
now we only see dimly

not remember which good book the word 'dimly' was used in - translation - buttz now will quote pertinent scripture for today's deal:

Now we see things imperfectly as in a poor mirror, but then we will see everything with perfect clarity. £ All that I know now is partial and incomplete, but then I will know everything completely, just as God knows me now.
(1 Corinthians 13:12 TB)

ergo> 'now we see things dimly...' whats try'n getz @, we all need to see mucho mor "bright" lighth, a product from our lord/messiah, that lets us look correctly @ what "is," and therefore, we can relate how it fits into GOD's plan, for the final outcome.

the heart of my delimmna, i jumped at the chance of that possibility.

in mid to late march, of that year, had returned from vacation, in rome, and a few other italian towns, and gone through something that could only be described as, go'n through the "sweats." had to change pajamas, several times each night, cause would wake up with the 'cold' sweats; wring'n wet.

and now that i sit hear, type'n away, and think that am come'n up on thrity-four year, without any of my favorite beverages - used to have dreams, for **years**, that had been drink'n on the sly, and would wake up and think, "what a phoney yo IS" - and what has been a requirement, for me to be able to seez few things clearly, cause of GOD's gift of the spiritual awakening, with it's light burden, be'n in PRISON et. al., and experience the pain of spiritual suffering - PRIVILEGE - make ole dummy wonder,

"...I will only give you light burdens."

on may 25th, 1976, had the priviledge of entering an accredited hospital, for the treatment of alcoholism; acute phase. it was a 30 day program. and the doors were not locked, from the inside, but if i did decide to leave, at anytime during that period, the door would be locked, with no way of re-entry, at all!

on the sunday morning, before that tuesday, i think, had snuck out of the cabin, at the lake, to pop open a cold one, at about 4:30 or five am, so no body would hear the can open, and hid in the dark, in the car, and sipped away.

later that morning, my best friend, dr. joe, told me that he knew of a place that i might be able to attend, and find out why i drank like i drank. he did not accuse me of anything, and since i had never heard those words, in my entire life, but was certainly at

when god gona give ole dummy A rest, and bring sum mor fools along, share the JOY, and we shall then, when we'unS find them'uns WORK, shall ALL seeZ sum mucho betterest. :-)))

ps: reason ole dummy jump @ offer, week or so ealier, la wife look @ "whimp" and sayz, 'i not gona stay hear, and watch yo kill yo self;' had reached stage, could not drink, and could not not drink. could not work, buttz had to work> yo gets pi'tureS.

pps: "happy trails 2 yo'unS;" cowboy lingoS. :-)