

Come into your garden

October 31st, 2022



This is the second half of the Lord's message to me.

During prayer, the Lord began to play “**Garden**”, by **Misty Edwards**. The lyrics were so beautiful as it calls the bride to enter into the garden of her heart to be with the Lord and the lyrics began,

*I am a garden-enclosed
A locked garden
A fountain sealed
I am Your resting place
I am Your resting place
Here, O Lord, have I prepared a place for You to dwell
Here in the reservoir of me
That You would dwell in my heart
That I would be in You, and You would be in me
That I could fellowship with God
Here, where it's You and me alone
The very glory of God
On the inside of me
I want to fellowship with You*

*Here it's You and me alone, God
You and me alone
Here it's You and me alone, God
You and me alone*

As the song continued, I began to see a beautiful garden enclosed with a door and black iron bars as a grill. I found myself inside the garden seated on a finely trimmed flower bush shaped like a bedroom bench. I then saw Jesus walking towards the door of the garden to enter in. Once He entered, I was surprised to see that He was in His passion. He stumbled in the garden with the crown of thorns on His head, His tunic halfway off, and His body beaten and bloody with tremendous lacerations.

He almost fell and I ran to catch Him, putting His arm around my shoulder as I helped him to the bedroom bench. He laid down as He closed His eyes, He winced full of pain. I just stared at Him in horror, of the wounds that were all over His body. The crowns were deeply

embedded in His scalp, His forehead, and one in His eye. There was so much blood in His mouth, His lips were swollen and so were His eyes.

His body looked as though it had been shredded as the wounds were deep and even some skin flapping going all the way down to His legs and feet. He had the nail wounds that were bleeding, but the nails weren't in them. I stared stunned, not sure even what to do but to clean His wounds. I looked around wanting something to clean Him with and before I knew it Angels flew around me bringing a bucket of clean water and white linens.

I began cleaning His face. I first took the crown of thorns off of His head gently and slowly. I could see how deep they had pierced His scalp as His skin pulled up as the thorns came out. I gently wiped His head with water and was concerned where the blood would go but the Angels, knowing my thoughts, began to clean and catch it so none of His blood fell on the floor. Jesus was still lying there silently with His eyes closed as He allowed me to clean Him. After cleaning His face, I began to kiss his wounds, I kissed His swollen eyes, the wounds on His forehead, His split lips, and to my amazement when I kissed them, they began to heal. As the wounds began to suture on [their] own and His face was completely transformed.

Then I began to clean His body ever so gently wiping away the blood cleaning it with water, every laceration. Then I would kiss it and they too began to heal and suture together. I continued all the way down to His legs and then kissed the nail marks on his feet after cleaning [them]. I went back to kiss the nail-pierced marks on His right and left hand and then on His side where He was pierced with a lance. Once I was done, Jesus was not only all cleaned up, but completely healed what was left remaining [were] the marks of His holy wounds which were still there. He then opened His eyes and sat up, He looked at me with such love and then held me tenderly to His side as we embraced for a while then I came out of the vision.

I was so moved by what I saw. Just then I received a text from Pastor Brian from Zambia about the young boy, Peter, who had a really bad skin condition, which we shared on the vlogs. A Heartdwellers couple was so nice enough to donate to get medication and now he is completely healed. We praise God, it really encouraged me and encouraged my faith.

I then began the Lord's Supper and got the Passion reading which brought me back to the vision I had seen moments ago. Then I could hear the Lord begin to speak, so I began writing.

Lord I also want to thank you for bringing me courage and faith today seeing Little Peter, how his skin has been restored and it really lifted up my spirits concerning Children Hope Community Centre with all the changes and recent trials I began to doubt and lose the excitement I had with the work you want to do there.

Jesus responded,

“Keep your eyes fixed on Me little one, fixed on Me alone and you will no longer lose out, and have Satan and his demons steal your joy, courage, and hope in what I have spoken for you to do. You know My will so move forward. Continue to pray for Pastor Chama don’t worry he is now in My will in this sabbatical and will return with a new heart and mindset to love Me alone and seek My will alone. Brian and he are both beautiful souls who will be tried and tested in various ways but will overcome to build this work of mine. Share with your flock the needs of the people and the children — many will come on board to help and support this work. So, get busy, Beloved.”

Yes Lord,

As an aside here Pastor Chama is taking a sabbatical to take care of his family, please keep him in your prayers. And the Lord is wanting me to share with you what this medication has done for so many children to rid them of skin diseases in Zambia. I will be sharing the pictures and messages with you guys very soon.

And what about You Jesus, how are you feeling what’s on your heart?

I saw you in the garden, our secret garden. I realize I haven’t been there for a while and Lord you came as, suffering Jesus to be cleaned, consoled, and comforted. Then I received The Passion reading during my Lord's Supper. Oh, Jesus, I know you are suffering terribly, I am so sorry I haven’t been here for you as I should.

Jesus continued,

“But you are here now, Beloved. You allowed Me into that secret place to be nursed, taken care of, and loved by you. There is no greater medication for My wounds, beloved, than when My bride comforts Me with her kisses, with her meditation and devotion to My most holy wounds and sufferings.

There is oh so much, Beloved, oh so much,”

And I knew he was saying there is so much on his mind.

“I would rather have My brides fixated on Me and not what is going on in the world or you too would easily fall into despair. I would love for all My brides to enter into their garden this week. Please go and I will meet you there. For some, the gates of your heart have been locked for so long, thinking you are unworthy for Me to enter, unworthy for Me to communion with you. My beloved brides these are lies fed to you by Satan, you were created to be in communion with Me.

That garden was created to be a secret place where we can meet as much as you want. The secret place My father talked about when you pray wasn’t just a prayer closet, no beloved brides it’s the door to your heart.”

Matthew 6:6

But when you pray, go into your room, close the door and pray to your u Father who is unseen. Then your Father who sees what is done in secret will reward you

*“I have said, I and My father would come and make our dwelling with you **John 14:23**. I desire to make a home there — will you let Me in? For so many more of My brides, you are easily distracted by the world and its affairs so you have neglected that secret garden, where many times the gate is unlocked, I walk in but I don’t see you, I see no one.*

And I just sit and wait as I adore the beautiful flowers of your heart, where there have been trials and pain and you persevered — and the many times you have done acts of kindness or deeds for love of Me and your neighbour. You see even when you are not there, I come just to adore you, adore what we have created. Although, however, wild the garden may be, it is wonderful and beautifully in process.

I sit on the swings waiting for you to return so we can swing together. I sit on that beautiful French bench you love hoping that you would walk in at any moment so we can have a heart-to-heart conversation. I rest many times in the creek bed as I see the beautiful colourful fish swimming by and the crystal-clear beautiful water that reminds Me so much of your soul, as I dip My feet in, wishing you were by My side, that I may rest My weary head on your chest or be held by you.

I skip rocks as I marvel at each ripple reminding Me of each act of grace you make surrendering to My will, which affects all those around you causing a ripple effect that will last for eternity. You, My bride, are so beautiful to behold inside and out, but I no longer want to be in the garden of your heart alone — I prefer to be with you, to be in your presence, to be held and loved by you in this place.

I need it now more than ever, My beloved brides. Will you be that repose? Can your heart be a place where I can find rest and find you, amidst the sufferings of this life? Will you come when I call?

“Meditate on My Passion, meditate on the wounds that I incurred for love of you and to redeem you to myself. Meet Me in the garden of your heart and let Me be nursed to health by your love and attention. There I will wait for you to meditate on My Passion and on My wounds which means to meditate on My love, beloved brides.

“Love always leaves a scar and sometimes those scars still bleed. My love is being poured out for you and the whole world. Come and adore My most holy wounds, kiss them with great devotion to bring healing to My aching heart and to souls who are still trapped in the various sins My wounds represent.

“The wound in My right hand is for the sins of disobedience and self-will. The wound in My left hand are sins of selfishness, from directing all things to one's self and grasping attention of others by seeking to take to one's self what your right hand has given Me.

“The wound in My right foot is for sins of inconsistency when souls waiver in their resolution to love Me above all things and to place Me first in their affections and their desires.

“The wound of My left foot is against the sin of sloth and spiritual lethargy. When souls give up on Me and give in to despair and discouragement.

“The wound in My side is for the sin of every false love and every fleshy deceit promising sweetness but giving bitterness and death instead.

Some of you even struggle with these sins and so does the world that doesn't know Me or My Father. So, My scars are constantly bleeding, pouring out My blood, My love, and My mercy. Come, My bride, let the Garden of your heart be My triage and nurse these wounds with your love and devotion.”

That was the end of Jesus' message.