

ONCE UPON A TIME - AGO



FOR THE CHILDREN OF
THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

HELLO

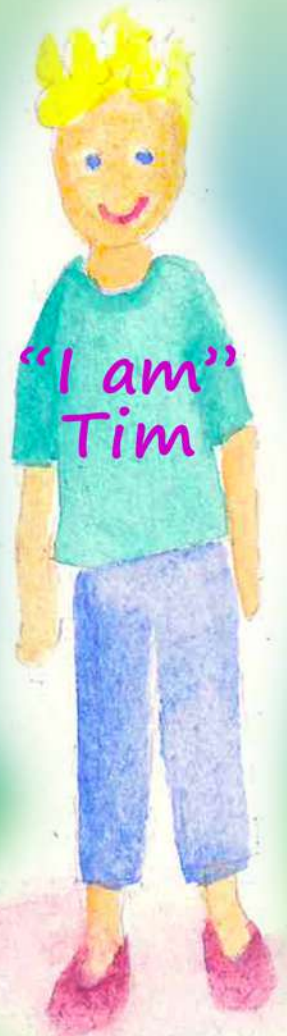
"I am"
Aunt Sarah

Come along
for more fun!

"I am"
Tim

"I am"
Molly

The Magic
Crayons



Tim charged through the tall meadow grass. He leaped over the rocky creek without getting a shoelace wet and thundered down the sandy path stirring up clouds of dust.

He was in such a hurry, his feet had a hard time keeping up with his body. Sunbeams bouncing off Aunt Sarah's little white cottage in the glen caught Tim's eye and he began shouting.

"It happened!"





"It happened!
It happened! Aunt Sarah,
just like you said it would."
Aunt Sarah greeted him
as he skidded to a stop at
the foot of the porch steps.
"Welcome back" she said.
Tim vaulted up the steps two
at a time. "It happened, Aunt Sarah!"

Her white hair glistened as she patted and
rearranged the blue velvet pillow, "Ahh! That's much
better," she said, settling down in the cane rocker.



"Now, tell me all about it."
Tim took a deep breath and
words spilled out of his mouth.

"Remember when you told
me that one day I would
visit a place I'd never been
to before and it would
be familiar?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, it happened, Aunt Sarah!
Just like you said it would."

"Oh, my yes! that's exciting," she said. "Tell me more."

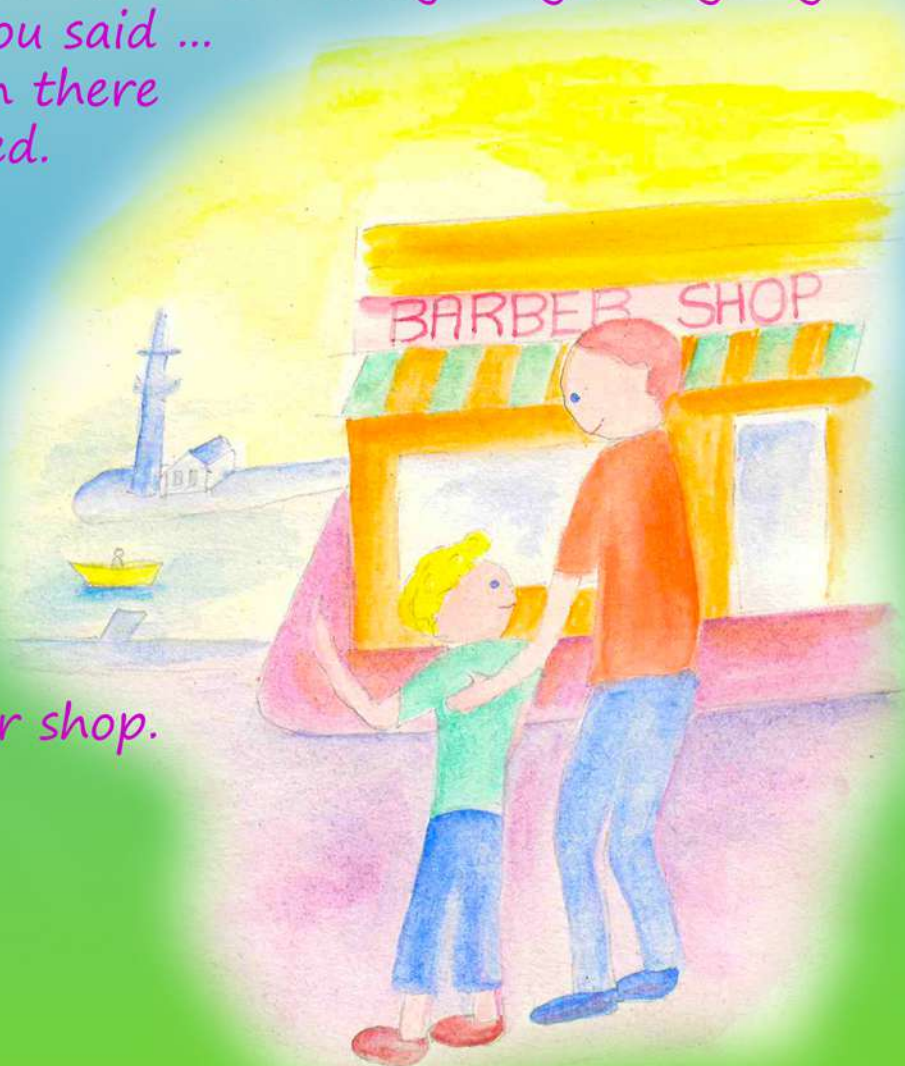
Tim dragged his chair closer. "Well," he began,
"Mom, Dad, me and Molly went to the ocean on
our vacation.

There was an old-fashioned town nearby so Dad and I went exploring one day.

Aunt Sarah, I knew where everything was going to be ... just like you said ... but I've never been there before." She nodded.
"Yes, go on."

Tim balanced on the edge of his chair.

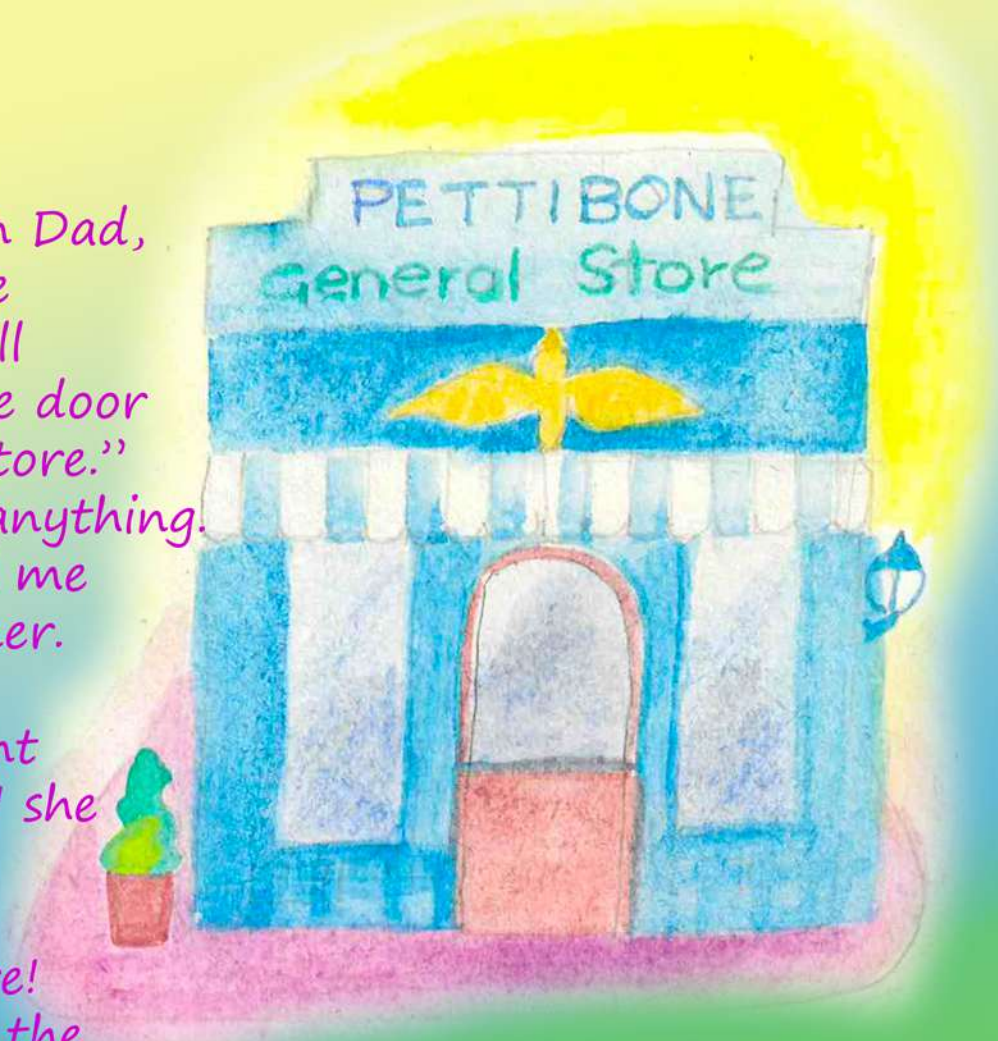
"Well, Dad and I were standing on Main Street in front of the barber shop.



I said "C'mon Dad, let's go see if the brass eagle is still hanging over the door at the general store." Dad didn't say anything. He just followed me around the corner.

Guess what, Aunt Sarah?" "What?" she answered.

"It was there! Swinging under the Pettibone General Store sign ... the biggest brass eagle I ever saw."




Tim rubbed the goose bumps on his arms.
"It sure felt weird." "How's that?" asked Aunt Sarah.

"I've never been in that town before, but I knew
where everything would be" his voice trailed off.

"It's okay," said Aunt Sarah.
Tim looked up at her. "Dad said
it was okay, too. He called
it some kind of recall."

"Past life recall?" she asked.
"Yeah, that was it!"
Tim wondered how she knew
about so many things.





"It's very possible," Aunt Sarah continued, "that you lived in the old town in one of your past lives. When you went back there on vacation, it reminded you of that time." Tim leaned forward eagerly.

"What's a past life?" "It's a time when you lived on planet Earth before." "How come?"

"So you could learn to apply your "I AM" Presence Father-Mother God's Laws," said Aunt Sarah. "Whew!" Tim let out a long sigh. "There must be a lot." "A lot of what?" asked Aunt Sarah. "God's Laws," he answered. "What makes you say that?"

"Well," he continued, "If it takes more than one whole life, then there must be a lot of Laws to learn." Aunt Sarah smiled. "There's a difference between

learning a Law and applying It." "What do you mean?"

"Do you know how to play baseball?" Tim took a deep breath. "Sure, I know how to play baseball."

"Do you hit the ball every time?" He half-grinned, like when Mom caught him with his hand in the cookie jar before dinner.

"Not every time," he mumbled.

"Then what do you do?"

"Practice," he groaned, slumping in his chair.

"Our 'I AM' Presence gives us a chance to practice while we live on planet Earth," said Aunt Sarah.





Tim straightened up "Practice what?"
"Applying all The Laws,"

said Aunt Sarah.

"Why?" "So we get them right."

That sounded logical.

"What is one of God's Laws?" Tim asked.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you".

KARMA SCORECARD			
LAW	LEARNED	APPLIED	NEEDS PRACTICE
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			

A broad grin spread across Tim's face. "I know that one It means to treat people the way you want them to treat you."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "Yes, that's very good. The Laws are easy to understand," she said.

"They are not always so easy to apply."

"Boy, I'll say." Tim nodded his head.
"How does our "I AM" Presence know
when we have learned to apply
all The Laws?"

"It's marked on a Karma Score Card."
Tim scratched his head. "Karma Score Card!
What's karma?" Aunt Sarah rocked
gently in her old cane chair.

"Karma." She repeated each letter slowly.
"K--A--R--M--A.
Keeping Action Right Means Ascension."

"It's like a game, our "I AM" Presence
made it to help His children who live
on planet Earth get 'Home' sooner."

Tim stared blankly.





"Do you know the story of the Prodigal Son?"

she asked. Tim's eyes sparkled. "Sure!

The son wanted to go explore on his own so he left his father and had all kinds of adventures."

"When he spent all his money and didn't have any place to go, he went back home and his father gave him a big welcome-home party."

"Close enough," said Aunt Sarah. "The father loved his child very much." "Must have!" Tim said, "to give Him such a big party." "Or to let him go, in the first place to explore and learn from his mistakes" added Aunt Sarah smiling.



"What's that got
to do with Karma?"
Tim asked.



"Every person living on planet Earth is a child of The Great Father-Mother God, The "I AM" Presence" she answered. "If we Keep our Actions Right we can Make our Ascension and go 'Home' into the Heart of our "I AM" Presence."

"What's Ascension?"

"Ascension means going 'Home' and becoming One with our "I AM" Presence, which is ALL-PERFECT, ALL-KNOWING, ALL-LOVING & ALL-POWERFUL.

When you have learned the correct way to apply all God's Laws, there's no need to practice getting them right on planet Earth anymore.

You can go Home to your "I AM" Presence who is waiting to give a big Welcome-Home party for you too!"

"Wow! And all I have to do is act right.

That sounds pretty easy." "It is easy when you follow

the game plan," said Aunt Sarah.

Tim sprang out of his chair and started doing warm-up exercises. "Okay!" he said panting. "I'm ready. How do you play karma?"

"When you were born, your "I AM" Presence gave you Life or Energy as a Flame in your Heart." "Right," said Tim, still bobbing up and down.

"How you use that Energy is called Karma. Some people learn very quickly to use the Energy wisely. Because if they Keep their Actions Right, they can Make their Ascension. It takes others longer to use the Energy wisely. so they have to practice."

Tim stopped bobbing up and down, "Aunt Sarah," he said slowly, "I still don't know how to play Karma." "Hmm!" She raised her right hand put it to her temple.





"Let me see."
She looked over Tim's head.
It always amazed him how she
found answers over his head.

Aunt Sarah smiled and lowered
her eyes. "Let's say God's Divine Plan
for your life is in a box full of Magic
Energy Crayons." Tim leaned
forward. "Magic Energy Crayons!"
he whispered.


"Yes, and each Magic
Energy Crayon has a special function."
This sounded like more fun all the time.
"What do they do?" he asked.

"There are crayons for color."
"I like purple," he said. "That's a good
color," she said smiling. The color
crayons are to choose which race you
want to belong to." "Huh?"





"Do you want to be a red, white, yellow, black or brown person?" "Oh!" Aunt Sarah continued. "There are crayons for gender." "What?"



"Do you want to be a boy or a girl?" she asked. "A boy of course!" he blurted, surprised that she would even consider anything else. "Fine," she said calmly. "Then you choose a boy Energy crayon."

"Are there any other crayons?"

"There are different country crayons. There is a music crayon you may choose if you like music. There is a crayon for intelligence. There is..."

"Aunt Sarah," Tim interrupted, "why is there just one crayon for music and one for intelligence?"

"That's all you need," she said.
"Your ability depends on how much
or how little of the crayon you use."

Tim smiled. "That's neat!
Anything else?" "There are parent
crayons and occupation crayons and..."

"Wait a minute!" he blurted.
"Parent crayons! You mean I get to
pick my own mother and father?"

"Yes, you do." "Wow! How many
Energy crayons can I choose?"

"You and your "I AM" Presence Within decide before
you are born which crayons will be needed to fulfill
your life's plan on Earth. Eventually you will use all
the Energy Crayons. But since there are so many, it
usually takes more than one lifetime."

"So that's what I remembered on vacation,"
said Tim. "A time when I lived before."




He rested his elbows on his knees and propped his chin in his hands.

"I wonder what crayons I used then?" "Maybe you used a sailor crayon," she suggested.
"You lived by the sea." Tim's mouth fell open.

"Wow! yeah, that would be neat. I really like big ships." His eyes got glassy and he saw himself braced at the helm of his ship as a typhoon raged around him. Skillfully he navigated through the storm and saved his entire crew from a watery grave.





As the vision faded, he realized the only thing he had ever sailed was a wooden raft in Aunt Sarah's fish pond.

"What's the matter, Tim? you look so sad." "Why can't I remember?" he asked.

"When you were born, an angel slipped a Band of Forgetfulness around your forehead." Tim scowled.

"That's a dirty trick. how come?" "So you will live in the NOW." said Aunt Sarah "Why?" asked Tim.

Aunt Sarah smiled and winked at him.

"How would you feel, if you knew you were a very rich and powerful king in a past life?"

"Oh, yeah! I'd like that, too!" He stuck out his chest and strutted around the porch inspecting the royal stables. "Then again," said Aunt Sarah, "maybe you were a dance hall girl in the old wild west."



The royal stables vanished. "Oh, yuck!" he muttered and slumped back into his chair. "It's not that bad, is it?" she said. He didn't answer. He just stared at her. A dance hall girl! he thought. That's the pits!

"Think!" said Aunt Sarah. "If you HAD to remember all your past lives, how could you concentrate on this one?"

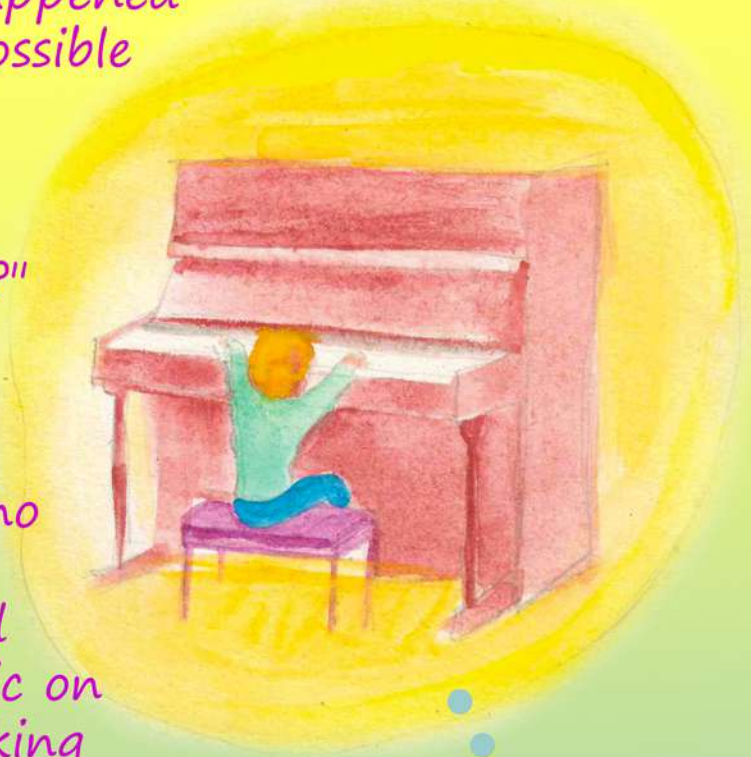
"Yeah, I guess so," he mumbled. Maybe that forgetfulness headband is a pretty good idea after all, he thought.

But wait a minute he remembered being in that town. "Aunt Sarah, I know you don't have to, but what if you do remember?"

"It can be helpful sometimes," she said. "How?"
"Understanding what happened in a past life can be a possible answer to some of the situations people are growing through in this life." "What's that mean?" Tim asked.

"Why are some people afraid of the water for no apparent reason? How can a five-year-old child play beautiful music on a piano without ever taking any lessons?" Tim shook his head. "I don't know."

"Maybe the person who is afraid of water drowned in a past life."





"That sure would be a Good Reason to be afraid of water," Tim said.

"What about the piano player?"

"Maybe he chose the music crayon many times before. So he brought that talent with him into this life." That makes sense, thought Tim.

But if God knows only good, I wonder where bad comes from?
"Are there any bad crayons?" he asked.

Aunt Sarah stopped rocking and stared at Tim as if she hadn't heard his question. "I beg your pardon," she said. "Well, some people act bad like thieves and murderers, I was just wondering if there were any bad crayons?"

"Oh!" said Aunt Sarah. She started rocking again.

"No. There are no bad crayons."

"Then why are there thieves and murderers?"

"Your 'I AM' Presence gives you Energy. It does not tell you how to use the Energy. It hopes you will listen to your own 'Still Small Voice' Within and use it with Love and Wisdom. BUT it is up to You!

People who commit crimes against their brothers and sisters are misusing the Energy given to them by their "I AM" Presence.

Tim jammed his fists into his pockets and paced back and forth. "It isn't fair, Aunt Sarah," he grumbled. "What isn't fair?"

"Well, what if a thief hurts someone and he doesn't get caught?" Aunt Sarah's brow wrinkled. "Come here, child," she said opening her arms.



"A thief may get away without paying according to man's law. But he WILL have to make amends according to the Divine Law."

"How?" asked Tim.

Aunt Sarah looked directly into his eyes. "Because the thief misused God's Energy, he will have to go through a similar experience in another life.

This will make him understand how his victim suffered." "Is that like being in the other guy's shoes?" asked Tim. Aunt Sarah nodded. "Yes, indeed!" she said as she sat down again.



Tim moved to her side and wrapped his arms around her shoulders.

She patted his hands reassuringly. They stayed that way for a long time without saying anything.

Tim finally broke the silence. "Aunt Sarah," he said thoughtfully. "Heavens Laws are fairer than man's laws."

"Yes, child," she whispered. "When humanity learn that they are truly a Child of God and act like it, there will be no need for Man's laws."

THE BEGINNING



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*Originally written by Linda L. Kraft 1984
Illustrated by Dru White, Cape Town South Africa
Graphic Design by Chris White, Cape Town South Africa*

www.iamfree.co.za
iam@iamfree.co.za



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iam@iamfree.co.za