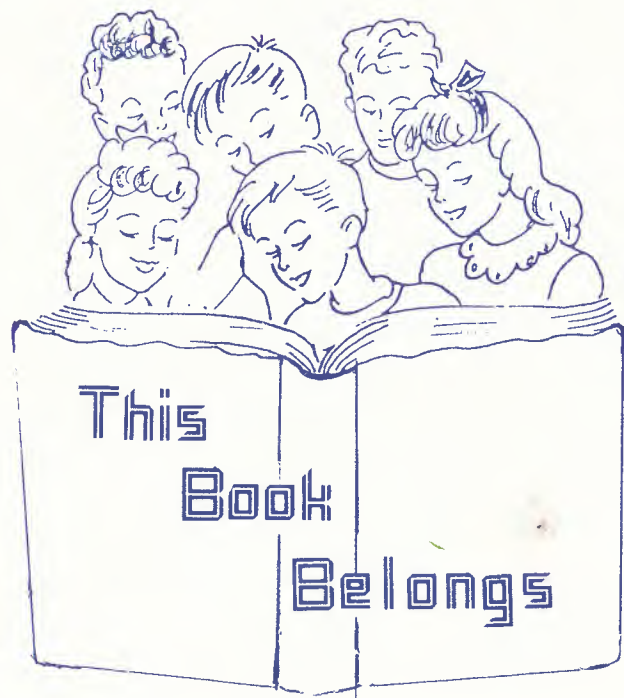


**ONCE
UPON A TIME
AGO**

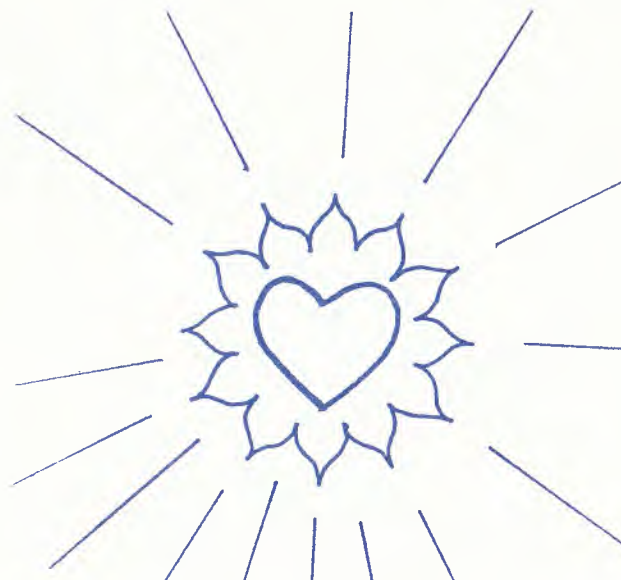


ONE BOOKLET IN A SERIES OF PUBLICATIONS
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW GOLDEN AGE



To _____

ONCE
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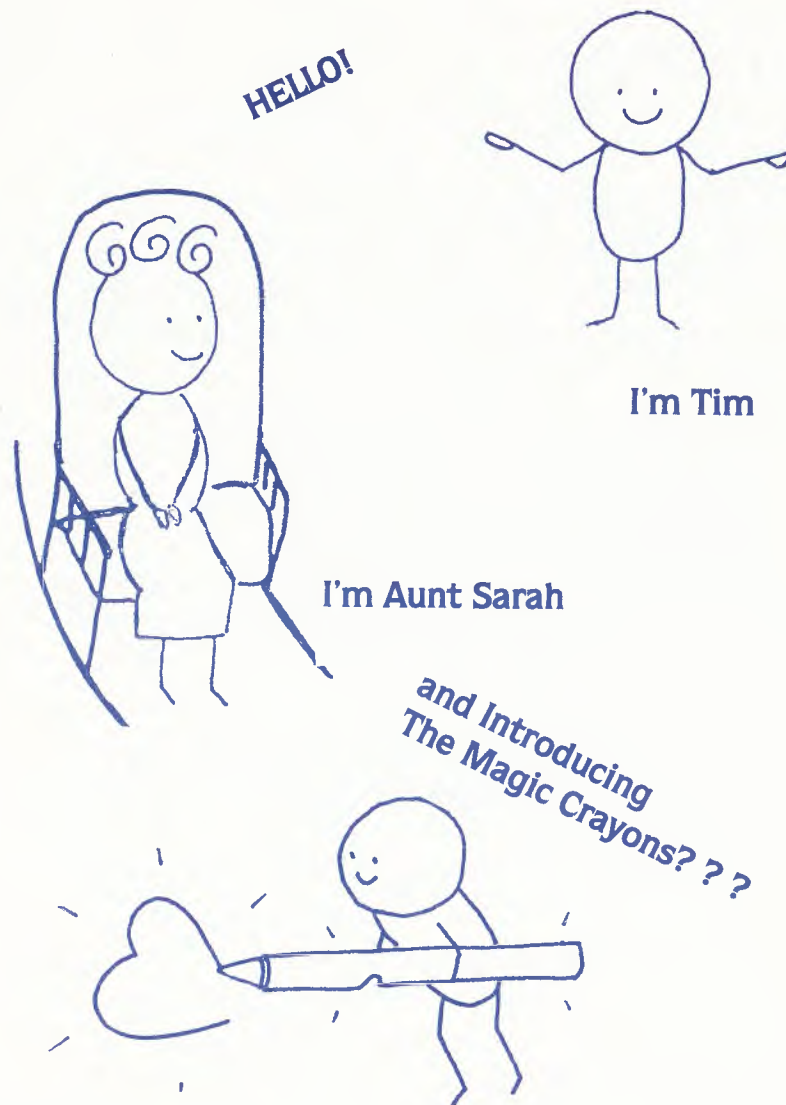


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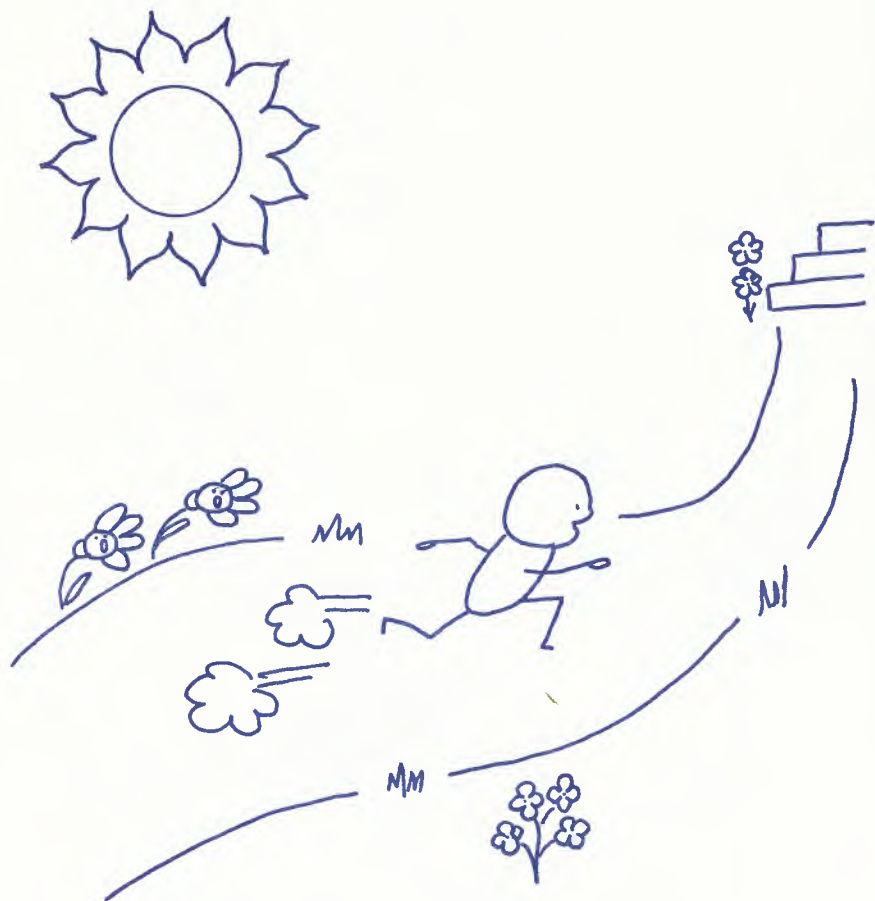
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Come along for
Pages of Fun



ONCE UPON A TIME AGO

Tim charged through the tall meadow grass. He leaped over the rocky creek without getting a shoelace wet and thundered down the sandy path stirring up clouds of dust. He was in such a hurry, his feet had a hard time keeping up with his body.

Sunbeams bouncing off Aunt Sarah's little white cottage in the glen caught Tim's eye and he began shouting. "It happened! It happened, Aunt Sarah, just like you said it would."

Aunt Sarah greeted him as he skidded to a stop at the foot of the porch steps. "Welcome'back," she said.

Tim vaulted up the steps two at a time. "It happend, Aunt Sarah."

Her white hair glistened as she patted and rearranged the blue velvet pillow that had "Visit Niagara Falls" embroidered on it. "Ahh! That's much better," she said, settling down in the cane rocker. "Now, tell me all about it."

Tim took a deep breath and words spilled out of his mouth. "Remember when you told me that one day I would visit a place I'd never been before and it would be familiar?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, it happend, Aunt Sarah! Just like you said it would."



"Oh, my yes! that's exciting," she said. "Tell me more."

Tim dragged his chair closer. "Well," he began, "Mom and Dad and me and Molly went to the ocean on our vacation. And there was an old-fashioned town nearby so Dad and I went exploring one day. And Aunt Sarah, I knew where everything was going to be . . . just like you said . . . but I've never been there before."

She nodded. "Yes, go on."

Tim balanced on the edge of his chair. "Well, Dad and I were standing on Main Street in front of the barber shop. And I said 'C'mon, Dad, let's go see if the brass eagle is still hanging over the door at the general store.' Dad didn't say anything. He just followed me around the corner. And guess what, Aunt Sarah?"

"What?"

"It was there. Swinging under the Pettibone General Store sign . . . the biggest brass eagle I ever saw." Tim rubbed the goose bumps on his arms. "It sure felt strange."

"How's that?" asked Aunt Sarah.

"I've never been in that town before. But I knew where everything would be" . . . his voice trailed off.

"It's okay," said Aunt Sarah.

Tim looked up at her. "Dad said it was okay, too. He called it some kind of recall."

"Past life recall?" she asked.

"Yeah, that was it!" Tim wondered how she knew about so many things.



"It's very possible," Aunt Sarah continued, "that you lived in the old town in one of your past lives. When you went back there on vacation, it reminded you of that time."

Tim leaned forward eagerly. "What's a past life?"

"It's a time when you lived on planet Earth before."

"How come?"

"So you could learn to apply God's Laws," said Aunt Sarah.

"Whew!" Tim let out a long sigh. "There must be a lot."

"A lot of what?" asked Aunt Sarah.

"God's Laws," he answered.

"What makes you say that?"

"Well," he continued, "if it takes more than one whole life, then there must be a lot of Laws to learn."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "There's a difference between learning a Law and applying It."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know how to play baseball?"

Tim took a deep breath. "Sure, I know how to play baseball."

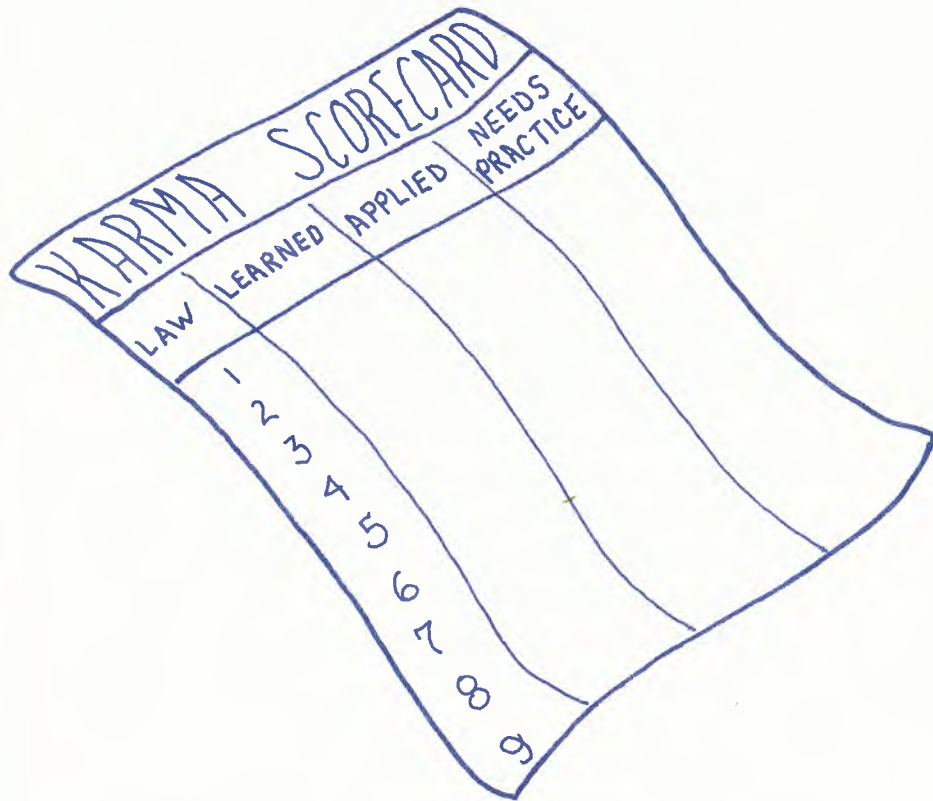
"Do you hit the ball every time?"

He half-grinned, like when Mom caught him with his hand in the cookie jar before dinner. "Not every time," he mumbled.

"Then what do you do?"

"Practice," he groaned, slumping in his chair.

"Father-Mother God gives us a chance to practice while we live on planet Earth," said Aunt Sarah.



Tim straightened up "Practice what?"
 "Applying His Laws," said Aunt Sarah.
 "Why?"

"So we get them right."

That sounded logical. "What is one of God's Laws?"

Tim asked.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you".

A broad grin spread across Tim's face. "I know that one It means to treat people the way you want them to treat you."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "Yes, that's very good. The Laws are easy to understand," she said. " They are not always so easy to apply."

"Boy, I'll say." Tim nodded his head. "How does Father-Mother God know when we have learned to apply all His Laws?"

"It's marked on a karma score card."

Tim scratched his head. "Karma score card. What's karma?"

Aunt Sarah rocked gently in her old cane chair. "Karma." She repeated each letter slowly. "K-A-R-M-A. Keeping Action Right Means Ascension. It's like a game. Father-Mother God made it to help His children who live on planet Earth get Home sooner."

Tim stared blankly.

"Do you know the story about the Prodigal Son?" she asked.



Tim's eyes sparkled. "Sure! The son wanted to go explore on his own so he left his father and had all kinds of adventures. When he spent all his money and didn't have any place to go, he went back home and his father gave him a big welcome-home party."

"Close enough," said Aunt Sarah. "The father loved his child very much."

"Must have," Tim said, "to give such a big party."

"Or to let him go," added Aunt Sarah smiling.

"What's that have to do with Karma?" Tim asked.

"Every person living on planet Earth is a child of Father-Mother God," she answered. "If we Keep our Actions Right, we can Make our Ascension and go Home to Him."

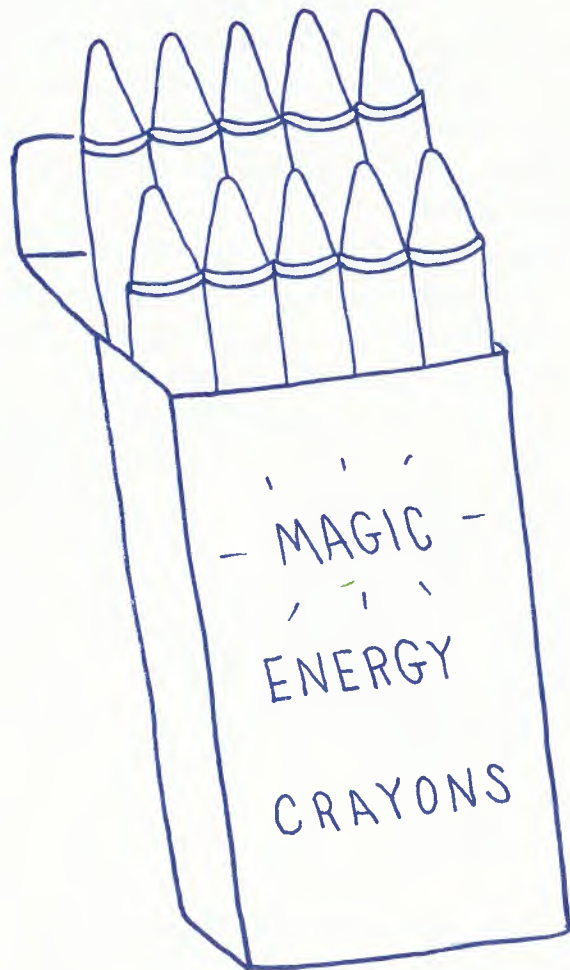
"What's ascension?"

"Ascension means going Home. When you have learned the correct way to apply all God's Laws, there's no need to practice getting them right on planet Earth anymore. You can go Home to Father-Mother God who is waiting to give a big welcome-home party for you, too."

"Wow! And all I have to do is act right. That sounds pretty easy."

"It is easy when you follow the game plan," said Aunt Sarah.

Tim sprang out of his chair and started doing warm-up exercises. "Okay!" he said panting. "I'm ready, How do you play karma?"



"When you were born, Father-Mother God gave you Life or Energy."

"Right," said Tim, still bobbing up and down.

"How you use that Energy is called karma. Some people learn very quickly to use the Energy wisely. Because they Keep their Actions Right, they can Make their Ascension. It takes others longer to use the Energy wisely. so they have to practice."

Tim stopped bobbing up and down. Aunt Sarah," he said slowly, "I still don't know how to play karma."

"Hmmm!" She raised her right hand put it to her temple. "Let me see." She looked over Tim's head. It always amazed him how she found answers over his head. The only thing he ever found was his faded Little League baseball cap.

Aunt Sarah smiled and lowered her eyes. "Let's say God's Divine Plan for you life is in a box full of magic Energy crayons."

Tim learned forward. "Magic Energy crayons!" he whispered.

"Yes. And each Energy crayon has a special function."

This sounded like more fun all the time. "What do they do?" he asked.

"There are crayons for color."

"I like purple," he said.

"That's a good color," she smiling. The color crayons are to choose which race you want to belong to."

"Huh?"



"Do you want to be a red, white, yellow, black or brown person?"

"Oh!"

Aunt Sarah continued. "There are crayons for gender."

"What?"

"Do you want to be a boy or a girl?" she asked.

"A boy of course," he blurted, surprised that she would even consider anything else.

"Fine," she said calmly. "Then you choose a boy Energy crayon."

"Are there any other crayons?"

"There are different country crayons. There is a music crayon you may choose if you like music. There is a crayon for intelligence. There"

"Aunt Sarah," Tim interrupted, "why is there just one crayon for music and one for intelligence?"

"That's all you need," she said. "Your ability depends on how much or how little of the crayon you use."

Tim smiled. "That's neat! Anything else?"

"There are parent crayons and occupation crayons and"

"Wait a minute!" he blurted. "Parent crayons! You mean I get to pick my own mother and father?"

"Yes, you do."

"Wow! How many Energy crayons can I choose?"

"You and your God Within decide before you are



born which crayons will be needed to fulfill your life's plan on Earth. Eventually you will use all the Energy crayons. But since there are so many, it usually takes more than one lifetime."

"So that's what I remembered on vacation," said Tim. "A time when I lived before." He rested his elbows on his knees and propped his chin in his hands. "Wonder what crayons I used then?"

"Maybe you used a sailor crayon," she suggested. "You lived by the sea."

Tim's mouth fell open. "Wow! yeah, that would be neat. I really like big ships." His eyes got glassy and he saw himself braced at the helm of his ship as a typhoon raged around him. Skillfully he navigated through the storm and saved his entire crew from a watery grave. As the vision faded, he realized the only thing he had ever sailed was a wooden raft in Aunt Sarah's fish pond.

"What's the matter, Tim? you look so sad."

"Why can't I remember?" he asked.

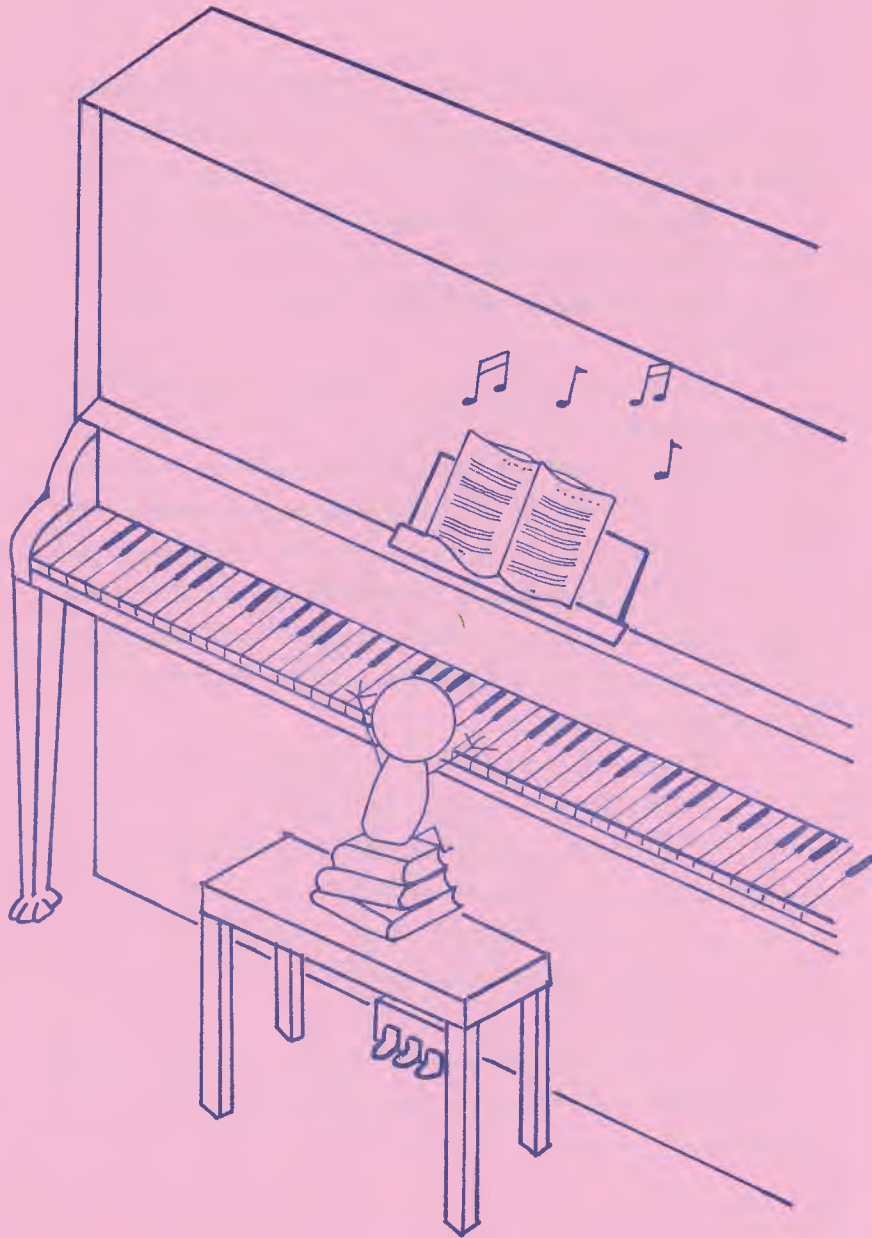
"When you were born, an angel slipped a Band of Forget-fullness around your forehead."

Tim scowled. "That's a dirty trick. How come?"

"So you will live in the NOW."

"Why?"

Aunt Sarah smiled and winked at him. "How would you feel, if you knew you were a very rich and powerful king in a past life?"



"Oh, yeah! I'd like that, too!" He stuck out his chest and strutted around the porch inspecting the royal stables.

"Then again," said Aunt Sarah, "maybe you were a dance hall girl in the wild west."

The royal stables vanished. "Oh, yuck!" he muttered and slumped into his chair.

"It's not that bad, is it?"

He didn't answer. He just stared at her. A dance hall girl, he thought. That's the pits.

"Think!" said Aunt Sarah. "If you HAD to remember all your past lives, how could you concentrate on this one?"

"Yeah, I guess so," he mumbled. Maybe that forgetful headband is a pretty good idea after all, he thought, sitting up a little straighter. But wait a minute . . . he remembered being in that town. "Aunt Sarah, I know you don't have to, but what if you do remember?"

"It can be helpful sometimes," she said.

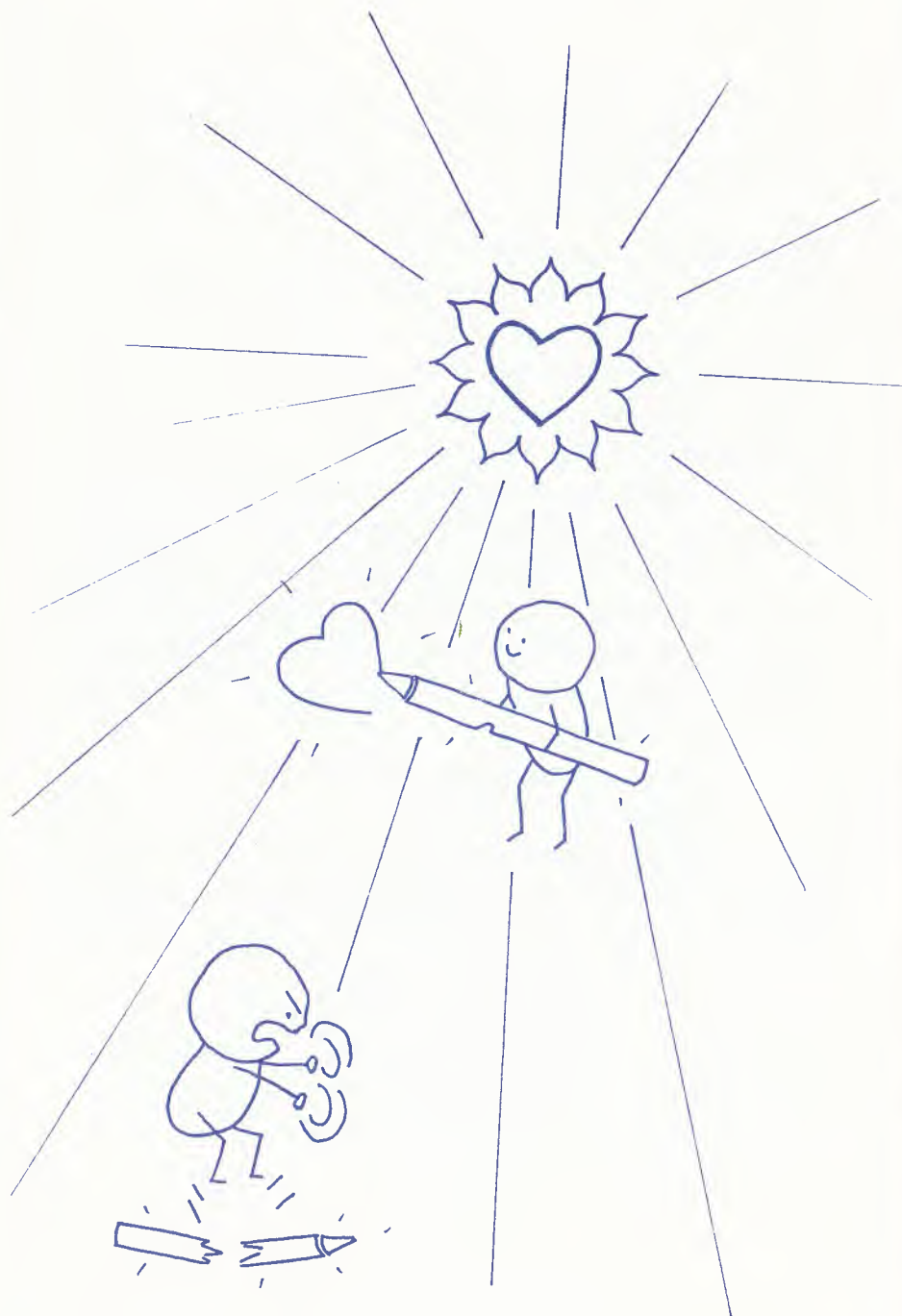
"How?"

"Understanding what happened in a past life can be a possible answer to some of the situations people are growing through in this life."

"What's that mean?" Tim asked.

"Why are some people afraid of the water for no apparent reason? How can a five-year-old child play beautiful music on a piano without ever taking any lessons?"

Tim shook his head. "I don't know."



"Maybe the person who is afraid of water drowned in a past life."

"That sure would be a good reason to be afraid of water," Tim said. "What about the piano player?"

"Maybe he chose the music crayon many times before. So he brought that talent with him into this life."

That makes sense, Tim Thought. But if Father-Mother God knows only good, I wonder where bad comes from? "Are there any bad crayons?" he asked.

Aunt Sarah stopped rocking and stared at Tim as if she hadn't heard his question. "I beg your pardon," she said.

"Well, some people act bad like thieves and murderers, I was just wondering if there were any bad crayons?"

"Oh!" said Aunt Sarah. She started rocking again. "No. There are no bad crayons."

"Then why are there thieves and murderers?"

"Father-Mother God gives you Energy. He does not tell you how to use the Energy. He hopes you will listen to your own God Within and use It with love and wisdom. BUT IT IS up to you. People who commit crimes against their fellow man are misusing the Energy Father-Mother God gave them."

Tim jammed his fists into his pockets and paced back and forth. "It isn't fair, Aunt Sarah," he grumbled.

"What isn't fair?"

"Well, what if a thief hurts someone and he doesn't get caught?"

Aunt Sarah's brow wrinkled. "Come here, child," she

said, opening her arms. "A thief may get away without paying according to man's law. But he WILL have to made amends according to Father-Mother God's Divine Law."

"How?" asked Tim.

Aunt Sarah looked directly into his eyes. "Because the thief misused God's Energy, he will have to go through a similar situation, in another life, which makes him understand how his victim suffered."

"Is that like being in the other guy's shoes?" asked Tim.

Aunt Sarah nodded. "Yes, indeed!"

Tim walked around behind her chair. He draped himself over the back of it and wrapped his arms around her shoulders. She patted his hands reassuringly. They stayed that way for a long time without saying anything.

Tim finally broke the silence. "Aunt Sarah," he said thoughtfully. "Father-Mother God's Law is fairer than man's law.."

"Yes, child," she whispered. "When man learns that he is truly a Child of God and acts like it, there will be no need for man's law."

THE BEGINNING

