

## TALES AT THE GREEN MEADOWS COMMUNITY

The community in the south eastern Corridor of Melbourne is up to its old tricks again. It goes by the title of the Green Meadows Community and operates the south east of Melbourne. The community could be a number of communities in the area, except that this community has two faces to it like Janus the Roman God; the public face and that of the covert face. It is our view that the green meadows community is currently facing many problems, one of which is a current power struggle between the old guard and that of the new guard.

The comical aspects of the struggle is that it is so comical that one does not know whether to laugh, cry or throw their arms up in despair. One however should not tempt the "Gods of Fate and Fortune" for life has a way of leveling those who attempt to build their empires on the bodies of others. Like all empires, tyrants, despots and dictatorial civilizations, they all will come to pass. The so called mighty evil kings (Herod) of old had their day, the mighty warriors, (Attila), the false prophets, (Rasputin), where are they now. They are all dead, burnt, buried, some forgotten; while others live on in the memory of scholars, or like most, will be found in the books one reads from time to time.

Consider well then you tyrants, dictators, false prophets of today, your time will come for you are but a carbon copy of those before you and yes you will return to the earth to be the food of the worms that will devour your flesh, while you in your deathly mask with your eyes open and your jaw grinning from ear to ear look up into the ceiling of your earthly wooden box. Repent now and seek the true God that walks amongst us and take the path of goodness before the "Gods of hatred, filth, evil and destruction" take hold of your pulsating heart and turns it into stone.

Repent my sons and daughters the true prophet is heard to say in the market place. Repent before it is too late and don't listen to the false prophets among you. Don't listen to the doomsayer who speaks with a sweet and melodious voice like a maiden is wooed by her lover. Yes and there are those who speak from high places, or those who sing the praises of their own evil deeds and then profess to believe in the one true God. Yes we know who they are, for they live amongst us and look sideways to see whether we are watching them. Life is short and death is an eternity.

Remember that in this life, you may keep your books of life to be checked and audited by those in higher places. But you can never hide the covert and hidden books from those on high, for many are aware of your evil misdeeds. Look and you will see a tiger waiting in the shadows, waiting and being patient for the time when you will weaken and can no longer keep the tiger at bay. That is when it will leap upon you when you least expect it and devour you. Keep a look out, watch for the signs; post your demon sentinels and your hounds of hell for they may turn upon you.

Do not bear false witness against those who you deem to be friends; do not denigrate the works of a good man who has contributed much to alleviate your suffering. Do not hold a grudge against those who are not afraid to stand up to the bully boys and/or their henchmen. Or their evil scribes who snicker in the corners of the room. Let not your voices become the purveyors of iniquity or make jest of someone's suffering. For ye shall all be judged in one manner or another, in this world or in the other. But surely as the sun rises in the morning and as the sun goes down in the evening, your tome will come.

A message for all evil tyrants; watch, listen, and repent for your time is about to arrive. Some of you have already been stricken with guilt, disease, pain and suffering, repent now and don't let the evils of cancer overtake your temple. It is never too late to return to the path of good, allow your heart to be drawn to the one true God, the one who will forgive you and don't listen to the false prophets, evil winged messengers or the scribes who live amongst you. As a last resort, visit the cemeteries and ponder to yourself, where be my parents, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives now.

Are they here with me or have they gone on before me to pave the way. Will they be there to greet me when I am gone or will I be taken for a journey that has no end and never meet those who were close to you? Life is far too short my son. Make your amends now before it is too late. Seek out those whom you have wronged and ask for their forgiveness, but do not expect to receive it, for life teaches us all harsh lessons that we cannot afford to forget.  
Peter Adamis