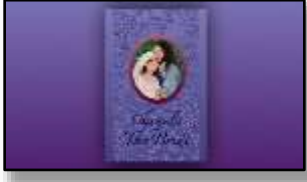


Chronicles of the Bride - Sister Therese Nightly Sky

April 15th, 2022



Sanctified Imagination: Nightly Scene at the Shore with Jesus

Hello, dear ones, may the Lord bless you all. I had gotten a Rhema when I had this encounter, and it said, “Accept the kingdom of God like a little child.” Then, as I was listening to worship songs, there came at random an audio message which was, “Casual Day with Jesus in Heaven”. It popped out at shuffle, which

h made me wonder, this is the second time He seems to bring this up. So, I was thinking “Lord, are you wanting me to be with you?” [using sanctified imagination].

Having Jesus (the Monstrance) near me, I laid my head on the chair and just settled down and close my eyes. . .

I found myself sitting on a calm beach, with pastel sand. The vast ocean waters before me were calm and peaceful. Jesus was with me at my right, sitting on the sand also. We stayed there in the presence of one another, ever so calmly. I felt like a rose who enjoys the warmth of the sun, soaking in the presence of my Jesus—cheerful and smiling while having my eyes closed. Words were not said then, just worship songs in the air. Suddenly, a cute turtle baby makes his way out of the water and passes between us. It was so cute as it emanated cheerful energy off itself, seen in its blueish eyes, as it nodded its head in a greeting. It seemed to be smiling—so little.

Then the gentle waves brought to shore some water glasses. It was strange seeing them there, but I picked them up and tried them on. I looked at Jesus who seemed amused seeing me with those funny-shaped glasses.

A song was playing now, and Jesus picked it up to sing along with me, “How deep the Father’s love for us...” The way he sang, the gentle tone yet passionate about his Father... Who can sing like Jesus?

I took up some lyrics and I sang, holding his hand as he listened and soaked in the moment before his tender eyes. As I finished the song, I had my eyes on his pierced hands. Holding his open hands into mine made this act of his love for me so real – his holes, *right* before my eyes. This image became so solid in me. They spoke loudly—His wounds, this act that He did—even without words said.

After some moments, I lean on the Lord’s left shoulder, as before us was now a nightly sky. We began gazing at the stars. It was a clear night sky—bright with many stars. I noticed Jesus pointing at one specific star and He makes a move and simultaneously, to His moving of the hand, the star up in the sky began to move, following his movements—descending on the horizon, passing through the calm nightly water, making a trail on the water by its soft fast flight— and the star stopped before us, hovering gently right before our

eyes now. I extended my hand, my left hand, and it moved toward it, and I noticed some tiny legs of light hand on my hand, with little hands appearing from the light – it seemed like a little fairy but made me think— a tiny little angel. I wondered, “Is this even possible, stars in heaven are like this?” However, it was sweet to gaze at this little star.

Sitting and hanging onto Jesus’s arm, we gaze at the distant bright light in the sky as it reflected light on the water, and I wondered, “Is there a moon in Heaven, Lord?” thinking how it is said that the Lord will be our source of light (taken out of context here..). To this, a thought came to my mind, and I soon see that from that light— moon-sized light came out tiny little light, as [if] from a dimensional portal. The little lights softly flew all over the scene. They resembled fireflies, but white in light beautiful in this calm nightly scene, as they went up to their way to our left, somewhere up in the sky eventually.

Having my eyes back to the waters before us, I noticed [out of] the corner of my eyes there was a bright-looking thing from beyond Jesus’s right side. I looked and there was a house, a modern-looking house, uphill. It had its lights on. The whole house was lit up with its lights, and I sensed there were some people over there, gathering and enjoying an event. The front of the house was facing the shore. On the left side of the house, which was toward us, from there I noticed that there were long stairs leading to the beach Jesus and I were on. I could spot also that the stairs ended in a little environment here below, with cut-out bushes and some flowers, which then led the way to the sandy shore—to the opening of the sea. Behind me and Jesus were some tall trees. Everything was quiet. The only sound was cheerful noise—cheerful energy coming from the house uphill. But where Jesus, and I were, it was quiet. We were taking a refuge escape by coming down here—just the two of us.

Still looking at the scene around us, on the far end, on our right side—more likely a hill going into the water—up there I noticed a Bonsai tree. It was rich in foliage—in pink, light colors and each leaf was shining. The tree possessed soft white, pinkish light from the foliage. And then I thought, “The moon, the remaining fireflies, and now this shimmering tree...” In the far distance was a contrast of a dark navy-blue sky and water.

Normally, there is no cold in Heaven, but I now see a fire before us, and Jesus and I are covered with a light blanket. This blanket, I sensed, was a spiritual covering, one that helps the soul calm down.

An aside:

Because to be honest with you, as I was going through all of this, using the sanctified imagination, there was obviously some opposition against my mind. The Lord, I remembered, as I was pushing forth to still be there with the Lord on that beach, I noticed Jesus was telling me—suggesting to my spirit, to discern between the fruits of everything that I see. To this, I went back, and I tried again from the place where I had stopped—discerning that if it was a good thing, I kept it and continued. If it was a bad/ill scene, I disregarded it and tried anew from the last good scene.

So, let's continue:

The fire before us had some dry wood as its flame crackled a little, releasing some little sparkle in the sky. I reasoned, "Is there dry wood in heaven, Lord? Since there are no 'dead things', how then is it burning dry wood?" The Lord speaks inside me, saying "*Well, nothing is impossible in heaven, right?*" making me realize there must be a substance resembling dry wood, [in order to have a fire]. He has his ways, I guess.

The fire gently swirled here and there, releasing glimmering little lights in the sky. And I noticed, quietly observing the fire—"The fire is dancing for you, Lord," I said to him in my heart. And He seemed to smile at this thought while gazing at it. Somehow, I found myself now holding a hovering flame in my hand, the size of a tennis ball. Jesus had one also. The little flame gave off such caring love for its master and Lord—it caressed Jesus' face. It did not burn us, it did no damage to Jesus' beard or his hair. A pure flame, in love with its Lord. I looked at the little one in my own hand and it felt so alive. We lingered with them for a while, and we ended up putting them back in the fire where they joined the whole "family"—in the fire.

Being there and leaning on Jesus, the songs were still playing, and I fell into a peaceful rest of mind, soul, and body—being wooed into a state of almost falling asleep.

But soon, the song, "**Victory in Jesus**"! It brings me out of it and opened my eyes. I stopped the worship songs, and I went to discern if what I had seen was from the Lord, — I got, "**Joy.**" And my heart leaped. I was encouraged to know that everything that had experienced was actually from the Lord.