

# The Family—A—True Story

We were a Family.  
A Dysfunctional one, but!  
A Loving Family we were. We still are ...  
It Began With Don Miguel ...



*thiaBasilia*

THE FAMILY

— A —

TRUE STORY



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The Family—A—True Story.

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## DEDICATION

Multitudes, multitudes are now in the valley of decision searching for an elusive happiness not yet found by so many.

To them I dedicate this book by the power of love and wisdom from on high.

HOPE. There is always HOPE. Everything in this world could fail. The power of love and wisdom from on high never fails. It always avails!

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# What About The Family — A — True Story?

## The Tale Of How I Came To Write This Story.

### *Productive, Why? I Am Using The Fruit Of Your Labor For A Bite.*

Why O why? O my Father! I know that now my fishing shall be productive, why?

I am using the fruit of Your labor for a bite. Hahaha!  
HalleluYah!

How timely You speak to me in my dreams! I had a fishing dream. In my dream I caught a fish.

In this dream, I was fishing in a big river, but! I was not catching anything.

Suddenly! I heard someone up the stream hollering: “Try this!” He threw me a berry but at first, I could not catch it. He kept throwing it until I caught it. I placed it in my hook and threw! Wow! I hooked a big fish with that fruit.

*thiaBasilia Licona*

Likewise, it is now. The fruit of Your 32 years labor is beginning to hook many of souls from the river of this world. Food for thought

\* \* \*

The Highlights Of My  
Physical/Spiritual Journey In  
The Presence Of The Father  
Creator Of Our Beings.

Does it concern you, whoever  
you are who has clicked the  
button? I hope so. I hope to  
entice you to read on. Entice  
you to find out more about this  
story...

Journal—An ongoing dialog between thia/Basilia and Master  
Yahuwah/Yahushua. ...

*Why The Journal Of My Life....?*

The journal of my life is the core not only for this page but for  
the whole site/book. Why?

Because the journal of my life tells the story in detail of how  
the Father/Creator changed or transformed me from a cringing  
fearful creature to the fearlessly one that I now am.

*Stepping Back To February, 2017...*

Saturday, February 11, 2017 at 8:34 pm

O my Father—O Father of mine? I'm floundering all over not being clear as to what I am doing or need to do.

I am lost, show me the way my Father. Show and empower me to proceed as it is Your will for me to proceed.

- You know me. I don't know my own self.
- You have chosen me. I did not choose You.

To grasp the meaning of who is who and what to do is essential in any of life's situations. What is it that I am doing? What is it that I am supposed to do?

I am emotionally depleted. So much hype going on and on! I deeply sense a keen aversion to hypes of any kind.

You are not a hype. You are the Ever Existent One. You are reality—inconceivable reality. I cannot attain the balance needed to achieve whatever is Your will for me to achieve.

Only You hold the key to my present as well as to my future. Unless You unlock those doors, I have no desire for those doors to open-up by any other means.

I write & publish but! I am now at a point of writing and not certain as to what or when to publish.



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That was written on Saturday, February 11, 2017 at 8:34 pm. It is now, Thursday, July 20, 2017 at 2:30 am.

I find myself in the same state as I was at the end of that Saturday –emotionally depleted, not knowing what to do?

For the last week or so I sense the urge to optimize the site again, but! I have not known exactly what to do.

Furthermore, reading the immensity of articles and book titles all gear to exalt humanity with all its achievements and conceptions, it's enough to deplete my emotions to the max.

Again, the Father/Creator sustains me through it all. I fear not. I live in His Secret Place, sheltered by His wings of love. Protected by His power that no foe can withstand.

Well, this morning You send my way Your exact instructions via WordPress. Thus, I am re-writing all my pages. A major undertaken.

*At the onset of the finish line...*

I arrived at Amman, Jordan on the afternoon of Sunday, May 11, 2015. There to meet my Creator face to face.

There to fulfill my destiny—the purpose for my birth. There to hear that lovely voice from the Father/Creator of my being patiently & lovingly guiding & directing each of my steps.

It's sheer comfort to hear that voice pronouncing the loving words to lift me up from the dooms of my fleeting emotions,

*“My child, fear not! You have not ceased to delight My heart and even though your loved ones are not responding now, your work and your words to them have not been in vain!*

*Fear not and do not despair! From now on you will be traveling in My service and I will see to it that you go and come as it is My plan for you to do. No matter who you meet – not matter how they react to you – no matter whether they accept you or not keep going!*

*For I will accomplish My purpose for your life even against your own thinking; for I am aware of your despairing thoughts & moments of doubts. And I am aware of your deepest longings.*

*And I will reward you far above your highest expectations even before My return! For I will return soon and for that reason I am joining you all together; for you all are members of My body and I cannot return to a disjointed body of Mine!”*

Your words are a lamp unto my feet when I first hear them, but! When time goes on without tangible results? I despair.

Even so? You know all about my doubts and fears, and? You still bless me for the sake of Your love.

What is next? I don't know. Father knows. My task? Write & publish & optimize.

So, on I'm going to the task at hand. Oh? Well, maybe to wherever or whatever is next in the Creator's doings.

His love in my heart for all, thiaBasilia.

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CREATOR OF OUR BEINGS.

*Does it concern you, whoever you are who has clicked the button? I hope  
so. I hope to entice you to read on. Entice you to find out more about this  
story...*

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# CHAPTER 1

And The Story Begins ....?

*We were a Family. A Dysfunctional one, but! A Loving Family we were. We still are ...*

THE FAMILY? BECAME DYSFUNCTIONAL BY the tyranny of time. A dysfunctional family?

The most descriptive display of horror and discord as well as well as a great opportunity to grow up to become a productive citizen in this insanity ridden world!

Behold! The Power Of Love & Wisdom From On High Drenched Upon Us All.

It Never Fails. It Always Avails! It will avail in the restoration of the families to the original intent for our creation.

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We were a family—Don Miguel Jose Licona—his Family. He was a king in his own right. We lived in his kingdom abiding by his unbreakable laws. At the sound of his name? People tremble.

Indeed! My Father was a MAN, but! I saw him cry. Real man do cry. I shall never forget that amazing moment.

I was just 8 years-old. I was standing at the entrance of our sleeping house. I had just gotten up. The kitchen house had gone up in flames along the whole year's supplies while I slept.

I was perplexed. My grandmother and the rest of the help were cooking on the remaining coals from the fire. The hut had burnt to the ground. The efforts to quench the fire from the 40 field workers my father maintained, did not avail.

My new born baby brother Carlitos had died. Papá—so tall as he was, dressed in his high boots and kaki trousers and long sleeves shirt? He paused by my side. O what a vivid memory!

Don't know if he even saw me. He paused, his tears flowing he lamented, "He was just a month old!" Not tears about the fire. Tears about his son. Wow! Real man do cry!

Shortly afterwards, he moved us to another of his farms. And my whole beautiful world turned out not so beautiful anymore! I had loved that beautiful spot of my birth on these earthly grounds.

*Dear Reader, Welcome to THE FAMILY. A TRUE STORY.*

*thiaBasilia Licona*

That beautiful world that was wrenched from that unsuspecting 8 year old?

- The cradle where this TRUE story began.

What happen in the subsequent years? That comes next.

\* \* \*



## Chapter 2

### Where Did It All Began?

#### *In Vega Grande The Far-Flung Land In Guatemala, C.A.*

A beautiful piece of land where the crystal-clear waters of the river flowed while all the older youngsters gleefully climbed up that big rock to dive into the pond;

...and the birds sang, and the squirrels swiftly climbed the trees and the roosters crowed and the bity yellow chicks pee-pee;

and grandmother—abuelita Lucila would be on the lookout for the gabilan (hawk) lest her precious chicks would wind up in the claws of the greedy Gabilan (hawk);

and the dogs barked and the cat's meow and the cows' moo-moo;

and the workers would be engaged in the most intriguing tasks;

and doña Julia would spend the mornings teaching young & old to read and write and arithmetic in the middle hut that served as the dining room as well as the school room;

and in the afternoon the children ran & played & deep themselves in the cool water of the river;

and in the evening the children played hide & seek until abuelita Lucila would gather them all around her to tell her 'cuentos'—fairytale;

and while abuelita would tell her cuentos all children sat mesmerized by her cuentos as well as by the blazing fire burning the brush the workers had diligently cleared off the land earlier in the day;

and the next morning the sugar cane mill ran with the aid of two big oxen;

and some workers would quickly stick the sugar canes into the mill to squeeze the juice out of them;

and the juice would smoothly ran in the channels connected to the big caldrons;

and the big caldrons were filled to the brim with sugar cane juice while other workers would put sticks in the fire under those gigantic caldrons;

and uncle Manuel would hold on to a gigantic wooden spoon stirring the juice;

and soon the syrup would be just right;

and uncle Manuel would supervise the pouring of the molasses into especial wooden molds like canoes;

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and the children were given their own cuts of sugar cane to deep into the molasses;

and the children would turn those sugar cane cuts around and around to cool them off and let it set into a layer around the sugar cane cut;

and then...?

The children would pull that layer off the sugar cane cut and stretch it and twist it over and over to turn the layer into sugar cane toffee!

O what a joy that was! Sweets memories to cherish of a life long gone!

O well, that was quite a description of the first eight years of the Mother In The Family—A—True Story.

### *So? What Happened Next? The Fire!*

On to the next chapter.

\* \* \*

# Chapter 3

## The Big Fire ...!!!

### *A Recap From Chapter 1 ...?*

Yes, a big fire and this mother missed it all while as a young child she slept. But when she got up in the morning? O the vivid recollection of the day after the fire has never left her.

For to her astonishment the hut for the kitchen was totally consumed; the abuela & the female workers were busy working on an improvised stove made out of three stones.

This mother looked around then as she stood there in silence? Her papa! Her papa was entering the sleeping hut. He lamented, “He was only a month old!” Then? She saw the tears flowing from her papa’s eyes—the only time she was ever going to see such a sight. Her giant papa did not cry!

---

Yeap, her mama had given birth to another baby—papa named him Carlos Enrique and was so happy about his birth, but! The baby died!

Carlitos died and the fire consumed the sugar cane crop along all supplies stored in that kitchen hut and it was the time of post war when all things were so difficult to get. The whole burden was too much for papa.

So, shortly after the big fire her papa gathered his clan up and uprooted them; and so this mother was uprooted from her especial place of birth; papa brought his whole clan to another farm by the rail road to a house sitting on a dry hill nothing like those beautiful huts in that fertile piece of land called Vega Grande—the place of this mother’s birth!

But this mother adapted to her new environment only to be uprooted again; for it was then when one of his sons in law convinced papa that it was necessary to send her and her brother Juan to public school!

O what a tragedy! For her papa’s decision was only to begin six long years of torture for this unsuspecting mother. Six long years was such torture to last and such days left a scar in the soul of that mother that only the Almighty was to erase many years later.

And of that matter the writer will write in the next page on this especial online story. Read on.

\* \* \*

# Chapter 4

## Gruesome Childhood....?

### *Lack Of Communication Engenders Emotional Wounds—Broken Relationships Et All ....*

THE SUBSEQUENT YEARS MARK THE most gruesome of childhoods for that unsuspecting 8-yrs-old child. The new farm had no resemble to her cherished beautiful green world of her birth, but!

Children do adjust. Only the shock that followed shortly after that brutal change of location? Again, she was wrenched from that location! The new location? Boarding School.

A torture chamber on the guise of education. There that child suffered 6 long years of torture. Why?

Lack of communication. Lack of consideration for the needs of any other than one's needs.

---

Some 70 years later? Not much difference, but! That's what is called 'life' on this insanity ridden world.

Regardless! This worldly 'life'? Not eternal, thank goodness!  
The Plan Of Restoration To The Original Intent For Our Creation?

Is In Effect —To Love. To Be Loved. Your Cherish Family O Mighty One? Forever To be!

### *Beautiful World Restored ....?*

THE FAMILY? That's THE FAMILY ALWAYS TO BE. That beautiful world of that 8-yrs-old unsuspecting child shall be restored!

### *The Beauty Of That Future World ....?*

Human mind is not capable to come close to imagine such beauty, but! That restoration shall take place only by The Power Of Love & Wisdom From On High.

### *Only Way Of Restoration To Avail Eternally ....?*

That Power Of Love & Wisdom is the only way or restoration. No human effort can accomplish the restoration of the creation including our beings.

### *Results Not Theory ....?*

*thiaBasilia Licona*

The restored world will result in UNITED KINDRED SPIRITS UNOFFICIAL—Spirits united by that Power Of Love & Wisdom From On High—Working Together. Restoring That Beauty. Love. Joy Inexplicable.

*Basking Under The Shadow Of A Real Man  
....?*

Behold That Power O Might! Basking under the shadow of a different kind of Real Man—even Yahushua our Messiah. The restoring in progress. All tears in recess. Lack? What is that?

Welcome to THE FAMILY ALWAYS TO BE!

\* \* \*



# Chapter 5

## A Beginning Of Transformation—The Year? 1985.

### *Chat With Jean ....?*

I WAS SO FULL OF GLADNESS, AS the dawn of the day was peeping through my window. My heart was full, to the bursting point. I needed to share. I remembered Jean.

Jean had been my first Bible teacher. Yes, when a young Baptist minister and his beautiful young wife ministered the Word of Almighty Yahuwah to me and I had begun my Christian walk?

Jean had been my first Bible Teacher. Jean never taught us on her own. She always gave the glory to Almighty Yahuwah, and simply shared the Word of Almighty Yahuwah with us.

Jean and I became bound in the family of Almighty Yahuwah, fitted together, from the beginning of my walk with the Master. She had coached my walk all those years.

We had shared a lot of tears, and a lot of laughs. I knew Jean would want to hear what I had written that morning, because, she knew that Father had given me the gift of writing.

I knew she would appreciate what I had written. I picked up the phone, and dialed her long-distance number, for she had moved to Lake Charles shortly after I had met her, back in 1974 when I had just started walking with the Master.

“Jean,” I whispered on the phone, “are you awake?”

“Hi Thia!” Jean answered cheerfully as usual even when I ring her up in the wee hours of the morning, “yeah I’m awake. How have you been?”

“Oh Jean, you would not believe what has just happened!” I burst out.

“Tell me, please,” Jean said, ready for the wonderful news, because of the excitement in the tone of my voice.

Jean knew that, usually when she heard my voice in that phone, it was not for any nonsensical reason. Usually there was something extraordinary going on in my life. And this time again, she was not going to be disappointed.

“Well, listen Jean, listen to what Father gave me this morning.” and I read to Jean my beautiful writing.

---

“Oh Thia,” Jean said, “that is truly beautiful, did you write the whole thing just this morning?”

“Yes! yes! Jean, it all came my way just this morning!” I said proudly.

“Thrown at random in your pathway, eh?” Jean said knowingly. “Oh Jean, you are so smart, you catch on so quickly to everything!” I boasted about Jean’s bright mind.

“Thia, that is not smarts. You know that I’m not that smart, but because of His love, I know where you are at and where you are coming from; and that came out so pretty, like some kind of poetry, it is truly beautiful, He is really blessing you and I’m so glad for you!” she said with her typical simplicity.

I shared with her a while longer, but the time was running fast, so I said, “Tell you what Jean, I could go on for hours on this phone, I have so much I could share with you, but for the bill, we better cut this call short, lest I get into financial troubles again. As soon as I have some new development, I shall call you. I love you, talk to you later, Ok?”

And as I hung up the phone, I had the awareness that I had just collected the gem of Jean’s understanding, and genuine encouragement.

“Oh, I must get ready for work,” I said to myself, hurrying along to the bathroom, feeling hunger for something for breakfast, wondering how I got along without buying groceries, when I heard the knock on the door and I rushed to open it.

A Chicken Leg For Breakfast ....?

“Honey!” I said as I kissed and hugged him, “How did you know that I didn’t have anything for breakfast, and that I am starving? I tell you, I am so hungry, I could eat a horse.”

“I know,” he said, “it is truly beyond me how can you get along without buying groceries. You are going to have to do something about that.”

“Oh Honey,” I said, “you just worry too much.”

“Well,” he said, “I have to worry because you certainly don’t seem to care.” He fussed.

“Of course, I care Honey, I have a job, don’t I?” I protested mildly. “Yeah, I guess you do,” he said, getting ready to walk out the door, “and hurry up, or you are going to be late!” He admonished me.

And as he kissed me, and walked out, I started towards the kitchen chomping on the chicken leg he had just brought me.

I was so happy to know that somebody cared for me. Somebody cared for me even to the simplest thing as a fried chicken leg for breakfast.

“That is another tree along my pathway,” I said aloud, talking to my own self.

The Wonders Happened Within Me ....?

I hurried up, and finally got out the door, on to the car, and off to work. I could hardly wait to see what wonders were awaiting for me out there.

---

But as reality goes on in life, apparently nothing wonderful happened to be seen. The wonders happened within me, for I was aware of the gems around me that day: the fine, good things in others.

That day, that very morning, I had seen the gems in my boss' understanding attitude. My boss bore with me; even though, I had such personal difficulties as lack of confidence in myself, insecurity, little training, and hardly any experience at all.

He didn't let me quit, as I wanted to do so many times. Better yet, he did not fire me as I had wished he would.

I had been eager to get to work that morning and I was expecting some kind of wonder to happen, for I wanted to put on my display of appreciation for my boss.

Yet, everything went on seemingly as usual. Only inside of me there was the awareness of the pure and lovely things, the fine good things in others.

Aware of all that I could praise Almighty Yahuwah for and be glad about.

And because I was aware of those things, those gems, I had a different attitude that day.

Transformation Had Begun ....?

And a transformation had begun within me that was to make a remarkable difference in my life.

Thus, the wonders happened within me, in the secret place of my being.

\*\*\*

## Chapter 6

### My Life Flashed In The Screen Of My Imagination ....?

#### *I Was Born And Raised In The Religious World, But! ...?*

This is not a religious story. Yes, religion was a big part of my life from my birth until? The due time to set me free came for me.

As it turned out? Religion was at the core of my tumultuous life.

Regardless the general consent to associate the Scriptures with religion?

The Scriptures oppose religion. This matter shall surface during the events in this story.

Furthermore? When I make such statements? I offend many souls. Why? Because of our human nature.

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It's natural and normal to retaliate when anything threatens our spiritual beliefs, but!

By the power of love and wisdom from on high, this time? The Almighty Creator of our beings is at work for our good.

The Almighty is touching and persuading each one of His children to come and reason with Him.

His plan of restoration to the original intent for our creation is going forth by all means available, including this book.

Yes, I quote the Scriptures extensively. Even so? I quote them as I experience the life in those Scriptures. Unlike like I did in the past.

In the past? I quoted the letter of the Scriptures stored in my mind.

In the present? I quote the Life in those Scriptures within my being.

In the Book of Philippians, in Chapter 4, verses 4-9 is written the reason why I learned.

In the Book of Isaiah, Chapter 59, is written the reason why I lived under adversity most of my life.

In that chapter it's also written why I had been groping along all my life, lost in broad daylight.

And yes, as it is written in the Book of Isaiah Chapter 59, verse 16, Almighty Yahuwah Himself stepped in to my life that morning in June.

He stepped in to save me from that life through His mighty power and justice.

## *It All Happened Unexpectedly One Morning In June.*

ON JUNE 20, 1985 IN A TRANSITORY moment my life was recapped and flashed on the screen of my imagination.

I had seen how and why I had learned as much as I had come to learn about any subject; even though, I had been born, raised and lived under adversity most of my life.

### *Old Life Gone! New Life Begins ....?*

That happened around 3 am on June 20, 1985. It's now April 19, 2018 at 1:12 pm. Thirty-three years ago, but!

That memorable moment is so vivid in my mind and heart as it happened only a moment ago.

All those years gone by. Ups and downs. Gloom and glee. Until the work to set me completely free came to be in 2017.

That 2017? Old life gone! New life begins. Old and New dramatically exposed in this story.

So, there is much to tell. There is much to glean from the reading of this story.

\* \* \*



# Chapter 7

## What Happened That Morning In June 1985?

### *A Beautiful Garden Of Eden Displayed ....?*

ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 20, 1985, I got up at 3 am to study. I was immersed in a writing lesson, for I was learning the techniques of writing. I had availed myself of much reference material to study.

Suddenly! I realized how much I was learning and how tremendously I enjoyed learning.

I set down my lesson and I allowed my thoughts to drift to myself. That's when I came to realize what had been happening in my life.

I remembered when I first learned how to read. I remembered all the key persons that had contributed to my education.

In the screen of my imagination I saw my home, where I was born and lived for the first eight years of my life.

In a moment of time I saw how much I had learned and how I had managed to learn.

I saw all the places where I have been to get an education. I also saw the school of “hard knocks,” where I got most of my adult education.

And I saw the key persons, “the understanding hearts” that I met who led me through that most intriguing institution.

As I remembered those places and I saw those people, I discovered the secret by which those people reached and cultivated my mind and comforted my soul and body.

I sensed that beyond the cultivation of my mind and the comfort for my soul and body, there was something greater.

- Something much greater that had given me life.
- Something that had given me the ability to receive those things.
- Something, beyond words to describe.

I sensed the Spirit of Almighty Yahuwah! The secret by which those people reached and cultivated my mind and comforted my soul and body.

Yet, I did not understand it at that moment of time. It all went right over my head because I did not know The Word of Almighty Yahuwah!

---

I had not paused to know the Word of Almighty Yahuwah, I was ignorant of it.

### *My Own Understanding Of Life—The Raw Feelings Of My Emotions ....?*

So? I had gone through life unaware of the secret saving power of the Spirit of Almighty Yahuwah, taking everything and everybody for granted without consideration of anything other than my own understanding of life, and the raw feelings of my emotions.

### *Until That Morning In June ....?*

But! That morning? On the screen of my imagination, a beautiful Garden of Eden was displayed.

In that Garden I saw those people that had helped me throughout my life, as trees.

From those trees hung as precious gems, the things or the “good traits” they possessed.

And all those gems were part of the treasure of their love and understanding.

And those things that were as precious as gems, were the pure and lovely the fine good things in others, the things you can praise Almighty Yahuwah for and be glad about as it is written in the Book of Philippians , Chapter 4, verse 8, about which I had never thought before.

In that Garden of Eden I walked, bedazzled by the marvelous treasure of the love and understanding that had followed me all the days of my life, which I had taken for granted.

I picked up my pencil to write it all down. I did not know at the time that what I was about to write was in the Word of Almighty Yahuwah!

I was only describing what I was seeing in that transitory moment, but! A year later? When I read the Scripture in the Book of Isaiah Chapter 59, it all fit together.

At that moment though, when I was walking in that field saturated with gems, I picked my pencil and my tattered tablet with my heart pounding in my head, loaded with emotional excitement, I simply described what I saw when I wrote,

- All my life I have walked in the Field of Knowledge, with my eyes closed. I have been lost in that field, groping along, almost unattended.
- And now, suddenly! I have opened my eyes and WOW! What a wonderful, beautiful, and fabulously wealthy field that is! I see now that, the field is covered, in fact, saturated with gems:
  - “The gems of the knowledge of goodness.”
  - Well? My Goodness! There are all kinds of gems!
  - There are some that float, and they float in the very air that I am inhaling.
  - There are others that hang from the trees across, and along the pathway.

- 
- Some hide under the decayed roots of trees that have ceased to produce.
  - Some are at the bottom of the ponds collected from the streams.
  - Some are within the waters of the streams that satiate the thirst of the earth. They are even thrown at random in my pathway where I stumble upon them.
  - Oh! those gems, those beautiful gems! They are everywhere in that field!
  - I know now, as I stop and look around, that there is no possible way that I can collect them all.
  - And the more I collect, the more I see the ones I have not yet collected.
  - And by seeing the ones I have not yet collected, I have collected a big gem:
  - The gem of the Knowledge of “My Ignorance”.

### *I Finished Writing ....?*

I knelt by my bed side and I praised Almighty Yahuwah. I thanked for his infinite blessings.

And in deep communion with my Master, I went again into a reverie.

I remembered, in a magical recollection, all the prayers that I had uttered. I remembered all the cries for help; all the inquiries, the whys that I had made unto Almighty Yahuwah.

## *I Came To Sense Myself In A Magical Spot ....?*

In that magical spot gems were floating. I was inhaling that air flowing in that spot. And with each breath of air that inhaled, I inhaled the gems.

The gems became part of my very being. And when the gems became part of my being?

I was able to see, as if by magic, how all those prayers that I had uttered had been answered at that instant of time.

All the cries for help had been taken care off. And at that moment, that very moment, even my inquiries and my whys were being reconciled.

*IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT ALMIGHTY YAHUWAH STEPPED IN THE DIRECT ACTUALITY OF MY LIVING EXPERIENCE.*

## *It All Went Right Over My Head ....?*

But, it took many months for me to really understand what had happened at that moment.

It was not until a year later that Almighty Yahuwah chose to show me in His Word the magnificence and splendor of the Giver of the gems.

The Almighty chose to show me, the Gem of all Gems that gave me the sense of being in a magical spot.

## *The Giver Of The Gems ....?*

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The Gem that lit up my whole being and transformed me in that instant of time:

*YAHUSHUA—MESSIAH HIMSELF STEPPED INTO MY LIFE AT THAT VERY MOMENT!*

## *Almost A Year Before Understanding ....?*

It took me almost a whole year to cease from my wandering and my works of pride and rebellion.

A whole year to throw myself on the ground and truly say: “I give up. You alone are Almighty Yahuwah and You alone I trust, O Mighty One. Yahuwah Almighty, HOW GREAT THOU ART—my Master and my Mighty Yahuwah!” Why?

Dear Reader, I invite you to read what I am writing with an open mind and eager heart.

That the Almighty Yahuwah of mercy, Creator of heaven and earth may enlighten and open your eyes. That you may not be deceived yourself harboring pride and rebellion in your heart and sin against THE GREAT I AM.

That you may be encouraged to know that THE GREAT I AM is indeed OUR FATHER and the Father of our Master Yahushua—Messiah, Who loves and never leaves nor forsakes His children.

Where To Go From Here With This Story? There is so much to tell. ...?

- I started with the first chapters of my autobiography to relate where the transformation of my being begun.
- I will pull now from the book *Overcoming Supernaturally*. That's my story related in a third person narrative.
- That's also the time of my journey that reflects the period before my transformation began.
- I will then bring the story to the present. Old life gone! New life begins in 2017.

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## Chapter 8

### Theodora—Overcoming Dysfunctional Mother In A Dysfunctional Family Discovers A New World...

#### *It Was Sometime In The Fall, Or ....?*

WAS IT STILL SUMMER? Theodora was mothering six beautiful little girls under 10 yrs. of age.

Theodora fulfilled her duty with passion—cooking, washing, cleaning grocery shopping, sewing but mainly, school matters—teacher/parent conferences, extra curriculum activities for her girls etc., etc., etc.

Theodora's aim & purpose for her life? To equip those girls for a productive future—training that she lacked in her own childhood.

Ah! What a noble endeavor! Did Theodora succeed? Many years later the record shows, indeed! Theodora succeeded big time but! It will take many pages to tell it all.

Let's go on. Where to start? O yes! It was sometime in the fall or was it still summer?

Theodora and her clan lived in a three-bedroom house with an apartment in the back of it.

This little house was in the quaint little town of Westwego in the suburbs of New Orleans, LA. It was a rather small house to accommodate them all. Thank goodness for bunk beds and Theodora's ingenuity?

She made it all a fairly comfortable place to live but for the outdoors playground. The street became it. The streets of Westwego were safe & quiet at that time. There the children played hard and at their heart's content when Theodora deemed necessary for them to play.

### *Theodora Discovers The Bible ....?*

At the end of that school year and the beginning of that summer, Theodora discovers a new world. For the first time in her Catholic life she is introduced to the Book of Books misnomer, the Bible.

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Amazingly? The words in the Book would just about jump out of the pages to land in Theodora's heart.

Theodora was enthralled! Amid her motherly activities, Theodora journey in the words of the Book.

### *The spiritual realm comes into play ....?*

She came to find herself in the spiritual realm outside of anyone's knowledge in her world at that time of her life.

Thus, Theodora was out in left field not knowing what was really happening in her life.

### *Husband removes his girls from Theodora's care ....?*

On top of it all? Three of her little girls had been removed from her care making Theodora feel totally worthless as a mother.

### *The result?*

Let's expound the matter in the next chapter.

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## Chapter 9

Unable To Cope With Such  
Reverse? Theodora's Mind  
Snaps. Meet The Characters  
Involved In Action ...

*Mental Dungeon ....?*

THIS WAS 1974. THE RESULT OF Theodora's not knowing what was happening in her new discovered world & the pain of her worthlessness as a mother?

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Man! O man! The eery sound of the ambulance carrying her to the nearest mental hospital.

Her mind snapped! The prognosis? Theodora might never recover from her broken mind. No hope. Yet, three short days later?

Theodora is back at her motherly duties only, this time? She must set a timer to remember the next thing she needed to finish or start. Was it cooking? Was it washing or? Wrapping the next Christmas gift?

WOW! Broken mind or broken heart? Theodora would not be seduced by the adversities of the moment.

Theodora would not be distracted from her duties as A Mother In A Dysfunctional Family environment. Oh?

## *Dysfunctional Family?*

By all means! Three of those six precious girls came from her womb—the fruit of her first marriage.

The other three precious little girls? The fruit of her partner from his first marriage. Her partner?

## *O Man! That's The Tale To Tell ....?*

O man! That's the tale to tell in the pages of A Mother In A Dysfunctional Family.

## *Unwholesome Partnership ....?*

For it all started out with an unwholesome partnership. Her partner? Mr. Big Stuff. A good man only? A man of the flesh obsessed with money & power and the charming beautiful intelligent Theodora—a woman of the intellect.

*Theodora? A woman of intellectual clout, only ....?*

Emotionally captivated by a fantasy world of her own making.

This statement leaves much to the imagination of a bad Mr. Big Stuff and a good Theodora but? There is not such a monkey. Mr. Big Stuff is not all that obsessed with money & power & beautiful Theodora only—he is in fact a very astute individual that offers much to the world of troubled people and!

Theodora? She is not as charming beautiful intelligent & intellectual as she pretends to be.

Even so, to the estimation of that Theodora at the time? She had no intentions of submitting to the obsession of a man obsessed with money & power without any intellectual clout to match that of Theodora's clout.

*Theodora's Only Aim?*

To get financially supported to stay home and raise her precious little girls. Noble aim? To say the least.

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Regardless, noble as her aim was in a way, her aim did not justify her means—she sold her body to obtain her means as it later, the Master/Creator of our beings convicts her on the spot.

But at the time? Theodora justified her means because in recent years she had tasted close to three years of bitter disappointment with the male element of humans.

Luis Pacific—the father of her precious girls—the husband of her romantic dreams?

Luis was not able to fulfill the wantonness & desires & unrealistic expectations of this romantic & passionate Theodora. So?

The tragedy of dysfunction begins. The victims? Three precious little girls she had brought into her fantasy romantic world.

That world came to an end some nine year after her wedding to this Luis Pacific—an intellectual wonder.

Rattled by the stormy winds of passion & rage at what she thought to be her Luis betrayal? She tore her wedding gown into a million pieces and threw her wedding ring at the same Luis that she thought to be her prince in shining armor and?

*Theodora began a disastrous spiral down ....?*

O dear, Theodora began a disastrous spiral down from every decent principle known to her at the time.

Here again? This situation leaves much room to portrait bad man against good woman. It is not so. As the story develops?

The real facts about it all will surface. As the facts surface, those facts will contribute to lead all to enter in the strait & narrow gate that will end at the mountain peak of an unknown peace & love never before enjoyed in the troubled life of many souls.

### *Theodora leaves the cradle of her dreams ....?*

At that moment of Theodora's life though, Theodora loss connection with her romantic prince by hearing words from his lips that she totally misconstrued as the most offensive words against all her morally romantic principles. So?

Theodora left the cradle of her dreams. The home of her romantic fantasy to live happily ever after by the side of her prince, nurturing her precious little girls—It all came tumbling down.

### *O the tragedy of romantic love ....?*

O the tragedy of the make believes world of fairy tales and make believe dressed up whales.

### *The story of the Dysfunctional Mother begins.*

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# Chapter 10

## The Stabbing ...

*IT WAS SOMETIME IN THE FALL OR, was it still summer?*

THE TIME WAS ONLY A FEW DAYS AFTER Theodora's bout with her broken mind.

It was night time. In the middle of the night? The phone rang. Theodora's partner Mr. Big Stuff jumped to his feet exclaiming, "It's Nadia! Her mom has been stabbed!" and?

Out the door he ran! Theodora sat up at the edge of the bed. Pausing. Reflecting. Tears ran out her lachrymal glands.

## *The Cause Of Theodora's Mental Breakdown...?*

Why were his girls removed from her care? Such blow had been the cause of her mind snapping unable to cope with the pain of separation. What now? Would now the girls be returned to the safety of her loving care?

Daytime Arrived. Next Situation ....?

Theodora is instructed to go to Nadia's mom house, pack Nadia's mom belongings and find a place to store them. The big rented house must be closed.

All of this is happening while Theodora is in a state of 'poor good woman doing so much good without any recognition. Still suffering the battering from a brute that did not appreciate her goodness.' Talking about 'self-pity? At its best.

Now Here Is The Situation ....?

Consuelo—her partner's first wife—Nadia's mom? Consuelo had gone wild visiting night clubs, dating one man or the next—the works.

Theodora did not judge nor condemned Consuelo because, Theodora had been there not too long before, so? Theodora had no room to point her finger at Consuelo.

That was good. Even so, Theodora's 'good'? It back-fired at her. For Theodora had noticed how the situation was affecting Nadia—the oldest of Mr. Big Stuff three little girls.

So? Theodora figured she was going to fix things up for Nadia. O but our good intentions? Are those really good?

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By far those ‘good intentions’ always have that big hook of glorifying that big ego in us whether intentional or not.

Anyhow, it so happened that Theodora gathered Nadia to herself and began to reason with the child.

She told the child how good her mom was only her mom was going through difficult times but? Her mom will soon get over those difficult times.

Nadia’s reaction? She bolted out of the house and disappeared. Somehow, Mr. Big Stuff brought her back a few hours later but, without any explanation? Mr. Big Stuff removed the three precious little girls from Theodora’s loving care.

Theodora? Numbed by the pain of such blow, she became like a mechanical super woman—taking care of all her duties but, unable to eat or sleep. On the 7th day of such ordeal? Theodora’s mind snapped! On to the next chapter.

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# Chapter 11

## Miracle. Theodora's Family Baptized

*The Uniqueness Of The Story? The LIFE In  
The Scriptures.*

TRACING MATTERS BACK TO THE BOOK. The Book or the Bible, most commonly misnomer for the Scriptures is, the basis that makes this story end up in the highest good for any human being.

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The uniqueness of the story? The Scriptures. Unfortunately, some readers will be discouraged at the first quoting of the Scriptures thinking this is a religious book. It is not.

Even so? The Scriptures must be quoted because, regardless Theodora's misconceptions in the past about the Scriptures? Those Scriptures became alive within her being at the moment of her transformation.

At the end of such transformation? Different story. Theodora discovers that the Scriptures are not a religion.

No longer 'religious' she becomes genuine, an example, an instrument in our Creator's hands to ratify all the confusion there is about Him and us and all there is to life on these earthly grounds.

The drama of this story evolves in a captivating turn of events that is bound to grab your heart & mind all the way to the end of the story, leaving you with hope & courage to overcome your own difficulties.

How Theodora discovers the Book?

It was the end of the school year, the beginning of that summer.

Adriana—Theodora's first born comes home with a request, "Mom, can I go to the slumber party at the Baptist Preacher's wife house?"

"Absolutely not! You do not go spend the night with strangers." Next day or a few minutes later? Adriana tries again & again. She really wants to go to that party. So, at last?

Theodora said, “Have that woman come to meet me and? Maybe then I will let you go.” Thus Theodora puts the matter to rest or so she thought.

Hum! Not long after that interchange with the insistent oldest child? Theodora is taking a break in the front yard. Cigarette in one hand, glass of wine in the other hand—Mrs. Right in Sight. Bless her heart.

Suddenly! This beautiful young woman appeared in her front. Wow! The young woman could have been a cheer leader of some kind. The young woman introduces herself,

“I am Debbie—the Preacher of Westwego Baptist Church’s wife. I come to see if you would kindly let Adriana come to the slumber party I am giving to get acquainted with the young girls in Westwego?”

Theodora’s jaw dropped. A preacher’s wife? This beautiful young woman? I thought all preacher’s wives & preachers were ‘old’ people, Theodora mused. Wow! What a rude awakening for Theodora.

Needless to say? Beautiful & polite Debbie stole haughty Theodora’s heart and Adriana? She got her wish, she went to the party but? It was not all to end there. Nope.

From that meeting day on? Young Debbie made her appearance while this haughty Theodora cigarette & wine in hand sat in her front yard taking her break. Debbie had a plan. She would come with the same request,

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“I came to invite you to come to my church this Sunday? We are going to have a guest and maybe you would like to hear the message?”

Haughty Theodora? She was adamant to accept such an invitation. Though that Theodora was no longer attending the Catholic Church since her separation from Luis Pacific? She would faithfully send the children to church every weekend because she thought that was her moral duty to do. So? Her answer to Debbie’s request always pretty much the same,

“Look! We are Catholic. We cannot go to the Baptist church.” Debbie? Always the same answer, “Just to visit?” Until? One day Debbie appeared as usual and? Theodora was not in a good mood. So? At Debbie’s “Just to visit?” This time Theodora retorted,

“Look! We are Catholic. Catholics don’t go to other churches and on top of that? I am not giving up this or this!” Meaning the wine and the cigarette in her hands.

Debbie? She did not bat an eye, she said, “You don’t have to give it up! Just come to visit us.” ...

Was it when? In the middle of the summer or was it the end but, Theodora’s family including Mr. Big Stuff? Theodora’s Catholic family and herself by that time? They had all been baptized in the Westwego Baptist Church’s Baptismal pool in the back of the church! They became Baptists. Wow! What a miracle.

But things crumbled shortly after they all had made their decisions and joined the Baptist religion.

It so happened that Theodora & Mr. Big Stuff were not legally married otherwise considered to be living a sinful life. So, the first thing in the agenda now that they were Baptists was to correct that situation.

Therefore, Dennis as a Minister of God, married Mr. Big Stuff and Theodora. They were blessed, God had blessed them and given them a new life.

Talking about miracles? What came next?

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## Chapter 12

### Miracles? Hum! Legally Married Hell Breaks Loose On Theodora.

MIRACLES. HUM! WHAT CAME NEXT? AH! The treachery of Satan & the ignorance of mankind. Theodora? She had no idea whatsoever of what was what?

She continued not only with her passionate task of raising her girls but also to immerse herself in the words of the Book totally unaware of what Satan had prepared for her immediate future. Oh?

Indeed! That night? Mr. Big Stuff came into the bedroom holding the big white Bible that his mother had gifted to him a long time before. He said, "I will read this book for myself from cover to cover!" With those words in his mouth, he propped himself in the bed next to Theodora and began to read aloud the first verses in the Book of Genesis.

Theodora? She became really still in wonder of what she was observing. In wonder of Mr. Big Stuff's arrogant words but also delighted thinking that all was to be well from then on. Quiet & still she began to observe with her spirit.

For Theodora was in the spiritual world at that moment of her life. She heard the voice of Mr. Big Stuff reading all through the 1st & 2nd chapters until he came to the part that read,

"Therefore a man shall leave his father and his mother and shall become united and cleave to his wife, and they shall become one flesh."

Mr. Big Stuff shut his lips and closed his eyes. A silence came upon the bedroom. Oh! how distinctively Theodora remembers it now. She made a feeble attempt to say something, but nothing came out.

And they lay there, apparently, he was sleeping but Theodora was listening in her spirit. It was at that precise moment when they believed the lie of Satan that they were not married. That they were still one flesh, he with his first wife and she with her first husband.

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The spirit of guilt and rejection got hold of both of their hearts and they turned their blessing into a curse. Theodora sat there in silence. Spiritually the voices came clear,

"You see? You are still one flesh with your first wife. That Baptist Preacher and this woman trapped you and they made a mockery out of God's Word!" "Yes I see it; she is not my wife."

And Theodora saw Mr. Big Stuff shutting his eyes. At that moment he turned against her in hate. Satan turned to Theodora with his pointed and accusing finger. "You, too, are still one flesh with your first husband and this is not your husband, you are guilty of adultery."

Mr. Big Stuff ejected flames of hate and rejection towards Theodora. Theodora concluded, "He has rejected me, I am not his wife at all. I must be guilty of adultery because of what I did to Luis Pacific."

This skit really took place. The result? Guilt. Condemnation. Hate. Violence. All of it came to be a hell on earth for Theodora and her family proving what Theodora saw & heard that treacherous night.

The things that happened after that night? Those things bear witness that what Theodora saw that night actually happened in the world that not many can see. The whole skit was true—not any invention of Theodora's imagination.

After that night? Mr. Big Stuff quit going to Church. He renewed his cursing and drinking. He became viler and crueller than he had been before. Theodora? Guilt. Self-pity. Rejection. It all consumed her being. Easy prey for Satan's counterfeits for the things of God.

Theodora's first encounter with the Word of God was a powerful encounter. The Word was quickened to her by the Holy Spirit. But Theodora? Empowered to grasp the very essence of the Word of God, Theodora presumed to understand because, she had a better mind than others.

Theodora assumed that to see things in the spirit as the things she saw & heard that night, she considered that such was her privilege because? She was smarter than Mr. Big Stuff. In fact, Theodora assumed the same thing about everybody else. She considered herself above all others.

So? Giving her condition of guilt, self-pity, rejection consuming her being, her superiority complex in spite of it all? She became easy prey for Satan's counterfeits for the things of God.

On top of it all? Lust for spiritual knowledge drove her into the spiritual realm. Lack of knowledge of such realm? Calls for a disaster. Spiritually, Theodora was in the spiritual world, a world that she knew nothing about. It seemed that the entire armies of hell were dispatched to destroy not just Theodora, but Mr. Big Stuff as well.

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The situation became practically unbearable. Theodora was under such an emotional, physical, mental, and spiritual strain that it was impossible for her to eat or sleep for about seven days. For seven days also she was emotionally abused and exploited by Mr. Big Stuff. Mentally and physically exhausted because of the lack of food and sleep? Theodora lost touch with reality. Mr. Big Stuff put her in an ambulance and rushed her to the mental hospital.

When Theodora arrived at the mental hospital she came to her senses for a moment. She begged not to be admitted. She had figured out by that time what was going on? She was under a Satanic attack. She knew she didn't need a hospital or drugs but rather? She needed prayer but? She begged in vain. In ignorance of what was happening and thinking that he was helping Theodora? Mr. Big Stuff begged for Theodora to sign herself in since she had come to her senses and he could not sign for her.

Theodora, exhausted & worn out, signed herself in. Immediately they injected on her a heavy dose of Terrazin strong enough to knock a horse down as she was told later. The Terrazin took effect and she sailed away into the unknown, invisible world. Theodora's mind was lost for three days in that world.

Theodora was now legally married but? Satan's little skit comes into play that sordid night when Satan open the gates to unleash his demons on unsuspecting Theodora.

Indeed! From that next day on? All hell broke loose against unsuspecting Theodora culminating with Theodora's quick trip to the mental hospital a couple of weeks later. And Theodora's life in her role of, 'A Dysfunctional Mother In A Dysfunctional Family' continues to develop.

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## Chapter 13

### Stephano ...New Joyful Addition To Theodora's Dysfunctional Family.

WE COME NOW TO THAT CHRISTMAS TIME in that year. Theodora's life & family had come to settle down somewhat. Christmas preparations have come into play giving the children something to look forward with glee.

Theodora? In those three days out of the visible world while in the mental hospital, she had seen her future coming in the following 10 years.

She shared such vision and inquired with her Bible teacher as to what could have been the meaning of such vision?

Her teacher admonished Theodora to forget the whole thing for it was not good to dwell in such things as visions & things of that nature.

Thus, Theodora put the whole incident in the back of her mind.

She decided to forget not only the vision but also the reading of the Book.

Theodora feared to lose her mind again delving in things that she did not understand.

She made up her mind to become a good wife & mother and forget everything else.

By and by, the awaited Christmas Day came. Christmas gift opened with much ado, the phone rang. It was Uncle Herman – Mr. Big Stuff's brother.

Evidently, Uncle Herman's sister in law had abandoned her young son at Uncle Herman's house and Uncle Herman wanted to know if Mr. Big Stuff & Theodora would take the little boy in.

"Sure! We are on our way!" The whole family boarded the old station wagon and they all headed to get the new addition to Theodora's family.

Later on that night? Theodora walked back into her house with a bundle of joy sleeping in her arms clutching his 'Poo'—a golden teddy bear—his security toy.

Gently Theodora laid him down in one of the bunks. The girls?—besides themselves with glee!



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Each one of them was willing to give up the bunk for the night until some bedding be arranged for Stephano—the bundle of joy as he proved to be for Theodora & girls. Thus, that Christmas Day ended.

A new stage had begun for that Dysfunctional Mother in a Dysfunctional Family.

Let's us continue in the next chapter.

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## Chapter 14

### A Near Disaster ...Theodora's Family Moves.

WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN NEXT? O MAN! In the dark hours of the night Adriana crawled into Theodora's bedroom. Mom! Wake up! The smoke filled the house. The children were suffocating!

Mr. Big Stuff jumped out of bed and quickly turn off the failing gas hitter in the wall. He proceeded to open doors & windows and get the children out in the open.

When daytime came? To their shock, all walls & ceiling were black from the smoke. The landlady refused to do any repairs. So?

Theodora began the hunt for a new home suitable for her family now 7 seven children and husband & wife.

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The new home was found in the neighbouring town of Marrero. It was bought, and Theodora's family moved in.

So? Westwego became only a memory for them all. Again, the new house was in a quiet subdivision. The children continued to play in the quiet street of that subdivision.

In the new house in Marrero, LA. Theodora's new status as Mrs. Big Stuff and mother of 7 youngsters increased her passion to raise them up to fit as productive citizens of the USA.

Adriana, Nadia, Pepita, Rose, Miguela, Joy and Stephano were Theodora's treasure. In her estimation they were inseparable—just as if all of them had come from her own womb.

In the eyes of the children, at that time though, jealousy & many quarrels among them was a thing of challenge for Theodora.

Even so, many years later all of that became to the 7 of them? Only a memory to solidify the love that later developed among them to Theodora's pride & joy for her part in their upbringing.

Much more to tell. I will bring the story up to date as I go along posting all developments in this supernatural, higher life that I am experiencing in the Presence of my Father.

Much love, thiaBasilia—Author—Publisher—Webmaster.

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