

From the Streets by Rebecca Morris

I did not come from a functional place or family. I was a street person. My mother used to panhandle on the streets with me and my little brother. I didn't go to school much; I dropped out in the seventh grade. I'd been drinking since the time I was about seven, and by the time I was ten I was a drug addict. When I was eleven years old I became a whore, and started working the streets. Because of my life I was in a lot of pain, and I was using a lot of drugs all the time. I didn't care about anyone or anything; just getting high, turning tricks and getting drunk.

I never went to church, and nobody ever told me about God. If they did, I don't remember; but I never believed in God. If there was a God, I hated Him, because of what had happened to me all my life.

About five years ago, when I was fifteen I wanted to be a hippie, but I also wanted to die. When I was hitchhiking across the country, I was in the process of doing that; I was killing myself. I had been doing cocaine, and I'd done too much. I was riding in a semi. I remember feeling really shaky, like I was going to snap. All of a sudden I felt like a crack in my body, and I went into the sleeper in the back of the truck. I laid there curled up. I remember feeling a panicky feeling. Then I felt the life slip out of my hands, and out of my feet into my center. Those are the only words I can use to explain it.

Suddenly I was in darkness. My body had light emanating from it, but I was in a thick, pitch-black darkness, the kind where you feel like something's going to reach out and grab you. That's the kind of fear I had, and I cried out. I didn't know what I was calling out to. I didn't care. It's kind of like when you call out for your mom, or your dad, or whoever is there, "Somebody help me!" Before I left the darkness I heard words audibly in my ears. The words were, "Do not fear, my child."

Then a bright light came at me really quick, and I saw a beautiful being. A man. He was laughing this beautiful laughter. He had very thick, reddish-brown, auburn hair. His eyes were beautiful, eyes that had a color I can't explain. You can mix paints. You can do anything you want. You'll never be able...I could never explain the color of His eyes. And he was roaring with laughter, joyously, a laughter that gets you in your heart.

We spoke to each other. We didn't speak with words, with our mouths. I just remember looking at him and wondering how he could be doing that, how we could be communicating and actually hearing each other somewhere inside of our minds, but not using our mouths to speak. I asked him who he was, because I had no church background. He said, "I am the Christ," or "I am Jesus Christ." Then He took me by my hand, and He flew with me.

We flew with our arms spread out, kind of like Superman. It was so amazing! And He was talking to me the whole time, talking to me without His mouth! And we were flying. And there was no time there! I couldn't tell if five days or two seconds had passed. It's as though we were frozen in time, flying through these folds, through the dimensions. I had a weird kind of eyesight. I could see far away, very far away. I saw that there are different dimensions throughout the universe. As far as you could see they folded into each other in a way. As we were flying through these dimensions, I thought He was holding my hand, because I did have hands. I did have a body. I looked to my left at Him and His arm was molded into my arm! I was just becoming a part of Him, and He was becoming a part of me. It just wiggled me out!

What we were in was like forever. It just went on and on, for eternity, where we were. He was so beautiful, and gorgeous. He was everything in one, everything you could ever want in one. I remember just going, "Oh, my God! What is happening to me! And I asked Him all these questions. I wanted to know who He was, and why all those things happened to me when I was little, and why all those things happened to my mother, and why the world is the way it is.

He told me that the reason that all that stuff had happened to me was because everybody was running around with free will, and nobody had asked Him. He's so kind and loving and giving, and He cannot invade a situation. That's why He had waited until I had become old enough for Him to introduce Himself to me. But He would have done it sooner if someone had asked Him. Things happened as they had because of the way we used our free will. I had just gotten caught up in everybody else's free will.

We came out of the dimensions and He took me back to a time when He was in a human body. I was there on the earth, and He was above me, not in a human body, just a presence there, while He showed me. I watched Him being dragged on His cross, and then they were carrying Him. Then He had it himself, just holding it there. They were spitting on Him, like He was a piece of shit or something, like they didn't even care! They didn't even want to care! They didn't even want to know anything! They were just spitting and hating Him, and beating Him. They were scourging Him, and I didn't even know the word "scourge!" The first time I had ever known that word was when He told me that word. I wanted no more part of that. I didn't want to see any more of it.

I didn't say "Take me away." It was just a knowing thing. As soon as I decided that, He took me out of there, even though I knew He would have showed me more there, in that place. He took me above and showed me a timeline, instead, so I could see who He was, because I had asked Him. The timeline had all sorts of colors. He told me that that was the earth, that that was our time, and that that was the beginning and that that was the end. He showed me that the red was like an intervention, when He died on the cross, to bridge the chasm between the two times, so that we could go on. I didn't really understand that until He let me know that He shed his blood for my sins. And that was like "Wow!" It just blew me away! I didn't know why it did. It just blew me away.

Then He said something to me without moving his mouth. It wasn't anything like, "It's not your time, yet", just something that I can't remember. All of a sudden I was back in my body. I was back in the truck. I felt totally