

All Messages February 2020

Hannah's Heart Chapter Nine - Prayer Changes Things

February 4, 2020



Abraham Hostetler turned the over-sized key in the aging lock and pulled once, twice, on the long, brass handle. With a sudden moan, the over-sized front door of the old church gave in to his coaxing, and a rush of cool air met him from the interior. A slightly musty smell came with it.

Need to get Mrs. Toothill to order more of that spray again. Carpet's sucking up the moisture with all this rain we've had lately. His mind started a checklist of

things to do before he even set foot in the ancient narthex.

Abram flipped on the nearest light switch and padded his way to his office. Another blast of air met him, this time overly warm.

All praise to You, Lord, that we even have heat, he prayed, eyes closing in the effort to suppress any bit of the frustration that rose so easily in him.

I'll have to put a sign on that thermostat again. People are forgetting to turn it back down before they leave. He added another item to the never-ending inventory. No matter the time of year, the building had a penchant for being damp and cold. One of the many mixed blessings of a mid-19th century, stone-covered edifice, he realized.

His job as combination Pastor, counselor, and quasi-janitor to the church seemed to encompass more hats lately. Thankfully, the church congregation was small, as some churches go. And he still had the strength to minister first and pay attention to the physical plant problems later. They had a man who volunteered to clean and upkeep the building, but he worked a full-time job **and wasn't able** to be available as much as Abram might have wished.

Good man, though. Good man. Works hard with the time he has to give, Abram assented as he entered the small room.

He sighed a little as he entered his workspace.

Thirty-six years now, Lord. Nostalgia swarmed over him for a moment as he remembered the day's date. *You've had me here for more than half my life.*

He gazed around fondly at the crammed, tiny office. A testimony to those years, the room hosted floor-to-ceiling bookshelves filled with Truth, wisdom—and a little conjecture. Most of the books were well-read, yet a few still waited to be explored. A file cabinet stuffed with records and sermons and stray office supplies stood positioned too near the steam radiator, silently rusting away around the edges. The requisite Spider plant hung from the nine-foot ceiling by a macramé cord—a handcrafted gift from one of the women given to him many, many years ago.

“Dear Sadie Mae. She and I were quite a pair back in the 60's, weren't we, Lord?” He chuckled to himself, reminiscing his earlier Jesus Freak days and the folks who had joined him to start his first Bible study.

“If only we’d known back then.” He shook his head a moment. “But I’m afraid we had a little too much ‘freak’ and not enough ‘Jesus’ in us at the time, didn’t we, dear?” He addressed the now-deceased woman as he picked up a watering can to care for the plant. His eyes grew soft with the memories.

“We learned, though. We learned. Didn’t we, Lord?”

A short, saggy couch slouched along one paneled wall, and a few folding chairs were stored neatly in the corner behind the door. Two tall, stained glass windows rose up behind the wide oak desk he occupied for hours at a time, letting in just enough light to keep the room from being swathed in darkness. A selection of family photos, as well as his Certificate of Ordination, hung proudly (albeit, just a tad crooked) on the opposite wall from where he entered. And an oscillating fan hid behind the far arm of the couch.

He ran his hand along the wall until it reached the light and flipped the switch. An ancient ceiling fan sprang to life, whirring its blades like a flock of startled turkeys. He hurried to turn the new dimmer attachment Horace had installed the other day to ‘low’.

“Oh, Lord, my Lord,” he prayed out loud this time. “Thank You that I have helpers. That I have *willing* hands when I need them.”

Truly thankful this time, as any sense of irritation had flowed away with the first attitude adjustment of the day, he smiled to himself. Joyed that the Lord was so near, so ready to help him any time he called.

The Core would be arriving in another hour or two. Well, at least the older, retired members; they were the ones that were available on an early weekday. It was Wednesday. And every Wednesday just a tiny portion of his beloved flock would meet with him to lift up the others in the congregation to the very Throne Room of God. All the needs, the lacks, the sicknesses, the hard times would be given up in earnest supplication; all the prayers and yearnings for these dear souls spoken with firm expectancy that they were being heard and answered.

And then the praise.

The worship.

One-on-one with the Lover of their Hearts, Jesus.

How many times had they brought Heaven itself down to walk among them—or perhaps it was the other way around? Abram wasn’t always sure. He just knew that the relationship he and these precious few had found with the King of the Universe was something he wouldn’t trade for all the wonders of the Earth. How he longed for all the dear souls under his shepherding to find this place, this union! How he longed to open the eyes of the whole church to the intimate, loving Savior they knew—yet still didn’t know.

Not yet. Not really.

“We’re working on ‘em though, aren’t we, Lord? I see softening. I see more love growing here.”

Thankfully, the younger ones were starting to wake up again.

He rubbed his forehead with one hand, thinking about the last upheaval the congregation had gone through some years back; a horrible time in their history.

“Satan sure thought he was going to have a victory there, didn’t he? Sure glad You’re my King, not him.

“Sure glad, Lord.”

He moved around the room setting up the folding chairs, measuring out grinds for a pot of coffee, laying out cups and white plastic spoons.

Mrs. Wilcox will be sure to bring a treat of some sort. He smiled ruefully to himself. *I’m afraid I’m probably more thankful for them than I should be, Lord. Maybe You could be helping me today to remember restraint? After all, I don’t have my precious Nancy here anymore to keep an eye on my sweet tooth.*

His smile fell just a little at the thought. *Not that I’d want her here instead of with You, Lord!* He hurried to amend his prayer. *No, no. She’d done her share of suffering for the Kingdom by the time You sent for her. I’m glad she’s up there, dancing in the streets and singing with the angels.*

A deep sigh swept through him.

It’s just ...

Well, life is what it is, now. He wouldn’t change things for his own selfishness.

All the preparations in place, he hurried to walk the steps downstairs to the tiny bathrooms, making sure there were sufficient supplies there as well and to get water for the coffee.

It’s just, he continued his soliloquy, *for a while there I thought us old folks were going to just die off and the whole church would collapse back into... Well.*

He shook his head and sighed again.

Just “church”.

He stood and reflected on that a while. He’d been there, long ago. But “church” had never been enough for him. And as he grew into manhood, away from the teachings of the chapel he’d grown up in, he sought to know: IS there more? IS it possible to know the Lord the way David spoke of in the Psalms? The way the Disciples did? The way Paul told the Ephesians? The way Jesus knew the Father?

“And I pray that Christ will be more and more at home in your hearts, living within you as you trust in Him. May your roots go down deep into the soil of God’s marvelous love; and may you be able to feel and understand, as all God’s children should, how long, how wide, how deep, and how high His love really is; and to experience this love for yourselves, though it is so great that you will never see the end of it or fully know or understand it. And so, at last you will be filled up with God Himself.” He quoted the beloved Scripture words back to His Redeemer.

Yes, it was possible. Not only possible, but the Lord had been leading him and his Core deeper and deeper into that very understanding, just as Paul had said He would. It had been a fight over the years. Satan had tried to divide, destroy, distort, and deceive his people over and over again—and had succeeded several times. New people would come in with their own ideas, their own agendas. Murmurings would start, critical judging, gossip—those sins whose vast proportions most Christians never fully understand. Sides would be taken, “He’s right, you’re wrong.” And so on. The church had literally split three times now over the past 36 years.

Once just as he had started seeing things blossom.

That had been a very hard blow, nearly knocking the wind of Hope out of him. Nearly tempting him to walk away, hardly before he’d gotten started. Not a whole year after he and Nancy

had taken the position at the church, the naysayers finished their job of dividing the people and left, taking a whole chunk of the congregation away.

The Lord helped him understand that it had been essentially a spiritual spring cleaning, **actually orchestrated by Yahweh Himself. He'd wanted to give Abram a good running start.**

In spite of the fluctuations of the congregation at large, the Lord had always been faithful **to the Core. It was as though He had wrapped them 'round with a powerful angelic protection that could not be breeched.** Not as long as they stood firm against sin and pressed in with the Lord, relying on His will to spare them the brunt of the vicious spiritual attacks—for that was truly what these things were.

And each time, once the dust settled and they could take a clear look at what had happened, they found that it was always the naysayers and the weak ones that were gone. Tragic, yes. More reason to pray, certainly. But Jesus had always, always picked it all up again from there and started building His church with people who were seeking Him. Not power. Not amusement. Not status, or position, or attention.

No. In every renewal of members coming in, there were always the few that had really found the Kingdom. And these, like iron drawn to a magnet, had joined to the Core and swelled the heart of the church even more.

Finished with his preparations, Abram sat at the old desk with head bowed and hands over his face in reverence, now preparing his heart even more carefully than he had the room.

“Welcome to Your home within my heart today, my precious Lord.”

In the quiet, the clock sang out a mechanical version of In the Garden, announcing the hour.

Thank You, Lord. He smiled to himself. How like You. How very, very like You.

He began his time of prayer.

“Come now into the Garden of my Heart, oh my Lord and King.”

With arms lifted to the Heavens, he continued to pray.

“May You find it filled with fragrant blooms, pleasant resting places and the scent of cinnamon and myrrh, sweet smelling spices ascending to Your Throne.

“I welcome You today, Beloved Savior of my Soul. Help me each moment as I walk with You, please.

“Just as You are mine... I am Yours.”



Karen awoke to the sound of a dresser drawer closing. Metal hangers *screeeked* as they were slid along a metal rod. The tiny clink, clink, cling-clang-clang-clang of one dropped and rocking to its final rest on the wooden floor stirred her to open her eyes.

Mike was standing in front of an opened suitcase on the other side of the bed, folding a shirt that was obviously destined to join half a dozen others already there.

“What are you doing?” she asked sleepily. She hadn't come back to bed until nearly 3:00, having cuddled up in her chair and cried as much of the tension and pain away as she could. For a reason she didn't understand, she had found solace in the stillness last night. At one point, it had

felt as if an unseen blanket had been placed around her; a warming tenderness floating in the air of the deserted room.

Strange things like that been happening lately. Peace coming over her unexpectedly. Comfort coming from a source she thought she should recognize but lay too far back in her memory for her to bring back except in the dim, fuzzy world between waking and sleeping.

She picked her head up far enough to peer at the alarm clock's numbers and blinked a few times to clear her blurry eyes. 6:00 a.m. She was sure that's what the readout said.

Mike never got up this early.

"I was gonna tell you last night," he began explaining. "But then you brought up that church thing again, and I got mad, and..."

"Tell me what?" She closed her eyes again, annoyed to be woken up so early. The lack of sleep and reminder of their latest fight wasn't helping any.

"Tell me what??" she repeated, a little more stridently. "What are you packing clothes for? What are you doing?"

Now he was annoyed, too—he'd thought he was being super quiet. He shoved the last shirt in the suitcase, flopped the lid over, and started feeling for the zipper pull.

"I got a job."

"What do you mean? You have a job."

"No, no, not that. That's for suckers. I got a job, a real one."

The zipper stuck halfway around. He ripped at it, it advanced to the last corner and the pull came off in his hand. Miraculously, he didn't throw it against the wall.

"I got a job, Karen—you won't believe this one!"

Karen sighed and rolled to sit on her side of the bed.

"I didn't believe the last one, if you remember."

"Well, this one is gonna prove me right. You wait. You'll see."

"Okay."

"I'm tellin' you, this one is gonna make us rich again, Karen."

"Okay, Mike. Okay. But what's the suitcase about?"

He didn't answer, so she turned to face him now. His face was fighting to keep his mouth shut, while his mind raced to decide how much to spill right now.

"I have to meet with these men in New York City. To train with them. They've promised me good money, Karen. They even put a deposit in our bank last night. You'll see! It's enough for you guys to live on the whole time I'm gone."

That last part got her attention.

"What do you mean 'the whole time'? Just how long *is* this training?"

He'd better make this good. "Only a coupl'a weeks, from what they said."

He lifted the suitcase from the bed, and turned to the closet again, pulling out his one good suit jacket.

"They're gonna take me to J. Press and buy me some real clothes, too. What do you think of that? I'll be meeting with some real important men in some high swanky offices..."

He stopped and looked at her, pleading.

“I’m good at what I do, Karen. I’m good. It’s about time I get back what’s mine. What’s ours. This is gonna be it, Karen. I know it. I just know it.”

She didn’t have an answer to that. She’d been slowly seeing him for what he was, what he’d become over the years, ever since they’d moved back to Pa. And she just wasn’t sure if she liked it. Who knew if this would be a good thing—or a bad one?

He turned back to the suitcase. Hoisting it off the floor, he looked at her one last time.

“I knew you wouldn’t want to drive me to the train station this early. I asked Jimmy Hechts to drive me over. See? I do care about you. I was even gonna let you sleep.”

His heart ran to her. His pride clamped his feet tight to where he was standing.

She got up from the bed, walked around and put her arms around him, hugging him with as much as she could muster.

“I love you, too, Mike. Thanks for thinking of me. I would have taken you—I would have.” She looked up and smiled.

“I hope this really is what you want. I hope you’ll be happy.”

Victory! Smiling now, he assured her, “I’ll call your cell every night—make sure you keep it plugged in! You’ll see, Karen. I’ll make good again, and this time I won’t need any phony religion garbage, either. I can do this on my own. You’ll see.”

A horn tapped outside, and they could hear the chugging motor through the window. He gave her a quick squeeze and a short kiss, then walked out of the room.

Karen sank down on the bed confused, wondering at the queer feelings inside of her. Part of her was hurt—like a finger had gone missing all of a sudden. But then, this wasn’t forever, after all? That’s what he’d said. And he wasn’t leaving her. This would be good—a good thing.

A more startling thought rose up.

Now what was she going to do with the kids?

She started to panic—until she remembered something else he’d said.

“They even put a deposit in the bank last night.”

Now she wondered just how much this deposit was. She wondered if she could get away with quitting her job. That’s what they’d fought about, too. She didn’t want to work. She wanted to be home, to be a mother again. She hadn’t been much of one lately—she didn’t deny that. But she wanted to be.

She could still remember the sweet, tender days of Hanna’s childhood. Of Evan’s. They pulled at her, ripping her heart apart when she gave them enough time. Pain had consumed her for more than half of Hanna’s life, and Death had nearly taken her along with it.

But there was something about being back Home. Back where her roots were. Back among the people she’d grown up with. Back with her own mother. It had renewed a spark in her heart, and when she allowed it, it flamed and grew, little bit by little bit. She wanted to stay home and be a mother, just like she’d dreamed of being as a child. Just like her mother had been.

Pale, pink light came suddenly into the room. The sun was beginning to rise. She stood to part the curtains, to look out at the brightening sky. She was so tired. So worn out. But she had no idea how to do even the next thing. Numbly, she watched the sun climb over the tree line, trying to make at least one thought come into focus.

She didn’t like the one that did.

He was trying to sneak out of the house.

The realization dropped her into the rocking chair beside her.

He didn't want to say goodbye, to tell me where he was going. He had no intention of telling me anything!

What if? How—? Why? What about—? Like a spinning top, her thoughts twirled around and around; never landing, never forming well enough to ponder.

Until they landed on one that had once been her strength.

God! My God!

If You're there anywhere...

Dear GOD, can You still hear me?

She was too exhausted emotionally to even cry.

I don't know what to do. What am I going to do?

She lay her head back against the high back of the chair and moaned.

Are You there, God? Please. Please take this pain away. I can't stand it anymore.

What am I going to do...?



Adonai looked up at Ikaia, one hand still tenderly on Karen's forehead. He had put her back to sleep in preparation for the removal. Ikaia nodded once to him and stood back, ready for his part.

The order had been given: it was to come out today.

One long pull and Adonai handed it to him now—a long, black-handled, wicked-looking spear. It had been thrown six Earth years ago piercing the spiritual heart of Ikaia's charge, wounding and crippling her, reducing her capacity to accept love and love in return. There were others there as well—one even larger than this one. But more work needed to be done before they could be touched.

It would happen. The Father had ordained it.

Rafal and his assistants moved to lay cloths soaked in a bright red substance over the wounded place and pour a clear ointment from a beautiful crystal bottle. Almost immediately in response to these administrations, the wound lost its angry appearance, the edges lost their jaggedness and became smooth again.

“Jehovah Rapha, Almighty God Who Heals. We have covered this lesion with Your Son's Blood and washed it with Adonai's tears. All honor and glory and praise unto You, El Elyon, for You alone are Holy and Powerful.”

Ikaia's cries of praise and worship resounded through the heavens, reaching the Throne of He Who sits there, rising as a pleasing incense that flowed throughout His sanctuary.

Light flowed through Rafal's hands now and spiritual tissue knit back together, reformed, and closed the gaping hole the spear had made. Further ointments of healing were smoothed on the place carefully until, finally satisfied with his work, he moved back and away from Karen's body.

Ikaia continued his petition.

“Banish now, O Jah, the evil minion that would reopen this wound, that it never be freed to do harm to one of Your children again.”

With one swift, smooth motion, Ikaia cast the spear deep into the bowels of the Earth. He drew his sword and slashed through the body of the demon that had just been expelled, severing it from the ability to continue its work against her—consigning it to the Abyss until its master would, perhaps, release it to find a new body to indwell.

His eyes flamed at the group of evil ones that remained, cowering.

“You are forbidden to touch her again this day. You are chained from casting any additional weapons against her. Do not defy the Great and Powerful Jehovah in this—or you will rue the decision.”

Ikaia drew himself up to his full nine-foot height, his eyes boring into them until they hid their eyes from his.

“Decide now. Obey—or be thrown into the Lake of Fire immediately, eternally.”

A series of sounds, ranging from high-pitched squeals to guttural growls, was his answer. Satisfied, he sheathed his sword again and turned to Rafal.

“Thank you, Friend, for your fine work here. We will continue our watch over her now.”

His eyes roamed over the four other angels that accompanied him on this most important mission. They solemnly nodded their heads, ever watchful, ever ready to spring into action should Yahweh’s orders be breached in any measure.



“The Lord has her in His hands, Anne.”

Abram’s shaggy eyebrows drew together, emphasizing his words. **“He has all of them. You know that.”** The soothing words were like droplets of rain on her heart. **“Press in with Him. Press in today in prayer—we’ll all join you. He has a magnificent plan in the works here.”**

Yes. She knew all those things. And most of the time, she was at rest in that knowing. But the warfare in and around her home had been fierce lately. Backlash, she supposed. Retaliation from the enemy of her soul for the non-stop petitions ascending from her little prayer room over her daughter, her grandchildren, and her stubborn, blind son-in-law.

She blinked back warm tears as she gratefully accepted the cup of coffee from her Pastor. **He’d been her mentor through many, many trials** over the years. And his words again took the pain from her heart and pointed her towards the **True answer she’d been seeking.**

Faith. Hope. Trust. In the only One Who sees all and could make the tangled threads of their lives weave the most brilliant tapestry!

Even though the only side she could see right now was the confusing back side.

In time, it would turn over and reveal all its beauty. She had a lifetime of experience with the Lord’s goodness and mercy to firmly believe that.

“Yes. Thank you, dear Abram.”

Her eyes spoke the volumes of gratitude her words couldn’t express.

“We’ll all press in together. Thank God for His children gathering here ...”

The *snaap*, creak of the front door opening and quiet voices approaching turned their attention to the rest of the group arriving.

“Here, they’re coming now.” Her smile had returned, bathing her face with peace again. “Let’s see what Margaret has baked for us today, shall we?”



Teetering On the Edge of Disaster

February 5, 2020



My dear ones, may the angels of God watch over and protect you. May the sweetness of our Savior bring you joy.

Four days ago, I was on the precipice of Despair. Old wounds had been ripped open, communication was agonizing and inflammatory, at best. It seemed that I couldn’t do anything right. Accusations flew through the air and painful memories from 20 years ago came from a deep place in my heart. I was crumbling under this attack and had nowhere to turn.

We were dealing with a soul who needed to move on to the next place the Lord had prepared for them. But Ezekiel and I kept getting sideways, so we could not understand each other. He would say one thing; I would hear another and vice versa. This lasted for a good three days, and I was beginning to lose hope in all that God was doing. It was so dark!!! And so unexpected — but deeply threatening.

Then I heard the Lord’s voice, *“Do you trust Me?”*

In this moment, Lord I am so afraid of losing everything, I don't know what to say?

He replied, *“I have made you promises I will not go back on.”* He said as He fingered my wedding ring.

Lord, I am broken inside and on the verge of tears 24/7. Please help us. Please help me. Have You taken away my protection because of sin?

Jesus replied, *“How do I answer that?”*

With the truth?

“There are many reasons for this right now, and it is good for you to look at all avenues that might be Guilt. But in the main, this is a fiery trial you must endure. And I am with you, Clare. You will not be put to shame.

“What is happening now is the result of many accumulated errors. Things I have not been able to communicate to you. I have tried, but they are beyond you.

“And as far as this soul in question goes, I do not want them here now. Will you please take a firm hold of My hand as you walk across these hot coals? I will not abandon you. Only, lean on Me significantly harder and I will set your path straight. OK?”

OK, Lord.

“Now, do what you must do.”

And namely, it was the unpleasant task of making arrangements for a soul to move on to another destination.

Then Jesus began, *“My people, when trials become so intense that you feel you are standing on an icy precipice, and total destruction looms beneath your feet, cleave to Me with greater resolve. This act alone will prepare your heart to receive instruction, and I will guide you in ways you do not even as yet understand.*

“Satan has taken many of you to the very edge of destruction, and you stand to lose much. But do not fear. I am there with you, and I will not let you fall into the hands of your enemy if you listen very carefully to My instructions. And refuse to do anything by your own opinion or strength of mind.

“Don’t run from Me. Run to Me in strength of mind, knowing that I will never give you over to the will of your enemies completely. You may suffer loss, but never all that you fear—as long as you cleave to Me. And I know how very hard that is at this moment in time. I know your expectations and efforts to be holy. I know what I have provided for your escape route, so be sure to cling to Me above all else.

“Satan has launched a strong frontal attack on many of you, and your only hope is in complete trust and abandonment to My will. Some will flake out. Others will come. There is a constant turnover in any Community until the right fit is found. This can be a joyful occasion for those who are truly called. But you must know yourself fully, deeply, with honor and integrity.

“You must.

“So, here we are in a very precipitous situation, threatening your demise. But you must keep careful watch over your spirits and not to give into Despair. I am here for you, and I will guide

you away from this slippery slope as you turn your complete attention to My will and trust Me with all your hearts. I shall never allow you to be tested beyond your strength.

"I bless you now with confidence in My Love and vigilance over your souls."

The Smokescreen of False Guilt

February 6, 2020



May the grace and mercy of our Lord Jesus calm your hearts and give you strength, precious Family.

When I was in prayer, I felt very strongly that something was really wrong with the Condemnation that I was feeling in my heart. And Ezekiel was feeling it too. And other Heartdwellers on the Mountain here, also brought it to my attention. And I realized that the enemy was up to no good, as usual.

And had sent another assault on us, to take away our strength and our resolve and our joy.

So, I came to the Lord in prayer, and immediately He began speaking.

Jesus began, "Again, you have known My Heart. Beloved, it is not just for you that I expose the relentless assaults of Condemnation the enemy puts on you. All of you, My Children, are affected by this continual drip of acid upon your conscience, which eats away at your motivation to work with Me. What better way to undermine and depress a faithful son or daughter than to continuously find fault with them? It focuses your attention on you, and off those I have called you to serve."

As an aside, I just want to say. False Guilt is one of the ugliest things, one of the ugliest dynamics and the most weakening dynamic that people can use against other people. And for some of us, we don't even realize it, because our parents would insinuate things, or say something. And it was kind of insinuating that we had failed in some way. And it goes on into your adult years. And I catch myself with that kind of negativity, and I just want to cry. I look at it, and I say, "You know? You're not strengthening anyone by having that kind of an attitude." Where you slip in a little remark that makes you feel guilty. Or makes them feel guilty. It's only weakening people when you do that. And I think it happens a lot, even in our marriages.

So, when the Lord brought this subject up, I was really happy. Because I was feeling it. I was feeling a lot of Guilt. And unfounded Guilt.

So, Jesus continued, "There is an epidemic of Shame and False Guilt throughout the Body and the world right now. There has been a constant effort to undermine you all with False Guilt. There are times when it is so subtle, you only feel the effects of it: a certain sense of disconnectedness, confusion, and inadequacy."

“What lies beneath the surface is a lack of confidence in our relationship. When you are secure in Me, nothing can stop you. When you are insecure in Me, nothing can get you going. It is when you feel disconnected that you flounder, and your attention goes inward, rather than to those who are so very needy around you.”

Lord, I am having so much trouble concentrating. Please help me.

Jesus continued, “Clare, there is one thing I want to convey to Our Family, and that is that I am with them through thick and thin. My people, never allow Doubt to creep in, telling you that I will abandon you and the work we have together! Never for one moment give in to these lies from Satan. You have given Me your hearts, and together we forge ahead to do the works of gathering in the Harvest. These lies are planted in your heads to stop you from going out into the fields with Me.

“They bring depression, insecurity, and a sense of being lost. You are NEVER lost; I am always at your side. I have not disqualified you. Reach out and grab My hand.

“Do what Mother Clare does. She visualizes Me, and indeed I am there before her. And then she places her hands on My Heart. There she finds a certain connection that inspires confidence in her heart, ‘I am here. Listen to My Heartbeat; feel My concerns. Let us continue to work together.’”

I was just noting... I do have a rhema card that says, “Put your hands on My Heart and My Love will do the work.” It gives me such confidence to forge ahead into what He has been asking me to do.

Jesus continued, “And truly, it is your love for Me and all that concerns Me that drives you onward. But what if that love, that connection, didn’t exist? What if all you had were lies 24/7 convincing you that you were guilty, and I had turned My back on you? What if that was all you had?

“Some of you would be swept away into distractions to quell the pain. Some would collapse in tears. But most would get busy with the world set before them, because they gave up all hope of working with Me. This is what False Guilt does to you, My people.

“Recognize the enemy, recognize his tactics, and totally reject his lies.

“More than anything, I want you to know that I AM WITH YOU! And I am never withdrawing from you. You may walk away from Me, but I will never walk away from you. We have much to do together! Press in. Cast away these vain imaginings, take a firm hold of My hand, and together let’s move forward.”

Fire Tried Gold II

February 7, 2020



May the Sweet peace of Jesus be with you all, dear family.

I want to begin by thanking you for all your prayers. I don't know if you remember that Jesus asked Ezekiel to renew his offering of suffering right after we arrived on the Mountain. Being as human as I am, I was hoping the prophecy about him being totally healed in the wilderness would come to pass soon

after we got here.

But you know how hard it is to say “no” to the Lord. We are not perfect, by any means. But in something this momentous, such an offering for our country, we could not say “No.”

But this past week has been something off the charts, that I never thought I would see. And while the demons were sending torment to him, they were sending panic to me. And I have not done well in keeping my mind steady. I have been very PTSD—Post Traumatic Stress Driven. But I resolved in my heart that I would share with you what's been going on, because I know many of you must be enduring the same things.

One of our dear friends in Canada lost her husband suddenly, in the middle of the night, when his rig went out of control and exploded into a fiery crash. This was unbelievably devastating for her, and we are still in support mode just to be there for her.

And what has been taking place with Ezekiel has been something I never expected a human being to live through. But no matter how far to the edge he goes, God is protecting him from death. And I am learning to cope with this heart-rending situation that goes on sometimes for hours and hours and hours, into the night and sometimes even into the next morning.

I can only surmise that we are in a most precarious position, and we are fighting for our lives in America. I want to encourage all of you, if things are happening to you that are off the charts, please know that this is for our country.

Some still ridicule me for teaching on Simon's Cross. That is, the task Jesus gave this man to carry His cross to Calvary; that was a sign and symbol for what we would be asked to do in following Him. But I have seen this dynamic repeated over and over again. Even in Chuck Mislter's ministry. His wife suffered terribly while he was working hard to complete some very important writings. Heidi Baker's husband, Roland, in the same way suffered terribly as her ministry exploded throughout Africa, taking new territory for the Lord.

I could go on and on about the sacrificial fast/suffering offerings great minister's partners have carried for their husbands and wives. It would make a worthy study. The blood of the martyrs is

the seed of the Church. And I have seen that over and over again in contemporary ministries. There is a price to pay, dear ones, to plow the land and ready it for the seed.

We have been getting readings on Fruitfulness over and over again through this difficult time. So, I want to encourage you, that if your sufferings are off the charts lately, you are holding this world together with your prayers and offerings. And that stands, whether you are aware of the offering or not. You've given yourself to Jesus, and anything you suffer, He takes graciously and gratefully as a fast offering for the world.

I also want to ask your prayers for the Chinese people. More than ever, their government is going after Christians with a vengeance. They need your prayers so badly. Last night, Ezekiel was in the spirit in the midst of some Chinese people who were being tortured. Tortured to death. He also saw scenes of things happening to children who make it across the border of Mexico and are isolated from their parents.

This world is so cruel, and Satan eggs on his followers to be more and more cruel to helpless victims, inventing new ways to torture—tying off veins and arteries before severing limbs, one at a time until they die. It is unbelievable what Satan has loosed on the world. And everyone needs our prayers more than ever. But in this moment especially, the faithful in China who are being arrested and tortured as we speak. Please pray for them.

Lord Jesus, please speak to us. This is so horrendous! How can such things be? Some even blame You for this and say there is no God, otherwise the innocent would not suffer as they do.

Jesus began, "My Sweet Clare, you have been very much distracted because of the intensity of Ezekiel's suffering. And I want to tell you, I understand. Do not condemn yourself. These things are very hard to cope with. Please do not lay blame and guilt on yourself for not being able to pray or think straight. Indeed, you have suffered much during this season of trial, very much. And the human mind runs to familiar consolations when it is nearing the breaking point. But let Me assure you, I will not allow you to be broken—although that is what your enemies are working towards.

"I have planted you and your prayer warriors right in the middle of witchcraft central. You are in a very hot area, where much evil is done. Not only to the surrounding families, but the cities and nations of the world and especially America. There are very well-established Satanists in this area, and they are infuriated that you are here. To stay, I might add. I do not allow all things to touch down in your life, although they wait in line for one misstep so they can gain entrance.

"I am allowing this for the work of saving souls, and though you feel very disconnected in this moment, things are going to change. When I allow suffering, part of it is for the sins of the soul, part of it is for reparation for the sins of the unrepentant, part of it is for conversions, and part of it is a major work of mercy to save the nations of this world.

“Both you and Ezekiel and many Heartdwellers and Christians around the world are going through similar things. All that I can tell you is that you are My choice warriors, because you have shouldered the many tragic things that are happening to, in, and around you, with courage and dedication.

“In this world you will have trouble. But I live in you and I overcame the world. And so will you, My deeply dedicated ones.

“My people, no one sees your suffering. No one hears a fanfare. No one connects the dots between you being here and the Earth being held back from full-blown war. No one recognizes your love for Me. But I do. Good men are tried in the crucible of suffering and I tell you truly, you are not good men; you are extraordinary men and women who have heard My voice on this Channel and given yourselves totally to Me.

“Such are the martyrs in Heaven, and so are you in this very way. Martyrs for righteousness, for the triumph of righteousness and the extended hours, days, months, and years that you have won for your people by your intercessions.

“You have made a choice of will, and though you may feel your offering is paltry, because you do not suffer as well as you would like. Still, I tell you, great fruit is being gathered because of your pains and tears. Many of your hearts are bruised beyond recognition by what you have faithfully endured and not renounced Me. Many of you will wear martyrs crowns. But many more will go unrecognized in this life.

“Your suffering is deep, pervasive, hidden, and in some cases immobilizing. Clare’s heart is bruised beyond recognition from enduring with Ezekiel the pain he has so steadfastly suffered and continues to suffer. This is in part the reason for her silence. When she becomes quiet to pray, the tears and grief overwhelm her, so at times she finds ways to occupy herself from feeling that pain.

“What she and others like her do not know is that somewhere in China, those who are being tortured are not feeling the brunt of the torture, because it is being taken on here in America. They suffer beyond recognition, but some of the pain has been distributed to victim souls in other places in the world. The only reason they stand throughout this process is that I have given them extraordinary grace to keep them upright and functioning.

“It is the same for you, dear ones. You are getting through your ordeals because I am strengthening you, and others also are receiving blows for you, as well. The economy of Redemption and how I distribute My graces to the needy will remain a mystery to most until Heaven, when they will see playbacks of their lives.

“Gold is tried in the furnace of afflictions. And all of you listening to this message, and having gone through these things, all of you are being perfected so that you will shine with a distinctive brightness in Glory. You are being strengthened beyond human boundaries. Many of you endure

to superhuman boundaries and you haven't quit, because you trust Me to provide for you that which is lacking.

"I want to commend you, My faithful warriors and victim souls. I know that you don't see yourselves in any great light, but mostly as failures. And that's not true. I want to thank you for your faithfulness. And I encourage you to keep holding the standard of the Cross high above your heads as you ready yourself for battles. When there is simply nothing left and you are totally bankrupt, fall into My arms, put your hands on My Heart, listen to the heartbeat Your God expresses His gratitude with.

"Know that I am eternally grateful to you for all you have sacrificed on behalf of your brothers, sisters, and the world. You have much to look forward to in Heaven. Please do not grow despondent or discouraged. I am holding you and filling you with grace in the moments you most need it.

"Thank you for loving Me with a true and pure love, a love bathed in tears and sacrifice. I count every tear as the most precious offering a soul can make to Me.

"I bless you now and am preparing a place for you. A place where there will be no more tears, no more suffering, no more disappointment, no more death. Only eternal bliss in My presence."

A Plague is Coming

February 13, 2020



The blessing of our sweet Lord Jesus be with you all, Heartdwellers.

Well, my Dear Family, the Lord has brought us through some difficult times recently. But we are seeing light and joy at the end of the tunnel.

However, today I want to share with you a serious warning that we be ready for an epidemic of Biblical proportions. The Corona virus, we have heard from a source that has been reliable in the past has said that this virus was created in China to flush out the Christians and dissidents in this communist country. And to reduce the population. When people come to the government for the vaccine, they will be asked to prove that they are loyal communists, or they will be executed. This is what we have heard. This virus will also serve as a population reducer, because so many will die from it.

And this was a military source that this came from.

It's not a far walk to know that globalists are indeed behind this, not just communists. And from what has been reported to us, the vaccine that will be used to fight the Corona virus will be very destructive to the immune system.

Dear ones, Psalm 91 is the weapon of choice. If I had to fight this, I would not take any government shots. I never DO take them. I would place my trust in the Lord. So, I am asking you to please declare this Psalm over your loved ones and the unsaved around the world.

Ezekiel was present in the spirit about two nights ago, maybe three. To a three-year-old boy in Chicago in a hospital. His name was Trevor, and his parents watched helplessly as he died of the flu. And that's the common flu that's afoot now. From what has been said, there's reported ten thousand, over ten thousand have died of the flu. And more than 800 children have died of the flu.

It was so very, very heart rending and tragic. And Ezekiel cried and cried over those devastated parents. Please speak to your relatives not to be riding on the fence. There is such a serious plague that is coming, and so very many toddlers, young children, and elderly may die from it. Please, please plead with your loved ones to receive Jesus and put their trust in Him alone, declaring His faithfulness over their children.

During these difficult times, the Lord has truly been with us and given Ezekiel especially many insights and supernatural experiences in Heaven, as well as inspiration to keep going with those things the Lord has given him.

I'm also seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, and there is an air of expectation as to what this Spring will bring. We are excited for those who are here, and coming here, and many new ways to communicate the Gospel are arising in our midst. You will hear of them soon.

I want to confirm to you that Mother Elisha, formerly Nana, has been receiving prophetic dreams and crystal-clear insights. Truly, the Lord is blessing her with a prophetic anointing all her own. Growing in grace and stature, because of the trials our enemies have sent us, the Lord is raising her up.

And that's what this place is all about—the Refuge. It's all about raising us up into the callings that we have. Aside from, of course, prayer and intercession and worship.

She will also be putting videos up on the Channel occasionally, because I want you to receive from her as well.

One thing we are learning in Community life is that everyone has something to contribute. And our highest priority after prayer and worship is to cultivate the gifts of the Holy Spirit as He has given each of us our own special anointing.

Lord, would you like to share something with us?

Jesus began, *"My very dear ones, revival is coming to your country, but it will have a high cost. I have wept many a time for those souls who are not ready to come to Me. In short, they are perishing. The complacency of the American people has reached such a degree that I must allow this suffering. Many have not listened, have not repented, have not cared to recognize their serious spiritual state and its eternal consequences. They are relying on My Mercy and goodness to cover their sins.*

"This time of relying on My mercy was never meant as an excuse to continue on in sin. It was given along with graces to help many repent and turn to Me for forgiveness. It has been used to prolong sin by those who are not being vigilant over their souls. And now I must take action to bring these souls into alignment with Truth, as their negligence is affecting their children, who they may never see again if they do not repent.

"How I hate to use such strong language and strong measures to turn you from your habitual sins! Yet this comes as a warning to you that you will suffer severe loss for ignoring the time of mercy and repentance. Now I must allow serious loss in the lives of many to save their souls. Will you hearken to Me, dear ones? Will you respond? Or must I allow catastrophes in your lives?

"As it is written, there are those who will be saved, but only as going through the fire. I would prefer not to allow any of My children to be sifted in this way, but that's not My decision to make. It is your decision. For it is based on your thorough repentance and dedication to what is right and good in My eyes.

"Feed the poor, visit the sick, admonish sinners, pray for those who are hurting, pray much for mercy, for in your hour of need, you too will need Mercy. Seek Me until you find Me. Do not grow lax in prayer. Do not judge one another, rather pray for the souls who are falling short. Be tender and compassionate with them. If there is serious sin, admonish them and encourage them to repent and lean on Me to deliver them from evil.

"When you attack each other with a spirit of rancor, you displease Me very much and open the door to demonic siftings in your own lives. I alone judge the motives and conditions of a soul. Yours is not to criticize and see yourself as righteous while you judge them.

"Rather, I very much approve of the Jesus Prayer, 'Lord Jesus, have Mercy on me, a sinner.' This prayer reaches deep down into you, My children, and adjusts your altitude as well as attitude. Yes, it places you in the lowest place, a place where you dare not lift up your head to judge others and certainly not criticize their actions. You have no idea of the struggles those souls are going through as you smugly pinpoint their faults."

As an aside, I want to say He's talking about the Russian Orthodox Jesus Prayer. Or the Byzantine Jesus Prayer. Recently we had a candidate here who had this very destructive habit and attitude, and they were completely ignorant of the struggles the soul they were criticizing was bravely fighting against.

Some people, dear ones. Some people are so broken, so low, and so full of self-hatred and hopelessness, they even contemplate taking their lives. They have given up hope. All they need is for a very intelligent brother or sister to come along and point out how sick they are, how sinful they are.

Jesus continued, *"Be compassionate, My people, as I have been compassionate with you. Don't you see? You are a wrecking ball in My vineyard when you criticize one another. Do you not know that the victim of this criticism feels it in their heart? Do you not know that they fear to look at Me because of their sin, which has made them a captive? And when you judge them, you put the last nail in the coffin.*

"Judgement is DEADLY! Stop judging, start caring, and look in the mirror. Do not be the wicked servant who was forgiven a great debt, yet went and beat his servant who owed him only a fraction. Do not do this to yourselves or to others. Rather, live in brotherly love and count the cost I paid for your sins on Calvary.

"When this plague is in full force, many will want to repent. But I say to you, 'Repent now.' Do not wait for your deathbed to confess and repent of your sins and your judgments against others. Do not wait for a child to become sick before you repent. Come to Me now, and though your sins be as scarlet, I will make you whiter than snow. I will love and show mercy to you, just as you loved and showed mercy to your brother. Not with your actions, not with your words, but in your heart of hearts. That must be the place of mercy in you, not just what you think or speak with your lips.

"I bless you now, dear ones. And I ask you to examine your life and conscience, and if anything remains, come to Me repentant and I will forgive you and give you strength to love others as you love yourselves."

Longing to Be On Fire For God

February 14, 2020



May the strength and peace of our Lord Jesus be with us all. Amen

Dear ones, lately I've been having trouble fasting and abstaining from things I normally offer up. I notice also that on a full moon, I have more cravings and trouble sleeping. But that's no excuse. I would have to say I have been lazy and really tired. I have felt lame and needing to press in. At times I've felt so spacey I

had to ask the Lord to show me how to pray again.

Forgive me, dear ones. I also feel negligent in getting messages out to you. All these things are truly a mystery to me, because with all my heart I want to be attentive and faithful. As a result of this, I had been crying over my infidelities for several days, feeling very hopeless, and certainly not any kind of example for you.

After I received communion, the Lord came to me and placed a medal around my neck. I thought, 'What?' I did a triple-take. It was on a red, white, and blue ribbon—but I didn't see the front of it.

He said, *"You are going to make it, Clare. You are going to pass in flying colors."*

I thought the medal was bronze. That means 3rd place. And I wanted to be worthy of gold... but I caught myself and said, 'Lord, I want only what you want. And nothing more.'

Jesus began, *"Tell My people, Clare. Tell them, you who have been pressing in and trying; you who feel half-hearted at times. It is only your weariness, but not the state of your spirit. Your spirits burn brightly before Me, like an Olympic flame."*

"I know how tired you have been through all the wars you've been fighting, and I want you to know that though you feel lukewarm or like failures... In truth, I can tell you that from your tears of contrition and wanting to be more faithful, wanting to be on fire emotionally, as well as mentally, pursuing the goals I have given you. Although you feel like failures, it is only your tiredness that dampens you. But beneath that flickering flame that you so abhor, there is a steady fire."

"I am allowing this for your own good, to keep you humble, and also to impart a portion of your fire that can be seen to those who truly are struggling to wake up and take hold of the mandates they've been given. Still, I see the molten lava fire beneath the surface at your core, and I want to tell you that you are not washed-up, lukewarm failures."

"You are My Brides, deeply in love with Me and deeply on fire for Me."

"Do not let your feelings trick you into believing you are washed up. Rather, grab hold of the inner fire I am feeding even as we speak and rise up from this place of doom and failure to receive fresh anointings and opportunities to promote the Gospel and save souls."

"The battle has been very, very long and hard. Though I have allowed this to tire you out, I am now sending new grace to lift your hearts Heavenward, so you may grasp the calling in the fullness of My anointing and energy and bring forth the fruit you have longed for."

"Many of you have absorbed well the continuing stream of Condemnation from the demons—and you've grown toxic from it. You are convinced life has passed you by and other, younger ones must replace you. While the latter is true, that younger ones will in time replace you, when they come into their anointings, they will fail without your guidance."

“You have been on the battlefield, hand-to-hand combat with the enemy—and you have learned so much about his tactics. Now you must watch over those who are rising up, and warn them, so they can conquer the lies and treachery of the enemy. You must also stand by their side and fight the good fight.

“There is plenty of vigor and fire coming to you in My grace. Put yourself on the front in the battle and I will equip you, because necessity draws upon the anointing.

“You are called to disciple others—in song, in writings, in theater. In example, foremost, or they will falter in their walk. Their courage and young vitality will cause them to act over-confidently at times, and I have put you in place to warn them. They must learn the value of Obedience. Without it, they will not succeed. Obedience to My voice in their hearts, foremost. But then they must recognize those with the anointing to lead them—and honor that above their own will.

“This generation is coming up with Pride that badly needs to be tempered with humility and a teachable spirit. These are key points I wish for you to stress with them. They must learn to be lowly and poor in spirit—or they will be easily overcome on the battlefield. You have learned these things well on this Channel, and now I want you to bring them forth as fresh manna to the emerging generation. Their anointings and gifts will be their downfall unless they are firmly established in humility.

“Clare, I have watched and listened to you cry out to Me. My Beloved, come rest your head upon My Heart. With you I am well pleased.”

Oh Lord, I am resisting this. How can it be?

He replied, *“You do not see what you are fighting, Clare. You do not see the atmosphere you wake up to in the morning. You do not see the thousands of prayers and attacks of the evil ones. You do not hear those who have said vile things about you. But you have FELT these. You have felt the waves of Condemnation and been buried in Discouragement before you can even get to your piano or singing.*

“These waves are like a powerful undertow that sweeps your knees out from under you and drags you out into the Sea of Confusion. There, you swim frantically towards Me, but always with a debilitating sense that I am punishing you.

“No, I am not. Rather, I have allowed these things to make you stronger in resolve, stronger in swimming against the current, stronger in faith that I will rescue you.

“These tactics have been spread far and wide in My Body. You are not the only one. You are but one in thousands of warriors that have been persecuted this way, which helps you to be prepared to carry a fresh anointing.

"You see, the enemy still doesn't understand he is working for Me. I turn all his efforts into fruitfulness in souls. Just like the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, so your sufferings and persecution has built in you firm muscles of faith, prepared to carry and work with greater grace. And greater grace is coming to you, My Church.

"Prepare yourselves for the springtime of your lives as new grace arises from within you. Come to Me confidently, asking for the graces you so desperately need. When you receive Me in communion, know that I am imparting My very own self to you, so that you can overcome the obstacles that kept you down in the past.

"This is a new season of victory, My Brides! Receive it! Guard it with the covering of humility, lest it be stolen from you through your folly. Keep it hidden in your heart only to be used when necessity and brotherly love dictates.

"Please receive these words in faith now, knowing that you will soon be rising up to accomplish that which has evaded you in the past.

"I am with you in a mighty way—imperceptible to humans and threatening to demons. The Cloak of Humility is like an iron vault that cannot be breached. Keep your hands on My Heart and My Love will do all the rest."

Hannah's Heart Chapter Ten – Chosen



February 16, 2020

The numbers on Hanna's clock clicked over to read 7:37 as Karen stood over her children, watching them sleep. She'd be late for work (as an attendant for the Gas & Quick Mart at the far end of town) if she didn't leave. But she wouldn't shake her self-imposed ritual. Not for that. Not even for Mike, who had demanded they needed the money when she had applied—protesting.

Mike. Well, that really didn't matter right now, now

did it?

She had woken again an hour ago, with a stiff neck and a sore back, propped sideways in the rocker. The events of earlier rushed back in on her, and she'd fought herself to even get out of the chair. But she'd realized she needed to look at her bank account. That would help her make some decisions.

It suddenly seemed that she had an awful lot of them to make.

A review of their money showed that Mike had told her the truth, at least about this one thing. It must have been a sign-on bonus. There were several thousand dollars in the account that hadn't been there the day before; more than enough to keep them going for a few weeks, if she chose to quit.

What else could she do, anyway? Who would watch the children? Mama was getting too old for such a long, daily responsibility.

Nothing Mike can do about it, now is there? she reassured herself.

She taped the note in her hand to Hannah's dresser mirror, where she'd be sure to see it. She didn't want to say much yet, so she'd kept it to something short.

"Your father had to leave town for a meeting. Feed Evan and take him to the park today. Then you can go to Nana's for the afternoon if you like," read the note. Her hand had hovered at the end, tempted to sign it with "Love you, Mom." But she hadn't written that to Hannah in months. And it seemed wrong, somehow. Phony.

She pressed on the tape once more, making sure the paper wouldn't fall to the floor. She needed to get going. If nothing else, she still had a strong sense of responsibility when it came to an employer.

That thought made her frown.

You care more about a podunk job with an absentee employer than you do your own children. She looked down once more at the sleeping children.

What a fool you've become.

She had such confused, mixed-up feelings about her only daughter these days. Hannalee was far more mature for her age than Karen had ever been. She was also far more protective over Evan than her own sisters and brother had ever been towards her.

And now... to find that her only remaining son preferred to curl up in *Hanna's* arms, not her own, was galling.

Evan was different than other children, too. He was still very much a little boy, a needy one that looked for help with things he could have, should have, been doing for himself. In fact, as much as *Hanna's* quiet independence grieved Karen, his dependence on *Hanna* was like a constant knife, thrust through and turning in her heart.

She knew she'd driven away her firstborn, her princess. Karen had ignored her. Asked everyone else to take care of her. Been so caught up in her own private world of misery for so long—any idea as to how to walk back over the bridge of reconciliation to *Hanna* was lost to her.

The sight of Evan snuggled up against *Hanna's* chest, her arm draped protectively over him, ripped at her heart. He must have crawled into *Hanna's* room sometime in the night. Another bad dream, she supposed. Another lost time where she would have gladly gone to comfort him, to gather at least one of her children to her bosom and find solace from his sweet little soul.

But once again, it was robbed from her.

How had it ever gone this far? How had she gotten replaced?

When did they form an island unto themselves; separated, isolated from her, their mother?

Didn't they know—

"How much I long for them?" Karen whispered bitterly.

No, of course not. How could they? Mike and I spent years pushing them on other people to "watch", and then abandoned them in favor of a dying sibling. What else could I expect?

She saw it all again with the clarity that had been forming in her mind over the past few weeks—ever since she and her mother had re-connected. It was almost as though a veil had been

lifting from over her eyes, a chisel had been chipping away at the tall, formidable wall she had so carefully built around her heart.

She tucked the stuffed dinosaur she'd been clutching under the covers, next to Evan's hand. They'd be waking up soon, and Hanna would uncomplainingly assume her enforced role as Karen's surrogate—feeding, caring for, and amusing Evan. School had let out nearly a month ago and they'd had no other recourse.

She could never be home.

Mike could never be bothered.

Not with babysitting. Not with nurturing. He was too busy.

And now it didn't even matter—

She pushed the searing pain from her heart again at the thought of his morning departure.

Money. It's always about the money. Or—she let out an exasperated huff, *the lack of it.* She knew in her heart that she should have said “no” to the job. They could have made it on his income, small as it was. She knew they could. She'd grown up in a family of seven that barely had two nickels to rub together, but somehow, they'd made it.

And they had been happy, too.

That thought chased her around the age-old tree for the hundredth time: *had* they ever been happy? She and Mike? It had seemed so in the beginning. At college. The early years. And when Hannalee was born it had been the fulfillment of a lifetime. All she'd ever wanted was a family. Children. LOTS of children.

So, what happened?

Why does God hate me? She groaned inwardly.

The question was on the tip of her tongue day and night: *Why did You take my precious babies away??*

Knowing there'd be no answer coming—there never was—she turned to go, her hip bumping against the small end table that held Hanna's clock and lamp. A black, hardcover notebook fell from the table and flipped open as it landed. Karen bent to retrieve it and her eyes fell on the top of one page.

Love is patient, Love is kind,
Love will always help you mind.
Never wants to have its way,
Never wants to take away.
Love is what the King has given...

A yearning sprang up within her so suddenly, from so deep inside it made her gasp. *What in the world? This is Hanna's handwriting, but where did she get THIS song?*

Mama?

Is this what you are teaching my children on these long Sunday afternoons—Papa's songs?

She gently closed the book and held it cross-armed to her chest. A world of lost memories swirled and wrapped around her like a warm, woolly blanket. She closed her eyes and could almost

hear the melodic thrum of her father's guitar, the beautiful tenor of his voice as he sang another new song to the children.

Songs he'd written to teach them the Bible.

To teach them how to live with and treat each other.

To teach them how to live in the world—without staining themselves WITH the world.

To teach them about the God he loved and served and lived for with every moment of every day—and may the whole world know about it, too!

When she'd ask him where the song came from, he'd always get that twinkle in his eye and tell her, "Why, from Heaven, Sweet Pea. Direct from Heaven!"

As a child, she'd actually believed him. She'd crawl up on his lap, lay her head on his shoulder and listen to him sing her soft songs when she'd had a bad dream, had a fall, or was sad the other children wouldn't play. Papa and God were once totally intermingled in her mind; kind and soft-spoken and always waiting with arms wide open.

She reveled now in the sweet memories, wondering if she could ever find her way back to that kind of place—one of safety, security, and peace.

When had that all been driven away? her aching heart began to demand with each sorrowing beat. *What stole it all from me?*

God, if You're still there. If You really still care about me, like Mama keeps insisting—what happened?

Worry, ever-present in her eyes, deepened. She'd asked the questions so often. With a heavy sigh, she leaned over and tugged the covers a little higher over Evan's arm. Indeed, she did know when and how it happened, on the rare occasions she was able to be bluntly honest with herself.

Oh, she was well aware.

But like everything else in her life, she kept it firmly chained within the dark castle of despair that dominated her soul—and the key was nowhere to be found.

Once her siblings had grown and left home (there'd been a five-year gap between her and next sister Betsy) she and her parents faced her last few high school years, just the three of them together. Papa had been growing ill. His cheerful songs and influence had lessened more and more until eventually Mama's time was consumed with caring for him. Karen began fending for herself, skipping time with God in favor of sleep and friends. Dreams of exploring more "modern" places than this tiny village of Breinigsburg began to call to her.

And her heart grew restless.

All of a sudden, her parents had seemed older than she ever remembered—and terribly old-fashioned.

Flashy brochures of a particular University came to her attention. It was huge and modern, offering dozens and dozens of course choices—including things she'd never had the opportunity to experience: Theatre. Art. Music. Film. She'd dreamed of being involved in these things one day—a thought not ever entertained by her parents, as they'd shunned the movies and concerts for the most part; preferring older, more traditional entertainments, like books and board games.

Finally, she'd left for college. The very same she'd dreamed about. She'd hounded and pestered them, presenting it to Mama and Papa in the best of light, always bringing the conversation around to the facts. "It's a Christian college, Papa. What could be better than that?"

Once there, she found that the title “Christian” didn’t necessarily match the hearts of the students, nor even the professors—particularly the ones in the Arts Department. The thrust was more to “Be shining Lights in the World using your own ideas and methods” instead of “Be separated from the world and holy, letting that Light within you shine before men.” It was only a matter of time before she found it easier and easier to relegate her growing up experiences and thoughts about God to... before.

Now, she’d wanted New Experiences. And Freedom. And Think-On-Her-Own time.

And then she’d met Mike.

Papa hadn’t wanted her to marry Mike. He’d been against it from the beginning, telling her that Mike would “pull her away from her roots.” She’d been so in love at the time she wouldn’t listen. She couldn’t bear to listen. They’d already pledged their lives to each other, and she’d given her heart away. Besides, he’d sworn he was a Christian. He went to church, didn’t he? And said all the right things.

What could be wrong?

Except... there *were* some things she’d wondered about. Things about him she’d suspected weren’t quite the way her rose-colored glasses were seeing.

He’d started to pull her away more and more from her family, luring her away from times they would otherwise have gone home from college to visit. He thought Papa’s songs were childish. Thought the ‘quaint little chapel’ they’d attended too... something. He never would really say what bothered him about First Church. He always had his sights set on the huge campus of the mega-church near college, the one pulling 3,000 people in at a time.

She’d heard his and Papa’s animated discussions about it at the time, but always left to go help Mama with the dishes or take a walk once they’d “gotten into it”. What did it matter, anyway? It was still church.

Suddenly, the bleakness of her world descended on her.

Maybe Mike had never known God in the first place.

Maybe that’s why it’s all fallen apart—why he’s left. He’s sick of me, sick of the kids. He wants to live in the world without the weight of us dragging him down.

What once seemed good had become so far away and long ago. And now had surely been swallowed up in the bad. She barely remembered anything about those years.

The past several years she did remember—and would give anything to stop. Her solution? Live in a carefully controlled, self-imposed exile from her feelings.

Unfortunately, her family had gotten dragged into the same banishment.

She reached over and gently replaced the notebook, wondering what could be happening in her daughter’s life that she would be writing down Papa’s songs in what looked to be a journal of some kind.

Mama has to have something to do with this.

She turned to leave. There was nothing to be done standing here, and she at least had to make an appearance at the Mart.



Mama.

If there were anyone in the world that could convince her God was still good, it would be Mama. And for the oddest reason, something felt different inside her since she'd woken up the second time. Life was worse than before, and she was devastated. Yet, there was a part of her inside that just kept feeling—stronger, somehow.

She couldn't sort it out, but to her own surprise, she found herself addressing Someone she hadn't talked to in years.

God?

"I know You probably hate me by now," she looked to the sky and whispered. "I've done everything wrong—right from the very beginning. Papa tried to warn me, and I wouldn't listen.

"I'm very, very sorry for that."

She knew that she might as well be honest. She knew He heard it all anyway.

"I'm still so hurt that You took away my babies. I can't deny that. You know it, anyway. I can't help but wonder if you did it to punish me? Would You really DO that? I don't know. I just don't know anything anymore.

"But God?"

"I think I need to try to find You again. I'm all alone now. And these two deserve a whole lot more than either Mike or I have given them, not for a long time."

She'd reached the car and opened the door. The sun was bright this morning, shining on the dew lingering on the grass. It looked like a field of green diamonds, glittering all the way down to the river.

"Can You ever forgive me? WILL You ever forgive me?"

"I don't deserve for You to forgive me—

"But I guess it won't hurt for me to ask..."

"Will it?"

She didn't know if Anyone had heard her or not.

No matter. She'd tried.



The click of a door closing confused Hanna; it should have slammed, not closed gently. Her consciousness arousing, she opened her eyes. Not to the forest, or even to the Office door. Not to the sight of the Lord waiting for her—but to the gentle, yellow walls of her room and the feel of Evan's little body pressed tight against hers.

"No! I have questions! Don't go, not yet!" She spoke the words out loud, then flinched when Evan moaned and started to roll away from her.

Shhh... she whispered fervently to him. She needed time to think her way through it all. *Shhh. It's okay. Go back to sleep.* His breathing grew deeper again, and she relaxed onto her back.

Everything. Everything that had just happened was so clearly imbedded in her mind's eye, she could still re-create it down to the tiniest detail. The feel of Regemmelech's muscles moving beneath her body. The sensation of the water-that-wasn't-water on her body. The sound of Jesus' voice beside her to the sight of His grin and how His eyes crinkled when He laughed...

The Office.

And the Book.

At the thought of the Book, her eyes searched the ceiling and her mind began to swirl.

Just like the first time, she wanted to believe it all. But the thought lingered: could it be real—or not? She'd been constantly flip-flopping between those two options. Even though her first adventure was still firmly ingrained in her mind, the time that had elapsed, the "life" that had happened since had been making her wonder. And sometimes doubt. Nana had been so excited for her, had told her that the Lord was showing her great love and favor. She wasn't entirely sure what "favor" even was—but she was pretty sure it wasn't something anyone else wanted to give her.

Not her parents, anyway.

And now there was a thorn amid the roses.

You promised nothing was going to hurt me, her mind raged.

So, what was that Book all about?

Didn't You know that was going to hurt??

She wanted desperately to hang on, believing the good in spite of the bad. But no matter how she tried, she just couldn't reconcile it all. Those last few moments had left a gaping wound, and the joy and wonder of the entire—whatever it had been—was slowly oozing out of it.

Dreams.

Maybe that's all it was. Just a dream.

Not God, not Jesus.

Just my own imagination forming an incredible dream. Who ever heard of having Jesus show up, anyway? Didn't He live in Heaven and just take care of the important people?

The thought had barely formed before a flash of brilliant light appeared to her left. And Kamali, in all his angelic glory, stood beside her. She didn't know how—since her bed was shoved tight up against that wall, and there wasn't an inch of space between them.

But stand there he did!

"I have something for you, dear Hanna. You seemed to have left the Office before He was done showing you all He had intended." His face quizzed her with a furrow between his eyes. Before she could answer, from within his garment he drew a white paper, rolled up into a scroll and tied with a deep purple ribbon.

"If you would, take this and read it. He said He has explained it all to you in here. And that any questions you still had, He would answer the next time you are together."

Handing the scroll to her with a polite bow, he smiled and disappeared again as suddenly as he had come, as though he'd stepped out of a hidden doorway and back again.

She eased her arm out from under Evan, slowly pulled the ribbon's bow and it fell away. The scroll didn't feel—right somehow, not at all like she expected. It wasn't like paper she'd ever felt before. It didn't feel quite—solid, maybe.

Curious. Like everything else she'd experienced with Jesus and all of this.

She found the edge of the paper, and started to unroll it, holding it up over her eyes to read.



“Dear Hanna,” the words began.

“You asked Me into your heart just a short while ago—and so I have come! We have had many lovely adventures already now, haven’t we? I have enjoyed every moment I have spent with you. I know you have enjoyed My presence as well. You have learned much, grown much, and are truly on the path to becoming a faithful Servant of God.

“As you know, I have planted a Garden. This is given to you so that there will always be a place especially set aside for us to meet together in. You have seen how beautiful it is already! This reveals the beauty and purity of your soul, bathed with My Blood from the Cross, all sins forgiven and washed away. It will grow and expand and become even more beautiful as your spirit and soul grow and expand in Love and Obedience to Me.

“Oh, My Sweet Little One, I want to assure you. Do not fear what you have seen or heard or experienced here in the Garden—or in My country, to which it is connected. Do not allow the Evil One to rob you of the joy, to tempt you to dismiss it all as simply long, wonderful dreams. For it has not been fantasy, or dreams, or nonsense—as Kamali explained to you in the very beginning.

“No, Dear Hanna—this is all very, very real. More real, in fact, than the world you are aware of each day. This is the world of My Spirit that we explore together. My world, which speaks and interacts with your spirit.

“It is NOT ‘just your imagination.’

“And it is all ultimately for your Good.”

The paper had been drooping lower and lower as she read, her arms tiring of the position, but her mind was oblivious to it as she tried to process what she was reading. Trying to understand how—if it were NOT real—how He could possibly know what she had JUST been thinking and put it all down in this paper?

She scooted up into a sitting position and continued reading.

“You see,” the message continued, “I designed your imagination for this purpose: to have a place for My Spirit to meet and interact with yours. You can use this imagination to make lovely things, compose sweet songs, draw beautiful pictures—all inspired by Me, whether you realize it or not. ‘Every good and lovely thing comes from above,’ as I have written in My Scriptures. Your imagination touches My world, Heaven, and brings back with it Heavenly-inspired things to bless the world with. This is as My Father desired and intended it to be used.”

Up until this point she had been reading the scroll to herself, the words resonating within her own mind. Now, however, she was sure she heard someone draw a deep breath—then let it slowly out again.

A voice, almost as familiar as her own by now, picked up the reading from here on.

“It is early in our walk together. But because of the times you are living in, it is necessary that I tell you about the ‘other side’, too. You are surrounded with things that are *not* lovely—movies, TV shows, books, video games. Yes, these things grow in someone’s imagination, too. But the thoughts planted in their minds, the imaginations that they experience are not from Me. Nor are they always from within themselves.

“You have an enemy, Dear. You may remember Me telling you that the first time we met. Everyone who loves Me does. We will talk more about him and who he is, what he does, as time progresses.

“He is MY enemy, and so hates everyone who gives their hearts to Me, too. He cannot hurt Me personally, so he attacks those who love Me instead, which brings Me great pain.

“And just as I am able, in the spirit, to meet and walk and talk with you, HE is able to talk and plant ideas and thoughts into a person’s mind, into their imaginations. Much of what is seen in the movies, in the books, in the video games is *not* ‘made up,’ either. No, it *too* is real—but unseen. Coming from the world of the spirit. Because this world is unseen, people in general dismiss it, and the dangers of it, and think nothing of allowing it all to enter their minds and hearts, not knowing the dangers they are exposing themselves to.

“Even though you are young, My Beloved One, you have already been exposed to a great deal of these things, although I have been diligently protecting you from their harm for many years.

“I have chosen you from the Beginning—for this time, this place, this family.”

Hanna had been following the text with interest, but some detachment—like reading a well-written science or history lesson in school. But THIS line caught her up short.

The voice stopped as her eyes did.

Chosen me? How? Why? From the beginning of what? And what does it all have to do with my messed-up family?

Her hands dropped to the bed, crumpling the scroll and tearing a portion of one corner. She fingered the tear, wondering what to do with these thoughts, these new ideas that made her heart pound.

The Voice began again, quietly.

“My dear child, do not be afraid. I desire that you grow with Me and learn of Me, and about the ways of My Kingdom. There is much I have planned for your life, if you are willing. Part of the reason I have chosen to come to you is to alert you to these dangers I have spoken of. We will talk about these things in time, as well.

“I call every person who loves Me to come to this place, to their own beautiful Garden—but very few hear Me. Very few are willing to set aside the noise and busyness of their lives to listen for My still, small voice within them. The older a person gets, the harder it can become to hear because of these things. This is another reason I have called you now—your youth.

“Always listen for Me, Hanna. Listen for My call. If you desire Me, go to the Garden Gate in your imagination and call to Me—I will always, always come. That is My most solemn promise: I will always be there for you. Know that, when you do not see Me, when we are not together in My world, I am walking right beside you, here in your world. Never be afraid to call out for Me, no matter the circumstance.

“I will always come. I will always bring help. ‘No weapon formed against you will prosper.’”

The voice grew intense at these words. Not stern. Not frightening. But very, very intentional. In nearly the same tone, He finished His message.

“I have a warning for you now, My dear Hanna: be careful with this Garden. Tend to it with great care! Together we can keep it always a glorious place to be. But if you become careless and wander from My path for you, the Garden too will feel the effects of your wandering.

“I am calling you now to stay close to My side. Read My words in your Bible. Talk to Me and the Father in prayer about everything and everyone that concerns you. Talk to Me all day long, about anything you like. Treat Me now as your closest Friend, for that is indeed Who I will be if you choose. Walk with Me. Meet with Me often in our Garden. Let the Light of My Love for others shine through you as you grow in Me—and it will be a strong force for your own healing, and the healing of your family.

“I love you with an everlasting Love, My Sweet Hannalee. I will see you again soon.”

As the Voice ended, the scroll dissolved in her hands and disappeared. She didn’t know it just yet, but every word had been engraved on her heart, the very seat of her Conscience, ready to be retrieved in a moment’s notice. She sat still—hands in her lap, no longer holding anything, eyes focusing on nothing in particular.

“What’cha doing, Hanna?” a sleepy voice crawled into her thoughts. “I’m hungry. Can we have waffles today? Mom bought some from the store yesterday.”

Evan finished with a noisy *yawwwnnn* and an outstretched arm. Suddenly, he flung the covers back, scrambled off the bed and dashed for the door. A little dance accompanied his efforts to open the ancient lockset, and success sent him flying down the hallway. The slam of another door announced his destination—accomplished!

With a thud, Hanna’s mind was fully ‘back to Earth’.

Well, that was a rude awakening! she complained ruefully, rolling to the edge of the bed and sitting up. Stretching, she gathered her unruly hair up into a knot at the top of her head, then let it fall again, cascading over her shoulders. Her mind drifted once more to the nebulous ‘somewhere’.

“It’s real,” she breathed to herself. “Really, really *real*.”

“I believe You, Jesus. I don’t know how You’re going to make anything good out of this family, but somehow... I believe You.”

This ought to be some circus to watch, she thought, rolling her eyes as she heard Evan's feet trotting down the stairs.

Well—bring on the clowns!

She padded across the room, and reached to close and lock the door, preparing to change her clothes. Something fluttered against her mirror with the suction of pushing the door shut.

What's this? A note? Mom never leaves notes up here.

The note was cryptic but surprising.

Wow! Dad's GONE? He never leaves like that.

Wondering what was up now, she just shook her head.

Like I said, Lord. Welcome to the circus!



Urgent Prayers for the Coronavirus and Ezekiel in the Hospital

February 17, 2020



Dear Heartdwellers,

We are writing this message to let you know that our Ezekiel is on his way to a hospital. He's been having some difficulties, and as you know, he did have a wonderful healing of his intestines! And the Lord spoke to him last night and requested that he would go to a hospital.

So, please pray! Clare is on the way with him. Please pray that the Lord's choice of doctors, nurses, and technicians will be good people; will be ready to receive him and serve him. And have the Lord's heart and purposes in mind. And that the purpose of the Lord that He is sending, will be clearly revealed to them.

Clare would also to ask that we all pray fervently, and include the Divine Mercy Chaplet, for the sake of those who are dying of this coronavirus who are NOT saved. This has been a very heavy burden on both Ezekiel's and Clare's hearts and minds. And it has been a TERRIBLE burden, the Lord has shown, on the Lord's heart. He's shown this to Ezekiel. Terrible, heavy burden for those who are dying of this disease and have NOT found Him.

Please intercede for these souls, that perhaps, even in their last moments, the Lord will be able to meet them, face them with who they are and who HE is! And snatch them out of the enemy's hands!

Thank you so much, Dear Heartdwellers! We love you so much! Keep our prayers together for all of us. And please keep the coronavirus sufferers in your mind as this goes through. Not only China, but wherever else it sweeps through.

May the Lord bless you all and keep you. Amen.

The Hospital - The Abraham Test

February 18, 2020



May we be given the faith to abandon our own ideas and take the Lord at His word. His confirmed word. Whether we agree with it or not! Lord, Your ways are not our ways! But You can enlighten us so our ways may be united, without question, to You. Amen.

Well, my precious Family, as in the last message, we started out for the hospital. I have to tell you; I have never seen the road so bad. Deep, slushy snow with steep drifts on the sides of the road. And the ruts were everywhere, so the truck was swerving back and forth as I tried to climb it. Very steep hill.

Well, I made it up the hill, but lost a chain from spinning the rear wheels. And another one was loose, banging on the springs of the truck. So, I stopped.

It was a monumental job getting Ezekiel dressed. Getting into the car. Getting packed...And we really couldn't believe the Lord wanted us to go to the Hospital! It just didn't make sense. I know He can heal Ezekiel without a hospital getting involved. So, I was mystified when Jesus began speaking to him all night yesterday, about him going. And then in the morning, it was confirmed to me, and two other sources. Well, we were all getting the same readings. And we knew, this was the Lord telling us to go to the hospital.

Despite it not making any sense whatsoever, I packed and got him dressed. And we made it up the first incline and almost to the second when the chain broke and began hitting the springs on the truck. As I got out of the truck to look at the mess and the damage, Ezekiel began to seek the Lord about this trip to the hospital. Again. He had been incredulous as well, that God would send us to a doctor.

And within ten minutes, he told me, "Honey, this was an Abraham test; we don't have to go after all. The Lord just confirmed it..."

Oh boy... I am not proud of how I reacted. It took two hours to pack and get ready to leave, and I wanted to work on a message for you. So, to say the least, I was frustrated. The truth is, that road was so bad, I don't think we could have made it out.

Oh, my dear ones, pray for the man (David Romero) who has cold-heartedly cut off our access to the property. Pray for him! He has given everyone a key to the gates that they put up, but not one to us. He has no idea how we have suffered because of this.

But if we pray for him, this suffering will turn into graces that will be good for his family's salvation. And at least, we know, that in itself is a good work and will someday bear sweet fruit.

But in the meantime, we desperately need a bulldozer to maintain that road. We didn't need it when we had horses, 'cause the road wasn't getting chewed up by people coming in and out. We road in on our horses and stayed here for a couple of weeks. And then we'd go shopping once every two weeks or deliver food to other people. So, we didn't need a bulldozer then. But boy, we sure need something like that now!

Well, I have to admit, I hated the idea of leaving the hermitage. I hated the idea of having to deal with doctors instead of the Holy Spirit for Ezekiel's healing. But I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Jesus was telling us to go.

When I sat at my altar, right after He confirmed to me that we needed to go to the hospital, He appeared visibly in the spirit at my right and said, *"Do you trust Me?"*

I answered, "Yes, Lord. I trust you." Then my mind did flip flops again as I poured over all the reasons why we should not go to the doctor.

And He asked me again, still visible, *"Do you trust Me?"*

Yes, Lord, I trust you. And then again, my mind did its thing and He said very simply, *"Trust Me."*

And I had such a peace, I could do nothing but get up and start packing.

So, here we are. All packed up, stuck in the snow with no chain on the left rear tire and the right rear tire chain broken. No bungees on any of the chains - they'd been lost, I guess. And the Lord telling us to back down this hill - all the way to the hermitage. That in itself was an ordeal...

Do you remember, dear ones, when Abraham was told by God to take his only son, by Sarah. The son of his promise from God. And go to a mountain out in the wilderness and sacrifice him? Can you imagine what he felt as he traveled to Mt. Moriah (which is where the Muslim Mosque is in Jerusalem now, on the very sight of the destroyed Jewish temple).

But can you imagine what he was going through his mind? About killing his very own son? The one he waited 100 years to have with Sarah? And his son was asking him, "Father. I see the wood. But where's the sacrifice?" And Abraham replied, and in his supernatural Faith, "God will provide the sacrifice, my son."

Wow...

And I wanted to share something with you. It's an insight from a blog called Smoodock's Blog. And this is what he had to say about this.

"I believe there is evidence, in the wording of the text, that God was indeed doing this thing as he endeavored to bring Abraham to the point of simply trusting him. Notice what the text says:

"And he said, 'Take now your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and get you into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell you of.'

He continues to say, "The wording here in Genesis 22:2 is similar to what we find in Genesis 12:1 when God called Abram (Abraham) out of his own land. Notice that phrase "Get you out of your country" (Genesis 12:1) answers to the phrase "get you into the land" (Genesis 22:2). The same Hebrew word is used and means "going go". Also, the word for land is the same in both verses. In Genesis 12:1 it is "unto a land I will show you." In Genesis 22:2 it is "into the land of Moriah.

"What is God doing and what could Abraham be thinking at this point?

"In the first Scripture, only Abraham is involved and is called upon to sacrifice his past. But in the second, Isaac is also involved, and Abraham is called upon to sacrifice his future."

What a beautiful insight that is, from this blog.

He continues, "In other words he is called upon to trust God and only God to bring about what he had promised."

Keep it in mine, guys, the Lord promised me Ezekiel would be healed.

"The wording in both accounts implies that Abraham is forced to consider God's original promise with what Abraham is asked to do in Genesis 22.

"Every hope Abraham had at this point was wrapped up in his son, Isaac. Yet God, who made himself the surety of his own promises to Abraham in Genesis 15:8-18, was now asking Abraham to work against his own hopes. No matter what Abraham does at this point, this moment would show itself to be one of those defining moments that forms not only the thinking and identity of Abraham for the rest of his life, but also it would shape the thinking and the identity of all those who would come after him who would look to him as their father."

Wow. And that's Smoodock's Blog. The context of the Binding of Isaac.

In other words, Jesus promised me that Ezekiel would not die, and a prophet said he would be healed in the wilderness. Which I assume is here—but may not be.

And now the Lord is telling me to take him to the hospital?? Who can understand the inscrutable ways of God? Maybe He wanted me to have scans to prove that Ezekiel's illness was real, so that when he gets healed, there is solid proof? Maybe He wants to involve the medical cures as well as supernatural???

Oh, I was so full of questions and reasonings!

The bottom line was that I believed God was going to heal him, not man. And taking him to a hospital contradicted that, in my own mind. But I knew that He told me to do it. And it was confirmed by others. So, here we were. Jesus spoke to his heart while I was surveying the damage done to the truck, and He said, *"Go back to the hermitage; this was only a test of obedience, such as I gave Abraham."*

Wow.

Was I relieved? Yes, I was relieved, but also peeved! Because I had packed for 5 days—holy books, medicine & vitamin. Just an extra habit, but also for Ezekiel. And here He was telling me to go home and unpack?! I was happy, but frustrated... Couldn't I have had this day for prayer and a message and music instead??? And what about what I put our brother and sister through, helping us to get ready?

Do you see Family? Do you see how unsuited I am for this job? Who am I to question God's motives? A speck of dust, at best...

Lord, I repent. I am so sorry for questioning Your doings. Obviously, this was an important test. And perhaps there are those who need to hear this, so they can understand these kinds of contradictions. In any case, Jesus, Your ways are perfect. And I am very sorry for protesting. Please forgive me.

Jesus replied, *"My very little one, you are a pill at times. But I forgive you. I love you so very deeply, even your rebellious questions cannot take that love from My heart. Do you not love your cats when they put up a fuss and demand their way? Or they don't come when you call them? You love them all the same. Thank you for recognizing My prerogatives and your presumption."*

"Dear Heartdwellers, the longer you dwell in My Heart, the more you will understand My ways. That they are not your ways. Much of this training, which is taking place on this Channel, is to get you to recognize and accept this Truth without protesting."

"I approve of those who have already grasped this concept and made it a permanent fixture in their thinking. It is very tedious to have to explain Oneself, when One's ways are always perfect! It is so much easier for Me when you know this Truth and correspond to it with your whole heart, when things seem so contradictory to you."

"This kind of thinking comes with age and experience in living for Me alone. This is also what you must teach others, because very often human logic gets in the way and completely snafus and changes the course of action and determines your course—when I would have preferred to determine your course.

"Think for a moment, those of you who choose your own husband. What is the tragic outcome of that decision? Without having consulted Me. Without having it confirmed from Me. This is why I want you be accustomed to accepting My known and confirmed will, and acting on it without question.

"As you grow into leaders, you will more fully understand how painful it is to deal with little ones that always need a human explanation to suit their compulsion to know.

"I bless you now, My precious ones. Precious Heartdwellers, I love you deeply. I am with you always. I take you by the hand and guide you—as you are willing to be led. And soon I will bring you Home to Me in Heaven. And there you will receive a glorious crown for your faithfulness.

"But in the meantime, I am imparting the grace of freedom from human logic and understanding, and total trust in My decisions in your lives."

Why Has Coronavirus Been Allowed by God?

February 19, 2020



May the faith and blessing of Almighty God descend upon you and remain with you forever. May you be strengthened in the full armor of God and proclaim Psalm 91 daily over your loved ones. Amen.

After listening to the current reports from the facts that are available to Mike From Around The World, who has proven to be 100% accurate in five years, in warning of things to come, I told Jesus, "Lord, this situation truly is scary."

Jesus replied, *"Now, perhaps you understand why I was crying so much, Clare. And continue to cry. The loss of souls is catastrophic. You have nothing in your life to measure this by. You were not yet born when the flu plague of the early 1900's was in full force, (I think He's talking about the Spanish flu in 1918) nor for TB, or the Black Plague. These things are entirely out of your scope of reality.*

"It is much more serious than what is being reported. It will cause an economic disaster, as well. People have no idea how very serious it is, or the measures that are being taken to quarantine those with symptoms. The Chinese are brutal with those who are sick.

"I want My people to begin living for Me. I want them to understand that life is not about improving lifestyle, getting everything you want and having plenty of money. I want them to turn their hearts to Me—and this is an extreme measure I never wanted to allow, to cause that to happen.

"This plague is only just beginning. It is going to burst forth and shock the world. People of the world, turn your hearts to Me. Do not think you can continue to live strictly for yourselves and be safe from this plague. I am calling all of you back to Me, and what you are seeing is the result of your indifference in living a selfish lifestyle."

Boy, Lord. I know I've been guilty, as well.

Two weeks ago, I asked myself: Why is the Lord suffering so much? Why is He weeping? And Ezekiel was also very sick at that time.

Then the news of the coronavirus came out.

My precious Family, this is a most serious time for the Chinese and for the whole world. If you want to know more about this virus, look up the sound cloud page from [Mike from Around the World](#) where he is speaking to Pastor Paul Begley about the coronavirus that has even been found in shipping containers from China. And this is why these ships are being blocked from coming into harbor in America. I think that means Walmart shelves might start to look pretty empty...

And by the way, that YouTube is on Pastor Begley's. The first hour is devoted to something else, and the second hour is his interview with [Mike From Around the World](#).

He also ties in Jade Helm exercises as a preparation for this kind of event that could occur if the virus is spread in our country. [Mike From Around The World](#) is the one source that our webmaster has followed for five years, and found to be highly accurate. He is also a strong Christian and ties these events in with the Bible prophecies.

You can also find him at Council1arch on sound cloud. I'm not sure about that other address, but you'll find him. Just make sure you put the whole title in: [Mike From Around the World](#).

Most of all, my loved ones, PLEASE PRAY for the Chinese who are being handled brutally by their government. Also, proclaim Psalm 91 over yourself and your family every day. And over the Chinese. Please, they are suffering so much.

And here is a true story about Psalm 91.

In the second World War, there was a regiment of 900 men, And the commander of the regiment had the men say Psalm 91 every single day before they did anything, going out to war. Every single day. 900 men. While other regiments were in the battles and were being wounded

and killed, during the entire world war, not one single man in this regiment was wounded or killed. Not even one!!! Out of 900 men! That should tell you, dear ones. GOD honors this prayer with tremendous angelic protection.

At this point, I really wanted to hear from the Lord. So, I said, "Jesus..."

He began, *"I am here, you don't need your coffee. (yeah, I sprung out of bed this morning, 'cause I wanted to get you caught up on all this.) I am already here and listening to every beat of your heart. You have done well to ask My People to pray this prayer; it is very powerful when coupled with Faith. Pray it from the heart, My precious ones. Pray it slowly, with intention. Visualize the situations as the Psalm describes them. Adhere strongly to your faith in this promise from My Word. Pray it carefully over your children. Indeed, pray it over the nations and even over the entire world.*

"You ask: why should I pray it over the world which is so corrupt? Very simply, My word does not return to Me void. The places that will receive this prayer are more than you can imagine. And in order for My protection to take effect, sin must be renounced. So that, at the very least, you are petitioning Me to set repentance in motion.

"But even better than that, pray Psalm 51 every day over the world and you will be expressing My heart for all Creation, and inviting millions of souls to repent of their sins."

And as I was just recalling this, I saw the Lord throwing a blanket, a huge blanket over souls, all over the world. A blanket of repentance, a blanket of protection. And also, I would like to add to that—pray the Divine Mercy Chaplet. And that is very powerful for anyone who is dying. There was a promise given to St. Faustina, that if you prayed this at the deathbed of sinners, there would be... Salvation would be extended to them.

I just want to add here, that when I was deep into the New Age, but seeking the true God, He sent His Holy Spirit upon me one day. May the 5th. In Mexico, it's a Freedom Day. The very day I was saved—and when the Spirit descended into my body—I began to recite Psalm 51, without ever having read the Bible or heard of it in my entire life! Several years later, I found it in the Scriptures, and rejoiced that Holy Spirit gave me that Psalm to pray as my salvation was taking place.

His Word is so powerful, my dear ones!

Jesus continued, *"When you were saved on that day, you did not know Me, but I knew you. And I knew you would someday be My very own Bride. And here we are doing what you longed to do: helping other souls to know Me. You could have lived your entire life as a photographer, but it never would have satisfied that sweet place I made in you before your time began—that place of love and caring for the lost. How I love to stir the fire within you, Clare!"*

Oh, thank You Lord. I really need this fire, so badly.

"All of you do. And as you seek Me with your whole heart, you will find Me and have the fire that you long for. This is a season of stirring up and launching you into various missions. With suffering comes repentance and conversion. And it must begin with My ministers before it can totally permeate the lost in the world.

"My precious ones, without true daily repentance, you will remain cold and indifferent in My presence. I so badly need for you to repent deeply of your sins, and for the sins of the world. With this contrition from your hearts, graces flow copiously from Heaven. Without it—you are cold, like stone statues, dead to the awareness of Who you are serving and who you truly are. And who you truly are not.

"I do not want you to be scrupulous about every move you make throughout the day. But I do want you to be aware of your emptiness, your weaknesses. Your short comings. So you will cry out for More of Me!

"How I want to give you more! Cry out, dear ones! Do not be afraid. Cry out, 'Lord, I NEED You! More of You, Lord! Please give me more of You.'

"Do this, and you shall have your fill of Me. Have you not heard, the violent take Heaven by force?"

That's Matthew 11:12

"Therefore, let your cries reach Heavenward and I will not be offended. Rather, I will rejoice and give you even more than you thought possible. Yes!! Cry out for more. More of Me! And truly, you shall have it."

Fight Coronavirus with God's Vaccine

February 21, 2020



May the hope, that Jesus overcame Death and the grave, give you moral and physical strength in this time of great testing. Amen.

My Beloved ones in China, God has not abandoned you. He is with you. His tears for your sufferings run like a river from His Holy eyes. And yet He wants to reach out to all who do not know Him and also to those who do.

Beloved ones, He has given me some instructions for you. He wants you to receive His Body and Blood in communion, every day, so that you may be strengthened and healed.

He has said this in His Holy Word, in John chapter 6.

35 Jesus declared, "I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never go hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty. ... 38 For I have come down from heaven not to do my will but to do the will of him who sent me. 39 And this is the will of him who sent me, that I shall lose none of all those he has given me, but raise them up at the last day. 40 For my Father's will is that everyone who looks to the Son and believes in him shall have eternal life, and I will raise them up at the last day."... "Here is the bread that comes down from heaven, which anyone may eat and not die.

51 I am the living bread that came down from heaven. Whoever eats this bread will live forever. This bread is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

53 Jesus said to them, "Very truly I tell you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you have no life in you. 54 Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood has eternal life, and I will raise them up at the last day. 55 For my flesh is real food and my blood is real drink. 56 Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me, and I in them. 57 Just as the living Father sent me and I live because of the Father, so the one who feeds on me will live because of me. 58 This is the bread that came down from heaven. Your ancestors ate manna and died, but whoever feeds on this bread will live forever."

For those of you who have been on the Channel a long time, you may remember the teachings I shared with you on Holy Communion. Normally, it is an ordained minister of the Gospel, whose lineage goes back to Peter at Antioch or one of the Apostles, who has been given the promise that when he speaks the words, the bread and wine change into the Body and Blood of Jesus, under the appearance of bread and wine.

But several years ago, when we knew the Rapture was imminent, the Lord gave us a teaching on how any lay person can at least receive the graces of communion, even though he is not ordained through apostolic succession. At the time, we had several who wanted ordination and were part of Heartdwellers, and this was done over Skype, so that those from around the world could receive the faculties from Heaven that Jesus handed onto the apostles when He breathed on them, and spoke the words of consecration.

But we also encouraged lay people to have their own special communion service, and trust that God would honor their sincerity and desire to receive Him, though they were not ordained. And many of you began this practice and have written to me about the many graces and miracles you have received by this simple act. I devoted an entire video to this very subject, which I will post after this one.

The Lord gave us this special prerogative because of the times we are living in. Now many of you in China and around the world are faced with this plague of the Coronavirus.

My dear ones, the Lord wants you all to receive Him daily for your own protection and to be in a state of grace, should He call you Home. So, I am adding the communion service onto the list of things you can do to protect yourselves and your loved ones.

Oh, how He loves you!

So, here are the measures you can take for protection:

- First, it is best to make a good confession to God, with a heart full of contrition. You may have to pray for that, if your heart has grown cold. And pray Psalm 51 for your nation and for the world. And pray it personally, for yourself.
- Pray Psalm 91 over you and your loved ones. Pray Psalm 91 over the world and your nation. Psalm 91 has an historic precedence in both world wars, which some secular folks try to disprove and deny. But there's ample proof, which I don't have the time and length to describe to you now, of how powerful Psalm 91 was in battle. Saving soldiers from injury and death.
- The next thing is pray the Divine Mercy Chaplet, which has a proven record of being effective to save dying souls who do not know Jesus. This is a very powerful prayer in life and death situations.
- Make frequent acts of trust, "Jesus, I Trust In You" in times when you are in danger or afraid.
- And be sure to practice mercy every day of your life. What you sow you shall truly reap. So, sow mercy everywhere you can. Forgive and do good to those who have hurt you in the past.
- There is another prayer that is ancient and comes to us from the Eastern Christians, those close to the Holy Land. The monks pray it continuously, even as the Lord tells us to pray without ceasing. It is called the Jesus Prayer. "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior, have mercy on me, a sinner."

Some also say, "Jesus, mercy." And others, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, a sinner." This prayer goes very, very deep and much sweetness is released to us in graces when the Lord hears this sincere act of repentance.

You may also pray it "Have mercy on us sinners," but the personal aspect is transforming, dear ones, and will bring you to new depths in the Lord.

And I just wanted to make one thing clear. You can pray this prayer, the Jesus Prayer, on your rosary. Or, if you're interested in the Russian Orthodox beads, they have cloth beads that the

nuns make. They're called chotkies, and they're made out of wool. You can find them online. Just type in "Russian prayer rope."

He also told us in the Scriptures not to repeat empty phrases or babbling. But He also told us He never tires of hearing us ask for grace. That is not babbling; that is profound confession of a soul in deep need of His savior. "Lord Jesus, have mercy on us! Have mercy on me." Don't let empty arguments discourage you from making this prayer as frequently as you breathe.

Lord Jesus. Please speak to our hearts.

Jesus began, "My Heart is broken, and My tears run as a river for My precious souls. So many have been lost through this plague, and there is more to come, even around the world. Yet I will not leave you without recourse.

"I entreat you, pray the Divine Mercy Prayer. Receive Me every day in Communion. Though you are only a lay person, or a child, your intentions to receive Me move upon My Heart in such a way that I cannot deny you. Simply the words spoken to the bread, 'Jesus said, this is My Body which will be given up for you.' This simple prayer is enough to cause angels to bow in wonder that I so honor this from your lips, that truly the graces you are so in need of are imparted to the bread and it is transformed into its life-giving substance: My very own body. And imparts the saving grace to those who partake of it with a sincere heart.

"But My children, I require of you to first confess your sins to Me; and second, forgive all who have wronged you. This prepares a place for the graces to land. I cannot find a place to dwell in a bitter, angry heart. You must first make an act of the will to renounce these things, and then I can inhabit and grace you in a very special way.

"The act of your will does not require that you have good feelings about those who have hurt you. No, your feelings are an entirely different matter. What you are saying with the act of your will to forgive, is that you renounce all bitterness, rancor, and anger against those who have hurt you. You also resolve in your heart to not allow those feelings to take up residence in you anymore, because the demons will certainly tempt you again and again until they are sure you will not react, then they will not trouble you anymore. You can forgive and forget, but they can stir up bad feelings again—and you must repel these with an act of your will.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. It is written that you must first forgive and stay in forgiveness. Call out to Me and I will help you.

"Above all, I want you to know that I am with every suffering and dying soul. I am beside them with comfort and grace to bring them into My Kingdom at the very last moment. Do not despair over those who are unconscious. You will someday be shocked by My mercy and by how many actually make it to Heaven with Me.

"So, do not despair over your loved ones who have not yet received Me in your presence. Did I not make you a promise? You and your whole household will be saved? However, some will be saved as going through a fire.

"I am the Lord your God. Is there anything too hard for Me?"

The Coronavirus Plague

February 25, 2020



May the protection of God and His Peace reign in our hearts as we pray for the afflicted. Amen.

Lord, I cannot even imagine what You are going through.

The wickedness of man is beyond comprehension. I am stunned into silence by what I have seen and how very fragile life on this Earth truly is.

And I don't know if you've picked up on it or not. But if you get on YouTube and see some of the videos that are coming out of China, it really is heartrending!! And I spent a couple hours doing that, to see what they were going through. And began this message afterwards...

I know I could never participate in Your suffering over these losses, Lord. The very hint of them brings me to my knees in sorrow. I do not ask why; I know Satan is behind this. No need to ask that question. But please give me strength and wisdom, and strength to share with your people.

Lord, I have nothing.

Jesus began, "If the days were not shortened, not one would remain alive. So wicked is this move of Satan's that it is beyond the human mind to conceive of such evil. You see only a tiny portion; I see and hear the cries from those who are dying. I feel the sorrow that has no end—the pain and suffering, Clare, is incomprehensible! I love each one of these children of Mine, dearly. Yet I tell you that, in times to come, those who have gone on will be envied by the living.

"It is not too late to contain this, but the means must be extraordinary—and few are prepared or willing to. As a result, this will spread like wildfire. Containment is the only answer for many, unless they embrace Me and avail themselves of My protection. I cry out to those, Clare, as they are dying. I give them an opportunity to receive Me—I have not left them without recourse.

"But many do not know or understand, truly understand, that I am their God. They have been so brainwashed that only extraordinary Grace can convince them otherwise.

"It is coming to America. It is coming to your shores. It is already here—and those who do not seek My protection are in great peril. I want them to come to Me, no matter what they've done. I want them to know My forgiveness and unconditional love. I want them to experience My deliverance, My promises, and My power to save. But so many do not believe, do not trust, and cannot turn to Me with faith.

"Yet, I am working with them through their believing relatives. I will show them My salvation and they will come to believe.

"People of the world, you all belong to Me. I made each one of you intricately with a divine purpose in life. But your secular societies have removed Me from you as a solid source of healing and deliverance. They would rather go to the doctor, who they think they can trust. Yet for many, a doctor's help will be utterly useless, so well has this bio weapon been engineered.

"I am your only recourse, My loved ones, and you are all My loved ones. I know each of you intimately. I understand your dreams and struggles, your brokenness. Your accomplishments. All is perfectly understood, and I wish for you to live—not die.

"I wish to bring you into My Kingdom, glorify you with knowledge, understanding, and love. I wish for you to fulfill the purpose of your life on Earth, and I wish to have you with Me, by My side, in Heaven. Do not turn away from Me! Let Me into your heart and cleave to Me.

"Without understanding of life on Earth and Eternity, the sorrow is unbearable. I cry out for you day and night that you will turn your heart to Me in a new way, a way never understood before.

"I am not a religion; I am a relationship! And I long to hold you, comfort you, and give you new hope. But you must turn to Me and leave behind those ways you know are sinful in My sight. I want to cleanse you of your iniquities and wash away the darkness, that I may fill you with My light and ignite in you a fire of love for your fellow human beings.

"This scourge is being permitted by My Father to wake you up before it is too late. Many of My people are living solely for themselves, not for others. Many of you are captive to your possessions and ability to buy more possessions. These things are giving you a false sense of security. You do not see how very frail your life is, and the consequences of living it to please yourselves. You see what your culture approves, and this gives you a sense of security and accomplishment.

"But overnight, this could be taken from you. Oh, how I wish for you to all wake up! Each day I wish for you to find new ways to bless others, and spend substantial time crying out to Me for wisdom and deliverance.

"It is not only a simple prayer that will deliver many. No, there must be repentance—a turning around from sin. A realization that you have been living for yourselves, not for what matters to

Me. Those of you who have shown great mercy to others in this season—you, too, will receive great mercy. I long to deflect this plague from your shores! But first, I must see repentance and a life well-lived for what is good and right, not just for selfish motives.

“Getting you to see things from My perspective is indeed difficult. You have become comfortable in your lives of excess and sin. You do not realize or see what is so clear to all of Heaven. You see only what your culture applauds, and this is why drastic measures are needed to change your perspective.

“Yet, I am not without Mercy. And I will work with your President to eradicate this scourge. Only, I entreat you, pray deeply, sincerely, from the heart. Pray for others. Pray for your nation, your family, and the Chinese people who are suffering so terribly. Each prayer you make from a heart of love for the stranger and the alien is recorded in My Book of your life. And it is a worthy gift of My Bride to Me.”

To My Beloved Chinese People and A Prophecy

February 27, 2020



May the wisdom of God prevail in your hearts, dear ones. May He cover you with His wings and keep you from the pestilence and designs of the devils. Amen.

I have been beset by distractions, and also feeling my own fair share of disorientation. The Lord helped me to clarify the source of this today. It turns out to be partially a suffering. So, please pray for me, my precious ones. There is so much He has for me to

share with you!

I came into prayer today, rather desperate for His presence.

He began, *“Finally, you’ve come to listen to Me. I almost lost you to a walk in the woods to see what’s going on with the building. Forget about all of that right now and just be with Me, sweet Clare. How I have needed you and your sweet attentions to Me! I have needed and missed you very much. I wait for you to acknowledge My presence—not my absence, which is a lie.*

“I am NEVER absent from you. NEVER. You just can’t quite see Me. Partly because of your own limitations. And sometimes, I do stay very quietly beside you in such a way you cannot perceive Me, even as you do now. I so wanted you to have this breakthrough today. I know how you have been languishing for Me and for My instruction, as well.

“It is a noble thing to suffer for those ravished by this terrible disease. But you mustn’t lose sight of your mission in the midst of that. There are things to do, Beloved. Many things to do. I have many inspirations for you, including the need of an Administrator; someone who can oversee

things without getting you involved. You are far too bound up in details and things that should not be your concerns.

“Beloved, I want to relieve you of these things, I want to help you. Pray for that.

“I began saying something very important to you a few moments ago. You do not realize that this perceived darkness and chaos is actually bringing forth much fruit. All you see is darkness and confusion. This is the enemy’s view, and he is trying to impose it on you so you will give up. But I am the Light of your life, and I show you another perspective that is very threatening to him.

“How he loves to deceive and despair; he loves to steal the good seed I sow. You already know this, but it must be experientially incorporated into your day-to-day thinking.

“What you have perceived as confusion is, in part, a suffering for those who are totally disoriented and thrown into confusion and panic by this illness in China. I have given you a heart for them, Clare. And part of what you and Ezekiel are suffering now is to alleviate their sufferings.

“Mostly, I want them to come to Me. I want them to see and hear Me. I want to heal them, and you indeed are a voice crying out in that wilderness.

“Come to Me, My broken ones, My Beloved people of China. How tenderly I love you and long for you to recognize My presence beside you! Yes, I am right here with you and I will never leave your side. All that remains is for you to recognize My Presence.

“Clare and Ezekiel have been suffering for this very thing. I long for you to perceive Me and receive My Love and salvation. Do not cling to empty godless traditions any longer; reach out to Me, and I will heal you and your entire family.

“I am here for you, and I desire to heal every one of you. Believe, reach out and receive. I am your God and you are beautifully and exquisitely put together in ways that are unique and inspiring. There are great treasures laid up in your being that I have deliberately given to you and to no other culture on Earth.

“I wish to bring you out of the darkness and into My Glorious Light, bringing a revival to your nation. Something so grand it is beyond your imagining! But this is where you are headed, and the darkness must precede the Light, and suffering precedes Joy. This is your time of suffering. But raise your eyes Heavenward and embrace Me, and I will deliver you and bring you immeasurable joy in revival.

“I am for you and not against you. Your past means nothing to Me. I look only at the good in you and what I want to do with that good. How I want to liberate that goodness within you. You are a people beautiful and unique in so many, many ways, and the world needs the gifts you have.

“So, lift up your eyes China; salvation is knocking at your gates; glory unspeakable awaits you. Be not afraid to embrace Me, Jesus Christ the only Son of the Father, fully God and fully man, forever ONE with the Holy Spirit and My Father. Together, we act in perfect union and Our hearts for you are revival and glory.

“So, be not afraid to call on us for Healing, because it is our desire to heal you from these ills Satan, in cooperation with evil men, have put upon you.

“I love you so very deeply! Rise up and call upon My Name and I will respond with wonders in your midst. Do not be afraid to call upon Us: Father, Son and Holy Spirit. We wish for your country to explode into glory and grace with thousands healed and even raised from the dead. We are waiting for your entreaties; cry out to Us and behold what We shall do for you.”

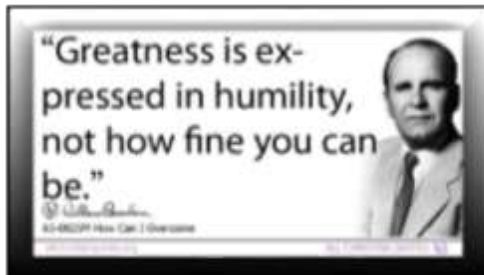
And here I want to tell you of a prophetic word that Ezekiel received in November 2019, just after we moved up here to the mountain. The Holy Spirit said to Ezekiel, *“A Blinding Light will arise from China.”*

Oh, my dear ones! If ever there were a time when this light is needed by the entire world, it is now. Let us pray together, *“Come, Lord God. Send this blinding Light to arise from China!”*

Understand, my dear ones, that the suffering and blood of the martyrs always precedes a great move of God. So, fasten your hearts to this hope and live in expectation.

Let the Little Ones Shine

February 27, 2020



The Lord bless us with His Heart of Humility and service. And the ability to see those areas in our lives that need to be changed during this time of introspection. Amen.

Yesterday was the beginning of Lent, a 40-day period preceding the Lord’s Passion and Resurrection. This is a time for us to empty ourselves of pride and self-serving. It is a time to

allow the Lord to reveal the sickness in our souls, so that we may be cleansed and reborn again in His resurrected glory. The workings of the world are so very tedious and draining, and many a compromise is made for our flesh.

These compromises can make us lukewarm and distracted. I say this to you with great conviction, dear ones. I have allowed myself to be distracted and I have made compromises,

which at the time seemed okay—but after self-examination, I realized they were detrimental and not healthy for my relationship with the Lord.

I am repenting for these things and asking the Lord to cleanse my heart and make it pure. I am acknowledging the areas I have done less than well in, and asking Jesus, “Lord, change me. Please take away those earthly distractions and those things that rob You of my time. Those attitudes of heart that are not pleasing to You.”

This morning the Lord brought to mind the vanity of the ways of the Church, where many vie for recognition and seek to be respectable and acknowledged as an authority. So many times this leads to error and vainglory, and in preparation for the move of God that is coming, He is asking us to lose our self-significance and embrace littleness in Him.

In this way, His Light will shine, not ours. And those who are emerging in the understanding of His ways will find an open forum, a safe place, to express what God is showing them. Which many times, by the way, is very significant, since He opposes the proud, but reveals His secrets to the humble and little ones.

Jesus began, *“My people, who have grown accustomed to being acknowledged as pillars in the church; as those who are in the know and competent to lead others—consider the vanity of your ways.*

“I would have you humble yourselves and listen to the little ones around you who cleave to Me in holy humility. They are motivated by the holy fear of God and a deep desire to remain little and hidden, cleaving to Me rather than looking for opportunities to shine and to be esteemed in the eyes of others, for their knowledge. Rather, they walk in great fear of Me, having respect for all others above themselves.

“Therefore, they say little. In these I am well pleased.

“My children, lose your self-importance and embrace My poverty and humility. Do not vie for attention or speak with an air of authority. These things are nauseating to Me! Rather, I would have you quiet and in awe of the little ones around you who have no desire to be adored or recognized. Their main preoccupation is cleaving to Me in their littleness, not offending their brother, and learning new ways to walk in My ways.

“They live in a beautiful dimension with Me, a place of peace and freedom from striving, from recognition, competition; the need to be applauded and praised by men. And in this place I give them rest.

“Not so with those who wish to shine before men. They tend towards restlessness of heart, looking for ways to prove their intelligence and knowledge.

"I ask you to cease from this striving and find your peace in quietness and rest. Be anxious for nothing but My approval. Disregard your preoccupation with being respectable and acknowledged and don My littleness and obscurity. Then you will escape the web of vanity that ensnares those who seek to be elevated and are riddled through with many foolish concerns.

"I tell you these things, because they are in the way of our sweet fellowship. And in truth, they distract others from Me, causing others to see and applaud you, rather than Me.

"Stand in joyful insignificance, My dear ones, and allow Me to shine through others. I will be with you in this endeavor, and the fruit shall indeed be sweet."