

## The Impossible

January 15, 2020



The Lord bless you, Precious family. Forgive me, because I haven't had a message for several days. It has been very challenging on the Mountain, because Father had been suffering from more pain and despair than I had ever seen him. Truly, the Lord was giving him Rhemas about dying. "Put your house in order; I am coming for you."

Very seriously.

He was also giving me readings about Death, Eternal Life—and it was beginning to get a hold on me. Dear ones, I will never hold the truth back from you. These are the facts. A prophetess gave several words over him, each one was spot on. Then she said, "The Lord is going to heal all your sicknesses in the wilderness." I couldn't believe my ears when she said that! Because at the time, we had just come back from the wilderness, from living there for five years.

And then the day came, when the Lord sent us back up here. We were anticipating this day, because of that word.

In the meantime, during the Lord's Supper, one host manifested seven images of Jesus. Turn it on its side, you could see His face clearly. Turn it on the other side, another face. Turn it upside down, another face. Flip it over on the other side and there were several faces there, as well. It was during that Lord's Supper that Jesus promised me, "I will not let him die. He will not die."

On several other occasions, when my faith was wavering, again, He said, "I promised you, and I keep my promises."

So, when the pain got past a twelve and he was crying out for 15 hours straight from the pain, here on the Mountain, we both began to wonder. Because along with that, he was having serious heart pain, he was bleeding and not able to breath, gasping for breath.

Then he got a Rhema card, "Get your house in order, I am coming for you." And the heart pains continued, along with excruciating abdominal pain. And he just lost the desire to live. He told me, "I can't do this anymore, if I die, DO NOT RESUSCITATE ME!!!" Then he started calling funeral homes and told me to put money aside for his funeral. And he told me where he wanted to be buried, here on the mountain.

So many times we got readings about Enemies from the Bible Promise Book and so we pressed in with more prayers, but still severe pain and heart distress. We prayed from the heart for those who were doing this, especially the covens we were aware of in the area. "Lord, deliver them, and bring them into the Kingdom of Light!"

But night after night, things got worse and worse and worse, no matter what we prayed. Finally, the day after he had been in 12 to 13 pain levels, his left arm cramping and gasping for breath, his heart, choking and straining. Finally, I began to weaken and said, "Lord, what is this? You promised he would not die. But it is plain to see that if you don't step in, he is not going to live much longer."

The weight of that thought crushed me into fine powder, and all I could do is slump down in my seat as the tears poured from my eyes. I asked Jesus, "Is it free will? Because he doesn't want to live any longer. Are you going back on Your word, Lord? Am I a false prophet and you are a familiar spirit?"

But no one could put seven faces of Jesus on a host, but God. Not only that, one Heartdweller sent me the relics of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, saying something to the effect that he knew that I "had been a Martha trying to be Mary and Ezekiel's body was as good as dead—but he will not die."

And there was another solid confirmation.

So, I looked at the relics. I recalled the prophecy about him being healed in the wilderness. I remembered the Lord's words to me, "He will not die. I promise you." And just sat there numb, not knowing what to believe anymore.

So, I picked up my rosary and began to pray to Our Lady for clarity.

After that, in a few minutes, calm came over me, and we talked about his situation, Ezekiel and I. And he said, "I really don't want to die this way. And I don't want to be away from the Community or you. But what does God want? I want what He wants." And I said, "I want what He wants, too." But I also answered that "He gave me a promise and I cannot imagine any other outcome for you than being healed."

Thank God for two souls from the Community, who stayed with us and prayed and believed, even in the face of these symptoms. And Father crying out, "Do not resuscitate me! I do not want to come back." Oh dear ones, it was so intense and went on for about four days.

Then something happened.

I must explain it to you. When he had 14 inches of his large intestine removed, the exit for digested material was the stoma pouch, which had to be emptied and changed regularly. There was no longer any connection to the lower bowel, called the stump, because it was sealed when the surgery took place. From time to time, that part of the body discharges cells and fluids, but never, ever digested material. That all goes through the pouch.

Well, Ezekiel had felt something inside of him rupture, and he was eaten up with another high fever. It really looked totally like the end. That was when he told me, between agonies, to set money aside for his funeral, and I got Death and Eternal Life from the Bible Promises. After praying everything we could pray, I finally fell asleep, exhausted, while he was groaning in pain.

Then I awoke in the middle of the night. And he was quiet, but awake. He told me that, believe it or not, all of a sudden, his lower intestine was discharging digested food! That was physically impossible! That stump had been closed surgically, and there was no way it could be reconnected to his colostomy or be discharged the normal way that we discharge digested food, without surgery to reconnect it.

No other way except Divine Intervention!

And it is still happening tonight! This is truly some sort of creative miracle.

In addition to that, he had a visitor last night, St. Padre Pio. He came and anointed Ezekiel in several places of his body and then laid on top of him, just like Elisha laid on top of the widow's son when he raised him from the dead. He also smelled some sweet tobacco that was overwhelming. And I smelled it, too. And that is a sign of Padre Pio's presence in the room.

So, what does this all mean? Besides the fact that I am very, very weak? My dear ones, I nearly gave up hope. But the Lord sustained us both, and then He intervened.

Another amazing thing happened. I turned on my keyboard and played soft music to help calm him, and a beautiful melody came forth. One of the brothers here at the Refuge said, "In the Spirit, I see this melody as a prayer, and you are at the keyboard with tears streaming down your cheeks, and this music is a prayer for Ezekiel."

I have not been able to play the keyboard for months since we got here. What a gift that was! At a time, I would never have expected it. It is very contemplative and heavenly at the same time. And when I get it edited, I'll put it out for you to hear.

You may always assume, when you do not hear from me for several days in a row, that I am in need of intercession, because something very difficult is going on and I need your prayers. I know some of you were really praying, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for standing with us, that Ezekiel will continue to be healed.

You will notice that I did not wait on the Lord for a message tonight, because I feel too invested in this cause. I don't want to make an opportunity for a familiar spirit to come in and tell us what we want to hear. This is a precaution I take anytime something with emotional impact takes place in my life. It is so easy to hear what you want to hear or imagine what you want to imagine and ascribe it to the Lord.

With the messages not directly impacting me, my heart is purer and not invested so heavily, and I can trust what Jesus gives me much more than at other times. This is a rule of Discernment that the Lord has given me in the past, and I share it in the messages on Discernment.

I want to note another strange thing. Today, I felt very tired and spacey, and almost wasn't able to do this message. Another brother felt extreme oppression. But a brother and sister came to my rescue and prayed for me. Yet, I am still very spacey and restless.

Well, tonight two of us on the Refuge saw six UFO's all in a perfect line moving through the sky, and then suddenly disappearing. I called to tell our other brothers in Taos what we saw, and they saw the same thing an hour or so earlier. Except they saw 20 UFO's, which were all in a perfect line, and then mysteriously vanished. Now the dog is restless, panting and pacing, so we must pray protection.

In addition to that, we just heard from our source that two assassination attempts had been made on President Trump since Sunday. God help us! Deliver us!

Dear ones, we are in a war, and need very much to hang together and pray, pray, pray.

The Lord bless you and keep you, filling your heart with prayers and holy songs, so that you may defeat the enemies in your life, and the enemies of our faith. Thank you for standing with us. Amen.