

**CHAPTERS  
FROM MY  
OPEN LETTER  
SERIES**



**never**

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**By Ejura**

**STOP  
BELIEVING**

AN OPEN LETTER

02

**Dear White Sally,**

You may not know this, but you answered a question my heart wouldn't let go of for years.

At 15, I wanted to know why she died anyway. I wanted to know why bad things happened even though He is supposed to be good. So I was unconcerned with knowing God for God; I was more interested in reconciling human suffering with a God who loves. *Supposedly.*

A 100ft rabbit hole later, I settled on the ripple effect. Not because I thought it was the answer, but because of its terrifying implications. The idea that no act is without consequences for others; that we're all connected in this great big world and this connectedness has more to do with the creation of the universe than the simple fact that we are all humans. Somehow I could be responsible for a car crash that happens thousands of miles away; and that somehow it was because I had ignored a nudge in my spirit.

On account of this, John Green's *Turtles All the Way Down* hits closer to home because frankly, like Aza I had fallen into the habit of losing myself in feelings of being in a never-ending thought spiral.

*Is this me? Is it God?*

*Do I do it? What if I don't?*

I felt imprisoned by both my actions and my inactions because God had dumped his responsibilities on me hahaha (I cannot recall how I got to this conclusion). How in the *flying spaghetti monster* was I supposed to keep the world from falling like a 2 dollar suitcase (I see you PMJ) without my lungs collapsing on themselves?

But I attempted to anyway.

I would liken it to balancing a hundred teapots on termite-infested pieces of furniture and coating them with varnish. I admit, it felt as though I had been appointed guardian of the universe. I was in the know and everybody else was a gibberish-speaking minion and it felt... nice but it felt heavy too.

Even with my impeccable manifestation of willpower, I couldn't piece back my shattered tea sets or keep my finest porcelain from wanting to self-destruct; I couldn't lend vision to those who needed sight or find words to tether those who hung only by a thread.

There were only two possible explanations for this. One, I hadn't come into *Statu-re* and *Matu-re*. Two, My faith, which allegedly could move mountains, was really just a worn-out one-person magic carpet and any attempts to sit another person would transform me into a clown. And so for days on end, I found comfort in the thought that this had always been beyond me; I could not give wind to flightless birds.

But White Sally, the earth did not need faith to be, did it? And the dead do not need to believe to live again?

You would know. Wouldn't you, White Sally?

03-23

Vasilisa looks over her shoulder- eyes frantically searching the crowd. And the moment she finds me, I know that I have crossed from death to life.

White Sally, you didn't need faith to live again; all it took was a boy who did not know the impossible.





WHITE SALLY



AN OPEN LETTER

06

**Dear Mr Iscariot,**

I've been meaning to write to you but finding the right words has been a bit of a pickle but I won't let that deter me.

First, I must apologize for not writing you sooner at easter. You see, we were so busy putting together a remarkable production we called The Third Day, and God, it was simply marvelous!

But I reckon Easter doesn't bring you much cheer, eh? And that, dear Mr. Iscariot, is precisely what I wish to discuss. But before I continue, I must make another apology. Now I know "Iscariot" isn't your proper name but it seems to be the name folks call you around these parts. Besides, it does have a charming ring to it. Oh and it rhymes with carrots. Iscariot. Carrots. See?

Please, don't be cross with me, Judas. I merely thought to add a touch of lightheartedness to this letter. I'm feeling a bit nervous; conversations such as this tend to make my stomach queasy. I can only imagine how difficult it must be for you.

Judas, about what happened, I won't ask you why you did it. That water is under the bridge now. All I want to do is this: hunt you down, snuggle right up beside you, clasp your hand firmly in mine, and not let you out of my sight until He returns.

And He did return, Judas.  
He came back. He truly did.  
Just as he said He would.

But if only you had held on a few more days, you would have seen Him with your own eyes. He'd have sat himself right next to you in your little crawl space. No, he wouldn't have minded the dirt ruining his impeccable tunic, not one bit.

*He would have brushed against you and nudged you ever so slightly but in your deep shame, you would have kept your head to the ground, afraid to meet His eyes.*

*And in an attempt to sweep away the heaviness that hung in the air, he would have broken the silence with a silly joke; you would have let out a chuckle and He would have ruffled your dark curls, as he always did.*

*And that simple, familiar gesture would have undone you completely such that what had begun as a silent sob would morph into a gut-wrenching wail and He would have pulled you close; offered you his shoulder to cry on. No, he wouldn't have cared that his fabric had become damp with your tears. He would have wept with you, tears of sheer Joy because you had waited.*

*He would have simply held you there and said:*

*I AM HERE.*

Mr. Iscariot, I understand that you couldn't bear the weight of your actions any longer but allow me to share my conviction, which I believe to be true.

If Jesus were to relive His 33 years on this earth fully aware that you'd betray him, He would still choose you. He'd choose you a thousand times over.



AN OPEN LETTER

08

The past, the present, and the future are happening simultaneously but as three-dimensional beings, we can only perceive the present.

This is a long letter and I apologize.

Visions, dreams, and angelic encounters are God's systems of communication. However, they are just that; tools/ mediums/ vehicles of communication.

In other words, you can receive intel about the future without angelic sightings or lengthy trances and all that good, exciting stuff because God isn't limited to these methods; He's got other ways to let you in on stuff, not as dramatic as seeing angels, but just as significant.

One of those subtle means is DESIRE. Yup, that strong feeling in your gut.

God can speak to you about your future through your desires.

And er, concerning God's most preferred communication style, honestly, He uses the method you're predisposed to.

So if you're a blockhead, He might go all out, screaming in your ears or staging a musical with angels sporting 6 wings and four faces, just to get attention. But if you're like Alice Cullen, Bonnie Bennett, or Sookie Stackhouse, Tomi Usen - you know, perceptive, He wouldn't have to do much; a simple nudge would do. But hey, I'm quite certain God doesn't mind; it's the celestial production team I worry for.

So yes, back to desires, shall we?

My Pastor explained that one of the signs that you're on the path of honor is the stirring of godly desires in you. And by the way, by godly desires, I don't mean what society deems as godly; it has zero - zip - zilch - nada to do with people's judgment. Rather, it means a desire that God gave to you. It's like qualifying a desire I gave you: An Arathornion Desire. Get it? Right.

So these desires are pathways leading from your present to your future. Here's how:

The past, the present, and the future are happening simultaneously. But as three-dimensional beings, we can only perceive the present.

H-h-hold your horses!

Theoretically, there are multiple dimensions. The "higher-dimensional being" can observe the past, present, and future all at once.

And God, not being confined to your 3 dimensions of space and one dimension of time (and the myriad of others!) has a pretty clear view of your future. He plants a desire in your heart that aligns with that future, right in your present. So, as you chase that desire, it eventually leads you to that future, which then becomes your present.

Dear friends,  
when the Father tells you, it's your month of triumph,  
He's not toying with you. There's literally nothing to  
worry about because, you see, He exists outside the  
scope of our linear perception; so He knows how it's  
all going to end and just can't resist sharing a  
spoiler!

And here's a little something:  
Even if things seem to be heading south, the  
implication of not being bound by time is that ALL  
events can be touched and affected directly.

Sooo... Yes. I know.

☒



**THANKS FOR READING!**