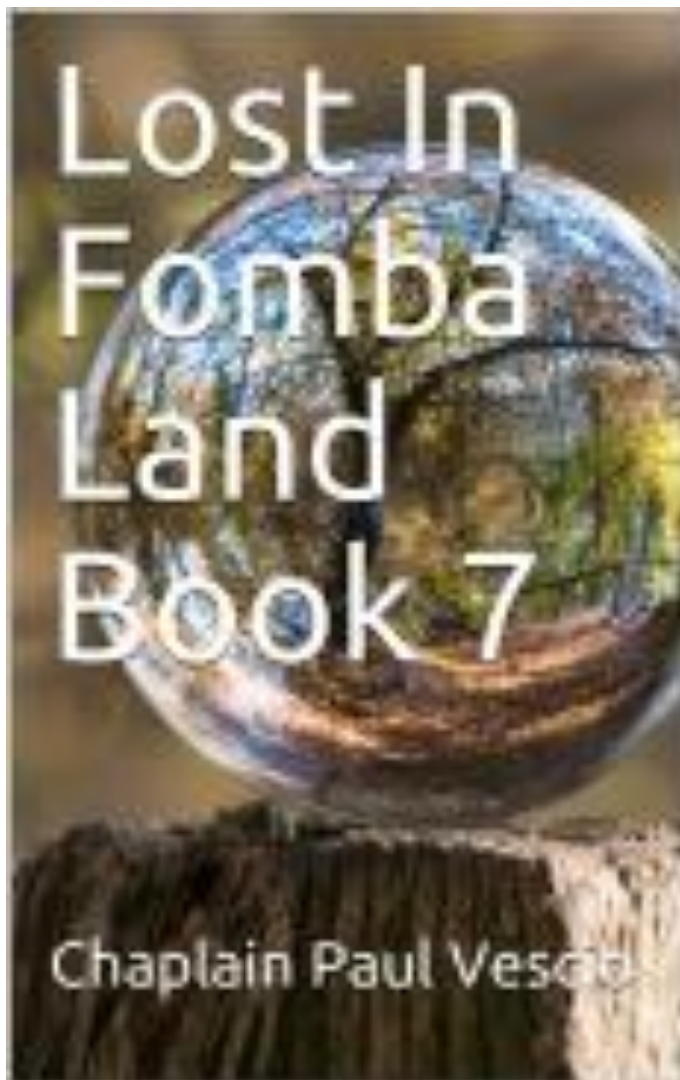


LOST IN FOMBA LAND



Lost In Fomba Land Book 7

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Nahum 1:7

The LORD is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble;
He cares for those who trust in Him.

Lost In Fomba Land Book 7

by Chaplain Paul Vescio 4-3-2020

Preface

I can't believe it's been over ten years since I wrote my first Fomba The Elephant Story. I have been wanting to sit down and write this story for a few months now. I'm not too sure of what to write about but I have faith that a good story line will pop up in my head and besides I can always call on Owl Paul to help me write a good story.

“Dad, you received a card in the mail today it looks important.”

“Thanks Court, lets take a look and see who it's from.”

I opened the card and was shocked to discover that it was an invitation from, FOMBA!!! “This is funny; someone must be playing a funny joke on me”

That's gotta be it; Someone is playing a joke on me for sure. Ok I'll play along. I like stuff like this. The birthday card came with specific instructions, it read,

Greetings Chaplain Paul you are invited to Fomba's birthday party tomorrow at 2 pm sharp. Enclosed is a map with exact instructions. Please do not be late, see you then. Your Friend Fomba The Elephant.

I know what this is, my grandchildren Caius and Aurora are playing a funny trick on me. Ok, I'll play along, besides it might be a lot of fun.

Thank You Abba Father for giving me the opportunity to write and publish this very special e-book, I give all the Praise, Glory and Honor to You. I love You and Praise You, in Christ Yeshua's Holy Name I pray...Amen John 14:27

Please excuse any errors in my books, like I always say no one is perfect including me.

Chapter One

Invitation to ?

The next morning I jumped right out of bed eager to start playing the Fomba The Elephant Game with my grandchildren, but to my surprise no one was home. I called my wife Carmin on my cell phone and she told me that they had all decided to go to the park for the day. O, now I get it, my whole family is in on it. Ok, let's get this show on the road. I quickly got dressed and followed the map to a place I had never been to before. There were many trees growing in a field. I looked at the map and it said to walk through the forest of trees until I came to a certain tree by a pond of water. The map said that there would be a door on the tree with the word enter on one side and exit on the other side.

As I was walking towards the special tree the wind began to blow, then a huge whirlwind came out of the sky and was headed right for me. I began to run towards the tree and just as I opened the door and jumped inside time stopped. I was in a very strange place, the width of the tree on the outside did not match the length of the tree on the inside. I began running towards the exit, it took me at least ten minutes to get to the other side of the tree. Then I paused as I slowly opened the door. O my, the beauty of this place was like nothing I had ever seen before, even the blue, green grass was like popcorn to my eyes.

I walked a little further and saw millions of colorful flowers as far as the eye could see. I saw a cascading waterfall with crystal clear blue water, then thousands of red, orange and pink butterflies took to the air. I saw three colorful rainbows shooting across the sky, then a hummingbird flew very close to my face and hovered looking at me with childlike curiosity. I could here singing in the distance and the sound of birds chirping all around. "Where in the world was I?"

"You really did it this time Chaplain Paul"

"Who said that?"

"I did Chaplain Paul, you're in a real pickle of a strawberry jam now Chaplain Paul."

"Where are you? Who's saying that?"

"Down here, down here, Chaplain Paul."

“OMG!!! KENNETH THE MOUSE, IS THAT REALLY YOU?”

“Look back there Chaplain Paul, the tree you came through is broken and now you can't get back home.”

“Kenneth before I scream can you please answer me one simple question?”

“Sure Chaplain Paul after all you are the author of this story”

“Kenneth, WHERE IN THE WORLD AM I?”

“Why, you're in Fomba Land Chaplain Paul.”

“FOMBA LAND!!! FOMBA LAND!!! Kenneth, FOMBA LAND IS A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION!!!”

“Well then you must have a very special imagination Chaplain Paul because you imagined your way right into Fomba Land and now you can't get back home.”

“Kenneth are you telling me that I'm in Fomba Land and all the other characters of the Fomba The Elephant Books are here too?”

“Well not exactly, only the good characters of past, present and future Fomba stories of your imagination live in Fomba Land Chaplain Paul.”

“Then in that case lets go find Fomba The Elephant Kenneth, he will know what to do after all I created him to be very, very smart.”

“Follow me Chaplain Paul, Fomba is not too far away and if we get real lucky Dizzy the monkey might come singing and swinging our way, O, and Joanna the Story Teller and Mr Bones and Owl Paul will be thrilled to see you too.”

“Well let's get going, I can't wait to see what happens next. It's good to see you Kenneth, I really enjoy having you as one of the characters in my books.”

“Thank You Chaplain Paul, after all I couldn't be here without you.”

Chapter Two

Grasshopper Jamboree

As Kenneth and I were walking through the forest looking for Fomba and the rest of the gang I began to hear strange music. The music sounded like a combination of jazz and bluegrass. I could hear what sounded like many small voices singing and shouting in a foreign language. I mean from what I was hearing it all seemed like a lot of fun.

“What's going on, what's all the music about Kenneth?”

“That's the grasshopper jamboree Chaplain Paul. Once a year the whole colony of grasshoppers gather for a big family reunion and jamboree. Lets go take a look and see.”

“I don't recall creating a grasshopper jamboree Kenneth.”

“That's because Grasshopper Jamboree is from one of your future stories.”

“Kenneth, is that all I have to do is write something and it becomes real here in Fomba Land?”

“Yes in deed dee doo dee.”

“Well then can I write my way out of here Kenneth?”

“I don't know about that Chaplain Paul we will have to ask Fomba when we see him, Ok?”

“Ok,”

As we approached the grasshopper jamboree I couldn't believe my eyes. There were thousands of green grasshoppers singing and hopping all around, and performing on a little stage made out of a book of matches was a little grasshopper band with little instruments. Kenneth said we should view them from a distance because they do not take kindly to having strangers invading their jamboree.

We sat and watched and listened for a few minutes and then we continued on our journey in search of Fomba The Elephant. I was getting a little hungry and asked Kenneth if there was any food around.

Kenneth led me to Harrietta Hippo's fabulous fruit and vegetable garden but no one was around. I picked some fresh strawberries and a cucumber and sat on the ground and had a little snack with buddy Kenneth.

“Hey Chaplain Paul do you remember when me and Owl Paul and Ole Stanley rescued Simon from being tied to a tree? And do you remember how Dizzy the monkey saved the day when Maggie Magpie stole Mr Bone's strawberries? O, and do you remember when Fomba won the race?”

“Yes, Kenneth, those were some very special times for me, all the characters in the Fomba books are very, very special to me. “

“I love strawberries Chaplain Paul.”

“I know you do Kenneth, remember what happened with Sammy the snake and how Fomba saved the day?”

“I sure do Chaplain Paul, that Sammy was a real snake in the grass.”

“We better get going Chaplain Paul, Fomba's not too far away now.”

As Kenneth and I were walking we noticed that no one was around. We could hear birds in the trees but strangely there were no other characters from my books to be seen?

“Kenneth how come there's no other characters from my books to be found?”

“Boy, I really don't know Chaplain Paul, maybe they all decided to go down by the river and play ball, O, but Fomba always says, “The river is no place at all to play a game of ball because that's where little Akoomba took a very great fall.”

Then from way out in the distance an old friend did arrive it was Ole Owl Paul very much alive.”

“Owl Paul, is that really you my fine feathered friend?”

“O MY, HOO, HOO!!! O, MY, MY, MY, MY, MY, MY, Chaplain Paul. It's, it's, so very good to see you too. I have some very disturbing news to share with you.”

“Calm down and take a deep breath, and please tell me what's going on.”

“Chaplain Paul, O, hi Kenneth, I thought you disappeared too. It's very good to see you. Chaplain Paul when you arrived in Fomba Land most of your characters just up and disappeared.”

“Now that is very odd Owl Paul. Owl Paul can I just write my way out of Fomba Land?”

“Now that Chaplain Paul I do not know but maybe Fomba can tell us the solution to all of this mess. Let's get going, Fomba is right over that next hill sitting by the old oak tree waiting for you and me, you see that's why he sent me. HOO, HOO, NOW HURRY!!! HURRY, YOU'LL SEE!!!”

Chapter Three

Fomba and The Wishing Well of Faith

As we came over the hillside I couldn't believe my eyes, for there standing beside a tree was my best friend Fomba The Elephant.

“FOMBA!!! FOMBA!!! IT'S CHAPLAIN PAUL!!!”

“CHAPLAIN PAUL, COME ON DOWN!!!”

I ran just as fast as I could to see my best friend Fomba.

“Fomba my old friend what in the world is going on here? Can I write my way back home? Why are all the other characters disappearing? O, and happy birthday Fomba.”

“Thank you Chaplain Paul, now first things first. First it's very good to see you too, and second, unfortunately you can't just write your way home, and third comes the baddest news of all. The reason why all the other characters are missing is because you are here and they are now all trapped in Nowhere Land.”

“So what do we need to do to get me back home, and what happens if I can't get back home?”

“O boy Chaplain Paul, if you can't get back home and get back home soon we will all disappear and the memory of Fomba Land will vanish from your imagination forever.” Said Kenneth.

“Is that true Fomba? Please tell me what Kenneth just said isn't true?”

“Sorry Chaplain Paul. Everything that Kenneth said is true.”

“Ok, so now what do we do? I'm at a total loss for suggestions right now.”

“I know, I know, we must all go to the Wising Well of Faith and make a wish and pray.” Said Owl Paul.

“That's a great idea.” Said Fomba.

“Ok I'm game, let's all go to the Wishing Well of Faith.” Said I.

Then on a wing and a prayer we all set off for the Wishing Well of Faith. I honestly do not know how this will help but at this point I have nothing to lose. Time in Fomba Land was very different than time in the real world. Time seemed to move very fast and yet at times pass by very slow. I guess I'll be able to explain it better someday. A full day had gone by in Fomba Land while only a few seconds had actually passed in the real world. We arrived at The Wishing Well of Faith, then Fomba said,

“Chaplain Paul, I want you to imagine that you are back home with your family, now close your eyes and imagine being home, imagine being home, imagine being back home, imagine being home with your family. Now open your eyes and in faith toss your thoughts into the well. Just imagine you are tossing your thoughts into the Wishing Well of Faith.”

I opened my eyes and in faith I imagined tossing my thoughts into the well and what happened next blew my mind, my thoughts became real pictures hovering over the Wishing Well of Faith then they flew straight into the well.

Suddenly we heard a loud voice cry out,

“HOME!!! HOME!!! IS WERE YOU SEEK TO BE, NOW LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY TO ME. YOU MUST GET TWO FRESHLY PLUCKED EAGLE'S FEATHERS, ONE SEA TURTLE EGG AND RECITE THE POEM OF A SEA CREATER. YOU MUST GO ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY RIDGE UNDER A FULL MOON AND CATCH THREE FIRE FLIES, THEN AND ONLY THEN WILL YOU BE ABLE TO RETURN BACK HOME!!! WARNING IF YOU DO NOT COMPLET THESE TASKS WITHIN THREE DAYS ALL OF FOMBA LAND WILL BE LOST. NOW GO IN PEACE AND GOOD LUCK!!!”

“Well at least now we have some hope.” Said I.

“Fomba where's Somba, and Albert and Simon and all the rest of the Elephant herd,”

“I'm sorry to say that they're all gone, there may indeed be some of your characters still left out there somewhere but for now it's just us.”

“Chaplain Paul we have to hurry, we have to go and find two eagle's and ask for their feathers right a way.” Said Owl Paul.

Then Fomba The Elephant, Kenneth The Mouse, Owl Paul and I began on a journey to seek out and acquire all the things that the Wishing Well of Faith instructed us to find. We were all very hopeful having placed our faith and our hope in God. John 14:27

Chapter Four

Bruce, Bruce, And Their Other Brother Bruce, Three Righteous Eagles

We all set off in search of an eagle to ask for two of its feathers. Owl Paul told us that he knew of an area where a few of his eagle friends hang out but sadly when we arrive all of the eagles were gone.

“Now what do we do?” Asked Kenneth.

Then Fomba replied, “We just keep looking, lets try looking over by those big trees just up ahead.”

As we were all looking up, a strange white dot was seen flying in circles. “What in world is that?”

“Not what but who, Chaplain Paul.”

As the white dot got closer we knew exactly who it was.

“STANLEY!!! STANELY!!! IT'S STANELY THE STORK!!!”

“Stanley my old friend, it's so very good to see you again.”

“Hi Chaplain Paul, I heard you were here in Fomba Land and I just had to come and see if I could be of any help.”

“Stanley can you please find an eagle right away, you see we need two of its feathers so I can get back home.”

“Yes, Yes, I know of two eagles not to far away, I will go and get them right away. Be back in a few, don't worry Chaplain Paul I know exactly just what to do.”

“STANLEY, PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO WEAR YOUR GLASSES!!!”

Well that was it, Ole Stanley flew off on a mission from God, He flew to the top of the trees with simple ease, then he flew over two hills and spotted two eagles having a spot of tea. Stanley flew right in and told them of our plight, then all three took to the air on an urgent flight. When Stanley and the two eagles arrived we all became filled with great hope and felt so alive.

“Hi everyone, I'm Bruce and this is my brother Bruce, our other brother Bruce is fishing for salmon up in Alaska and we're The Three Righteous Eagles of Faith.”

“WOW COOL!!! Can we please have two of your feathers so Chaplain Paul can return back home?” Asked Kenneth.

“Why yes; you can even have more than two, please go ahead and take a few.”

“Thank You Bruce for your kindness and for your generosity, but only two will do.” Said Fomba.

“Well in that case here you go, one from me and one from my brother Bruce we would give you three but our other brother Bruce lives in Alaska you see.”

“Thank You, Thank You to both of you, we have a few other things we must find, would either of you know where we could find a turtle egg or a poem from a sea creature.”

“We have a friend who may be able to help, we'll be happy to fly off and find him and be sure to send him your way, until then please have a very safe and a very blessed day.”

And with that Bruce and his brother Bruce flew off in search of help that faithful day.

“Well let's continue on our journey homeward, where do we go from here Fomba.”

“Why, down by the seashore of course, we need to find a turtle egg Chaplain Paul, right Fomba?” Asked Kenneth.

“You're so very right Kenneth” Said Fomba.

Chapter Five

The Return of Greg The Humble Sea Turtle With Roxy The Dolphin Poet And a Real Whale of a Surprise

We all arrived down by the seashore then Stanley took to the air in search of a sea turtle to ask for an egg. Stanley was gone for quite a while then Bruce and Bruce flew in with great news.

“Hi everyone I'm Bruce and this is my brother Bruce; our other brother Bruce lives in Alaska. Great news we found a sea turtle and he has agreed to help us, in fact he says he knows everyone including Chaplain Paul. He didn't want us to tell you his name because he wants it to be a surprise, O, and he's bringing two of his friends with him to help too.”

“Wow, great job you two.” Said Fomba.

A short time later we were all very happy to see Greg The Humble Sea Turtle along with Henry The Whale and a new arrival, Roxy The Dolphin.

“It's good to see all of you again, I don't recall imagining a dolphin in my stories, what is your name?”

“Hello Chaplain Paul, my name is Roxy and you did imagine me after Aunt Roxy read one of her poems to you and then you asked her what kind of animal she wanted to be. I'm from one of your future stories you see.”

“Yes, yes, now I remember.”

“Are you a poet Roxy?” Asked Kenneth.

“Yes I am Kenneth, would you like to hear one of my poems?”

“Well actually Chaplain Paul needs one of them so he can get back home. Can you give us one of them so he can read it on top of Old Smoky Ridge?”

“Yes I would be happy to give you one of my poems to help Chaplain Paul get back home.” Said Roxy.

“Greg it's very good to see you too, do you know that your character comes from a real person who is a very dear friend of mine and is a patient in the care center where I serve as Chaplain?”

“Why, yes, Chaplain Paul, all of us here in Fomba Land know where we come from, we all come from your imagination of course. I'm so very pleased to finally meet you, I am a very big fan of yours, I can't believe I'm actually talking to you right now.” Said Greg.

“Thank you Greg, all the characters in the Fomba Books are very special to me.”

“O, I all most forgot, I have a gift for you, here is a sea turtle egg for your journey homeward. Please, please be extra careful with it.” Said Greg.

“I will make sure no harm comes to this very special sea turtle egg, you have my personal promise.”

“Thank You Chaplain Paul, all of us good characters in Fomba Land trust you.”

“And how are you doing Henry?”

“Very Good Chaplain Paul, I sure did like giving little Eggbert a ride on the sea, thank you so much for creating me.”

“You're quite welcome big guy, I'd have to say you my friend are the coolest whale in the deep blue sea.”

“We really must be on our way. Roxy can we please have one of your poems to take with us today, and can we please save listening to one of your awesome poems for yet another day?” Asked Fomba.

“Yes, by all means, here is a very special poem about the deep blue sea, take it and please always remember me.” Said Roxy.

And with that we were all on our way in the hopes of making back home someday, but for now the sky was blue and our hopes were high, even the sun seemed to melt away in the afternoon sky.

Chapter Six

Kenneth The Mouse Saves The Day

We were all now headed for Ole Smokey Ridge and we had to get there for the full moon by the next night. As we were walking Fomba said he could hear the sound of a familiar friend somewhere out in the distance. We decided to go and take closer a look, after all the more the merrier.

As we were walking we could also hear the sound of little drums beating in the distance, then suddenly we were attacked as a million army ants came marching in and surrounded us and took us all captive.

“Fomba, I thought you said only good characters live in Fomba Land.”

“Well, that's what I thought, these ants might actually turn out to be good.”

The ants had us surrounded, we really didn't know what to do, finally I said to Owl Paul, “Owl Paul, please put on your thinking cap and help us get out of this mess.”

You see, Ole Stanley and Owl Paul were sitting high up in a tree, sitting perfectly safe and out of harm's way.

“I got it Pastor Paul, Fomba sand blasts these army ants right out of our way, does that sound Ok?”

Fomba took sand in his trunk and sandblasted those army ants with a powerful force. They all blew right out of our way and then we were soon back on track that faithful day.

O, but the sand up ahead of us was actually quicksand and we began to sink, “O NO, THINK OF SOMETHING REAL QUICK!!!”

Then little Kenneth had himself a real good plan, he got on the back of Ole Stanley and flew to get help from an old friend. Stanley took to the air like eagle and dove, he was out to help those he genuinely loved. Stanley and Kenneth flew towards the sound of bluegrass music playing somewhere in the swamp. They flew down low in search of an old familiar banjo.

“There, there he is.” Said Kenneth with a great big smile.

“We'll save our friends, Stanley fly down there, NOW HURRY!!!
HURRY!!! IT'S NOT THE END!!!”

“Howdy friends, are you all here for a song and a smile? I tell you what pull up a seat and stay a while.”

“No, No, Billy Bob Boa, we need your help right away, you see Fomba and Chaplain Paul are sinking in quicksand not too far away.” Said Kenneth.

“You means to say that Chaplain Paul the creator of Fomba Land is here in these parts.”

“YES!!! YES!!! NOW PLEASE COME ALONG WITH US RIGHT AWAY!!!”

Well that was it, Billy Bob Boa, Kenneth The Mouse, Stanley Stork, and Owl Paul raced back to the quicksand just as fast as could be, they were out to save Fomba and me.

Now by the time they got back Fomba had sunk pretty deep and I was about to fall asleep. Billy Bob Boa knew just what to do, he wrapped his tail around an old oak tree then he took a hold of Fomba and me. Then as he was helping Fomba out of the quicksand I slipped and let go of Fomba's tail. O no is this the end of my life? “HELP!!! HELP!!! HELP ME PLEASE!!!”

What happened next brought a tear to my eye, Kenneth jumped on Owl Paul's back and they flew to the top of a weeping willow tree, then Kenneth quickly chewed his way through a vine and swooped down and wrapped it around me, then Fomba quickly pulled me out of that old quicksand that faithful day.

Kenneth The Mouse had saved the day, we were all Ok and back on our way. Old Smoky Ridge lay just up ahead but climbing to the top would be kind of a chore, I had a bad feeling that more problems were definitely in store.

Billy Bob Boa had also saved the day along with Owl Paul and Ole Stanley, Amen. Billy Bob Boa really got a kick out of seeing me, He wanted so badly to play me song on his old banjo so we all sat back and listened to an Ole fashioned Billy Bob Boa sing along.

Chapter Seven

Story Teller

As we came to the base of Old Smoky Ridge, from out in the distance someone very special did arrive, it was Joanna The Story Teller of the elephant herd.

“Joanna, it's good to see you're still here, how come you didn't disappear?”

“Why, hello everyone, I have a very strong feeling your journey as only just begun. I'm still in Fomba Land because just like you Chaplain Paul I am a story teller for all. Chaplain Paul, Thank You for creating me. I am at your service Sir, just ask and you shall see. O, and here is a strawberry for little Kenneth.

“Joanna, we have to get Chaplain Paul back home soon or all of Fomba land will disappear into thin air.” Said Fomba.

Then something strange happened Fomba and Billy Bob Boa vanished right before our eyes, then we all bowed our heads and started to cry. Joanna explained that the longer I stay in Fomba Land the more of the book's characters would continue to disappear. Joanna also said that here in Fomba Land there's story book characters of the past, present, and future.

Joanna was now our guide, she was very smart and wise and she knew how to get me back home to save Fomba Land. We all sat for a spell and ate some delicious red ripe strawberries. I asked Joanna to please tell us a Fomba story then she looked at me and said, “Why, yes, I would be very happy to”

Joanna reached back in time and thought of a wonderful story to tell to lift our spirits. “A few years back maybe ten or more a very special elephant was born, he was all gray and very well adorn. His name was Kaiden with a capital K and he had a very special superpower on that faithful day. You see Kaiden had the ability to fly and over the years he helped many animals who might have died.

Little Kaiden with a capital K would fly too and fro bringing food to the needy and sick. Little Kaiden could even do some amazing circus tricks. Then one day Kaiden with a capital K was asked to fly far, far away, you see Queen Somba was now old and very sick and she needed some very special medicine super quick. Kaiden flew just as fast as he could but sadly when he returned it was too late. We all bowed our heads and cried, Kaiden too felt so terribly sad, he flew far, far away for an entire year until the rainy season came near.

O boy did the rains come down, and soon the Land of Fomba was covered with a terrible flood. All of a sudden little Suzy Aardvark got herself caught in the mud, she was calling for help because of the terrible flood. The flood waters were getting higher and higher and sadly no one was around, Suzy cried out over and over again, then from out of the gray stormy clouds who could it be? It was Kaiden with a capital K coming to save little Suzy. Kaiden flew right in and swooped little Suzy right up out of the mud and saved her from that terrible flood. Kaiden with a capital K had now saved the day, we all gave God thanks and praise that faithful day. Now this is the end of my story I hope you will all stick around, maybe I can tell another one as soon as we all come down from Old Smoky Ridge that is, now how does that sound?"

After Joanna told her story we all gave her a very big cheer, then we started our climb up Old Smoky Ridge. O, but as we were climbing a dust storm was seen headed our way, will we be able to make it to the top of Old Smoky Ridge that faithful day?

A huge dust cloud hit Old Smoky Ridge full head on and suddenly we all couldn't see, I told everyone to gather around and take hold of me. O no!!! The turtle egg slipped out of my bag and started to roll away,

“O, NO, WHO'S GONNA SAVE THE DAY?”

Stanley and Owl Paul were grounded and couldn't fly, it was now up to me and Kenneth to at least try.

“Kenneth, you go to the right and I'll go to the left. Hurry, hurry, we have to get the turtle egg or all will be lost.”

“I SEE IT!!! I SEE IT!!! CHAPLAIN PAUL, LOOK OVER THERE, SEE THAT LITTLE WHITE BALL.”

I grabbed little Kenneth and put him in my shirt pocket, then I ran and scooped up the little turtle egg as fast as a shooting rocket. I ran back to the others and we all hung on tight, that awful storm lasted for most of the night. Then about 3am the storm was finally over, the clouds parted and a full moon was seen, its light was a very welcomed sight. We all made it to the top of the ridge then I saw a swarm of fireflies flying nearby. It seemed that luck had finally come our way, we were all filled with great hope that faithful day. Owl Paul caught three fireflies just in the nick of time, then I decided to bust out a rhyme.

“everyone this is it, I have the turtle egg and two eagle's feathers, O and Roxy's poem and thanks to Owl Paul we now have three fireflies that he caught right before our very eyes.”

Joanna The Story Teller knew exactly what to do, she instructed me to hold the turtle egg and the two eagle feathers in my right hand and hold the fireflies in my left hand, and as I recite Roxy The Dolphin's beautiful poem, gently release the fireflies into the moonlit night.

(Emotions by Aunt Roxy from her Book of Poems Titled Poetry To Live by)

“They came in the waves like the tide, at times are very hard to hide.
We are taught to control them and even not to show them.
Why should it be this way?

When we try to let go, it may hurt us so, but to feel them and flow with them can only help us grow. Sometimes I want to know why these emotions won't let go, is it that I want it to be so, or is it me that won't let go?

Feelings come in waves like the tide, at times they are fun to hide, but that's only when we decide, is it real or is it an illusion?”

After I recited Roxy's poem I released the three fireflies into the moonlit sky. Then something amazing happened. The fireflies flew high in the sky flickering their golden bright lights in the moonlit night. Suddenly the fireflies flew back and one by one placed a small purple seed in my hand, then the three fireflies simply flew away.

Owl Paul knew in a flash the power of these seeds, for these seeds grow the Tree of Pure Imagination, and it was The Tree of Pure Imagination that held the key to opening a doorway back home for me.

“We have less than a day to plant those seeds down by the waters of The Pond of Infinite Peace, Hope and Love. Now let's hurry or all will be lost.” Said Joanna.”

“Stanley come along with me, we must fly to make sure the others make it to the pond safely.” Said Owl Paul.

Owl Paul and Ole Stanley took to the air making sure there were no army ants or quicksand or anything else standing in our way anywhere.

“Thank you guys. You are truly my true friends, you will always have a very special place way down deep in my heart to the very end.” Said I.

Chapter Eight

Berry Blue Jay The Blue Bird of Happiness and Joy

As we were walking towards the Pond of Infinite Peace, Hope and Love we began hearing sweet, sweet songs of comfort and joy. I looked up and saw a blue jay looking down at me. Then he said with a smile,

“Chaplain Paul, I've been waiting for you for quite a while. It's so good to finally meet you Sir.”

“Hello, Hello my friend come on down and visit with us for a while.”

And with that our blue jay friend flew on down and greeted all of us with a great big smile.

“What's your name my blue feathered friend?”

“Hi Chaplain Paul, my name is Berry Blue Jay and I'm the Blue Bird of Happiness and Joy. I'm from one of your future stories, you created me as a character in Fomba Book Eight and how I got to this story is a bit of a mystery.”

“So why did I call you the Blue Bird of Happiness and Joy?”

“You created me to share the Joy of the Lord in your stories of course, I'm here to lift all of you up and to remind you that our strength is in the Joy Of The Lord” Said Berry Blue Jay.

“Awesome, that is so awesome, will you please join us on our journey?” Said I.

“Yes, but first a scripture verse to lift our spirits on high as we go on our way, what do you say?”

We all shouted out, “HURRAY!!! HURRAY!!!”

“Psalms 31:24 Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all you who hope in the Lord. Psalms 37:4 Delight yourself in the Lord and He shall give you the desires of your heart. Psalms 147:7-9 Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praises on the harp to God, Who covers the heavens with clouds, Who prepares rain for the earth, Who makes grass to grow on the mountains. He gives to the animals their food and to the young ravens that cry.”

Then an amazing thing happened, as soon as Berry Blue Jay spoke these scripture verses we all became filled with the Joy of the Lord. It was as though God had just poured a huge bucket of joy on all of our heads. We started singing and praising God. This went on for a quite a while, then we continued on our way to The Pond of Infinite Peace, Hope and Love filled with great joy and a very big smile.

Then I thought to myself; “Boy I must say, I wish I could take some of these characters home with me, I really do love these guys.”

“WE LOVE YOU TOO CHAPLAIN PAUL!!!”

As we were traveling I noticed Owl Paul and Stanley began fading away, I tried to grab hold of them saying, “I love you guys, don't worry I'll bring you back in Fomba Book number eight someday. And with that they both simply faded away on that faithful day. We all started to cry then Joanna reminded us that we really have to fly. Time was quickly running out for her and I. We now had less than two hours to get down to the pond and plant the seeds. As we came over the hill there she be. The pond was now right in front of Joanna and me.

We ran down the hill with Kenneth on my shoulder but tripped and fell over a small round bolder. I got back up and dusted myself off, then we ran to the water's edge and stopped for prayer, I tossed the seeds in the water with faithful joy and lots of hope.

Suddenly the water began to bubble and stir, then a tree began to grow right before our eyes, it was an incredible surprise. The tree grew, and grew, and grew, we really didn't know quite what to do. Then Joanna said with a smile,

“Chaplain Paul, when The Tree of Pure Imagination stops growing it will be time for you to go, Berry can you please share some joy so as to lift our spirits on high?”

“Yes, Yes, right away Joanna, Psalms 1:3 He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that brings forth it's fruit in it's season, Whose leaf also shall not wither and whatever he does shall prosper.”

We all became filled with such joy as The Tree of Pure Imagination seemed to just grow, and grow, and grow, and grow.

Chapter Nine

Tree of Pure Imagination

Time was quickly running out, I only had a few minutes left to get back home. Joanna, Kenneth, and Berry were the only characters left in Fomba land that we knew of.

“CHAPLAIN PAUL, THE TREE IS FULLY GROWN, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO!!!” Said Joanna.

“I ran over to the door that read enter and tried to open it, but it was locked. I didn't know what to do. I called out to Joanna,

“JOANNA WHAT SHOULD I DO?”

Joanna and Kenneth looked all around but didn't make a single sound, then they began looking all over the ground for the key that would unlock the door of The Tree of Pure Imagination.

“O NO!!!”

Suddenly the wind began to blow and a terrible whirlwind was seen headed our way, I had to get in the tree that faithful day. I started banging on the door with all my might as the whirlwind was about to hit with all its fury.

Just then a gray ring-necked dove descended from the sky above. His name was Pastor Shon and he had come to show us his love. He said to get on our knees and begin to pray. Pastor Shon explained that the key to unlocking the door was not something we could find just laying on the ground. The true key was in one's heart and the key to unlocking this door was in reciting psalms 100 in love, that's why God sent Pastor Shon; His faithful dove.

I opened my little pocket Bible and turned the pages to psalms 100 and then I started to read it with a joyous shout,

“Psalms 100. Make a joyful shout to the Lord all you lands! Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before His presence with singing. Know that the Lord He is God. It is He Who has made us and not we ourselves. We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise. Be thankful to Him and bless His Name. For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endures for all generations...Amen”

“Hurry Chaplain Paul, the door is unlocked!!!” Cried everyone.

I said a quick goodbye and dove into the tree just before the whirlwind hit me. I was now on my way back home, Fomba Land was saved, I opened the door and was thankfully back home safe and sound.

I went home that faithful day, I went in my prayer closet and started to pray. Then I felt something moving around making a little squeaking sound. I looked in my bag and said with a smile,

“Welcome to my home, please stay for a while.”

With all the excitement I had forgotten about the little turtle egg that I had placed safely in my bag. I decided to name my little turtle friend Simon. I set up a really cool aquarium for him to temporarily live in, you have to remember Simon is a sea turtle so when he gets a little bigger I'll have to set him free. I sure hope he will come back one day to visit me.

Firefly

by Chaplain Paul

Whispers of light glow in the night air casting out the darkness amidst the sorrows of loneliness and despair. Driven not by hunger or need, thirst or greed, for their divine flight is one of faith and not by sight. For they continue to share the Lord's heavenly light with all those trapped in a desperate need of the Lord's spiritual sight.

And then I looked and suddenly there were two, for the word of God tells us, Where two or more are gathered in Jesus name, He is always faithful to be in the midst of them. And then there were three.

Soon there were so many tiny bright lights that I could barely even see, for they had all gathered together to share the love of Christ Yeshua through their bright light, as they all gathered together to give Him all the Praise, Honor and Glory throughout the whole spiritually filled night.

Now just before dawn they each set out on their own separate way in search of lost souls to help brighten their day. You see the light they share is a twinkle of light that shines through our Lord's eyes so heavenly bright, bringing with it a beckon of hope and the promise of new life, life eternal through the Lord's Christian Firefly... John 3:16

This is the end of this story it was a true blessing to write, I pray that all those who read this special story will be touched by our Lord's heavenly light.

Thank You Abba Father for giving me the gift of writing, I give all the Praise, Honor and Glory to You. I love You and Worship You, in Christ Yeshua's Holy Name I pray...Amen

John 14:27 Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you; let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid...Amen

“Chaplain Paul.”

“O, Hi Owl Paul, what's up?”

“It was sure cool writing with you again, will there be a Fomba Book Number 8 someday?”

“Why, yes, of course there will, God willing. Maybe by the summer, until then take care of yourself my fine feathered friend.”

“That sounds awesome Chaplain Paul. You take care too, and tell Simon he is a very blessed sea turtle. Bye, Got to Fly, Hoo, Hoo...”

The end

Or maybe it's actually the beginning of Fomba Book 8?
I guess we will just have to patiently see and wait.

All of my books are on my website at www.miraclesofkingman.com