

Book Excerpt: Hannah and the Armor of God pt 2

April 2, 2019



Lord, thank You for giving us ALL that we need in this life! NO weapon formed against us will prosper. NO hurt, no wound is so deep that Your Love is not deeper still. Thank You for Your healing Love. And for the protections You have designed just for us against the wounds of the enemy. Amen.

We'll continue here with part 2 of Hannah's story. I wanted to say here, before I read it, that a good portion of the words spoken by Jesus in part of this text was taken directly from a teaching He gave to our Clare in September of 2016. That portion will be marked in the written copy, both at the beginning and end of that portion with an asterisk.* If you'd like to read that entire message, it is entitled Spiritual Warfare: 10 - The Armor of God. And it was given on September 13, 2016.

Just to re-cap from the end of part 1, Jesus had formed a sort of 'floating TV screen' in the air in front of them, and Hannah was being shown some of her past few days with her family.

The scenes changed to the night of her parent's argument, the questions Evan asked her, and the deadly bitterness she nurtured in her heart over them. She saw now that every ugly thought, every refusal to forgive them was spurred on by yet another demon. Every time she agreed to it and made it her own—another ugly creature slipped in through the door and the Bramble of Bitterness grew even larger.

Finally, she saw the Office and the exchange there. It was the same thing, over and over again. Only this time, Jesus did something else to the picture and she could also see a carbon copy of Him there—but without a beard.

Puzzled, she looked to Him.

"Holy Spirit, Sweetheart." He chuckled. "My Holy Spirit.

"Watch now."

Holy Spirit began to counter every word the demons spoke. If they said hurry up, He said wait. If they said be angry, He spoke Love. She could see her soul listening to both and her mind trying to decide which of the voices to listen to.

It clicked. She remembered this!

"I think I understand, Lord!" she said, pleased. It felt like getting a good mark on a school paper. "I had the choice. I even had time to make the choice. I remember that, too. But I chose to go

one way, even though I could feel that voice—Holy Spirit’s—urging me to go the other way. I get it!

“Only ... now how do I get them out again? And get rid of this awful plant?” She shuddered again. “And those horrible creatures?”

A further thought came, this time accompanied with a sharp pang in her heart. “I’m sorry, Lord. Will You forgive me for messing up Your ... my Garden?”

His eyes twinkled as He smiled at her. “Done, My Sweet. Done—you had only to ask. As for getting rid of them, you’ve already made the first step—wanting them out. This is good, Dear. This is good!

“Come, stand before Me. I have made provision for everything you need to live for My Kingdom, to resist this enemy, and to drive them away when you have fallen. Remember this! Victory is always Mine. And so, it is yours, as well.

“I wish to give you something now.”

She stood before Him and a piece of metal, Roman armor appeared in His hands.

“I place on you now My Helmet of Salvation.

"When you are wearing it, you will know that you do not belong to the World—you are now a citizen of Heaven. You will go into battle as one who is already Victorious, because you are reborn and redeemed by a power much higher than the minions of Satan. There is no question about who is going to win; your mind is protected against the wiles of the enemy.

“Now you know that I live in you; you know that I have over-come all things. You know that the enemy is on a leash, held in My very own hand. But the most important knowledge of all is that you belong to Me and I have already won every battle against the darkness. No matter how it looks to you.”

Another piece of armor was held in His hands. He lifted it up and over her head, reaching to each side of her to fasten it in place.

*“I now give you the Breastplate of Righteousness, which protects that inner place, your heart, where I have taken up residence. Your conscience, if it is clear and clean with Me, has nothing to accuse you. The Accuser, as he is called, cannot cause you to become faint of heart.

"It is in matters of the heart—your emotions—that a person is weakened. Maybe a blow known as the Sucker Punch, which strikes at the place of the soul where it abides. These organs affect your emotions, and if they are vulnerable, you will collapse in battle—and be unable to stand against the wiles of the devil.”

To emphasize His words now, He placed a hand both in the front and back of her abdomen, pressing slightly so that she could feel the pressure.

"That is why it is SO important to examine your conscience, confess your sins, and repent before going into battle. When you have done this properly, and you know you are right with Me, nothing can stop you.

"No lie, accusation, bluff, or psychological weapon can penetrate these tender areas and cause you to curl up in a ball and retreat.

"The Breastplate of Being Right with God is your protection that the whole system, the whole body, is able to operate at an optimum level. You have been washed clean in My Blood and are now wearing My Righteousness."

All this talk about armor and battles and protection was a little nerve-wracking, but Hannah wouldn't think of interrupting Him now with a question. He had taken on the demeanor of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Heaven, and there was an innate solemnity of this time, almost to the point of being a Holy Ceremony.

He continued, holding out to her a leather belt from which hung a large scabbard.

"I place around you now the Belt of Truth, whose first function is to protect your 'gut' sense. When you feel something is right, inside—deep inside—this is you agreeing with My witness of Truth inside of you. The second function is to carry the Sword of My Spirit. Without Truth, you will not win the ultimate battle. If Truth is not on your side, no matter how ready you think you are, you are only a reed swaying in the wind."

An enormous, rectangular shield appeared now. He handed it Hanna and showed her how to hold it. It stood on the ground and reached nearly to the top of her head, with a set of two large straps on the back for her arm to slide through. It looked like it would weigh far more than she could ever pick up. But testing it, it proved to be light and easily swung from side to side and even over her head.

"The Shield of Faith carries the emblem of the finished work of the Cross, from where all your graces come forth. It is what you defend yourself with—your faith in your Citizenship and in Who your Sovereign is. Faith in the fact that you are commissioned and in good standing, and that all your actions proceed from Truth and Love.

"In Faith, you will have the understanding that your feet carry the message of Peace, Forgiveness, and Good Will for all men. All must be defended by Faith, understanding that each item is real and true—so true, you are willing to die for it, just as I did.

“With the Shield of Faith, you are protected from the fiery darts of the enemy, who desires to cut you off from Me and isolate you. He uses underhanded tactics—lies, half-truths, twisting and manipulating you until you fall for his lies.”

A long, shining steel blade was next. He held it up vertically in front of them for a moment, then gently slid it into the scabbard at her side as He spoke.

"Now is given the Sword of the Spirit. Literally, My Words written through the Apostles and Prophets, which enables you to defeat error with My very words. There is no question of what is right and what is wrong; it is given you in My Word. You are able to divide truth from error down to the very marrow of a bone with the help of My Holy Spirit.

“There are so many levels of truth that abundantly illustrate right from wrong. Truth is always weighed and examined through the Scriptures, but your heart must be right with Me and guided by My Spirit—or you will concoct your own truth, apart from Me. It will look and sound good to man but be full of error.

“Finally, I shod your feet with the Sandals of Brotherly Love and Peace.”*

He stood back from her now, to give a final word of instruction, a summary of the purpose and importance of all He had just given to her.

"The knowledge of your salvation is protected by the Helmet.

“The assurance that your heart is right with Me—the Breastplate.

“You are sworn to Truth above all opinions, defended and divided by the Belt and Sword.

“And your path is one of Peace and Brotherly Love—the Sandals. If your feet are not properly shod, you will do more harm than good with the Sword. The order in which you put these things on has significance.”

He smiled once more at her.

“Do you remember that I once told you? That you were born for such a time as this, like Queen Esther?”

Her eyes were as wide as possible and all she could do was nod solemnly.

“Now you are ready to stand with Me and fight the creatures that you have allowed a place in your soul. You have repented, the first step. I have forgiven you—the second. Now, together we shall use the Authority of My Name Above All Names and go out to Victory—the same Victory I won for you and all of My children on the Cross.

“Hannah. Look.”

He pointed to the branches of the bush and suddenly she could see dozens of the ugly creatures clinging to them. In fear of His presence, they stayed as high away as they could. Yet up until now, they had received permission to be just where they were, and they would not leave unless driven away.

Some were beginning to spit in their direction; some had tiny knives and other weapons in their hands, preparing to throw them.

Her first reaction was to scream! But He stood calm and strong beside her—and she was covered all over with the Armor.

Courage flowed through her all of a sudden.

“What do I do, Lord?” she asked quietly.

“Show them no fear—this is what they feed on. Be strong. Be of courage. Call on My Name. Use the Authority of My Name to banish them. Bind them first with chains. Order them with your words, backed by My authority. Then demand they go to the Abyss, from whence they came.

“If they hesitate, even a fraction of time, call on My Warrior Angels and they will assist you.”

Still not sure what she was doing, she called out rather timidly, “In the Name of Jesus, I command you all bound with chains.” A few, small chains wrapped around the smaller ones.

The larger demons just laughed at her.

Before she could panic again, He said quietly to her,

“Believe, Hanna. Faith and Trust.”

He bent to whisper in her ear.

“I ask you again—

“Do you Trust Me?”

He had asked her this question many times by now, and her response was getting easier each time. She had so much history with Him, now. She realized that nothing HAD ever harmed her in this place, in His presence. Anything she thought had—had only been a thought, not a reality.

A Fear, not a Truth.

“Yes, Lord, “she declared. “I do trust You,”

“Then speak boldly, with confidence that My Name will accomplish what you command.”

Hannah looked up into the brambles again and quickly set her shield over her head—a few arrows and a knife had been thrown down at her when she wasn’t looking. She swung the shield easily and heard the thud, thud, ping of the weapons hitting it. The attack made something swell up inside of her and she spoke out again, more loudly. More confidently.

“In the Name and Authority of Jesus the Christ, BE BOUND with chains!

“Be banished to the Abyss—NOW!”

Amid a cacophony of squeals and screams, the largest portion of the demons were wrapped ‘round and ‘round with thick, heavy chains and yanked out of that cage of branches like fish hooked and pulled from a pond. Soon, there remained only half a dozen or so of the creatures.

They weren’t posturing anymore; nor were they threatening with their weapons.

But they were still there.

“What else did I say—do you remember?” He spoke quietly, never taking His eyes from the remaining minions.

Yes, she did!

“In the Authority of Jesus’ Name, I send you NOW to the Abyss and I call on the Holy Warrior Angels to get you there!” She spoke with firm determination now. She could feel the authority of His Name flowing through her, feel the power of His Name dislodging their hold and forcing them to obey.

Immediately as she finished speaking, an entire platoon of angels appeared, each dressed in flashing silver armor banded with scarlet red. They came swords in hand, shields aloft, deadly business in their eyes. A dozen or more of them stood inside the bramble cage. The rest made a ring around the perimeter.

At the sight of them, the remaining demons fled and were seen no more. Those angels that had stayed in the perimeter flew behind to make sure they reached their destination.

The Platoon Leader came before Jesus and Hanna now, struck his chest with a powerful fist and bowed to his King and Commander. He stood straight again, looking to his Master for any further instructions.

Jesus smiled seriously (that’s the only way Hanna could think of it) and addressed him.

“You have done well, Ardeshir. My thanks to you and your companions.”

The angel turned to look at Hanna, but the fierceness in his face caused her to draw back a little. No single thought was revealed in his face set so solid and grim, but he gave her a short bow, turned and the remainder of the platoon rapidly flew away.

‘Wow’ was a kid’s word. Not worthy of what had all just happened.

Hannah remained speechless, trying hard to absorb it all, wondering how she would ever live a ‘normal’ life again after this.

The Lord’s chuckle seemed out of place with these thoughts and she turned to Him, a little annoyed.

“Sweet, dear Hanna.” He smiled and wrapped her in His arms. The armor had vanished from her sight the moment He touched her. He addressed that, too, in anticipation of her questions.

“The armor is still with you, for now. You must learn to ask Me for it every day. Like physical armor, your battles can wear and weaken the armor in the spiritual and must be renewed often. I will always give it to you—you have only to ask.”

He leaned down and kissed the top of her head.

“I know it seems impossible to you now, that you would ever forget even the tiniest detail of what you have seen and done and experienced here today. Unfortunately, the World will soon confuse and rob you of much of it. But you will remember—I will help you. You will need to come to Me often to retain what I teach you, to make it a true part of your heart, your mind, and your thinking.

“It is SO important now that you spend time with Me. Read My Word often. Talk to Me often. Spend time in worship with Me, listening to music that swells your soul and brings your heart to My heart. Even when I am not beside you, that you see Me, I AM always beside you. I always hear you.”

He looked around then at the brambles still enclosing them and chuckled once more.

“Now... how do you suppose we get out of this?”

This was becoming a familiar game. He had asked a question—and was soon busying Himself with something to His side, away from her view. He began to hum a little song to Himself, and then turned His back on her to better pay attention to whatever He was doing. She could hear the snap of Him breaking a few of the smaller twigs, but He didn’t seem to be making any progress with the plant.

Or much of an effort, for that matter.

She hadn't even thought of the plant, she'd been so taken up with the battle.

"I guess I just figured it would go with the demons," she thought, puzzled. "I KNOW He's not going to answer me if I ask! He never does when He starts twiddling with something else."

She grinned, thinking about it. He was ... the most amazing, endearing person she'd ever known, in her whole life. And a rush of love filled her heart for Him, just watching Him. Happy to join the game, now she set her mind to the problem, determined that she should find the answer without Him telling her first.

What caused the plant to grow in the first place? She chose her first clue.

She understood this—a bitter heart; bitter feelings.
Unforgiveness and Anger.

It caused her to pause, too. Didn't she have a right to be angry, hurt, and even bitter over her parent's treatment of her? She pondered that a few moments—and got caught on that point, unable to sort it out in her mind. Her eyes roved over the plant as she thought, cringing at the length and sharpness of the thorns all along the branches. As she looked, she noticed that one clump off to the far side looked different from the rest, and she walked over there to examine it more closely.

This part of the bramble seemed to have grown so that it wrapped around and around in a circle, hanging horizontally, maybe a foot above her head.

Odd. It almost looked like...

As soon as that thought formed, His head appeared, encased in the thorny bramble. Worn now as a cruel, tortuous Crown, the thorns pierced His skin in multiple places and blood ran from each one. His entire face was bloody and bruised, obviously beaten.

She drew back in horror and looked behind her.

But He was still there, tinkering with the brambles, His back to her.

"What is this? How ... ?"

She turned back to the brambles and couldn't tear her eyes from the sight. The Jesus in the Crown opened His eyes and looked at her. They reflected great pain; but far more, great Love and Compassion. There was no condemnation in His eyes at all, even though she knew that somehow, He was paying for her own sins with that Crown, too. The image closed His eyes

again, in obvious agony, lifted His face to the sky and cried out, "Father! Forgive them. They don't understand what they are doing!"

The image faded away now, leaving her again with her thoughts.

Tears welled up and overflowed, dripping down her cheeks to the ground.

"You did that for ME, Lord—I know now. You let them do all of that to You ...

Understanding came flooding through again.

"But You weren't angry with them, were You? You still LOVED THEM! Even the soldiers. Even those who cried out to crucify You.

"You forgave them, Lord. You've forgiven ME."

Her voice came as a tiny whisper. "You want me to forgive them, don't You, Lord?" She spoke, as much to herself as to Him. "And because that's what You want, that's what I will have to do."

She sensed that the in-the-flesh Jesus had moved up behind her now, and she turned to look up into His face. No words exchanged between them. He knew. She knew that He knew. He moved again to take her into His arms, laying her head against His heart.

"But I don't know how!" Her heart moaned inside. "It all hurts so much ..."

She wrapped her arms around His waist again and sighed.

"How, Lord?"

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I hope you've enjoyed Hannah's interaction with Jesus. I have to say—He is VERY much like the Jesus I've presented here. Kind. Tender. Loving. Firm when He has to correct us—but then immediately bringing us back into His arms. And Funny! He has a VERY well-developed sense of humor!

We did have the PDF of this book on the [Heartdweller's.org](http://Heartdweller's.org) website, but I've asked Mike to put it on hold for just a time. The Lord told me just last week that He wants me to publish it, and there are some revisions He is helping me with first.

We are focusing our attention on getting the book from Clare about Mary published to begin with. That is waiting on Clare's 7th teaching on Mary in her series. That will be coming soon.

And then the Hannah book will be the next project to complete. I'm hoping maybe by the end of April.

The Lord bless your day today, Heartdwellers. You are greatly loved and appreciated. Please don't stop praying for us all—Clare, Ezekiel, myself, our whole prayer Team. The enemy never lets up! But by His grace and your prayers, we will continue on. Thank you!