

The Brought Family Secrets: Defenders of The Light Excerpts

And I can tell you right now that you smoking cigarettes is not one of the 'so called' vices that'll send you to hell." Ben smiled as Gary looked at him in amazement.

"What?" Gary's aura immediately became brighter.

"I'll show you the scriptures when we get back in the house. It's really amazing the rules and regulations man laid on us, in the name of religion, that God never intended."

"I've heard Pastor Matt talk about God not being religious, but I really don't understand how all that works," Gary added.

"It can be confusing at first, but it's really not as complicated as it looks."

"Oh, Lizzy, I ... I ..." The pain in his face was evident. He never finished the sentence. He used every ounce of strength he had to resist what his body was aching for. They both just held each other and wept as they stood alongside the roadway.

In those few moments, they both realized how easy it would be to forget their commitments to each other and to God, and just let their passion take over. They were glad they stopped before that happened, each knowing the other was worth the wait.

"Oh, my gosh!" Elizabeth said with a shaky voice, tears welling in her eyes.

"What is it?" Ben asked.

"The water!" She paused. "It's been here all along! Through everything! The water is as old as the earth! It's alive! And it remembers!"

Rachel and Ben both smiled and kept quiet to let her experience it.

"No more, no less." Elizabeth was overwhelmed by it, "It just keeps regenerating in the clouds over and over. Nothing is lost and God never has to add more to it."

Sarah and Ben always loved the praise and worship portion of church because of the beautiful auras people gave off – that sadly – no one else could see. They loved to hear the word spoken by the preacher too, edifying and building up, teaching and equipping the saints. But when the congregation got caught up in the praise and worship portion of the service, their auras were magnified. The colors were so intense, the building would literally burst at the seams with light. And when the people really got caught up in singing to the Lord and forgot about their earthly miseries and set their whole hearts on heaven, sparkles of light would come out of their mouths and

float to the ceiling as they sang. It would gather there at the highest point of the ceiling until the singing was over. There were times the entire ceiling sparkled. Ben and his grandmother wished it would happen in every service, but the things of this world weigh heavy on many.