

## God's Love (Alfred)

Groggy would've been an understatement. I was lethargic, sluggish, and as tired as a toddler after a PB and J and glass of milk, while watching hours of PBS. That light had blinded me completely.

*Where am I?* I thought.

The whole outer space, U.F.O. thing was starting to get on my nerves.

*Where did everybody go?* I pondered.

One minute we're on the ship, trying to get to our stations, next thing, this bright light comes out of nowhere.

*Is this HQ? Wait, am I floating again? I'm not in my body. Where's my body? I can't live without a body.*

After wandering, bodiless—trying to make sense of it all, I realized, this was *my* Headquarters. Immediately after the realization, an angel appeared to me, or so I thought it to be an angel.

Then, I was back in my body again, or rather I saw myself in my body, but only because I'd thought about being in form. It was the thought that'd given me flesh. No sooner than that (me being back in human form), he appeared—my guardian angel.

The being was eight feet tall at least, and as dark as a moonless night. The emotions that came over me can only be described as being born again. First, out of pitch blackness, there was this sudden light. Next, the feeling of being sucked through a tunnel. Then, voilà... It wasn't like being saved or any religious thing like that (*or at least I don't think... I've never been saved*), but rather it felt as though I was actually coming back through the birth canal and being delivered.

That's exactly what it felt like...

No—that's not it... There was a combination of feelings. It wasn't solely like being born again; no... The energy coming off of

this heavenly being was the same energy I'd felt when each of my children were born. It was magical, divine maybe. And the angel, this massive creature, with no wings but a definite glow radiating from all around it, was the bearer of such elation.

In this self-constructed body that I'd assembled by thinking, I felt my imagined heart as it became warm with butterflies. My eyes got wet. In realizing I was home, I wanted to cry tears of joy.

*"Alfred, what is the matter?"* He asked.

Stunned, there were no words to speak. I had no gripes. My face was expressionless. Feeling the pressure to explain myself, I said, "Where are the others?"

*"I will take you too them shortly, but first there is someone who'd like to see you."*

Before the words had left his non-existing mouth, I knew who it was that wanted to see me, but I asked no questions. I simply allowed him to lead the way.

Though it was my mind that'd formed this body, it was my soul that walked behind the angel, or rather floated as though being high on some hallucinogenic drug.

Moving behind this giant, down a corridor that was gradually growing into something greater with every step, I could feel this grand *thing* that awaited us at the end.

The sensation that something colossal was up ahead made my spirit tingle.

And then, we arrived. I'd gotten there at last. All of the others were there. Cali, Malachi, Khalil, and Hezekiah; they were all there awaiting my arrival apparently.

But it wasn't some overly done welcome party, only a look on each of their faces that told me that this—was God.

They stood at His side, while He sat there in a chair made of solid gold. The bible's version of Jesus was applicable here. His feet *were* polished bronze, and his woolly hair as white as snow. But it wasn't those things that stood out; it was His face, my face, I was sitting in that chair. And His skin, it wasn't bronze like his feet. The rest of Him was soot-black, *pure carbon...*

From the look of everyone else, they were seeing *themselves* as well. I imagined Cali seeing *herself*. Khalil saw *him*,

dreadlocks and all. God was me, and I was God. And He was all of us.

Now being in heaven, seeing The Creator while He sat majestically with beams of light engulfing him, I knew where that initial light had come from. It had to have been the sun, or some other star. But then my senses told me that it was made of love, this light, as it reached out and touched all that existed.

I wanted to speak to him, this God who looked like me. But we all just stood there momentarily before He spoke these words, ***“Man, Woman, and Child!”***

His deep voice came as a divine arrangement of phonetic symbols crashing like waves on the shores of our existences.

Not one of us said anything in reply, but we knew exactly what that meant.

Hezekiah, it all had to do with him, and the survival of his lineage. We had to reunite the man who’d been a slave with his family so that his son would be born. Our specific mission now, as I knew it, was to bring together the *entire* family, including his two daughters. The savior would be an offspring of one of them. We did not know for sure.

I thought about my own family—and how things had gotten so messy... How could the one-time love of my life now be my worst enemy?

I looked up at him, this animated statue, measuring at very least sixteen feet tall while sitting. Witnessing my own face looking back at me, my holy hands relaxed on two supports while two remarkable feet rested on the floor as the purest light surrounded them. I sensed clearly that our thoughts were one.

Donita, and the kids is what I was thinking of. Once my heavenly angel, she was now my tormenting demon from hell who’d stolen from me the most precious jewels that can be taken from a loving father. She’d taken my children.

*How can I be in heaven, thinking of hell?* I thought.

Suddenly, without any warning, my mind made a hard left.

There it was, my father’s only gift to me. Still in the landfill, on one side were the nearly balled, tires. Burned and battered, the truck was now a metaphor for my life at that point. Like me, it was able to operate, but not without bumps from flat

spots. The ride was no longer smooth like it was supposed to be. And with wires protruding through the rubber of those tires, my inner workings were also being exposed.

Then the R.A.P.P. and dimensional shifter came to mind. I'd worked so hard on both of them and when they were finally operational, all I wanted to do was show her... But, *nooo. You better fix my windows Alfred! Why are you messing with that thing Alfred? You need to make more time for the family Alfred.*

Then, just as I was thinking the worst thoughts possible—about my wife that is, He touched me...

My soul left my body... Where was it; where did it go...? It'd gone inside of Him, the one who knew it all. Though this had happened, within a fraction of a second, I was back. In my mind the word TEST in all caps appeared in bright red letters. It danced around for what seemed to be an eternity. It was Hezekiah's Red, I'd felt this... And with *his* color I also felt his anguish and hurt, like one needs oxygen after nearly drowning to death. He had an absolute need to be with *his* family.

Witnessing the man's hidden thoughts, I soon realized the importance of family that some modern-day so-called men, don't seem to comprehend.

TEST, TEST, TEST, the word flashed over and over.

It all had been a test, but was it really for me, when it was her who decided on a divorce? What was I supposed to do? Was I failing miserably? Most of the fighting came over the smallest things. Well maybe not so small lately, considering. In my defense however, as a result of the last fight, there I was, in Heaven. The whole thing was absolutely unbelievable.

Standing next to me, was one of the most beautiful women I'd ever laid eyes on.

Now enthralled in the *beauty* of the place, I could definitely see how Lucifer could be jealous of God. Heaven was like nothing I'd ever imagined, it was celestial yes, but freewill was here like anywhere else, and if lust and anger could arise in me, then why not jealousy in an angel?

In my opinion, it was a TEST; the greatest test a man could ever experience. The foundation of marriage was being tested, I

was being tested. We all were the students, and family had been the subject.

Apparently having a family meant much more to Hezekiah. If a man did not have freedom, at least he could say he had a family.

Present day however, back in a world where the woman has to work just as hard as her husband to make ends meet, and an oversexed culture is constantly bombarding you with perverted innuendos, staying focused on family is damn near impossible. The traditional family is now a thing of the past, or perhaps it never was a thing at all.

Whatever the case, nowadays, if daddy was lucky, he had weekend visitations, while momma had two to three jobs and in some cases a plethora of prescription pills just to cope with life. Things had certainly changed, unfortunately (in more ways than this), from one enslaved system to the next.

