

Doors to Joy

*Setting the Captive
Free - Emotionally*

Janine Joi



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3-10 thru 3-12-2018 Cork

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‘Jesus, when I praise you what do I call you?’

“Lord is fine, is that good with you?”

So I said, “I praise you Lord.” I smiled and looked up at him and nodded my head yes.

‘Jesus, I get confused with Janine and all her stuff. She’s really unsure of herself.’

Jesus nodded his head and said, “I know she is. Would you like to help her with that?”

I looked up at him and nodded, ‘Yes I would! How?’

“By learning about the Cork Road.”

‘The cork road?’

“Yes. This is going to take some time Nini, do you have time right now?”

“Oh yes Daddy!” I exclaimed.

“Come up here and sit on my lap little one, let me tell you the story about the Cork Road.”

So I climbed up into the lap of Jesus and snuggled down, leaning against him and he started the story.

“Once upon a time, a long time ago, there were plenty of people. Some of these people wanted to build a whole road made out of cork.”

I looked up at Jesus, “Why?”

“Because it was soft under their feet when they cut it down in the forest, so they thought that if they built a road of cork in their town, that wherever they went, it would be soft and feel good under the feet.”

‘Did they do it? Did it feel good under their feet?’

Jesus laughed and said, “Slow down little one. I’ll tell the story and you listen ok?”

‘Ok Jesus.’

“So there they went, cutting down the trees in the forest and cutting them into round pieces and putting them on the road. They would fit the pieces together with littler pieces that broke off when it was sawn. You see, cork is very soft and it breaks easily.

Well, these people went along until they had paved their whole town with cork. Well, almost their whole town. When they came to the last street, they found they had cut down all the tress and there wasn’t enough cork for the very last street.”

‘What did they do for the last street?’

Jesus smiled down at me and began stroking my hair. He said, “They left it the way it was. They had no more cork to put on it. They had nothing to put on it, so they left it the

way it was. It was rocky and had gravel on it and some sharp rocks and some grass.

The people that lived on that street were poor people, the way the world sees poor – not having a lot of money. Everybody knew that if you lived on that street, you wouldn't amount to much. Because there wasn't enough good schooling for those kids, there wasn't enough money to buy good clothes, there just wasn't enough. It was like the "other" side of the tracks. There was a little boy that lived on that street."

'How come it wasn't a little girl?'

Jesus laughed and said, "Because I'm not done with the story yet!

This little boy was about four or five and he would walk down the street with his head cast down. He knew he lived in a poor section. It made him feel bad. He would kick along a rock just for fun, because there wasn't anything else to play with. This little boy was unhappy."

I wanted to ask questions, but I knew Jesus wanted to tell the story and didn't want to be interrupted, so I kept quiet.

Jesus stopped stroking my hair and looked down at me. I looked up at him and he said, "Do you have something you want to ask?"

'Yes, how could that little boy, who is so young, be so unhappy?'

Jesus replied, "Because he was picked on by the older boys and he didn't have anybody to protect him. His parents are

poor and he knew it by the way the townspeople pointed at him and snickered behind their hands. They point at his shoes and they point at his coat. He knew they were raggedy looking because they pointed it out. He would not have known otherwise.”

‘Oh,’ I said sadly.

“Meanwhile, the people of the town would walk along on the cork roads and they were happy, or so they thought. Their feet were not misshapen, they did not have skinned knees, because they rarely fell and if someone did trip and fall down, they always landed on soft cork. So nobody ever got hurt or felt pain. Everyone’s feet were fine. It was very lovely for them, it was so soft.

But the little boy on that Rocky Road, sometimes his knees, elbows and hands would be skinned up pretty badly because he would fall down and land on the sharp rocks and get cut up.

He felt miserable. He felt all by himself, he felt so alone. One time I remember, he fell and one of the rocks cut his lip and it bled pretty badly. Then the kids would tease him about having a fat lip, until it healed up.”

‘Jesus? Why didn’t you reach down and help him?’

“Well, first of all Nini, I don’t reach down, I reach out. I am already in everyone. It’s just everyone has to unlock the door. I stand at the door and knock, but I’m not knocking from the outside, I’m knocking from the inside. That’s why sometimes people do nice things for others, because they feel me inside them, trying to love on them.

But I didn't reach out to help that little boy because I don't interfere – interfering means getting in the way of, intervening is an attempt to resolve something – with people's lives. I do give everyone an angel, to help them, guide them, direct them, cry with them and rejoice with them.

When people say their prayers and pray for others they do not know – most of it is done while praying in the Spirit – then that enables me, that gives me a pathway to go help someone, to do something for them. That's why prayer is so important. All the time prayer.”

‘So why didn't his angel protect him? I know Janine has read scriptures saying that the angels protect you so you don't hit your foot on a stone. But that little boy hit his foot on a stone. So where was his angel?’

“Because no one was praying over him to activate his angel.”

“Really??? REALLY GOD??? Seriously??? YOU give your angels CHARGE OVER US TO GUARD US IN ALL OUR WAYS, LEST WE STRIKE OUR FOOT AGAINST A STONE! YOU DO IT!”

“You are right, I do it. I send the angel, but when no one prays, when no one covers others in prayer, there are angels that are not active because they haven't been activated by someone. Through prayer. Especially for the little ones.”

“This is so far off the wall it probably is you. God, THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT! God this can't be right! You sent angels to me, I know they were in the closet with me. Is that why the angels didn't stop people from hurting me?”

“Janine, people have their own wills. And when they are not

following me, they are doing the work of the enemy – then others can get hurt.”

[This took several days to digest.]

‘So back to the little boy. Ok God, I think I’m ready.’

3-11-18

I started to praise Jesus and then I was speaking in the spirit. Then I was basically telling God I’m so sorry that I’m so dense.

“You’re not dense, you just didn’t know.”

“Why don’t I know this?”

“Because you haven’t been taught. I am teaching you the right way about things.”

“Thank you Father. Will you heal my tongue Lord?” “What’s wrong with it?”

‘It hurts.’ “Why?” Because it was rubbing on my teeth and my teeth were sharp. Will you please buff out that spot on my dentures? And will you give me teeth? And new bone and good bone?”

“Yes, I told Janine I would.”

‘Thank you Jesus. Are we ready to do the cork road again?’ “Have you gotten the other sorted out in your mind?” ‘I think so. I can always come back to it right?’ “Yes.”

“So where were we,” Jesus mused.

I reminded him, “The boy had a fat lip until it healed up.”

“Oh yes.” Every so often Jesus’ hand would leave my hair and go down my back and it felt so good, it made me wish I was a kitten so I could purr.

“Well, one day, a man came to the Rocky Road lane and he had a brand new blue shirt. He asks the little boy if he would like this brand new blue shirt. The little boy said “Yes! I would!” So the man gave it to him and the little boy put it on.

Then the man said, “Do you have trousers?” The Little Boy said “No, I just have short pants.” The man asked, “Would you like trousers?” The Little Boy said, “Oh! Yes! Please!” So the man gave the little boy a pair of dark trousers. With these trousers came a pair of brand new shoes. And socks too of course.

The man took The Little Boy into the town to get him a haircut. Everybody stared at this man. They stared at The Little Boy too. The mean boys of the town were calling him names and the adults were being mean too. Just by the way they were looking at him. The Little Boy held the man’s hand and he was looking up at the man. The man was talking to him and they were having a conversation. The Little Boy didn’t notice the people and the kids acting badly toward him, he didn’t hear them.

He was so excited that this man gave him all these new clothes and was taking him to town to get a haircut! He just held onto this man’s hand and just focused completely on him. There were cat calls from boys on bikes and just all kinds of noise directed toward him, but the man acted like he didn’t hear them either. So they went into the barbershop

and the barber cut his hair. The little boy said sadly, "I don't have any money to pay for it." The Stranger said, "Oh no, I'm going to pay for it. So he paid the barber and also gave him more money to take care of cutting the boy's hair for the rest of the time he lived in this town. The Stranger told The Little Boy, "Anytime you want a haircut, come in here and the barber will be nice to you and he'll cut your hair." The little boy looked over at the barber and the barber smiled at him and nodded. The boy looked up at the man and said, "Thank you."

So The Little Boy had on a brand new blue shirt, dark trousers, socks and brand new shoes. His hair was cut, slicked back and he left the barbershop with that man, holding his hand.

The man asked the little boy, "Would you like to ask those boys over for some ice cream?"

The little boy looked up at the man and said "No. they've been mean to me and I don't want to do that."

The man asks The Little Boy, "Wouldn't it be a nice thing to do? Maybe if you did something nice like that to them, maybe they would stop being mean to you?"

The Little Boy thought for a minute and said, "I don't know. 'Cause when you're gone then I'm not going to have any money to do that again and they'll probably be mean again."

The man scratched his chin and said, "I see that you mean. But it's not the money as it is the intent behind it. The act of being nice just to be nice. But since I think you're right on this, let's just go over to the park and maybe feed the ducks and pigeons? Would you like to do that? Maybe we could

invite those boys to do that?” The little boy said, “Sure!”

So the man bought a bag of bird food and he and The Little Boy went over to a park bench in the park and started to feed the birds. All the birds from everywhere in town came over to where they were. Some of the birds would come up to The Little Boy and let The Little Boy pet them. The other boys in town saw this and they wanted to do it too. So they came over and they stood next to their bicycles and were just watching from afar. The man looked over at The Little Boy and he nodded in the boys’ direction, so The Little Boy went over to them with the bag of food and said, “You want to feed the birds with us?”

All the boys said, “Yeah!” so they came over to where the man was and they all stood around the bench, feeding the birds. The birds also let these boys touch them. There were peacocks, pigeons, sparrows, blue birds, stellar jays, there was even a chicken or two. When the bag was empty, the town boys asked The Little Boy if he would like to come and play with them in the sandlot. They were playing t-ball. The little boy looked over at the man who nodded his head and The little boy said “Yes.” So they all went over and played together in the sandlot.

There is one boy who is a very mean boy and he was standing just behind the chain-link fence. He was just glowering at all of them. He didn’t want the Rocky Road boy playing with them at all.

But he knew he couldn’t do anything about it at that point. He figured he would just bide his time and then he would make life hell for The Little Boy on another day.

When the time came to go home to supper, everybody went

their own separate ways. The man was on the bleachers waiting for The Little Boy and he took him by the hand and walked him home. The Little Boy asked the man, “Would you like to come in and meet my parents and have supper with us?” The man said he would like that.

So The Little Boy took the man into his home. His mom was just setting the table with food. She looked up and saw this man and asked her son, “Do you know him?” The little boy told her all about what the man had done for him that day. Where they went and all the things they did. The woman smiled and asked The Stranger if he would like to stay for supper. She said, “It’s not much, but it’s filling – for a while anyway.” The stranger thanked her and sat down at the table and The Little Boy’s Dad came in and sat down. He had heard everything they were talking about before, from the living room. The Stranger was asking the Dad questions and they were just talking adult talk while The Little Boy’s mom served soup and biscuits.

The stranger said he’s never had soup or biscuits that good. The biscuits were so light and airy, they were wonderful he said. The little boy beams. He knew his mama was a good cook and she *did* make the best biscuits in the whole world.

His mom smiled and thanked the stranger. She felt something new stirring in her heart. The Dad felt something stirring inside him as well. He recognized it as hope. He felt that there was hope for a better life, better job. More money so they didn’t have to eat soup for dinner.

At the door The Little Boy asked The Stranger, “Are you going to come back tomorrow?” The Stranger said, “Not tomorrow, but the day after I will.” The little boy asked, “Can we talk again? Can we just maybe go to the park?” The Stranger said “Yes of course.” So The Stranger left. The

Little Boy went in and was washing his face and brushing his teeth when his mama came up behind him and patted down his hair and said, “You look so handsome with this haircut!” She tucked him into bed and his Dad came up and kissed him on the forehead and said, “Goodnight Son.” The little boy said “Goodnight Daddy, goodnight Mama.”

His parents went downstairs and The Little Boy turned over on his side to go to sleep. He heard his parents talking about The Stranger. His Mama said, ‘Well I’m used to him bringing home strangers, he does have the gift and personality for it. But that man made me feel really good.’ Her husband said “Yes, I noticed at dinner he was very engaging and he asked questions that were probing but it didn’t feel like they were probing. And I felt, for the first time in months, like there is hope, that there’s hope.”

His wife said, “Oh honey, I’m so glad. I felt the same. I feel like there is hope and there is something different.”

“Well,” said his Dad, “Junior said The Stranger was going to come again day after tomorrow.” His wife said, “I will see if I can rustle up something other than soup, but I will definitely make the biscuits again.”

Her husband asked her, “Are you ready for bed?”

“Yes.” So they held hands and went off to bed. The Little Boy felt a strange calm about him. He didn’t feel like he was beat up inside like he felt all the other nights when he went to bed. He didn’t feel like he had no hope. He felt like he had hope too.

There was a window in his bedroom and the moon was full and it cast a shaft of blue light in his room. He imagined he

could see fairy dust and all kinds of things in that blue light. Comforted, he went to sleep.

3-12-18

“Jesus, how come nobody asked where that man came from?”

“Sometimes people just come into other people’s lives and do good things and people don’t want to ‘break the spell’ as it were. They don’t want to ask questions because they’re afraid that it might go away, so they just accept the good without questioning.”

“Is that the right thing to do Jesus?”

“It’s the way people are honey, people have fear. And fear is not right. It just shows that they’re not trusting.”

“Not trusting who?”

“Not trusting me.”

Hmm. “Is everybody supposed to trust you?”

“I would like everybody to trust me, but many people don’t know about me, some people know about me but they think that I’m mean, so they don’t trust me. Some people know about me but they turn away. They don’t want to give up the things that they think is making them happy.”

“Like what things Jesus?”

“Things like only doing things for themselves and not caring

about other people. Like putting the cork on all the roads in the town but not on one lane when they ran out of cork.”

“But Jesus, how are they supposed to put cork on the road when they ran out?”

“Nini, I’m really glad you asked that. They could have made some of the pieces on their roads thinner, they could have planned it out, they could have filled the cracks with something other than more cork. They even could have walked further, however far it takes and gotten more cork trees. But they didn’t want to. They were only thinking of themselves. They didn’t want to go out of their way.”

“Jesus? Where did that strange man come from that gave The Little Boy his stuff?”

“He came from heaven. He’s one of my angels.”

“An ANGEL!?? REALLY? Will I ever seen Angel Jesus?”

Jesus smiled and said “of course you will. You’re very close to seeing one now.”

“Really? How will I know if I’m seeing an angel? Does he have wings? Is it a boy angel or a girl angel?”

Jesus laughed and said, “there are no girl or boy angels in heaven, they’re just angels. There’s only boys and girls and men and women on earth.”

“Daddy, that book Janine read The Veil, said that there’s boy angels and girl angels.”

“That’s because people will see different sexes of angels

because people come in male and female so sometimes angels look like that. But inside they're just an angel. They don't have an identity of being a boy or a girl. This is too much for you isn't it Nini?"

"Yes Daddy it is."

"You don't have to understand it now. Do we want to get back to the story with the little boy?"

"Yes Jesus." —

"So where were we? Okay, the little boy had just gone to sleep and he had hope too."

'Jesus, is that what the angel did, is he brought hope?'

"Yes. The angel brought hope. It was an Angel of Hope."

"Do you have angels that are different things?"

"Yes. Some angels are peace, some are understanding, some are hope. There are certain angels for certain things. However you also have what has been called a 'guardian angel. People call them that because in my Word it is written, I give angels charge over you to guard you in all your ways. So people call them Guardian Angels but they're not really guards. That is one of the functions they do."

"Jesus what's a function?"

"A function is something that does something. Let me say it a different way.

Your personal angel does many things for you. Your personal

angel will guard you, your personal angel will tap you on the shoulder and try to show you a different way of thinking, a different way to do things. Your personal angel will teach you things, your personal angel will hold you when you cry. Your angel will cry with you when you cry. Your angel will bring your dog to you when you cry, because your angel knows that your dog gives you loving. Angels do a lot of things Janine...”

“Why did you call me Janine and not honey or Nini or baby girl?”

“I’m sorry babygirl, because I was talking seriously. So let’s get back to the little boy shall we?”

“Yes Daddy.”

— — —

“So the next day The Little Boy got out of bed and he thought about putting on his brand new shirt, but he didn’t want to get it dirty or his shoes or his new trousers. So he put on his other clothes. The raggedy shoes and short pants and the jacket. He did comb his hair and he combed it the way the barber had combed it, slicked back with water. He was feeling pretty good about himself as he went downstairs for breakfast. The Little Boy could see the coffee pot on the stove and it had just a little bit left in it. He knew that his mom would have it once he left for school. He was really hungry. So he sat down at the table and his mom had made oatmeal. He had oatmeal every single morning except for Sunday mornings. On Sunday mornings they would have french toast. Because his Mama would get eggs from a neighbor and she would make a fresh loaf of bread just for the french toast. That was their special treat for Sunday’s. But every other day they had oatmeal because they could

afford it. And besides, his Daddy told him that it made strong muscles, and filled him up, and he knew that was true because he would eat it and he'd never be hungry until lunchtime.

So he sat down to eat his oatmeal and he looked around. There was a little milk in a pitcher so he put it on his oatmeal and started to eat it. His mother asked him, "Did you sleep well Son?" He nodded his head yes.

"I did too" she said. "I slept so well I almost forgot to get up to make your Dad breakfast. And your Daddy slept well too. It was a really peaceful night, we didn't worry about anything."

The Little Boy knew what she was talking about because when he went to bed he usually worried about stuff too because he knew they didn't have much money and he knew times were really hard. So he would wonder if they'd have enough oatmeal and he would wonder about things, especially 'cause sometimes he heard his mama crying at night.

He had heard her talking to his Daddy sometimes about buying him new clothes and more food, so he knew she was crying because they didn't have enough money.

But this morning was different. It seemed even the air in their house was different. Even though it was still cold, 'cause they didn't have a heater they just had the stove in the kitchen, he could feel a difference in the air.

His mama said to him, "That stranger brought us hope. We feel better. We feel like good things are going to happen, we feel that things are going to be different. Do you feel that

way Son?” The little boy vigorously nodded his head yes, since its mouth was full of oatmeal.

“Well honey here’s your notebook and your books, you get on to school now.”

So the little boy picked up his books and he left the house. He noticed that his mom had taped the soles of his shoes to the top of the shoes so they weren’t flapping anymore. He was glad, because it was easier to not trip on the rocks when they weren’t flapping.

Toward the end of his street he saw the boys on their bicycles. Usually there was 5 but this time there was three. He wondered about that, but he kept his head down and didn’t say anything. One of the boys spoke up and said “Hey, is that man going to come today and are you going to feed the birds again?” The Little Boy said “No the man said he’s not coming till tomorrow.” The boys got kind of quiet, and said “Oh. Well okay.”

The Little Boy was kind of shocked, because the boys didn’t treat him like they had all the other mornings. They just parted their bikes and let him go on through. As he was walking along to the school he felt something hard hit his back. He turned around and saw the rock on the ground. He looked up and there were the two boys on their bikes that didn’t show up with the others. They started throwing rocks at him.

“Jesus, why were they throwing rocks at him?”

“Because they had hate in their hearts. They didn’t have me in their hearts and there was no one praying for them. All they knew was hate and dislike. So they were taking it out on

him. That's what people do, they take the anger and hurt that's in their hearts and they fling it on other people thinking that they'll get rid of it that way. But it never happens. What they end up doing is hurting themselves even more and they also end up hurting someone else. And then that person, if they don't forgive right away, then they get hurt and angry and then it keeps on going."

"Oh."

So The Little Boy got to school and apparently everyone had heard about The Stranger coming to the town and buying The Little Boy new things.

The teacher turned around when the little boy came in, because she heard all the kids stop talking and wondered what was going on. She knew the others picked on The Little Boy, however there wasn't much she could do about it. She knew if she interfered that it might be worse for The Little Boy.

She said, "I hear you had a visitor yesterday?"

The Little Boy nodded his head. The teacher said, "I heard he gave you brand new clothes?"

The little boy nodded his head. The teacher asked, "Why aren't you wearing them?"

The Little Boy said "Because I didn't want to get them dirty."

The teacher just nodded her head. She called the class to order and they all sat down and started doing their school work.

At recess one of the boys came over and asked The Little Boy if he wanted to play ball with them. The Little Boy had experience with these kids before. He figured they just wanted to use him as the ball. He shook his head no. The other boy said, “we’re not going to hurt you.” So The Little Boy said okay. The Little Boy was a very trusting little boy. He went over to play with the other kids. There were two other boys there and they played ball for 15 minutes. Then the bell rang that recess was over. They went back in. At lunch time The Little Boy went out and sat under the tree where he normally sits, opened up his lunch bag and he had an apple and two pieces of bread with butter in between. He started to eat it and one of the bike boys came over and sat next to him and asked him if he wanted to share lunch with him? It was the same boy that asked to play with him at recess.

The little boy was embarrassed because he knew he didn’t have the kind of lunch that the others did. The boy that sat next to him said, “I have meat but my mom didn’t give me any bread, I was wondering if your mom gave you some bread and then we could just put the meat between the bread and we could eat it?” The Little Boy nodded and he reached in and brought out the bread and the other little boy got the meat out of his lunch bag. They put the meat between the bread, broke it in half and they each had some.

The Little Boy said “Do you want to share my apple? But I don’t have a knife or anything to cut it.” The other little boy said “Sure, I have a knife.” So they cut it in half and they both had half an apple. They drank some water and felt better about being around each other.

As they were going back to the classroom, the other boys saw them walking together and the three that were at the street in the morning, kind of fell in behind them as they were

walking into the classroom. The two that had thrown rocks stayed at the opposite end of the playground and just glared at them.

The little boy had hope again, he thought well maybe I will be able to have a friend now. After school was out he went to walk home and the little boy he shared lunch with, walked with him on the Cork Road, until they got to the end of the Cork Road, at the beginning of Rocky Road.

“I’ve never walked on a road that didn’t have cork on it, does it hurt very much?”

The Little boy said “If you fall on it, it hurts, but if you’re careful and you pick your way and watch where you’re going you don’t always fall. It’s not as soft as the cork. But I don’t know.”

So the boy thought a minute, then he said, “okay I’ll walk with you.” So he walked with him halfway down the road and it was hard. His legs were hurting and his thighs were hurting. He said to The Little Boy, “I’m going to turn around and go back now ok?” “Ok.” So The Little Boy went home and the other boy had to walk back on the Rocky Road to get to the Cork Road. By the time he got home, his legs were hurting him, everything was hurting. He never had those muscles worked before. The Little Boy went in his house and he told his mama everything that happened that day. His mama felt partly alarmed, because she wanted her boy to be safe, but she was also relieved that maybe the boys were going to let up on him and stop bullying him. She smiled and said she was really glad. He did his homework and came down for supper. Then went to bed like normal.

The next day he got up early because he knew that the

stranger was coming that day. He put on his new clothes that the stranger had bought him. He ate breakfast and his mom was even whistling in the kitchen. She said, “Son, make sure you get home straight from school, don’t dawdle. I’m going to need your help making supper for the Stranger.”

The Little Boy said “But Mama! That’s when I talk to the man. That’s when I met him, it was after school.”

His Mama said, “Oh that’s right. Well you go ahead and talk with him and do whatever you’re going to do and I’ll get the stuff that I need, I’ll get it done.”

The little boy ran over to her and gave her a hug around the waist and said “Thank you Mama!”

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