

Whose Child Am I?

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Beloved one, shall we speak of your coming holidays, the celebration of the birth of the Christ? There is a story recorded in your holy Scriptures of the Wise men who came to see me, following the light in the heavens, the star as it has been called. Now, was there an actual star at that time? Yes, there was, and you will see it again. But what is more important is the understanding, the deeper understanding, that they were following the Light to the place of finding the Christ – the inner Christ – child.

They knew inner wisdom. They knew inner Light, and they followed the guidance of the Light. Some people around about saw it as a physical sign, which it was. Others understood it to be an inner Light and followed that Light to find the Christ child. And when the Wise Men came and saw me as the babe, they beheld the light around me, around Mary, around Joseph, and knew it was the light which also they shared. It was an inner Light – and an outer as well: a manifestation of the inner Light. And there was wonderment and an asking of, “What child is this that brings forth such a revelation within me?” Each one asking that of themselves.

Whose child is this?

Later as I grew to be a small lad, ones of the village would ask, “What child is this who does such things?” For I did various things that seemed to me quite natural: to tend the fallen bird, to make the garden grow even when drought caused other fields not to grow. And it was asked within the village, “Whose child is this who does such things?”

Whose child is this? Whose child are you? The Child of the Father, the one Source, the one Creator, come to this plane of reality – small “r” – to experience and to express the Christ, the Christ light. Whose child am I? Ask that of yourself from time to time, “Whose Child am I?”

Whose child am I?

Are you your parents' child? Yes, and more. “Whose child am I?” I asked that of myself as a small one, for I knew Mary, my mother, and Joseph, my father. But I knew there had to be more – as you have questioned.

I knew from Mary, my mother, and from Joseph, my father, and from the other Essenes with whom there was companionship that there was much more to life than just existence. I knew oneness of all life. I knew oneness with the grass, with the trees, with the gentle wind, the strong wind and the master of the wind. I knew oneness with the

2003

gentle rain and with the storms at sea. I knew oneness with Life, and oneness with the Father through the expression of Life.

It is difficult in this plane of reality to understand the Father, Abba, to understand the great love, the expansion of love, the place that is not specific but is unlimited. It is difficult to understand, in concept form, that which is concept-less. And yet, by knowing life even as you understand it in this point of focus, there is an understanding of the Father. For life, however you are going to define it – whether it be narrow definition or broader – is your connection. You are the expression of the Father come forth in life, even in this point of focus as you see yourself to be individual. You are the Father in expression. You are Life. You are the child of that Life – capital “L” – as you bring forth a lifetime – lower case “l”. Whose child are you? The Child of the most High.

The child of the most high?

Now, what does that mean? For many, many lifetimes you have seen yourself to be separate from power – even worldly power. For many, many lifetimes you have seen yourself to be the victim of whatever was going on around you: the masters, the teachers, the rulers, the kings, the warriors, all of them seemingly dictating to you what your life parameters would be. You have seen yourself to be separate from any power even in the extension of who you thought or saw yourself to be.

Other lifetimes you have known worldly power, for you have been the king, you have been the queen, you have been the great master who had the students around you. You have been the warrior who had great praise and adulation. And you have known how it feels to be the child of the king, the queen, the ruler.

This lifetime you have come to review, to look at all sides, to know individuality which seems to have to go along with the dictates of the world, and yet you have also brought forth a balance where you know you have the power of choice. And you have seen what power there is in choice, whether to be happy or whether to be laid low by someone else's seeming power over you.

You have known in this lifetime different sides of the expression of divinity, and you are doing the review in order to come to the realization that, “If I have brought forth and experienced all sides, aspects of manifest experience and expression, how could I do that other than by divine energy?” And you come to the place where you realize that, “I must be, even in this day and time, the child of the Creator, the child of the King, the child of the Most High.”

Now, we have spoken previously that in the concept of what has been seen as the child, as an offspring, there is the subtlety of separation. So I have told you that you

2003

are, in Truth, even more than a child – as you would see parent and child. You are the extension of the Father in this point of reality. You see yourself as an extension in this lifetime of your parents, carrying on the life—blood of the biological family, carrying on the name, the traits, the beliefs – although you are changing it, molding it, shaping it differently from what the parents knew and believed, and you are passing along to your children new revelations, new understanding, as they also call forth from you new understanding.

And the small ones will ask of you, “Whose child am I?” And you say, “Well, your mother and I, your father and I, you are our child. You are in our family, the family known as the Jones's, the Stepkowski's,” different names. And the small one says, “But why? How did I get here?” And you give to them an answer which satisfies for a moment. Later years they come back and ask again, “How did I get here?” And they say to you, “Now, don't give me all the textbook stuff. I know that from school. But how did I get here to be alive? Life itself? Whose child am I?” As I ask that of you now: whose child are you? Ask that of yourself, “Whose child am I?”

“Well, I'm the son/daughter of...,” and you go back through lineage; you list the parents, the grandparents, the great grandparents. Some of you know the family tree: how certain ones came to the country in a certain time, landed upon a shore perhaps far distant from where you are now and began a community. Where did they come from? You trace it back farther and farther. But how far back can you trace? Where did they come from? Whose child are they? And I use that as present tense because it is not a past tense. Whose Child are they? Of the Father, of course; still of the Father even though you would see them to be, in the terms of linear time, great ancestors long gone.

You are coming very soon now to a celebration of holy days, a celebration of the birth of a child, a celebration of the childlike qualities still within you. For the holy days can bring forth an excitement which you knew when you were small and in love with life. No matter how many years you have garnered to yourself, the child within you is still alive and well. And that feeling of childlike wonder of what life is, is still within you, ready to be activated and brought to the forefront to the place where there is celebration.

Your holy days are not about the birth of me. My birth has been a reason given to you down through some generations as a time of celebrating God on earth, seeing very God, the Son of God as being manifest in person on the Earth. And you have come through a lineage of religious beliefs and rituals, some joyous and some very strict, as to how you should, could, would celebrate the gifting of God to allow His only Son to be in your midst.

2003

God the Father, yes, has allowed His Son, His only Son to be in your midst, but it is not just one individuality known as one Jeshua. The only Son – or Daughter, because it does not need to be gender – is the Christ, the extension of the one Creator, the extension of Abba, the extension of the Father in life as Life, as you.

Your holy days bring forth a most wonderful opportunity to see everything in wholeness, in holiness. Your holy days are the most wonderful opportunities to celebrate the birth, the realization of the true Christ. Not to celebrate one who was born many years ago, but to celebrate the birth of the Christ Child: you. And to give to yourself the gold star – or the star in the heavens as the light which you are – the most wonderful gift of knowing how treasured you are, how loved you are, how wonderful, **full of wonder**, the angels are as you join with them in celebration, in the realization of the Christ born anew.

Know you your story of the angels, how they sang at my birth? And they did, but they also sang at your birth. For I will say to you what I have said times, and please hear it well: you have chosen out of **great courage** to come to this plane of reality that yet believes in the possibility of darkness, to bring your light and your love and your laughter to this plane. You have chosen out of great courage, and when you chose, when you said, "Yes, Father, send me; I will go once again; I will be born in the physicality to activate the body once again," the angels sang, for it has taken courage to accept incarnation – as it takes courage to release the body. For, over a lifetime there is identification with the body to the place where there is a fear attendant upon the releasement of the body. In Truth there is great joy and welcoming, and the angels sing once again to welcome you to the Light.

It is your assignment, if you so choose – and you have chosen – to live your life as Light, knowing whose Child you are so that others may have opportunity to understand their worth as well. For, so many of the brothers and sisters – as it was in the day and time you shared with me 2,000 years ago – do not believe in themselves. They do not believe in their worth. They hope to get through life as painlessly as possible and to do, for the most part, not too much harm to other ones.

But they do not understand or realize their worth. They do not understand whose Child they are, and as you will have the courage to live life as the Child of the Father, you give to them example. You give to them encouragement. You gift to them hope. You gift to them your love.

And what happens to you in those moments? You come truly alive. All of you wish to be needed. All of you wish to be doing something which will benefit the brothers and

2003

sisters. There is sincerity of heart. And if you cannot serve the vast majority of ones, as you may see it, serve where you are planted. Serve whoever you are in contact with. Allow them to know how you value them, because so many of the brothers and sisters do not know whose Child they are.

And even some of the brothers and sisters who would claim to be the Child of the Father, picture the Father as such a vengeful judgmental Father that they are not quite sure that they want that parentage. Allow them to see that you are the Child of the Father Who knows — and is — unconditional love, unlimited nurturing, unlimited joy.

Celebrate the joy. Live as the Child of the Most High. Not just happiness which is momentary and fleeting. It is good, yes. Happiness is good, but celebrate joy. Begin to know what joy feels like. How would it feel to be for a moment, or five minutes perhaps, in true joy, knowing that the Father loves you and that you are taken care of always? Knowing that the angels watch over you? Knowing that I watch over you? I hold you in my arms. I reach out to you, and I enfold you in my arms and I take you to my chest. I hold you in the sanctity of divine Love. I come to you. The angels come to you to sing, to celebrate, to live the holy day. Abide with Me. Then you will know whose Child you are.

So be it.