

November 2025 Docx Files

Obama-Born Again- Dream
11.3.2025

Beloved family, Father Ezekiel had a dream on the 23rd of October this year, 2025 that was very unusual, but clearly, had the mark of the Holy Spirit. The atmosphere was heaven-like, calm, peaceful, beautiful, just after sunset, what we commonly refer to as dusk.

In this dream, there was a house in the country on a lake, and we had invited a couple and a friend for the weekend just to rest and enjoy the beautiful countryside. The house was beside a placid lake, just when the stars were beginning to appear. When Ezekiel first related this dream to me, he didn't mention names. He began by sharing the two men were coming in from fishing on the lake, and one of them had caught a really big fish, and the other had caught a little one. Then he talked about how they were able to walk on the water out to the white wrought iron table and chairs that sat firmly on the water as if it were solid glass, like a solid glass floor, but it was really water. The man's wife and I were cooking something in the kitchen while the man with the big fish was preparing it for dinner. And the man with the little black vase was showing Ezekiel his Lutheran men's bible as they were sitting at the table, the man was Barack Obama, and he was telling Ezekiel that all of this was so new to him, and he wanted to learn, he needed someone to teach him. His demeanor was so meek and earnest, humble, and authentic, it gave the impression that Barack had been born again and couldn't separate himself from this wonderful new life. Everything reflected the atmosphere of heaven on earth with being able to walk on the water and hold the iridescent tiny sparrows. Who knows, perhaps the most humble birds in heaven are also given glorious new iridescent feathers and intense colors because they are the most humble of birds on earth.

In any case, I wanted to give you a heads-up about this dream. When I first heard it, and then as he recounted it, more details came to mind and that is what will follow here. Perhaps you will remember that the Lord told me that President Obama was the Antichrist. I believe that the increasing intense prayers of the people or the salvation of souls has caused the Father to grant more time that was back in 2015. I know that Jesus said the Father had extended the time in 2015 to another three years. At that time, Obama was president, things were going south in our nation but I believe, because of the prayers of the people and the wake-up of our nation, the Father next extended the time to five more years and I believe that was in 2019. So because of the prayers and extensions, I believe another person was chosen for the office of the Antichrist. As we know, there have been several notable antichrists from the Emperor Nero to Adolf Hitler and many others in between. And here I'm quoting something that was written by Sam Storms. Note well that the entire period between the first and second comings of Jesus is called either the last hour as well as the last days. And he references Acts 2:17, 2 Timothy 3:1, Hebrews 1, 2, 1 Corinthians 10 verse 11 thus, the last hour in 1 John 2 verse 18, is not a reference to the final days preceding Christ's return, but a reference to the entire church age in which we now live.

We read this in 1 John 2 :22. Who is the liar, but he who denies that Jesus is the Christ, this is the Antichrist. He who denies the Father and the Son. The Spirit of Antichrist, says John, is found in anyone who denies that Jesus is God, come in the flesh. 1 John 4:3.

Again in 2 John 7, he writes, For many deceivers have gone out into the world, those who do not confess the coming of Jesus Christ in the flesh. Such a one is the deceiver and the Antichrist. And Sam had written that in March of 2019.

So it's not inconsistent with Scripture that there will be many Antichrists, and the more I learn about scripture and history, the more it seems that timing is the key marker for fulfilment of prophecy, and timing relies on the prayers of the people and the conversion and repentance of the people, or the lack of prayer. So moving

on, I believe a new individual could be chosen for the role of Antichrist, especially if Barack Obama were to be born again and no longer in that political position of power.

My dear family, this is a dream and as such it must be interpreted with great care and discerned. One thing that stands out in this dream is the atmosphere of heaven and the signature of the Holy Spirit who caught the big fish, former President Barack Obama. You all have the Holy Spirit who will lead you into all truth, partner with him in discerning this dream and leave your comments below.

Father Ezekiel : The beginning of the dream, Mother Clare and I were in a nice house on a lake. It wasn't very hilly, it was all kind of flatland and this White House would wrap around kitchen windows, sliding glass doors and like a wraparound veranda porch that was close and part of the air, in an open part of the air where the screens down the glass windows where they're behind them. So you could see everything clearly, the house was lit very well, the outdoors and all around the house were lit very well and the grass was neatly mowed down to the water's edge.

It was just a nice, warm summer night, the stars were out, the moon was out and we were two couples that just really liked each other and had been friends for years and it was just like we got a long hand in love. We were all about middle-aged, 40-something and we had also invited another young man who was in his mid-30s, maybe 40 years old, to come out for the weekend and we had plenty of room, plenty of space, bedrooms and such.

So Michelle Obama and her husband came out, and so did the man, and they met each other, and just over small talk, got to know each other. Well, Mr. Obama and our friend decided to go down to the lakeside just to fish at the bank and Michelle and Mother and I, were just visiting and then Mother was baking some tart or something in the oven and I think we had already had dinner. And again, this is like on a warm summer night, probably like a Friday night, but away from the city and all the noise. I almost thought it was the Potomac River, but the water was so placid, I realized that it was just a lake and that the sides of the lake were, you know, very well-groomed and kept not many hills at all.

The two guys came up, our one guest, our one visitor and they were just wearing short sleeve, checkered shirts and casual khaki pants just really easy weekend off clothes. So Mr. Obama, and the other man came walking up beside these large glass windows, and they had each caught a fish. The other man had a big fish, large, he was holding it up and its tail barely just touched the ground. It was a very big lake trout that he had caught and Barack had caught a small little fish, seven or eight inches. He thought it was a catfish, and I told him, no, no, that's a black bass, see the black markings on the side, the stripe on the side? Well, we knew that, that was not big enough to keep, so we put that one back in the water.

This is where the dream starts soon in earnest, and the big fish is very significant. I went back down with both Barak and the other gentleman to the lake and mother was with us. They had a little boy, by the way, a little child and he went to the lake as well and out on the lake were a table and chairs like the white painted rattan furniture that you will see in vacation homes out in the yard.

There was a light round the dinner table with a glass top and a couple of like wicker rattan chairs yet they were on the water, on the surface of the water and while we were standing by the table out there, these beautiful, beautiful little, I mean, paradisaical, heavenly, celestial little birds began to fly around, two or three of them and beautiful cinnamon-colored iridescent heads and green breasts. But we noticed they were tiny little sparrows and smaller than the normal sparrow, almost like a hummingbird. But yet, they were clearly sparrows with these beautiful colors on them, you know, the cinnamon red head, sometimes a pinkish breast with a little yellow, almost tropical looking. And while everyone was kind of looking at the little birds flying around us, I put my finger out, and one of the little birds landed right on my finger, and I brought it in close to my face, just to see it. And it started preening, like they preen and groomed their feathers, started preening my forehead, like they would do like your hair, you know, grooming.

And I said, oh, this is so sweet, here, you try and I handed one to Barak, and it landed on his finger. He was a young man, slender man and his wife was very young, we all were actually younger middle age. So the little bird landed on my finger to his finger I said, go ahead put him up to your forehead and uh he did and it preened his forehead and their little boy was just delighted you know, squealing with laughter at the little

birds. And Michelle sat down in one of the wicker chairs by the table, and the rest of us were kind of standing. It was still amazing to us the water was so placid and yet so supportive, so solid on the surface, it's like walking across a polished black marble floor that reminds me of the Sea of glass in Heaven. So I remember bending down and picking up a jar that was floating in the water and it was a jar of like spinach and maybe a jar of olives and they keep the jars in the water to keep the food cool you know all you had to do is reach down and pick up whatever food was there. It was well packaged, well preserved, and we put the food on the table, just little snacks, some crackers and there was a Bible on the table.

And I said, oh, wow, a Bible and Mr. Obama said, well, yeah, that's mine. I've become a member of the Lutheran Church, and we use that for men's study guides, men's group meetings. It was kind of a, it wasn't really a study guide. It wasn't just like a Bible, but it did have the scriptures in it and a certain kind of a little insignia on the front, I believe, or inside on one of the title pages where the contents were. And you know, he flipped through it and showed me, you know, some of the passages and some study questions and things, and I thought, wow, it's really something so he put that back down. It's very important to him, it's why he took it out to the lake and set it on the table and at that, I woke up.

Michelle was sitting in a chair, and the little boy is walking around and the other three of us, mother, Barack, and our friend, our male friend, had begun to just sit on the surface of the lake like you'd sit down in the grass. And I remember we laid back to look at the stars and I remember the sensation of laying on the surface of the water, it was, I mean, I woke up like that. Our bodies were in the water, they were on the surface of the water, we were literally laying on the water, not like floating when you're swimming, but laying on the water. No matter how you turned your legs or got up or got down, the water never gave way to the weight of our bodies and incidentally, these little birds were so light. I mean, they were as light as a feather when they'd land on your hands.

Well, a lot of you probably wondering, what's this all about? I called my wife, I laid here for almost an hour with the very real sensation of being on the surface without water just laying and looking up at the stars from the middle of the lake. I called Mother, she came back and I began to tell her about the dream.

And the very first thing she said was, wow, that big fish seemed symbolic and then she said, wow, maybe Obama converted or he's going to convert. Now, before you, you know, put up your defenses and jump up and walk away or turn it off, give this a minute.

Mother said, wouldn't that be a big fish for Obama to convert? And I thought, wow, man, a lot of people would follow suit, friends, family, people that knew him in politics and throughout the world because he's such a large and looming public figure and he had a sincere conversion. He was so gentle and meek and mild and humble, honest, serving, just wanted to help, just wanted to learn. But, of course, he was so humble, he would tell us, well, I've never done anything like this before. You know, you guys are going to teach me, you're going to have to teach me how to do this, how to fish. I'm going to look to you for guidance and it kind of paralleled to the Christian life. You know, I'm new at this, I've never done this before, you guys are going to have to teach me. I'm going to have to look to you for guidance and we were all Christians and he was so teachable, so pliable, so humble, honest, meek, mild and serving, helping wherever he could.

So I began to really see and feel the dream and the strong signature of the Holy Spirit on the dream when mother said that, what if the big fish represents Obama?

What if he had converted or he had a conversion to Christianity? And I'll tell you what, it would probably get a lot of people's attention. I think it might cause a lot of hearts that are involved in world religion, new age, you know the new philosophies, everything money, banking, just the business life, politics, I think it would cause a lot of people to stop and reevaluate their lives and a lot of people follow Obama, a lot of people respect Obama.

I'm not saying that any of us agreed with the man he was or his policies or any of that. Some people even accused him of being the forerunner for the Antichrist and that kind of thing. I always feel bad about assigning names and motives to people because we never know what God might do in their soul, even maybe in the last moments of their life. But can you imagine what a witness he would be, oh my goodness, and that was the big fish in the dream. Mother felt like, the man was the Holy Spirit and he had caught a big fish, the friend of ours

that we had invited and he caught a big fish so you can see the analogies and the layovers, the different layers and meaning symbology in the dream. And it felt so beautiful, so ethereal, so heavenly, the night, the waters, the little birds, you can see the fish through the water, it's like the perfect night. No there were not many night logs or butterflies yet it was just a really sweet night and I know many of you will bring up the objection. But what about the great deception and even if it were possible, the elect would be deceived but it didn't feel like that, didn't feel like that at all. It felt like the Holy Spirit had done a real work in his life.

So lest we judge a book by its cover, or a man by his past performance, it's not God's desire that any sinner be lost and gone to hell, but that all men be saved.

In conclusion, I just wanted to share with you that whenever we have a dream, we look for the signature of the Holy Spirit a certain piece, but we also consult our little oracle, the Bible promises. And when we prayed and went to the Bible promises for a reading about the authenticity of the dream, we got a Holy Spirit and we're satisfied with that. But each one of you have to make your own decision.

In any case, if it hasn't happened already, we pray that it will happen. What a wonderful thing that would be. God bless you, family. Until next time.

Brennan Manning-The Way of Trust John14:1-2 {Pt 1 of 3}

11-11-2025

This is a talk given by Brennan Manning who is with the Lord now.

He began, I'll to speak to what response does God look for from us in return for the gift of His love that knows no boundary, limit or breaking point and I turn your attention to the first two verses of Chapter 14 of John's Gospel. *"Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God still, and trust in Me".*

In 1982, the movie that won the Oscar in Hollywood as the best film of the year was Chariots of Fire, the true story of two British runners, Eric Leal and Harold Abrahams, who won gold medals in the 1924 Olympics, and they won against the odds to character, discipline, and courage. There was one scene in the movie that really grabbed me, Leal is a truly devout Christian, a Scottish Congregationalist. He's got an authentic call to serve as a missionary in China once the games are over, but his sister, Mary, is afraid that her brother, if he wins the gold, he is going to get so caught up in the hoopla and the praise and attention, and of course all the money that he's going to forget about his call to go to China in the missions. So on the night before the race, she goes to him and she begs him, in fact, she pleads with him to drop out of the race and he looks at her with eyes of great compassion. And in a very gentle voice, he says, but Mary, God made me fast and when I run, I feel his pleasure. Do you understand, Mary, when I run, I feel his pleasure.

The theme of everything I want to say this morning is one sentence, this, the splendor of a human heart that trust it is loved unconditionally, gives God more pleasure than Westminster Cathedral, Sistine Chapel, a symphony, Beethoven's symphony, Van Gogh's sunflowers, the sight of 10,000 butterflies in flight, or the scent of a million orchids in bloom. Trust is our gift back to God, and He finds it so enchanting that Jesus died for love of Him, once again, trust is our gift back to God, and he finds it so enchanting that Jesus died for love of it. In the 1932 premier, spiritual writer of that decade was a Frenchman who was working as a missionary in India, his name was Paul DeLay and he wrote these words, "Trust is that rare and priceless treasure that cleanses the affection of our heavenly father".

Why is trust such a rare and priceless treasure because it often demands a degree of courage that is brought on the heroic when the shadow of Jesus cross falls across our lives in the form of rejection, abandonment, loneliness, failure, unemployment, loss of income, depression. When the world around us is suddenly a hostile, menacing place, when we are deaf to everything but the shriek of our own heartache. We may cry out in anguish, but how could a loving God permit that to happen, and at that moment, the seed of distrust is sown.

In more than four decades, I was first trained hard by Jesus in a little chapel in the Allegheny mountains of western Pennsylvania and literally, the thousands and thousands of hours of prayer, meditation, silence, solitude. Over those years, living in monasteries, living in caves and deserts, places, I am now utterly convinced that childlike surrender and trust is the defining spirit of authentic discipleship. And I would add that the most supreme need in most of our lives is an unshaken, unfailing trust in the love of God. When the brilliant theologian John Kavanaugh, teaching at St. Louis University in Chicago, eight years ago, he was 38 years old, and he was suddenly burnt out by teaching in a state and he was in a state of utter confusion as to what to do with the rest of his life. So he took a three-month sabbatical, he went down to Mother Teresa's house of the dying in Calcutta.

Well, the first morning there, Mother Teresa comes up to him and says,

John, I'm glad you're here, what can I do for you?

And he said, please pray for me.

She said, I'll do that. What shall I pray for?

With all this confusion swirling around in his head, he said, please pray that I have clarity.

And she said very firmly, I will not do that. Clarity is the last thing you're clinging to, and you've got to let go of it.

But he said, Mother Teresa, it seems to me you've had clarity from the very beginning of your vocation.

She said, I've never heard clarity, I've always had is trust. John, I'm going to pray that you trust God. Craving clarity, we seek to avoid the risk of trust and we also might presume that trust is going to dispel the confusion, illuminate the darkness, vanquish the uncertainty and redeem the times. But the cloud of witnesses in Hebrews 11 say, this is not so, our trust does not bring final clarity on this earth, it does not steal the chaos, it doesn't dull the pain and it doesn't provide a church. When everything else is unclear, the heart of biblical trust says, Aba, into Your hands, I commend my spirit though we often disregard the essential imperative, the need for trust.

In my last 42 years in ministry, I am convinced that it is the most urgent need in the lives of most of the Christians that I've met. It's the remedy for so much of our fear and our anxiety, our melancholy, our self-hatred, our sickness. The heart converted from mistrust to trust in the irreversible forgiveness of Jesus Christ is redeemed from a corrosive power of fear, the dread that salvation is reserved for the proper and the pious, the nameless fear that I'm predestined to backslide, the brooding pessimism that's the good news of God's wild, passionate love, what Chester called the furious love of God is simply too good to be true. All these things combined to weave a thin membrane of distrust that keep us in a chronic state of anxiety, what I call the second conversion. This is after you've accepted Jesus in your life as saving Lord, the second or decisive conversion from distrust to trust is the moment of sovereign deliverance from the warehouse of worry, so life-changing is this ultimate act of confidence and the acceptance of Jesus Christ that it can properly be called the hour of salvation. So often what I find notoriously missing in evangelical definitions of salvation is, Jesus died on the cross, He saved my sins I am free I'm going to Heaven, what is notoriously missing is self-acceptance.

Paul Tillers said, the best definition of faith is the courage to acceptance; accept the courage to accept ourselves. Acceptance is not pop psychology, it's not the power of positive thinking nor is it a how-to book on how to self-acceptance rather it is a profound act of faith in the acceptance of Jesus accepting me as I am and not as I should be. That self-acceptance bids good riddance to unhealthy guilt, shame, remorse, self-hatred, anything less, and self-rejection in any form is a manifest sign that we have not accepted the total sufficiency of Jesus redeeming work, as He has set you free of fear of the Father and dislike of yourself. Dislike of self is an insult of Jesus because He has sent courage to accept acceptance of me as I am with all my worst and flaws, with all my sins and selfishness, dishonesty, degraded love. Right now with all my feeble prayer life, my shallow faith, my inconsistent discipleship, Jesus loves me and accepts me as I am and not as I should be because I'm never going to be as I should be.

Words from a 15th century, Angelus, who said, "If God stopped thinking of me, he would cease to exist". Those words are thoroughly orthodox, and it is merely paraphrasing what Jesus says in John's gospel or rather in

Luke's gospel five sparrows are sold for only two pennies and yet your heavenly father never forget even more of them. God even numbers the hairs of your head if you have hairs on your head, if so Jesus says, don't be afraid, you're worth more than a flock of sparrows. Now, the merchant of mistrust dismisses these words as hyperbole remains grim, sullen, fearful, the child of God accepts these words with joy and has an attack, maybe even a seizure of happies.

Brennan Manning-The way of Trust John 14:1 and 2 {2 of 3}

11.12.2025

I'll never forget the witness of a friend of mine, an Episcopal priest named Tom Miery. He's just assigned to a church in Seattle, Washington, anyway on the first Sunday, there he preaches all the services then he stands in the lobby to greet people as they come out. He notices at last in the service, there is a young couple in their early thirties sitting in the last row IN the last pew of the church with their one year old son Andrew. And their custom is the moment the service ends, they bolt out the door and they greet no one. Why? Because they are so ashamed of what they said, called the defective child. To this day, the husband Robin is the most famous cardiac surgeon in the Pacific Northwest, his wife is a paediatric surgeon and they asked, how could God give such a brilliant, devoted, committed Christian couple, such a defective child, and the child had Down syndrome. Well, as was their custom at the end of the service, they started to bolt out the door, Tom intercept them, and he didn't ask.

He said, come into my office right now, he said, he invited them into his office. Tom closes the door and reaches out and takes little Andrew in his arms and begins to rock him back and forth and then tears started streaming down Tom's face, and then the sobbing and the low sobbing that grew louder and louder and louder and louder. We all stood there mesmerized, finally, when he stopped, Tom said to the husband, Robin, do you have any idea of the gift that God has given to you in this child?

He said, two years ago, my three -year -old daughter Sylvia, died of Down syndrome, my wife and I have four other children. We are absolutely convinced that the greatest gift we ever received from God was little Sylvia in her uninhibited expression of affection, she was a window into the heart of Jesus. He said, did you know that three Native American tribes, the Sioux, the Iroquois and the Navajo, attributed divinity to Down syndrome children and gave them an honored place in the tribe and treated them as gods because in their utter simplicity, they were a transparent window into the great spirit, in our context, into the heart of Jesus Christ. Tom handed the little boy back to his dad and he said, Robin, you'll treasure this child because he is going to lead you more directly into the love of Christ than anybody you'll ever meet in your life.

And the next Sunday, there's Robin and his wife Ali sitting up in the front row holding up little Andrew, suggesting that they had been specifically chosen by God to bear a Down syndrome child. My point is this, uncompromising trust in the love of God enables us to thank him for the spiritual darkness that envelops us, to thank him for the loss of income, for unemployment, for the nagging arthritis that is so painful, it empowers us to pray from the heart.

"Abba, into your hands I commend my spirit this whole day morning, noon, evening, night, whatever you want from me, I want of me falling into You, trusting You in the midst of my life. Abba into Your heart, I commend my spirit, feeble, distracted, insecure and to You, I commend myself through Jesus, Your son, My Lord." Amen. Allow me to become personal here for a moment, the biggest obstacle in my own journey of trust has been a sense of low self -esteem, feelings of insecurity, inadequacy and inferiority. Since her childhood, my mother was an orphan and she was in an orphanage for 10 years never received any love as a child, never ever gave any as a parent. My father was born during the Depression, had an eighth grade education, he would add that he couldn't find work. He came home every night depressed and would speak a word of correction and administer physical discipline, take me into

my bedroom, made me drop my pants, beat me across my back and my buttocks with his leather belt. My most vivid memory is when I was six years old, and this was December 21st of 1940, four days before Christmas, it was a snowy night, my father came home without finding a job, and he said to my mother, how are the boys today. My mother turned to my brother, Rob, who was a year and three months older than I, and said he is evil, he is utterly obnoxious, he is the most selfish, disobedient child in the entire world. She said, take him down to the police station right now, tell the cops to lock him up and leave him there.

So my father did, marching down to the police station and here I am, six years old, crawling up at the window sill, my nose pressed against the glass hoping against hope that my brother is going to return a half hour later. Then I see my father walking up on a snowy night by himself and if I live to be two hundred years old, I'll never ever be able to describe the terror, the absolute sheer terror that gripped my heart now I knew there was nobody there to protect me, there was nobody there for me. The next time I acted out, I was going down to the jail to spend the rest of my life there and then through the tears, I see my brother about 30 yards behind my dad making a snowball and the inner panic temporarily subsided but I was still scarred and shaken. I wiped the tears from my eyes, I climbed down from the window sill and I assumed the macho position of a little six - year -old boy who doesn't cry and I pretended disinterest in a traumatic event that haunted me until I was 44 years old.

There's one more scene to the story, and this was years back in an hour of prayer in the morning, out of nowhere, I had an image of my mother flashing across my mind. And here, my mother was six years old and she was in the orphanage in Montreal, Canada where she was born. It was a wicked wicked mean spirited place and my mother was in tears rolling down her face and she was begging God to send her a mommy and daddy who will take her out of that awful place. The prayer was not answered for seven years but suddenly, as I looked at that image, all the anger, all the resentment that had been simmering over the years because my mother was never there for me, it disappeared like last night's dream. And then my mother said to me, after I had asked her forgiveness, she said, I messed up a lot when you were a kid, I didn't know how to love anybody but she said, you turned out okay. And then my mother who had never once held me or hugged or embraced me, kissed me, who constantly told me I was a pest, a nuisance, basically sit down in the corner and shut up and die. First time ever my mother kissed me, embraced me, and at that moment the greatest enemy of trust in my life was disarmed. My point is this, when we wallow in shame, remorse, self -hatred and guilt over real or imagined failings in the past, we are betraying our distrust in the love of God that we have not accepted the acceptance of Jesus, the total sufficiency of his redeeming power.

Preoccupation with our past sin, our present weaknesses, our character defects gets our emotions in self -destructive ways, it closes us in the mighty citadel of self and completely pre-empts the presence of a compassionate God. I can speak here out of personal experience, the language of low self -esteem is a language that is harsh, demanding, it is abusive, accusing, criticizing, rejecting, blaming, constantly condemning, reproaching, and scolding in a constant monologue of impatience with myself and chastisement of self. Rather than being surprised I've ever done anything good, I'm shocked and horrified that I failed and I never judge any of God's other children with the savage condemnation with which I crushed myself and of course, it's understandable with this image of that, we hide our true selves from God.

In prayer we simply don't trust that he can handle all that goes on in our own minds and our hearts, I mean, can Jesus handle my hateful thoughts, my cruel fantasies, my bizarre dreams? Can Jesus cope with my primitive sexual urges? I'm 70 years old and three, at least three or four times a day, I'm having lustful images, lustful desires. I mean 30 years ago and I was 30 or 40 and here I am at 70, ordained, a priest for 42 years, I'm wondering how Jesus can cope with all those primitive, lustful desires? How can I cope with my exalted image of myself because I start to believe my own press, my own press clippings, what a wonderful man I am? Can He cope with that exalted image I'm always building? In Spain, I conclude that He can't and thus I withhold from Jesus what is most in need of his healing touch.

I'll never forget this. It's back in 1999, I'm invited to give a lecture at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. Well, the lecture was at seven at night, I'm walking at night at 6 .30, now I'm walking down a path, and a student passes me by a 20 -year -old sophomore.

He looks at me and he says, hey man, you're cool, he said, I like your voluminous jeans. Now, I'm wearing these jeans and on any other campus, they would have said, I like your baggies. I like your baggy jeans but this is Stanford. I like your voluminous, voluminous jeans, he says, for an old goat, you're cool. You're cool, man, really cool. To this day I don't know what got into me, but I turned around right in his face and with mock indignation I say, if you ain't cool, what is the point of going on? You give me one good reason why I should go slogging through the molasses of this dark dreary dismal world that you ain't cool. Do you know what it's like to be 65 years old and be uncool in a cool world? He backs off and says, geez man, it ain't that bad then he says, why don't I go talk to the chaplain? I invited him to the lecture. We both laughed. I invite him to the lecture, and he comes. I walk him back to his dormitory that night, and he tells me how distant he feels from God these days.

Continues....

Brennan Manning-The Way of Trust John 14-1 and 2 {3 of 3}

11.14.2025

These are his exact words, he said the academic load here at Stanford is heavy you know, I used to have a vibrant prayer life in high school but I've gotten so busy with studies, fraternity life and just trying to fit in that I've grown careless in my relationship with Jesus and I really miss him. Then he turned aside because he didn't want me to see that he was wiping tears away from his eyes. Then he continued, I wish I could feel his presence like I used to but life in the fast lane keeps me so distracted that sometimes I wonder if I trust in God at all then I get scared. But I keep doing the same stuff out of habit because I can't imagine anything other, any other alternative. I wish, oh, how I wish I was closer to God.

Well, The next morning a woman faculty member comes to my room for counselling, and what she said was almost an identical repeat of what the student said last night. And here's what she said, Brennan, at one point in my life I had a faith so strong that it shaped the very fibre of my day, the fire of Christ really burned inside of me. I was conscious of God's presence even in stressful situations but since I got here to Stanford almost imperceptibly I stop sitting at the fireplace she said. The academic competition here among the faculty is worse than it is from the students and then with the sigh, she sank back in her chair and I saw tears rolling down her cheeks. Then she continued, I came to your lecture last night in the love of God and I cried for the entire hour, my life is so empty I see so much pain and suffering on and off campus. I feel a deep resistance that God is really loving, I think I still have faith but I can't feel it. I've lost any sense of God's presence, I'm like Mary Magdalene in the garden crying out, where is my beloved gone? I miss God so much right now that I feel frantic, I longed for the relationship I used to have.

And here's what I ask each one of you to do for the next 60 seconds, imagine that you are the God revealed by and in Jesus Christ, that you're the risen Jesus yourself and you are looking at these two people, the student and the faculty member. The young man is sad because he misses you, he is downcast that he is not closer to you, he is grieving that he's gotten so busy as to neglect you and he's close to panic that he doesn't trust in your love anymore. The woman is in tears because she can't feel your presence as she once did, her heartache lies in experiencing your absence rather than your presence. She too has been ambushed by academia, she fears that her faith is fading that she's lost you forever now.

Now, you're the risen Jesus, look at these two people, what are your feelings towards them? Do you think they have a relationship with you? Do you think that they love you? Is your heart overflowing with compassion because they feel exile from you? Do you see their entire lives right now as a cry of longing? A prayer of heartfelt longing for you alone and the moment they call your name when you sweep up and up in your arms and embrace them. Well, take your own feelings multiply them exponentially into infinity and you've got a vague hint of the love of God for you in Christ Jesus with a strong affirmation of your goodness and a gentle

understanding of your weakness. God is forever loving you and there's nothing you can do to increase this love for you and nothing you can do to diminish it. Maybe in the past few months you've gotten waylaid in your walk with Jesus by busyness, depression, family problems, unemployment, or something worse, maybe you feel that God has abandoned you and you're wandering off the path.

You will never believe that God abandoned you, in fact, you will never flinch, hesitate, or worry about being welcome in the arms of Jesus Christ and no matter where you are in the journey, you maintain a quiet confidence that your trust in God gives him immense pleasure. Of course, if you picture God as touchy, unapproachable, easily annoyed, you imagine God as being haughty, indifferent or angry, with unlovable qualities, then you'll dismiss the way of trust as a soft, easy path for wimps and wusses. It'll be your skepticism, your cynicism, your lack of belief in the wild, passionate, furious, pursuing, furious love of God that will remove Jesus in our midst onto the great, beyond, and you'll assume he's totally disengaged from you, your joys and struggles of your life.

When I was a child, our family was very poor, so we never gave presents at Christmas and never gave presents on birthdays, and we made things for one another. The one great source of feminine love in my life was my paternal grandmother. I look back now and I see that as my first experience of unconditional love, my grandmother would take me to St. Patrick's Day Parade, and because I was so short, she'd hoist me up on her shoulders for well over an hour to watch all the floats as they pass by.

Then they go, she would buy me ice cream, she loved me in a way that simply defies description. Well, on my 12th birthday in 1946, my grandmother left a little card with a piece of cardboard with her handwriting on it, her own hand and since then, I've had that card plasticized. I've had it laminate, I've had it hugely blown up and now I have it in a frame on the wall of my office back in New Orleans. And all the words on the card say, never was a mother so blind to the faults of her child as the Lord Jesus is towards ours so never be discouraged by your faults. Once again, never was a mother so blind to the faults of her child as the Lord Jesus is towards ours so never be discouraged by your faults.

In the Gospels You've taught us, Lord, that fear is the enemy of trust, You said to your disciples, do not live in fear, little flock, it is pleased my father to give you the kingdom. Why not? Because you're terrific, not because you're saying the right things or doing the right things or becoming the right things. You inherit the kingdom because in that lovely Greek word, Ordeia, My father and his sheer good pleasure, wants to give you the kingdom. To the sinking Peter in the sea of Galilee, You said, don't be afraid Peter, it's Me. When You walked into the home of Jarius, all the relatives thought the child was dead, You said the child is not dead the child is alive. They began to mock you and You said to them fear is useless, what is needed is trust. Jesus, I humbly ask that you walk down the aisles of this church and Your great compassion lay Your healing hands upon each one of us and free us from fear. Free us of shame about our past, of fear about the present or anxiety about the future, anoint us with that unwavering, unflagging, unblinking, invincible trust and Your love and teach each person here as you've taught me, trust is our gift back to God. And You Lord Jesus, have found it so enchanting that you died for love of it and that was the end of his sermon. And his famous quote is, God loves you as you are not as you should be because you'll never be as you should be.

And in my own personal experience wanting to know the future, wanting to know this, wanting to know that. The Lord kept asking me not to check on the media, not to do that kind of thing, not to go searching and delving into things to see what's going to happen next basically He said, don't do that. And He didn't say why and then I realized, all of a sudden, why? Just trust him that's why. You don't need to have all the answers besides, none of your answers are going to be completely accurate, situations change. But trust that He's got your back, trust that He has you, trust that He knows what your needs are and He's providing for you and your love ones. Stop worrying and trust, that doesn't mean you should ignore Him when He tells you to put this or put that up for the future. If He does that then obey Him but don't go beyond that, don't be compulsive about it, go deeper, dig deeper, be better prepared, have more of this, have more of that for all contingencies, no just trust Him. He knows what's going to happen and He knows what your needs will be and He knows your loved ones, and He's made provision for all of that.

And to me, what's the saddest thing in the occult community is fear, constant fear of attacks, constant fear of someone having more power and dislodging you, the constant fear of failure and losing everything, with the Lord it's not that way. If you lose everything, He just continues to provide for you in a new way, He doesn't leave you helpless. So you see working for the enemy, working for Satan is a losing deal totally losing deal. First of all, he can't provide you with anything after this earthly sojourn and second of all, he hates your guts and he is using you to hurt the Lord because the Lord created you out of the love of His heart. And since he can't get back at the Lord, he's tormenting you and stealing your soul to hell to get back at Jesus for kicking him out of heaven.

Come on guys, take a real look at this creature, this fallen angel, seriously. Take a look at what he teaches you and then tell me that if he teaches you to lie, steal, kill and destroy that at the end of your life he's going to reward you, no, he's going to laugh you to scorn. Please consider what I'm saying, you can't sow disease, harm, murder, stealing, lying and expect at the end of your life to receive blessings, security, rewards because you sowed destruction you will reap destruction. Please consider these words, consider who you're really working for, a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit.

Gladness in My Heart

11.15.2025

You will go out with joy
And you will be led in peace
The mountains and hills will greet you with their song
And blessed are you who know
The sound of a joyful noise
And walk in the line of Jesus all day long

You have put gladness in my heart
More than a time of harvest
Gladness in my spirit for all time
Gladness in my heart
Gladness for my portion
Gladness in my spirit for all time

So let us go out with joy,
And may we be led in peace,
The mountains and hills will greet us with their song,
And blessed are we who know,
The sound of a joyful noise
And walk in the light of Jesus all day long

For He has put gladness in our hearts
more than in time of harvest
gladness in our spirit for all time
Gladness in our hearts
And gladness for our portion.
Gladness in our spirit for all time.

The Crystal River and Growing Gemstones

11.16.2025

Precious Heartdwellers, I have a wonderful message to share with you, take it deeply to heart and know that as Jesus has done for me in these moments in Heaven, He is also doing with you. We cannot even begin to fathom what He is prepared for us, and eagerly longs to see the look on your face when He's taking you up into Heaven forever.

This night we were back at the entrance of the crystal cave, as the Lord quietly guided the canoe into the magical place, dear ones put yourself in the canoe with Him. For truly, this is meant to be shared with you, Oh Jesus how beautiful is this place You have brought me to. The Lord is guiding the canoe as we slowly float into the crystal cave on crystal waters lit from beneath. It is like a cave of light for there is no darkness in this cave, it is in heaven and everything here is luminous, with light pouring forth from every object be it plant, animal, rocks, all are composed of light, gently visible, sometimes shimmering and bright pulsating as an expression of joy that comes from deep within because it is light brought forth from its creator.

Lord Jesus began, *"I paint with light, three -dimensional light that makes up solid objects. Yes, my love, you are entranced with light because of its many qualities, dimensions, and uses.*

As He was speaking, my mind drifted off remembering how I taught my children to swim. We began by learning how to swim under the water, then all else was easy to learn because nothing caused panic as they learned how to control their breath.

The Lord broke in and said, *"this is an analogy for what I'm showing you here, you live in an ocean of light, everything here Claire, is made up of light. For a spark of my divinity brought it forth into being, everything here acknowledges My presence, even when I just walk by and acknowledges you as well as My creature, My child that I created. Yes My beloved one, I have brought you here to the very place where exquisite gemstones and crystals given to masters of the art of creating meaningful gifts for those I wish to honor and reward for their earthly sacrifices. This is an extraordinary place where amethysts and emerald, topaz, and aquamarine grow side by side to be harvested and made into royal crowns and gems for those who forsook every earthly reward just to have Me as their only treasure. It was My face they treasured, My heart they longed for and relentlessly sought despite many dangers and setbacks. How extraordinary this place is, with striking crystals of myriad shades, from topaz, deep topaz to deep rose crystals mingled with rubies and garnets which sat perched on their silver matrices shimmering in this holy light.*

To my rider's most amazing emerald crystal growing straight out at a 45 -degree angle, three feet long with a base about seven inches, surrounded by various emerald crystals of different lengths. The green outer texture is a satin yet it is a deep green that resonates with inner sparkling beauty, and as I look deeply into its inner dimension, I can see a conversation taking place between Jesus and His bride in a deeply embedded pink chamber. He has taken her to this most amazing of places to enjoy tristing time and she is thoroughly entranced by the inner beauty of this crystal, which appears to her like a glass cathedral all wondrous inside. Oh Jesus why has it taken me so long to let go of my preconceived ideas and allow you complete freedom to take me anywhere as we journey in Heaven to these places of wonder. Truly I struggled with talking about more important things and the beauties of Heaven, and yet that's exactly what you wanted to share with Your brides, forgive me Lord.

Jesus continues, *"My beloved, you have many ideas of your own construction, things you believe are just right for you which in fact, limit Me greatly and what I can reveal to you. In Heaven there are no limitations to what can be created, man makes limitations based on his tiny world of experience, but I continue just the same to build My worlds within worlds, within worlds, and so on, going on to infinity, places unfathomable to the human imagination. Oh, no one and not even one has flung the endless varieties of beauty, My heart is inspired to create out of love and appreciation for My brides and My children. Watch, as I turn these drops of dew into perfectly faceted teardrops reflecting the sparkling wonder of a place so pure it escapes comprehension, yet it sparkles with delicate pastel stars shimmering and interacting with a tiny rays of light I shed on them.*

As He reached out to touch them, a ray of light jumped from His fingertips to the crystal lighting it.

“Look inside, He said, and watch the shimmering stars formed by light from My fingertip sparkling inside very much like a galaxy of stars.”

Now He's taking the most beautiful teardrops, faceted teardrops and arrange them onto a delicate gold rose chain that had its own facets, the most beautiful as it reflected the light. He's placed it as an adornment hanging upon my forehead, they totally compliments my incredulous eyes. What a wonder to behold, and I see myself in the still waters that hold a canoe aloft and it is sheer beauty. His holy heart sparkles from within Him as He takes delight in my delight.

“You see My brides, to see your expression of joy over My gifts to you, it is My whole reason for wanting to give them to you. Many times I experience joy in your gifts to Me, now I get to experience your joy in My gifts to you. How wondrous is this relationship which can never outgive the giver?

Such delight animates My soul, He continued, that all the marks of indifference I suffered on earth are redeemed by your wide-eyed wonder and gratitude in My tiny gifts to you, such are the surprises of heaven. A thousand eternities would not contain enough time to explore the wonders of our holy abode where we dwell exultantly with our beloved ones. But never in all this eternity and all this space will you feel alone, or isolated or out of step because everyone in Heaven relates to one another's family and you know instinctively who these people are, who these brides and these children of mine are, and they react to you with complete joy and there's no fear whatsoever in Heaven only fellowship sweet, sweet fellowship.

As strikingly beautiful as these places and creations are, My love, there is absolutely nothing that compares to the soul who loves Me with all their heart, that is still the most magnificent thing that abides in Heaven. In all truth Clare, it takes My breathe away when I behold your yearning for Me and all the others who yearn for Me as well. You could even see My heart stop beating, so very stunned am I by the treasure of your love and all who loved Me with such abandon and longing.

Then He became very quiet and the last thing He said to me was, *“Soon, beloved soon.”*

And that was truly a comfort to Me and I hope all of you will put yourself in this place and enjoy every word that He's spoken to me because it's for you as well.

God bless you, heart dwellers.

Events Will Shake Everyone to the Core

11.19.25

Blessings dear family upon you and all of your loved ones. Mother Clare began, “Lord, You have the final say, You have the truth, You are my source, please Holy Spirit, protect my discernment, St. Michael, St. Benedict, Padre Pio, Saints Francis, Clare, and Therese, please I need your help, do not allow a familiar spirit to take over, please cover me and this message, there is so much turbulence and I don't trust any of them, but Jesus, I trust in You, have pity on me Lord, guide my heart and mind into the truth You want me to know. Please?

“Hold on My love, take My hand firmly and hold on. The series of events that are about to unfold will shake everyone to the core. Long in planning, as you have been told before, long in planning are the moves about to be executed. You can trust no one Clare, to bring forth the full scope of what has been engineered.”

“Do aliens have anything to do with it?”

“Yes, most assuredly, they too are working with wickedness to destroy not only this country but the earth as well. Do you believe Me when I tell you that Satan's rage has no limit? That he will stop at nothing? That he lives and breaths to hurt Me and all I have created is at the very source of all evil transpiring on the earth, but do not be concerned, Clare, We are together, your hand in Mine, covered by wings of silver tipped with gold.

You are Mine and I will guide you through. The deceptions on the internet have reached a fever pitch which allows the dark ones the space to operate without being noticed."

People are blissfully distracted by all sorts of curiosities, I should know, I have the same struggles.

Jesus continued, *"The people who know what is going on totally ignore it all. Do not be distraught or thrown off by all of this, rather focus on your music and the messages. It will get hot and heavy, just be a distant spectator who has better things to do with their time than getting entangled in intrigue. One of the reasons I have asked you to avoid the internet was to keep you from being in waters neck deep, filled with alligators. Let them swim and circle to their heart's content, but you My dove, tuck in with Me."*

"What do I do with this burning curiosity?"

"Know that it is a wicked vortex sucking unsuspecting victims to the absolute pits of hell and avoid it like the plague. You will know what you need to know, when you need to know it. In the meantime, remain faithful with what I have given you and I promise that tonight I will help you catch up because I do not want any of this hanging over your head."

"Oh Jesus, I clasp my hands together in prayer."

"Oh Clare, I've got this, just remain faithful, I will do the rest. Right now your people need TRUST in Me to solve all their issues in the manner that a loving father would, remind them that in faith and perseverance all things will be resolved by My loving providence and much good is coming to them." Amen!

Have Faith in Your Leaders

11.21.25

Greetings dear family, we love you and thank you for your prayers and support. We truly feel them. Jesus began speaking, *"Do you know that I speak through you?" "I think so." "Well, your thinking is correct and I want you to have confidence in that because it is true." "Thank You Lord." "I like what you said about David and King Saul's armor. There were many concepts there to help you all get a handle on letting Me fight your battles. The mirage was also a good analogy illustrating the smoke and mirrors game the demons try to steer your perceptions of reality and eventually your decisions with. Clare, you are all infected with layers of misconceptions and lies. In order to see clearly and ask for the right help, you must be willing to confront and expose all your weaknesses and you will find that everyone in the room is struggling with their own versions. It is in this solidarity of commitment to Me and one another that you will be able to narrow your focus and choose the right weapon. Shape, density, aim and velocity are critical in choosing the right weapon, but even more critical is abandonment to My Spirit and My means of defeating the enemy, for I know in advance his weaknesses.*

"For one a club may be chosen, for another the enemy's own sword wielded by a petite woman, for another a bow and arrow leveled at the heart, for another, a spear propelled by faith, and yet, for another, a pebble from the stream, just the right shape, density and size, released with perfect coordination as it leaves the sling. In war, all of these methods may be employed on the battle field by each individual warrior, according to skill, experience, and especially the wisdom of the leader they go into battle with. So, there are many determining factors in defeating the enemy and the most successful warrior is the one most in tune and obedient to the

leader who is anointed to direct the battle. The one directing the battle has already paid his dues in many years of experience following Me.

"I don't ever want you to undermine your capacity to lead because you have yielded to My Holy Spirit and what He chooses is never a mistake. Your greatest opponent in battle is your unbelief, as well as the lack of faith of those serving under you. The enemy is always at work eroding their confidence. With complete confidence they can succeed, with unbelief and lack of confidence in you they cripple the whole operation. This is why you must work to increase their understanding. And what is the work? Prayers said in faith, with your skillful observance, waiting on the Spirit, encouraging them in the direction revealed to you. When those prayers leave your lips My grace and power accompany them so they may reach and penetrate the target. Leadership is very much a cooperative event and the unbelief of only one soul can cause defeat in the battle, but I am there with Mercy and redirection for them to succeed the next time. Also present is the enemy with lies and discouragement. You must pray against that enemy Clare. I know this sounds like a mountain of work, but am I not the Lord of the mountain? Can the clay tell the potter how to form the pot? There is much humbling that must go into every chosen soul. The greater the potential the greater the humbling in order to support the vision of who they are to become and what graces they are to receive and operate in. Do not forget the enemy is there to weaken you in your trust to achieve what has been given into your hands."

I saw something about Brandon and war and so wanted to hear his message, but the Lord gave me marriage, which means, drink water from your own well. "So, here I am LORD, You are my God, do not leave me without hope." "Beloved, you are asking Me about war, because you are tired and discouraged and want so badly to go home....without Purgatory, I might add." "Please Lord?" "Very well then, I hate this topic and hold a special affection, those who are praying against war, even though it seems their deliverance is delayed. Never the less, it is inevitable and I dare not mention 'soon' because the prayers of My faithful ones are holding it at bay. As long as they are praying, I too am holding it at bay, and yet there is reason for concern. This situation with the cartels is major and they are feeling threatened by the military campaign against them which affects the economies of many nations. It is true these drugs are a deliberate weapon to kill off American youth and all these entities are enraged at the President for his focused efforts to put an absolute end to drug and child trafficking in America. Understand that abortion and gender manipulation are also part of the plan to decrease American population by shutting down their fertility. All of this is to destroy your country.

"Campaigns have been launched to make it all very fashionable to reduce families to two children, encourage homosexuality and gender change as well as the tragic death of youth by drug addiction. This is social engineering at its worst. The inevitable war is moving forward at a lessened pace because of prayer, yet it still moves along. Many interventions have succeeded in frustrating the plans of the dark ones to make it happen, because of the mighty prayers of the lowly ones. Clare, beloved, I am sustaining you."

"Oh Jesus, I feel like I'm walking an ice covered tight rope over the Grand Canyon." "Yes, in many ways you are, but I am your safety net, your rear guard and advancing army. You have only to continue on your tight rope slippery with ice and keep going. I have made this possible to you by giving you traction and balance where and when you need it most. Trust Me, to bring it to completion. Beloved take time out for music, you need that for inspiration and an outlet. Do you believe Me?" "Lord I feel so dead. I need a Dr Pepper." I asked the Lord about going back to Prosac, a lower dosage and I got the reading in John about the Rapture. "Lord, can you make a Rapture pill I can take right now?" "If I could, supplies would be sold out faster than I could make them! In all seriousness beloved, stay busy about your work and even music. I shall treat you to a surprise. You do your 50% and I will double it by 200%." "Ummm...how does that compute?" "Oh you know you can be My obtuse pill sometimes, but I love you steadily and honor you always none the less. Let's Us just say, I will contribute My exponential best to every movement of your finger in the right direction, even every thought directed to that beautiful open plain before you, which in the past has been an insurmountable

mountain, which I have now removed so your efforts, rather Our efforts together, could move forward joyfully. Renounce the unbelief and all the enemy's dark foreboding curtains and embrace the light shining on the open plain before you."

"Oh Jesus, You are so good to me and for me." "Renounce the thoughts of the wicked ones whose hopes are for your downfall, which I will not permit as long as you follow My counsels to you beloved. Come on now, put them in their place." In the Name of Jesus, I renounce the thoughts of all the dark ones against me. In Jesus Name, get out of my way and never return. I will have no part in your wicked lies. Drink your own poison and read your own narratives meant for me, but now assigned to you, since my God has reversed your curses on your own heads.

Jesus continued, *"I love talking with you My beloved. I love to see your faith in action. With each forward movement you frustrate your opponents and confirm My Faithfulness to you."* I took a deep breath and I feel better, freer with tangible hope. "Lord, please help me clear up what's hanging on my desktop?" *"Again, you must bind the opposition, speak directly to them, no sabotage, no impediment or confusion, absolutely nothing will frustrate or prevent the words spoken by the Lord from going out and landing at their intended targets, the hearts of all of the HEART DWELLERS and My searching ones. Amen. Now, take this banner and move forward Clare, for I am with you to complete this mission let Me carry you and propel you further into your destiny."* "Thank You my faithful God."

Dreams of the Tribulation

11.26.25

Bless you dear family and thank you for all that you do to support this channel. Mother Clare began, Father Ezekiel had a dream about the Tribulation in which we were present in our glorified bodies, working with Iranian refugees in our country. We were in a desert area where there was a huge garbage dump. It may have been outside of Albuquerque, but way out in the desert where women and children were hiding in the extensive dumps. Apparently there were rogue Iranian mercenaries that were searching for anyone they could kill. Somehow, Ezekiel and I were in our glorified bodies trying to comfort and teach the women and children, but quite a distance away these rag tag mercenaries were shooting grenades right into our camp and safety zone, everyone was terrified. Ezekiel would wait for one to hit the ground then catch it and throw it far away where it exploded. We were trying to keep everyone quiet because enemy soldiers were scouting out this huge dump. The goal was to survive these attacks without being discovered, and to stay safe in the quiet zone where there were all kinds of trash. Everyone was terrified of being discovered, tortured and killed. It seemed that at the end of the dream we were able to escape into a remote area and survived along with many Iranian men, women, and children.

What was unusual about this dream was that we had glorified bodies, so we were able to help with supernatural wisdom and strength. My condition now, in my 80th year, is far from what it was in his dream. I was young, strong and full of vitality as we freed these people from certain death. How can this be? Well on our Sunday meeting I got a rhema card that said, *"I am coming for both of you and taking you away, very soon."* It made me feel so good that I wouldn't be left out of the rapture, but then Ezekiel got this dream the very next morning. I was confused. None the less, I was throwing myself into Jesus' arms and completely abandoning any ideas I had for escape and safety, leaving it with Him. There was a hiding place that was prepared for our safety, complete with food, water and medicines and we were on our way there, but I was really stumped about our new bodies. Now, as I consider it, I believe the Lord may very well have more than

one or two of us working to save the oppressed. "Lord, please be merciful to me and share what this dream is about."

Jesus began, *"First of all, you and those I entrusted to you were refugees, some men, and many women and children in great need of a hiding place with food and water. This place had been prepared for you and it was a stop-over place on Our escape to safety, and yes, you were in your glorified bodies, AFTER having been Raptured. You see, I asked for volunteers to go back and save these women and children who were precious and dear to Me. You applied Clare, you raised your hand and wanted to return to help and so you were to take your incorruptible body back and help the helpless, hungry and lost. You were equipped for double duty, not only to escape the murderers, but to teach these little ones about Me so they would be saved. It was your loving heart that was motivated to return, not as a punishment as you supposed. More than anything, this was the heart I was looking for in My Bride. I was so proud of you. So, we worked together to avoid detection and provide for their needs. You have no idea the joy you brought Me with that decision. It helped you become everything I ever dreamt you would be."* A tear streaked down His left cheek.

"This is the opportunity you had been waiting for your whole life long, and it finally came. You were not afraid, but brave and totally caught up in taking care of others, and I will tell you another story, you are among the thousands of elect that My angels will bring to Jerusalem to witness My return. My love, this plan is far greater than you realize. You know all the dreams you hold dearly, the Church, about books, music, communities of little churches, the Resurrection of My True Church? It will all come about like the dreams I have given you. Why? Because of the deep wounds you've experienced and seen in the lives of others. It will be a rewriting of the past to erase the terrible injustice imposed by man on the frail and the innocent. Indeed you have MY vision for the Church, I have been investing and preparing you for decades in ways you would never imagine. This has been a preparation for you so that you can understand and respond deeply to each soul's needs. I will have My Church to be HOLY. No more of the world, instead it will resemble Heaven, angelic and holy. Are you up for this?" He smiled quizzically. *"Count me in Lord, this is a long time dream, You know how I am outraged at injustice."* *"And to answer, yes, there has been much preparation to ready your soul, and it is ongoing My sweet dove. All that you have experienced, the heartache, confusion, rejection, misunderstanding, persecution...ALL these wounds will be erased from your soul, until what remains is crystal clear insight and wisdom that you can impart to hurting souls who are searching for a deeper relationship with Me."*

"Truly you are paving the way for My lost people to return to Me in complete assurance that I am the Messiah they have waited for, and that I am meek and humble of heart and will heal all their wounds and those of their ancestors, and that I have prepared a glorious place in Heaven for them. The world has never seen the kind of glory that will descend and enliven My people. No more sorrow. No more tears, rather the healing of ancient generations along with the complete story, beginning and end, with a glorious future." Amen, let it be so.

The Chasm and the Railing

11.28.25

May your day be filled with peace, love and light, dear Heartdwellers. Mother Clare began, *"Sweet Lord, how kind You are to me."* *"First of all, you have been sick today, I am for you not against you. Clare you will have to work harder for us to be together Beloved. More focus and right action, I will help you tonight if you avail yourself of Me, but you must press in Beloved, take My hand and allow Me to immerse you. You do need help."* His strength is perfected in our weakness. *"Thank You my faithful God. Thank You for coming to my rescue."* *"You have seen how treacherous the YouTubes are, how they suck you into that space. There is quite a calculated movement using AI to manipulate minds and confuse those who are not aware We are working*

against the matrix and that is another force to be reckoned with. That is why I have pulled you back from the internet.” “What if I were to shut it down?” “That would not be practical, what I want is self control and obedience. It’s like being in a candy store, all those different flavors and you long to sample them.

“My Dear One, I cannot blame you for the natural bent of curiosity. What I am asking of you is something more like self control. Knowing when to listen and knowing when to depart from that source of information. So, here we are, back at ground zero and you are trying, but not quite hard enough. May I help?” “Oh yes Lord! Please take over my wandering mind and focus it where You want it to be.”

He cut in, “Mainly Heaven. Sometimes its better to dream and draw close so I may begin to set down a ground level foundation that will allow you to build a narrative. If you trust Me to take you places and fill in the details, by waiting patiently....” “Jesus, I am not feeling well tonight.” “I know. It is not easy at all, but may I assist you? You are carrying a big weight on your shoulders as the enemy attempts to lay a groundwork that will be weak and fail. More time with Me, Beloved. More time with Me. Let Me hold you Clare and rock you in My arms. Something so simple to do which I see as an act of faith. Just watch what I can do with your very simple faith. You will be amazed.” “Can we do this tonight?” “Why not, if you are willing, I too am willing. I am anxious to get on with it. Souls are waiting, they are crying out to Me for Hope. Your job is to feed them what they need and when they need it and I am quite serious about this Beloved, you are a Mother of Hope, that is your assignment. To bring hope when all hope is lost. We are nearing the brink of a precipice, the hope you give them is like a railing to keep them from falling into a pit. Do you understand that analogy?

“It is quite literal My Dove. Now do you see? Look into the chasm and you all see the bones of those who did not make it. The struggle is a little like the border with Mexico. The evil forces are trying to prevent that wall from being secure, just so the evil forces are working to prevent the hope I have given you through songs and lyrics, to prevent them from manifesting and then circulating. You have stout opposition continually trying to derail you, but please do not give up. I am with you in this and they cannot stop Us as long as you are willing to let Me peel you off the pavement. I want you to meditate on this because now you have a clear picture, you have been called and chosen to inject hope and the courage to go on to My weary children, and yes, you are one of them, so I am carrying you Clare, I am. This is not your work alone, this is Our work together. So, you must lean on Me more and more and more in order for this to work. Are you with Me dear one? A Mother of Hope bringing her weary children across a long and barren desert, a desert of confusion, void of hope and direction, virtues you will never run out of as long as you stay connected with Me, Bride of My Heart.”

“Oh Lord, these words are so beautiful, I want them to sink in. No more unbelief, just confidence in what You are doing, and that You will complete the work You’ve begun. Lord what about music when I come back? Will there be any opportunity or will the window for that close.” “The window for Our music will NEVER close. NEVER.”

“Really?” “Yes, really, even though distribution may be a challenge. Oh My little sweetheart, so much good is coming to you. Press in Clare. Press in, even when it seems hopeless. I will indeed SHOCK you with My kindness. Yes, I will.” And that was the end of His message. God bless you dear family and may the joy of the Lord be our strength.