

Dear Lord,

I write to you to say that I am hurting today from the enslavement of yesterday.

I know you asked for me to forgive but I am reminded everyday of what I can't forget. I wish you would put things back the way they were before the capturing of the souls of the slaves. As I know you can't, so I ask for you to hear my cry. I look at myself everyday and know that I am here for a calling but I still feel the pain of my ancestors.

The spirits speak from above:

They say move forward and share this letter with others. You are asked to heal others and to share with them that they are being heard and watched over. Our lives have been spared for a reason, and we must move forward to a higher land.

And that our name, food, language, and home have not been taken away.

Our Name is The Son of God

Our Food is Our Daily Bread

Our Language is Talking with God

And Our Home is in Heaven

As we walk in the shell that our father has given us, realize that we have a purpose for being here. Think beyond here while carrying out your calling.

Understand that "as much has been taken -- much more will be given".

Look forward to your blessings and be free to call his name, eat your daily bread, pray, and claim your place in heaven.

Letter Written By and Through Kelley L. Jones

A True Letter of Hope from Above

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