiful step-daughter Rose. It was true that Rose had a beauty that stood out from all other ewes and that they once sang a duet together that caused everyone on the farm to give them a tearful standing ovation, but Tony was not moved. Making beautiful lambs and music together did not sway him.

His father then apologized for his anger and with a soft voice talked to him about the importance of family. "Please, son, we need to stick together. That's what family does. It's not in our blood to venture out. You've already failed as Watchman. Why do you want to continue with it? And why are you so judgmental of us? You talk about love but you judge us so harshly!"

Tony thought about opening up to his father once again about everything on his heart but when he looked into his eyes he decided against it. Instead, he just responded with, "Love is truthful, Dad. And even though what I'm saying may feel like judgment I don't feel that I'm superior to you in any way. We are equals and I have no judgment toward you. I love you, dad, but I'm going to continue as Watchman."

Standing behind his father, his mother then shuddered and whimpered like no sheep had before. And then his siblings, Peter and Peaches who were huddled behind his mother, started to cry. His father then erupted and shouted, "See what you have done to the family! Everyone is upset! You should be ashamed. You're not welcome here anymore. Don't come back. Your name will never be mentioned here among us again."

In shock, as Tony walked away, he could hear Whinny cry but he kept going. He was tired and wanted to get back to his cave.

The cave was small and partially hidden behind some brush but it was big enough for him and the family of rats who allowed him into their home. The youngest rat, Curly, was the first to speak. "They kicked you out for good, didn't they? It doesn't surprise me. Sheep are so narrow minded. They're too fearful to open their minds and hearts. Good riddance to them."

Tony was surprised at how fast this information had spread and although he wanted to say something about how unloving and untrue Curly's judgments were, he was too tired to say a word.

And then the oldest rat, Henny, asked “Why don’t you go to a nightly fire circle and ask for them to be thrown out. They clearly don’t honor love.”

The day after Tony hugged Gruff, he asked Snickers why Gruff hadn’t been told to leave when he is clearly mean to others and Snickers said, “We’re just beginning to explore what love is here, so being challenged from all angles will help clarify our understanding of love. At this stage in our development, those challenges are helpful. The blocks we have to love must be exposed in order to be released and for that to happen the emotions we’ve been avoiding need to be activated. And what better way for that to happen then with all the Mr. Gruffs that are here.” But then after some thought Snickers added, “But we do have ongoing sharing circles about who is welcome to stay here, so things will likely change as we all become more educated in love. You can always bring concerns or suggestions to the circle.”

But Tony was too tired to tell Henny any of that. He didn’t have the strength. His eyes closed and his breathing evened out and although Curly’s pink polka dotted blanket only covered a small portion of Tony’s back, he laid it on him with such care that it brought a tear to Tony’s eye before he drifted off to sleep.

## 11: Being Nice Can Be Unloving

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*Every soul is free to make its own choice,  
but they naturally choose that which is most congenial ...  
a sinner can no more dwell in the region of the saint  
than a sheep can soar upwards in company with the eagle.  
-Through the Mists*



Mascot arrived at the gate of Unity Farm the day after John and Bernadette left. He was tired and grumpy and looked forward to a meal and comfortable place to sleep. After the Watchman, Benjamin, took one sniff of Mascot, he took a step back and said, “I think you’ll do just fine here. Look over the sign and decide if you’d like to enter.”

Barely glancing at the sign, Mascot entered the town and felt right at home. Lucy, a human who would soon leave Unity Farm for Compassion Farm, warmly greeted Mascot. “You poor thing. You look like you’ve come a long way and your journey has not been easy. Come this way and I’ll show you where you can eat and sleep.”

“Oh, you have no idea what I’ve been through,” Mascot walked off balance to better ensure her sympathies. “I’ve been run out of Tribesville. Maybe you heard about the revolt? I, along with the other Chester Whites, tried our best to bring freedom and safety to all, but the German Shepherds and other animals turned on us.”

“You poor thing! What will you do now?”

“I’m making my way to Snicker’s farm – Hillsmont. He’s a childhood friend. Do you know of the farm?”

“Yes, but it’s actually called Love Farm now. They changed their name some months ago.”

“Why did they do that?”

“Every farm that decides to explore certain values, principles or topics names themselves after them. This way we can decide if we’d like to visit them or not based on our desires.”

“What were they exploring when they were Hillsmont?”

“Nothing in particular. They didn’t have a strong focus or purpose collectively. When the individuals have a focused desire to explore something they tend to leave those unfocused farms. But sometimes those farms have enough members that want to stay put and focus on a certain thing, so they agree to change their name.”

“Interesting. I suppose the farm I just left would be considered an unfocused farm. Although those in charge do have a focus of freedom, so if we – I mean they – wanted to, are you saying, they could change their name to Freedom Farm?”

“Yes, I suppose so. But as far as Snicker’s Love Farm – I’ve heard so many conflicting things about it that I have no desire to visit it. But tomorrow I’ll be going to Compassion Farm, which is on the way to that farm. Would you like to journey with me?”

Mascot looked at the young woman and smiled. He felt that she would be an ideal walking partner indeed. He enjoyed the company of those he found accommodating.

“That’s so kind of you. I’d be honored. By tomorrow I should be rested and ready to continue my journey. What makes you leave Unity Farm?”

“Over the past year or so Unity Farm has felt lacking to me in the caring department so I want to spend some time in a town that has compassion as their most important value.”

“Wonderful, wonderful, my dear. I do indeed think compassion is one of the virtues. We can talk more on our journey together. I can now smell the food and my nose will bring me the rest of the way. I thank you and I will see you again tomorrow.”

And off he went to eat, drink and then sleep his way through until they set off early the next day.



Mascot and Lucy left early the next morning. Benjamin, the Watchman, was hidden in a bush and as they passed by, he sniffed the air and decided to let them leave without a good-by.

Within minutes, Mascot was tired of carrying his large food bundle, which the cook at Unity Farm gladly gave him when he sighed about his long walk and large stomach. To make sure Lucy knew how burdensome the bundle was, he slowed down and started to huff and puff. Lucy then asked if he would like her to carry it.

“Oh thank you, my dear. That’s so kind of you. Your human body is better suited for such things.” He handed her the load and dramatically wiped the sweat off his brow.

“My pleasure. You poor thing. You must still be tired from your journey.” Lucy felt pleased that she could be such a help.

“What a lovely town Unity Farm is,” Mascot said after a few minutes of walking in silence. “It’s so predictable, orderly and unified. It feels so safe. But yesterday you said you find it lacking in the caring department. Do you have any examples of that?”

“Yes, there are many but this is a major example with a growing number of inhabitants. The leadership comes across very abruptly and often hurts our feelings. And all they say about their rudeness is ‘get over it for the sake of unity’ but there are some of us who feel they’re just using unity as an excuse for their bad behavior!”

“Being kind is so important to you.” Mascot said as he took a mouthful of water from the jug Lucy handed him. “I understand how hurtful it must be when others aren’t.”

“A week before you came the horse Peanut was kicked off the farm for painting his house window frames bright red. As you may have noticed everything is various tones of beige so there was an uproar about Peanut breaking the unity. The Council convened and unanimously decided that for the sake of unity protocol must be followed, so they told him to leave.

That was the last straw for me. I’ve also wished I could paint my walls bright yellow and wear more colorful clothes and honestly discuss issues without censoring myself but ‘unity’ doesn’t allow that. That’s why I’ve decided I want to explore compassion. I’ve heard so many wonderful stories about Compassion Farm so I’m looking forward to visiting and maybe even staying.”

Mascot then asked, “You also said you heard awful things about Snicker’s Love Farm. What are they, my dear?” He hoped they had to do with how inefficient Snickers was running the farm and how unhappy the inhabitants are with him.

“Well, again, it has to do with hurting others feelings. I’ve heard that their so called ‘Education in Love’ classes are about telling others off when-

ever anyone disagrees with those in leadership. And they call that love.<sup>1</sup> I know of four who have left Love Farm in tears straight for Compassion Farm. At some point, I'd like to meet them and find out more about that farm."

Mascot was glad to hear some had left Love Farm and he also looked forward to his visit at Compassion Farm now more than ever. The thought of an obliging group of humans and animals, like Lucy, catering to his every want filled him with joy and anticipation.

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1. Chapter 17 goes into more detail about the dynamics involved in 'hurt feelings.' In addition to understanding those dynamics, it's also helpful to be aware of the difference between so called 'hurt feelings' due to someone's unloving behavior and 'hurt feelings' due to others not meeting our emotional addictions, such as when someone gives us loving feedback about our unloving behavior. *All* 'hurt feelings', however, are an opportunity to become more self-responsible for our emotions rather than assign blame to others.

## 12: Fight Farm

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*Aspire to grow into the modes and habits of the life  
that leads from the blackness of hell,  
through the daybreak of hope,  
into the unclouded noon of the eternal day  
which constitutes the soul's true home.  
-Through the Mists*



“We’re almost to Compassion Farm. Just another hour or so.”  
John broke the silence of the last two hours.

“I’ve been wondering about something. The man at Unity Farm told me there are many Unity Farms so are there also many Compassion Farms?” Bernadette was amazed at how many farms had no interest in being educated in love.

“Yes, there are a lot. And there are multiple Equity Farms, Freedom Farms, Love Farms, Safety Farms and so many more. The Compassion Farm we’re going to is in Pleasantville and is a few days’ walk from Snicker’s Love Farm in Hillsmont.”

“Are they all the same – all the Compassion Farms, Freedom Farms and Love Farms?”

“No, not at all. There can be a wide difference between each town exploring the same value or principle. Some are just beginning, some have been exploring for years, and other towns think they’re exploring those principles but really aren’t.”

“That sounds confusing. How do you know which towns are on the right track?”

“By finding ‘the right track’ yourself. Once we can feel the right direction – the direction of love – and I mean God’s definition of Love – it becomes clearer. The wrong track, the track going in an unloving direction, can then more easily be felt as error.”

“Will the education in love you’re giving me bring me that clarity?”

“It depends. If you just listen to what I’m saying without investigating whether it’s true or not, then no. Nothing will change. But if you test it out by feeling your emotions, uncovering your false beliefs (which include what you believe about God) and *taking loving action*, which includes speaking up for truth and love, then yes. Your sensitivity to what’s loving and what’s unloving will deepen.”

Just then thoughts about an incident right after her grandmother’s death popped into Bernadette’s head. For quite a while she took on the sole responsibility of cleaning up after her parents and cooking all the meals. Being an obedient daughter, she did it willingly without question. But the day after her grandmother died, she wasn’t hungry so decided not to cook. Her father frowned and didn’t talk to her for hours and her mother mumbled that she would go ahead and cook but showed her anger by noisily banging the pots and pans as she began. Bernadette felt like an awful daughter so the next day decided to continue the cooking and cleaning as usual even though she was still mourning her grandmother. Now, however, she could feel how unloving her parents were to her in that situation. This

shocked her and she found those emotions too disturbing to feel, so instead she asked more questions.

“Are the unfocused towns chaotic with a lot of violence? Like Tribesville?”

“Yes, most of them are. But violence takes many forms – it doesn’t have to be physical. Control and manipulation are a type of emotional violence.

Most farms have little to no clarity about what creates conflicts or how to solve them. They’re only concerned with the effects and not the cause so they’re not even seeing the problem correctly. And if we don’t understand the problem, we, of course, then can’t come to understand the solution. And because of that, the same conflicts come up repeatedly – in the farms, in marriages, or in any relationship at all. Over time those farms or relationships can’t help but disintegrate. It is all such a tragedy and completely avoidable.

When we’re humble to our emotions, we want to resolve every problem. We come to know that no problem is insurmountable because problems are not natural – they’re man made.”<sup>1</sup>

Bernadette thought about all of the towns they had visited. Equity Farm was one of the strangest. When they entered they were told by a goose named Racket that this town was among the most advanced of Equity Farms. She proclaimed that they now had equity among all participants almost to perfection.

Racket bobbed her head up and down as she said with pride, “I can tell you this. There used to be a lot of problems over how to make everything equitable but we have solved it! Well, almost. The only conflict we still have is when someone has more than one offspring. It doesn’t happen often but when it does it creates a lot of tension among us.”

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1. Last two sentences are a quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller).

There was then a screech from above and a large crow landed on a tree branch beside them. “I wouldn’t say you’ve solved anything when 96% of your inhabitants are miserable.” And off she flew.

“Pay no attention to her,” Racket continued. “Mari is just jealous because she’s not yet found her home. She says she belongs to God – whatever that means.”

As Bernadette and John rounded a corner, she was brought out of her musings about Equity Farm. A large sign with messy writing and rotting wood stood before them and Bernadette wondered about the farm’s inhabitants.

**F i g h t F a r m**

**E N t e r a t y o u r o w n r i s k**

Just as Bernadette was going to ask a question, an angry male voice boomed from behind the farm’s walls made of thick thorny brush. The only words they could hear clearly were, “You make me so angry! What’s wrong with you? You’re so selfish!” and then crashes and bangs and a female’s scream.

Bernadette was visibly upset. “What can we do? How can we help?”

“Notice how there are no fences or gates. There are no watchmen either. Anyone is free to enter and anyone is free to leave.”

“But someone is getting hurt. Don’t you care about them?” Bernadette was shocked at John’s response.

“Sometimes the most loving thing to do is nothing until they care enough for themselves to leave such a place or to ask for help. It’s helpful to feel why ...”

Just then a bloodcurdling scream from a female changed Bernadette’s focus. “Never mind about all that! I can’t listen to anything you’re saying! I want to help! I’m going in to ask if anyone needs help.”

“Okay. I’ll stay here while you do that.”

Bernadette looked for a door but only found a very small opening through the heavy brush to squeeze her body through. It seemed no one

had entered or left in a long time. As soon as she was inside she wondered if she had made a mistake. The smells and sights were like nothing she had ever experienced before. There were piles of garbage with rats openly picking at it, old furniture strewn about in a kind of courtyard and many of the humans and animals walking around had bruises and oozing sores all over their bodies. The smell was like rotting flesh which caused her to gag.

She was about to leave when a human hand reached out to her. The woman was crouched against a courtyard wall partially hidden by an over turned dresser. When she saw the woman's face, Bernadette took several steps back as she realized that she knew her from Tribesville. Her face now had open sores on the right side but she knew it was her.

"You! You're the one who gave me a treat over the fence when I lived in Tribesville! You're the human with the kind eyes." Yet when she looked into her eyes now, she shuddered wondering if she was mistaken. They looked dead.

"Oh yes, I lived close to that farm before I met my beloved and I would sometimes feed the animals who came to the fence but I don't remember you. Animals are my solace. But I need help now. Can you help?"

"Yes! Let's go. The way out is over there. Can you stand?"

"It's hard, my leg is twisted. Can you lend me your back, if it's not too much trouble?" Bernadette came close and the woman used her back for support as she stood herself upright. "Thank you. But I don't want to leave. I just need your help with my husband. He's so angry."

Bernadette was confused. "You don't want to leave this place?"

"No, not without him. He's my everything. Come, he's this way."

On the way to their dilapidated shack Bernadette was shocked by the way the inhabitants lived in their own filth, not taking any responsibility to tidy up their surroundings.

Just as they entered the shack a man with wild hair and angry eyes pointed at the woman and yelled, "There you are! Did you go see Jack again?"

"No. As I've said, he's just a friend from work. You're the only one I love."

"You say that but you don't show that! You never listen to me. You've changed since you started working at that store!"

Although the woman had visible sores and bruises Bernadette couldn't see any on the man. "Are either of you being violent with the other?"

The man spoke up immediately. "Yes! Not physically but emotionally. She beats me down every day. It's exhausting when she doesn't listen. She doesn't do things for me and help me as she used to! She promises she'll change but she never does. And she spends a lot of time talking to Jack. She cares only for herself and I'm fed up!"

After talking to them for about twenty minutes, Bernadette was exhausted and confused. It seemed like the man had some legitimate complaints about the woman and even though she didn't say anything to dispute them, something seemed off about their relationship.

"I don't really understand what's going on here but my friend and I are going to Love Farm in Hillsmont. Would you like to join us? My friend is very wise and may be able to help even as we journey there."

They both looked at each other and first the man laughed and then the woman. "We like it here – don't we, honey?"

The woman looked down as she responded. "That's right."

"We've been here together for many months. I'm sure we can work this out. We always do. Do you agree, dear?"

"Yes, absolutely. I'll try to listen to you more." She tried to make her voice sound agreeable but her eyes showed fear.

Bernadette was more confused than ever as she looked at the woman and asked, "Then why did you want my help with your husband? You said he was ang ..."

The woman turned red as she quickly interrupted. "I ... I ... you must have misunderstood me. I didn't need help with my husband. I just needed help getting up." She smiled at her husband hoping that explanation would be enough. But she could see in his eyes it wasn't.

The man felt Bernadette was a bad influence on his wife. "It's time for you to go to your Love Farm. Many have left that farm, you know. I heard it's no fun at all." He reached for his wife's hand and Bernadette left Fight Farm very confused and upset.

It was too late to continue traveling so John and Bernadette found a spot for the night far enough away from Fight Farm that no noise would reach them. After they got settled, Bernadette spoke first.

"It's mind boggling. Why would anyone want to live there at that farm. To live in those conditions. It's crazy and confusing with garbage all over the place. The man wanted the woman to love him. There's nothing wrong with that, is there? But because she didn't – although she said she did – they couldn't get along. He was so angry and she seemed like a beaten down dog. He kept repeating how she didn't listen to him. I couldn't make sense of it."

"Those who live in such surrounding, taking no responsibility to clean up after themselves, have no self-love. And when we don't have love or know what love actually is everything gets distorted and confused. Did the husband have certain demands or expectations of his wife?"

"Yes. He didn't like her talking to Jack at work. And he wanted her to listen to him. But doesn't love have expectations? The expectation that we love each other?"

"No. Love is a gift. It gives of itself without any expectations of anything in return. Love demands nothing. If we're expecting love from another we're not being loving."

"He also said that if she loved him, she would cook for him since he was such an awful cook and she wasn't. The way he said things confused

me. What he said sounded logical and I can also see how the woman was confused too.”

“It’s not logical to put demands on another and believe that’s love. And if I love you, I will not provide for you something you refuse to provide for yourself.”<sup>2</sup>

“I can see that. But that’s so different than how most feel. Most feel love is the opposite to that.”

“I agree. That’s why an education in love is so important. With an education in love both the problem and solution become clear.”

“Also, as I said, the man kept telling his wife that she doesn’t listen and then before I left, she said she’d try to listen more. But I got the feeling that, to the man, ‘listening’ meant ‘agreeing’. If his wife didn’t agree, he told her she wasn’t listening. He feels she just needs to agree with him and then all will be well. He’ll feel listened to! What a mess of confused emotions they’re both in and they can’t see a way out.”

“It is a mess,” John nodded, “But thankfully, there *is* a way out. As Joshua said, ‘Every problem is solved through education’.<sup>3</sup> And when we get an education in love, we can feel that love not only demands nothing but that it also doesn’t give into demands.” John paused before continuing. “What do you feel motivated you to go in and offer help?”

“I really thought it was because of love. I don’t want others to suffer. But I can see that the man’s suffering was partly because he wanted his wife to do what he didn’t want to do. So, he created his suffering, although he blamed his wife for it. He felt like a victim. And the wife’s suffering was partly because of what a doormat she is. Her suffering wasn’t about her husband either. She created it.”

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2. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller) 20090920 - Human Relationships – Relationship with a Partner S3 P2

3. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller)

“Yes, she gave her will over to him thinking that’s love. And he didn’t respect her free will. He tried to manipulate it into doing what he wanted and he was convinced that is love. He was arrogant.”

Bernadette took a while before she responded. “Do you feel I was arrogant in trying to help them? That I didn’t respect their free will?”

“Yes.”

“I can kind of see that now but at the time I really felt I was being loving and I couldn’t understand your lack of action. Wow. I can now see how a lot of ‘helping others’ can be motivated by arrogance and a sense of superiority. Now that I think of it, my parents felt that way with other animals. They felt the animals would be better off under their leadership. They felt the animals couldn’t handle things on their own but with ‘their help’ they would do better. How different things would be on earth if we could all just be educated in what love really is! It’s amazing how much would change.”

John smiled. “Yes, so much would change, indeed. What do you feel would change if the woman and man knew what love is?”

“She wouldn’t be a doormat. She would speak up. She would be honest with herself and her husband. She wouldn’t just give into his demand – so she wouldn’t just cook because he demanded it of her. And he wouldn’t be demanding. He’d become more self-responsible with chores around the house and with his own emotions. Rather than blame his wife for how he felt he’d take responsibility for how he felt. He wouldn’t feel like a victim anymore.”

John added, “Not taking responsibility for ourselves physically and emotionally often has a feeling of entitlement baked in. We feel entitled to have others help us or offer us comfort or understanding or finances – or even love us. And if they don’t, we get angry or depressed. No one has to

love us – no one.<sup>4</sup> To expect love from others is a hellish level of existence but in order to get out of that – we have to have a *desire* to get out.”

Bernadette thought again about all of her parent’s demands and how they reacted after her grandmother’s death when she didn’t give into them. For most of her life, without feeling anything, she fulfilled all of their demands without question. She cleaned up after them, cooked for them, and planned on being an accountant. She was such a ‘good little girl’ for everyone around her that she lost all sense of her true personality. She really had no idea what her true desires and passions were.

She cried softly as she said, “Until now, I didn’t know why I had to leave Tribesville. I just knew I had to. But now I know it was because of love. I loved myself enough to not be controlled by my parents. And ...,” she could barely get the words out, “and I loved *them* enough not to let them control me.”

With a heart full of gratitude, John went for a walk as Bernadette sobbed.

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4. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller).

## 13: When Compassion Is Unloving

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*Like attracts like. In the absence than of any deterrent force,  
when this attraction of sympathy has been established,  
whether it be of a holy or unholy nature,  
the souls naturally gravitate towards each other.  
-Through the Mists*



The next day, after they walked for several hours, Bernadette saw an attractive and well-done sign and read out loud, “Compassion Farm – Where We Meet Heart to Heart,” and below the words was a circle of intertwining hearts.

Although Bernadette considered compassion important, she had also learned enough on this journey to be sensitive to the kind of ‘compassion’ practiced. Her interactions with John, as well as time to feel her emotions in ways she had never experienced before, proved to be very helpful.

Just the other day John pointed out to her that her communication style was quite manipulative. He told her that rather than just say what she

meant, she often phrased it in a way to minimize the potential for conflict. She was shocked. She thought she was being nice. But when John told her there were manipulative fear-based emotions behind such statements as ‘What do you think if we do it this way?’ or ‘How do you feel about doing this instead?’ or ‘I like that suggestion but what do you think of this?’ she could feel that he was right. And she now had enough understanding about fear to know that it is devoid of any love.

He told her that loving communication is direct and honest and without fear. After that, she began experimenting with this new way of communicating as well as feeling any fear that came up. She now said things like, ‘I’d rather do it this way’ or ‘I’m feeling I want to try this instead’ or ‘I don’t agree with that suggestion. I want to try this because ....’ and she gave logical reasons to consider another way. She was amazed at all the changes she began to feel as she felt through those fears about that one ‘small’ error in how she communicated.

Before they entered Compassion Farm, however, Bernadette wanted to get something off her chest. “John, sometimes I feel you’re holding back with me. I feel that there’s more you can say but you’re not saying it. If you are doing that, please don’t. I want you to challenge me, question me – shake me if it will help. Will you do that?”

John smiled and nodded, “Well, I don’t think shaking will be necessary, but yes. When I have something to say, I say it. I’m not holding back. But your desire for me not to hold back shows your sincerity. You’re now more interested in Truth than in your own comfort. And that is very good.”

The Watchman was a kind looking horse who welcomed them as she motioned toward an open gate. Inside, a happy woman greeted them. “Welcome to Compassion Farm. My name is Kindness and I hope you find your time here pleasurable. Are you visiting or staying?”

“We’re visiting,” John replied.

The town looked inviting with well-kept lawns and colorful buildings and happy looking humans and animals walking around. But at the top of the tallest building there was a revolving section that caught their eye.

“Why is the top of that building revolving?” Bernadette asked.

“Oh, that’s the all seeing Eye that ensures our compassion. Everyone here understands how important compassion is so we agree to be held accountable when we fall short. The Eye makes sure that happens.”

“Can you give us an example of how The Eye may hold someone accountable?” John asked.

“Oh, no need to worry yourself about consequences. We rarely have conflicts here anymore. The last time we did was over a year ago. The Eye started to blink the photo of Oscar, a pig, and blast a loud message for him to come to The Caring Center. He was guilty of trying to stop his young nephew from cutting off his ears.”

Bernadette and John stood in stunned silence as they waited for her to continue. And she looked at them in silence as she waited for them to speak. Finally, Kindness realized that they were ignorant of how Compassion Farm worked so she continued.

“Oscar’s nephew, Piggy, from the time he was very young didn’t feel comfortable in his body. He hated his ears. They were larger than normal and Piggy never felt they fit well on his body. The two goats who tormented him about his ears were told to leave the farm but the damage was already done. Little Piggy wanted his ears off but his uncle, Oscar, felt he was too young to make such a permanent, life altering decision and still too emotionally upset by how the goats treated him. Oscar felt his nephew just needed some time and counseling to come to an inner peace about his ears but Piggy was adamant they come off and his parents finally agreed.

You see, we strongly believe that inner peace can only be achieved through compassion. And Oscar making Piggy feel guilty or wrong about what he wanted to do was definitely not compassionate. Here we affirm what others want rather than make them feel wrong.”

Bernadette's curiosity poked through her shock. "What happened to them?"

"Oscar was given the choice to go through Caring Therapy or leave and he chose to leave."

"And Piggy?" Bernadette almost whispered.

Kindness looked at the ground with a somber face, "Piggy – well, Piggy did have his ears cut off but then soon after he and his parents left. There were rumors but ... but we're not sure what happened to him." Her smile then returned as she continued, "Can I show you to your lodgings now? There will be plenty of time for more questions. As I said, you will find everyone here very friendly."

Bernadette and John looked at each other, nodded and then for both of them John said, "Thank you for your offer but we'll be moving on."

## 14: Compassion Wielded as a Weapon

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*Be aware of valuing yourself through the eyes of others.*

*It's not about how others see you.*

*See yourself as God sees you*

*and aspire to be more like that.*

*-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*



Mascot took full advantage of Lucy's kindness during their journey to Compassion Farm. When he walked off balance she gave him an extra drink of their water. When he said he had double vision she gave him an extra portion of their food. And when he complained he was too hot and tired to walk anymore, she set him up under a large maple with a soft undergrowth and ran to the nearest road to flag down a truck. She even convinced the two men to use their wheelbarrow to bring Mascot to the truck and drive them to Compassion Farm— which they did.

They made it to Compassion Farm in record time and were greeted by the same woman John and Bernadette met shortly before.

“Welcome. My name is Kindness and I hope you find your time here pleasurable. Are you visiting or staying?”

Mascot replied ‘visiting’ at the same time Lucy said ‘staying’. They looked at each other and Lucy giggled and Mascot smiled so wide all his remaining teeth showed. Smiling didn’t come naturally to him but he felt it would be to his benefit to appear friendly. He would only be there overnight and he wanted to take full advantage of all the generosity they had to offer.

After Kindness took down some information from both of them, she told Lucy that she will meet with Happy who was head of the Compassionate Welcoming Committee and Mascot will meet with Gladness who was a member of the Compassionate Visiting Committee. She then rang two bells with different tones and said, “They should be here shortly. Do you have any questions while we wait?”

Lucy bubbled up with enthusiasm as she asked, “Your name is Kindness and the two that are coming are named Happy and Gladness. Does everyone here have similar names?”

Kindness smiled and nodded. “Yes. Eventually we all change our names to suit our new understanding of compassion.”

Lucy was thrilled. She looked forward to put down roots here and learn as much as she could about compassion.

Just then a playful cat and a smiling cow made their way up the path. Kindness introduced the cat, Happy, to Lucy and the cow, Gladness, to Mascot and off they went in opposite directions.

Lucy stayed at Compassion Farm for three years as she explored all that this town’s understanding of compassion had to offer. But when she and her husband of two years couldn’t resolve an ongoing issue, she left.

The situation had to do with how much Lucy, now named Joy, felt she had to sacrifice compared to how much her husband, Caring, was willing to sacrifice. Two virtues of compassion taught at this farm were sacrifice and compromise but nothing was said about what to do if the sacrifice

and compromise were largely one sided. Joy felt depleted and Caring felt frustrated and neither knew what to do. Joy left for Peace Farm, hoping that peace held more answers than compassion. Caring stayed at Compassion Farm and within the year married another woman similar to, yet more accommodating than, Joy. They stayed together five years before she also felt depleted and left.

Although Mascot planned to stay overnight to enjoy all that the farm had to offer, he was rather abruptly kicked out after only an hour. But he had no complaints at all because of who he was kicked out with.

He had just finished a satisfying meal when he saw an extremely attractive plump Chester White sitting by herself looking sad. His heart fluttered in a way that he thought was gone forever since the day his beloved Cupcake was loaded on the big truck marked 'Markum's Meats' and never seen again. But here was a similar fluttering so he didn't hesitate to approach her.

"I can see you're sad and I hope to help. I'm Mascot. Can I be of service, Miss ... ?"

"Agatha." After she looked him up and down, she then looked around to make sure no one else was there and whispered, "I can see you're new here so you probably haven't heard but there's a sickness going around. It travels from brain to brain so the children aren't able to go to school and we can't even go to certain stores. Parents are told to keep the children indoors but ..." She looked around again and then whispered so softly that he had to move in closer to hear her, which he greatly enjoyed. "... but my sad little students miss school so much and one of them, Porky, told me that the school just a short distance away is now open! So, I asked Mr. Muscle on the School Compassion Committee why that is and he got angry and said, "Are you aware of how sick ol' Miss Heckle was last week? She almost died. Don't you have any compassion? If you can't go along with this committee's compassion policy you are not being very compassionate – are you?"

Agatha began to sob. "I was just asking a question! I didn't know that was being unkind. And ol' Miss Heckle never went into any school. She's so old she can't even walk. I don't understand what he was saying. It doesn't make sense."

For several minutes Mascot enjoyed stroking her back and patting her head but then with a worried expression abruptly stopped. "Why was I allowed to enter the town with a sickness going around?"

"That's a good question and I have no idea why. Some can enter freely and others can't. A lot of what's been going on here makes no ..."

A loud horn drowned out the rest of her words as two large men and three large dogs came into the room and pointed their sticks toward them both. Mascot was so focused on the hook at the end of each stick that he almost missed the words 'compassion = compliance' written down the side.

One of the men spoke, "Come with us. It's time for you both to leave. It has been decided and you have no choice. Compassion wins - you must comply."

They were both loaded onto a cart which was upended right outside the town gate and Mascot and Agatha landed in a pile with Agatha's head resting gently on Mascot's chest. Even though Mascot's leg was twisted in such a way that it caused him great discomfort, he lay perfectly still to allow Agatha all the time she needed to recover.

## 15: Love Is Not an Effect Emotion

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*Every detail of this life is educational.*

*-Through the Mists*



As soon as the Compassion Farm gate closed behind them, Bernadette let out a deep sigh.

“I’d much rather sleep out here in the forest than in there. I sure didn’t think Compassion Farm would be like that!”

“What do you mean – like that?” John asked.

“With an all-seeing eye to make sure everyone is compassionate. That doesn’t sound very compassionate to me. And to be okay with young ones cutting off their ears! And they think that’s compassion!” Bernadette shook her head in disbelief. “Is that farm less advanced than other Compassion Farms?”

“No, actually, it’s one of the more advanced ones.”

Bernadette was shocked. “Are you saying that you agree with how they’re living?”

“No, not at all,” John motioned for them to sit under a maple tree. “There are even more advanced Fight Farms than the one you visited and I certainly don’t feel that way of life is loving at all. Farms that are more advanced just means that the way they live is more aligned with what they believe. But what they believe may be completely out of harmony with love.

But there are also other farms that are so confused that they have conflicting beliefs and don’t even realize that. Like – ‘Influencing Others to Love You Farm’, ‘Peace Through War Farm’, ‘Freedom Through Safety Farm’, ‘Loving Control Farm’, ‘Love Through Manipulation Farm’, ‘Happy Wife, Happy Life Farm’ and so many more.”

Bernadette had a hard time taking in all this new information. “Would more advanced Fight Farms then have more chaos and violence?”

“Yes. And what do you feel the more advanced Compassion Farms, Equity Farms, Peace Farms and others similar would have more of?”

“More control.”

“Yes. All the farms we’ve visited so far, except Fight Farm, have varying degrees of control over the inhabitants. The more advanced those farms are the more control there is – with little to no understanding of free will. It’s a control imposed from the outside by just a few who believe they know the right way. And the tighter the grip the control has, the less outer conflict. So, there’s the *appearance* of peace or equity or compassion or love. The Compassion Farm we just left hasn’t had a conflict for a year, so it’s safe to say that it’s one of the more advanced ones.”

“Is this how it works on Love Farm also – through control?”

“No, not at all. At least not at those Love Farms that are following God’s way as taught by Joshua. Those farms are aligned with love and they honor free will. But there are some Love Farms that are not sincere or aligned with God’s definition of Love. Don’t be fooled by the name of the farm.”

“I don’t understand how there can be Love Farms that are insincere. If you want to learn about love you want to learn about love! Isn’t it as simple as that?”

“But when we believe we know what love is, many are unwilling to explore any other definition of love. They feel challenged when their beliefs are questioned and go to great measures to defend them. So even though they say they’re sincere about being educated in love, they’re not. The sincere ones have a desire to have their false beliefs about love – and God – exposed, no matter how uncomfortable they may feel in that process.

Having a mistaken view of love is so prevalent on earth and creates all problems. Do you remember when we passed a Freedom Farm about two days ago and you pointed to all the flags they had along their fence?”

Bernadette nodded, “And on their sign, it said something about God, freedom and love with a cross above.”

“Yes, it said, ‘God represents freedom and without freedom there is no love.’”<sup>1</sup>

Bernadette thought about Magpie and how brave she was to act on her dream to be free enough to wear bows. “You don’t agree with that?”

“They have it backwards. Love is not the result or effect of freedom. Freedom is the result of love. The sign should read, ‘God represents Love and without Love there is no freedom.’”

Bernadette was silent for quite a while before she responded. “That certainly does change things. If those at Tribesville knew that freedom comes out of love and not the other way around, the focus would shift from freedom to love. And Magpie – the pony who left the farm during the first revolt ...,” John nodded his head to indicate he knew her, “I thought she left because she wanted to be free but maybe it was about love. Maybe she loved herself enough not to stay where she couldn’t be herself and as a result, she enjoyed freedom.”

“So many thought of Magpie as only a foolish chestnut colored Shetland who liked to wear bows but there was so much more to her. She was very

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1. Quote from movie, *Peace River*.

misunderstood. Her strength and courage ran deep. She felt the significance of being herself.”

Just then they heard a voice which sounded familiar. Bernadette looked at John wide eyed and they both fell silent as they listened.

“My dear Agatha, I think you’ll like Love Farm. I’ve heard wonderful things about it and the one who founded it – Snickers is his name – is a swine like us. I grew up with him at Tribesville.” Mascot looked at Agatha adoringly with his head turned away from where John and Bernadette sat. But then Bernadette adjusted her leg and Mascot moved quickly to protect Agatha. “Who’s there?” He boomed as his body covered Agatha’s.

John and Bernadette got up and walked toward them as John answered, “Hello, Mascot. We’ve also come from Tribesville. I’m John and this is ...”

“Yes, yes, I know, Bernadette. And I’ve seen you around on the farm but never had the pleasure of meeting you.” Mascot smiled wide to give them, and Agatha, the impression he was friendly. “This is Agatha who is accompanying me to Love Farm. Where are you headed?”

“We’re actually both headed to Snicker’s Love Farm also,” John replied.

Mascot’s smile left his face briefly but then he thought better of it. He nodded his head as he grinned, “I just had to get out of Tribesville. The oppression was awful. Is that also why you left?”

Bernadette looked at Mascot closely. He seemed tense underneath his smiling face. “Tribesville is no longer for me. I want to explore other things.”

Agatha jumped in excitedly, “How wonderful we found each other! Isn’t that just wonderful? We can all travel together. Mascot was just telling me a bit about Love Farm. I’d love to hear more. Should we keep walking?”

“Well, my dear. We don’t want to keep these two honorable travelers at our slow pace if ...” Mascot hoped to be free of them and have her all to himself.

“Oh nonsense! What do you two say? Would you like to travel with us or go ahead on your own?”

And without hesitation, John responded, "I'd like to travel with you. Do you feel the same, Bernadette?"

Bernadette was surprised at John's acceptance of their invitation and although she felt hesitant, she nodded.

As Mascot and Agatha began the walk, John turned to Bernadette and said, "Everything that happens is for our education in love."

But she was upset and didn't respond.

## 16: Is There Nothing More Worthy Than That?

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*You aspired to fame and won it  
but, in your victory, you lost your soul's health.  
Now you have to fight a sterner battle to recover it  
but you need not despair ... it cannot end fatally.  
-Gate of Heaven*



After the second uprising at Tribesville, it was quickly discovered that Bernadette was missing. For two days, Maxim and Minnie searched for her body thinking maybe she was killed and left somewhere hidden but then Abraham came to them with news.

“I saw her leave with the cat John. And I heard them say something about Hillsmont and about Snickers but that’s all I can now recall.”

Maxim was enraged but then quickly got his emotions under control. He had a lot of work before him and he needed to focus his attention on leading and making the farm successful. As best as he could, he put Bernadette out of his mind.

Minnie's thoughts, however, were solely of Bernadette. For weeks, anger, fear, sadness, and remorse took their turns through her body.

"I still can't believe she left willingly! Maybe Abraham isn't remembering correctly. I just don't understand ..." Her words stopped as the sobs took over and for two weeks Maxim impatiently tried his best to appear understanding.

"It's been two weeks, dear, since we found out she left on her own. She's gone. We now have others to care for. Not only all the canines but everyone on the farm. We have a job to do. An important job. We must think of everyone."

"You do what you must and I will do the same. I have nothing to give the others. Nothing seems right anymore. Run this farm as you see fit, but I want nothing to do with it. Please leave, Maxim."

Maxim didn't recognize his wife. She never spoke to him like this before. He could always count on her to follow his lead. But now everything was different.

He was almost out the door when Minnie said, "I never told you the last thing she said to me. Do you want to hear it?"

Maxim kicked himself for not leaving quicker, turned around and lied as he said, "Yes. What was it?"

"She said something like, 'All you care about is safety, mom. Is there nothing more worthy than that?' I was angry and in a hurry so I dismissed it as just one of her many strange statements. But now I can't get it out of my head."

"Don't give it another thought, Minnie. She must have been brainwashed by that strange cat, John, Abraham saw her leaving with. Everyone agrees. He influenced her to go against everything she knows and everyone she loves. Of course, our safety is important. Without that we have nothing! She'll come to her senses eventually. She's a smart one."

"I'm not so sure, Maxim. I'm not so sure about anything anymore. Please go. I need more time to myself."

This time he moved quickly to get out the door before she said anything else. When would she return to her old self, he wondered. Two weeks seemed like more than enough time to adjust to the fact that their daughter left of her own free will.

Maxim went to Chief's pen where he was imprisoned since the uprising. Once they got word that Mascot was at Snicker's farm and on track to divide and conquer, they would then reveal their plan to unite all animals and the humans. But for now, Chief proved himself helpful and wise to others – especially to Maxim as he talked to Chief about his personal struggles.

"Confusion is a weakness but it's to be expected in the weaker sex, of course," Chief told Maxim after he was updated on Minnie's condition. "Females tend to be so emotional and your calm, rational temperament is more productive. You can see things clearer."

"But there's more. She's also questioning the importance of safety. I don't know what to make of that."

Chief's ears perked up, which tilted his red hat at a precarious angle, and he asked with urgency, "What exactly did she say?"

"She told me that the last thing Bernadette said to her was, 'All you care about is safety, mom. Is there nothing more worthy than that?' and when I told her that Bernadette must have been brainwashed by John, she said she wasn't so sure about that."

"This is concerning, indeed. I didn't realize it was this serious. It's widely known by historians that without fear tyranny reigns. The disregard for one's physical safety is often the first step toward tyranny. Remember that mad man who went around talking about love? He didn't lift a finger to defend himself while the mob killed him. Insanity! And now some of the Love Farms based on his teachings are completely uncontrollable. They are the most dangerous farms of all! This is why we hope to get a foothold into Snicker's farm – which we now know is called Love Farm – before it advances further down that road of insanity." Chief looked to make sure

Maxim was in agreement and when he was satisfied he was, he added, with what seemed to be an appropriate amount of sympathy, “Minnie will come around. Be patient.” But what Chief actually believed was that patience was too dangerous in this situation and he needed to act soon.

As Chief watched Maxim walk away, he decided that the plan for the Chester Whites to join the German Shepherds in leadership needed to be executed quicker than expected. Minnie’s questioning was bound to affect others. And when the importance of safety was doubted that meant fears were questioned and once that happened – well, there would be no more controlling of anyone. He wanted to prevent that loss of control at all costs. As he often liked to tell others – ‘To safeguard freedom, safety must be ensured by any means necessary.’ This kept others in fear while trusting those in authority to keep them safe. He didn’t want doubt to grow.



After Maxim left, Minnie felt so alone. She had no one to talk to. Maxim didn’t understand the level of her questioning and she instinctively felt she couldn’t fully trust him so decided not to talk to him further about it. This realization deeply saddened her.

Just weeks ago, she was sure of everything. She was sure of her supportive role to her husband, sure of where the farm was headed and sure of the German Shepherd’s role in leading it there. She had reached a high position on the farm, had a wonderful husband and daughter but now everything was a mess. Nothing Maxim talked about and nothing they had planned together made any sense to her now. She was unsure of everything – even Maxim’s leadership.

When she told Maxim what Bernadette said to her that last day and he told her not to give it another thought, at that moment she knew she had to leave. Without any goodbyes, other than a note to Maxim, she walked off the farm.

Minnie had no way of knowing how her leaving would anger Maxim. He would become so enraged that he would close himself off from all that is good. His rule over everyone on the farm would become more and more vicious. But none of this could be imagined as she wrote.

*Dear Maxim,*

*My heart is sad at having to leave but there's also a lightness because I'm not afraid. The death of our son turned my heart toward fear and from that moment on nothing but the certainty of safety motivated me. I now see that I was dead inside to all that is good and free and true.*

*Fear no longer grips me like it did so I can now finally begin to walk the way of my heart. I feel a kind of happiness that I have never felt before.*

*I would prefer you by my side, my love. I have so much I would like to tell you. But if you cannot leave, I understand. We must both do what we feel is right even if it means going our separate ways.*

*I love you,*

*Minnie*

For the next seven days Minnie journeyed toward Love Farm in Hillsmont. They were some of the best days of her life but also some of the most difficult. She had so many emotions come up that she often spent large portions of the day under a tree reflecting and crying.

Since childhood, she was a 'peace keeper' and she could now feel how that kept her deadened to her emotions. She grieved how she never came to know her true personality and she grieved how she tried so hard to keep Bernadette from her own. She grieved how unloving her parents were to her and each other and she grieved how unloving she was to Bernadette, her brother, Maxim and her mother. She grieved how when her own mother tried to talk to her about the education in love she was getting from that strange cat, she went along with Maxim as he forbid her mother to have any more contact with them.

She sobbed as she saw how her lack of honesty and courage kept her from getting help from that cat who seemed to help her mother. And then she

wondered if it had been unloving of her to leave Maxim a note rather than talk to him face to face. Did she leave the note out of fear? Did she take the coward's way out once again as she had done most of her life? Not wanting to feel her emotions when things got tough had become such a habit that she often took actions to avoid her emotions without even realizing it.

Just then a memory from her childhood popped into her mind. She was very young and her mother and father were fighting. Their voices were loud and their expressions were mean and she felt unsafe and afraid. And then all of a sudden, she belched loudly and they both stopped and looked at her and laughed. She was shocked by this reaction but glad to find it got them to stop fighting and she once again felt safe.

"If only I had known then what I know now!" She said out loud to no one as she rested under an oak tree. "Even then I avoided feeling my emotions and being truthful with my parents! I could have felt what I was feeling and just told them the truth. I could have said 'Why do you blame each other for how you feel? Aren't your emotions your responsibility?' But instead, I stuffed it all down and didn't feel anything. I 'belched' my way through life becoming more and more insensitive to what's going on around me and within me."

During those seven days that she slowly journeyed toward Hillsmont, she cried more than she had ever cried before. And yet she marveled at how alive she felt – less fearful and more safe than she had ever felt before. So, on the seventh day, as she lay on the ground dying, she laughed as she realized that she had been safe all along and that death was not even possible.

The young boy, who had just gotten his first gun, shot the dog for sport and went up to her just as she took her last breaths. After he looked at where the bullet had entered her chest, he looked into her eyes as she let out a strange sound which caused him to gasp.

He spent a few moments with Minnie's lifeless body before he decided to bury it. After he carefully placed it in the grave and filled it back in with soil, he then lay on top of it and sobbed.

# 17: Love Is Not Only the End

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*Love conquers death,  
and that one great law which governs and controls everything with us,  
is also the means by which we may reach and save mankind.  
-Through the Mists*



The first few hours as Bernadette, John, Mascot and Agatha journeyed together, Bernadette said nothing. She walked by herself, behind them all. She was annoyed at John for accepting Agatha's invitation to walk together and she wanted some time alone to feel her emotions.

Late afternoon she began to think about John's words to her, 'Everything that happens is for our education in love,' but it made no sense to her. Nothing was happening.<sup>1</sup> Mascot and Agatha walked some distance ahead of John and they seemed to enjoy each other's company.

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1. She was unaware that her emotions about John accepting Agatha's invitation to journey together was 'something that was happening.' Later in the chapter she becomes more aware of why she was upset.

Early evening, however, they stopped to eat and John and Bernadette could hear Agatha cry as she and Mascot sat about thirty feet away.

"That hurts my feelings. That wasn't very nice at all." She was clearly upset as she barely got the words out.

"I'm sorry, Agatha! I didn't mean to hurt you."

She looked at him sideways. "What are you sorry about?"

He was unclear of how he hurt her and uncertain of what to say but he didn't want to upset her further so he repeated with more emotion, "I'm so sorry I upset you. I truly didn't mean to!" He looked at her with mournful eyes and hoped that would calm her.

It seemed to work as Agatha lay her head against his. "Why don't we set up camp for the night under that oak tree?"

"Wonderful idea, my love! And ... and Bernadette and John, why don't you two camp under that maple over there. Unless you want to continue on, that is?" He hoped to have some alone time with Agatha to make sure he was once again completely in her good graces.

Bernadette and John looked at each other and nodded and without a word went over to the maple. They were far enough from Mascot and Agatha that they couldn't hear them but close enough to see that they were now on good terms.

After they cleared a large enough area for them to comfortably lay down, John spoke first. "How do you feel about what happened between Mascot and Agatha?"

Bernadette was surprised that John thought what happened was worth bringing up. "I didn't think much of it at all. It seems Mascot did something unloving which Agatha was hurt by and he apologized and she accepted his apology." Bernadette looked at John confused and asked, "Why? Do you see it differently?"

"Who do you feel is responsible for how you feel?"

She thought about what happened at Fight Farm, and their conversation after, as well as her own experience feeling her emotions, but she still had

a question. “I am, yes, I am responsible for how I feel. But are you saying others can’t hurt your feelings at all? That you can never be emotionally harmed by what others do or say?”

“There’s no such thing as emotional harm. That’s a state of error. A state of not taking responsibility for our emotions.”<sup>2</sup>

“I don’t understand how all feelings of being hurt is a state of error. Others do unloving things. Isn’t it normal to feel hurt?”

“It might be normal but it’s not loving – or true. Many have the belief that others are being unkind whenever their feelings are hurt. It may be true that the other one is being unloving but it’s not true that their feelings are hurt because that one is being unloving. They feel hurt because they’re not taking responsibility to feel their emotions. And when we don’t take responsibility for our emotions, we feel we’re a victim. And when we believe we’re a victim we have no way to distinguish between someone actually being unloving and someone being loving and truthful. We then also feel hurt when someone is being loving with us – like if someone tells us the truth about our unloving behavior.

But to answer your question about whether my feelings get hurt – I’d say very rarely now and when it happens it’s not for long. I know that I only feel hurt when I’m not humble to my emotions. But that wasn’t always the case. There was a time when I bit and scratched a rat for telling me that I’m a half-breed and I’ll never amount to anything. And I felt justified in what I did.”

“But he was being unloving to you.”

“Yes, he was but so was I when I didn’t take responsibility for my hurt, angry feelings and then reacted unlovingly.”

“Okay, so what did you do to get to the point where words like that don’t upset you anymore?”

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2. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller).

“I became humble to my emotions and the false beliefs motivating them – which helped me become more humble to feel what is true. Now I can see that whenever I find it uncomfortable to feel what is *true*, I have false beliefs about truth I haven’t yet felt.

And I also began to take actions aligned with what I feel is true and loving. I made mistakes. Some of my actions turned out to be unloving but if I hadn’t taken the action in the first place, my sin wouldn’t have been exposed. It’s all a huge growing opportunity – if we see it that way. If we don’t feel God’s design in it, we don’t really benefit.”

Bernadette shook her head. “I have so many questions and I also want to get back to what you felt about Mascot and Agatha’s conversation – but first can you give me an example of when you took an action you thought was loving and it turned out to be unloving?”

“Yes, gladly. And then we’ll get back to Mascot and Agatha and ‘hurt feelings’. It was soon after when my own education in love began. I was so excited about beginning to feel the truth and power of love and how taking action – even small steps – aligned with love made a huge difference in my life. But I also had so many regrets and feelings of sadness about how I was as a parent to my son. I was a very unloving father because I had such a distorted view of what love is. So out of love – or so I thought – I asked my son if he wanted to meet with me weekly so we could spend some time together. I told him we could meet for a meal or go for walks – whatever we decided. He agreed, so during our time together he shared about his life and I shared with him my regrets as a parent and what I’m now learning.”

“That all sounds fine to me, so far.”

“I thought so also until I got sick and started to really feel my motivations in meeting with him as well as feel how I was still unloving toward him with certain comments I made. I realized that I met with him so I could feel like a good father. I wanted him to see how bad I felt so he could forgive me and I could feel better about myself as a father. I wanted to ‘fix’ things rather

than feel things. But what I know now is that it's only the feeling of things that fixes things.

When I felt the impact of my unloving motivation it began to change things for me. I could feel the arrogance in it, the manipulation and how deeply unloving it was. I began to see how easy it is to delude myself if I can't feel what's motivating me. It's not only the action itself that determines whether it's loving or unloving but what's motivating that action.

And ... and this is hard to explain, but at some point during all the emotion I was feeling and releasing about my unloving behavior past and present it was like a cord was cut between my son and me. I don't know how else to say it, but it felt like we were free of each other for the first time. Soul based changes at the level of cause are very different than behavioral changes which are only at the level of effects.

When the cord was cut, from that moment on my unloving behavior toward him was no longer compulsive. Before that it felt as if I had no choice in the matter. I would say things to him that I knew were unloving but it was as if I couldn't stop myself. But then it was like a literal miracle – the compulsion was gone and I was free. Before I heard Joshua's teaching, I tried so many things to make behavioral changes but with no luck at all. So, when that soul change happened, I knew that what he taught is the truth. That proof was undeniable.”

“That all sounds like a lot of analysis, very intellectual, and time consuming to figure all of that out.”

“Actually, it's about becoming more sensitive emotionally. Feeling our way rather than thinking our way. But yes, it does require that we become more emotionally self-reflective, which can seem intellectual at the beginning. But we're not analyzing or exploring our thoughts. We're exploring and feeling and coming to understand our soul, as God designed it – and our current soul condition as we've created it. And this understanding takes honesty, dedication, sincerity and time – and God, if you desire a relationship with God. Gradually, the process gets easier and faster as we

become not only more aware of our error intellectually but awake to it emotionally. We can feel it in ways we never have before. Gradually, we become so sensitive to it that we can feel our sin immediately.”

“Sin is error?”

“Yes. Sin or error is missing the mark of love. It’s any form of unlovingness – in thoughts, words, feelings, actions.”

“Are you saying we need to be perfect? Isn’t that impossible?”

“Actually, God created us with the potential to be perfect in love. Joshua talked about this often and I’ve memorized one of his teachings about this.

He said, *‘Sin is the cause of all the world’s problems and the only sin you can change is yours. You can’t change others sins. You can influence them into wanting to deal with their sin but you can’t change them. It’s your sin and your battle. Treat yourself like the beautiful powerful soul that God created you to be – a soul warrior against sin. Stop accepting this paradigm that’s been constructed on earth that ‘we’re all imperfect’ so that’s why we sin. We were created imperfect, after all. Rubbish! None of us were created imperfect. God created every single one perfect and its only sin that made us imperfect. And sin is our creation so God says **we** have to get rid of it.*

*He’s not going to get rid of it for you. He’ll help you get rid of it. He’s created lots of mechanisms to help you, but He won’t do it for you. Jesus’ blood can’t do it. God can help once you have the desire to do it. The battle inside is a difficult battle and the most important one. Sin fights for itself. This is why we have wars and rapes and violence and conflicts in families. Unless you deal with your sin everything you hear me say will be tainted by the sin. We think sin is love. It’s very important to change our perception of what is real. Until we get God’s perception of Love our entire perception of reality is based on our sin.’*<sup>3</sup>

Most who are sensitive can feel how unnatural sin, or anything unloving, is to our system. And what is unnatural is not built into the design as

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3. Taken from Youtube video: 20240908 1230 Living Room Tour Ireland Day 3 Part 2

planned. It's an error *we* chose and now live in but there is a way forward to discover and live as the intended design – perfected in love.”

“Thank you, John. I’m grateful for you sharing all of this. It’s a lot and I need to spend some time with it. It’s late and I’m very tired. My eyes got so heavy all of a sudden. I guess we won’t get back to my question about Mascot and Agatha tonight.”

“Sleep well, Bernadette. No worries. We’ll have another opportunity, I’m sure.”



Bernadette was awakened early by Agatha’s shouting, “I am who I am and I’m not going to change for you or anyone! Accept me for who I am, warts and all, or leave!” Mascot looked shell shocked and unable to move. Agatha walked away and sat under a nearby tree while Mascot put his head in his front hooves.

“Well, I guess the peace between them didn’t last long.” Bernadette looked at John and asked if he wanted to say anything about this situation.

“I’m interested in what you feel.”

Bernadette paused before she answered, “At first, I agreed with her that if someone loved us, they would accept us the way we are, warts and all, and not try to change us but then ... I could feel that wasn’t quite right.” Bernadette paused again. “That’s how the world thinks love acts but real love is different. Real love wants to grow, to change, to become more loving. But it’s also not loving to try to change someone else’s ‘warts.’ I don’t really know how to explain it well but that’s how it feels to me, right now anyway. Agatha is definitely not being loving by insisting that Mascot accept her ‘warts and all.’ But then if Mascot insists that she change, he’s not being loving either. Does that make sense?”

“Yes. That common phrase, ‘You should love me warts and all,’ demonstrates a misunderstanding of what love is. Love doesn’t love what is false.

Love exposes what is false and unloving but it also doesn't place demands that the other get rid of those lies or 'warts.'

If Agatha had a true desire to grow in love, she would never demand that Mascot accept her unloving behavior. And if Mascot had a desire to grow in love, he would not demand that Agatha grow in love and change her unloving behavior. He would be humble to all his emotions and then tell her the truth about her 'warts' or unloving behavior. And if she had no desire to grow in love then the loving thing for him to do – for himself and for her – would be to separate until she does."

"It all sounds so complicated, as I said yesterday."

John smiled. "And as I said yesterday, it sounds complicated just because it's so different than how the world defines love. Once you have a feel for it yourself – for what's loving and what's unloving – it becomes very simple. We can feel the sin and its effects and we can feel that love works."

"What do you mean, 'Love works'?"

But before John could answer, Agatha and Mascot walked toward them as Agatha shouted. "We're having a disagreement about who founded the very first Love Farm. Who do you say that was?"

Bernadette looked at John as he answered. "Joshua did."

"Joshua? The one who was murdered by the government? I thought he founded the Religion of Sacrifice. He was already dead when the first Love Farm formed." Agatha looked at Mascot and added with a smile, "Maybe we're both wrong!"

John continued, "Yes, he was dead when the first official Love Farm formed but he was the first Love Farm of one. Without him and his teaching it's doubtful there would have been any Love Farms. But unfortunately, many misunderstood his message and believed his death was a sacrifice to take away their sin. But that's not true. Love would never take away responsibility for our sins – but that's for another day."

Mascot nodded his head and said with rare emotion, "Oh yes, now I remember. My grandmother told me about him when I was young. She

met him a few times and said he was very unusual. He had no fear. He wasn't at all afraid about speaking up to anyone – even those in power. My grandmother said something about him that stuck with me. She told me that he was the most uncontrollable one she had ever met – human or animal. I think he was at Montesville when they killed him. I heard the authorities there were at first baffled by him and then fearful of him and then they became enraged by him. But according to those who were there when they killed him, he wasn't at all afraid. It seems insane not to be afraid of death.”

Agatha patted Mascot's back, “Now, now, dear, no need to talk about death and go into all of that. I was just asking about who founded Love Farm. Would you like a biscuit before we start our journey?”

Mascot smiled at Agatha, happy that she was no longer angry at him. They walked back to their camp together and ate and snuggled as they once again enjoyed each other's company.

Bernadette looked at John and said, “Agatha seemed very condescending to Mascot just then. It feels like she's arrogant in a way.”

“And how does Mascot feel to you?”

“Passive. Appeasing. But also, manipulative. A kind of ‘don't rock the boat’ kind of pig but also conniving in wanting others to do what he wants. And motivated by power – more so with males, it seems, than with females.” Bernadette turned to John. “Should we talk to them about that? It feels strange to gossip about them behind their back.”

“If you feel you'd like to talk to them, you certainly can. But unless someone has asked me directly for feedback or is in an environment like Love Farm which assumes a desire for an education in love or if they are being unloving to me directly or violent with someone in my presence, I tend to stay out of it.

And there's a difference between gossiping or talking behind their back because we're judging them or feel they're inferior to us and talking about others for the purpose of education. Those who gossip are aware of others

sins but not their own. And they're addicted to talking about others so they can feel a sense of power and superiority. But when we talk about others for the purpose of education, we want to become more aware of and sensitive to what's loving and what's unloving *wherever* it's found – whether it's within us or others. Transparency is a loving quality of the soul. Nothing is off limits to talk about when our motivation is love."

There was a long pause before Bernadette spoke. "Do you find me passive?"

"Yes. But your decision to leave Tribesville was a break from that error. Do you remember the week after you found the books on space and you asked your parents if they ever thought of living on a different farm?"

"Barely. I don't remember what they said. And how did you know that anyway?"

John ignored her question. "They both said no and then your dad asked you why you asked them that and you lied. You said a friend was wondering whether there were better farms out there. Rather than risk feeling their disapproval by telling them it was you that was wondering about that, you lied. One of your emotional addictions is to be a chameleon. You desire to be whatever others want you to be which is always at the expense of developing your own free will and desires and uncovering your true soul personality. It may seem like a small addiction but its effects are huge."

"I can see that. I thought I was being nice – even loving. Are you saying that I'm emotionally addicted to getting other's approval? That I want to do what they want so I can avoid feeling their upset if I don't do what they want?"

"Yes. You get to avoid feeling their upset and you get to avoid feeling *why* you want to avoid feeling their disapproval, anger etc. The *why* has to do with the causal false belief that drives those addictions."

Bernadette looked at John a bit sheepishly. "I didn't tell you this, but yesterday I was angry at you when you told Agatha and Mascot we would walk with them. If you remember I did take some time away from you

during our walk but after I released some emotion, I realized that you didn't say what I thought you said. When Agatha asked if we'd like to walk with them, I thought you spoke for both of us but you didn't. You said that you'd like to walk with them and then asked me if that was okay – or something like that. I could have said no. I could have been honest. And if I had been honest at that time, I would have told you that I'd like to go on alone for now but maybe I'd join up with you three later.

I can see how my anger not only distorted what I heard you say but it distorted my perceptions about the reasons I was upset. I blamed you for my upset rather than feel that my inability to be honest was at the core of my upset. After releasing some emotions around all of that it became much clearer.”

John nodded. “You asked earlier what I meant by ‘Love works’ and Agatha interrupted before I could answer but you just answered it. When we're humble to our emotions, we're actually being loving to them – and then love and true reason come to the foreground. And when we avoid, deny, suppress, resist or project our emotions we're not being loving to them – and then love and reason move to the background.

If you had avoided or projected your anger toward me then love and reason would have remained hidden which would have then affected how you feel about and interact with me. You can now feel the proof of how Love works.”

“I've never thought about how love is also involved in humility or in the process of feeling our emotions. I thought love was just the end result of the process.”

John nodded. “This is a very common misunderstanding of love. Emotions are designed to flow. And when we allow things to be as they are created to be we're being loving to them. An education in love involves learning to be loving with our emotions in every single moment of our day – from the moment we wake up to the moment we go to sleep.

*Love is not only the end, it is the very means.”*

## 18: Feelings of Entitlement

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*Our knowledge of the government of God  
shows us that all the erroneous ideas of men can only delay,  
they cannot prevent, the success of Truth ultimately.  
-Through the Mists*



A lot happened after Tony told his family the truth about why he moved out. The Council heard about how unloving his family was to him, so the they met and decided to take an action that they had never taken before. Snickers called Tony and his entire family in for a meeting to let his family know their options.

As the family sat in a circle with Snickers and Daisy, who was also a member of The Council, Tony could not believe what he heard. He thought his family might be a little less accusatory in front of Snickers, but he was mistaken. Everyone in his family, except Whinny, continued to blame Tony for upsetting the family and not ‘staying in his place.’ Within three minutes Snickers interrupted their complaints.

“I’ve heard enough. No one is taking responsibility for how they treat Tony. You just continue to blame him. You say he must accept his nature

and resign himself to be a follower but aren't we here at Love Farm to explore our soul beyond what we've been programmed to believe it is? Love is not limited by the cultural beliefs about the physical body that we carry. If you believe it is, and you want to hold onto those beliefs, then this is not the place for you."

Tony's father was about to speak but Snickers stopped him. "I don't need to hear anything else. The Council has made a decision. Every member of Tony's family here, except Whinny, will have a decision to make. You can attend the six week Education in Love classes or meet with a member of The Council I assign you to over the next six weeks. Then after either of those options you'll meet with the full Council to go over your development. Or you can leave Love Farm. The choice is yours but you must make it within the next two days. Please let me or anyone on The Council know what you decide."

Everyone in Tony's family left the farm, except for Whinny. At first her parents argued that she was too young to stay behind without them, but after Snickers, Daisy and Whinny talked to them, they decided she could stay.

Years later, however, Whinny's parents returned only to find that she had moved onto a more advanced Love Farm. They missed her, but felt that they had a lot to learn at this farm before they would feel comfortable moving on. Tony's family never returned. They ended up staying in 'Everyone Has Their Place Farm' until their death.

Before Tony began his first Watchman duty after his temporary suspension, Whinny told him that she was glad she decided to stay at the farm and not leave with her family. "I don't really know how to describe it well but 'family' doesn't mean what it used to mean to me. It feels so different now. It's like love is my family – Truth and Love. That's where my loyalty is. I don't know if that makes any sense to you."

As Tony hugged her, he told her it made perfect sense. And that's what he was thinking about when the four travelers arrived.



Agatha saw the sign first, pointed and exclaimed, "There it is! We're here at last!"

Mascot, John and Bernadette looked at the attractive brightly colored sign which had written: *Love Farm: Home to all who desire an education in Love (formerly known as Hillsmont). Please check in with the Watchman.*

They all walked up to the sheep standing close to the entrance and Agatha was the first to speak. "Hello, I'm Agatha! We're here to visit Love Farm and possibly even stay – who knows?" She laughed nervously.

Mascot took a deep breath to make himself look big. "I'm Mascot from Tribesville. A friend of Snickers, actually. I've got important news for him. Please take me to him right away."

As Tony ignored Mascot's demand he greeted all four, introduced himself and then said, "It's late and you all must be tired and hungry. We'll get you set up with food and lodging for the night and then a Council member will meet with you tomorrow morning after breakfast at nine."

Mascot was angry. "You don't understand. I have important information for Snickers. He will want to hear it right away."

Tony was unphased by his anger. "It's late and Snickers goes to bed early. I'll talk to him in the morning about your arrival. Right inside the yellow building a woman named Josie will show you all to your host family's lodgings. I hope you enjoy your stay." Tony pointed the way through the gate and Mascot, fuming, was the last to enter.

The next day, different council members met with the four. Daisy met with Agatha and found her to be quite superficial in her interest in Love Farm. Agatha bubbled over with excitement as she told Daisy, "I haven't told him yet but I love Mascot and want to marry him and what better place to do that than Love Farm! It will be so romantic. I'm so glad I'm here.

I think he feels the same about me.” Daisy found Agatha’s forthrightness refreshing but she wasn’t sure this was the right place for her.

Dolly, a goat with clear eyes, met with Bernadette and asked her what brought her to Love Farm. She gave a brief summary about why she left Tribesville and her interest in Love Farm – which was not only to inform Snickers about Mascot’s plan to destroy the farm but to learn more about love for herself. She ended with, “On my journey here, John, the cat I traveled with, started my education in love. I’ve begun to feel more of my emotions and I want to continue that education.” Dolly smiled and told her she would let Snickers know of Mascot’s plan. She felt Bernadette would enjoy Love Farm.

Moshe, Snicker’s son, met with Mascot and he was furious. “I thought I’d meet with Snickers today – not his son! Maybe that Watchman last night – that ... that goat – didn’t tell Snickers that I have important information!”

“I assure you, the sheep, Tony, told Snickers of your arrival and he made the decision for me to meet with you. He said he will meet with you soon but he wanted to talk with his old friend, John, this morning.”

Mascot was shocked. His slack jaw showed his two missing bottom teeth. He could not speak for several seconds and then erupted. “John? That cat? I thought Snickers was smarter than that! Why in the world would he want to meet with that cat and not me?”

“It’s his decision. He wanted me to ask you about what brings you here.”

“I have nothing to say to you. I’ll wait until I meet with Snickers.”

“I’ll take my leave then and when he’s free I’ll let him know what you said.”

An hour later, Mascot was still angry when Agatha joined him. She hoped to comfort him as she stroked his back and brought him tasty fruits and vegetables but he turned all food aside and told her to please stop the stroking. “It’s annoying. I don’t like it. I need to be alone right now.”

Agatha teared up and walked off and wondered if she made the right decision to follow him there. The feelings she had for Mascot just an hour ago when she told Daisy that she wanted to marry him were long gone.

As soon as Snickers saw the list of visitors, he knew that John was the cat he met at Montesville after he left Tribesville. He was Joshua's friend and then became a good friend of Snickers.

Snickers and John embraced each other warmly and spent the next two hours catching up. John told Snickers everything about Tribesville – the second revolt, Maxim's, Chief's and Mascot's plan to take over this Love Farm and then to spread their 'message of freedom' to as many farms as possible.

"Does Mascot know that you are aware of his plan to take over Love Farm?"

"No. I considered telling him the truth on the way here but decided against it. I'm not certain that was the right thing to do, but I felt it best for him to be here surrounded by a larger loving group when we tell him that we know of his plan. At the time, it felt like the most loving decision."

"It does feel like you made that decision out of love not fear. Tomorrow I'd like the two of us to meet with him and be very direct about what we know."

"Is it okay if Bernadette joins us when we talk to Mascot? She's the canine who I traveled with. Actually, she's the one I went back to Tribesville for, as well as her grandmother. At her request, I've already started her education in love."

Snickers smiled. He remembered it was soon after Joshua's death when John told him he was leaving Montesville to go be of service to some at Tribesville. "Of course. I'd love to meet her. The three of us can meet here tomorrow at two thirty – thirty minutes before Mascot arrives. That will give me some time alone with Bernadette. Until then, dear friend."

That afternoon Moshe told Mascot that he will meet with Snickers the next day at three o'clock with two others present and all Mascot said was, "Finally!"



The next day, Snickers greatly enjoyed his time with Bernadette. Her desire for Truth was strong and he found her refreshingly honest.

"I can't wait to visit the library here. Ellen, my new friend from the environmental project that I just visited this morning, told me there are so many books about the universe and science and even Divine Truth. It's wonderful not to have information censored as it was at Tribesville!"

A month ago, Daisy formed the environmental project which gives those interested an opportunity to not only improve the environment but get a practical education in love during their work day.

Snickers smiled and asked her how the environmental project was going. "It was just a short visit for two hours but I did get to help a little with terracing and I enjoyed it. I even learned something about myself in the process. I didn't think I was very demanding and needy but this morning I realized that I like others to tell me I'm doing a good job or tell me what I'm doing wrong or show me how to do things before I've even considered how to do it myself..."

"I'm glad to finally meet with you, Snickers!" Mascot's loud voice interrupted Bernadette and Snicker's conversation. Snickers motioned for him to take the seat across from him beside John. Mascot looked at John and then Bernadette, who was beside Snickers, but didn't greet them.

As soon as he took his seat he began. "As I told the others – the goat, I mean that sheep, and then your son – I have very important information for you. I don't know why these others are here but my information has to do with the solar plans I've memorized from Tribesville to bring to you. They ran me off the farm because they are so evil and ..."

“That’s enough, Mascot. First of all, I want to point out to you how unloving it was for you to enter the room the way you did. You interrupted our conversation and had no regard for anyone but yourself.

And secondly, I have no interest in any plans that you stole, even if they would be of benefit to us. And finally, I have been told of your plan to win back my trust into a leadership role and then create factions among the inhabitants in order to destroy what we have here and take it over.”

Mascot’s pink face got even pinker as sweat poured into his eyes. The salt caused him to tear up and he decided to use that to his advantage. His voice shook and tears flowed as the three watched his performance. “Who would say such awful things about me? I am all alone in this world. I have no family anymore. I left everything behind and I thought I could find a home here with you, Snickers. You must believe me when I say that whatever you heard is not true! Can you at least tell me who my accuser is so I can talk to them?” He wiped his tears and blew his nose loudly.

“John and Bernadette both heard of your plan before they left Tribesville. They came here to tell me.”

Mascot looked at them in surprise before erupting. “How dare you lie! What are you two up to? Why would you make something like that up?”

For the next several minutes, John and Bernadette told Mascot how they learned about his plan and by the end he became very quiet. His voice was soft as he spoke. “I will confess, that was my plan until maybe four days ago when I began falling in love with Agatha. You both must have seen it happen on our travels together.” He looked at John and Bernadette and waited for them to acknowledge the truth of what he said but after an uncomfortable amount of time passed without a response he continued. “She softened me and helped me to see I can be a better swine. I don’t have to continue to be Chief’s errand boy. I truly would like to continue improving myself but I don’t know how. Will you help me?”

All three looked at Snickers and waited for his response. “You’re not sincere Mascot. You’re not honest. You’re trying to manipulate me into

allowing you to stay. I understand all that and for now, at least, I will allow you to stay. But only if you attend the Education in Love Classes for visitors and newcomers that will start tomorrow. And after those classes we'll meet again to discuss how you're doing.

Usually, those classes are voluntary and most visitors do attend but those who are sure they have no interest in staying usually don't. But for you, Mascot, they are mandatory unless you want to leave, of course. Bernadette and John can decide whether they want to attend or not."

Mascot said he'd be happy to attend with his beloved Agatha and prove himself to Snickers. And John and Bernadette also said they'd like to attend.

Snickers was delighted. "Wonderful! Tony, the sheep who was Watchman two nights ago when you arrived, will be teaching them. This will be his first teaching experience. He's come a very long way in his soul development so The Council asked him if he'd be willing to teach this class and we're pleased he said yes."

## 19: The World's Definition of Love versus God's

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*Every problem is solved  
through education.  
-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*



Tony stood in front of the small class of visitors. Six others, besides Tony's teacher, Mr. Whiff, were seated in a half-moon facing Tony. Because this was his first teaching experience, Mr. Whiff decided to attend in case something unexpected came up. He wore a multicolored top hat which often bobbed back and forth as he adjusted his elegant skunk body on the chair. Next to him was Agatha, then Mascot, Bernadette, John, a young attractive female dachshund named Pinky and, to the far right, a Rottweiler named Bruce.

After Mascot met with Snickers, he wasn't sure if he would stay. But then after a night of cuddles with Agatha, he decided to see if he could salvage his plan to take over Love Farm. He felt all hope was not lost.

Tony cleared his throat as he began. "Welcome to you six interested in learning more about Love, which is our purpose here at Love Farm. Everyone who decides to stay does so because they're interested in developing in love – love of self, others, God and even of the environment.

But today will be a brief overview of how the world views love versus God's Truth about Love. And we're starting there because if we don't have a true understanding of what love actually is, it then follows that we can't develop in love. Our education would then be based in what is false rather than in what is true."

"But what if I don't believe in God? Should I leave?" Pinky interrupted.

"You don't need to – but, of course, anyone is free to leave at any time. A belief in God is not required to visit or stay here at Love Farm. Only a desire to grow in love emotionally. So rather than look at it as 'God's Truth about Love' you can view it as 'the emotional and logical Truth about Love.' Love is an emotion that acts logically or with consistent reason. Whether you believe God designed it that way or not doesn't affect the truth of that one bit. But we'll talk more about God and the many benefits of desiring a relationship with Her in the coming weeks. Do you have any other questions about that?"

Pinky, the dachshund, was distracted by Bruce looking her up and down as she shook her head in response. "No – no, thank you." She moved her chair closer to John and tried to ignore Bruce's stares.

Tony felt Pinky's discomfort over Bruce's sexual projections and then he felt fear rush up and then through him. He spoke when he felt clear. "Bruce, your sexual projections toward Pinky are very unloving. Your feelings and actions toward her are not like you would have toward others – you view her as one of your conquests. Try to be aware of and feel the impacts of how you're treating others and why."

Everyone, except Mr. Whiff and John, were stunned at how direct Tony was. Bruce quietly fumed and Pinky got red and slouched down in her chair. Tony continued on calmly.

“What we’ll look at very briefly today and expound on in the next six weeks together is how different the world views what love is, what love does and how love feels from God’s Truth about what love is, what love does and how love feels. And those differences are many!

But please understand that this is not information for you to memorize and intellectually believe but to investigate to determine if it’s true. Once you get a feel of what love actually is you’ll feel how different you – and the world – could be as your soul develops in this understanding. And then as your soul changes you have proof.”

Using a long pointer, Tony then tapped the blackboard to his left. “These are not my words. They are Joshua’s – who was the first Love Farm on earth. As you know, he was greatly misunderstood when he came to earth the first time. That first time, he came without any sin and chose to be God reliant, unlike the first couple Adam and Eve who came without sin but chose to be self reliant. Yet his perfect state created confusion in others and they misunderstood him to be God – rather than a human with the soul condition God created for all of us. And the second time he came, he came as everyone else comes – taking on the error of our parents before our birth. So that time, unlike the first time, he had to release his error, as we all do. But again many misunderstood him and barely anyone knew him. Yet during both of those times, his life demonstrated the Love that is possible for us all. There is no one that God’s Love can’t transform.”

He tapped the blackboard again and said, “And this is what he taught us about some differences in what the world believes love is and God’s truth of what love is.”

**The World Thinks:** *It knows what Love is, It knows what Love does, It knows what Love feels like*<sup>1</sup>

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1. Charts are from Divine Truth website – talk on May 21, 2011: The World’s Definition of Love S1

**Comparison Of *What Love Is* (Session 1)**

World's Viewpoint	God's Truth
Love is painful	Love is NEVER painful
Love is demanding	Love is NEVER demanding
Love is sacrifice	Love is NEVER sacrifice
Love is justice	Love is NOT justice
Love allows abuse	Love NEVER abuses, nor allows abuse
Love is compromise	Love NEVER compromises
Love means never having to change	Love ALWAYS results in growth
Love is jealous	Love is NEVER jealous
Love allows "white" lies	Love NEVER lies, nor allows the lie

After Tony allowed some time for them to read over the board, he said, “I can see that most everyone has some questions about what’s written here and we’ll get to those soon. But first, I’d just like to show you the other two boards of what we’ll cover over the next few weeks.” He flipped the board and allowed some time for everyone to read what was written.

**Comparison of *What Love Does* (Session 2)**

World's Viewpoint	God's Truth
Love takes away bad feelings	Love NEVER takes away bad feelings
Love helps us avoid our own pain	Love ALWAYS embraces pain
People who love me do what I want	Love NEVER does what is demanded
Lying for love is a good thing	Love NEVER lies
I will do anything for love	Love requires adherence to principles
Love is always personally loyal	Love is only loyal to Truth & Love itself
Love means never having to say you're sorry	Love always recognizes & admits an error

Tony smiled as four visitors’ arms were up. “There’s one more board to show you and then I’ll take some questions.” He pushed the board over to reveal another one behind. All arms went down as they read.

### Comparison of *What Love Feels Like* (Session 3)

World's Viewpoint	God's Truth
Love always feels pleasurable	Since Love comes with the Truth, the Truth associated with Love is often uncomfortable
Love always feels satisfying	Love cannot satisfy anger, rage or fear
Love feels like family	Family and Love are often incompatible Family beliefs are confronted by Love
Love feels comforting	Love often feels discomfoting/confronting
Love is preventing another's painful feelings	Love always encourages truthful feelings

After everyone read over the last board, three arms went up and Tony pointed to Bruce. Bruce felt he needed to redeem himself in the eyes of his classmates after Tony's comment about his sexual projections. He felt there was nothing wrong with being attentive to the opposite sex, especially the attractive ones, and he felt Tony needed to be put in his place.

Bruce cleared his throat loudly before speaking. "There are so many questions I have but the most pressing at this time is – how do you know that what you have written under 'God's Truth' is in fact God's Truth and not some made up belief system? This isn't in the Bible, after all. My father, who is a very respected and wise pastor, once told me ..."

"I'm going to interrupt, Bruce, because I want to stay on topic. What your father said or believes is irrelevant here. And to get back to your question - how can we know what God's Truth is ..."

"I'm going to interrupt you, Tony, because I feel your interruption is very rude!" Bruce was visibly shaken. "You talk about love but you practice rudeness." Bruce felt humiliated and needed to elevate himself in the eyes of the young female pup seated next to him if he ever wished to get anywhere with her.

Tony could feel all eyes on him as they waited for his response. Bruce smirked while he waited. Emotions flowed through Tony's body as he responded firmly, "This is my class, Bruce, and if you can't respect that fact,

you're free to leave. When you teach a class, you can run it as you see fit but when you're in someone else's class and you want to hear what they have to share the loving thing to do is allow them to facilitate. Questions are encouraged when they are sincere and on topic, but when I feel someone is getting off topic, I will stop them."

"Oh – so now our questions have to be sincere. And who gets to judge whether they are in fact sincere – you, of course! You not only want to control *what* we say but *how* we say it. That is the opposite of love!"

"Your anger and arrogance are getting in the way of you hearing me and feeling where I'm coming from. When questions come from anger or a desire to show someone up, there is no love or curiosity there. The desire is to pull down the other one and the conversation rather than move it forward.

You're right that love is not controlling, but love does have structure. It's not wishy washy or anything goes. Anyone is free to ask any question, of course – even insincere and off topic ones – and I am free not to answer them and to point them out as insincere, off topic or motivated by anger or arrogance. Love makes clear what is unloving."

Everyone, except Mr. Whiff and John, were again shocked at Tony's words. They had never heard anyone talk so directly to others like this before.

Then Pinky raised her arm. "I do want us to stay on topic and what his father thinks is off topic, so I'm glad you interrupted him. But I also feel very uncomfortable about how you are both talking to each other. Maybe this is what's meant by what you wrote on the board about how love can feel uncomfortable?" Bruce was disappointed she didn't take his side.

"Yes, exactly. Because love always comes with truth sometimes love can feel uncomfortable. When we're used to love and truth being expressed in a conciliatory, pacifying kind of way – it can feel uncomfortable when we hear it expressed directly and firmly. These classes are not only for you

to hear about God's definition of Love but to see love demonstrated – without fear. Love is never tainted by fear.

I intend to not only share what love is in words but also in deeds – as is the intention of every sincere one at Love Farm. And not just in classes, of course, but all during the day.”

“Also,” Pinky continued, “would you mind answering Bruce’s question about how we can know it’s God’s Truth and not a made-up belief system?” Bruce smiled and thought maybe he does have a chance with her after all. He found her unusually attractive for a dachshund.

“Yes, certainly. It’s a good question and I’ll try my best to answer it briefly today and then expound on it in the weeks to come.

No one can know God’s Truth without a sincere desire to know God’s Truth – which often develops as we investigate what is true and false. As I said before, everything I share is not for you to memorize or believe but to see in your own experience if it is true – all throughout your day.

For example, pay attention to how you feel when you suppress emotions and then how you feel when you feel your emotions. This will give you a feel for *what Love is*. Is it a shutting down or an opening up, a stagnation or a flow?

Then pay attention to how you feel when you take actions motivated by fear and when you take actions motivated by love. This will give you a feel for *what Love does*. A good example is what happened here just a few moments ago. Months ago, whenever someone challenged me, I crumbled, remained silent and often fled. Fear motivated my actions and it felt awful. But now because I can *feel* love more, I have enough trust in it and how it works that I can now stand up for it. Don’t get me wrong – fear still comes through me at times but it now quickly leaves me. It doesn’t stop me as often from acting in alignment with Truth and Love.

And then to explore *how Love feels* you can pay attention to how it feels when you feel either inferior or superior as well as how those feelings affect

your actions toward others. And then notice how it feels when you feel equal and how those feelings affect your actions toward others.

In all of those experiences you're exploring what love is, does and how it feels. No one is telling you anything. You're feeling it first-hand. And as we feel the effects or fruits of both what's loving and what's unloving – the contrast makes clear what is true.” He pointed to what is in the ‘God’s Truth’ column and continued, “That is the way I came to trust that this is actually the Truth – along with asking God for help in being humble to my emotions.

All during my day, regardless of what’s going on, I investigate whether feeling my emotions actually works or not. As I feel what’s loving and what’s unloving – does it actually help me or change me in any way? I can say most definitely that it does. But you need to discover that for yourself.”

Three arms went up and Tony said he’d take one more question. He pointed to Bernadette. “I’m confused about the ‘Love is not justice’ statement. I thought love does want justice.”

“The justice of the world seeks punishment rather than correction. The emotion motivating the desire for justice is often ‘an eye for an eye’ kind of emotion. It’s not an emotion that loves the other and desires their redemption. It’s an emotion of anger and hate and one that wants them to suffer the consequences of their actions.”

Bernadette was confused. “But ... but ... I don’t really know how to say this but doesn’t God get angry when we sin and that’s why we suffer the consequences of our actions? Doesn’t God want justice for what we’ve done?”

“This is a very unfortunate misunderstanding about God. One false belief the world has about God is that He – and sometimes I’ll use the She pronoun - is that He is an angry and just God and punishes the wicked for their own good. But God’s nature is Love, not hate and anger. And because Her laws are an expression of Her nature they’re also loving. All of God’s

laws are corrective – not at all punitive. And the emotion motivating all of Her laws is nothing other than Love.

But yes, when we sin – which is anything out of harmony with love – we do suffer. But not because God is angry and punitive but because all the laws of the universe are designed to bring us into harmony with Love. Suffering is like a loving pointer telling us we're not orientated toward Love. Without that pointer we'd be forever lost with no way to navigate toward Truth."

"Okay, wow. Thank you for that. I don't really feel God that way. I'm actually kind of afraid of God. But the way you talk about God and love does feel good. I would love it to be that way."

"You can ask for help to feel what is true even if you're not sure anyone is there to help. We all have spirit guides and they can help you along this path. They won't do it for you, of course, but they can provide guidance. But also, as we talked about briefly and we'll get more into it in the next weeks – releasing what is not true and feeling what is true often doesn't feel very comfortable. So, don't determine truth by how it makes you feel, especially when you're first starting out.

It's getting late so we'll stop here for the day. See you back here in two days at nine am."

As everyone got up to leave, Pinky left quickly to avoid talking to Bruce. She felt uncomfortable around him and didn't know how to deal with it. Bruce paced at the back of the room as he watched Bernadette leave. She was a beautiful German Shepherd but she seemed too uppity for him. She barely glanced his way, which caused him to become enraged. Bernadette reminded him of his mother who abandoned him.

He was also still angry that Tony said he was arrogant. He felt Tony was the arrogant one and dangerous by leading others down a road of delusion. At first, he thought it best to confront Tony immediately but then decided it would be better to expose him for who he is during the next class. That would help the others to wake up and leave the farm with Bruce. He'd be

doing them a service. As he turned to leave, Mascot bumped into him and apologized.

“Oh, sorry there – Bruce, is it?” Mascot turned to Agatha and told her he’d catch up with her soon. He made small talk with Bruce until everyone was gone and then said, “I agree with you that their idea of love is very controlling. It’s not right that he interrupted you and called you arrogant! Who does he think he is, anyway? He must think he’s superior to you!”

“I can tell you’re a kindred soul. You’re a fighter like me. You don’t put up with lies. Would you like to go get some lunch and talk more about this?”

Mascot smiled and nodded and forgot all about meeting up with Agatha.

## 20: Love is Not Situation Dependent

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*“Which of all the denominations, or religions if you will,  
contribute the highest percentage of the redeemed?”*

*“We recognize but one religion here,  
that is – Love.”*

*-Through the Mists*



After the first visitor's class, Bernadette asked John a lot questions about Bruce's behavior and Tony's response but she was still confused by something.

“Let's say I've done something unloving and then someone gets angry at me for that. Isn't it loving of me to feel bad about what I've done – which caused their anger? I know this is different from what happened in class because Tony wasn't unloving but I'm just wondering because I've often felt responsible for other's anger.”

John smiled and nodded. “Feeling responsible for our unloving acts is different than feeling responsible for how others feel about and react to our

unloving acts. They lash out in anger because they don't want to *feel* their anger. Instead, they project it. We're all responsible for our own emotions, regardless of what anyone does.

Let me ask you this. If someone did something unloving to you, would it be loving for you to express anger toward them?"

"Well, no. I can see it wouldn't."

"But then let's say, you did express anger toward them because they were unloving. Would it be loving for them to feel responsible for your anger? To feel that they caused your anger?"

"No – not at all. They're not responsible for my anger, I am. They're responsible for whatever they did and whatever they feel. For some reason, it's easier for me to feel where the responsibility lies when I'm the one angry at them rather than when they're angry at me! I feel responsible for others' anger – even if I didn't do anything to warrant it!"

"You have an addiction to take on responsibility that's not yours. Others have an addiction to take little to no responsibility. They blame others and believe the responsibility always lies with the others. They believe they're a victim. They have a very difficult time seeing their error. And you believe you see errors where there are no errors – that is your error. But regardless, in both of those situations of either feeling like a victim or taking on blame that's not yours – both errors happen when we're not humble to our emotions."

Within two hours Bernadette got an opportunity to see how the effects of avoiding emotion play out in a family situation. As she sat outside enjoying the sunshine, a father and his young son played catch nearby. The boy missed the ball, got angry and threw his glove at his dad as he yelled, "That was a bad throw!" The glove hit his father's nose and then he got angry and took his son roughly by the arm and pulled him back to their house. At one point, the father looked back at Bernadette with an angry expression on his face. Bernadette was shocked and then felt sick. She then

cried about how unloving others are, even at Love Farm. When she was done crying, she walked over to the man's house and rang the doorbell.

The man answered in tears. "I know why you're here and I want you to know that I know how unloving I was. Please come in. I still want to hear what you have to say."

They talked together for fifteen minutes and then the son, who had also been crying, joined them. He introduced himself to Bernadette, who he recognized from the park, and then apologized to both. And then what came out of this young boy's mouth, who had just a short time ago thrown a glove at his dad, surprised Bernadette.

"I don't like making mistakes. I want to be perfect. And I think those emotions are because I don't want to feel the uncomfortable feelings that come when I'm not perfect. And Dad, I think you also have that addiction. You want things to be perfect – and for me to be perfect. And when I'm not you lose it."

His dad nodded. "The belief that I need to be perfect before anyone can love me was ingrained in me as a child. My parents judged me for any mistakes I made – with a look, a slap, a negative statement ... all of which was a withdrawal of their love. I began to feel not only that they didn't love me, but how could they love me when I was so imperfect. That imperfection made me unlovable.

But the thing is, son, your mom and I did the same to you that our parents did to us. We had such a distorted idea of what love is which caused us, and still causes us at times, to act in very unloving ways toward you." His father teared up before he continued. "But thankfully, we're here at Love Farm now because we have a desire to educate ourselves about love and do better. And we're so grateful you also have that desire even though the first few years of your life were very different than this last year here at Love Farm."

“I’m glad too, dad. Our home feels different now. And I feel different in some ways, too. I don’t know how to explain it, but it’s kind of like I now know what I can trust. And my faith in it is growing.”

His dad nodded. “I know exactly what you mean, son. God and Love – God’s view of Love – is very trustworthy.”

Bernadette thanked them for allowing her to witness their exchange and then left.

That evening at dusk, Bernadette took a stroll by the lake, and noticed the father with his son and wife walking up ahead. As they enjoyed their time together, the father pointed to the North Star and the boy let out a cry of delight. Tears came to Bernadette’s eyes as she felt the immense potential impact of this education in love.

The potential this Love held for each one individually and for the entire world collectively felt overwhelming.



Ten minutes into Tony’s second Education in Love visitor’s class, he talked about how love is not sacrifice and Mascot’s arm went up. He and Bruce had decided it would be best for him to ask the question – a question they both felt would trip Tony up and reveal how silly his teaching is.

After Tony acknowledged Mascot’s raised arm, he said, “I realize this isn’t a question about what you’re talking about now but I do feel it’s important. In our last class you mentioned Bruce is arrogant – but how do you know that he is being arrogant or if he just has a different opinion then you?”<sup>1</sup> Mascot used his ‘curious and kind tone of voice’ which had always yielded good results before.

Tony spoke honestly. “You’re right that this is not what I was talking about. And I can feel your question isn’t sincere, Mascot. You don’t truly

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1. Question asked in 20241012 – 1100 DT NC Talk 2 Day 2 Part 1

want to know. You only want to bring me down in the eyes of others. Yet, even though I feel your arrogance is motivating the question, I'll answer it." Mascot was stunned. The way some of the inhabitants at Love Farm spoke to him, baffled him. "If you have a feeling of superiority or a feeling that you need to argue or force your opinion on others or you never want to hear any opposing opinions – than there is arrogance there. But if you just want to voice your opinion because you want to be transparent and express yourself in love that's different. That's part of being an individual who wants to express himself rather than keep himself private. It's not a power play move but an expression of yourself.

Sharing our opinions, especially when we feel they're aligned with God's principles is important. And actually, sharing our opinions is what helps to uncover the errors in those opinions. And when we keep them private, those errors stay hidden. This is the beautiful thing about expressing yourself with the intention to know yourself and Truth or to make yourself known – the untruth gets exposed quicker. If you remain private growth stagnates and our opinions that are not aligned with God's principles continue to be felt as true."

Mascot and Bruce fumed that their plan had backfired but they tried to keep their expressions calm.

"And actually," Tony continued, "that fits right into what I was saying about sacrifice and compromise – both of which are not love. Sometimes we remain private because we don't want to make waves or risk an upset but that's a sacrifice of being our self in favor of a false sense of peace. We've compromised the principles of Love and Truth out of fear of being ridiculed, rejected etc. And with that sacrifice there will always be emotional pain or confusion."

Agatha raised her arm. She hoped her question would help Mascot see how much she loved him. "I understand what you're saying with the example you just gave but what about in a romantic relationship or even with parents and their children? Aren't those relationships different? Isn't

it loving to sacrifice and give to the other? I just feel like I have so much love to give and I don't mind sacrificing. And – and – you say sacrifice is not love but how do you know that?"

"There's a lot there and we'll likely have to continue with this next time but let's look a bit more at what love is and what it's not. Until we get a feel for that, we'll think our addictions are love and that love is our addictions. You feel that sacrificing for a partner or child is love but when you consider what's going on there it becomes clear it's not love at all.

Love does not suppress desire. Love acts on its desires rather than minimizes them in preference to other's desires. Love does not try to 'fix' others. It allows others their free will to mess up their life, if that's what they choose. Love doesn't take other's consequences away when they sin. Sacrifice, on the other hand, does all of that and more.

Love is not situation dependent. It's not one way with friends and another way with your partner or children. And love is not one way with God and another way with us – His children.

Some believe God loves so much that He killed a lot of humans, which is actually written in the Bible. But if murder is love then that would mean it would be love for us to murder each other also. Love is love across the board. It's dependable, consistent, reliable, unchanging.

Let's look at the practical dynamics of sacrifice a bit closer. Say someone wants you to do something for them and you don't want to but you believe love is sacrifice, so what will you do?"

"I'll do it because I want to be loving," Bernadette responded.

"Yes, you'll do what you don't want to do. And in that situation, how are you viewing personal desire? Whose desire matters most to you?" Tony looked at Bernadette.

"Not mine. The other one." Bernadette's parents drummed into her that sacrifice was always a good thing.

"Aren't I then feeling that others are more important than me? And will I then want to know what my personal desires are? Not really, because

it may make me feel I don't want to sacrifice, which in my view, would make me selfish. So instead, I become disconnected from my own desires and feelings. And when I'm disconnected from my emotions, I'll exhaust myself doing things for others which will wear me down physically. I'll go get the apples because my partner doesn't want to and even though I don't want to either, I don't say that. I'll have sex when I don't want to. I'm not honest. Even though the children are capable of doing their own laundry, cooking and cleaning, I continue to do it even though I don't want to. Children end up feeling their parents are there to serve them which means that they believe they're above their parents. And parents feel exhausted and like no one appreciates them. Partners end up being unhappy and angry with each other, which over time grows. And no one is taking responsibility for their lives and emotions. The fruits of sacrifice make clear that it is not love."

Bruce's arm went up. He felt he had a question that would definitely stump Tony. "But let's say I sacrifice for others and feel unappreciated and angry. How do I know if the anger is because I'm sacrificing – which you say is not love - or because I'm just not sacrificing enough?" He was surprised when tears came up at the end of his question as thoughts about his older brother, Scotty, popped into his head. His sadness angered him and he shut it down quickly.<sup>2</sup>

When Bruce was young, he sacrificed a lot for Scotty. They were on their own and Bruce felt obligated to his brother for staying with him. But he did end up angry at Scotty, which caused him to stand up to his brother – an action that Bruce felt caused his brother's death. It was at the end of a long day of being at Scotty's beck and call when he asked Bruce to fetch him the hammer from his toolbox by the barn. They were both resting side by side

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2. Consider how different things would have been for Bruce if he had been humble to his sadness. Many changes would have been possible if he had felt his sadness rather than choose anger.

in the shade and Bruce was tired so, for the first time, he said, “No, I don’t want to get up. You can get it yourself.” Scotty looked at Bruce in anger, called him selfish and ungrateful for all he’s done for him, and told him he was going to Mat’s house. Minutes later Scotty was killed by a car a short distance from their shack and from that day forward Bruce disconnected from all of his emotions.

“That’s a good question, Bruce. And to come to the answer for yourself you have to be honest and have a desire to know. When we have a distorted belief about love and then we experience emotional pain when we act according to those beliefs – such as love is sacrifice – what we tend to do is double down on those beliefs. Rather than question ‘Is sacrifice really love?’<sup>3</sup> we do even more for others believing *that* will make us feel better. So, if you sacrifice but others don’t appreciate or love you for it, as you feel they should, you’ll believe the answer is to sacrifice more! You believe if you give more then you’ll get more. You’re not attributing the pain to the sin or false belief that sacrifice is love.

Sin makes us insincere on so many levels. Every time you engage love is sacrifice there *will* be emotional pain and then you’ll likely detune from your emotions rather than question that belief. It’s going to require a sincere desire to engage your will to feel your emotions and false beliefs and their sinful effects. And one sinful effect of acting on that false belief is that it takes away self-responsibility for the other to feel their own emotions and use their free will to develop in love.

This one false belief that ‘love is sacrifice or compromise’ holds so many false emotions in place. If I fix that false belief, can you see how many emotions I’ll have to confront? Other’s anger, my own guilt, my feelings of inequality in myself and others, why I don’t want to find out my own desires and do them if they’re harmonious with love and if I’m not doing them what fears are keeping me from doing them? What do I feel I need

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3. Much of the dialogue about sacrifice is taken from 20241012 DT NC Talk 2 Day 2 Part 1

from others in order to feel loved? I expect others should do things for me and then I'll feel loved by them or I feel I should do things for others and then they'll love me – or both.

I need to let everyone off the hook for having to love me. No one needs to love me. I'm responsible to love me – no one else. Why would I ask others to do something I can't? If I can't love me, why am I placing that demand on others? Can you see how unloving that is? Love is a gift – it's not the result of a demand. Can you feel the difference between love as a gift and love as a demand? I think I know what love is, yet I don't even love myself but I still want others to love me. We don't know what it means to love ourselves but we think we know what it means when someone else loves us. We have to confront all of those emotions. And be honest about how illogical and hypocritical we're being.

If you have this belief almost every relationship you now have is based on this belief. In so many ways you sacrifice or compromise yourself to others so if you change that – who will be upset? Almost everyone and you'll have to deal with that. Sin says don't do it. Keep love is sacrifice, keep serving others and disconnecting from yourself. And then if we say we want a relationship with God or we want to develop in love can you see that we're not being sincere? But if you knew the truth you'd realize that those changes would create a lot of freedom in your life. More than you can now imagine."

There was complete silence in the room when Tony stopped talking. Mr. Whiff and John smiled, Bruce and Mascot fumed, and the other three sat there stunned, understanding very little but enough to know that what they had just heard was important.

## 21: Fear is Immoral

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*Fear suppresses will.*

*Whenever I have a desire that confronts the fear,*

*I will convince myself I don't have that desire.*

*-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*



The day after Tony's Education in Love classes ended, John told Bernadette goodbye. "You're in good hands here. I have no doubt about that. And your desire to know the truth about your sin and to develop in love and in your relationship with God is increasing. I have no doubt about that either." John's eyes teared up as he smiled at Bernadette. "But it's time for me to leave."

Bernadette was shocked. It was true that her relationship with God was growing and she felt different now than she did when she first arrived at the farm. Several weeks ago, after she realized how shy she was during lunch with the entire Council and then how relaxed and animated she was immediately after she left that lunch, she became aware of her false belief that 'Love is not safe.' She began to feel how many addictions she has as a result of that one belief. She could feel that her need to remain private and

invisible was because of fears about making mistakes in front of others or to stand out in any way. This caused her to suppress her emotions and, at times, to appear interested in others to keep attention off herself. As she began to feel the impact of those addictions, her desire to feel the truth about Love and to long for God's Love increased. She knew she was at a beginning stage, but she could feel the effects as her faith in God and Love deepened. And her gratitude for John's presence in her life was profound. She would miss him deeply.

"Where are you going?"

"The Freedom Farm we passed is on the verge of civil war and there's one cat and one boy who have a sincere desire for truth. I'll be going there."

She remembered that was the farm that had a sign with the phrase, 'God represents freedom and without freedom there is no love.'<sup>1</sup> But John told her the true statement would read, 'God represents love and without love there is no freedom.'"

"I remember that farm. How do you know about the cat and boy? And will you come back here after you help them?"

"As we passed that Freedom Farm, I could feel their desire for Truth was growing and now I can feel it's time for me to go there and be available to them in case they desire change.

I'm not going to 'help them' but just to offer them an education in love if they have a desire to help themselves. And I don't know if I'll return. But if I do, it's unlikely you'll be here anyway. This farm is not your final destination, Bernadette. There's so much more. More than you can even imagine. And I'm not just referring to what's here on earth."

Fear ran through Bernadette's body as she considered leaving Snicker's Love Farm. It felt so much like home and she had no desire at all to ever leave. Little did she know that what she considered home would soon

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1. Quote from the movie, *Peace River*.

change from Snicker's Love Farm to Truth, Love and God – and there was no where she would not go and nothing she would not do for God.

“Are you leaving right now or would you like to share one last meal together?”

John smiled. “I'd like that.”

As they enjoyed their meal of rice and vegetables, Bernadette hoped John could clarify something for her. “I'm wondering, John, if you can expand on something. It's what you told me when I was crying about how Tipsy Toes tormented Sprinkles.” John nodded indicating he remembered. “You said, ‘Bullies need underlings – neither knows about love.’ I feel I have a better sense of what you're saying now but do you have anything else you'd like to say about this truth?”

“There's so much that could be said. The one who wants power relies on others giving them power.<sup>2</sup> They can't get power if no one gives it. Who's worse – the one wanting the power or the one who's willing to give it? This is why fear is immoral. It's not protective as so many think. The World Wars on earth would not have happened if no one was afraid. Those wanting to dominate and control can project fear but if no one's afraid they cannot come into power. It just won't happen. It's those who are afraid that bring the bullies into power. The ones desiring power have no power other than the power those in fear give them.”

“Wow. Fear has such awful effects on earth. The bullies projecting fear feel superior and those being bullied feel inferior. I can definitely see that if we weren't afraid and we didn't feel inferior we wouldn't give into the bullies. The fear wouldn't control us. So much on earth would change.”

John continued, “Yes, to genuinely feel the truth of God's principle of equality – that no one is inferior and no one is superior – would change so much individually and collectively. This one principle of Truth does

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2. Much of this conversation is taken from the talk: 20240908 1230 DT Living Room Talk Ireland Day 3 Part 2

away with fear. And this one principle helps us feel our way to God's Truth about what's loving and what's unloving.

Within each one of God's principles all others are contained. They can't be separated. When we feel that everyone is equal, we can feel that everyone is responsible for their sin and their consequences and to take that away from them is very unloving. And demeaning to them. We try to soften their consequences because we don't have faith that they can handle what they've created. We believe we're superior and they need our help. They may need an education in love in order to learn how to help themselves when dealing with their sin but that's different than helping them deal with their sin." John stopped because he could feel that Bernadette needed time to feel what was already said.

Bernadette could not speak. She was so grateful for John. He felt like a soul brother to her. They looked at each other in silence and then tearfully Bernadette hugged John goodbye and he left Love Farm.

What John didn't tell Bernadette was that the cat at the farm where he was headed is his soulmate.



The day John left was the day Mascot and Bruce met with Snickers and the entire Council. Prior to this meeting, they had discussed Mascot's and Bruce's participation during the rest of Tony's Education in Love classes, as well as their interactions with others at the farm. And this meeting was to let them know whether they could stay at the farm or not.

Snickers gave Mascot and Bruce the option to participate in Daisy's Environmental Recovery Project<sup>3</sup> for at least three weeks, if they still desired to stay at the farm. Or they could leave.

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3. See [blog.godsway.net](https://blog.godsway.net/) <https://blog.godsway.net/> for more information about the environmental recovery project Jesus and Mary set up in Australia.

“What kind of project is that?” Mascot asked.

Daisy responded, “It’s a project focused on recovering one hundred acres of land from the damage done before we came along. There are several branches to the project which right now include terracing, weed removal, and water collection. On ten of those acres there is a non-native invasive weed taking over all the fruit bushes and native plants. We’re digging it out so that the native plants will regrow. That’s the project you’ll be involved in, if you decide to stay. It’s physical labor but, as with everything in life, it’s an opportunity to develop in love.”

Bruce was skeptical. “How can you develop in love pulling out weeds?”

“There are so many lessons in love that come up during the day. One, for example, is following directions. We don’t ‘pull out the weeds’ as you mentioned. We *dig* them out, as I said. Being on time, working as a team with both females and males, being self-responsible, being open to feedback, speaking up if you feel something is unloving, cleaning up at the end of the workday – are all opportunities to see where you have false beliefs and addictions. Feelings of superiority may come up and you find you don’t want to take direction from anyone in leadership, even when they’re more loving than you. Or feelings of inferiority may come up and you find yourself waiting for someone to tell you what to do rather than be self-responsible and take the initiative.”

It seemed a lot more involved than Mascot previously thought but because he liked to prove himself in challenges, he said he would participate. He also asked if it was okay if Agatha joined the project if she desired. The Council talked it over and agreed that she could.

Bruce, however, was livid. Mascot was somehow taken over by the charms of Agatha, which Bruce found non-existent. How Mascot could be attracted to Agatha was beyond him. Mascot and Bruce had talked often about exposing the lies on the farm and then taking it over but something changed within Mascot over the last few days. And Bruce felt those changes were because of his growing feelings for Agatha. Mascot had become weak.

Bruce erupted, “I’m done! I’m done with the lot of you! You’re all so deluded in thinking that what you’re doing is good and loving. But all you do is talk psychobabble. It makes no sense – no sense at all! We grow up knowing what love is. Who are you to tell me that I need to be educated in love? By whose authority can you say that love is different than what everyone else on earth believes it is?” He then looked at Mascot and added, “I passed a farm called ‘Freedom from Leadership’ a while back that I’m going to visit.” He also hoped they had some attractive canines there since Pinky was definitely and most unfortunately not interested in him. And Bernadette was too full of herself to even notice him.

Snickers and The Council wished him well and Bruce left the farm. Bruce had such little self-reflection that he was unaware of his conflicting desires. On the one hand, he desired to be in leadership at Love Farm at the same time he desired to explore a leaderless farm. He had no sense of direction of where to look for Truth. For the next year, he stayed at the Freedom from Leadership farm, which was similar to Fight Farm in certain ways. But then after he heard about a charismatic speaker named Toby Rockins at The Leadership Farm, he went there where he stayed until his death.

Mascot went to Agatha and told her the news about Bruce leaving. Her response made him feel so loved.

“I never really liked Bruce that much. He seemed so full of himself – not like you, dear.” She touched his cheek and rubbed his ear and Mascot melted into her. After some time, he remembered the other news.

“Oh, I almost forgot! I’m going to be involved in the Environmental Recovery Project Daisy set up and I asked if you can join and Snickers said yes.”

“What is that?”

Mascot coughed and sat up straighter. “It sounds very important. We’re improving the land by getting rid of invasive plants. Not everyone is in-

volved in it so it's an honor they chose us to participate. I hope to lead projects one day."

"You're a born leader, Mascot. I'd be happy to work alongside you in any project."

Two days later when they arrived at the project site, Daisy, Snickers, Bernadette and three others were already there.

"Good morning, everyone," Daisy smiled. "It's good to have you all here on the very first day of this particular project. As you know, we'll be digging out the non-native mile a minute weed which will allow the native plants to return. But what we do during these hours of manual labor is not just about recovery of the land but of our soul. Developing in love involves 'digging out' everything that's not true and loving. The classes you attend give you information about what love is and what it's not. But living life – regardless of what you're doing – gives you the opportunity to feel all of your emotions and explore what love is directly.

Since we're in the beginning stages of this environmental recovery project, Snickers will be with us for the first month or so. We're here to ensure that everything runs in harmony with love, so we'll give you feedback as needed. We want the team to work together in love and when someone is in addiction we'll speak to them, if no one else has. Anyone is free to talk to anyone about what they feel is unloving, of course. And it's important that you do. It's unloving to wait for someone else to do it.

Also, because this is an experiment, the way we structure this project may change over time but as for today – we'll all dig a ditch for the weeds to go into. We'll dig in ..."

Rocky, a pug with a stout body, interrupted. "I've done a lot of ditch digging in my day at The Builders Farm and there's a much better way to go about getting rid of weeds. Whenever we had to clear property, we put the weeds in large plastic bags and dumped them at the landfill. That would be much easier and quicker."

“We’re not interested in what’s easier or even quicker but what’s loving and efficient. Filling the landfill with more plastic isn’t loving or necessary when we can bury the weeds. We want to contribute to the land’s recovery not only here but everywhere. If we put our waste in plastic bags and move them to another plot of land, we’re helping our plot here but damaging another plot there. That’s not loving and it’s completely unnecessary. So today, before we dig the weeds out, we will prepare a place to put them.”

Rocky felt it was important that he save face. His anger was evident as he said, “What about burning the weeds. That would certainly be more efficient than spending time digging a ditch!”

Daisy again responded, “Can you see how unloving your anger is right now? Snickers and I did discuss burning the weeds but decided that also is unloving, given the toxins we’d be putting into the air and eventually the soil. It’s an act of love for us to dig a ditch and bury our own waste.”

Mascot also thought it was a waste of time and energy to dig a ditch but he was happy he wasn’t the one who said it. He felt Rocky was someone he’d like to get to know.

Rocky was visibly angry, so Snickers spoke. “I want you to leave right now, Rocky, and take some time to feel your emotions and if you feel clear enough in two days, when we meet again, you’re welcome to return.”

Rocky’s chair fell over loudly as he angrily stood up and, without putting it upright, he turned to leave. On his way out, he caught Bernadette’s eye and winked at her. She was a beautiful canine who he knew was single. She looked away with an expression he couldn’t quite decipher but he hoped to have an opportunity to talk to her soon. Within the hour, however, he was told to leave Love Farm after he was found trying to lure a young pup into a secluded part of the barn. He left enraged at everyone on the farm.

Snickers continued. “I want to make it clear that Daisy and I are certainly open to suggestions if you feel you have a more efficient or loving way to do things. But be aware of what’s motivating you to communicate those

suggestions. Do you want to show us up, do you feel superior, are you angry, or do you feel you're motivated by love?"

Daisy then finished up with the rest of the instructions. "We also expect everyone to clean up their tools at the end of the day and put them back where they found them. Taking care of our possessions is an act of love and a demonstration of self-responsibility. No one else is responsible to clean up what you have dirtied and or put back what you have used."

Bernadette was excited about being involved in this project. She felt it was a way for her to not only give back to Love Farm but for her to discover more about truth and love in an accelerated kind of way. To be in the company of those who are more developed in love than she is felt like a gift to her. She was very grateful for being there. Little did she know, however, that only fifteen minutes later she also would be told to leave.

The ten by four-foot ditch they were instructed to dig was staked out and Daisy was at one end and Snickers at the other end. Bernadette, Agatha and Mascot were on one side and a boy named Howard and a woman named Roberta were on the other side. Within minutes Bernadette heard Agatha dote on Mascot.

"Are you alright, dear? You know you shouldn't overexert yourself."

Mascot wiped his brow as he let out a loud sigh. He wasn't used to manual labor and felt it beneath him but didn't want to say that. "I think I'm okay, dear."

"I'm sure they'd understand if you need to lie down."

Bernadette noticed when Snickers looked at them and then at her. She felt Agatha was unloving to Mascot by pandering to him but she didn't feel it was her place to say anything. After they went on like that for several more minutes, with Agatha offering to bring him water and then fetch him a hat, Snickers stepped in.

“Both of you have intergender addictions<sup>4</sup> which cause you to feel ‘loved’ when those addictions are met. But that feeling is not love at all. As you know, in the Education in Love classes, Tony shared a lot about these addictions that many have with the opposite sex. These addictions, like all addictions, cover emotions we don’t want to feel.

Agatha, you feel loved when men accept your ‘mothering’. And by mothering you get to avoid feeling other’s discomfort or suffering and how uncomfortable that makes you feel. When you feel it’s loving to ‘fix’ males by pandering to them you also avoid feeling how superior you feel to them in certain ways and how you believe only you can help them. You feel you’re being loving to males, but if you were humble to your emotions you’d find how arrogant you are when you believe you know what males need better than they know.

And Mascot, you feel loved when you’re ‘mothered’ or taken care of by females. And by allowing yourself to be mothered, you avoid feeling the discomfort of taking responsibility for your life and emotions. You give your will away to females rather than develop your own will to take care of yourself emotionally and physically. By feeling ‘loved’ when you’re pandered to, you also avoid feeling how superior you feel to females. If you were humble to your emotions, you’d find that you feel you’re entitled to be served by them. You feel females are inferior to you.

Both of your addictions are very unloving not only to the other but to yourself. I’d like you both to leave for today and spend some time separately feeling your emotions around these issues and return when we meet again in four days, if you feel ready to work in a loving manner.”

As Agatha and Mascot left, they looked stunned. But Snickers wasn’t finished.

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4. Divine Truth Youtube channel has a playlist on Human Relationships - many address intergender emotional injuries.

“Bernadette, I could feel that you also feel as I do. You could feel their addictions and how unloving they are to each other but you said nothing. It’s unloving to wait for others to step in when you feel there’s unloving behavior right in front of you.” Snickers could feel what Bernadette was going to say but he continued. “I understand that Daisy and I are ‘leaders’ here in the sense that we put this project together and we’re responsible for the running of it but as I said earlier everyone here is equal and is as responsible as we are for the loving behavior in the group.

This is an ongoing issue with you, Bernadette. We’ve spoken to you several times about this. You have a fear of using your will in a way that may upset others and that causes you to stand out within the group so your tendency is to trust others over yourself. But as I’ve told you several times before, those fears will not release until you feel them and act outside of them in the direction of love.” If Bernadette didn’t have brown fur her face would be bright red. Her heart beat rapidly and she tried to focus on Snickers words. “I want you to leave for the day and spend some time feeling those emotions which cause you to want to be a follower rather than a leader for truth and rejoin us in two days if you feel ready.”

Bernadette left quietly and Daisy, Snickers, Howard and Roberta dug for the remainder of the time in silence.

## 22: Education Takes Time

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*If you want to get to know God,  
learn about Love.  
-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*



The day Snickers sent her home, Bernadette cried for hours feeling sorry for herself, angry at herself, embarrassed and ashamed of herself. Her eyes were puffy, her nose was runny and she felt like she was getting nowhere. It was like an unending cycle of feelings and thoughts that kept her in a loop of self-deprecation. She felt like she was back at square one and hadn't learned anything since she arrived.

She prayed for help and then awhile later went for a walk and that's when she remembered Joshua's words – "Being emotional is not a flaw when we're orientated toward Love and Truth. If we're not, then it's a trap."<sup>1</sup> And in that moment, she felt the truth of what he was saying.

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1. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller).

She had cried about what is false while believing it to be true! She wasn't orientated toward God's principles of truth and love so she got caught in the trap of delusion. She felt that feeling bad about herself was true – rather than just feeling 'bad' about the sin she is holding onto. She felt that she *is* the sin rather than that she *has* sin.

Now her tears were very different. She could feel how sin had a grip on her – her belief that love is not safe, that it's too scary to be herself, to tell the truth, to stand out in a crowd and risk making mistakes. And she could feel how those false beliefs created so many unloving addictions. She kept herself small and tried to blend in and felt others were more capable than her to deal with situations. She felt more comfortable following than leading although she could also feel that God had so much more for her – and everyone! The grief of how things could be on earth if she – if everyone – had an orientation toward Love and Truth felt overwhelming.

In two days, Bernadette arrived early to the Environmental Recovery Project so she could talk to Snickers. She wanted to tell him how many emotions she felt through and how different things felt now and how she looked forward to more feedback because she wanted her sin exposed because now, she truly knew she isn't her sin – her sin is just all the lies she's accumulated and held on to. And she wanted to tell him how dedicated she is to act in harmony with what she now knows but Snickers was talking to Daisy so she never had an opportunity.

All she had time to say was, "I do feel ready to come back so, if it's okay with you, I'd like to work today."

Snickers smiled. "Certainly."

Thirty minutes later, however, Bernadette was again told to leave.

As she dug next to the woman, Roberta, she complained loudly to Bernadette about how thirsty she was. Bernadette reminded her that Snickers told them to take water breaks as they felt they needed them, but the woman ignored her. She continued to work and then began to complain about her husband.

“He’s a workaholic and I think he’s cheating on me. I’ve told him about the Education in Love classes but he’s not interested. I don’t understand why he agrees to stay here at Love Farm. Maybe he thinks it’s a kind of ‘sex farm’ and he’ll have many opportunities here.” She laughed.

Bernadette’s heart began to pound and she started to breathe rapidly. She felt this woman was being unloving but she didn’t know in what way so she felt it best to remain silent until she was clear about things. Bernadette met Roberta’s husband the other day and what she said about him seemed true so Bernadette then wondered if the woman was just being truthful about her husband and not being unloving. After several minutes of the woman complaining about her husband, however, Daisy stepped in.

“Roberta, your attitude is very unloving. To your husband, to yourself, to everyone here. First you complain about being thirsty but you don’t take any action to quench your thirst. Complaining to others is an angry, unloving projection. And then you complain about your husband’s sins and laugh about them. You don’t see your own sins and you certainly don’t feel them. I’d like you to leave for the day and feel your emotions around these issues and if you feel ready, you’re welcome to return when we meet again in two days.”

Roberta straightened her hair and stood up tall as she walked away with as much dignity as her wobbly legs allowed. She left Love Farm alone the next day and the day after that her husband attended the Education in Love Classes. Two months later, however, he was told to leave the farm. His sexual projections toward the attractive women increased, in spite of all the feedback he received about his behavior.

Then Daisy turned to Bernadette and said, “And I’d like you to leave also, Bernadette.”

She was stunned and waited for Daisy to say more but when she didn’t, Bernadette left. She thought about telling Daisy that she didn’t say anything to Roberta because she was confused about what the issue was but

decided it best to remain silent. She had a feeling that her emotions around the reason for that confusion was what she had to uncover.

Confusion was something Bernadette always tried to avoid. She felt a huge need not to take an action unless she was sure it was not a mistake. But as Snickers often said – sometimes clarity comes after the action. She could now see that inaction was also a mistake.

As she felt her emotions, she also became aware of how arrogant she is. Everything she wanted to share with Snickers before class that day showed her arrogance. Did she really know those things she had wanted to share? And even if she did, although it was apparent she didn't, why did she feel the need to share any of it with him?

Bernadette finished the remainder of the time in The Environmental Recovery Project without ever being told to leave again. Gradually, she began to express herself more truthfully and by the end of the six weeks she could feel her faith in love grow, as well as her knowledge of her true personality. Her deepening trust in God and faith in His laws grew her desire even more to expose her sins. At times, she was amazed at how subtle her sins were yet how extensively they played out in so many areas of her life.

But she was happy – happier than she had ever been before because she now had a way to gauge what is true and what is false and what is loving and what is unloving. She had found God's North Star of Truth and Love and she was deeply grateful.

She could now feel the direction toward Home.

## 23: Waffling When It Gets Uncomfortable

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*Fear not, the fire is only an agent for purification ...*

*-The Gate of Heaven*

*We are here to learn the loving use of our will.*

*-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*



When Snickers told Mascot and Agatha to leave the Environmental Recovery Project, he advised them to spend time apart but they remained together.

At first, Mascot was stunned by how Snickers talked to Agatha and him, but then he got angry as he listened to Agatha cry after they heard that Bernadette was also kicked out but for only two days. He tried to keep himself calm since Agatha didn't like when he ranted and raved but that was difficult as Agatha moaned over and over again, "I don't understand."

“What don’t you understand, Agatha! Snickers just kicked us out for four days for no reason. He has favorites and he’s power hungry. It’s as simple as that!”

“No ... no, I think there might be something in what he’s saying but I still don’t understand it. The other day I went to the library and listened to one of Joshua’s talks ... and ... and – I think we have or maybe I should just say *I* have a wrong feeling about love.”

“You’re confused, Agatha. Snicker’s confusing you. You’re very loving.”

“I want to listen to the talk again. Do you want to hear it?”

Mascot froze. He considered telling the truth and saying no but then realized he didn’t want to face the ramifications. He knew the truth would mean that there would be no sexual intimacy for quite a while. “Okay. Sure, if you say there might be something to what Snickers is saying – and that Joshua man – then I’ll listen to it.”

Later that day as they listened to Joshua address a young man’s addiction to be mothered by females and his wife’s addiction to ‘help’ or control men, Mascot got uncomfortable and Agatha cried softly. And then when Joshua talked to another couple where the man was controlling and the female was submissive, Mascot got more uncomfortable and Agatha cried louder. She stopped the video, blew her nose and turned to Mascot.

“I can see myself in both of those women. And I can see you in both of those men. And it doesn’t feel good at all!” She cried so loud Mascot felt embarrassed for her.

When her crying was finally at a level Mascot could talk, all he managed to say was that time apart would probably be best so he would see her in their cabin later that night.

He then walked to a quiet wooded spot overlooking a river and tried to make sense of everything that had happened since he arrived at Love Farm. Nothing was as he thought it would be. He was told Love Farm was dilapidated and would benefit from his leadership but all he saw was an efficient running farm with inhabitants that were interested in learning

how to love. Although the notion of developing in love seemed silly to him, it also started to intrigue him.

He always fancied himself as a kind of warrior so when he heard Joshua on the video talk about being a ‘soul warrior’<sup>1</sup> it sent chills throughout his entire body. He always felt the battle was between him and others who opposed him, disagreed with him, tried to control him or didn’t submit to him but now he wondered if what Joshua said was true about the real battle, the most important battle, is the one we face within us. The battle between the errors in our soul and the Truth.

Before he made any decisions about whether to stay or leave, Mascot decided to wait until the morning. That evening, although Agatha and Mascot were silent during their meal together, Agatha was hopeful since she could feel Mascot was in a pensive mood, which was rare. She was ready to become an inhabitant at Love Farm and to start her education in love, even if Mascot wasn’t. This was a very hard decision for her but she felt strongly that that’s what she wanted. She would stay even if Mascot decided to leave but she decided to wait until the morning to tell him.

The next morning, she woke up to the smell of pancakes and maple syrup and hot oatmeal with fruit and the sound of Mascot softly singing and her heart melted. Her apron looked ridiculous on him and she laughed at the writing ‘Swine are Fine’ stretched tightly across his attractively plump belly.

“Don’t lift a finger, my dear. Sit here and enjoy this pampering. You deserve it for putting up with me.”

Agatha was delighted and savored every bite. As she watched him clean up the dishes he said, “We’ve learned so much here, Agatha, there’s no denying that. But the teaching is now in our heart so I feel ready to take what I’ve learned here and move onto another farm. And I’d love it if you came with me.”

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1. Taken from: 20240908 1230 Ireland Day 3 Part 2

Although Mascot leaned toward staying at Love Farm when he went to sleep last night, he woke up feeling that he needed to leave as soon as possible. This was not the place for him. He felt his pensive mood last night was a moment of weakness and this morning he felt more like himself. He felt leaving was the right thing to do.

As Agatha sat rubbing her fully satisfied belly, she wondered why she felt so different today than yesterday. She felt safe and secure with Mascot and her certainty yesterday about staying at the farm without him now seemed like a distant memory. Yet, she still had some doubts.

"I don't know. It's true we have the teaching in our heart. We can take it with us but I also feel it would be helpful for me to stay here for a little while. Our education in love just started!"

"But we have each other. We can help each other. I'm certainly trying to change as you can see from the meal I just made you – and the clean up! Aren't you impressed?"

Agatha smiled and nodded but then had a feeling that they were still being unloving to each other but had no idea how. And then all of a sudden, waves of exhaustion came over her. "Oh, it's all so confusing – this different way of looking at love. I'm just so tired of it all. It's too much. I just want a simple life. My head can't take this anymore. Maybe we *should* just leave. Where are you thinking of going?"

Mascot was delighted but his expression remained stoic. "I don't know. Maybe we could just travel for a while and see where we end up."

"But what about your plans for Love Farm. Don't you want to be in leadership here?"

He hadn't completely given up on taking over Love Farm but he felt unclear about how to go about it. With the firm, direct leadership Snickers and The Council demonstrated, it left no room for him to spread lies and create division as far as he could tell right then anyway. "Not right now. I might be interested at some point in the future, but I'm not sure."

Mascot wanted to leave right away without telling anyone, but Agatha wanted to tell someone in The Counsel just in case they wanted to return.

“What reason should we give for leaving?” Agatha was concerned they leave on good terms.

“Well, as Snickers always says – the truth is best. So, we can just tell them the truth.” Mascot was proud of his answer.

“And what is the truth?” Agatha wasn’t sure herself.

Mascot was momentarily taken aback by her question but recovered quickly. Confidently, he said, “We’re leaving because of how good Love Farm was in educating us about love. They’ve done their job so well we feel ready to continue on our own!” Mascot beamed at his cleverness.

Agatha wasn’t so sure but agreed. “Okay, dear. I’ll let you tell them.”

Later that day after they told Daisy why they were leaving, she looked at both of them and said, “I don’t agree that either of you are anywhere near ready to continue this education in love on your own but you are free to go, of course. And you’re always welcome to return at any time you desire that education.”

Agatha thanked her and they left.

Two years later Agatha left Mascot and returned to Snicker’s Love Farm where she stayed until her death. Mascot made his way back to Tribesville only to find it had been burned to the ground two days earlier. A mouse who had witnessed the farm’s decline told him that the animals had attempted a third revolt – this time against the German Shepherds. They had become so oppressive that the Rottweilers convinced the other animals that with their leadership they could turn things around. All the animals then came together to topple the German Shepherds’ regime but in the process a fire started and quickly spread to the entire farm. The animals scattered and were nowhere to be seen.

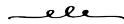
Mascot felt like crying and he even looked around to make sure no one was in sight to see him but then something made him stuff it all down. Instead, he stood up as tall as he could and carried on as if nothing had

happened. He wandered for a year never settling anywhere and then died alone in the woods.

## 24: Love is the Only Study We Pursue

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*You can't learn about Love  
without feeling Love.  
-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*



Two years after Bernadette was told to leave the Environmental Project, Bernadette and her soulmate Roger were members of The Council at Love Farm – along with Tony and his soulmate Ed, Daisy and Dolly and Snickers. All were gathered around Snicker's bed with his son, Moshe.

Snickers wasn't ill but he was old and he knew that he would pass on to the spirit world that night and he welcomed it. Just one year earlier he met his soulmate, Cordelia, and they had nine months together before her death. They weren't the easiest of months, but it was during those months that he made the most progress in his development. He looked forward to being with her again soon.

As he lay on his bed, he enjoyed the cool night breeze and smiled as he looked into the sky through the open window. The North Star was bright and he thought about the night he first met Joshua. With a catch in his throat, he said to everyone gathered, "If you don't mind, please take one and read it aloud to me slowly." He pointed to a stack of papers on the nightstand. "Please pause between readings. I want to savor each one."

Tony read first:

*"Where does the root of error lie?"*

*"In the doctrine that the soul has to make its eternal and final choice on earth, rather than that being the elementary stage of its unending development. The legitimate duty of earth is to ground the soul in the practical principles of love, in order to fit it for its entrance upon the higher duties of this estate. Abstract speculations in theology are not the studies man is called upon to undertake, especially when his teachers work upon indefinite theories, and have no absolute knowledge."*

*-Through the Mists*

Snicker's eyes were closed and he nodded his head. And then Bernadette read:

*"The only way to the Celestial kingdom being by the New Birth, and that birth being brought to men only by the inflowing and working of this Divine Love, and whether or not a man shall experience this birth depending in its initiative on the man himself... And because the way is so easy and simple, it may be that men will doubt the truth of my explanation, and continue to believe and place all their hopes upon the orthodox doctrines of the vicarious atonement – the washing of the blood, my sufferings on the cross and bearing all the sins of the world, and my resurrection from the dead – doctrines as harmful to the salvation of mankind as they are without truth or foundation in fact or effect."*

*-The Padgett Messages (from Jesus)*

Tears fell from Snickers eyes so Moshe waited a while before he read the next passage.

*"I am here, Jesus –*

*In my teachings I want to show that I am only my Father's son as you are His son, and not to be worshipped as God. He is the only God and (those) who are worshipping me in all parts of the world are not doing what I desire, for they are putting God in the background and making me their object of worship, which is all wrong and which I am so anxious to have ceased. They must look upon me only as a son of God and their elder brother who has received from the Father His full Love and confidence, and which I am bidden to teach to them. You are not to let anyone tempt you to let your love of God be displaced by any love that you may have for me, for your love for me must not be the kind that you have for Him. He is the only God and you must worship him alone. So be careful and make the distinction, or you will make a most egregious mistake."*

*-The Padgett Messages (Jesus)*

Snicker's voice cracked as he spoke. "Joshua told me this himself. He was so saddened by how misunderstood his teaching was when he first came long ago. And now ... even now ... after he came back to clear things up so few knew him and understood him."

Ed took a few moments before he read what was on the paper.

*"Love is the one great thing in God's economy of real existence. Without it, all would be chaos and unhappiness; but where it exists, harmony and happiness also exists ... God's Love is not that which needs the love of man to give it a Divine Essence, but on the contrary, the love of man in order to become Divine in its nature, must be completely enveloped in or absorbed by the Divine Love of the Father. So, let man know that his love is but the mere shadow of what the Father's Love is, and that so long as he refuses to receive this Love of the Father, he will be compelled to remain apart from the Father, and enjoy only the happiness which his natural love affords him."*

*-The Padgett Messages (Jesus)*

Snicker's breath was so even that they thought he was asleep so they remained silent for several moments until his eyes opened and he asked who was next. Daisy then read.

*"Divine Love is the greatest thing in all the world, and the only thing that can make man at-one with the Father, and change the soul of man as it has existed since his creation into a divine substance filled with the essence of the Father. There is nothing else in all the universe of God that can cause man to become a new creature, and an inhabitant of the Father's kingdom and when men possess this love, then they possess everything that will make them not only the perfect man, but the divine angel."*

*-The Padgett Messages (John – August 6, 1916)*

Snicker's voice was weak so they all leaned in to listen. "Joshua talked often about the transformative power of Divine Love. I, myself, have not received much but what little I have has made such a difference in my life. For so long, I was so self-reliant rather than God-reliant." Snickers looked out the window and spotted the North Star again. As the tears fell, he looked at Roger and nodded for him to read.

*"...the revelations that await the soul on arrival here are calculated to overpower until you have been taught the simple key by which everything is solved."*

*"Who will teach me this grand art of solutions?" I asked.*

*"I will, if you desire to know it."*

*"When?"*

*"Now if you wish."*

*"Who would not wish to learn so great a secret? My soul is hungering for such knowledge. What is the mighty power?"*

*"Love!" he replied. "This life in all its phases, its multiform developments, its heights and depths, is but a grand commentary on that one word. Love is the only study we pursue, the food we eat, the life we live; and it is to participate in joys of this inexhaustible knowledge that you are now invited ..."*

*-Through the Mists*

Snicker's face was wet with tears as he looked at everyone individually and smiled. He closed his eyes and then Dolly read the poem:

***The Passage of Death***

*Oh, brethren of earth,  
where the soul has its birth,  
at the thought of the Jordan who quiver  
when I fell asleep, I found that the deep  
was the wave of a cloud – not a river.*

*Men say that the tomb  
lies hidden in gloom,  
whence demons and devils forth sally;  
I came through the place  
in running my race,  
and I tell you there is not a valley.*

*They say, as a guard,  
at a gate that is barred,  
an angel is standing in state;  
I passed o'er the ground,  
but no obstacle found,  
so I tell you – there is not a gate!*

*No gate where men quail,  
no dark low'ring vale,  
no river your course to resist;  
I felt but one chill –  
then a hush - all was still,  
and I stood on the slopes –  
Through the Mist.*

*-From Through the Mists*

When Snickers let out his last breath, he had a smile on his face.

## 25: God's Way Love Farm

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*Always new truths will come to the knowledge of men,  
and the revelations of truth will never have finality –  
progress is the one law of the universe that exists always ...  
-Padgett Messages, Jesus (June 7, 1920)*



Soon after Snicker's death, Bernadette and her soulmate Roger decided to leave Love Farm for God's Way Love Farm, founded by Joshua's soulmate, Mary. After Joshua's death many lost track of her until Pete, the squirrel who often lived outside of Love Farm, met with The Council to tell them about his visit with her.

Pete was very excited as he recalled the encounter. "I met Mary, Joshua's soulmate, and there are some things she wanted me to communicate to you. She was passing close by and invited me to sit around their campfire one night. There were only seven besides Mary but they all seemed very dedicated to Joshua's teachings about developing a relationship with God. Let's see – there was a chestnut-colored pony who had a lot of colorful bows in her mane and I wonder if you know her, Bernadette, because she

said she was from Tribesville. I don't recall her name right now but I think it began with a M ..."

Bernadette was stunned. "Yes, Magpie. Her name is Magpie. Everyone considered her silly and weak. She left before I was born but she was the first one to leave Tribesville willingly. I admired her."

"There was also a young man, Elijah, who shared his touching story about how he became interested in being educated in love. I actually cried when I heard it which is unusual for me." Pete wiped his eyes before he continued. "He told us that after his dad gave him his first gun, he went out to the woods and shot a dog for sport. She was a beautiful German Shepherd and when he got close to make sure she was dead, she looked at him and let out a strange sound that sounded like a laugh and then she died. It shook him because she had the kindest eyes.

He cried then before telling us the rest of the story about how he, at first, spiraled into all kinds of self-punishment like alcohol, stealing, then sex with a lot of females until he came across another German Shepherd who looked at him the same way. He said it was like looking at pure love. And that's when he realized that he wasn't just running from feeling what he had done but that he was running from *feeling love*. That's what really got me – feeling that love is real and we can actually know it for ourself! That we can actually develop enough to give and receive love."

Pete cried for several minutes before he continued. "When Elijah realized what he was running from he said that's when he began to open up to all his emotions and then had this unexplainable longing to know God. And soon after that is when he met Mary at a farmer's market and hasn't left her side since."

When Pete mentioned the two German Shepherds, Bernadette wondered about her parents. She had no idea that her mother was the dog Elijah killed for sport or that her father was in a rage headed her way.

Pete blew his nose loudly before he continued. "Then there was Gabriel, another German Shepherd actually. Beautiful and so smart but he did have one leg shorter than the others."

Bernadette couldn't believe what she was hearing. A German Shepherd named Gabriel with one leg shorter than the others had to be her brother. She was so excited but kept all of that to herself, as Pete continued.

"And the last four are young ones from the Social Media Farm – Breighlynn, a kind mixed breed dog who always had a red kerchief around her neck, Kaylen, a sensitive calico cat who loved to sing and draw, Prezlie, a lively girl who showed a lot of interest in others and Percy, a very active and caring rooster. They were an interesting bunch. Very different from so many young ones today. They talked about how they lost interest in all the social media stuff so many are fixated on today. And because of that and their newfound interest in God and Love, they left the Social Media Farm and literally bumped into Mary one day – but that's a story for another day.

As we all sat around the campfire, those four young ones talked a lot about the hatred and meanness in the world – and in themselves - and their desire to grow in Love. I was amazed at how self-reflective and self-responsible they are even though they're so young. The conversations we had that night were quite amazing. It was wonderful to spend time with all of them. Mary is so beautiful – inside and out. It seemed as if she glowed. She is very passionate about God and Truth and Love." Pete's voice softened. "And she speaks of Joshua often."

Bernadette asked if it was true that Mary was starting another Love Farm. She had heard rumors but wasn't sure they were true.

"Oh yes, certainly. I almost forgot that's what Mary wanted me to tell you all!" Pete laughed. "It's called 'God's Way Love Farm' and it's about twenty miles northwest of here. Mary said that she's had regular updates about this Love Farm and its progress and when the inhabitants here went above one hundred, she began to feel the desire to start another one.

The farm she's founding will be similar with some differences. But she is very happy about how things are progressing here. Snickers is a good friend of hers and she knows how passionate he still is about Truth. She said he's doing well in the spirit world, continuing his education passionately. And she feels those currently on The Council at Love Farm have a strong desire for Truth and Love.

Oh, and one more thing. Mary did also say that anyone interested is welcome to come to The God's Way Love Farm to visit or stay but that if they weren't at a certain level of Love they wouldn't be able to 'stomach it' - literally. They'd feel so repelled, they wouldn't be able to enter. Only those souls that are acclimated to that level of Love could bare to enter."



Just days after Pete told The Council about Mary, Bernadette and Roger set out for God's Way Love Farm. And that also was the day when there was no Watchman posted and Pete ate breakfast inside the walls of the farm. If he had been outside the farms' gate as he usually was, he would have noticed someone following them and would have warned them.

Bernadette and Roger were only about thirty minutes into their walk when a voice behind them called out. "Can that be Bernadette? Is that you?"

She recognized the voice right away and turned around in shock. "Dad? Is that really you?" Her father seemed much older now. His body was shrunken and he looked awful. But his voice and confident presence were the same.

He stayed where he was and waited for her to come to him. She gave him a kiss on the cheek and then took a step back as she felt chills run through her body. His eyes looked dead.

"Why are you here so far from Tribesville, Dad?"

"I've come to find you, of course! I never found your mother but I heard you were at Love Farm so decided to find out if that's true. Where are you headed now?"

Bernadette was confused. "But why are you heading in this direction if you heard I was at Love Farm? Didn't you pass Love Farm?"

Maxim hesitated but recovered quickly as he lied, "Oh no. I got lost at one point so was coming from the west and then heard some voices which sounded familiar so I followed a little way to see who it was. Where you are headed now?"

Bernadette felt hesitant to answer but did anyway, "This is my husband, Roger, and we're going to God's Way Love Farm. Do you have a destination in mind?"

Maxim nodded at Roger. "No, as I said, I just wanted to find you. Have you heard anything from your mother?"

"No. I thought she was with you at Tribesville."

"She left shortly after you left and I never heard from her again."

Bernadette and Roger both felt his anger and looked at each other in acknowledgment.

"Is it okay if I walk with you both awhile?" Maxim tried to appear kind.

Bernadette and Roger nodded in agreement and as they walked in the direction of God's Way Love Farm, Maxim told them many stories about the successes of Tribesville. But each time Bernadette or Roger tried to ask him about how poor they heard the farm was doing, he cut them off. News about the attempted third revolt and how the farm had burned to the ground the week before had not yet reached them.

"That information must be coming from those who never visited. I was there so I know. It's a thriving farm and under the leadership of the German Shepherds everyone is happy. The other animals know their place and are satisfied. As you know we never fulfilled our wider mission. Not yet anyway, because of Mascot's failure to take over Snicker's farm. But that's

their loss. I know you were aware of our plan before you left. Some news from Love Farm traveled back to Tribesville.”

“I don’t agree, Dad, that not having Mascot take over Love Farm was their loss. Love Farm is a wonderful farm ...”

“How dare you interrupt me and humiliate me in front of your husband! You’re my daughter no matter how old you are.”

“I didn’t interrupt you. You actually just interrupted me. And I’m your equal, Dad. I’m not inferior and I have a different perspective than you about Tribesville and Love Farm.”

Maxim was stunned into silence and could not think clearly. He fumed but tried to control his rage. At times, he scared himself by how intense it was. “You just don’t listen, do you? You can walk on ahead of me. I want to be by myself a while.”

Bernadette and Roger walked ahead of Maxim and talked about his anger. Roger didn’t feel they should continue to travel with him. “I feel we should make it clear to him how unloving his anger is and that we’d like to continue on our own. As Joshua often describes anger, ‘He wants to feel powerful in his anger rather than powerless in his sadness.’<sup>1</sup> That describes your father well.”

“I agree, but what if we part ways tomorrow? How would you feel if we camp together tonight and then go our separate ways in the morning? I haven’t seen him all these years and will likely not see him again after tomorrow.”

Roger was hesitant but rather than sit with his feelings before he answered, he felt Bernadette made a logical point so he agreed. “But I will leave tonight if he projects anger at us again. With or without you. And I will tell him that before we make camp together.”

“Yes, I agree. I feel the same way. I will leave with you if that happens.”

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1. Quote by Jesus (A.J. Miller).

Roger and Bernadette waited until Maxim caught up with them and then talked to him about how unloving his projection of anger was. They also told him that they would be traveling to God's Way Love Farm on their own tomorrow but were happy to camp with him tonight as long as he didn't project his anger at them.

"Are you saying you'll kick me out if I disagree with you? That seems quite controlling and judgmental to me. Where's the freedom of expression in that?"

Roger explained. "We'll leave tonight on our own if you project anger again at either of us. You can disagree without belittling us and you can get angry and feel your anger without projecting it. When you project it toward us, you're not taking responsibility for it. You're blaming us for your emotions and ..."

"Yes – because you cause me to get angry! I can't do anything without you judging me."

Bernadette explained. "We're not judging you. Making a statement about someone's actions does not imply judgement. We're just pointing out how you're being unloving toward us and we love ourselves and you too much to remain silent about that. Love exposes what is in error. No one causes you to get angry and act unlovingly toward others – you do that yourself.

Projecting anger is saying 'I'm not responsible for how I feel and act – they are. It's their fault I feel rage and it's their fault I act out in rage.' None of that is true. You're not a victim of anyone."

Maxim's brain froze and he couldn't think of a response. What they said seemed like nonsense but he couldn't figure out why.

"Okay – okay. If that's what you want, I won't project anger, as you call it. If I get angry, I'll go off by myself. Is that okay?"

They both nodded. For the rest of the evening, they talked about their lives and Maxim even asked them questions like he was genuinely interested.

“So, Roger, how did you end up at Love Farm with Bernadette?”

Roger smiled. “That’s a long story but I’ll make it brief. I grew up in The Survival of the Fittest Farm, which was rough to say the least. When I was young, I ended up robbing a bank. Well, I didn’t really rob it but I was there standing outside waiting for my friend to rob it. He had a gun and killed a bank teller and then he was killed, so they found me guilty as an accessory to murder. For many years, this particular farm didn’t have prisons but because of how violent things got there, the inhabitants eventually opened one up. They called it Penalty Camp and the doors opened one week before I robbed the bank.

I spent the next four years in prison doing hard labor.” Roger paused before continuing. “But everything changed for me when I checked a book out of the prison library titled ‘Divine Love’. It was crazy. I was actually reaching for the book beside it about the solar system but I ended up grabbing that one. To this day, I don’t know how that happened.” Roger paused again.

“Everything changed after that. Everything. My entire world changed. I was a mess and very confused until I somehow came to feel the difference between what’s true and loving and what’s false and unloving. When I had that guidance system come online within me, everything began to change.” Roger teared up. “Then I’m not sure how it happened but I got out of prison a year early and immediately made my way to Love Farm, where I found Bernadette soon after getting there.”

“And from that day on it was happily ever after?” Maxim said in a mocking kind of tone.

Bernadette and Roger looked at each other and laughed. “Not at all,” Bernadette said. “And I wouldn’t even say it’s always smooth sailing now. But now because we’re so much more comfortable with uncomfortable emotions we can tolerate having a disagreement to its resolution. At the beginning of our relationship issues escalated quickly because we couldn’t tolerate feeling much of anything! One of us would walk away or shut

down or explode with anger or try to minimize things or use humor to avoid the issue – or a number of others techniques. We'd have the same argument again and again and it was exhausting. We got nowhere.

But then we developed more humility toward feeling our uncomfortable emotions and amazing things began to happen. We could disagree and actually discuss it until we both felt a kind of resolution – even if the revolution was 'I need to be more humble with my emotions'.

And when our desire to not avoid uncomfortable emotions grew – that's when our understanding of principles – God's principles – became much clearer for us. Rather than disagree to defend ourself we began to see that it was the *principles* that are worthy of speaking up for. Not our own error-based position. So, it was like we went from defending ourselves to feeling and speaking up for Truth. And when our understanding of God's principles, such as truth, love, faith, humility, and action, deepened, everything became easier in our relationship. We could feel the errors – and solution – much quicker. We now had a North Star from which to navigate our relationship. Once we could feel the direction of God's principles, it changed everything.

And because we're both passionate about developing in love and truth we're both growing individually, which means our relationship is growing. We're not interested in convincing each other that we're right. Now we're both interested in finding out what God feels is right. And I find that very enjoyable.”

“Me too,” Roger smiled and then they kissed.

Maxim was enraged. He could barely tolerate listening to Bernadette go on about whatever it was she was saying and when they kissed, his anger almost erupted. If it wasn't for Bernadette, Minnie would still be with him.

But he contained his anger as he managed to say, “I'm tired. I'll see you both in the morning to say goodbye.”

Bernadette and Roger cuddled up by the fire on the other side from Maxim, and Bernadette wondered if they were making a mistake going their separate ways but she was too tired to talk to Roger about it then.

In the morning, she would see how Roger felt about continuing their travel with Maxim.

## 26: Charisma vs Loving Influence

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*There is but one way for all to travel on their pilgrimage to God ...  
it is the way called Straight, whose engineer is God Himself.  
-Through the Mists*



Maxim was still asleep when Bernadette and Roger woke up, so she had time to talk to Roger about the possibility of Maxim continuing with them until they got to God's Way Love Farm.

"He seemed so different last night. He seemed interested in us – not just himself," Bernadette reasoned.

"I disagree. I don't feel he's changed at all. And as long as he's avoiding his emotions, he won't."

Bernadette immediately felt the truth of what Roger said. "Of course you're right. I don't know what I'm thinking. His anger is still bubbling.

He's barely keeping it contained. I'm surprised at how confused I became when my father showed up."<sup>1</sup>

Roger nodded and then they heard someone approaching. It was a pug with a stout body and he woke Maxim up as he loudly greeted them and introduced himself as Rocky.

"Are you Rocky from Love Farm?" Bernadette asked.

"Yes. I was there for a short while before I hightailed it out of there. And who are you?" Rocky knew who Bernadette was but didn't want to give her the satisfaction of knowing he remembered her.

"Bernadette. We met a few times when you were there."

Rocky remembered each encounter well, along with how she rebuffed all of his advances. As far as he was concerned, she felt she was superior to others just like every last one of them on that farm. But as he remembered yesterday's conversations he secretly listened in on between the three of them, he kept his anger in check.

"And how is Snickers doing?" Rocky could barely hide his distain.

"He died a while ago. It was actually a beautiful transition. Oh – and I'm Roger, by the way, Bernadette's husband and that's Maxim, her father."

Rocky nodded at them both as he felt pleased Snickers was dead. It served him right. "Is there anything for breakfast?"

Roger told him where the oats are and said, "Help yourself."

The pug looked at Bernadette up and down, appreciating her delicate female form, and asked if she was going to make breakfast.

"No, I'm not hungry. We often make our own meals when we're hungry."

"Actually, I'm hungry also," Roger said, "And I'll make extra in case anyone else wants some." Everyone but Bernadette ate.

"So where are you three headed?" Rocky was curious.

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1. If Bernadette had taken some time to feel her emotions and the cause of why she held onto her attachment to her father, future events may have been different.

Maxim spoke first. "I'm not sure. I'm trying to find my wife, Minnie. Or any information about her." Rocky looked like he was going to ask a question so Maxim continued. "She left Tribesville seven years ago now and I haven't heard a thing."

Rocky nodded and turned to Bernadette and Roger. "And you – where are you both headed?"

Bernadette answered, "We're headed to God's Way Love Farm. We may arrive later today or early tomorrow."

Rocky pretended to be surprised. "Oh, I know where that is. It's on the way to the new farm I'm going to visit – The Leadership Farm. They have this very charismatic speaker there. Toby Rockins is his name and *thousands* come to hear him speak. I always feel so good when I leave from one of his talks. He was traveling around for a while speaking at a lot of different places, but just recently founded this farm." Rocky emphasized the word 'thousands' to make clear how much more popular that farm was to Love Farm. "Have you heard him speak?"

All three shook their head no and Bernadette added, "I've heard a lot about his teaching and it doesn't interest me."

Rocky was shocked. "Why not?"

"Because I'm not interested in feeling better for a day or two but in being better forever. His teaching manipulates others to avoid their emotions and, to instead, feel the emotions he's projecting."

Rocky was livid at her hypocrisy but he tried to keep his anger under control. "That's what Joshua does but just not as well! I've seen some of those videos with Joshua teaching and I've been to your so called 'Education in Love' classes and those teachers are doing the very same thing! But just not as convincingly! None of them are charismatic at all."

Bernadette responded. "I disagree that what Toby Rockins is doing is the same as what Joshua and the other teachers at Love Farm are doing. There's a difference between manipulating others' emotions so that they avoid feeling what they're really feeling and influencing or inspiring them to feel

their *own* emotions. Manipulation is an unloving action to overpower the other's will away from feeling their emotions – they're not acknowledging the importance of free will. And lovingly influencing others is a loving action toward inspiring the *use* of their free will in the direction of feeling their emotions. Using charisma is a tactic of manipulation – not inspired by love."

Bernadette's words sounded like gibberish to Rocky but rather than admit that, he mustered up his 'I know what I'm talking about voice' and said firmly, "Well, I certainly disagree with everything you just said. So, let's just leave it at that."

Maxim was very interested in hearing more about the Leadership Farm so he asked Rocky a lot of questions and by the end of their conversation they had their arms around each other's shoulders and decided to travel there together.

"Since you two are now ready to leave, why don't you go on ahead of us so you can travel alone like we agreed to last night. Rocky and I will start out when we're ready." Maxim was happy to have time alone with Rocky. He felt like a brother to him.

Bernadette and Roger said their goodbyes and as soon as they were out of earshot, Maxim sighed loudly. "Finally! I can finally breathe! When I'm around them I feel like I'm in a straightjacket afraid to say or do something that may offend them."

"Yes, they certainly are a sensitive lot." And Rocky was going to add 'and the female a mighty attractive one' but then he remembered Maxim is her father. "That's something you don't have to be concerned about with me. I have a very thick skin."<sup>2</sup> The memory of him being enraged by Snicker's words then popped into his mind, which he quickly dismissed.

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2. Maxim and Rocky misunderstand what love is. Speaking up for God's principles (truth and love) is not being 'a sensitive lot'. When we understand this, we want to be around those who are clear and loving.

As they began their walk together, they continued their conversation. Maxim was happy they had met. "I'm glad we have time to talk. I can tell you're also a leader as I am."

Rocky was eager to size Maxim up to determine how useful he would be to him. "What type of leadership position did you have at Tribesville?"

"I was a leader among the German Shepherds and then, after our revolt, a leader of all animals. I was respected. I got things done efficiently and quickly."

Roger was pleased he had such a respected leader in his company, but was confused about something. "I must tell you, yesterday I walked behind you and camped close enough to you all to hear your conversations. I don't understand how your daughter can treat you with such disrespect. Has she always been like that?"

"No, not at all. She was the most loving daughter a father could ask for. She never complained about anything we would ask of her. Her kindness and positive nature were felt by whoever met her." Maxim could feel tears come up but quickly dismissed them in favor of anger. "My daughter used to appreciate me and look up to me and think I walked on water. But now – well, you heard her! She talks to me like I'm her inferior and in front of her husband, no less! It's shocking! Absolutely unacceptable! And now at Tribesville no one names their offspring Bernadette anymore. Her name is synonymous with traitor. Imagine the shame I've endured. Everyone knows her name but never speaks it!"

"And what of your wife? You mentioned you're looking for her?"

"My wife, Minnie ..." Maxim again fought back tears as he expressed anger instead. His paws were in fists as he continued, "My wife, Minnie, loved me like no one else ever did. We had such a good marriage, such happy years together! And I don't know what happened to her! She left and I never heard from her again. And she left all because of Bernadette! It is all her fault. If she hadn't gone crazy and left the farm, my wife would still be with me today!"

Maxim spotted a large jagged rock and picked it up and threw it with all his might just as Bernadette rounded a corner running toward them at full speed. There was a beautiful field up ahead with sunflowers and butterflies which reminded her of a field her father took her to when she was little. She wanted to experience it with her father now, but the rock hit her between the eyes with full force and she fell to the ground.

Maxim crouched over her as Rocky watched from the side.

“What have I done? What have I done? Please – please don’t die! Please!” Maxim’s voice was almost unrecognizable to Bernadette. And although she could not manage to say anything before she took her last breath, she hoped her eyes would convey what she felt.

## 27: Through the Mists

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*You must remember that one who has been  
successfully operated on for blindness  
can only be initiated into the light by degrees.  
-Through the Mists*



Roger sobbed like he had never sobbed before. He stayed with Bernadette's body while Maxim and Rocky dug a grave.

After her body was buried, Maxim told Rocky to go on without him. He wasn't sure if he would join Rocky at The Leadership Farm or if he'd head somewhere else. But for now, he wanted to travel the last few miles to the God's Way Love Farm with Roger. Maxim wanted to make sure Roger knew that he didn't intend to hurt her. Roger seemed to be in shock but agreed to have Maxim accompany him.

As they walked, Maxim apologized again. "Roger, I'm so sorry. I never wanted to hurt her. She's my daughter. Please forgive me."

Roger walked without saying anything. He couldn't speak. He didn't know what to say. It was obvious that Maxim held a lot of anger toward Bernadette and he, at some point, would have to feel the awful emotions

which brought about her death but Roger didn't feel it was the right time to bring that up. He needed to first feel a lot of his own emotions, so he remained quiet as they walked.

The closer they got to God's Way Love Farm, the sicker Maxim felt. First his stomach and then his head and then his throat started to constrict. He stopped and took a few steps back. He was within thirty feet of the God's Way Love Farm sign and gateless entrance when he couldn't walk any farther. Roger stopped, as he realized what was happening.

"I wish you well, Roger. I really do. And I hope you can forgive me one day."

"I also wish you well, Maxim. I hold no animosity toward you. I pray that one day you can know forgiveness for yourself."

Maxim then fell to the ground sobbing and Roger turned and walked through the gateless entrance without looking back.



Maxim made his way slowly to Leadership Farm where he spent the next two years until his death, drowning his sadness and mellowing his anger with drugs and teaching classes. After six months at the farm, he attained a high leadership position with many adoring students but he died a lonely and bitter death.

When he got sick, he left his teaching position and lashed out at everyone who tried to be with him and help him in his illness. He was angry about how his life turned out and felt entitled to something better. At the end, by the time one of his former students went to check on him, his body was so decomposed he was barely recognizable.

About a decade later in the spirit world, however, Maxim became fed up with his condition. His location was very cold and dirty and no matter what he did he couldn't get warm or clean. Although others in that condition looked up to him as a teacher, which gave him some satisfaction for many

years, he was now tired and began to wonder if there was a way out. He told the others he would no longer be teaching anything and went to his dark cold cave to ask for help.

This was the first time in his life, either on earth or in the spirit world, when he offered a sincere prayer.

Immediately, two brighter spirits appeared and their eyes felt familiar. Neither looked like they did on earth but Maxim knew who they were.

His daughter, Bernadette and his wife, Minnie, greeted him with such love that he began to sob.

During the next many years ahead, they, as well as other higher spirits, visited him as often as he requested. His arrogance and stubbornness often blocked his progress but because he now knew what is possible, he didn't give up.

*(Give) no service or assistance until the wildness of their passion produces weariness and they seek help.*

*-Life of Elysian*



Years before Maxim's death, as Bernadette moved through the mists into the spirit world, she became aware of how beautiful everything looked and how wonderful she felt. She was by herself but she didn't feel lonely or scared. She was happy she had time to acclimate.

Although she wasn't in a very high sphere progressed in love, even at that level, the colors, the smells, the aliveness of everything was so much more vibrant than anything she had ever experienced on earth. And then increasingly, her ears picked up on some words being spoken so she walked in their direction. And the farther she walked the louder and clearer they became.

The love she felt was indescribable and continued to increase the farther she walked. And the farther she walked the more beautiful were her surroundings. And the words then became songs sung by the most beautiful voices and it seemed like all the trees, and flowers and birds and insects joined in.

And then she longed to stay in this place of happiness forever and immediately the song about love changed to:

*"You will find a decided tendency to rest,  
a wish not to be disturbed,  
a satisfaction already attained,  
a pronounced feeling of contentment,  
and the idea of having reached a Heaven  
that has no need of improvement.  
It is this I wish you to guard against ..."*<sup>1</sup>

Her heart filled with gratitude for God's unending Love and as the first note of the next song rung out, every cell in her soul danced.

*"Love –  
how naturally everything here appears to resolve itself  
into that one word.  
It is the whisper of every tree in heaven,  
the breath of every flower;  
yon rippling waters sing it to the banks which drink their kisses,  
the dew bears it to every blade of grass,  
the zephyrs chant it as they pass,  
yon craggy peaks declare it all the day,  
and in the vaulted dome above its echoes find eternal habitation;  
It is the architect of every home,  
the motive of every act,  
the subject of every prayer.*

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1. *The Life of Elysian*

*Love unaided designed the plains of Heaven,  
 fitted every bower,  
 and spread each couch upon which the pilgrim soul might rest.  
 Flower, tree, and shrub; hill, dale, and stream,  
 and all that clothes this happy state in which we dwell,  
 are evolutions from herself.  
 She is our Mother, our Father's bride –  
 how can we do other than magnify her name –  
 LOVE.”<sup>2</sup>*



Roger spent two wonderful years at God's Way Love Farm and then passed on to join his soulmate, Bernadette, in the spirit world.

To this day, they continue to receive God's Love, enjoy unlimited exploration, unending development, and a whole lot of fun as their relationship with God and each other progresses.

*The soul that keeps step with the Love-March  
 will move forward in the atmosphere of Heaven,  
 it's cup of joy overflowing all along the way.  
 -Life of Elysian*

# Resources and Closing

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To further your education in Love, here are some resources that may interest you:

## **Where to Find Teachings Of Divine Truth**

Divine Truth Website([www.divinetruth.com](http://www.divinetruth.com))

Divine Truth YouTube Videos

Divine Truth FAQ YouTube Videos

Divine Truth Clips YouTube Videos

Start With Overview of Divine Truth – Secrets of the Universe

Session 1

Website: Notes Along the Way - You can sign up at [mary.divinetruth.com](http://mary.divinetruth.com) to receive blog updates about Divine Truth projects and events.

## **Books by Robert James Lees**

(Information taken from the Divine Truth website)

The best known is the three-volume series ‘The Mists Trilogy’ (Through the Mists, The Life of Elysian, The Gate of Heaven), written between 1898 – 1931.

Robert James Lees (born 12 August 1849 in Hinckley, Leicestershire – died 11 January 1931 in Leicester) was a British spiritualist, medium, preacher, writer and healer of the late Victorian era and early twentieth century known today for claims that he knew the identity of Jack the Ripper, responsible for the Whitechapel murders of 1888.

Lees claimed to have had his first psychic experience at age three. He later wrote:

“I am personally aware that as a child I cried at being left in the darkness unless I saw a mysterious and to others invisible kilted Highlander who remained beside me talking or singing till I fell asleep. And even now, after a lapse of half a century the vivid memory of his strong but kindly face is as freshly recalled as if he had sat beside me whilst this New Year was born.”

Despite having had little formal education, Lees wrote a series of spiritualist books which continued to sell many years after his death. He claimed that these books had been dictated to him by friends from the spirit realm, and referred to himself as the Recorder.

### **Padgett Messages**

(Information taken from the Divine Truth website)

Mr. James Edward Padgett was born August 25, 1855, in Washington, DC and attended the Polytechnic Academy Institute at Newmarket, Virginia. In 1880 he was admitted to the bar in Washington, DC, and thereafter he practiced law for 43 years until his death on March 17, 1923.

During his student years, he became friendly with Professor Joseph Salyards, an instructor at the Academy who, after his death in 1885, wrote him many interesting messages.

His wife, Helen, died about February 1914, and was the first to write him from the spirit world. Padgett never practiced the gift of mediumship

as a means of earning money. He was dedicated wholly to the reception of the great messages signed Jesus and his many disciples.

James Padgett received messages from Jesus and many Celestials, and other spirits, over the period 1914 until his death in 1923.

Please take your time to read the Padgett Messages. As you grow spiritually, you will notice that you understand them better each time you re-read them. So sit back, relax, take a deep breath, and defer any questioning for a while. Simply read and open yourself to understanding what is being communicated and revealed therein.

The fairly recent discovery of these messages has marked a turning point in the lives of many. So, take a moment to make sure that your mind and heart are open, and be prepared for some very good news!



The Padgett Messages are free and downloadable on The Divine Truth website.

You can also purchase The Padgett Messages and Robert James Lee trilogy from lulu.com.



This novel, and any others I write based on Divine Truth teachings, can be downloaded for free at [educationinlove.com](http://educationinlove.com). You can also request a free paperback copy and it will be sent to you for the cost of shipping. Any donations go toward printing and distributing more free books. If you sign up on that website, you'll be notified of any new content added.

My desire is that the Divine Truth teaching becomes so wide spread that the understanding about love and God and free will and soul condition and soul progression is common day as families communicate and resolve conflicts around the dinner table.

And also ... as governments communicate and resolve conflicts around the world.

**Please pass this book onto whoever you feel may be interested.** You can also donate it to a public library, prison library, second hand store such as Good Will or put it in a community free library. Thank you for helping to spread this very good news of God's Love and Truth.

It is my desire that everyone who reads this book comes to feel the enormous impact the Divine Truth teachings can have on us and the entire planet as our desire for this education deepens.

*With Love,*

Diane

dianestanleydt8@gmail.com

And I'd like to end with one of my favorite quotes ...

*Many people want to hear about love  
while at the same time deny all unloving behavior.  
As a human race we need to see how unloving we are.  
Once we see it, we will have a much greater motivation for change.  
-Jesus (A.J. Miller)*