

A Lost Parable

A Story of Love and Healing

As told by The Council

in the Trances of William Allen LePar

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For more about William LePar and The Council visit -
<http://www.WilliamLePar.com>

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all those who seek the truth.

Acknowledgements

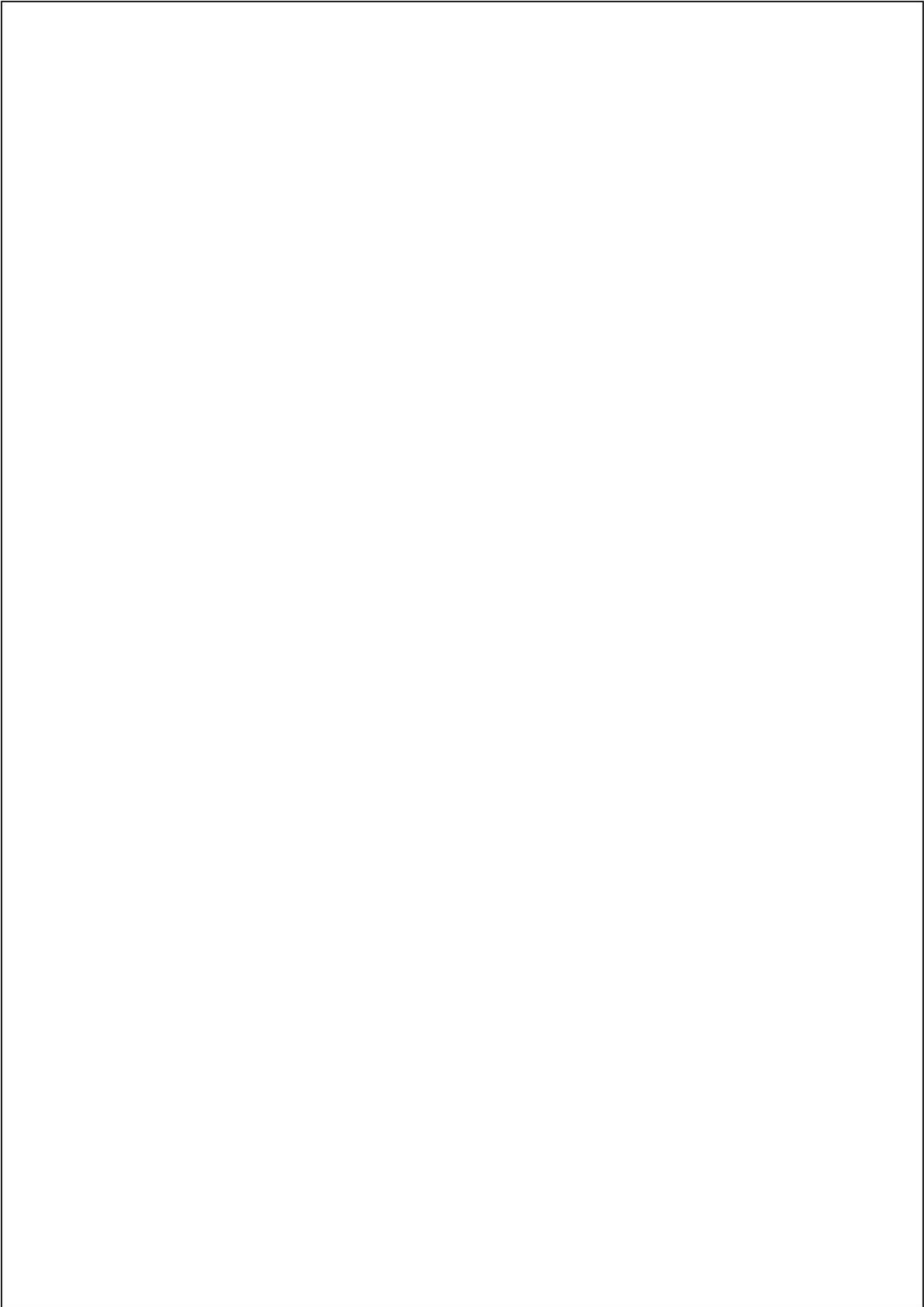
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William Allen LePar



About the Author

William Allen LePar

"The experience of the soul into the physical form, into life, is a profound experience for the soul. This depth of profoundness is not found in the shallow intellect of the mind, but in the wisdom of the heart and soul. Thus every experience in life must be profound whether it be the love that one has for a mate or the love that one friend has for the other.

The sight of a flower or the scent of its fragrance, the tree that is moved by the breeze, the rain that quenches the thirst of the earth, these too are profound experiences of life and soul. The profoundness of nature is as profound and necessary, as is the soul's, for it provides the sustenance for life and demonstrates the beauty of sharing and harmony that brings growth to the soul."

Few men with spiritual gifts for mankind have stood strong against the sweep of history. William Allen LePar will be among them.

For more than 45 years, LePar has set aside his private life to illuminate the path of spiritual awareness and personal growth. By manifesting an extremely rare and deep trance state, he achieves a degree of contact with the spiritual realms unique to and unique for our troubled times. From this level a union of 12 souls known to us as The Council reveals wisdom and warning of unprecedented magnitude. Through the years some 1.5 million words of dialogue between humanity and The Council have been recorded and preserved for those who seek, and will seek in a time to come, to ride the wings of total awareness.

To become the conduit for a spiritual lifeline to mankind was not what LePar wanted or expected in his early years. At least, not consciously. Born into a working class Italian family that still held Old World values, LePar exhibited strong paranormal abilities as a child. Those abilities, however, proved troublesome and young LePar subdued his gifts in order to have a normal childhood.

But that normal life was not to be. In the 1950 s fate teamed LePar with a teenage friend who also possessed potent psychic abilities. In time they were stunning their friends, giving readings at a spiritualist church and exploring their powers. This led one night to a vision so shocking that LePar slammed the door on his inexplicable talents. He threw himself into the goal of normalcy, becoming a machinist in a steel mill and, eventually, meeting and marrying Nancy.

Again, that normal life was not to be. Without warning, or so it seemed, his calm and family-oriented world was turned upside down. The deep, catatonic trances had commenced. It took several turbulent years for him and Nancy to accept, adjust, and finally to offer others the opportunity to talk with and learn directly from the realms beyond.

For a more complete biography on William LePar, The Council and SOL, please visit - www.WilliamLePar.com.

The Awakening

For many decades psychic William Allen LePar has been nationally acclaimed for the array of psychic abilities he exhibits, particularly the Deep Catatonic Trance, a remarkable and rare phenomenon even for the realm of the paranormal.

While in the Deep Catatonic Trance, a gathering of 12 highly evolved spiritual entities known as The Council speak through Mr. LePar, providing our world with an incomparable and abundant supply of spiritual information. More than just a psychic ("a unique and distinct personality in the world of psychic phenomenon," said a professor of psychology from a major university), Mr. LePar has been referred to as a modern mystic by many of those who have encountered him.

Mr. LePar exhibited his psychic abilities quite early in life, but society's traditional reaction to such an unsettling aspect of human potential caused him to repress his gifts until adulthood. A series of unusual events triggered the state of Deep Trance, a dimension Mr. LePar had never before experienced, and he found himself catapulted back into the psychic world. For several years he conducted Deep Trance sessions privately while publicly doing psychometry, inspirational speaking, and psychic counseling.

Convinced that The Council's information held tremendous constructive potential for our troubled world, Mr. LePar in the mid-1970s invited others to share in the experience. SOL, a non-profit organization, was established to handle all aspects of preserving and disseminating the Trance Information. The organization developed a complex computer network to facilitate its duties. The Council delivered well over two million words of material. Among its many responsibilities, SOL coordinated Research Group inquiries into new topics of investigation at Trance sessions, currently operates a speakers' bureau for appearances by SOL Associates, has a membership program that provides participants with library files of verbatim Council transcripts and a frequently updated website - www.WilliamLePar.com.

Through the years, Mr. LePar's presentations on aspects of spiritual and psychic development as well as on The Council's profound information have been enthusiastically received across the country. He was in constant demand, and lectured and led workshops at colleges and universities, and for organizations such as Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, REST, the Western Reserve Awareness Conference, Star Stream Cosmic Experience, the Human Development Center, and various chapters of Aquarian Age

Encounter. The subject of uncounted newspaper and magazine articles, Mr. LePar also appeared on many local and syndicated radio and television shows and permitted television taping of Trance sessions for broadcast.

In addition to his myriad activities, Mr. LePar worked with writers investigating The Council's material and has authored the books *Meditation: A Definitive Study*, *Controlling the Creative Process in You: Androgyny* and *Life After Death: A New Revelation*.

An Introduction to The Council

The Council has often referred to themselves as "spiritual beings." We must remember that this is a very elusive term and can mean something far greater than what we normally have been taught to understand as a "spiritual being."

In our finite minds we look upon spiritual beings as living beings confined in similar manners as we in the physical, and this is not the case with some levels beyond the physical. But in this expanded description of themselves (The Council), we begin to realize that there are levels that we can reach as spiritual beings that far surpass our present concepts.

Respectfully, I submit for your edification The Council's own personal description of themselves.

William Allen LePar

The Council Speaks of Themselves

After a soul or an entity has accomplished a certain level or degree of perfection, through whatever system that is the ruling belief system of that time, then the individual or the soul or the entity is elevated to a level wherein it is not necessary for reincarnation. Once entering the spiritual realms without the need to incarnate, a growth period is undergone. Many steps of awareness or many levels of awareness are accomplished, many degrees of elevation, many degrees of perfection; until finally the soul or the entity has evolved into a state where there are no levels, no degrees, but begins to expand in love and awareness to the point where there is a total merger or merging with other beings, where all ideas of limitations, all awarenesses of false limitations, have been done away with. Where the person or the soul or the entity then begins to realize its true unlimitedness and in that begins to expand greater and greater and greater, interweaving more delicately and more closely with all others and all other things, and in so doing grows closer to the Divine Himself.

Once a soul or an entity has reached this level, then they are in union with others, total union, yet completely individual, and yet completely united. This soul, this entity, has his own personality, yet delicately flows in and out and with the other souls but yet maintains its own personality, its own being. The soul, the entity, becomes more god-like in that it becomes a part of all things, yet maintains its own personality, its own being.

Once a soul has reached this level, then there is no name, there is no body as you would recognize or understand, but a more complete and unlimited Child of God; one who is so developed that no name could ever describe him.

That is the existence we live in, and if you wish to use confining and restricting terminologies as levels, then we would have to say that is the level we exist in. In all of mankind's history this level has never before spoken in the physical plane.

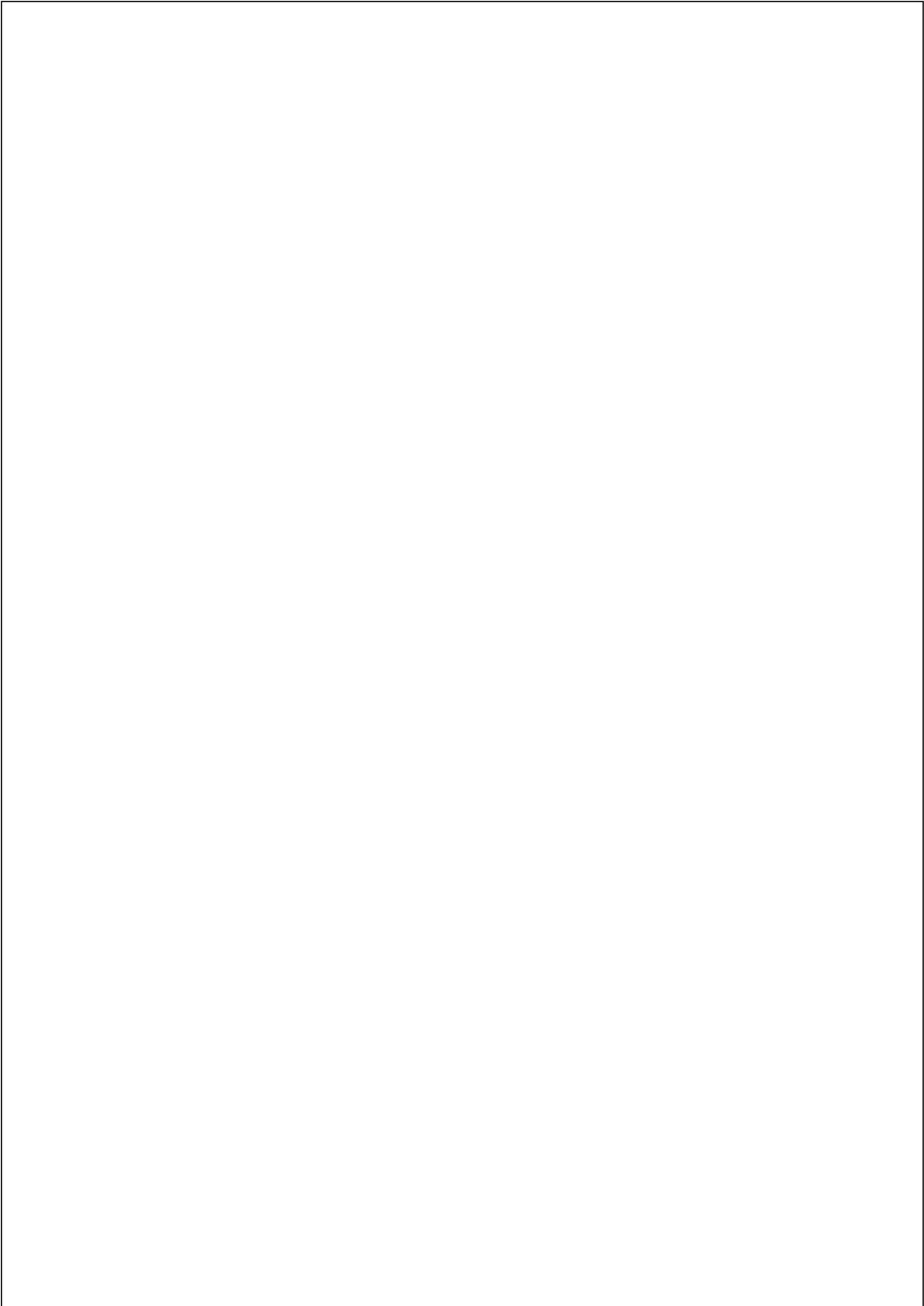
Even though we refer to ourselves as "spiritual beings," we use such statements only to give all who have come to us some idea to relate to, or some concept that they can relate to.

A Word About the Parable

During one of William Allen LePar's Trances his source, The Council, expressed a desire to repeat the story that appears on the following pages to SOL, a group which records and disseminates the Trance material. The Council indicated that this story would prove to be a source of enlightenment to all who read it.

At a later Trance, when questioned about this story, The Council revealed that it is one of the lost parables, and The Council would make no further comment. The Council then suggested that the greatest value, as with any parable, can be obtained by paying close attention to what is being said beyond the words.

It is, therefore, with great pleasure, that SOL presents for your consideration ...

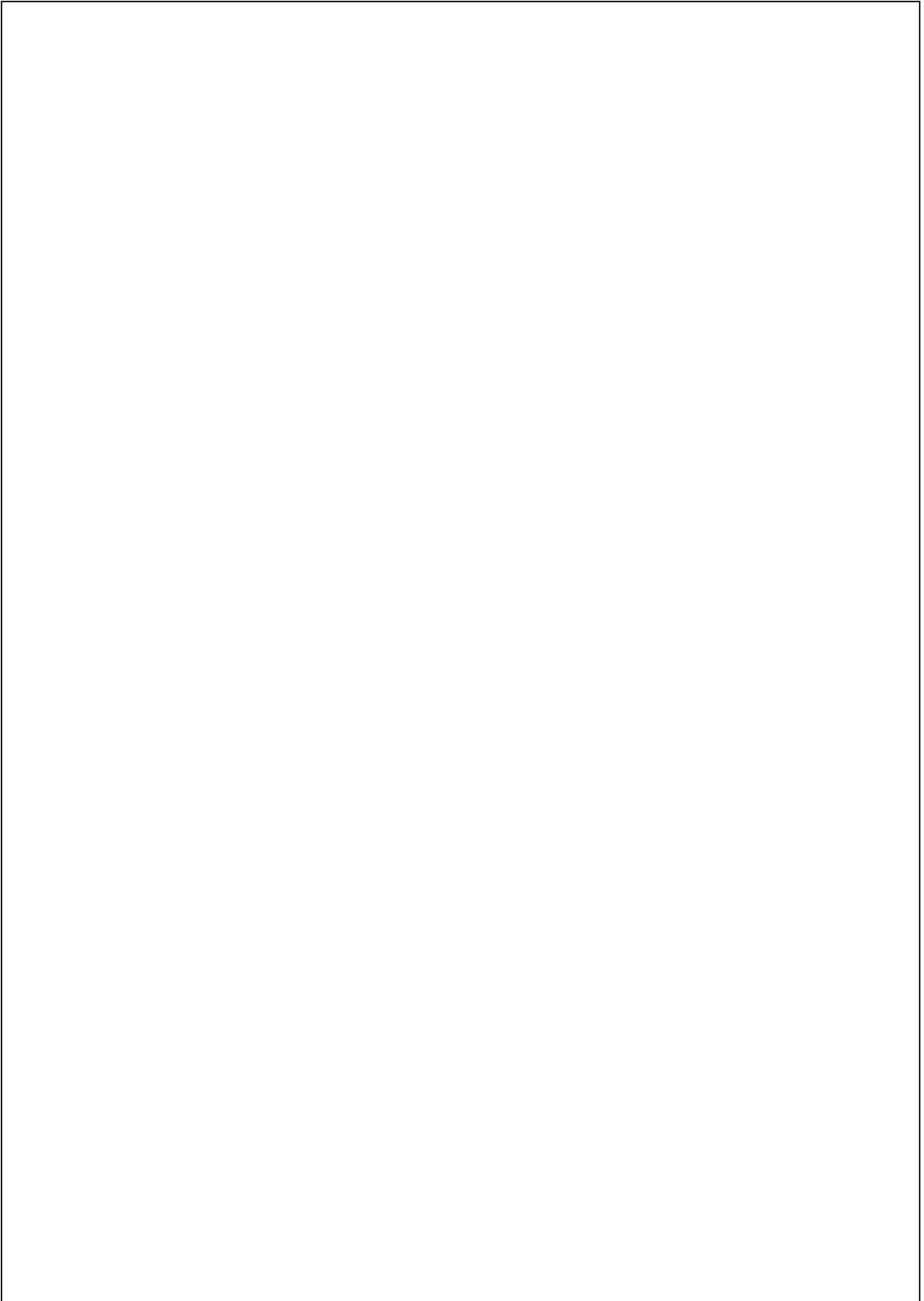


A Lost Parable

A Story of Love and Healing

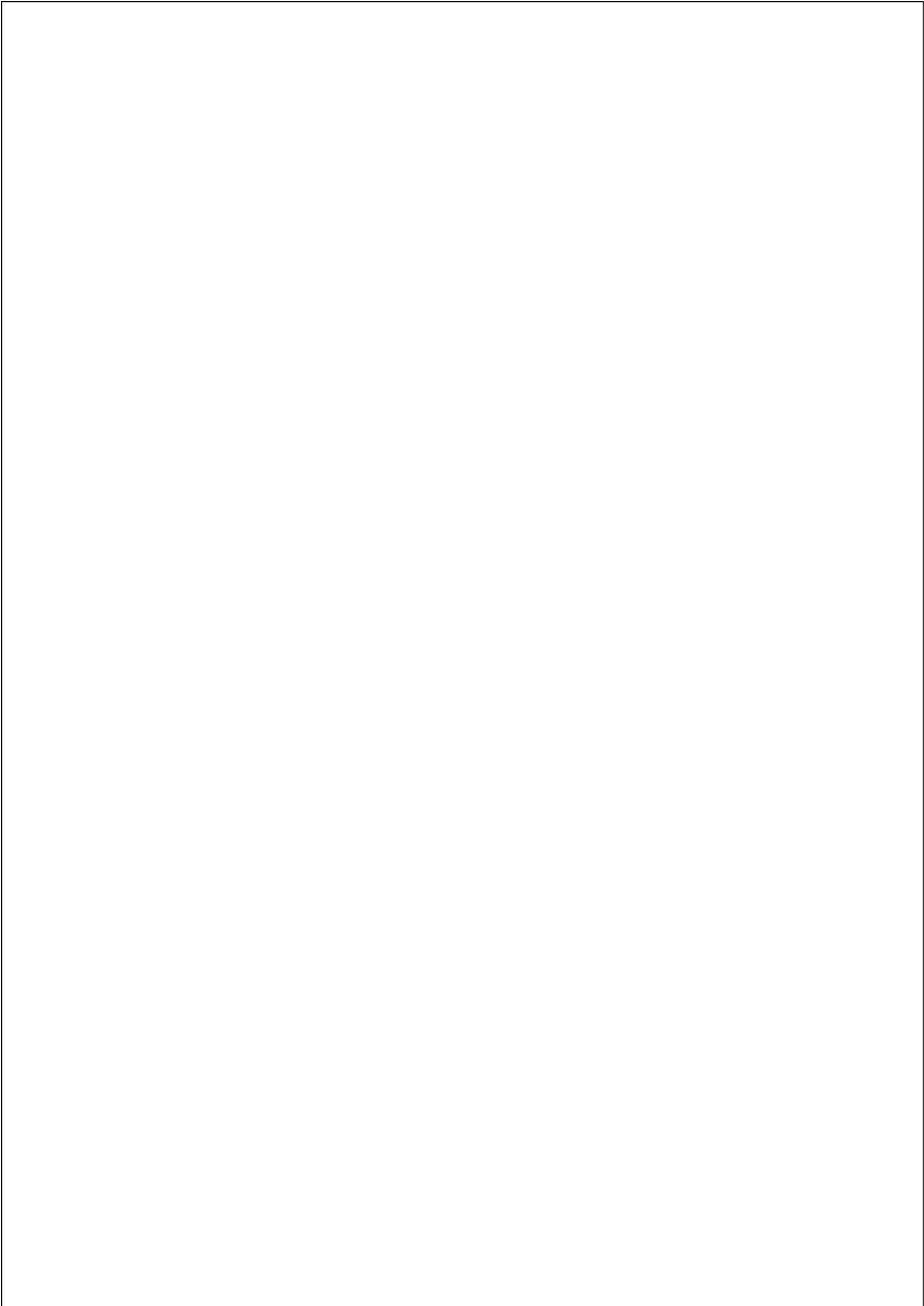


As Told by The Council
in the Trances of William Allen LePar





He heard a rustling of wings; and as he looked up he
saw a dove bringing a book.



A Lost Parable

At this particular time we feel that it would be appropriate to tell you a story that would be of great help to all of you. But as it is with stories and bits of wisdom, they can either be of great help or they can be a great hindrance depending solely on how each of you accept what is given. The greatest gift from our Father can be a great help to you if you use it as such, or it can be a great hindrance to you, if you choose. We offer this story to you in hopes that you pay close attention to what is being said beyond the words, and use those unspoken words as a source of enlightenment to each of you, and as a source of stimulation to help you to come to grips with your own weaknesses and your own strengths and to use those in the service of our God and our Lord.

The beginning of this story is set beyond your time and beyond your understanding, and it is set in the past. Yet even though its beginning lies back before man's knowledge, before man's awareness, before man's history, it does not blossom until late in man's time. In late of that day in man's time there came to that time a young man searching for his place. One morning as he arose from his bed, he looked at the darkened sky, and he waited patiently for the first rays of the dawning light to break across his window; and as he sat on the edge of his bed and looked out at the sky, the first rays of dawn broke; and the cock on the garden wall crowed; and so he dressed, left his chamber, went to his garden, and sat himself down. He looked round and about the garden, and he enjoyed the beauty of the flowers and the trees laden with fruit; and he looked at himself and he said, "Surely, there is more that I can do." Yet he looked around and saw nothing else that need be tended to. It yet was very early in the morning.

The village below had not yet begun to stir, and he sat at his table, and he began to pray, hoping that he could be of greater service, that some of the beauty that lay within the garden walls could be shared with others, but how could something like this be done? And as he sat there in silence, he heard a rustling of wings; and as he looked up he saw a dove bringing a book. The dove set the book down on the table. He opened the book and began to read, and he realized immediately that it was a book of great wisdom and great truth. He read further and further, and his heart was uplifted. The book spoke very personally to him, very loudly, and the book said, "Stop here at this page and do what you have read." He opened the garden gate, and he sat at his table, and he waited.

His home was on a very well-traveled path, and as he sat at his table with the garden gate wide open, passersby stopped and asked for a drink of cool water. He invited them in; they sat at his table; and he gave them the water; and in their discussion, in their talk, he heard them more loudly than they had suspected, for he heard what the heart was saying much more than what the words were saying; and so he blessed them, and there came to them a healing, and they went on their way refreshed.

This continued throughout the day, and again the next day and again the next and the next; and this went on for a period of time, and each day many travelers stopped by the garden gate; many travelers came in to receive a cup of fresh water and a healing; and as the time passed, he became known as a healer and a physician; for each traveler experienced from the young man what they needed; and as this word passed of this healer, this physician who sat in his garden, some gathered together in the city and spoke of those who could not make the journey past the garden gate and the need for more healing by the physician, by the healer. So they agreed then to approach the young man with a proposition. They told him of the many that could not make the journey. They told him that they would gather these sickly souls together if he would come and heal them, administer to the needs, give them the medicines that were necessary for the healing.

He said to them, "Come on the morrow, in the morning and I will give you my answer."

That morning he waited for the first light of dawn to break the darkness of night. When it did the cock crowed, and he went to his table in the garden, and he opened his book of wisdom. He prayed and he read; and the book said to him, "Go. Go heal those who need a healing, but remember it is not you that will heal or have healed." And he said to the book, "Yes, I know. I know all too well, for I know my own sicknesses. I am not whole either."

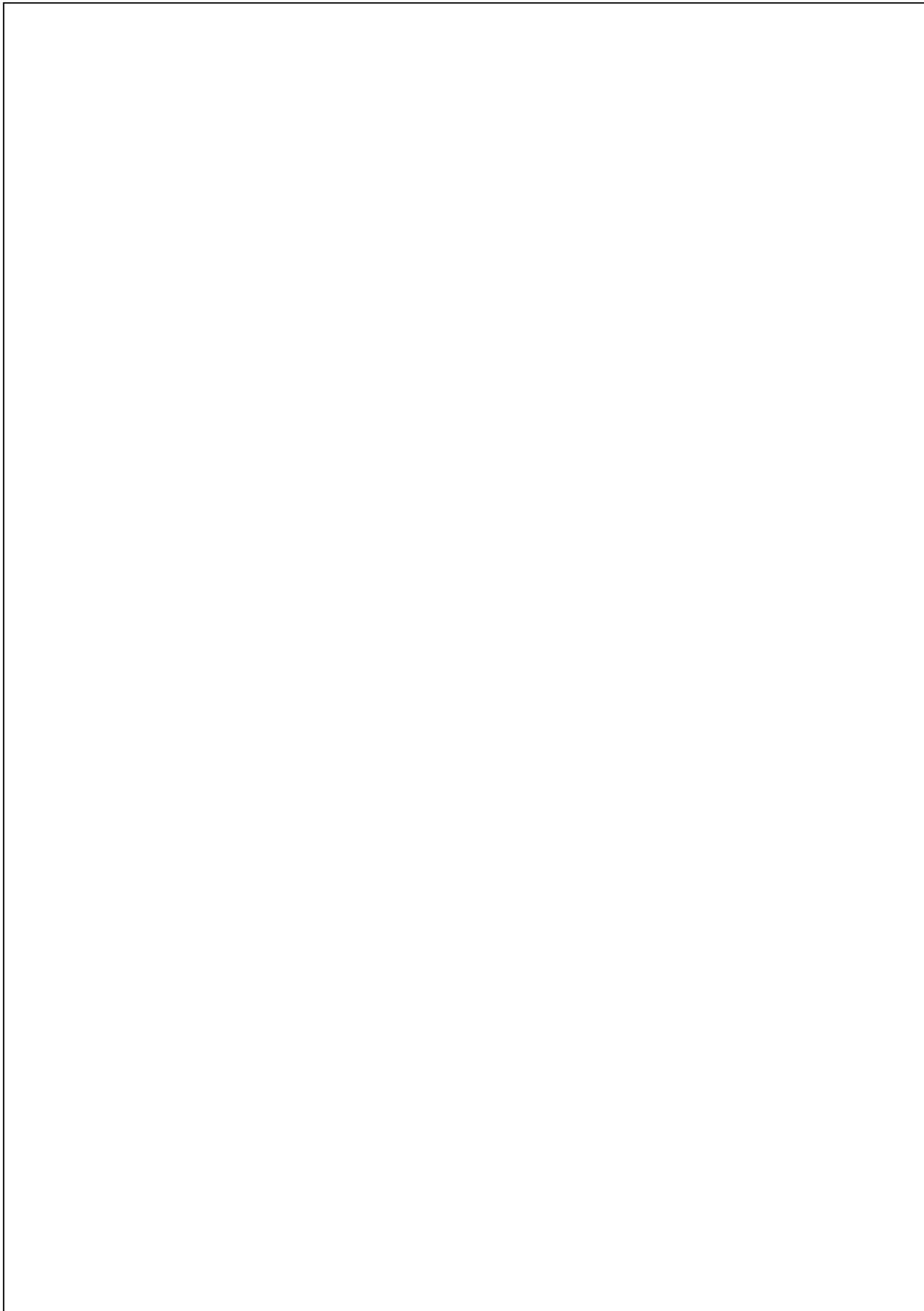
And the book said to him, "You have learned well. You have learned well, for no man can be totally healed and whole."

Later in the morning then, the men of the village approached him and said, "Will you heal those who are sick in the city?"

And he said, "Yes. I will come each day that you need me." And so it was that he went each day. Faithfully, when he was called, he went. As time passed the young man became somewhat older, time did not move the same for him as it did for those in the village, and age came upon him much quicker, and as age came upon him much quicker, weaknesses of the body came too. Yet, he did not pay attention to these weaknesses. He gave them no thought, for he knew that there were far more important things that needed tended to, and he knew that as he was used in healings, his turn



Many travelers came in to receive a cup of fresh water and a healing.



would come too. He knew that there was a purpose in all things, and that he should not waste the time to question why things are as they are.

Another morning came, and he was preparing then to go to the village as was his custom. He sat at his table, prayed, read from his book of wisdom, and left by the garden gate. He no sooner reached the path to the village when he was approached by a traveler who was quite weary. It was evident that the traveler had been traveling all night, and he said to the physician, to the healer, "I have come from my village with a request. We have heard about you and there is a great sickness beyond. We need your help. Will you come and heal our people?"

And he said to the traveler, "Are they ready for a healing?"

And the traveler answered, "They have suffered long. They have suffered dearly. They are ready."

He said, "Very well, I will accompany you."

As he left then his normal path to follow the traveler from the other village, he came across some of the inhabitants of the village, and he said to them, "Bring a message to those who wait, and tell them that I will not be there this day, for I have other things to do." And so he went with the traveler. He had spent many days there in the other village, and when he was finished he returned to his home. It was late at night. He went to his table in the garden, and he read from his book of wisdom, and then he retired for the night.

Word had spread that the healer and physician had returned that night, for a passerby had seen a light in the chamber window. Those in the village became quite indignant and quite upset. They could not understand why this healer, this physician would return. They could not understand why he left them in the first place when they had done so much for him, and when they had given so greatly of their talents, their abilities, to serve him, to make his life easier. This all took place as he slept that night. Those in the village, who were full of discontent, who were angered at the return of the healer, of the physician, became as a sounding board because they were hollow inside; and as their hearts spoke loudly and clearly in self-righteous indignation, the night winds picked up their cries and carried them across the foothills, through the window to the physician. The cool breeze that preceded the night-whispers awoke him and prepared him, and then he heard the whispers carried by the night breezes. He became angered. He became full of disgust, and he immediately went to his garden table and read by the light of a candle his book of wisdom. He knew that he needed some consolation. The book of wisdom spoke loudly to him, and it told him to silence his feelings. It reminded him that these who he was to serve were sick, and that though he

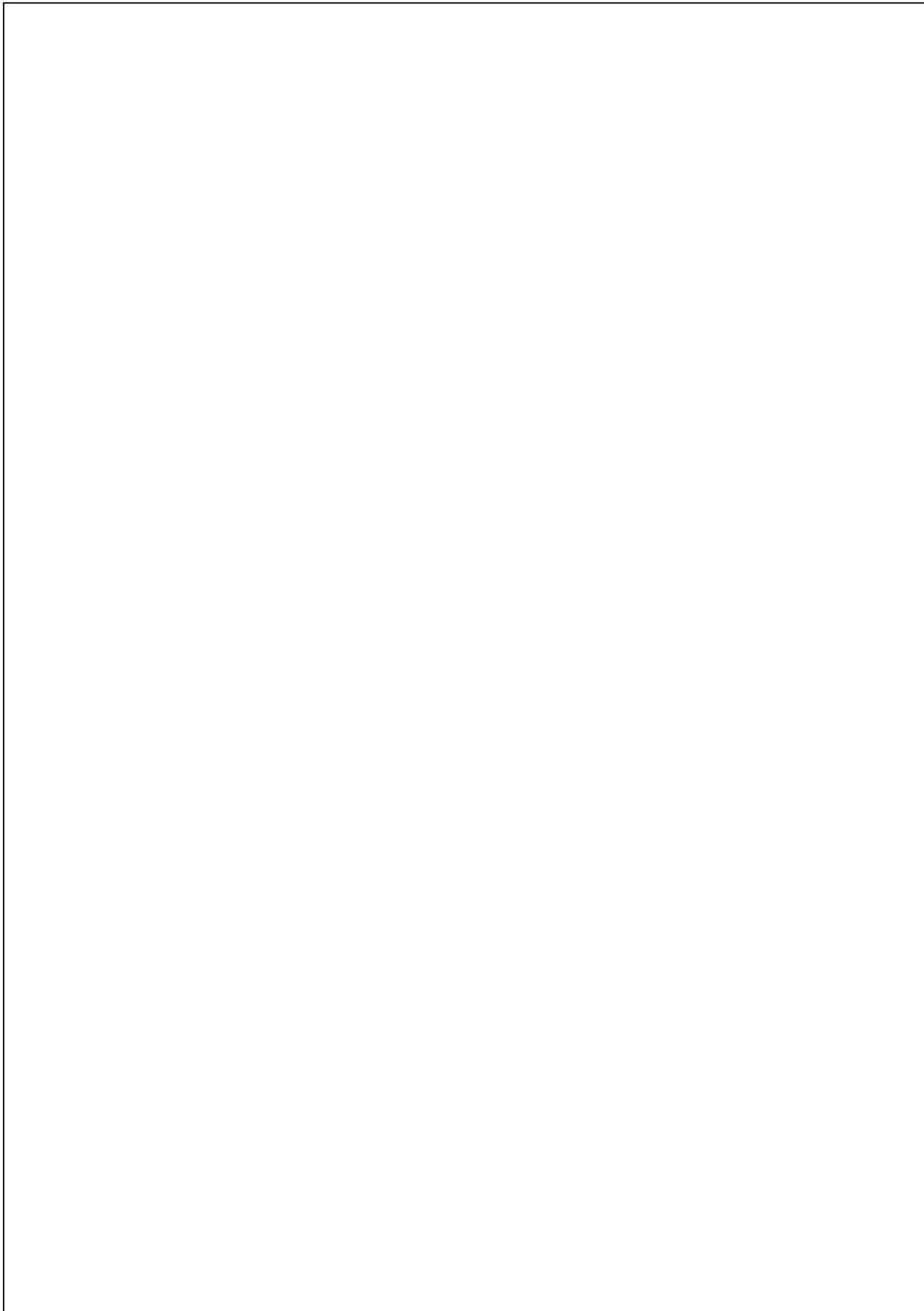
may have seen healings on the outside, it reminded him that he knew that the healings were not complete. It told him to take pity, and it told him to be patient. It told him that he must first consider the sickness and what would bring a true healing to that sickness. And so he prayed then, and the prayers calmed and quieted him.

Once he was in a better frame of mind and at peace with the situation, he opened again the book of wisdom and prayed that he would be given the guidance to correct the situation, that would bring a true healing to those who needed it, and the book spoke to him, and it spoke to him in a story. And the story goes like this:

There was a great journey to be taken by the people of a time, but there was no one to lead them, and so in the different lands, there were wise men that rose up, and they began the journey. They did not call others to follow, but they held their lights up high as beacons in the night, and those who chose began to follow the wise men along their way, and as each would join the procession behind the wise men, the wise men would give to each new person a white garment to wear. As time went on, there were many who joined. There were some who came and stayed the full length of the journey. There were others who came who only followed for a short distance, and then went back into the darkness around. As these wise men came to the end of the journey, they stopped, turned around and looked at those who were following to take account of those that chose to walk the same paths. As they looked at the different individuals, they noticed that some had become very frivolous in their attitudes. Some had not taken the caution to keep their gowns white and clean. Some had not paid attention to the road. Some had not taken the precaution to look further on down the road to see what rocks or pitfalls might lie ahead. They had always assumed that the lights would be there to guide them. They had always assumed that the wise men would be there, and there was no need on their part to take the whole journey seriously. The wise men had a meeting of the minds, and they said, "We are too close to the Gate of Light to allow this to continue, so what shall we do? Those that had not taken care to keep their gowns of white clean are not worthy to enter the Gates of Light. What decision must we come to?" One of the wise men said, "If these who have chosen to follow us are true in heart, they will have the light in them and will have no need for our light. Their hearts will be aglow, and they will be able to see the path. Their garments they have kept stainless and will continue to do so. They have heard the way we walk. Those who have not do not have the light in them, and they by their own means then will not find the Gates of Light. We have no other



They did not call others to follow, but they held their lights up high as beacons in the night.



choice then but to extinguish our lights and tread the rest of the way silently."

Now the physician, the healer, understood. He knew that it was not for him to take action, but it is for them to understand, and so he went back to his chamber and slept the rest of the night. That morning he arose as usual, sat on the side of his bed, looked out the window, and waited for the first light of dawn to break the darkness. Time passed, and the light did not shine. It did not break the darkness, and he wondered, and then he knew. He returned then to his sleep. He was not to truly sleep. For those in the village, for their thinking, for their experience, he was asleep. It was still night to them, but his soul sat up on the edge of the bed, looked out his chamber window, and waited for the dawn to break, and, surely, it did. The light broke the night sky, and the cock in the garden crowed.

He dressed, went to his table in the garden, and read from his book of wisdom, and his heart was full of joy, for the book said, "Look into your chamber and see."

And he said to the book, "I see that I am asleep there." And it said, "No, you are awake. The village is asleep." And he said, "Yes, I understand."

He looked around, and in the morning sun the garden was exceptionally beautiful. The fruit trees were bending with their abundant harvests. He drew himself a cup of cool water and he felt refreshed. He read more in his book of wisdom. He said to the book of wisdom, "Is it over?"

And the book of wisdom answered, "Wait; wait." He prayed.

There was a knock at the garden gate. He looked round about him, and there in the midst of the garden was a peacock of white. The peacock was a messenger of The Divine.

He said to the peacock, "See who is at the garden gate."

The peacock was beautiful. Its feathers were pure white, but they had an iridescent quality to them. The tail was of great beauty and great majesty, for each eye in the feather was like a large pearl that was alive with color; and as the peacock majestically went to the garden gate, it opened and there in the darkness outside of the garden stood a wretched being. It was covered with sores and all manner of ugliness, and it reached out in a manner that asked for help. It was silent. It was like a living dead.

The peacock fluttered its open tail in the direction of the soul outside the garden, and a great light struck that wretched soul. The peacock stepped aside, and as the soul crossed the threshold of the garden gate, it was transformed into a whole beautiful being. The ugliness, the sores, the ragged clothing, had been left outside the garden gate in a heap.

The soul saw the physician, the healer, sitting at his table, and the healer bid him come and sit. The healer offered him a cool glass of water, and the gates of the garden were closed.

The young soul said, "It is dark yet." And the physician said, "Yes, I know."

"But yet it is light in here," the young soul said. And the physician said, "Yes, I know." "But why?" the young soul said.

And the physician said, "Because this is not like the world outside. This is of another time. This is of the soul and not the world."

The young soul said to the physician and healer, "Is it over with?"

The physician, the healer, said, "I do not know. It is not my decision."

The young soul said, "Why did you leave us? Why did you not come and heal as you had always done?"

The physician, the healer, said, "I did not leave you. I healed. I gave. It was you and the world outside that left, not me. I am not for you and your village alone. I am not for myself either, but I am here for all."

The young soul said, "We heard of your discontent. We heard that you were tired of healing and administering to the sick, and we thought that you did not appreciate all that we had done for you, and that you had left us."

The physician, the healer, looked at the young soul, and he said, "Why do you not understand? I was like you were. I too tired. I too had my own dreams, but I know that there are things far more important than what I want and what my dreams are. I tried to make you see what would bring a true healing to you and to the others, but you would not see."

The young soul said, "Do you know of what they speak?"

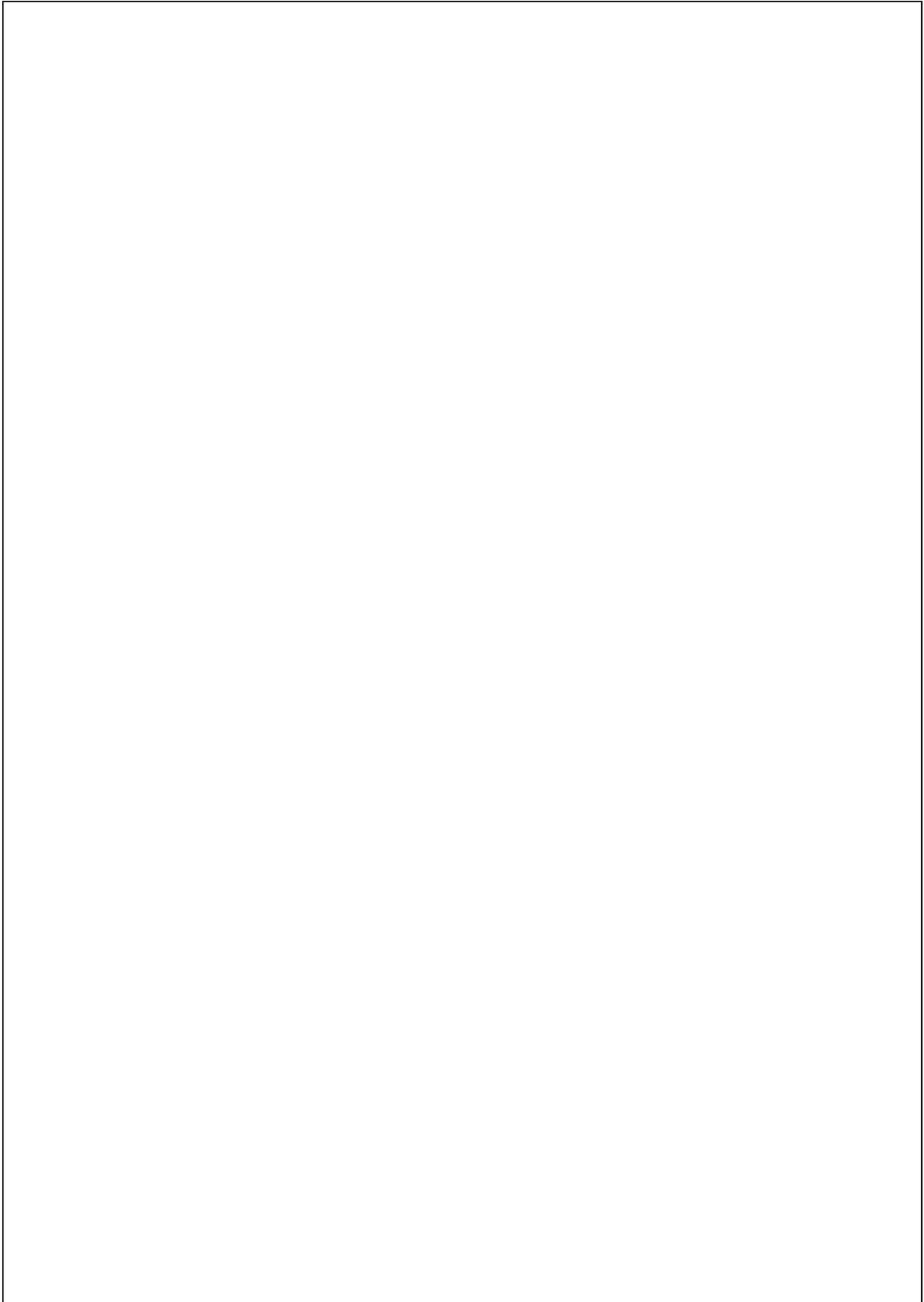
And the physician said, "Yes. The night wind carried their whispers to me. They are like hollow sounding boards, that the more silent they try to be, the louder their souls scream."

The young soul said to the physician, "Were you not grateful for all the talents that were offered in your service?"

He said to the young soul, "Yes, I was grateful, but they were not offered to me and in my work, but they should have been offered to that which I work for, and they should have been offered to the one that I offer my talents and work for. I have seen even more than what they have said, and I know of their self-righteous indignation. I know them better than they know themselves, and I know that they were not truly healed, for the one that I represent and that I serve cannot heal through me or through anyone else unless those who wish a healing truly wish a healing, but in accepting that healing they must also accept the responsibility of the wholeness that they



The peacock stepped aside, and as the soul crossed the threshold of the garden gate, it was transformed into a whole beautiful being.



will become a part of, and I know now that they were too involved in their own satisfactions to want to give up a part of their own for the whole and betterment of all. I have tried to live my life in such a manner, so they could also see that I had wants as they did, that I had needs as they did, but I was able to go beyond my own personal desires for the betterment of those round about me."

The young soul said to the physician and the healer, "Now, I see."

The healer and the physician said to the young soul, "Now, you know you see, but I tell you that you saw before you came into my garden or else you would have not knocked at my garden gate."

The young soul said to the physician and to the healer, "On my way here this morning in its darkness, I heard some in their discontent, and yet I heard some contemplating the journey to your garden gate. Will they come? Will there be more? Or will I be the only one?"

The physician looked at the young soul and smiled and said, "It is not important that you know this now, but what is important is that even though you are here, and you know that you are here, it is not just you alone, but you are a representation of all that could be here."

The young soul said to the physician and the doctor, "Yes, I understand. Will there be a tomorrow again?"

And the physician, the healer, the doctor, said, "If they wish, if they choose, if they are worthy, there will always be a tomorrow."

The young soul said, "Will you heal again? Will you be a physician again? Will you be a doctor to those in need?"

The physician and the healer looked at the young soul and a sadness came over the face of the healer, of the physician, of the doctor, and he said to the young soul, "If I am to heal and there are those who wish to be healed and they want me to administer to their needs, I will again do what is best for all over what I wish for myself. For the life of a man, whether he be a teacher or whether he be a healer or whether he be a physician, his overall life must in the sum total be that which he professes to be. If not, then he is nothing, and he lives in the world outside my garden gate."

The young soul was somewhat saddened by the look on the physician's face, for he knew that in the world, if one is to have a garden as beautiful as this, it means that one must give of his labors not for just the moment but for the length of time it takes to not only bring such a garden into beauty but to hold that beauty there.

The young soul said again to the physician, to the healer, "Will you heal for them again? For that is the only way that their tomorrow will have a dawn."

The physician, the healer, said again to the young soul, "If they wish a dawn tomorrow, if they truly wish a dawn tomorrow, in their evening and in their night, they will make the dawn of their tomorrow."

The physician, the healer, offered the young soul another glass of cool water. The physician, the healer, opened his book of wisdom and read aloud to the young soul. The cool refreshing morning breeze blew through the fruit trees, across the flowers, and brought a sweet aroma to the nostrils to those in the garden. The peacock stood guard at the garden gate. The physician, the healer, turned to the peacock, motioned. The peacock turned, faced the doors of the garden gate, and prepared ...

The Council:

In this story that we have given to you lie many lessons. If the story is taken in the proper way, it offers great hope, for the story has no ending. The story that is meant to instill hope and life cannot have truly a spoken ending, for if life is instilled in you, then there can be no ending to any situation or story. In your time prepare now for the new celebration of the Resurrection again in your world of your God, of your Saviour. Take this time and travel into the desert and spiritually fast and meditate, so that when that day of celebration comes, you are more befitting His arrival than you are now. Feast on the glories that He brings to you. Enjoy the harvest that He has prepared for you. Take your activities in life far more seriously than what you do now. Make a commitment to yourself to examine what you have to offer your God, and then offer it without limitations or restrictions. Learn that you should not be selfish with what you have, for you can never lose what is yours. The more you give of your gifts, your talents, your abilities, the more that will be there to replace what you have given, and in that giving then, you become far more bountiful, and in such then, you are entitled to a greater harvest. Do not become self-indulgent. Commit yourself to something other than your own selves. Make yourself ready. Make yourself a pleasing gift to the Resurrected Christ. Offer Him your bountiful harvest, and then and only then will your true harvest be more than bountiful.

The following segment is a continuation of the above. The members of SOL are happy to share this personal message received from The Council with you.

We have called a meeting, if we may use such a term, of all those who have served this situation in all the years that have come and gone, according to your time, and we asked for something that would help bring

some enlightenment to all of you. And in all the thousands that have counseled you during these communications we have come of one mind and that is to offer you the story that we have just given you, but you must know how to use that story. Each of you plays a part in that story. Each of you move in and out of the characters in that story.

In those sessions in our class that we have asked all of you to attend, we hoped that you would have learned a lesson and that being, how to be a leader, how to be one who is willing to assume responsibilities without restrictions or limitations, without conditions. It is for each of you in your own time and in your own particular activities within this situation to be a leader, but it must be a leader of quality. You must learn to set aside your own self-serving egos. You must learn that there is a responsibility that you must assume for each other and for those to come, thinking of yourself only lastly. In this time, before your celebration of Christ's Resurrection, go into the desert and fast, meditate, and then on His Day of Resurrection, let a resurrection take place in you. Let there be a new you rise up with our Lord. Make a commitment to yourself and to your God to be more worthy each day. Commit yourself and to your God to be more worthy each day. Commit yourselves to something that is productive and see that you stick by that commitment until it is completed.

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