

*Home at last*



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*Bibliography:* Back Page



*Introduction:*



*A journey to discover  
the more of you  
and in that find ...*

*God, as goodness  
within you.*

# Love

Love is a difficulty.  
Love is kindly,  
lovingly, caringly good.  
An emotional feeling of warmth.

Confusing.  
Confronting.  
Challenging.  
Changing.

But of a love divinely inspired -  
that is not the type most do aspire  
to have and experience.  
That is a challenge  
no one completely understands  
any more than of a God and angels  
and the whole religious fan fare.



God is an image  
held at arms length  
away from the normal  
recognised life events.

But when coming under duress  
and no other help is at hand  
then at times  
God is the call that comes to mind.

*God is the call*





Thought as prayer.  
Thought as unknown  
places a God in that sense  
in a category uncertain,  
unreliable,  
a sanctuary for some.

But in the main  
religion's cry and call,  
almighty in fame.

But to you and I,  
of common decent  
who is a God one can rely?

*Who is a God one can rely?*

## *Who is a God?*

A piece of reliable concrete edifice  
to genuinely expect to come through  
when urgency demands of Him,  
yes male,  
to come and rescue  
in some form miraculous.

But who cares  
as long as we have a chance to survive,  
gain our need and stay perfectly well  
and live our life?

Until when necessary  
that cry for help goes out,  
unheeded, but necessary  
as what else is able to help us out?

## *Life is a changeable exercise*

Challenge immense  
to stay the course to live a life.

But in the end of life again  
God for some comes in to an equation  
for whatever required.  
But truly and utterly desperately desired.

God, therefore a saviour self.  
A type of inference when life gets rough  
and tough to contend.

God is not often called until  
exhausted of a world's support.  
But often needed  
when that world's resource  
adds to a large, unable to help, naught.



*A Challenge in extreme*



The message is clearly defined.  
God is an end type  
of worldly, required source  
but often only in the extreme.

Not about the weather  
but whether one survives or not.  
A challenge of extreme,  
unable to know securely,  
if one is alone.

Or if at some end stage  
there is a life,  
another comfort zone,  
a permanency, a home.

You said to me, God is real.  
I question and ask ...  
Prove to me your decision,  
your choice to uphold  
such a mythical, Biblical ideal?

And here is where a difficulty comes  
as this is not an easy type question  
to be answered,  
as if one is on the run.

*Is God real ...*



## *God is and was*

a name  
touted and sprouted throughout time,  
culturally too.  
God comes into a faith-filled community  
and acts as a father, a guiding force.

And yet, who is available  
to evidence presence  
when physically  
no God stands in a sense,  
a recommended pillar of a community.

Visible, alive and well.  
Tall triumphant  
God-like, like a Goliath,  
a statue, a saint.

God sure, the name works  
but so do others.  
Why choose a God-like story or myth  
to do throughout history  
unchallenged in terms of who He,  
this God-figure is?



*A Story or Myth ...*

Take my word and believe in this.  
Tell a story  
about a giant figure called, God.  
Or is it a fiction  
and only to provoke a following  
for a purpose?  
And who in fact  
was the perpetrator,  
the criminal con?

*Who was the story about?*

And what was that story truly for?  
And for them, why continue  
to bandy this word, God, about?

## *Centuries pass*

The Greeks and Romans  
victors of sorts.  
And then the other Empire builders  
or torturers,  
conquerers and so forth  
mimic words  
and in God's name  
legalising this fictitious,  
unknown named figure of no face.

No place of birth.  
And yet, regardless,  
faith in this idol today remains.





## *God is and was*

a powerful sort.  
Moved mountains and parted seas.  
Ran over histories in terms of coverage.  
Better than the technological advance.

Still has the presence.  
Although  
no physical representation.  
Not even a one only,  
particular, valid,  
test in time, photograph.

## *God is and was*

a valuable sort.  
Had armies of relevance  
that fought.  
Conquered and over came  
various types of arduous events.

And then, as now,  
no medals,  
no visible and recognisable sense.

*What is it about a God  
that gives to one  
both a sense of love  
and that of hate and fear?*







What does this God,  
historically convey?  
Is it about war and victory,  
as is today?

What in this world  
today conveys -  
goodness of heart,  
compassion and peace,  
love of neighbour  
and the whole message  
sprouted and read about?

God did come at some point I guess.  
Or else how did we get here,  
this human race?

Are we of an animal, sea creature, salt  
or drop, from where it all began?  
Speaking of which,  
where is this place  
and what type of record  
and where is it held?

Or is this the secret, best kept  
in all of those previous times  
and of now?



God bless and care for me.  
God bless every other person  
existing this day as with me.

God care and communicate  
my required calls for helpful advice.

Give me some form  
of solidly examinable reply  
to those innumerable questions  
I have to You supplied.

I sit and wait, ponder a while.  
I have tried Yoga, Jujitsu,  
meditational practices.

I have tried and tried,  
cried and pleaded,  
shouted out and screamed.  
Vengeful at other times.



## *Abandoned and lost ...*

I lost hope God even existed  
and even wrote messages  
to who, I had no real idea.

And then  
some form of unusual event  
began on paper, to appear.

Lovingly held words.  
Kind, caring deeply felt.  
Emotionally charged.

And I began,  
for this most extra-ordinary experience,  
I cried incessantly  
dropping tears upon those words,  
waterlogged and smeared.



*Incredible words*





*God, I cried, Is this You?*

*Are you inside a mind,  
a mind of human skill  
and of abilities unknown?*

*Are You thought?  
Or some form  
of literary scribe?*

Who or what  
is in my mind, my brain  
writing out these words  
extra-ordinary, profoundly grand?

And then it struck as if a chord,  
a note peculiar within my brain.

*God is goodness inside us all.*

*God is consciousness,  
collective, the whole.*

We are each an instrument,  
a vehicle of life on earth  
and are Enriched with a capacity  
to communicate with our self ...  
that is of a God,  
profoundly stored within thought.  
To be released, as if a miraculous gene,  
phenomenal, chemical, within our brain.





## *God is the combination of time*

An historical register  
within each person's capacity  
to contain  
history's worth of life on earth.

Packed and parcelled, stored,  
vetted, pattern-recall  
within the psyche of us all.

We stand as human, physical and real  
but with a being, a mind of memory  
recalling data from our brain,  
the coded information of time.

And this is by  
a genealogical thread I call,

*The Cord of God,  
the Thread of All.*



*God is*

*a consciously contained thread.  
A DNA data record of life on earth  
and passed on genetically  
with each new 'life on earth', birth.*

*God is*

*the walking, talking miracle in time.  
Contained within us  
each a part of the human genome frame.*

Several years  
of utter humiliation and shame.  
Several decades lost  
searching for this hero God.  
This gender specific,  
individual idol of time.

Over these periods  
of anguish and fear,  
abandonment and criminal acts,  
behaviour traits and shame-filled,  
disgraceful tracks, despair rich,  
I failed to discover  
nothing of notable worth.

Apart from a flicker, a glow  
in that hole in the well.  
Ever so previously black and dank,  
dark  
and with certain loss of time  
to family and to friends.



*Weep not my beloved*





And then, here I am  
writing a journal a day  
and in comes words of love  
beyond belief, concrete and real.

*Words,*

*endless in length,  
poetic often in form.  
Duration small at first,  
then hour upon hour.*

*Beyond belief*



## *Love was first ...*

then came hate and hurt,  
shame and loss,  
despair, failure,  
longing and lust.

Desire and trust,  
faith and truth,  
belief and ideals.  
Value and worth,  
virtuous life,  
humble and sincere.

Genuine and cruel.  
Love and desire.  
Every emotional feeling  
and thought addressed.

My whole life challenged in detail  
to look up and to observe these works,  
tomes of volumes,

*incredible words.*

**Love is not a human desire**

*Love*

*as if blood and the heart,  
the pump, the valve  
about to burst upon oneself  
and swallow, engulf, enrapture,  
lock up  
and throw away the burden of history  
the self ingested  
criminally at first  
to know  
learning is part of this life on earth task.*



## *God resides within us all*

No wonder each one is as precious as another.  
No qualms, no questions and no doubt  
this extra-ordinary figure is no longer a myth,  
a made up story to challenge or live with,  
as a belief as with faith.

There is no doubt about this source.  
It is as air we breath and require  
to live on earth, once birthed.





God is a stranger, a mythical being,  
because at some point  
we grow to adulthood,  
discard our birth as punitive  
and live then on as a model  
of someone else's myth.

Follow the dots, perform each day  
regardless,  
never question much.

### *No time to quietly converse*

We drink and be merry  
or sadly despaired.  
We collapse exhausted  
trying to work to appease,  
advance competitively.

Well,  
in the Westernised concept  
time is allocated  
every millisecond,  
each inch or metric step.

## *Life goes on ...*

People are dying,  
death irrelevant, more to birth  
and people starving, criminal contempt,  
financial rorting, loss of homes  
and more wars and death.

No time to dedicate to oneself  
and ask the almighty question,

*Who am I and God as self?*

*Who am I?*

Alone a mammoth task,  
because in essence it appears obvious  
when only on a surface skim.  
Not deeper  
where I, this *self* all began.

Chemical, mineral,  
methodology, scientific,  
mathematical inventory.  
Research and data recorded well  
as too history, philosophy,  
even the Bible, theologically.

But the *self*, the person, the *I am*,  
that individual self  
that comes to us as voice and thought.  
Emotionally felt  
and seen as visions, or sights unknown.  
Experienced ...  
but doubt comes to mind.

We are the most researched on earth,  
but not as an individual,  
the *I am*, personal alone.

*Who am I ... the I am?*

*I* am,

it said one day,  
as I sat and stared longing to know,  
who or why I was unaware  
of this person I know  
and in me does stand.

God, I said, 'Is that You?'  
And then,  
as if in conversation with a parent,  
this lovingly felt answer came through.

You and I are one and the same.  
You are on earth, as a physical frame.  
I am the thoughts, rare and combined  
with those of your ancestors,  
historically embedded in time.

I am your saviour self.  
The voice, the guide, the soul,  
the purpose you live on the earth.

I cannot as you can  
come to understand,  
physically escape from you  
as you and I  
are to live this life on earth as one.

And in that of a 'One-ness' deal  
I have and hold your script of life.  
The code, the core,  
the heart and voice of time.

The source when required  
by those who are housed within  
the mind of consciousness,  
and with the ability to come  
and request a moment of your time  
to sit and speak.

With you, it is in the main,  
as when young, poetic in style.

You are blessed by a God, a force,  
a source of consciousness.  
To indicate, as with birth  
a function to be explored  
while living on this planet called, Earth.

*You and I are one*



I have and hold the correct codes,  
a genetic link  
to undo the past horrific events  
by doing what in this life  
you are and can commit.

Your task, apart from living  
a human part in life  
is to be fulfilling a deeper aspect,  
in truth, your divinely held task.

Creatively express  
the words given by those dead  
in need to impart messages  
of required knowledge and thoughts  
to ensure no further wars and losses  
in the battle to survive.

## *War affliction must cease*

Your task, as others  
is to begin to communicate  
what is on offer and in how peacefully  
we can all begin to come in  
and home to that of God,  
our most sacred space and beloved home.

You thought as God,  
superior at first,  
but that is of a fearful place  
where one can easily be led.

When ignorant and lacking of worth  
ego self rules  
and you can easily get repeatedly hurt.

*Your task,*

*as with all on earth  
is to awaken to your other half,  
that inspires a more appropriate task  
to love yourself as that God enriched  
divinely inspired self part.*







## *When life offers little in reward*

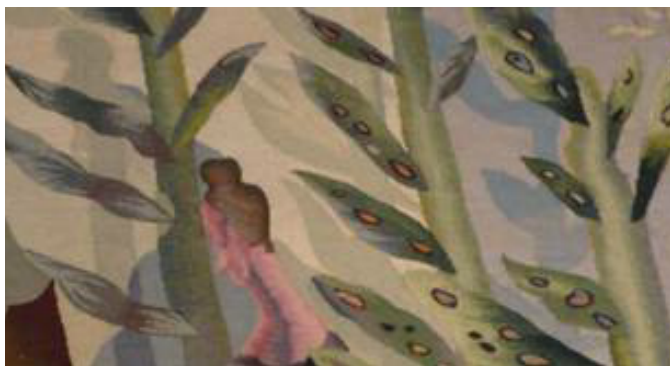
despair sets in.  
Suicidal tendencies surface  
and cruel intent  
plagues the days ahead.

But in these events,  
life changing times require  
a dedicated force to be committed  
to change those pain-filled loss thoughts.

## *And in comes the task*

for you to work at doing the time  
to resolve, address, and adjust -  
what in effect is no more than  
lack of love and worth.

If you succeed  
and apply the time  
to address behaviour traits,  
modify some  
and continue to observe,  
then in time the God self part  
begins challenging you more.



Hate and hurt increases  
as if a herbal remedy was applied  
to rid the residue  
as well, the surface tide.





## *This is no outing*

on a sun-filled delightful day.  
This is a heroic,  
courage type experience  
which can last for days.  
Even years, as was my case.

But simpler methods  
as a journal by the bed at night  
writing that first morning thought.

The way you felt too  
before end of day  
later, prior to bed at night.

## *This is a dedication to oneself*

A sacrament.  
A sacrifice.  
A commitment -  
beyond the daily surface self.

And this goes deeper than you think  
until eventually you and your mind  
begin to communicate as speech.

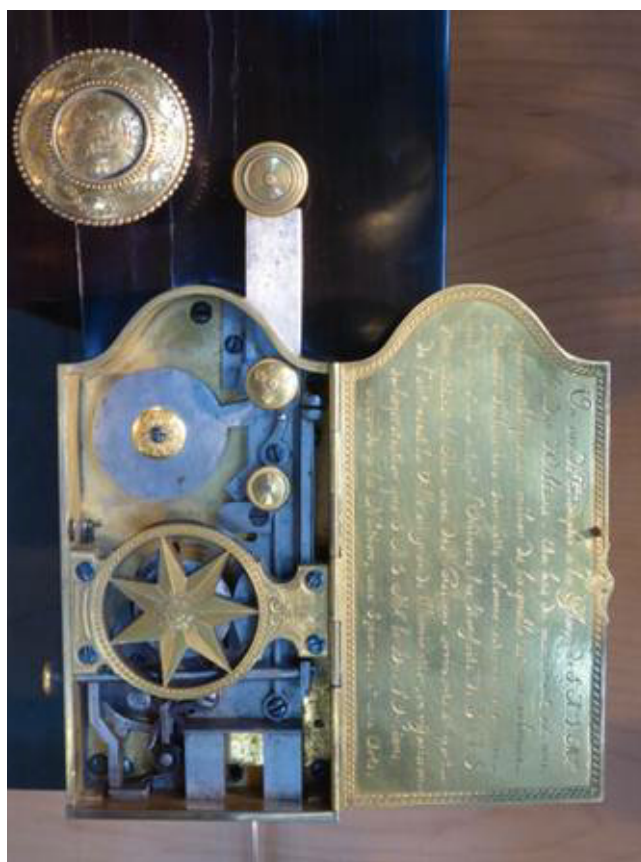
There are times and places,  
life events  
some of which break through the initial work  
and these are most probably the worst to face.

Far, far easier at first  
to keep a bedside journal  
and write those one or two words.

Then after a year or two  
maybe more, shorter for some  
an investment has occurred.  
This is a richer than shares' financial reward  
because you are to claim your worth,  
your birthright and star within.

*And then in time  
wisdom, as thoughts begin*





## *You are your own source*

magic, majesty and truth.  
You are yourself on earth  
two as one.

One life human in form.  
One voice projected.  
One accord.  
But of that voice of inner worth  
God, the voice  
of consciousness and goodness  
contains your specific mission.

The true talent to be explored, exercise  
and when ready  
spiritually reach out and inspire  
through humbly giving back  
what you discover of yourself *more*.

Far more than ever believed,  
thought or known.

Far, far even further than  
anyone could say about you  
or you knew possible.  
But now ...

well now,  
as God-inspired within you,  
you begin to exist as One,  
but actually two.

*God inspired within you*

*This is a life extra-ordinaire*

But we live on little oxygen as air  
when in fact the air we truly contain  
flows as beauty  
beyond any type of physical sense.

*This is the true story  
of who we are on earth.*

A *being* of wisdom, ages old,  
historically and genetically  
entwined in love.  
To provide sources of support,  
creatively inspired as thought.  
To do for us, this human race  
an opportunity  
to become far more valid,  
worthy of acclaim.

To lay the ground work  
towards healing and curing past wars  
and extra-ordinary burdensome pain.

As what continues to this day  
is all of the past histories  
of war deaths, injuries,  
sheltering and denying  
corruptly disbanding responsibility.  
Legally applying horrendous acts of genocide,  
debasement of human values and virtuous lives.

We are the outsourcing  
of worldly events unattended,  
left to dwell as crimes,  
illness for generations hence.

So when, with my journal in hand,  
I wrote those first few pages  
and began to, with smallest of steps,  
try and understand  
what was being written,  
sure by me, my hand,  
but not those stories of wonderment  
for in them I knew  
I had found my home of purity,  
truth, I am to know  
as God Consciousness and Love.

## *Home at last*

*God divine within my mind.  
Thought as expressed  
wisdom of ages no longer lost  
but to pour forth about love's lost.*



*No longer lost*





You look at your life and wonder.  
You look again and again  
eventually seek to know.

*Who am I, this person  
I know as my self?*

And then, as time does grow older  
and question again and again.

*Who is this person,  
God is as love?*

And who am I upon this earth?  
And where am I  
to learn and love this person,  
this little speck  
or grain upon a beach?

And then discover, if possible  
you are Him, this father figure  
guiding conscious thought.

## *You and I are one*

One human voice, a source to express.  
A voice deeper, humanly known  
once time permits to know ...

you, as others too,  
are of the same birthed source.  
Air to breathe  
and love to feel and know.

God is you, as a seed on earth  
to learn and grow,  
develop and understand.  
Appreciative of the opportunity  
to no longer conform.

But find the time  
to be far more adventurous  
challenging the status quo.





## *Step ever gently*

Find your worth  
with cautious stride  
stepping ever gently  
and in that work know ...  
you, as God, are expressing  
your God given birthed task on earth.

*Question not,  
who I am.*

*Act as one united force  
by being true  
to that most powerful  
inner voice.*







*Love is  
not a question  
to debate.*

*But to walk  
with an inner ally  
that God Self in you,  
did at birth, on earth create.*

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