

# Anecdotes by Papi

## "THE YELLOW-JACKETS"

### FOR MY FRIEND

Recently I had the pleasure of not only making the acquaintance of my newest best friend **DR MAHMOUD ABUKATTEH**, but enjoying a delightful conversational breakfast with him as well. Dr Abukatteh will be referred to from this point on as simply "my friend." True and honest friends are without doubt hard to find in life's journey. So then should one ever perceive the lovely kinship of another to be of good report; concerning the essence of his soul to be just and desiring virtue in its final array; that one is a friend with whom you can make covenant ... providing you seek the same. Herein is a little incident in my life that "My Friend" persuaded me to share in brief composition.

My friend told me his present interests were primarily in the area of linguistics'; that he was now researching for a book he planned to write, and so we began to talk about language. He being fairly accomplished bilingually concerning English and Arabic was of course essential to our being able to communicate. "Everything has a language" he says! "Even chickens" he says! As he proceeds to mimic chickens with the use of human tones and inflections I was certainly amused but beyond that I also knew precisely what he was trying to tell me. So then I told him so much so; and exchanged a similar experience concerning my understanding of "crows," or as they are large blackbirds, and their language that I had observed. The story of the "crows" is another story ... this one is about "yellow-jackets."

**F**or those who may not be familiar with yellow-jackets they are NOT exactly honeybees. Although they are maintained as Adam saw them and classified them; in the same kingdom, and the same phylum, and the same class, and the same order, and are often mistaken for honey bees – it is the “FAMILY” labeling where the separation is noticeably made. It is their temperament that precedes their marked dissimilarity. Not only do they proudly wear external colors of dissension but their very nature is to be self serving and combative. They do make honey but only for themselves. Honey bees on the other hand have learned this: “freely one has received – freely one should give” or share. Therefore we enjoy the labor and fruit of another that is so directed in providence by the ONE and very Creator. Yellow-jackets are at odds with everyone; they just sting just to be stinging; or at least that is what the unlearned mind first observes and swears by until he begins to understand the role actually appointed to the lowly little ill-tempered yellow-jacket. However, this composition isn’t about their purposeful roles in being. It is merely to point out the fact that all the creatures of creation have language.

**T**o say the least, yellow-jackets are annoyances and everyone I know is always trying to eradicate them. They mostly nest in underground colonies that can sometimes be thousands strong and they will attack with great vehemence should that little community be disturbed.

**I** shared with my friend that about twenty six years ago I discovered how to easily locate a yellow-jacket nest. Once located you simply wait until darkness arrives along with the last yellow-jacket and you destroy the whole bunch. You see the little predators stay out until the last light and then they all return to the nest at evening and begin the daily process anew on each following day. Here’s the secret. As they all leave the nest – one by one – it’s like flights out of an airport. Zoom! Zoom! As each one zooms off in flight, and providing the sun is shining, he glimmers as a little streak of yellow light. Should you desire ... just walk to the launch area and there’s the little hole. Bingo! You now have the upper hand to yellow-jacket control. This becomes knowledge and understanding of course, and your survival and well being in the kingdom is dependent upon finding the wisdom to control certain things around you.

**H**ow does this relate to my friends linguistics’ expertise and inquires? “Everything has a language” he says! “Even honey bees” he says! Dr Mahmoud then proceeds to share an experience that he had with honey bees very similar to the one I am now relating. I will allow him to tell you of the honey bees. Yes that’s right. Even honey bees communicate and if honey bees then yellow-jackets also!

**J**ust two years ago in 2006, my grand daughter “Makenzie” was visiting Papi’s house. Yes Papi is the author of “The Yellow-jackets.” Anyway the yellow-jackets were so uncontrolled that when you went out side at Papi’s house they would swarm by the hundreds around your legs; but of course a two year old baby girl doesn’t understand they are not there exactly to harm you but if you agitate them they will sting you. Now because of where the nests (more than one) were I could never see them leave in the morning light. My desire was to eliminate these pests so my grand baby could enjoy her stay at Papi’s house and therefore made my desire known to our Father in heaven. His provision caused me to stumble upon the next secret of control. It seemed that I had been outwitted by the little creatures. I let **them divulge** the whereabouts to their lodging quarters by listening in to their communications.

**N**ow you must think I am nuts, you know, a little crazy. You say now he’s talking to the animal kingdom. Well the truth is – I do! None the less since I don’t speak fluent *yellowjacketese* I simply observed them communicating with one another in what they are prone to do in warfare. I killed one! I took the battle to them and as they were all flying low to the ground and scavenging what the new day had made available I took advantage of a lone insect. You see one could never wisely do that at the nest or among the large group. So there is safety in numbers.

**A** yellow-jacket will never, and as you may well guess nor will a honey bee, leave a fallen comrade in the field. He is taken back to the nest. Did you catch it? He is taken back to the NEST. The whereabouts of the nest is precisely what I am seeking. So off the dead or injured are taken in flight by others and of course I struggle to watch where they land. When they flew so far into the forest I consequently lost sight of just exactly where they went. I live in a fairly wooded area. So then I kill another and another and another. I killed several and would watch the entire process each time of getting him back to the nest and each time I went a little farther into the area where they disappeared until I FOUND THE HIDDEN PLACE. The secret to control them is what I discovered.

**M**entioned above was the entire process; occasionally it was quite interesting. The rescuer at times would have to stop on a certain tree limb to adjust his grip and then continue his flight. Now I may safely assume that it couldn’t have been the same rescuer each and every time, however, the peculiarity was this: they all stopped on the same limb to readjust. That spot must have been secretly agreed upon and marked by some way of linguistics. The rescuer would get the victim out of the combat zone as quickly as possible and remember they are both the same size. If the victim was decapitated one came to take the head and another

came to take the body. Decapitation you say? No I did not separate the segmented insect to said proportion. It was a rival colony of yellow-jackets that were the culprits. Now there's not much use to exclaim. Does not mankind practice the same coldhearted tricks to gain control over a little piece of territory trying to allow their own little family or tribe to outgun or outsmart the other for selfish reasons. The temporal control of a little area is as foolish as in thinking that little area belongs to them alone; when in reality this earth and ALL herein and beyond belongs to OUR Creator and we are merely given its use as stewards.

**G**ang warfare, tribal disputes, ethnic violence, racial hatred, religious dogmas, national confrontations, political corruptions – it is all included in this little natural display of yellow-jackets as well as in thousands of other displays if we would only engage ourselves to study the conclusion. It is a LACK OF COMMUNICATION that has caused the imbalance to go awry. Papi has a big 'ole yard and also ten acres to boot. There is plenty of room for me: for Makenzie; for two separate colonies of yellow-jackets, plus a lot more. It is respect or the lack thereof on the part of some participants in this life's journey of experiences that need the adjustment. I write a lot concerning respecting boundaries and knowing what they are.

Below are some examples that may serve to spawn certain meditation beyond this particular composition ; in continuation after this insert.

## Proverbs by Papi

**Papi 86** – Every entity must have a place of abode to exist; the room that occupies its existence was set by the **divine law of boundary** at the point of its own reality.

**Papi 87** – Every entity then needs a path in order to move; understanding this in the highest degree of essentiality is paramount to victory.

**Papi 88** – **The path of movement** for any entity seen or unseen must be provided by and through a greater entity seen or unseen; when the path is denied by greater force there is no movement.

**Papi 78** – The secret of control in any situation is in knowing in what place the control is hidden, also, in what place it will go once revealed.

**Papi 39** – Life is sustained in balance; the branch that understands gives life accordingly so that the tree finds balance.

**Papi 14** – The discipline that transcends all others is that assigned to the soul.

**Papi 89** – One should perceive before the study of a path apply in advance before that path is ventured; *from here to there requires a path.*

The respect: we owe to the very environment to which we are assigned to live and learn in, is what gingerly transverses misunderstood differences, often assumed in self appointed boundary; is what mutually suggests cooperation. To accord the balance of an awkward situation is to understand the opposing other by a greater knowledge than that which is afloat the general populace of any given culture or society. When any individual recognizes their new role as becoming a contributor to the well being of mankind and thereby opposing to the view of the many, then indeed, the friendship of which I have spoken becomes even the more genuine and separated unto itself.

**Papi 118** – Rarity resides regally - in the center of oneness - nowhere near the outer circle of multiplicity; it only passes through while **avoiding the common denominator**.

Recently someone ask me what does the above Papi Proverb mean so I thought I would share just a bit concerning it. Multiplicities are the many called “crowds” that travel the broad path that leads to destruction, and of course those that actually travel the narrow path spoken of in scripture are few indeed. Diamonds

and golden nuggets are never found in nature mounded up in great heaps. Precious gems are rejoiced over when found for they are considered rare. The “Pearl of Great Price” is the rarity. Yahushua told his disciples he was not of this world and that they also would come to understand that they were in the world but not of the world. Abraham lived his life as on just passing through looking for a city wherein the promises would be found. So the moral of **Papi 118** is separate yourselves beloved. Be the rarity among mankind that Our Father seeks.

**S**o then the OTHER tribe of yellow-jackets also disclosed their hidden agenda by their very actions – dictated by their very language one to another. Once in a while I would swat a yellow-jacket and notice that several would attack him instead of rescuing the poor soul. They invariably attacked the downed opponent and ripped his head from his body. At this point those of his own tribe or affinity of mutual resolve would come and recover his dead body. He indeed died for the cause not really knowing the cause; only what those who ran before him, either in slight, or in full confusion, had passed along in the genetics of the body and not the design of the soul.

**T**hen I noticed an ever so slight difference in the markings of the one tribe as opposed to the other and also a slight difference in size. To each its own outward display of superiority; banners proudly worn to swarm in defense of; territorial rights not only to defend but also to expand. Perhaps there was also a difference in smell, or something of that nature, because once the soldier was down both sides instantly knew it. Their turn to react was obviously dictated by a higher understanding than just mob rule. This meant that there was the orchestration of do and don't, wait - not now, go - quickly - recover – retreat ....

**F**ar fetched? Not at all - it's called warfare.

**A**ll of the animal kingdom practices warfare and man profoundly above all. Does this excuse the practice simply because everyone else is occupied therein? Not in any stretch of the imagination. It is however among appropriations allowed for and set in motion to exhibit themselves and run concurrently with Adam's existence until all participants learn the opposite course that is also set concurrently. That alternative action is naturally called - PEACE.

**N**eedless to say, those two colonies of yellow-jackets no longer exist. Perhaps one tribe could have continued, but their language or the expression of their lives - ended their lives. I would venture to say just a few of them would like to know they could do it all over in a different manner and I choose to think they would.

The friendship now being forged between an American and a Palestinian is one not based on antiquated articulated differences in linguistic designs of the past experiences of others. This friendship seeks a “one on one comradery” through helping to implement the restoration of a pure and undefiled language. It is one of true believers in ONE.

Needless to say, I learned considerably more than I have divulged amid this present treatise and I marvel at the consistency of the Creator’s unfolding reveal.

YOUR FRIEND - Papi  
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