

🕯️ **No Boundaries in Heaven on Earth**

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Preface

As I write *No Boundaries*, I am amazed at the generosity and graciousness of the Lord in His allowing me to utilize the trademark He gave me to use for this, my last book. The Multiple Sclerosis is moving in my mind, so I am closing-up shop in His *Literary Ministry*. Many fine writers say what is in their heart also and welcome your listening ear.

As a final message I thank Him for all He has given me and for being with me throughout my writing, and when I forgot that He was listening. His rod and staff have been with me every moment, and He has given me His presence and ear. Our Lord is mighty, gracious and kind.

The Divine Equation

Awhile ago I heard: *heaven and the earth are one.*
 This tells me that whatever's in heaven is also in the earth,
 but maybe it's a different earth
 for I don't see our big, blue sky full of smog everywhere.
 The earth (*those who live there*) must have added something
 Unearthly to the divine equation like $1 + 1 = 3$.

What was added to the equation?

You can't balance an equation
 simply by adding something that was never there to begin the problem.
 You can't bring into balance something that has become too big,
 but was once perfect. You need to subtract 1 (the unknown integer)
 to make the equation divine,
 or else you mess up the answer.

That's like when I think about leaving the earth (death)
 and going to stay on a fleecy white cloud in heaven.
 It's me and God ($1 + 1$) that opens the door,
 not me and God and someone else ($1 + 1 + 1 = 2$)?
 That doesn't work, for I don't cart around
 someone else besides myself.

Sometimes I have this other voice booming in my mind.
 I guess that's what bi-polarity is all about—
 having another voice speaking to you,
 or for you or somebody that's there,
 but it's a clear sky day and everything looks rosy.
 Very soon with this vision I sit back and listen to the two voices,
 and then see what's going on: it's a match-up:
 it's either He who's right or he who wants to be right
 (*such a noisy ogre*).

I've spent most of my waking hours bugged,
 working through a thick fog to clarity
 and disregarding all the clamoring inside
 because I didn't wish to even look at my own thoughts
 that were in battle dress formation: defense or offense (*sounds like chess, eh*)?
 Battle doesn't bring peace, but heartache.
 I'm sick of having the heartache around me.
 Nobody cares, there's no pill to get rid of it,
 and I just need to wait for my next life to have peace it seems.

Throw out the third part,
 the battle fatigues, the armor, the noise, *and go to sleep Jackie.*

Put Pen to Paper and Speak from your Heart

I told this to Pastor Allen
after he first invited me to write and read a poem.
So, I wrote about St. Thomas.
And for my reading the poem what I had written,
The ministry tape was carried on TV.
Unbeknownst to me, what I had done
moved me forward, for He also began to speak to me
and showed me His awful power and might,
for He wanted me to write and speak for Him too.

He wanted me to say some things to you
because He saw that I could be trusted
to carry His word to you,
for I didn't seek a reward for what He asked me to say to you.
He just moved me to speak for Him.

That's what began my literary ministry.
I continued to speak with Him
and then began to see that He had other things to say to me too,
which were things for me to say to you.

Funny isn't it, how one thing so small
can alter life at the time,
like the river's flow empowers a sliver to move forward,
and a hunch moves forward a thought
that moves forward too, oh so slowly
through the mire and the sludge of life,
as the word begins to grow within you
in your heart of hearts.

What the Angels do in *Heaven* (a story)

These creamy Frisbees hold the records for the vault-kick and placement match sets, as they constantly fly around you, waiting to score points for what you've played each day. The final tally is called *Judgment* in the game of life, and you can't buy your way out of this match, or get into another game either. This is the last *play-of-hand* and then He antes-up the score.

Yes, they fly around you, but where did they come from? From heaven above, but where is that realm? It's within you to begin. I can't see this place, no one can, and that's why He created this heavenly place. Heaven within is just a state of mind, and the angels within are a matter of belief too. Let your voice be heard and you'll end all the clamoring you hear on earth. Its funny isn't it, but this is the way it works: you say it and then it's done. Here's a writer's judgment call, so just say it, or you'll die with your words all pent-up inside yourself.

Now let's talk about the Lord, the guy who calls the shots: you can believe that He's with you or not, this is your own call. He's the *Commander-In-Chief* so you can't mess around with that one, and there's no second chance or wild card when the hand is played. And His presence is a matter of your own faith. It's this way: He's either with you for the duration or He's not (*life is a one-shot deal*), depending on if you stay in His kingdom or not (*that's your own call*). His kingdom lasts forever (*that's a long time*), and there's only one score for the entire duration that ends-up in an everlasting place (the final score lasts forever). *Ooh boy, that's a long time* and there's no change allowed in your score. You're stuck with it for the entire duration, that's *forever*.

Another thing—let's talk about these angels: they're invisible, fly over your head and continually make love, energy that they give to us, so we can use their energy on earth (it's a freebie). The Lord commissions them to do this, it's like a free hand, or free card you can use however you see fit, and there's no getting out of that one.

Let's talk about angelic, invisible love-making. Actually, I'd like to be a part of this myself, so I'm not going to say much here. And He tells me that I'll be leaving the earthly plane soon (He keeps extending things, so I don't know when). I guess He'd like me to score some more positive points, or loving points so I'm close, but not completely done yet. Maybe this is just a pipe-dream, a fictitious place what's written about in fairy tales and movies, but He probably places you where He sees you fit the best, so make due with what He gives you on the way.

I'll talk briefly here about what these invisible angelic beings (angels) do. Everything they do has been created to help you. They're poised to obey all that He tells them, and they cannot do anything without His vocal directive. So you need to do something here. I think you might pray to Him, and He will hear you.

Writing Haiku

“Unto You I lift up my eyes, O you who dwell in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look to the hand of their masters, as the eyes of a maid to the hand of her mistress, so our eyes look to the Lord our God, until He has mercy on us. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us for we are exceedingly filled with contempt! Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorn of those who are at ease, with the contempt of the proud.” (Psalm 123) (I like to think this passage when I write Haiku.)

Here are some noteworthy websites about writing Haiku poetry:

www.HAIKUforPEOPLE On his last trip, he died in Osaka, and his last **haiku** indicates that he was still thinking of traveling and **writing poetry** as he lay dying: ...
www.toyomasu.com/**haiku**/ - 26k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[Teaching Haiku Poetry: Links, Resources, Ideas.](#)

"This website offers teachers and students an introduction to **writing haiku** poems, a chance to study the history and nature of **haiku poetry** and an ...
www.gardendigest.com/**poetry/haiku4.htm** - 76k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[Funny poetry for children](#)

Haiku poetry is a very short, centuries-old form of Japanese **poetry** that is an intriguing ... I think the best stimuli for **writing haiku** are nature hikes, ...
www.giggle**poetry.com/poetryclass/Haiku.html** - 19k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[How to Write Haiku Poetry](#)

Bruce Lansky has a different method for **writing Haiku**. It can be found at Giggle **Poetry's Haiku Page**. Here is an excerpt from his lesson: ...
www.edu.pe.ca/stjean/playing%20with%20**poetry**/Hennessey/howto**haiku.htm** - 6k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[Start Writing Haiku](#)

There are many different ways to go about **writing HAIKU**. ... Second, let's read the **poetry** of Japanese masters that developed **Haiku**. ...
haiku.cc.ehime-u.ac.jp/~shiki/Start-Writing.html - 12k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[Haiku](#)

Treat your **haiku** like **poetry**; it's not a greeting card verse. ... on the beach **writing haiku**; it is very easy for me to decide where my interest lies. ...
www.ah**poetry.com/haiku.htm** - 84k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[Lesson Plan: Writing Haiku](#)

Compose two original **haiku** by following the pattern of this type of **poetry**. Notes for the lesson: **Haiku**- In Japanese, a poem of about 17 syllables. ...

www.schoollink.org/csd/pages/engl/haiku.html - 8k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[Elementary Educators - Online Project Center - Writing Haiku ...](#)

Allow students access to books of **haiku poetry** and dictionaries during **writing**. Ask students to write two **haiku** poems independently. Students edit poems. ...
k6educators.about.com/library/blhaiku.htm - 23k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[Haiku For Beginners - 1](#)

You're here because you want to know something about **Haiku**. I'm **writing** this because I would like you to appreciate this special **poetry** and be able to write ...
www.arttech.ab.ca/pbrown/haiku/lesson1.html - 18k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

[ReadWriteThink: Lesson Plan: Seasonal Haiku: Writing Poems to ...](#)

Tell students that the next day, they will use the word charts in a **poetry-writing** activity. Session Two. Read aloud two or three **haiku**, one at a time, ...
www.readwritethink.org/lessons/lesson_view.asp?id=39 - 37k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

The Ides of March

It's March 15, 2007, the *Ides of March*, and I'm finishing this, my last book.

I guess Julius Caesar was bi-polar too because according to medical understanding, the *Ides of March* and the *Ides of September* are supposedly the worst times for those who are bipolar, as these times are when there are the most killings in the USA, and it is a time when a person who is bipolar is known to do crazy or heinous things. It's also a time when (*according to Shakespeare*) Julius Caesar's tight-knit circle in Rome murdered him (*oh dear, it's a crime, but this is also a very great play!*).

And according to sources, Shakespeare was very specific with his plays, about the dates he uses and people he posted, for he wrote dates like the *Ides of March* specific to *Julius Caesar* in his canon. In any event, *the Ides of March* got a bad rap, and I have found that this time of year is the worst for all people anyway, because according to police reports this time of year has the most crime, stabbings and death in the USA. I don't think this is only due to springtime, the climate, or snow that melts all over. Regardless of the postings in the papers and on T.V., the "news" which likes to be full of blood and guts anyway considers that we hear and then do what's in the news, *after all, they surely wouldn't post it if it wasn't for the good of everybody, right?*

I've been waiting for the "news" to report only what is peaceful, beautiful, and fine on earth, and not who's at war with his neighbor. It's about time we lived up to what He told us to do, *don't you think?* I think that's the "news" on earth now is "the olds," for everything keeps repeating itself to the detriment of everybody who's alive. Is printing that kind of thing what helps you? This news pays the press, but I think that's

about all it does. I think the Lord must be sick of this. *Come on people. Get with His program and love your neighbor. That's what news is all about.*

I was hoping the news, T.V. and what's written in film would finally pull the plug on blood, guts and sex, and state what's really newsworthy for us all to hear, which is what peace is, and that peace is at hand, not who was killed, and other news about what war is happening next.

A Few Days Ago...

A few days ago I was talking with the Lord (the conversation was going somewhere), and then Satan butted-in (his usual manner), obliterating my current thought and taking me out of the moment. *“What goes on here,”* I asked myself. *“Surely nobody is going to be interested in reading this poem,”* was my thought. *“What am I trying to say anyway? Is there a mark, anything useful, a cent’s worth present in anything I’ve written so far? Anyway, what’s the problem?”* Then I thought, *“Give it a rest, Jackie, and let things be.”*

And then, I read the current *Seattle Sunday Times* and realized again that writers of the day were going through the roof thinking and re-thinking, re-creating their form, wondering if what they saw (said) was useful to bring them along. Maybe they thought, *“What can I say that’s new? What can I say that will wow the reader enough to download my book, more than the next guy?”* And then I turned off, for I knew down deep that it didn’t matter, for I had the best expression lesson that was ever taught to anyone before, which was the best thing since sliced bread, and nobody else had this.

Maybe my slicing and dicing wasn’t buttered with strawberry jam on top, but I just said it, didn’t I? Who cared about the strawberry jam anyway? It was fattening. Eat apple butter, and then call it a day up in the clouds. Take a load off. Look at life through a kaleidoscopic pinhole and breathe deeply. Write a poem and love the Lord. Read a psalm and pray. Love,

Love,

Love,

Love. . .

No Boundaries

The *Seattle Sunday Times* said today (March 11, 2000)
that the earth is going to end.
In about 50 years what He created
for His children (planet earth)
would end, due to the wrecking and uncaring behavior
we (His children) had expressed all the live-long days.

The years of life,
not knowing, caring what they (we) were creating,
we have committed a slow death for ourselves,
a suicide that cannot be repeated.
We have (the *Times* says) created a slow ending to the play
by stopping the flow of natural resources He has created for us.

And there's no stopping the story of man now,
except if you commit suicide,
but who wants to do that? I mean, what would that do?
He told me today that all we can do now
was *believe in Him*, for the end was coming.

And with this I cringed, and wept, and was so sad
for there was nothing I could say.
It had all been said before by too many people,
and nothing could be done now.

At least what had been written was simply said,
and quickly it was thought too,
memorized easily, for there was no rebuttal
or witness needed, for there couldn't be a finale
to our neglectful impasse we had created
for ourselves to experience.

What a way to end a story,
to say something that had no ending.
I think T.S. Eliot said it best:
*"This is the way the world ends,
the world ends, the world ends.
This is the way the world ends,
not with a bang,
but a whimper."*

References

Cover picture is free clipart from www.microsoft.com.

New and Old Testaments, Standard Versions.

James W. Pennebaker, PhD

<http://www.homepage.psy.utexas.edu/homepage/faculty/Pennebaker/home2000/JWPhome.htm>

The World of Words:

<http://www.homepage.psy.utexas.edu/homepage/faculty/Pennebaker/home2000/Words.html>

Writing the Sacred, A Psalm-Inspired Path to Appreciating and Writing Sacred Poetry,

Ray McGinnis, North Stone Publishing, 2005.

About the Author

Jaclyn was one of Jamie's' students, and has stayed with him for many years.

I've written poetry since 1983. Studying with Dr. Pennebaker, PhD has been a new, informal kind of learning paradigm that taught me how to say what I thought. He taught me what I needed to know: *just say what I thought and felt*. This was a divine teacher-student friendship that lasted 7+ years, which gave me the love I needed to live in this world, and write the poetry I needed to say to you. This is what writing (poetry, et al) is all about. I wrote fifty books, but I owe the opening of my voice to this mysterious stranger who I never met in person, only heard in my heart and saw in my mind's eye.

Faith in what is above me (the Lord in His three different forms) sent me on my way and I heard from my teacher everyday through a mental, telepathic avenue, not something which I seek to share with anyone else, and which is hard to handle at times. I'll never know if his presence is on earth, or in heaven, or has come to me from a dream landscape, something that I've always wanted, but was never able to acquire personally. Whatever it has been Jamie's voice and presence in my mind and heart has been real. He has been an honest-to-goodness mystery that has opened the Lord's mouth in me to speak to you. This has been what Jamie gave to me, for which I am *forever indebted*.

Praise and glory be to the Lord for He is gracious and kind in all things.

His majesty lasts forever,

Amen.