Truth of Doctrine

What do we propose within ourselves? What is the intention of the will, which is our heart of hearts? How is that actualized and divinely created through life as our eternal soul? The process can be likened to the ear of the robin that listens to movement in the earth and then pounces upon her prey to bring food for the waiting brood. Or that deep voice within us that cries out for the tit. For the breast is ultimately our first lesson in our need to feed our love. Later in life, our love drives our intentions to act as that bird that listens and seeks for its love. So too do we actualize our love by finding the truth that will feed it. Who shows the robin its food? Who shows us His Truth? It is our common Creator that joins Himself to our souls when we turn to Him and seek to do His will in our lives. Or, we turn away, to feed our selves.

Many years ago it was announced on the internet my intention to become a prophet of the Holy Writ. The perception that it may be possible to find redemption from my profane state through this vow compelled me to act. There was no priest or religious order to guide me. It was a need to discover a form of reality where none existed in order to cure my soul that guided and answered me. To fail in this would leave my soul with nothing but eternal shame but what did it matter, that was my state. It was the insight that I was given because of the obedience to a vow that opened my understanding to the possibility of my redemption. If only I could discover and act upon His Divine Truth. If only there was some way in which I could make the truth of doctrine known. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to understand that religion as we know it is in so many ways not just bankrupt but a hindrance to enlightenment. The drug war justified in the pulpit is the most glaring example of those who eclipse the Divine light of Heaven.

The premise is simple. The world needs a new form of the Christian Church, to be redeemed. I need a new form of the Christian Church, to be redeemed. "Man has the capacity to think what is true and to will what is good; and when he thinks what is true and wills what is good he has the capacity to behold what is Divine and perceiving what it is, to accept it."[1]. Since it does not exist now, it must be formed into order, a religious order. Therefore, the most impossible task is before me and proclaimed before the World Wide Web that it would be actualized.

During my struggle with the hells and my redeeming enlightenment from the heavens, I came to appreciate the whole terrifyingly difficult states of temptation. The idea of trust became more strongly impressed upon me as the hurdles were overcome. I could and did understand and act upon the direction of His Divine Providence and become strongly dependent upon Him. Beautiful illustrations of tender robins were not then how I came to jokingly term this process, but daylight/train. When one has been in the depths of the most incredibly deep cavern the only route out is to follow the tracks in the pitch black. Those tracks followed were railroad tracks and so many times questions arose from deep within me, are these tracks leading to daylight or is the descent only going deeper? What if the train comes, now? Fear that the sides are so close by existence will cease should the train approach was mocked. There was no choice, a vow had been made. If the direction taken

was in error then on the Day of Judgment we all must face, then I could only say I tried to ascend from my profane state. Praise the Lord was the response when men cursed. From the odd occurrences of Divine Providence there was encouragement as I plodded along.

It came. The train came. Then daylight came. Then the trains' searchlight became daylight. Then train, then daylight, the state of enlightenment vanished and the reality of the train bearing down upon me to destroy it all became so real the fear was palpable. And as the fear grew, I learned to mock even stronger. I learned to trust in the Divine Providence as a kind of gravitational force that pulls us upwards. The train is just a lesson in vision for seeking and finding the hidden rabbit hole to jump in, as the cars impotently rush along. Each time the overwhelming belief in the futility of it all, the absolute powerlessness of the situation confronting me, the reality of the locomotive barreling at me full bore, taught me to grab hold of a piece of heaven quick and laugh as the train rolled along.

Can anyone comprehend the height of celestial glory I experienced as a young man after being spoken to by prophesy in the midst of the congregation at Mount Paran Church of God in Atlanta? The experience was the highest calling of the Lord and being filled with so much of His presence; it was like being inside a nuclear reactor. Why did I turn away in anger? The ring is lost. The fatted calf is gone. Instead of the heights of glory, all there is to see is burned fields from carelessness. A complete and bitter failure and it is all over. How can I ever ascend? Can anyone comprehend being called before Him in that state? How shameful it was to lie in a hospital bed not knowing what the wake up from biopsy surgery would be? Or if life continues, to what purpose, to what end? "How is it that I hear this of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer Stewart."

"I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses" The vow He taught me took me deep into the mountain. No one could understand. I heard, "Where does he get these ideas?" My mother complained to the attorney, on the day my fathers' corporation was sold to me for $1. A successful business servicing and selling sound systems to metropolitan Atlanta area churches would soon be lost, she knew. So much effort and sacrifice during my cancer recovery had made Davis Audio a corporation with over $100,000 worth of lines of credit. My father and I were a success and he was determined to leave it all to me and retire in spite of my stance. I quit the SYSTEM. I sent back the SS # and the DRIVERS LICENSE # after receiving a 90 day letter from the IRS demanding $485,000. "Why don't you just take care of it?" my father asked. "All you need to do is just meet with them and explain. It is just a clerical error. They work with people all the time." Then later he pleaded, "Don't you see this is killing me?" The only advice their attorney could tell them that day while I quietly eavesdropped, "Your son carries a heavy burden because he sees the evil in the world." "But what does that mean?" My mother implored. He couldn't tell her then and who can really see it now?

After the IRS raided my office and later my home, I was reduced to pecuniary. I became a marijuana

dealer and then a believer. The Lord's Word is true. He gave man every seed bearing herb. Davis Audio went to pot. From my Sunday school days the lessons learned were not forgotten. That simple trust experienced then was all that could be relied upon now. All the organized religions surrounding me are fictional entities. The body of Christ is fashioned into a fictional person. They raise the golden eagle in the sacristy. The lesson recalled as the darkness of the walls of the cavern pressed on upon me was simple, and all I had to follow, as I pressed on along the way. My first lesson from Heaven was; when God's law and Man's law conflict, man will ultimately come up short. There has to be a cosmic gotcha in the hemp prohibition. It has to be so simple that a child can understand. But what is it.

It was this angst that drove me the day we traveled to Rabun County for Bo's Mountain Concert and Bike Rally Show. My friend Ronnie Lee Smith at the Compound (the trap or the haven for potheads that I helped institutionalize for the scene at Little Five Points) warned me that law enforcement is reported on the evening news telecast to have the biggest roadblock there in the history of the State of Georgia. Dana Sheridan the driver of the vehicle and confederate in protest implored me not to take contraband. I promised her that if anything happens, I will take responsibility. Have I gone through all of this just to become a pot dealer, Lord? It was in defiance of the State that led to me being pepper gassed and dragged from the vehicle that night. As the sheriffs deputies handcuffed me and bounced me face down on the pavement, "Lord have mercy!" was all I could cry. The train experience of indictment and the struggle to overcome the injustice gave me the insight for my declaration of civil death. Ultimately, I never even went to court. There is no record of my arrest on the computer or my so called criminal history. The pot heads who I served were amazed and in a way I was too. A woman and I became attached and Y2K called. We left for the woods together. We just could not make it. I failed her. There has to be an answer somewhere to this incredibly dark world. Now it must be found out, or is nothing left?

And as I struggled to rid myself of old errors in the past the approaching train of another arrest for marijuana loomed. There was plenty of cash now. Money wasn't the issue but I felt the presence of 'the disease.' The term coined to describe the state I and my confederates were in now. To begin, we had hopes of changing the world consciousness regarding the use of hemp (cannabis) through demonstrations and public education. The reality now was that we were a part of the very SYSTEM we all hated. Our front or trap was now the International Artist Guild, Inc. and we provided underground entertainment through our venue. We operated a successful business on one of the main streets in Atlanta, Memorial Drive. The police all knew. Nobody cared. In a fashion, we were legitimate. If we didn't make waves or protest, we could continue with no problems, it was understood, it was the disease. Again, the defiance rose up in me. Have I gone through all of this just to become a pot dealer? Then the secret knowledge became revealed through the work of the gentile Chris Bennet. This later followed High Times magazine and a newspaper article in the Sunday London Times on January 12th 2003. Jesus the 'Christ' means 'the Anointed One'. And 'the Anointed One' means painted with

a drug that contains Myrrh, Cinnamon, Cannabis, Cassia in an olive oil base. The Lords Holy anointing oil (Leviticus 10:7) contains marijuana. The hidden truth rang blaringly clear to me but to the rest of the world, nothing. It pleased Him to become a Man.

The arrest followed from another compulsion. This time I-75 northbound was shutdown on Friday afternoon at 3pm on June 19th 2002. The helicopter from WSB TV filmed the Cadillac as it was parked on the side of the highway. I threw out 4 lbs. of Mexican bud while refusing to stop for the Emerson City Police Department. Traffic came to a halt while law enforcement scowered the roadside. From Bartow County cars were halted all the way back to I-285. The overwhelming specter of the train was an oppressive reality as I paced the jail cell. But then, hasn't the Lord brought me forth so many times before? Ultimately I considered that my problems just don't seem to be significant in comparison with His ability to create the whole universe. Now three years later, after spending 14 months in prison, having two surgeries performed there and reading the Arcana Caelestia in what really was a strange form of monastery, this case is in the Georgia Court of Appeals AO5A1443. Just to have this case still in the courts is a miracle.

The arch priests know and have known for centuries. What possible difference could this secret knowledge make without a revelation? It must be out there somewhere. I prayed at a loss where to search on the Internet. Sitting down then at the site www.near-death.com my answer I was convinced would be hidden there. I had relied upon this site to develop my religious education while buffeted with ignorance when attending "Perspectives on the World Christian Movement" A paper was submitted describing the objectives of the order. There must be a clue that I missed. Every single page was read. There must be one missed, I mused. The writings of Origen are lost. There must be something new for this age of the Internet. Then the mention of Emanuel Swedenborg and his journeys into the spiritual world were stated to conform to the experiences related. A quick Google search brought forth www.heavenlydoctrines.org I was awestruck. Lord have mercy upon me.

The thought struck me that Sunday while traveling to www.morningstarchapel.org. We are the holders of the secret knowledge, a Church of librarians. At the end of this struggle it all amounts to priests sitting on Divine Truth because men will profane it. The Orthodox priests are the keepers of the Disciplina Arcani. The Swedenborgian priests are the keepers of the Arcana Caelestia. It became my goal to arrange a dialog that continues even today. The acceptance of the Heavenly Doctrines as Divine Truth that are revealed in the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg admitted me to baptism by a priest of the General Church of the New Jerusalem. After visiting Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania a discouraged priest of that religion agreed to administer the Office of Holy Oil signifying my redemption.

But there is no place for one compelled to teach these Divine Truths. Soon, I found myself with Solomon Liku outside Saint Gabriels Ethiopian Orthodox Church in Atlanta. "I seek a disciple of this priest," I said while handing him a name on a piece of paper. "Who is he?" he asked. "A very famous priest in your

country, there is a spiritual practice that I need to understand and his disciple can help me," I tried to relate. Later, when he called wanting to know why, the best I could tell him was that I am not normal. "How so?" he inquired. "That day we met in the Spirit outside your church I expected you and the priest to be there. I was presenting myself that day. I have been cured of my leprosy and soon after the Office of Holy Oil was performed for me. I was confirming what I already knew. The blessed oil was gifted by a priest to me. www.thc-ministry.org A priest officiated in a Holy setting, the Office of Holy Oil was not profaned. "Catholic ceremony?" he asked. "No Coptic," I replied. "I will help you," he promised. And since then an initiation into the priesthood (public teacher not liturgical) by the Ethiopian Orthodox Church I believe was ordered for me by the Patriarch Abune Merkorios of the Ethiopian Holy Synod in Exile and completed. Symbolism is the universal language of the mystic.

How this came to be given would take a voluminous report that would at best be described as the totality of my life, which minutely describes in detail my descent into hell and His drawing me forth out of it and locking the gate so I can't throw myself back. My testimony was hand delivered to the priest at Saint Gabriel Ethiopian Orthodox Church in Atlanta on May 23rd 2005. It was my prayer the week before as I prostrated myself at the front of Saint Mariam Ethiopian Orthodox Church in Decatur, Georgia that the vestment sought would be forthcoming. The Brothers for Mercy could be ordered by Patriarch Abune Merkorios but failing that wouldn't the Antioch Orthodox Church give an even greater witness? Just think, the Church that sent Paul and Barnabus. The definitive answer upon the validity of my calling is best left to the determination of the Patriarch that dates their spiritual practices to before the days of Moses.

As I explained to the Translation Committee of the General Church of the New Jerusalem for the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, the President of the Swedenborg Foundation and the Ethiopians: the ultimate truth is so simple a child will understand. The term calam* in the latin search engine for the heavenly doctrines site yields references that are in error. KNH in the Word is cannabis, not calamus. Emanuel Swedenborg left a ripcord in the Writings when he prophesied saying, "The return of the Lord is to be in the understanding of the literal and spiritual meaning of the Word."

In closing what I seek from your Bishops and if need be ultimately your Patriarchs is the answer to the question posed to Bishop A.G. Yousef on Coptic Information day and the priest at Saint Gabriel Ethiopian Orthodox Church, "What is calamus?" It is my prayer as I knock "to open before Him the two leaved gates;" Isaiah 45

Yours in the Anointed One,

"Greg"