

All Messages December 2019

Restoration to His Sweet Embrace

December 3, 2019



The Lord bless and keep you in His Peace, my beloved family.

Thank You, God, for Your intercessors. Oh my dear family, I have not really been in touch with you for so long, and yet you continue to pray for me. Thank you so very much.

Moving was very disruptive. The one thing I longed for the most continued to elude me as one thing after another called turned up missing and sent me on another wild goose chase.

But I am most grateful to be here.

What a cost, though! Not being able to settle into my precious Lord's arms.

I want to share with you some of the difficult things the Lord has allowed. Of course, He knew ahead of time how painful it would be to not be able to settle into prayer with Him each day. And as He told us before, He timed the move to coincide with events in our nation, so it could be a suffering and love offering at the time when He was calling for the most fast offerings. When I say fast offering, I mean sacrifices of all kinds, not just food.

But in the midst of this, nagging thoughts tormented me..." He has abandoned you because you've become a full-blown Martha! He is not going to visit you or talk with you, because you've not been faithful to your prayer times. In fact, you are such a sinner that He has turned His back on you, ingrate that you are."

Day after day for the past two weeks, while I was in the throes of moving, these diabolical suggestions drifted into my mind without me ever noticing them. What resulted was a deep sense of guilt I could not quite put my finger on, yet nonetheless was so disquieting. The sweet peace of Jesus eluded me day after day and feelings of guilt brought me into a deep depression.

So, I called for prayer last night and this morning, and I was gently guided to just dwell in His presence and allow Him to pick the music by praying over my phone and setting it on shuffle. In this way, I knew that every song He brought up had a very particular and timely message for me to pull me up and out of the pit I had allowed myself to fall into.

Dear ones, when He seems furthest away, and the voices rage against you that you are a hopeless sinner whom God has abandoned. When this happens, know that the enemy is lying to you so you will fall into despair. Rebuke him, call for prayer support and turn on your faith-filled songs to comfort and guide your soul back into the sound reality that God IS with you, and is calling you back into His arms, and away from your endless preoccupations.

He knows our frame; He knows our weaknesses. He knows our tendency to listen to the enemy's lies without realizing we are being toyed with. He knows it all and has nothing but compassion and sweetness for us—wanting very much to restore us to His tender and secure embrace.

So, in faith I put on my music, and soon I saw us dancing with me as in days of old. And He was so handsome, so striking and vibrant as we danced across the ballroom floor. His gaze was tenderness and love itself, and my impoverished heart just melted in His arms. He was so happy to see me, to be with me, and His countenance just glowed with happiness.

Oh, what a contrast to what I had been perceiving Him to be!

Lord, I feel there is something You want to say to us.

Jesus began, "My Beautiful Bride, when you are feeling that life has been stolen from you, that I am far away and disinterested in you, you can be sure the enemy is projecting these lies into your mind. I am telling you now, in this moment of sanity and level-headed thinking, so that you will refute these thoughts when they are projected into your mind.

"Anything negative, such as, 'The Lord is angry with me. The Lord has turned away from me. The Lord is disappointed in me.' All of these are lies. I know before it ever happens when you are going to fall. And My Heart is to pick you up and restore you as quickly as you will turn to Me.

"Replace these lying thoughts with My voice, 'I am not angry with you. I want to help you through this. Come to Me. I have not turned My back to you. I am here, Beloved, to help you make the right choice. Just ask Me for help and I will answer you swiftly.'

"I am not disappointed in you. I knew before you were born exactly what you would struggle with in this moment of your life. Let Me help you.

"In short, when these evil thoughts come to you, rush into My waiting arms and cry out for My help.

"Remember, I am not a man that I should lose My patience with you. I have promised that I shall never forsake you and I am pleased that you choose to give your life to Me. These trials are only to make you stronger; let Me strengthen you.

"You have been flooded with lies about My character from childhood. The world's opinions have only served to strengthen this distorted view of My character. I am not a man. I am God, with you. And most of the failures in your life stem from misconceptions about My very real love for you. And who you truly are to Me.

"If only you knew for a moment the depths of My Love and respect for you. If only you knew the dreams I hold dear for you. If only you knew that I accept and approve you. If you knew these things you would soar from success to success.

"Not in a worldly or monetary sense. No, in the abundant life of living in My Presence, drawing your every breath from My very Being, swimming in the ocean of My Grace and Mercy designed just for you. Just for your shortcomings; just for those times when you haven't the strength to withstand any more.

"If only you knew the overwhelming abundant provision of Grace allotted to you!!! Oh, I cry out loud, My Precious One!!! I have all you need in this moment. Do not fear, do not grow weary. Look only to the hope I hold out to you. It is the substance of My love and never-ending provision for your peace and happiness.

"Come! Come to the comfort that is always enough, always warm, always loving, forgiving, accepting. And placing your feet on solid ground in a new day, with new opportunities to regain your strength and move forward into your mission, in the fullness of My grace.

"Come, Beloved ones. Fear not. I am for you and well able to breathe new life into your dreams.

"Come."

You Do Not Know the Scriptures

December 4, 2019



Lord, truly, what is on Your Heart?

I struggle with the foolish things men say about your teachings. I grieve over their blindness to the Scriptures. It is as though they have put their salvation into the hands of men instead of into Your hands. Oh, Lord.

And Jesus began to speak to me. And by the way, this is about encounters I have had with people who do not have the whole Gospel. They're pretty stuck on the Prosperity Gospel. They don't see the life that Jesus led, and that we're to lead the same life in this world that He led. If we suffer with Him, we will be raised with him. And there are so many Scriptures to confirm this over and over again. But men continue to say foolish things about these teachings. And I grieve over their blindness, because it's right there in the Scriptures!

The Lord began and said, *"I am not here to beat you, dear ones. Yet I am forced to admonish you in strong words, for the sake of Truth. I ask you to examine the Scriptures to discern the fullness of their meaning. Much has been hidden from you, My People. A curtain has been drawn across certain parts of My Truth, to prevent you from being fully equipped to fight against evil in high places.*

"If you read the history of America written by Americans, you will get an entirely different picture than a history written by the Native American people. And so it is with religion. If you study what the Jews have said about Christianity, you will not be given the same information you would have received if it had been written by a Christian who witnessed Me after I was raised from the dead.

"Men have their own ways and will choose, out of a body of knowledge, those things that support their theories. Men are prone to form groups around their favorite theories and doctrines, and should something contrary to that come up, they will downplay its significance and restate the strength of their own arguments.

"And so, you find the Prosperity gospel flourishing. Pain and suffering are unpleasant; prosperity and material abundance are comforting, and feed men's needs to be in control. To be the Master of his own destiny, wealthy, healthy. In a word, successful by worldly standards.

"And that is precisely what the Scribes and Pharisees lived. A life of privilege, material abundance. and respect. Yet they could not recognize Me when I came to them. Their standards had been corrupted by their carnal natures and surely nothing of any significance could ever come from Nazareth.

"See how agreeable people become when you speak to their comfort levels? But begin to challenge their standards. Their social standards, and their favorite theories and comfort levels—and you will immediately arouse jealousy and contentiousness.

"My people, I have called you to see Truth. Not a man's presentation of truth, but My Truth. I have hidden nothing from you. I came in a form undeniably different than what was anticipated of Me. I did not pander to their prosperous standards, which had seriously corrupted their morals. Rather, I came in naked and stark Truth. Proclaiming love to the outcast, healing to the sick, hope to the poor and hypocrisy to the rich who made life miserable for the poor.

"I did no political posturing, nor did I promise an abundance of riches. I confronted evil where it stood, I lowered Myself to the most miserable and poor, offering them healing and comfort. I challenged the integrity of those who saw themselves as righteous: the rich young ruler, the crafty Pharisee, and he who had the power to crucify Me.

"I came not into the chambers of the wealthy, but into the lowliness of the ox and the lamb. I died not surrounded by doctors and wealthy remedies, but in ignominy between thieves. I had nowhere to lay My head and no tomb for My body. I could not have made a more striking statement of what was most important in life than I did in My Incarnation.

"But contrast that, My People, with your prosperity teachers who drive expensive vehicles, wear expensive suits and build elaborate churches. Contrast that to the lifestyle of a minister with a large wealthy congregation. Isn't that what Christian ministers dream of these days? A great auditorium, expensive speakers and lighting, climate control, comfortable seating for thousands. Is this not what is looked up to in this country and even abroad?? Is this not the symbol of success?

"But I say to you, it is not what I consider success. This is not to be praised, in My eyes. Wealth and corruption, acquisition and compromise, go hand in hand. I have called you to the simplicity and purity of the Gospels. 'Take nothing for the journey. For where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also.'

"Did I not say there was no one born of woman, greater than John the Baptist? And yet where were his sumptuous meals and fine clothing? Does it not occur to you that there is something drastically wrong

with the prosperity twist on My holy and pure life? Is there not a chasm of disparity between the rich and influential and the poverty and life of condemnation of your Christ?

"So, why is it that no one acknowledges the example I lived before you all? Rather, there is the oft quoted Scripture of the abundant life? Abundant in carnal delights? Not in righteousness, peace and joy.

"Some of you withstand Me, even now. Yet I tell you, you are not walking in truth, rather in the deception of man's ways. You do not know Me. You do not know My ways or My life, or understand what I came to Earth to bring.

"Yet it is all before you in the Gospels from start to finish. Rather, you have chosen to be spoon fed by doctrines of men, rather than to accept the entirety of My Truth, as it is written in the Scriptures. You refuse to go back to the beginning when My Apostles taught truth. Truly you are cafeteria Christians—served up the doctrines of men while Truth is left to languish. Because your chefs had their own agenda, their favorite doctrines, which you mistook for truth because you do not know My ways or My Scriptures.

"Wake up! Wake up! Before it is too late for you.

"I didn't come to feather your nests. I came to heal, to bring peace, truth and righteousness, not material wealth—which corrupts. Again, where your treasure is, there also is your heart.

"Is your heart for the poor, the sick, the lame? Or is it for the rich, the healthy and fame? You are living a corrupted Gospel. You do not know My ways, your ways are men's ways. Put aside the traditions of men's denominations and embrace the Scriptures with all your heart, so I will not be forced to say on that day, 'I never knew you.'"

Our Lady's Passion

December 6, 2019



My precious Heartdwellers. Thank you for your gracious response to cover the needs of the community. We were able to give to our usual offerings for trafficked children and also for Erik's mission to the poor and handicapped in Nicaragua. What a burden was lifted from our hearts when we were able to do this!

I want to share with you an incident that occurred yesterday with Ezekiel, my husband. At certain times he goes into a kind of travail that mirrors the Passion of Our Lord. The intensity varies according to the urgency of things on the Lord's heart. And we all gather around him and begin to pray the Divine Mercy Chaplet.

But yesterday, it was off the charts as he described what he was seeing in the spirit, and violently grabbed his heart and chest, time after time after time. This whole episode went on for more than an hour and left us all completely spent.

After it was all over, and he was able to speak, he described what He saw and heard in the Lord's and Our Lady's passion.

For the first time in his life he actually felt, in the first person, Our Lady's passion when the Lord was placed in her arms. And he began wailing and sobbing over and over again, "My baby, what have they done to you? Oh, what have they done...?" As she held Jesus in her arms, He became the child Jesus all torn and bloody. Then Ezekiel saw many children all around her, all of them torn and bloody.

She kept picking up and holding them, weeping over each one. Ezekiel was made to understand that these children represented us, our souls, the Father's children. And Our Lady said, "Pray and comfort my Son from within my mantle, which I have spread around you. Because it is the Lord's provision for you to have a loving Mother. And if you will humble yourself and just be the child that we all must become again, when you come under my covering you are also completely under the Lord's covering.

"A mother knows if a relationship with her Son is healthy and what pleases or displeases Him. She knows how to present you to Him in the best possible way. And when you comfort my Son, I also receive comfort from you and will impart particularly strong graces of precious union with Him, because you are within my motherly covering, and deeply affected. And cannot escape the sweetness of our reciprocal love for one another.

"Come under my mantle, Children, and bring comfort to us by your deep concern. Nothing is more painful to my Son than an indifferent soul who has no compassion for the suffering of others and for us."

Lord, do You have something to say?

"Clare, I know how terribly painful it was for you to see your husband in that kind of travail. I understand your repugnance for that excruciating level of suffering. Nevertheless, Beloved, he has given himself to Me for yet another year of intercession involving suffering. And you, as well, gave your consent. Your country will not be saved by prayer alone. Deep travail is necessary to keep Justice moving forward.

"I know, Clare. I know how you are still reeling from what you saw. But have I not promised you that he will be restored?"

"What he has given Me is precious, and I receive it with great reverence. I wish for you to feel the very same way about it. Even though these sufferings are what a dying man would suffer, life is being brought into your world and into this country. These are priceless sufferings and your cooperation with them is very much like My mother's sufferings with Me. Your consent is another precious gift I treasure, because your heart is for whatever I ask of you."

Lord, please make me stronger. You know how I collapse when I see him suffering this way.

Jesus replied, *"I want you to tuck into My Mother's mantle more and more when these things happen. She will give you the grace to assist you, for I have given it into her hands to distribute as she sees fit."*

Christmas and My Heart for the Poor

December 7, 2019



Thank You, dear Lord Jesus, for setting our hearts straight about what means the most to You. Help us to fulfill Your deepest desires for the poor. Amen.

Well, after I received the Lord in communion, I waited on Him. Then He made Himself visible to me, so happy that I was there and really paying attention... For once! Not thinking about the lists of things I needed to do.

I laid my head over His heart and He held me close, smiling, for something had been resolved this morning. Something of key importance to Him. And to me.

Two days ago, I pulled a holy card from my card file that said, "Serve Me, rather than yourself." I was both puzzled and hurt that He said that, but I knew He is always right. Always. So, I took the medicine and asked Him to clarify where I had let Him down.

And I realized. In setting up this little home in the tiny chapel, I realized that I had been very busy gathering things to myself, rather than thinking of others. Perfectionist that I am, I had endless lists (which I am sure everyone was tired of hearing, let alone getting for us). And I had become very self-centered. I was so convicted and so very sorry. I confessed that and was given an absolution.

Then this morning, I awoke early. It was still dark outside, but I had just had a dream. In this dream, we were in the somewhat poor and industrial area of town and people were sitting on concrete pavements. They were poor and came to this food bank to receive supplies. I saw one woman in particular, an immigrant and possibly Jewish, with her family. They had nothing to eat and were waiting hopefully for the distribution of food. Having worked at this food bank for 20 years, I just started finding things and giving them to her.

Then I stepped into the facility itself, and there was some kind of gathering going on where all the volunteers were eating grilled sausages and other tasty foods. The whole environment was one of abundance and gaiety, while outside the poor were sitting there on the pavement with nothing.

They spoke to me saying, "Would you like to purchase a plate of food?"

Well, I love sausage, but I also knew that those outside had nothing. So, thinking perhaps I could share, I said, "Yes, how much is it?"

They answered "\$29.95 for a plate."

I couldn't believe it! What? The poor are on your doorstep waiting for a scrap, and you are in here feasting with donated food and charging for it??? It was obvious to me that the poor were not going to get anything.

Then I woke up.

I started thinking about this dream, and then I realized the poor are being ignored. Not by some strangers, but by me. I asked the Lord right then and there, "Do you want us to start up a food bank again?"

I opened the Bible Promise book to HOSPITALITY. "What if a Christian does not have clothes or food? And one of you says to him, 'Goodbye, keep yourself warm and eat well.' But if you do not give him what he needs, how does that help him?"

Well, recently we had re-applied to this old food bank that we'd belonged to, and been denied membership because of an error on the form, so I figured, "Well, that's that. That's a closed door. I guess we aren't going to distribute food from there after all."

So, I wrote it off and forgot about it.

But He who hears the cry of the poor did not forget, and I had let Him down. I repented immediately and promised to make it up to Him. My mind started racing on how we could still provide low cost, but good food.

This was a breakthrough for the Lord and I, because He has not been so present to me for a while now. But now He is holding me, smiling and happy that I had accepted His invitation to take care of the poor. And something was restored between us. Something very precious.

Dear ones, I can't thank you enough for contributing so that we have something to give. How joyous it is to be able to give again to the widow and the orphan! Thank you for making it possible to both feed the community and care for the poor.

Then Jesus began speaking. He said, *"Yes, My Darling Clare, I know you have been missing something very important to Me in your rush to set up your nest. And it gives Me great pleasure to see how quickly and wholeheartedly you have responded, even in the harshness of winter. There are those around you, Clare, that have nothing substantial to eat. My heart aches for them, and I look to My servants to supply for them."*

"I want this Community to be known as one that is exceedingly generous to the poor and needy. I want this Light, this Beacon, to shine into the darkest places."

"Yes, there are many practicing witches in your area, but there is no replacement for kindness and generosity. Be My hands and feet and bring them all something to eat. I have touched the hearts of certain ones on this Channel to provide for the poor, in addition to your needs. So long as you give out, you will receive. And those steeped in deepest darkness will be touched."

"You see, My people, words are cheap. Intentions are a dime a dozen! But those who live the Gospel are rare. I am calling My little band of Franciscans to shine into one of the darkest areas of your nation. I am calling them to show mercy and love to the cruel and unlovable."

"In that Day, there will be no excuse, because My servants gave sacrificially to their needs and some did not repent. Yet others will, when they see their kindness and impartiality to all.

"There are many poor widows and grandmothers taking care of abandoned children. There are many disabled who did not qualify for assistance. There are many lonely who never get visitors, let alone anyone who will offer to help them with their propane and electricity, as well as food.

"This is what I am calling you to shine at, Clare. I want to reverse the ugly attitudes these have about Christians. I want you to show them that I am a God of Provision and Caring and I have not forgotten them.

"This is the time of year when families are spending lavish amounts of money on toys and trinkets for their children and friends. Yet when they stand before Me, they will be naked, because they did not provide for the poor. They did not prepare their hearts for My coming.

"Dear ones, Christmas is not fulfilled with a lavishly decorated tree replete with boxes and boxes of presents. That is NOT Christmas. That is unbridled Avarice and Indifference to the needs of the poor among you.

"The Satanists laugh you to scorn from Thanksgiving until New Years, because while you are so caught up in buying appropriate gifts, they are laying curses upon you and fasting for their feast of the New Year—at which time they will assemble and draw down evil upon those who are spiritually naked, blind, and poor.

"They are spiritually impoverished and uncovered because of Greed and Avarice. They have not given to the poor, so I do not defend them. Does not My Word repeat over and over again that I protect those who take care of the poor?

"Yet, My people are so worldly-minded that they think feasting and gift giving is what Christmas is all about. May I say, dear ones... Have you ever looked at My manger and wondered, 'What was God thinking when He sent His only Begotten Son to Earth in a filthy stable?' Are you thinking how quaint that was?

"No, My people. This was not a quaint presentation of My Incarnation. Rather, it was an example for you to live a simple life that honors God, and not men.

"Everything I accomplished was done in avoidance of impressing or enlisting the support of the wealthy. Rather, I presented you with the greatest gift ever given to man, and did it without ostentation, pomp, and worldly splendor.

"This should tell you how to celebrate My Birth and how best to honor Me."

Lord, I always have trouble with this, because what has made Christmas so special to me since I was a child was the beautiful tree and and glittering presents. It left a deep impression on me: a time of mystery, joy, and something more special than any other time of the year.

Jesus answered me, “My precious, when you were a child, you embraced childish things—which I have allowed in the past to bring special significance to My Birth for children. A time of joy and feasting, but with a careful eye to those who had nothing. You got it right when you taught your children to make corn husk dolls and Saints from a bare winter branch—the significance of which was that these men and women gave me their lives. So, now they live in glory with Me in Heaven. You got it right when you took food boxes to poor families.

“But now that you are an adult and a shepherdess, you must teach your people to give and honor My Birth by a sincere offering of their hearts to Me in the service of mankind. Your culture is eaten up with the cancer of Avarice, Greed and Self-Gratification. Those who have chosen to live holy lives must demonstrate something different, if anyone is to understand the significance of My Birth. I want them to know that I care, I am looking in on them, I remembered them, and I love them. Give this kind of gift to the poor and you will satisfy My Heart.

“As for your own family’s celebration of Christmas, make Me the focal point. Use an advent calendar and pray special prayers each day in preparation for My coming. Bring a Baby Jesus doll for them to hold and retell the story of My Birth. There are many precious graces during this feast. They enrich the soul and bring the children nearer to Me.

“Gather together and sing songs and tell stories that bring out the true meaning of Christmas. Oh, there are so many graces to be had when you sincerely celebrate My birth, dear ones! Make this time all about Me, not money and presents.

“And remember to give and serve the poor—passing out socks and mufflers to the homeless, bringing them hot coffee and rolls, and boxes of food for poor families. Raise the whole tone of Christmas in your lives to one of giving, not receiving.

“And I will attend to your spiritual needs as you become more and more pleasing to Me, showing the world what My Incarnation was truly about. Pray and ask for wisdom and you will receive understanding from on high.

“I love you. I truly, truly love you. Be My reflection to the needy, show them how much I care.”

Hannah’s Heart - Chapter Four

The Longing for Peace



Karen James’ car entered the driveway with a sigh. It was late. She hadn’t had time to plan a meal this morning and no money to go buy something quick. John’s ‘I’m too sick’ call-out at the Store had kept her two hours longer than she wanted, but it didn’t seem to matter why anymore... Just that she was coming home past supper time.

She was sure her husband hadn’t taken the time to do anything about it, either.

The smell of macaroni and cheese met her at the door, and the pot simmering on the stove signaled hot dogs cooking. Poor kid. As if she didn't already do most of my jobs around here.

"Hanna! Is that stuff ready yet?" Mike's voice came barreling out the window. "I've got a phone conference in ten minutes." He came busting through the office door the same time that Karen entered the kitchen—and the look on his face told her everything she'd feared.

Yes, there would be Mike to pay for her tardiness ...



The adults' argument had opened dozens of doors in the spirit world, and it had taken a true battle to bring safety back into the house.

"Thank you, my friends." Kamali thudded his fist once against his chest, his days of warfare coming back to the surface. "The King is calling her to His Garden, and I must go."

He turned to Aylward. "He has appointed Rustom, Thrythwig, and Kimble to stand guard over the house with you. I don't believe the Enemy will attempt another attack while they are here. All portals have been closed now and covered in His blood—Adonai has assigned a small contingent around the yard perimeter, as well."

He turned his gaze to the east, two blocks down from where they stood. There, in a tiny bedroom filled with shelves crammed every which way with books, an elderly woman sat bent over a small corner desk. She held her hands folded together at her forehead and spoke intensely in a language only the angels understood. A brilliant glow surrounded her, and angels were rapidly filling bowls with the spoken prayers and traveling, swift as lightning, straight up to the Throne Room.

"She has covered us well, Kamali," a massive angel replied. "There will be no lack. He will see to it."

Each of the four Warriors slid their swords into intricately crafted scabbards at their sides, folded their arms, and took up positions of watchfulness as Kamali slipped into Hanna's room.



Hanna could hear the quiet click of the numbers changing on her alarm clock again.

"I think it's safe to go back to bed, now, Squirt. I heard Dad go back in his office, and Mom's going to be coming upstairs soon. You don't want to be in here if she goes to check on you—you'll hurt her feelings."

She gave him a quick squeeze and pushed a little on his back.

"It's okay. Really. They aren't mad at you ..."

Evan's little body heaved one last, shuddering sigh.

"Okay, Hanna."

He swung his legs off the side of her bed and padded softly to the bedroom door.

"I wish they'd stop yelling, Hanna. Don't you?"

She didn't dare let any of the hot words that came boiling up in her mouth spill out, so she just smiled at him and nodded at the door again. With another sigh, he left, closing it with a squeaky 'click.'



The quick tap, tap of her mother's work shoes marched up the stairs. Hannah heard Evan's bedroom door creaking open, and after a few moments, shut again. She knew her mother was hesitating, knowing that the children had heard them arguing. How could they help it in this house? Suddenly, like a little child, Hanna wanted her to check in on her, too. Wanted to connect again somehow.

But Mom never did anymore.

Nor did she tonight.

Hanna wasn't sure if her mother had just stopped caring? Her heart told her she hadn't. Or if she was just ... what? Not willing to even try to talk to her about the changes in their lives? Too afraid to look in Hanna's eyes and see the stored-up anger in them? Whatever the case was, the squeak of a floorboard announced that Mom had made her decision, and the tap, tap, tap went in the direction of her parent's bedroom.

Hanna relaxed her shoulders back into place and lay down. They'd been sitting in the near dark while their parents fought, with only the nightlight glowing under the door to see by.

She lay facing the thin, golden strip of light, exhausted by the tensions of yet another day. And fell asleep.



Safe in her bedroom, Karen carefully unfolded the crumpled flyer she'd rescued from the office trashcan and smoothed it out on her lap. Her mother had given it to her, and she'd stuck it into her handful of mail as they'd talked, forgetting what she had done. Mike had found it lying between the grocery store ads and the electric bill and had flown into the air over it after supper.

"Your mother just never gives up, does she?" he'd blasted her. "I've told her, and I've told you—there's no need to keep filling these kid's heads with stories about a God who could care less about them when the going gets rough, and you need some real help."

Tears were forming in her eyes as they'd appealed to him to stop.

Please.

Just stop.

It wasn't like she hadn't had her heart raked over these same coals a hundred times before.

He was just so bitter. And angry. Always so angry.

Yes, she was still crushed that God allowed her children to die. She'd cut herself off from Him, too, living in a suffocating void of apathy for months now. Years, really. Her heart still carried the barely covered-over scars from the two miscarriages, not to mention the horror of losing Keith.

Newly married, they'd expected to have children one after another. Karen's sisters all had large families, new babies born on a regular schedule. Hanna had raised their hopes by coming before their first year together was out.

Waiting for five long years after Hanna was born had dashed them again—but the Lord had finally blessed them with Evan.

The next child came quickly but barely made it to three months in her womb. Mike had been the only one she'd told.

But she knew.

Every day she knew.

Hanna had just been entering First Grade at the time, and Karen had tried to relieve some of her pain by volunteering to read to her classmates every Friday afternoon. Still just a baby himself, Evan tagged

along, sitting quietly by her side as she read, playing with a variety of toys she kept tucked in her purse for that purpose. After the story, the children doted on him, lugging him around, nearly too heavy for most of them, but proud as peacocks that he cooed and giggled with their attentions.

Waiting another three years for the hope of their next child had made her anxious; losing that child after a difficult, five-month pregnancy had driven her nearly to despair. Her heart torn again, she withdrew inside herself even farther, now working for a local day-care where she could salve her broken heart **holding other people's babies. Evan had been in his own class, compliant again with his mother's choices,** content to romp and play with the other preschoolers.

Karen had virtually given up hope by the time Keith was conceived. The loss of the first two babies **hadn't touched Mike's heart like it had hers; there had been nothing yet for him to see, to experience, to miss** once they were gone. He had been rising in his company at the time, and now he was truly making progress—and his attention was being eaten up in places other than his home.

Within the year after the second baby died, Mike hit the financial jackpot, and they'd moved into an expensive, restored antebellum home in Jackson, Tennessee situated on a parcel of four acres, just beyond where the railroad crossed the tall viaduct over Market Street. Both were driving new cars and spoiled by the turn of events in their lives; Karen began wearing the latest fashions and dressing their children like magazine models.

As their income increased, so had the attention of certain well-placed men in the church hierarchy. The couple had been invited to join more and more of the programs and church-life functions. For Karen, a place with those **elite singers in the Choir, and a supervisory role in the Children's Ministry.** For Mike, a prized place among the Deacons.

Life was good. The ugly past was being compensated. God was smiling on them now, so they must be doing something right. The news of her pregnancy swept through the church, everyone congratulating them and promising to pray.

"Look at all you're doing for the Lord, Mike," Emmett Finch had roared in his ear one day. **Head of the Board of Finances, he'd been standing in the massive vestibule** of the building with the young couple, listening to Mike voice worries about this newest child on the way.

"Look at all the time you two youngin's are putting in here at the church. Don't worry, Man. You're getting your reward for all the hard work you've been doing for the Lord God Almighty!"

The day the baby had been born, and the heart-wrenching news of his illness made known, the church had placed Baby Keith on the prayer chain. News of his progress was always first on the list of Announcements Pastor made before the sermon every Sunday. **But the weeks dragged on. Prayers didn't seem to be accomplishing anything, and some had started whispering that there must be some hidden sin in Karen or Mike's life, or God wouldn't be ignoring them this way.**

Did you know she'd lost two babies already? Maybe there was trouble somewhere. Maybe there was trouble between them. Oh! You don't suppose there's anything funny going on between Karen and the choirmaster, do you? I've heard ... And the whisperings grew more furtive. And the distance between the young couple and the popular congregants wider.

The day Keith died, Pastor Davenport had called the hospital from his church office in Tennessee **and offered a long, formal prayer for God's help. But Mike's heart had already been sealed against God and His apparent lack of concern and was untouched by the flowery phrases and the rise and fall of the intonation droning on and on over his speakerphone.** He eventually lay the phone on the care-worn, waiting room seat he and his wife had taken refuge on and walked away.

Karen had simply stared down at her hands, clenched around a white lace handkerchief someone had thrust at her, and tuned out the monotone of Davenport's voice, counting the scuff marks on the vinyl floor to keep her mind occupied with anything but what was before her.

The God she had known as a child had been slowly becoming a distant stranger. She realized she didn't know Who He was anymore, now. Not at all.

And the God that her husband had begun to worship had been cruel.
Again.



The sound of Mike moving around the downstairs rooms brought Karen's attention back to the paper in her hand. She wasn't ready to throw it away yet. She'd been having some pleasant talks over tea with her mother lately, and the pair had been slowly reconnecting. And although she wasn't in any way prepared to forgive God and talk to Him again at this point, she did feel the children would benefit from the good people at her old church, here in town. She had fond memories of many of them. Some had even come to the house when they had first moved back. Mostly friends of Mom's, to be sure. All of her close friends had married and moved to larger cities, just as she had.

But these older saints had watched her grow up from a baby, taught her in Sunday School, sang in the choir with her, come to her wedding, and gathered around the whole family when Dad died.

These were good people. Simple people. Most of them were living on Social Security, without a penny extra to their names, but it didn't seem to matter to them. They all acted as though somehow there was some reserve of treasure they dipped in to meet their needs. Some hidden bank account that never ran dry. You never heard a peep from them about not having this or that, even though they all dressed straight out of Walmart and the Goodwill Store—that was easy to tell.

She'd forgotten how to live like that.

Simple. As though there was no one in the world you needed to impress with yourself.

No, she wasn't ready to dismiss these dear old souls she had grown up with, just because of what had happened down in Tennessee.

A pang of homesickness stirred in her belly, and she hugged the flyer to herself, wondering how she was going to pave the way for this.



The I'm Useless Lie and Seek My Truth

December 11, 2019



Thank You Sweet Jesus, for opening my eyes to the beauty all around me, and the great Love You have for us all.

Oh Lord, I have been so blind. Caught up in my own insecurities, not even noticing the feast you set before my eyes. How amazing is the Lord! He has put me in a dreamy Paradise, just to pray and enjoy the stunning beauty He has created.

In the meantime, Ezekiel's eyesight is failing him—but more and more he sees into the unseen realms and finds himself suspended between Heaven and Earth. Last night, Heavenly worship was all around him and yet he was lucid here on Earth. No matter what he talked about or did last night, he was fully aware of the colors, sights, and sounds of Heaven. This holy gift was given to him after a time of an extremely painful episode with his body.

Heartdwellers, I must tell you. Watching and hearing him suffer this way has truly brought me down into a deep sadness, and I have sought Mary's intercession, knowing she has experienced this with her Son. And yet Ezekiel does not die—but over the past two years he should have died, scores of times. Rather, the Lord brings him up and out of it and bestows heavenly gifts of sight and sound in the normally unseen realms.

I have struggled to even function when these episodes happen, and then a strange state of numbness sets in, which I have to fight my way out of. Please pray for us. It is very difficult to feel totally empty, without a clue! And yet be so concerned for you, because I feel have nothing to share.

Finally, last night we got down to brass tacks and discovered that this malaise I have been feeling is an intercessory burden for Bishop Jim's wife, who is now in a coma in hospice care. Please pray for Jim and Jimilyn, his wife. She has seen more medical crisis in her life than anyone I've ever known, and miraculously come through them all. Really witnessing to the doctors. But now she is only skin and bones, and truly, I beg the Lord to relieve her of this suffering.

All of you who are praying for our nation at this critical time, please know that when you encounter any kind of suffering, you are being given an opportunity to offer the inconvenience, pain and trauma for our President and the nation. So, please do not grow despondent if contradictions just seem to spring up out of the ground. As long as your conscience is clean and you have nothing you are aware of that offended the Lord, you can, I believe, count these sufferings as Simon's cross offerings.

Lord, I long to hear from You and to thank You for the beauty you have surrounded us with.

Jesus began, "My Clare, you fret so, even when you suspect these painful lulls are offerings for others. And that is why I have given you a husband who can see what you do not see. How blessed are the souls that are equally yoked in matrimony; you have one another to guide and comfort you. And yet I see your heart, Clare. There is no comfort for you in the beauty of this world if you feel distant from Me.

"I am here to tell you that I did create this unusual weather and stunning beauty to bring you comfort. Do not sadden Me, dear one, by failing to recognize this gift. I am so relieved that you acknowledged this last night as the moon beams came through the skylights. Truly, this is a precious and beautiful room that much prayer for the nations will go forth from.

“Stop condemning yourself, Clare. You have legions assigned to you to fill your head with thoughts of failure. Night and day, they pound you with lies that you are useless to Me. Stop repeating these lies. When you say, “I feel so useless to the Lord,” you are parroting these demons who have been steadily eroding your faith in your mission and the gifts I’ve given you. They are assigned in rounds to torment you with thoughts of uselessness and failure. Their entire agenda is to erase all Hope from your heart and mind. All hope of creating music, teaching, serving and loving those who long to know My love.

“You MUST put on your Helmet of Salvation and Cloak of Humility. You MUST use My Words to counter their lies. You must keep slogging through this malaise as if it didn’t exist. I cannot guarantee you relief, because great things are done through this suffering. But I can guarantee you success if only you will fight your way through with My Holy Promises to you and the very reality you are living in.

“These assignments of uselessness and sense of wasting your life up here are all designed to send you away from the Mountain, to discourage you and the core group, and send you back to the city where you will be forever occupied with trivia.

“I need you to believe, Clare. This Placita is anointed from Heaven for prayer and no one can ruin the reality of that. Ezekiel is just now connecting with the Heavenly provision granted to this location. And those who connect with this anointing will carry it with them when they leave. It is a mystical gift to My Body. Nurture and protect it, Beloved.

“There is a history, far greater than you are aware of, in this place. Many prayers have gone forward from here in past centuries, and it is no mistake that I have planted you here and that not far away is the place called, Sipapu: Hole to the Underworld.

“This is a Holy Mountain—but those who come here will be tested to their very limits to persevere.”

Lord, what about creating music?

“Cleave to Me, Beloved, and together we shall do this. My Mother also is cheering you on and looks forward with great yearning to the songs you have begun that need to be finished. Press in! The prayers of Heaven accompany you. Press in.

“And now I wish to address you, My Precious Heartdwellers, and tell you how pleased I am with you for not being fickle and wavering from this Channel. I have brought you here to mature you and lay the groundwork for Communities yet to be born.

“Here you will experience all the wiles of the devils in action as they try to sway Mother Clare from her course. Here you will see how the enemy gets a foothold into the souls who are called. Here you will experience My wisdom in dealing with souls who struggle. This is to be a Community founded on transparency, honesty, humility, love and faithfulness.

“Littleness and humility are not being taught in many popular churches, and as a result they will disintegrate in chaos when the enemy pulls out all the stops to kill a congregation. However, those of you grounded in Humility and Love will succeed in healing divisions and setting down a solid foundation, even one to carry you through the Tribulation.”

Lord, what have You to say about the next ten years? Because Lana Vawser has spoken about this?

Jesus continued, *“This is a time of laying foundations, not of buildings, but of Holiness. What is done within the next 5-year time period, if done properly, will carry many through the Tribulation. Lana did not say that you would all be here for 10 years. I told her that these are times to set foundations for the movement of My Spirit throughout the decade.*

“The time frame of five years that I gave you still stands. What I meant by that was that you, My Precious Ones, have 5 solid years to create and give life to your dreams. So please, get busy and ignore all the lies and debilitating tactics of the enemy.

“Truly, those of the darkness are intimidated by the mighty force of Christians who are arising to take back what is rightly theirs and bring the world to repentance, digging out the wells of Revival all the way back to the first century. What is false will be proven false and removed. What is true shall also be proven true to those who have ears to hear and are not blindly following trendy denominational Christianity, but seeking the deeper Truths all the way back to My beginnings of the Church. Those shall have the Truth.

“My people, remove from your hearts and minds the traditions of men that stifle My Spirit and have twisted or omitted My Words from Scriptures. Go deeper. Go deeper. Go deep! Do not settle for any man’s version of the Faith, no matter how impressive the denomination.

“Men have corrupted the Faith I handed down to the Fathers and Mothers of the Church. You who have listened to the lies and misrepresentations of My Word; you who have courted false doctrines in order to preserve your income. All of you: repent! For the time is coming when I shall no longer tolerate the lies, and your people will abandon you for those teachers who teach the entire Scriptures and not just what supports their ideas of the Christian faith.

“There is a great divide coming to My Body. Those who tolerate error and those who do not. My Spirit is moving to bring back to My People the true Faith entrusted to the Apostles, with all the graces given them, as well as all the Truths exposed throughout the ages.

“Be among those who seek the Truth, those who seek humility and a life hidden in Me. Do not stop at the opinions of men! Rather, continue on until the Truth has set you free.

“I will provide the discernment to sincere hearts, to those who only want to live the Truth.

"I am with you in this pursuit, and I call you to go deeper and deeper yet. And shed the shackles of the Past and embrace the entire Truth that is in My Scriptures."

Deadly Dynamics in Community vs. God's Dynamics

December 12, 2019



Thank You, Lord, for clarifying what our hearts should be towards one another. Lord Jesus, please lead and guide us with a motive of love and not superiority. Amen.

Dear ones, Community life brings out the best and the worst in us. Many different types of people come here, and we are just beginning. But they come as they are, with blessings, with faults, with gifts and with attitudes. In the world—competition, pride, self-promotion, self-importance and jealousy govern most interactions. But in Community, in THIS Community, brotherly love and wisdom must govern.

Let's say I am new to the Community, but immediately begin to notice things needs changing! As well as who is spiritually advanced and who is spiritually lacking and beneath me. I come with expectations that my gifts will be immediately noticed and put to work.

But after a few days, I see that people are oblivious to my gifts, and have asked me to take a menial position assisting where needed. And so, I try to please the elders by following those instructions. But all the time, I am taking note of all the problem areas, so I can later instruct them on what needs to be fixed and changed.

I even observe one of the Founders of the Community, that he has said that I believe reflects a lack of spiritual maturity. So, I go to the Elder and advise them, "I seriously call to question so and so's spirituality, because they said such and such."

My dear ones. Who has made me the Holy Spirit of the Community, that I should find fault with my brother and pass judgement on him? I haven't been there more than a few weeks and already I am trying to fix it?

Rather, I am coming with my own agenda to “fix” the Community, by doing what I feel I am called to do for them. Saying, “That’s what I’m good at. I should tell them, so they will know how to best use my gifts.”

Everyone has expectations when they come to a Community. Some come to help and seek nothing in return. Others come with a long list of agendas centering around their acquired skills. Others come with expectations and desires to be used, to be recognized and affirmed.

Yet detraction, my dear family, is the most deadly dynamic a person can bring into a Community, because they feel qualified to judge the motives and behaviors of others. Or even pass judgment on their spiritual state.

The Lord has gone over this before. Judgement is His and His alone. What do I mean by that? The Lord is the only one who reads the motives of a soul. We can all see when a soul is floundering or having a difficult day with something, even when they mess up. That’s very obvious. There is nothing wrong with recognizing their weakness. In fact, in Community it is a mandate from the Lord for us to pray for that soul to regain their balance.

But so often, we take it a notch higher, and believe that we can judge their motives and even their spiritual progress. That we have superior knowledge, and they are below us spiritually. And we are more developed spiritually, therefore we can see more clearly what the problem is.

May I say, the most spiritual person in the Community is often times the one who is most silent, most hidden, most serving, and most solicitous for others with the trait of NEVER JUDGING the motives of a brother or sister.

If you are judging the spiritual progress of a soul, you are standing on the very heights of presumption and offending God and your brother.

Dear ones, we never have all the information to draw a rock-solid conclusion about anyone, unless it is given to us by the Holy Spirit. And it's our position to assist the Lord in covering that soul and their faults. And then, we will make it our business to pray for that soul. And perhaps have a word with them. But that's for the Presbyters of the Community to do, not the newcomers.

Humility will dictate a sense of profound littleness in our own eyes. Littleness of ourselves, and we will pray for that soul knowing they are greater than ourselves. Notice, I said KNOWING— not just trying to think it to be true. We have no right to insert ourselves between God and a soul.

But we will never pass judgment and call into question the spirituality of someone, based on something they did or said alone. This is presumption of the most deadly kind and will quickly turn a Community into a nest of vipers.

Scriptures say that if we see our brother sinning, we are accountable to say something. But if they do not respond, then we go to the Elder and ask them how to handle the situation.

I want to say here that if someone is doing something that is totally out of character for a Christian seeking a deeper relationship with the Lord, I definitely want to know about it. Not to be ugly or dictatorial, but to guard that soul who has been entrusted to us, and help them get through their temptations and fears.

We think we are super spiritual if we pray well in a group. Praying to be heard. Praying to impress others with our broad knowledge, authoritative voice and careful observations of what needs prayer.

But Scripture says, "If I pray in the tongues of angels but do not have love, it profits me nothing."

That's from I Corinthians 13.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels but have not love [for others growing out of God's love for me], then I have become only a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal [just an annoying distraction]. And if I have the gift of prophecy [and speak a new message from God to the people], and understand all mysteries, and [possess] all knowledge; and if I have all [sufficient] faith so that I can remove mountains, but do not have love [reaching out to others], I am nothing. If I give all my possessions to feed the poor, and if I surrender my body to be burned, but do not have love, it does me no good at all.

Love endures with patience and serenity, love is kind and thoughtful, and is not jealous or envious; love does not brag and is not proud or arrogant. It is not rude; it is not self-seeking; it is not provoked [nor overly sensitive and easily angered]; it does not take into account a wrong endured. It does not rejoice at injustice but rejoices with the truth [when right and truth prevail]. Love bears all things [regardless of what comes], believes all things [looking for the best in each one], hopes all things [remaining steadfast during difficult times], endures all things [without weakening].

Love never fails [it never fades nor ends]. But as for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for the gift of special knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part [for our knowledge is fragmentary and incomplete]. But when that which is complete and perfect comes, that which is incomplete and partial will pass away. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I did away with childish things.

Dear family, when Bob Jones died and went to Heaven, he was greeted by St. Peter, who asked him only one question: "Did you learn to love?" Out of all of Bob's spiritual accomplishments and knowledge, he thought for a moment and answered, "No." And so, he was sent back to Earth to learn how to love.

This Community is not founded on the world's system of accolades, accomplishments, being well-spoken, impressive, and knowledge of Scriptures or spiritual acuity. That is: sharpness or keenness of thought, vision, or hearing.

It is based on Littleness, on Love, on being the least of all, the servant of all. The holy wallflower that has no interest in impressing others in any way. Rather, this kind of soul is like a violet in the forest, which loves to be crushed underfoot so it can give off its fragrance. A fragrance only the Master will notice.

Precious family, all that is lauded in the world has been cast out of the foundation of this Community. Rather, we want to embody the Beatitudes.

When Jesus saw the crowds, He went up on the mountain; and when He was seated, His disciples came to Him. Then He began to teach them, saying, "Blessed [spiritually prosperous, happy, to be admired] are the poor in spirit [those devoid of spiritual arrogance, those who regard themselves as insignificant], for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven [both now and forever].

"Blessed [forgiven, refreshed by God's grace] are those who mourn [over their sins and repent], for they will be comforted [when the burden of sin is lifted].

(This is the Amplified Version.)

"Blessed [inwardly peaceful, spiritually secure, worthy of respect] are the gentle [the kind-hearted, the sweet-spirited, the self-controlled], for they will inherit the Earth.

"Blessed [joyful, nourished by God's goodness] are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness [those who actively seek right standing with God], for they will be satisfied.

"Blessed [content, sheltered by God's promises] are the merciful, for they will receive mercy.

"Blessed [anticipating God's presence, spiritually mature] are the pure in heart, for they will see God.

And here it says: those with integrity, moral courage, and godly character.

"Blessed [spiritually calm with life-joy in God's favor] are the makers and maintainers of peace, for they will [express His character and] be called the sons of God.

"Blessed [comforted by inner peace and God's love] are those who are persecuted for doing that which is morally right, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven [both now and forever].

"Blessed [morally courageous and spiritually alive with life-joy in God's goodness] are you when people insult you and persecute you, and falsely say all kinds of evil things against you because of [your association with] Me. Be glad and exceedingly joyful, for your reward in heaven is great

[absolutely inexhaustible]; for in this same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you.

That's Matthew 5 in the Amplified.

Lord, have You something to add?

Jesus began, "It will come as a shock to many, that nothing the world holds dear has any significance in this Community. In fact, they are well aware that the more despicable in the eyes of the world, this Placita (Little Place as St. Francis called the locations where the brothers lived) The more despicable in the eyes of the world, the more appropriate.

"Although I will say, My Bride has in some ways made each hermitage to be very bright during the day. And I do not fault her for this, even though tiny windows would be more appropriate.

"But by and large, I want nothing of this place to smack of the world and its refinements. Rather, I want for it to be very plain and simple. Certainly no one staying here is going to get seasonal depression. She has seen to that! (He chuckled.)

"But more in character of spirituality, I want this place to provide the bare minimum that is necessary for a chapel and hermitages, so that a visitor's attention will be on Me and not the fine accommodations, formidable libraries, tailored habits, and sumptuous foods that go with high-end monasteries.

"I want the spiritual attitudes also to be attitudes of poverty before Me, that all that you are and have, I have given you. All that you do not have, is because I have not given it to you. And I do not trust My treasures with those who are great in their own eyes. Littleness and poverty of spirit are to be the very heart of this place, so that the lowliest human being can feel at home here.

"It is the little ones, the poor, the rejected, the ungainly and awkward, the ones who have no status in the world—those are the ones I long to have here. SoC if you come with the agenda that you are someone important, who knows many things, who deems themselves fit to judge others, who seeks to correct the faults in the community as you perceive them, you will not last here.

"Rather, I am searching for those souls who are very little in their own eyes and tremble before My Word. And honor those authorities that I've invested. And those who wish to shed a life of self-will and embrace a life of brotherly love, devoid of judgments.

"So many I have endowed to be little nobodies. So many I have made awkward and even ugly in the eyes of the world, so they could be My very own special possession. But they have turned from the beautiful way to embrace the futility of worldly honor. So, I say to you, if you are one of

the little ones, shed your inflated sense of self-worth that you have cultivated as a wall of defense, and revel in your insignificance. And I will make a home for you here."

Dear ones, I'm sorry about the booming and banging in the background. They're trying to make adjustments to our lodging here, to protect our storage. So, please forgive the noise. Do pay any attention to it. Thank you!

The True Celebration of Christmas

December 14, 2019



Jesus, my love. Thank you so much for showing us what is pleasing to You at this time of the year. Please inspire us with ways to show our appreciation and love for You.

Well my family, I confess to you that I am still infected with that nasty spirit of acquiring things. I don't indulge it, but it sure lurks below the surface. (And you're going to hear construction sounds in the background, because we are growing...)

Anyway... when I came to listen to and write this message, because of difficulty with a wood stove I purchased from Etsy—that page of correspondence popped up. And alongside it was an item, a beautiful pendant of the The Holy Face of Jesus, that really moved me.

Well, that's all I needed... Like a dog thrown a bone, I went chasing curiously, because the item was way too expensive, so, I checked out other similar things. Before I even fully realized my foolishness in setting aside a message from the Lord for a trinket. I was hooked and wanted to look through all 150 pages of Etsy.

But I put my foot down—thanks be to God for His grace— and closed the browser. But something still in me was activated, and I could feel it. And here the Lord is talking about how Avarice gets ahold of us and perverts the meaning of His Nativity.

Do you see, sweet family? Like Mother Elisha says (formerly Nana) I was a “hot mess!”

Pitiful, just pitiful. I want you to know that there is hope for you. God can use you in tremendous ways, that might look small to the world but are great in His eyes. He can make you holy. If He can use me to help you, He can do anything.

So, do not despair at your littleness! That, in fact, is the prerequisite in becoming a vessel unto honor in God's service. It is the little ones He calls out from the drab corners of the Earth. And when they respond appropriately, He lavishes His graces upon them until they overflow into the world, drawing all men to Himself. So, be of good cheer and hopeful! The weaker you are, the greater His grace working through you.

Jesus began this message, *"My Beloved family, I wish for you to understand the true meaning of My Incarnation, and how it should be celebrated. To put your hearts to rest, the precise date is not the issue. Rather, the authentic love you show for Me at My birth is the issue.*

"My dear ones, tenderly I speak to you on this issue. Satan has perverted this holy day to suit his perverted ways. He lures you into luxuries, focusing your attention on money and food and the world. Food, clothing, and the world's goods become an idol, while the poor around you suffer.

"But that is not the worst of it. In the frenzy to follow family traditions, the focus on Me as a tiny vulnerable infant, God's own Son, is lost in favor of acquiring trinkets and feasts in the heat of Avarice. This dishonors Me and contradicts the whole meaning of My Incarnation.

"My dear ones, I came to set you free from sin! I came to open Heaven to you, that we may dwell together forever in Eternity. I came to wed you to Myself, that we might dwell in Heavenly Bliss that obscures the depths and darkness of sin, and raises you above the status of angels.

"Yes, My Bride, the Immaculate One who has shed the skin of the serpent and become the embodiment of Who I created you to be. A soul glorious to behold, My very own helpmate.

"So, when you celebrate My birthday, your customs should be free of gluttony, avarice, and greed. Rather, pure and spiritually sustaining, to bring you closer into the family of God. The true meaning of family, with all the saints and angels gathered 'round to celebrate the greatest feast of all! My Father's Feast of Love and Mercy for you and all creation.

"I do not say this to shame you, but rather to turn your hearts back to Me and set the example for your families. It is within reason to have some special seasonal foods to celebrate the uniqueness of this feast. It is even within reason to give a holy gift to commemorate My Birth.

"But contrast this to the Christmas tree loaded down with gifts, toys, gadgets, clothing. Things that turn your children's hearts towards the world and away from Me.

"Rather, My manger should be your focal point and the desire to enrich one another's devotion to Me should be your purpose. This should suffice for the family, along with holy Christmas songs, a holy video depicting the event. By the way, not all videos are bad. They are tools to be used either by Christians to promote the gospel and love for Me, or by the devil to lead you into sin.

“But greater even than these activities, is the love you show to the poor and those who have nothing to celebrate but another night of hunger and cold. If you knew how dear these souls are to Me, you would stop at nothing to bring them comfort. A hot meal, a well-thought-out gift, a smile. Words of comfort. Something that expresses My love for them that they can keep and remember Me by.

“But I tell you the truth, they need far less reminding of My presence in their lives than most who live a normal life. They have seen My Heavenly provision and kindness. I have visited them with My cheer and comfort. And you, as My spouse, if you truly care for Me should do the same. Many are the lonely, the hungry, and the hurting during this season. And you are My hands and feet. You are My smile and warm words of encouragement, bringing blankets, socks, and an encouraging lease on life.

“Yes, this is the better way. Store not your treasures up on Earth, but give them to My poor, My littlest ones. Touch them for Me with words of kindness and remembrance. This practice, along with holy devotion and recalling My Incarnation, thanking My Father profusely for the Gift that gave hope to your eternity, is so pleasing to Me.

“Without My shed blood, Heaven would have remained closed to you, and Limbo—a place dreary and without hope— could have been your eternity.

“Therefore, My chosen ones, go out among the world and proclaim My goodness by acts of kindness and focusing your attention on My birth.

“I bless you now with inspiration and provision, suited to your circumstance. And I thank you for loving Me enough to go out of your way for the poor and to establish new traditions in your families that will truly bring home to your children the meaning—the true meaning—of My Birth.”

Chapter Five



December 15, 2019 Forgiven, Forgotten

The bluish, golden glow of the Gate grew stronger and stronger, and soon pierced Hannah’s eyelids enough to draw her attention. She opened her eyes, expecting that her mother had let the hall light into her room and come to see her after all—and was overjoyed to find, instead, that she lay just before the Garden itself.

Kamali smiled at her and offered one long arm to help her up. He stood at his full, seven-foot-tall stature, his expression friendly—except for the way his eyebrows peaked together in concern. The battle at her home had been fierce, and he wondered just how much she understood of it.

If any.

The past twelve hours of struggle with her parents were swiftly forgotten in her delight at seeing him. Hanna smiled, all fear and hesitation of being in this place gone.

“Hello, again! Kamali, right?”

As she rose to her feet, she realized she was dressed again in the white shift. It seemed just a little longer this time, and there was a pretty ruffle running around the hem. The red heart was still there, and the key was around her neck.

She looked up into Kamali’s face and a mischievous thought crossed her mind.

“So ... when are you going to tell me the ‘story’?”

“Story of what, young one?” he dodged her question.

It was embarrassing to remember the efforts he had gone through trying to craft an appearance he felt would be more approachable to her. He had assumed three or four different body types, questioning whichever angels were near him about their opinions. The others had insisted that he was fine, just as he was, but he hadn’t listened to them.

After eons of other, more war-like assignments, El Elyon had approached him nearly fifteen Earth years ago for a “special assignment,” as he had put it. Kamali had been honored and agreed immediately. But it was his great surprise to find out just what had been in the Creator’s mind: he’d been assigned to a tiny, human girl-baby as a Guardian angel!

Even so, knowing the Master’s ways were higher even than the angels’, he had become content to leave his former post.

“There must be more to this assignment than first meets the eye, Oh Yah.” Kamali soon realized. “I accept with eagerness to see what is in Your Great Heart.”

He’d been watching over her all these years, doing his best to protect her from the evil ones’ arrows, petitioning Yah for any needs that he knew could be fulfilled. It had pained him to see the mighty battles that her family had gotten embroiled in lately. At times, it had literally pained him, as he gathered Warrior angels to help him fight off vicious attacks on the humans, allowed to act because of Hanna’s or her parent’s sin.

Didn’t they know what they were doing? Didn’t they understand the action/reaction laws Yahweh had established firmly, even before He formed the Earth and its inhabitants?

Apparently not.

He still hadn’t the foggiest idea about humans, really—not inside, not in their heads. Many were the times he’d fondly remembered comparative *easy*: the General Warrior Ranks and battle in the Second Heavens!

But Hanna had been his delight to serve, and this was going to be his first time plainly appearing to her—so, he had been anxious to put Hanna at ease. He had thought appearing more her own age, just in the beginning, would be a good way to do that.

Palamin had tried to warn him. Even Yeshua had chuckled a bit when he flew past Him, nervous to keep his first appointment with her.

Obviously, his attempt hadn’t made the impression he’d been aiming for.

“Of what do you speak, young one?” he repeated, trying to make a better one now. “Did you have a question for me?”

Hanna grinned again and pointed back to the mossy rock where they had first met.

“You. Pretending to be a boy. I knew something wasn’t right, right from the beginning. You did look like you were trying to walk on stilts there for a while,” she shot back cheekily. “But then, most boys look ridiculous at that age. Look at my dumb cousin, Martin.”

She wasn’t paying attention to the color moving up his cheeks.

“Boys.” She chattered on. “I make it a point never to bother with the pests.”

She wasn’t naturally unkind. But a few years ago, Hanna and her friends had deemed teasing a useful “cool tool.” Tease. Even make fun of someone; but do it laughing, and you don’t have to believe you’re hurting them. That had been the game.

It had started in Tennessee, where she and her school chums found great delight in watching the results of their sharp words and quick wit. Even the church kids had joined in on the game. At least, the ones she’d hung out with. The DK’s—Deacons’ Kids.

Lately, though, she’d been noticing that it didn’t work so well on the kids around here, especially the First Church kids. They DID tend to take it seriously, and she’d seen it even drive away a friend or two in the last months.

Something inside of her started to feel uncomfortable.

Kamali’s expression never changed, but now she could see a faint red creeping into his cheeks.

Uh, oh—what’s this? He actually looks like he’s blushing!

She got a little worried now. Maybe teasing wasn’t such a good idea here, either.

I wonder what I said?

I didn’t know angels COULD blush!

She started thinking back about what she’d just said, and looked down at the ground, wishing she’d kept quiet. Wishing he’d at least say something ...

“I see,” Kamali spoke finally, making a deep bow to her. “I will remember from now on. Please forgive me for resembling a ‘pest,’ as you say.”

His words stung her, unexpectedly, and she felt heat rising in her cheeks. She searched his eyes to make sure he wasn’t mocking her back. (He wasn’t.) And licked her lips nervously.

“Well,” she ducked her head and muttered. “I accept your apology. Of course. And I’m sorry if I made you feel bad, too.”

Wanting to escape the whole exchange, she grabbed the key from around her neck and pressed it into the heart on her frock. The Garden gate began to swing open.



Hanna wasn’t really surprised when Kamali didn’t follow her this time, and some of the joy of being back in the Garden again faded away. It was even a little eerie being alone, at least in her mind.

She followed the path straight ahead, looking for the circle of buttercups again. She wanted to see if the tree had grown, and how much. Soon, she found what she thought was the correct place. But the flowers weren’t bright yellow anymore; they were a rather sickly shade of green. The tree had grown—it was nearly as tall as she was—but there was something definitely wrong with it. The leaves were about the size of her hand in places, each with five “fingers” of leaf

with veins running through them. She'd seen leaves like this before on a maple tree, but she'd never seen one that looked like this.

Not everywhere, but here and there, a leaf had lost its green, and was now clear. She held one up (she was afraid to pick it) and could see her hand right through it. The veins that ran inside the leaf were black, and the edges were a little crumpled looking. In this place of beauty and perfection, it all stood out like a tiny nightmare in the middle of a wonderful dream.

Hanna was so shocked, she sat down cross-legged on the path in front of the tree and cupped her head in her hands, just staring. The leaf she'd just handled came floating down and landed in front of her on the path.

She'd almost started to cry when a soft bump nudged her left elbow, and another tapped her right—and when she took her hands away, she saw that a family of doe-eyed bunnies had encircled her. They looked up at her with sad eyes, cocked their heads, and twizzled their whiskers back and forth. Once she'd picked her head up and cleared her lap, they proceeded to fill it, and snuggle down with her, bringing her a living blanket of wriggling bodies. One baby stood as high on his hind legs as he could reach, and sniffed and snuffed at her chin until, no longer able to contain it, she broke out in laughter in spite of the sorry sight in front of her.

This was crazy!

“But I'm still confused, Lord,” she spoke aloud.

“Where are You, anyway?”

“Standing here, waiting for you to invite Me in,” came the soft reply. With a single movement, He scooped up one of the largest bunnies and sat down beside her, then reached over to pick up the fallen leaf.

“They don't do this very often here.” He began. “Fall, I mean. Looks like a disease of some sort. I don't allow that here, you know.” He turned to look her in the face.

“Seems to be a problem. Can you think what might have happened?”

For the second time that morning, a blush began to creep up her face. He was being kind—and she didn't deserve it.

“I ... I think ...” Her hands suddenly got very busy stroking the fur of the bunnies.

“Yes,” she sighed, but kept her eyes focused on her lap.

“I know.”

“Mhmmm?” He prodded softly.

“I didn't mean to hurt him; I was just playing with him.”

Silence.

“Well, he *did* look silly, wobbling around on his legs!” Her embarrassment started to give way to self-defense. “Why didn't he just come like he really looks, anyway?”

“What did I tell you sustains this Garden, Hanna?” the soft answer came.

She knew. But she wouldn't swallow her pride and form the word.

“I see...” came his soft voice.

He held the leaf up in front of her and blew. It grew larger and larger, until it was the size of a small television screen. And when He took his hand away again, it hung suspended in the air.

“Watch.”

On the screen she could see a fierce battle going on, like something out of an old Roman gladiator movie. Angels dressed in armor, complete with helmets and metallic shoes were wielding long, heavy-looking swords that sliced through the middles of ugly, dark creatures. **The creatures right around them didn't have weapons, but instead, spit and did other more** unspeakable things to the angels. Most of it bounced off their armor. But sometimes it would land, and a gash would appear where it touched them.

Other, larger creatures stood farther back; these were shooting arrows at whatever they could hit. Again, most of these were warded off with shields, but once in a while, one would strike, and that angel would fall.

The battle was hard to watch, even though **she'd seen TV movies like this. She knew the** TV scenes were just actors and could laugh it off because of that. But the more she watched this, the more her stomach hurt every time an arrow pierced, or a blow landed.

Suddenly, one figure rose tall in the middle of the fiercest fighting—tall and white-haired, he had half a dozen creatures hanging from him, spitting and sliming him. One creature was **hanging from the back of his head, pulling it back to expose the angel's neck**—and in the distance, she could see another one taking aim with his enormous, black bow ...

"NOOOO!!" she cried out loud. "No, No, NO!"

The screen went dark. The leaf fell and lay on the ground again, leaf-sized.

Silence rose up around the two. And as though a signal had been given, the bunnies slowly jumped back onto the path and hopped away. The baby reached up and gave her chin a little kiss before leaving, but soon it followed the rest.

Tears were streaming down Hanna's face by this time, and there was a terrible, tight feeling in her chest. She had no idea what she had just watched or why it happened, but something inside of her knew it had been her fault.

"That was him." Her voice sounded dull and tired. **"Wasn't it?"**

"Yes."

"Was this before he became my guardian angel?" Hope stirred just a little. **He was a military angel before; didn't she remember that?**

The silence waited for this answer... Then, **"No."**

The tightness in her heart shot a pang through her.

"Did it strike him?" The whisper barely came—but she had to know.

Jesus picked up the leaf and arranged it to viewing size again.

"Watch."

The view resumed from a different angle; now they were looking down from above. What she hadn't seen before were **two slender figures, dressed in modern-day clothes, standing. And facing each other. One seemed to be oblivious to what was going on around her and was blithely chattering non-stop at the second one. The other one seemed very aware—but wasn't paying any attention to the first one's blathering. Instead, streams of color were rising from her heart, soaring high into the sky and even farther.**

Soon, other streams of color came flowing in from outside the battle circle. And as they all joined into a heavier flood, the battle began to slow, slower now... and stop. The ugly creature **dropped from Kamali's head.** The archer was split in half by an undetected sword. And the rest

fled in terror. Within moments, there remained nothing to be seen but a band of angels and the two small girls.

The view came back around, and soon all that could be seen on the tiny screen was **Hanna's face**—and one of the children from First Church. They were students in the same school, although the other girl was barely older than Evan. Hanna had been flinging “teasing” remarks at her one day and had been puzzled why the kid didn't respond at all. She'd never even spoken back to her.

Now she knew why.

A thousand questions flew through her mind, but she couldn't grab one long enough to ask it.

“If you'll remember,” he came to her rescue. “This was just weeks before you accepted Me into your heart, Hanna. That's why Kamali was there. Even in that condition, he was always there protecting you in your innocence and ignorance. You are, just now, learning the depths of right and wrong according to My Kingdom. And the Father was showing you Grace.

“Little Pattie has been Mine nearly since she could talk—and her parents both understand the unseen world that surrounds you. She knew enough to start asking for My and Father's help; thus, the band of angels that joined Kamali.

“Innocent, ignorant—or not. It was you that opened the portal for that battle.”

She felt him looking at her now, even though her face was buried back in her hands. In her mind, her father's figure overshadowed his—and she assumed his demeanor would be identical...

She knew there was nowhere to hide or run to avoid it.

So—taking a deep breath Hanna raised her head and turned it in His direction.

And steeled herself.

Her father's eyes would have been boring through her; narrowed and angry in the middle of a hard, cold face.

What met her brought instant tears back to her eyes. In spite of her expectations and fears, all she saw was a face filled with sweet, unbounded, overwhelming acceptance and eyes that poured out into her own.

A face of Love.

There was that word again. There was that idea that formed his Garden, motivated his actions, and was displayed in full abundance all over him and this place.

Love.

He smiled, and tenderly pushed a few stray strands of hair from her eyes. “You were once loved this way, Dear. And least, to the extent that human parents can give.” He cupped her chin in his hand. “It's My desire to teach it to you again. And to teach you how to give it to others.” His voice was soft and kind and gentle. “Particularly your Mom and Dad.”

“You were once the sunshine of the Day Care, you know.”

That was far away, long ago—and a million tears in the past. And Hanna wasn't ready to go back there. Not yet. Not today, at least.

She pushed it away, looked up into his face and asked, “What do I do now?”

“Tell him you’re sorry again.” He smiled, having planted at least a seed. “And really mean it this time.”

“Will You forgive me?”

“Of course. I was only waiting for you to ask.”

Out of nowhere, the powerful snort of a horse met Hanna’s ears, and she jerked her head around to find it. A few feet behind them stood Kamali, head held high, a slight waver plucking at the corner of his mouth as he suppressed a grin of pleasure. Beside him, bobbing its head up and down like it understood the entire situation, was the most enormous, magnificent stallion she had ever seen—even in the colorful pages of her *Horses of All the World* book.

Her mouth dropped open as she looked way, way up to meet its eyes. The white giant nodded once more to greet her and started to walk towards where she and Adonai were rising from the path.

He knew. The horse *knew*—Hanna was sure of it. She glanced over her shoulder to see if she could wheedle an answer.

“Forgiven is forgotten in My world.” Jesus seemed to be suddenly busy with the leaves of the tree beside them.

“Just don’t forget Kamali.”

Humor restored, she laughed out loud at his evasion.

“Go ahead.” He waved her on. “Don’t be afraid of him. He’d like to say hello.”

Encouraged by his words, she stood still while the huge beast approached.

“His name is Regemmelech.” Kamali finally spoke. “Scratch his forehead, right above his eyes—he really likes that.”

The huge creature lowered his head to her and closed his eyes in anticipation of the special attention. With a giggle, Hanna reached up and scratched vigorously.

“He’s soooo beautiful!” she breathed to the others. “Is he yours, Jesus?”

“M-hmmm. He and I have been friends for a very, very long time.” Jesus stepped to her side and patted the horse’s neck affectionately.

“Shall we take her for a ride, Old Friend?”

With one swift move, He mounted up on Regemmelech’s back and smiled down at Hanna. “As soon as you’re finished, that is.”

She was never sure afterward which one of them was the more shy and awkward, but she turned to Kamali then, flung her arms around his waist and asked him in her most earnest voice, “Oh, Kamali! I’m so, so, so sorry! *Will* you please forgive me?”

Certainly not accustomed to such a display of emotion, Kamali patted her a few times on the arm, murmuring, “Of course, Little One, of course.”

Adonai’s deep, hearty laugh saved the day.

“Pax et caritas restituerentur!” Another delighted belly laugh rang through the air.

“Hanna, you can look that one up later.

“Come, give me your hand.”

With a strong pull, she was mounted astride with Him, seated just in front. A sudden thought made her look down—and she saw that he had added a pair of wide-legged pants to her outfit and shrunk the shift to the length of a top.

A top with pockets!

She plunged both hands into them, grinning from ear to ear.

She started to notice other things, too.

“There’re no reins, no saddle. What do you hang on to?” She panicked a little. “What do / hang on to?!”

She could feel Adonai’s warm, sweet breath on her hair as He circled his arms around her. “Hold on like this,” He said, showing her where in the horse’s mane to grip.

“Don’t worry about falling off. I’ll be holding you, too. Besides,” his voice smiled. “A horse from My country would never be so careless as to let a rider fall off.”

“Onward!” he called, and immediately they were moving down the path. Soon, the pace quickened until it nearly took Hanna’s breath away, and she could feel swathes of her hair streaming behind her. For a moment, she was tempted to be frightened, until she realized that she was resting on the animal’s back in complete calm. As easily as sitting in an over-stuffed chair, she sat and watched the land fly past. Massive muscles tensed and relaxed beneath her, but there was never a dip, jolt, or stumble in Regemmelech’s stride.

“Are you enjoying the ride?” the Lord’s voice broke into her amazed thoughts. “We’ll be heading over in that direction now.” He lifted his right arm and pointed to the east. “There’s something I’d like to show you over that way. I think you’ll really enjoy it.”

The last time she’d heard those words from Him, she had indeed “enjoyed it”—a concert from the animals and that wonderful fountain!

She nodded her head and sighed.

Who would have ever thought such a wonderful place could exist?

Who would have ever thought that I could find it?

She leaned back against Adonai’s chest and tried guessing what he might have in store for them this time.



The Gift I Wish to Give My Bride in This Season

December 17, 2010



Thank You, Lord, for setting my heart and mind straight again. Please visit all the Heartdwellers with this grace, dear Lord. Amen.

Well Family, I’m dealing with the ever-present whisperings of the demons, “You’re no good, you’re a failure, you are lukewarm.” Oh, boy...

As I was reaching out for His presence, He began speaking to me.

"I cherish you, Clare."

Oh, Lord, but why?

"Because you are so very weak, so very frail, so very vulnerable. There are times when your flesh gets the better part of you—and still you do not give up. You come running to Me, asking for more grace to live a life that is truly pleasing to Me."

"When I told you that legions of evil spirits torment you with worthlessness, I was not exaggerating or over-stating the facts. Truly, they torment you by day and night—and to Me, it is a wonder that you still have the faith and courage to come to Me in the midst of your misery. And I am so very glad to see you turn your full attention to Me, knowing I am God. A God of Mercy and of tenderness towards you. And I will never fail you, My Love."

"Be brave, Clare. You are discovering more and more how weak and frail you are."

Boy, that's the truth. I'm finding my limitations all the time. And they're much more frequent and much more numerous than I ever thought!

He continued, *"Not just in body, but spiritually. You are constantly in need of more grace to make it through each day. You hunger for Me, and I hunger for you, My Love. Truly, I hunger for you, that I may wrap My arms around you and infuse you with My Love and Strength. Never fear to come near to Me. I wait for you; I relish your great confidence in My Love and Mercy."*

"Oh, that souls would discover My Mercy and tenderness towards them! Oh, that all of you would run into My arms daily and drink from the Living Waters of My Love! You are so deficient of grace in the midst of worldly pursuits. You are all so very weak and prone to sin, and I long to strengthen you and draw you back into My heart from the cruel and relentless sin of this world. It is like an acid-eroding brass. Just one drop and you begin to disintegrate and lose your integrity. Just the smallest exposure to this toxic world weakens and destroys precious parts of you."

"There is nothing in that world, My dearly loved ones, that will bring you happiness and satisfaction. You will shop and buy, eat and drink, unwrap your new toys. And still, at the end of the evening, still you will feel empty because nothing in this world can replace My love and fellowship with you."

"Do not be discouraged by your frailties, My beautiful ones. Do not grow despondent over your weaknesses and failures. Rather, turn your teary eyes to Me. I am here, waiting by your side. Waiting for you to discover your extreme poverty and need for My touch."

“I long to pour My love into you, that you may flourish spiritually, overflowing into this sin-sick world. Turn to Me. Turn to Me always when you discover your emptiness, your nothingness. And allow Me to create a new heart in you. A heart that will leave off with the world and all it represents. A heart that will loathe earthly things and accomplishments. A heart that will hunger after just one drop of love from Me. Just one glance and the world fades from view.

“This is the gift I wish for My Bride during the season of My Nativity. I wish to fill her to overflowing with My very real and concerned love. A love that engages all facets of her life, all her likes and dislikes; all her hopes, dreams and even fears. A love that she will confidently cleave to as her only source of life and joy.

“How empty are the malls and restaurants! How empty the boxes and decorations! Without My touch, My very tender and real touch, all these things are worthless to bring you peace and happiness. They only engender a lust for more, or a later model, the latest upgrade. And on and on... never satisfying.

“But for those who choose to sit in My presence and accompany Me, praying for others, confessing their neediness. Oh, for those souls there are coffers of graces waiting to be opened to them! There they will find the finest wines, the satiating food! Yes, in Me, all that you need flows freely at your request. Your poverty draws down rivers of grace. Your confessions of shortcomings and sins pierce My heart, and I cannot resist coming to heal and forgive you. I cannot resist lavishing My Love on you.

“And I know that whatever I do for My faithful Bride, she will in turn do for others, and the world will come to know Me and the life-giving delights of forsaking the world to dwell in My Presence.

“Yes, there is a perfume that exudes from those who have given up the world in favor of My company. All of Creation recognizes this fragrance—and the devils detest it. Therefore, they devise ways to steal it from you, to convince you it is only a passing fancy, that only the ‘real’ world matters. And after all, I am not real at all, not as real as that new car or suit or dress or computer.

“Oh, My dear ones, so many of you have fallen into lukewarmness, because of your preoccupation with the world and its ways.

“Please, My dear ones. I beckon to you. Come away with Me into the quiet place. Pour forth your heart upon Mine, that I might encourage and instruct you. That I might equip you to dream and follow those dreams.

“But mostly, My Beloved ones, that you may receive the fullness of My love into your hearts and cease your empty wanderings into a world that seems so bright and shiny, but has nothing of any worth to offer you.

"Please, My Sister, My Bride. Come away with Me to a deserted place and allow Me to captivate your heart. I wait for you."

"The Chosen" Video Series

December 19, 2019



Thank You, Lord, for the wonderful workings of Your Holy Spirit in this film, The Chosen.

My precious family, I want to share a wonderful movie with you. It has really confirmed in living color the kind of Love that Jesus has for each of us. It also portrays Him as a true human who has affection and humor and all the normal feelings we have. They really did a wonderful job on His character; it so mirrors Our

Heavenly Spouse with all His feelings and ways of dealing with people. It has brought me great comfort, consolation, and confirmation of Who He is to me.

Of course, there are nay-sayers who argue, "But that's not in Scripture!" Well, it may not be perfectly accurate in every detail, but it is true to the Spirit of the Gospels.

For instance, in the episode that reveals that a young Pharisee had John the Baptist arrested. That does not conform to what we know from the Gospels, but it does bring out the blindness leading them into jealousy and anger, as well as the religious spirits that motivated their condemnation of Jesus.

So, while this film is not accurate as to some of the details of why John was arrested, it was accurate to the spirit of the Gospels, which portrays the Pharisees as jealous, petty, and blind.

Just recently, the Lord talked about how He wanted Christians to celebrate Christmas. And I believe watching segments from this series every night is a wonderful way to prepare our hearts for His birth. I learned so much about Hebrew ways, how weddings are conducted, the different tensions in life that came to bear on the fishermen when Jesus worked the miracle of the fish. Which got Peter out of hot water on taxes that could have cost him his home and fishing boats.

The background and fleshing out of the tensions of living in that time sheds so much light on a probable reason Jesus chose to work each of His miracles.

Lord, do You have something to add?

Jesus began, "I am well pleased with this series, which will change the way people think about Me. That is the most important thing to Me, Clare. For so long, they have seen Me as stoic and uncaring in the trials of their everyday life. At last, they will see an accurate representation of

how I interacted with the sick, the unclean, My disciples. And yes, even that brood of vipers, the Pharisees.

"My children, I would prefer that you put away your religious spirits once and for all, and let Me communicate to the world Who I truly Am. For ages and ages, I have been seen as harsh, judgmental, distant and demanding. No, this is not the case! I came to bring you more abundant life, and what I mean by that is the richness of dwelling in union with your God.

"The fear of approaching Me, that Satan has ingrained in people who especially have had harsh fathers, parents, officials, and pedophile preachers, has caused untold numbers of people to turn their backs on Me. They could not conceive of Me as being loving and approachable, because of the behavior of authority figures. At last, I am being portrayed truly as I am.

"This series is straight from Heaven and will draw many souls to Me, who before hated Me with no real reason.

"Please, My people. Do not degrade or discourage people from viewing this movie. Please encourage and be My Love working through you to them. This is sorely needed in this time and season, as many souls perish because they swallowed the lies Satan has saturated them with through authority figures in their lives.

"Work with Me, My people. Help to bring in the harvest. Do not pick at nits and swallow camels! Rather, see the message in this series as something that can finally break the icy feeling people have towards Me.

"Satan has propagated more lies about Me in this generation. We, together, must do everything we can to refute them and support those in the media arts who have My Heart for souls.

"And when they see you fighting and bickering with other Christians over details in good films about Me, do you think that draws the lost to Me?? No, it only reinforces their suspicions about Christians—that they are critical. Hypercritical. Even hypocritical of even their own kind, let alone those who are not saved. Where is My Love conveyed in this?

"I need tenderness from you, My people. I need encouragement and affirmation of others to fulfill the number one calling card to the faith, 'They will know you are Christians by their love.'

"So, love one another tenderly and from the heart. Encourage viewing of holy films. Swallow your pride and tendency to find fault with every little jot and tittle. Repent for turning others away from something I anointed to bring them in. Do not take part in the venom of the Pharisees, for they will receive the very harshest punishments for killing souls."

Why Do I Fail?

December 20, 2019



Thank You, Jesus, for allowing me to see my nothingness. I have new hope, knowing that You alone can do what is required. And I finally recognize my very real poverty.

Lord, I see that I am still trying to do things in my own power, on my own. As I struggle with settling in and organizing, I see that I have very little control over letting go. Letting the mess go. I still feel the

compulsion to organize more, so I can find things more easily. Yet, I am sick of STUFF! All I want is to be with You and the souls who need me. Yet, I find that this compulsion to organize is constantly inserting itself against You. And I'm at war. It reminds me very much of what St. Paul said, when he said I do the things I wish I wouldn't do. And I don't do the things I wish I would do!

The Lord began, *"Clare, you need functional organization, but the bare minimum. You see, you have so much it owns you, My Love. Use late afternoon to complete these details but give Me the very best time of the day and ignore them until later. This I will assist you in."*

Well, Lord, what is mostly on my heart is getting free to work with music. I don't seem to be able to do that. And now I recognize I have been trying to do that. I am laying this at Your holy feet, Lord, with the confession that I cannot do this. I cannot rule over my time to accomplish this. I am coming to You in utter poverty to do at all!

Jesus, I am counting on You. I give this to You. No longer can I try on my own. I can only acknowledge my weakness and give it to You.

From your Mercy, Lord, I expect wonders. It is only Your grace and mercy that can deliver me from this quicksand I call my life. I don't want this to be my life any more, because I have nothing to contribute. All I can say is that my 'life,' my attempts—even my very best attempts—are failures without Your major intervention.

I am laying this broken toy at Your feet, Jesus, and begging you to have mercy on me. For in my own strength, I have done nothing. Only You can make this happen.

Oh, Jesus, change my heart, so I am no longer captive to my flesh! Please, Lord, change my heart! Use my time wisely. I lay it at Your feet. You are the only One who can resurrect this broken dream. Show me the way out of this morass of self-will and lead me to freedom.

My heart is bursting with desire to fulfill Your will in this. And I am finally, thoroughly, convinced I cannot do anything with my own resolve unless it is empowered and sustained totally by Your merciful provision of grace. I recognize that I have been trying to do this. I recognize I have not acknowledged my complete and utter dependence on You, but rather I have tried...

When what I should have done is take another honest look at my profound emptiness, calculate exactly what I could expect from myself, and acknowledge that to be nothing. Not one thing of any value. I cannot do it. I acknowledge that.

Lord, I am but a lump of animated clay, totally reliant on Your breath of Life.

I have deceived myself in thinking that I'll get it together today, tomorrow, next week. The fact is, I can't get it together. So, I am coming to You bankrupt and begging You to take over! Lead me by Your grace and mercy to make up for my lack and shortcomings.

Please, Jesus. Accomplish Your will in my poor life.

Jesus began, "You have spoken well, My very little Clare. You are seeing the Truth now. You are, for the first time, plumbing the depths of Truth and seeing that what I have laid before you is not possible, nor is it within your reach on your own. I sympathize with you, Dearest. I know the depths of your pain and frustration, and you have made a wise choice."

Lord, I do not always know what You want from hour to hour. Some, who are more spiritually attuned say that they know what You want of them from minute to minute. I confess, I don't. I know that that poison of self-will is strong in me, and I long for you to take it from Me—if only You will.

He replied, "I receive from you, your will. This will take time: but remember. I do not work through you as I do with some who are convinced they hear Me say 'go here, go there, do this now, do that.' And it is not for you to judge if they are accurate, or if I am truly speaking to them. But I assure you, accuracy eludes even them at times, or they would be ruined by arrogance and self-confidence.

"You see, My Love, even in hearing My voice, you are all subject to error. Some who wish to be seen as self-sufficiently in My will, by their own power, are gravely deceived. I must allow the fruit in their lives to ripen before they will even suspect how far they have strayed. Some wish to be independent, head-strong, self-sufficient, without error. But because I love them, I will allow this error only so long as it is necessary—and then I will remove the veil of Pride and Ignorance and they shall once more be broken and truly dependent on Me, and the very least of all in their own eyes.

"That is why you cannot address this when you see it in a soul. I must work with them until they are ready, and the fruit, being rotten, reveals there is error in their ways. Until then, be patient, My Love."

And here, He's talking to me about a certain situation that I know I cannot do anything for but pray.

He continued, *“But you have come to Me fully aware of your fault of being self-sufficient, being able to do this, having self-control and wisdom, etc. etc. You have seen yourself, and while it is painful and stripping away all confidence in your own ways, it is marvelously fruitful.”*

Lord, I suspect vain glory here.

And I felt that way because I could see that... He was talking about another soul, and I didn't want to fall into judgment over that soul.

He said, *“Look to your covering, Clare. What has he told you?”*

Yeah, and he has confirmed what I am feeling, and what the Lord is talking about.

He continued, *“I am merely fleshing out for you the fault all of you on Earth have at some time in your lives. And some, multiple times in their lives, because it takes repetition and maturity to really ‘get it.’*

“You have come to Me naked, blind and poor. Then, shall I turn you away? Shall I say to you ‘keep trying with your own wisdom’? Or should I not acknowledge your very honest confession that you indeed have been trying to do this on your own?”

“I am so glad you are seeing this! You thought you saw it before, but truly, you didn't or your actions would have brought forth good fruit. But you stand before Me now empty-handed, bankrupt, and looking only to Me as Your Savior. Shall I not reward this with My intervention?”

“Oh, My People. You do so much in your own power. You are convinced that I am with you. And I do accompany you, but you never reach the depths of your neediness before Me. Rather, you acknowledge the Gospel premises that you can do nothing without abiding in the vine—but then you turn and go your own way, in your own strength, and you wonder ‘why did I fail??’

“I tell you truly, just as Clare has failed, so have you—because you do not acknowledge the depths of your absolute emptiness and bankruptcy. The Christian soul who thinks they can do anything, because they are competent, is deluded. And sooner or later will suffer crushing defeat. The soul that trembles before My words and comes to Me on bent knee, confessing their faults and insufficiency—that soul will receive the graces they need to succeed.

“For some it is impossibly hard to acknowledge their weaknesses and failures in life. So, they find strength in self-help books, and launch out on their own—this time laying the groundwork and better preparation. However, those who do not wait on Me to provide the inspiration, guidance, and help will never reach their full Christian potential I created them for.

“The ones who will most succeed are the littlest ones that tremble at My word. Sure, you can see others accomplish great things while they congratulate themselves and bask in their own shadow. And they may accomplish a goal, but their character will suffer. I want you to succeed

at things while growing in greater humility and dependence on Me. I want you to demonstrate to the world that I can do whatever I choose to do through souls who will cooperate, no matter how little they are in the eyes of the world.

“You see, the goal in life is not to succeed at enterprises. The goal is to grow in holiness and love of your brother, to prepare yourself for Heaven while taking others with you. When these two dynamics are satisfied, then no matter if you failed in the eyes of the world, you indeed succeeded.

“I have seen your poverty all along, Clare. I have seen the compulsions that cause you to go off course. And with your sincere confession of helplessness, I am moved to pity. And by My grace and your obedient efforts, I will cause you to finish the songs and do even more before taking you to Myself. But most of all, My dear one, I want you to remain as helpless as a little child before Me, constantly praying and relying on Me alone. In this way, you will remain irresistible to Me, and together our music will touch the hearts of those who yearn for greater depths with Me.

“But here I must warn you, Dearest. Do not compare yourself to other recording artists. Fly on My inspiration alone, and leave off with looking at the ways of others. Rather, look to Me, Clare. Look to Me and we will explore the sounds of love together.

"Look also to My Mother to help you arrange your time and anoint your voice. She has a major impact on your music that you are not aware of. Her peace, protection, and profound gentleness will infuse our music with another lovely dimension. She is always with you, always solicitous for you and wanting you to succeed, with all her heart.

“One final word: leave off with condemning yourself. You have been through an enormous trial lately, taking care of the souls who come to the Refuge. Building, organizing, and moving your life up into this Heaven-blest seclusion. Do not downgrade yourself for being absent to music. You have had your hands full, and you are not Superwoman.

"You are just My little Clare, barely out of diapers. Wide-eyed with the wonder of this place, while being responsible to provide order and direction. That is more than most could ever get done. But because you abide in the Vine, things do fall into order.

“Yet this is a new season of complete dependence on Me to bless our music and bring forth comfort to the nations. I am with you, Dearest one.

“And I am with all of you Heartdwellers who have abandoned yourselves to Me and rightly see yourselves as very, very little and insignificant. This I will bless. This is Humility, and it is the bedrock that will support your house as it grows into something beautiful for God.”

Carry On in the Pain

December 26, 209



How good You have been to me, Lord. Even though I'm Your faithless creature. Dear God, I have only once or twice felt so low in my life! And yet, you have not sent a thunderbolt to burn me off the face of the Earth. I know it is not Your nature to do such a thing, but You have given us so much more than You gave the Israelite's. And when they complained, You held them back from their Promised Land.

How do I reconcile this, Lord? The reading You gave me from Mass: Luke 14. If one of you decides to build a tower, will he not first sit down and calculate the outlay? To see if he has enough money to complete the project?

I find myself so bankrupt in the midst of changes involved in moving to the Mountain. And I did calculate the cost of coming to the Mountain. And I was counting on Your Grace and the faith that I have in Your Grace. How can I calculate tomorrow, when I know that You only provide for tomorrow when tomorrow comes?

So, I find myself so bankrupt in the midst of changes involved in moving to the Mountain. My Fibro is much worse, except now I don't have a hot tub. My knees hurt every time I get up and walk. My energy levels are low, and the pain in my body makes me crabby!

Oh, I hate being crabby...

I cry out to You, Lord, for strength. Please give me the strength to do this. You do not call us to do anything You're not already prepared to supply our necessities, in order to do it.

But seeing Ezekiel suffer the way he has been suffering... And on top of that, the suffering comes JUST when I'm about to obey You and return to music. Then my equipment sends me an error message, so I cannot record. I tried to trouble-shoot it and I end up calling Tech support at the last minute on Friday night. A series of communication difficulties ensues, and I have to use another browser. Which caused me to have to sign in to it. Then they received my money. Finally, after the 4th attempt, so I can make this phone call. But do not give me the code I need to get the phone support... Oh boy.

Then the phone will not dial out. So, I try another time, but without the code. I have to hang up. Finally, after getting through.

Lord, I have run the gauntlet. I have done what You have asked. Prayed beforehand. And still I am shut down, after three hours of trying to get past this one glitch, which causes the system to stop recording. I go back to the dialogue I had with Tech support over this issue, 'cause I save ALL my notes, in case it happens again. And guess what? I find it, but it's all corrupted and in computer language - so I cannot read it!

Finally, I collapse in tears...only to hear Ezekiel going through another episode that is again off the charts. I pray for him, and the Divine Mercy Chaplet as he recounts something that happened to him at 5 years old. I'm at my wit's end, and he tells me there are demons attached to memories from his childhood, and he wants them OUT! So, I tell them in no uncertain terms: GET OUT! And don't come back. All of a sudden, my keyboard sounds off 5 notes, and Ezekiel says, "They're gone. Five of them."

Wow. I'm at this time so broken and weary I doubt seriously if I can go on, Jesus. Really. This trial and series of trials every day when the pain manifests is pulling me down into a pit. Then Ezekiel tells me he's dying, and it certainly sounds like it. In fact, every time he has this attack, it is what you would expect from someone in their last moments, in agony with no pain medication.

I bark back to him, "You are NOT dying! The Lord promised you would NOT die - and I'm standing on that! The rest is a lie from Hell."

I cry out to the Lord, "Jesus? Did not one of Your prophets say he would be healed in the wilderness? Did You not give me 7 portraits of Yourself on the Eucharist when You made this promise? Lord, where is Your mercy? I know he has given You another stretch of suffering. Perhaps a year, to offer behind our prayers for the President. But how long, Lord? How long?"

Well, Heartdwellers. From that dialogue, you can see I really reached a new low. This was, like...two days ago. Between three hours of frustration with equipment and Tech support that doesn't respond. All the pain in my body, which I try to offer up and ignore. Then my husband has this horrible episode of suffering, just when I was about to try a work-around to play music and record it. And a beautiful melody came out when I started.

But a curtain of sorrow fell on it, drowning it out along with the body pain that would not let me concentrate on anything.

Jesus, You must need offerings really badly now. Lord, I do trust in You. Truly I do. Yes, I did calculate the cost of moving up here. I did foresee all that is happening. But I know You will not ask anything of me unless You're backing it with Grace. The Just will live by Faith, not by sight.

So, Lord. Please. How do I take this reading from the missal You just gave me?

Jesus began, *"My Love. I demand everything you have, because I gave you everything I had. It is not a little thing to be drafted into the service of the Almighty God. There is a cost, My Precious One. There is a very great cost. And you have numerous times committed your life into My hands. Do I not know what I am doing? Do I not know your breaking point?"*

"Yes. To defend My honor and propagate My Kingdom Come here on Earth, as it is in Heaven requires even more vigorous training than the Navy Seals. But it is your love for Me that caused you to make this sacrifice. Do you wish Me to return it to you?"

"Please. Pause and think about this."

Lord, I can't pause. There's no way I can say no to You! At least, in this thing. Chocolate temptations... well. That could be a different matter...

Jesus lifted my chin with His index finger and said, teary-eyed, *"I'm sorry. I'm sorry this hurts you so much. But I am here with you. I hurt very much for you. But all of us must keep going. There is too much at stake, Clare. Way too much at stake."*

"I know your life feels like a nightmare sometimes. I know the feeling well. I know it seems to last forever. But there is an end in sight. You are bearing the weight of the world in your own little way right now, My Dove. Do not allow it to crush you. Because I am bearing the weight of both of you, and the world. I just need your cooperation so very badly! I need you to come to the end of your end, so you will know that with Me there is never an end."

"My Grace always meets you where your strength leaves off. That's why we're talking now, rather than you asking Me to relieve you of the burden. Just a little ways more, Clare. Just a little ways more."

Lord, I know it isn't going to get easier. How can You say just a little ways more?

"Because you are growing in strength and will not feel today's burdens exhausting. You will grow in strength. I will infuse you with more strength, because you want to be perfect. You want to be a Saint. And you want to love Me as I deserve. For these reasons I tell you."

Lord, I am but a B- student. I have always been. I cannot see anything greater than that.

"And yet you are ignoring My Grace and what it can do. Many times, I have told you, 'Do not try to solve tomorrow's problems today.'"

Yes - but today's problems. The physical pain in my body. The pain of hearing Ezekiel cry out in agony. The pain of frustration that I am up against a technical nightmare, with no-one to help. And it all hits me just when I feel the inspiration of a new song! It's as if I've climbed Mt. Everest! And I'm about to reach the final foot to the top...and a gust of wind blows me back down into the valley again.

How many times must I be cast down, Lord? When I'm trying so hard to act in obedience? How many times?

Jesus continued, *"I did not stop. And so, you mustn't stop, either. Keep reaching for the goal. Not striving but poisoning yourself to receive the wind of My Grace. which will empower you to*

overcome these setbacks. I am merely making you stronger, Clare. Do you understand? When you are working a muscle, it hurts at first. But if you persevere, then comes the breakthrough. And this height is clear, fresh. Beautiful. Inspiring. And once more, it's taking others on their journey closer to Me.

"In the very same way I used Jean Watson and John Michael Talbot to inspire you with their music. In that very same way, they suffered and overcame the obstacles. So, they were given the songs to strengthen. You, in turn, shall strengthen others, My Love. Your music will heal and inspire, just as theirs does. But yours will be singularly yours, as theirs is singularly theirs.

"But in order to communicate this strength and anointing, this Faith and Hope - you too must travel the road of suffering with Me."

Lord, in this moment I have nothing left. Not one ounce of strength. Not one ray of Hope.

"That's not true. You have Me and My strength and confidence in you. That is enough. Remember, the weaker the vessel, the more I am glorified. You are pitifully weak, My very little one. But you know Me. And you know I will not let you down. So, you keep going, despite all the conflicting emotions. You sweep them to the side and continue walking. And that is all I need from you, Clare. Just keep putting one foot in front of the other. Do not stop until we've reached our destination."

Lord, I know You don't like sour saints. What kind of witness am I in this state? I'm truly ashamed of myself.

"Never be ashamed of your human estate. Never. Only be ashamed if you turn back on Me. As long as you continue walking, falling. Getting up. Walking. Falling - getting up. As long as you conquer your Fears and exhaustion and keep walking. Rest. Get up. Walk. And as long as you are faithful to do this, you will win the Race. So keep on keeping on!

"I know when you must take leave of Me to rest. I recharge your resolve and batteries when you wait on Me that way. In blind Faith, knowing that I will never allow you to be put to shame. As long as you do that, we are working together. And nothing in or out of this world can stop us. "So, carry on, My Love. Carry on in the heaviness, darkness, and pain. Great is your reward in Heaven, Clare. Very great is your reward. But knowing that means nothing to you. Great is My happiness in you, Clare. Very great is My joy over your steadfast commitment.

"Now, carry on, Beloved. But first, rest."

Children Incarcerated at Our Border

December 27, 2019



Thank You, Lord, for opening our eyes and our hearts to this travesty. Please give us an intercessor's heart for these and help us to be faithful in prayer. Amen.

The Lord bless you with His sweet presence, Heartdwellers.

Ezekiel went into a very severe travail yesterday over the situation at our Mexican border. Men, women, and children have drowned trying to cross. And if they do make it, they are separated from their parents and held in some holding facilities that have beds. But mostly held in facilities with only concrete floors, and they're fenced in like a prison would be, with nothing more to sleep with than one of those foil blankets. Ezekiel had a vivid image play in his head during the worst of this travail.

A man, his wife, and two daughters were trying to cross the Rio Grande, when his wife and one daughter were carried away by the strong current and drowned. Then he was arrested with his 4-year-old, who was taken from him and kept in a separate detention area. His child had just witnessed the death of his mother and sister and was sick with a chronic upper respiratory infection. But he was not given medical aid and died a few days later.

After this, Ezekiel saw Mary at the foot of the Cross with many children, weeping and pleading with her Son. There was a Scripture that ran across the screen like a tickertape saying, "Rachel, mourning for her children, but they are no more."

My God! My God! How can such heinous things happen in our nation! This is a disgrace to humanity, and this case is only one of hundreds who tried to cross the river and died. I read of another on USA Today, where a father and his toddler tried to cross. He had tucked the boy safely within his shirt, but while attempting to cross, they both drowned and their bodies were discovered later on, on the riverbank, still with the baby cuddled up next to his dead father.

Dear ones, I am asking you to pray with all your hearts that this horrible situation will be stopped. Apparently, Obama signed into law that children should be taken from their parents and kept separately. One does not need a full color picture to take it to the next level: how many Satanists are being supplied with children???

I am asking you to pray for this situation. They have, up to date, supposedly 6,000 children separated from their parents. Some, they are holding for months and not returning to their parents. A blessed number are, but far too many are being held. Why would anyone separate children from their parents? WHY?!

Apparently, President Trump suspended the order to separate the children from their parents, but there are still gross indignities being done to them.

One man and his daughter were separated, she was put in foster care and raped, then returned to her father in Honduras. She is so shell-shocked she will not even look at her father, according to a report.

If you Google “migrant children from Mexico separated from parents”, or “migrant children detained” you will be appalled at what is taking place. Many are put in prisons meant for men, and given no medical care, hygiene supplies, beds, blankets, or decent things to occupy their time with. They are also being drugged to keep them sedated and manageable. What a humanitarian crisis this is!

Lord, what are we to do?

Jesus began, “Many of these children are dying, Clare. Being trafficked and scarred for life. I need your prayers for them, because there are concerned parties who are taking action to help. But the original intention was to supply traffickers and Satanists with victims.

“American people, rise up and come against this atrocious action on the part of your nation. Do you know the consequences of such acts? Have I not told you, you shall not oppress an alien among you.”

And here, I am citing some of the Scriptures that apply.

Exodus 22:21 Do not mistreat an alien or oppress him, for you were aliens in Egypt.

Exodus 23:9 You shall not oppress an alien, for you know the heart of an alien, seeing you were aliens in the land of Egypt.

Leviticus 19:33-34 When an alien lives with you in your land, do not mistreat him. The stranger who lives as a foreigner with you shall be to you as the native-born among you, and you shall love him as yourself; for you lived as foreigners in the land of Egypt. I am Yahweh your God. The same laws and regulations will apply both to you and to the foreigner residing among you

Deuteronomy 24:14 You shall not oppress a hired servant who is poor and needy, whether he be of your brothers, or of your foreigners who are in your land within your gates

Deuteronomy 24:17-22 Do not deprive the alien or the fatherless of justice,

Deuteronomy 27:19 Cursed is the man who withholds justice from the alien, the fatherless or the widow. Then all the people shall say, "Amen!"

Ezekiel 22:7 In you (I think He is saying, 'in you, Israel') they have treated father and mother with contempt; in you they have oppressed the alien and mistreated the fatherless and the widow.

Ezekiel 22:29 The people of the land practice extortion and commit robbery; they oppress the poor and needy and mistreat the alien, denying them justice.

"The land is mine, says the Lord; for you are strangers and live as foreigners with me." Ezekiel 25:23.

"American people, this is a serious breach of justice that brings down the wrath of the Father upon this nation. Those who approve this practice have opened the door to be throttled by Satan. Use your voice and your prayers to change this dishonorable practice. So much judgment is hanging in the scales against your country, because of such things.

"Yes, I know this deliberate influx of aliens is meant to weaken the country. But what I say to you is that I will make it abound to you as a blessing, if you treat them with the same respect you treat your own children.

"Yes. I can turn your curse into a blessing—but I will do it My way. What is being done is wrong. But two wrongs do not make a right! And as My people, you are accountable for what goes on unhindered in your nation.

"So, I am asking you at the very least to shoulder this prayer burden, knowing that you, tomorrow, could be in the very same place as these migrants. Were I to allow Yellowstone to explode, your country would be devastated—and you would all be migrating to Mexico.

"So, pay attention My Beloved ones, and do not turn a deaf ear or blind eye to their plight."

Hannah's Heart Chapter Six - Fish Stories

December 29, 2019



They had traveled a long time without speaking—up hills, over and down again. But now the land lay flat and smooth again. They entered what looked to be a vast forest, and the path narrowed to a slender, brown ribbon through the trees. The silence was immediately broken by the twittering of small nuthatches and sparrows, the chatter of squirrels, the great flapping of falcon's wings and eagles—even the huff, huff of a bear a short distance away. All

greeting their Maker as He rode past.

A majestic stag, antlers splayed and magnificent, stood to one side in the distance. And as they drew near, he paced regally forward until he could bow his great head on one extended foreleg and hold that pose until the riders had gone on.

Hanna watched these acts of honor with wide-eyed wonder.

Even the animals know Who He is. It's like He's their King, too. He called it His country. Did we leave the Garden?

The trees along the path began to thin. Soon, they could hear the quiet rush of water tumbling and came to the edge of a wide, tree-lined river—its waters a clear, pale blue with white swirls of foam bubbling in and around large boulders that lay snugged up along the banks.

Moored to the near bank was a small, red, wooden rowboat with two oars propped against the side. Several plump, colorful cushions were piled on the seats, and a wicker basket sat in between them.

“Oh, I LOVE to go boating!” Hanna clapped her hands in pleasure. “Oh, thank you, thank you!”

She thought a minute and asked, “Can we fish, too? Are we allowed to fish here?”

Hanna had gone out fishing on a boat only once before—on slow-moving, bayou-ridden Reelfoot Lake, way up in the northwest corner of Tennessee. She’d been barely seven at the time, but Uncle Ben had invited little Hanna to go out in his family fishing boat after church one Sunday. Ben James was like that. Always trying to include her in with his family, always trying to make up the gap between what her own parents had time for... and what he thought she might need.

Even when he came down to visit them in Jackson, (which he had made a monthly habit after that weekend) he would always come, scoop her up and invite her along to whatever he and his wife had come to do or see. Sometimes they’d even stay in a hotel for a whole weekend and travel longer distances—like to Nashville.

Even Evan got to go once he was old enough. That was SO fun!

On this particular occasion, Hanna’s family was visiting her Daddy’s parents over the three-day Memorial holiday. It was early afternoon, and they’d all just finished a big Sunday dinner after attending Granddaddy and Maw Maw’s tiny, country chapel for a church service.

Mike dominated the meal’s conversation, proudly comparing the differences between that house of worship and the “big one” in the city his family belonged to. Loudly, he boasted to his parents about how many programs and projects he was in charge of at the mega-church they attended, and how many nights a week he and Karen “put in” there.

All of a sudden, Granddaddy Eli invited Mike and his wife out on the porch for a “glass of refreshment,” stood up—and walked out of the dining room.

Talk around the table came to a screeching halt. Maw Maw shot a look to Uncle Ben and scurried off to the kitchen, where Hanna could hear glasses tinkling against each other. Mom rose from the table, eyebrows arched, and eyes seeking her husband’s as she slowly pushed her chair back into its place. And Uncle Ben quietly asked Aunt Janet if she’d be willing to take little Evan down to feed the ducks at the edge of the Lake for a while.

Uncle Ben smiled at Hanna and told her to give him just a little bit to get changed and then they’d head down to the boathouse.

And that she should change, too.

Upstairs.

Now.



Elijah Benjamin James came from a litter of ten siblings: five hard-working girls and five strapping boys. Schooling had been the vehicle for those children to rise out of the poverty they'd been born into, and he'd never held that fact lightly. According to him, girl or boy, God blessed those who put their best foot forward. And in his eyes, getting a solid education was one way of doing that.

In spite of his father's nefarious start in the area, Eli had managed to establish his own, honest, fishing business and a better reputation for the James' name. As time went by, and life got more expensive, he'd joined Maw Maw's natural gift for cooking to the fishing business and started a family restaurant along the Lakeshores, too. It had required a great deal of sweat, struggle, and long hours—but in the end, the combined endeavors had fed and kept his family quite nicely over the years.

Mike's older brother, Ben, had labored beside Granddaddy from the time he was a boy, never wanting to leave the small town he had grown up in. He remained one of the few fishermen who were still allowed to fish for crappies on the Lake and sell them to the shoreline restaurants (although there were rumors of that ending soon). And at the proper time, some years ago, Eli had been more than pleased to pass it all on to Ben's oversight.

But Mike had been different. He'd always wanted... more. So, Granddaddy Eli had sacrificed and scrimped to put his younger son through college, glad that he could aid in his further education, and pleased with the fine career that Mike had started on.

At least he *had* been glad; he'd never intended to aid and abet the path his youngest son had ultimately taken—far from the simple, Godly teachings Eli and his wife had tried to instill in him.

Rising high in the lucrative computer industry, Mike had lately seemed to prefer what he proudly called “the good life”: fancy cars, a big fancy home and a high “position” at a church that had thousands of people attending.

And now, Eli was determined to try to set his son's mind straight.



“Seems you two are mighty caught up with that church o' yours, Michael,” Granddaddy began.

He'd brought the couple out on the large wrap-around porch of the home, and the three sat side by side in the big, white-wicker lounge chairs, looking out over the water. It was warm and peaceful, with a breeze blowing slightly, and Maw Maw had opened all the windows that morning to let the air through the house.

Unbeknownst to any of them, Hanna had been sitting just the other side of that window, curled up on the couch reading Laura Ingalls Wilder's Farmer Boy. Still waiting for Uncle Ben to get ready to go out on the boat.

“Hanna tells me that she's over there three, four nights a week with your goin's on,” Eli continued.

He took a long, slow draught from his glass of sweet tea and stared out over the water awhile. Granddaddy never hurried what he had to say, and certainly nothing important.

Hearing his voice speak her name caught Hanna's attention, and she lay her book down on her lap, listening.

"Said she fell asleep under the basketball bleachers last week. She thought it was mighty fun. But it seems to me," another slow savoring of the cool drink, "that's a bit much for a child that has to get up and go to school the next day."

He set his glass carefully on the small table to his right and turned to look Mike directly in the eye.

"Don'tcha think?"

He'd raised one shaggy eyebrow as he spoke, and after a beat added another concern.

"Not to mention little Evan."

Uncle Ben had walked into the room at that point and called her to go. She'd wondered at Granddaddy's tone of voice. It almost sounded like he'd been scolding her parents about something. At least, that was the tone they always used when *she* was in trouble. But it skipped back out of her mind again as she jumped up to join her Uncle and have fun.

She never did understand why they never went back to that house again. She got birthday cards and Easter cards and Christmas cards. And gifts from her paternal grandparents every year since then. But her parents and the two children never trekked back up to the Lake, even though Hanna had tried to hint at it.

The first time, she'd been told the older couple "weren't doing well." And that they shouldn't "bother them."

Another time, thinking surely they would be better by now, she'd simply been shushed, and the subject was changed.

And then... all the trouble with Keith began—until finally, they'd moved away altogether.



"We're here, dear one."

Adonai broke the silence between them. "Our ride is over for now."

Regemmelech came to a halt next to the water and bent his head to drink. Satisfied, he lifted his dripping muzzle again and looked around at his Master. If a horse could raise its eyebrows, his would have asked, "Shall I stay?"

"Slide down here," Jesus spoke quietly, taking Hanna's hand. "And to answer your question: yes. We can fish. Only we do it a little differently here than what you are used to."

An amused grin tugged at the corners of His mouth as he, too, slid down from Regemmelech's back.

"No, thank you, my great Friend," he addressed the beast, reaching up to stroke its soft, pink nose. "We shall see each other again soon, though, shall we not?"

The horse tucked into His chest for a final caress, shook its head, and with a snort headed back towards the forest.

The quiet lap, lap of the water against the shore belied the noisy swirl of memories still flooding Hannah's mind.

“Uncle Ben used to take me fishing with him,” she began in a whisper. “Well... he took me once, anyway. Do you know Uncle Ben? It was so much fun! I caught two. One was this long,” and she spread her hands apart the width of her waist as they began to walk towards the moored shallop. “And one was this big,” her arms spread out a little further. “He said he was *so proud* of me.”

Her feet slowed to a stop, her mind caught up again in the happier times of days past, memories springing up to the surface that hadn’t seen the light of day in years.



“Little girls your size, Pip,” Ben had laughingly insisted that day, “don’t always do so good. Why, my Aunt Betty once tol’t me? When she was just a mite, she’d a-got a fish on her line and got so excited, she’d stood straight up in the boat—and that ol’ crappie just about pulled her right in the Lake! If Granddaddy hadn’t a-grabbed her knickers, she’d a-landed smack in that water. These crappies can put up quite a fight for a little ‘un like you. Good for you, Pip. Good for you!”

She’d had a lot of fun with Uncle Ben that day. He’d told her wild stories about his grandfather, Aron Ezekiel James—one of the infamous Night Riders who had fought with the Land Company over who owned what property on the Lake. (With real whips, guns, and even burning houses!) He’d told her stories of all the great-aunts and great-uncles and their growing up antics, and gotten himself laughing so hard, he nearly dropped his own pole in the water.

Yes, Uncle Ben had been a lot of fun. He’d been so steady in her life, so constant. His visits so regular you could set the clock by them. Well. Set the calendar, anyway...

Until Keith.

The last time she’d seen Ben James, he’d been pulling down the sliding door to a box truck, emptied now of what few belongings her parents could save from the bank. He’d been preparing to head out, to drive the moving van back down to Tennessee where he’d borrowed it for them.

She hadn’t seen the tears in his eyes as he’d wrapped her up in his warm arms for one last hug and kissed the top of her head goodbye. She hadn’t realized it was the last time she’d ever see him again. She didn’t know that yet one more person she loved would be cut from her life through bitterness and arguments that couldn’t be resolved.



Jesus stood, patiently waiting, one leg in the boat holding it steady; the other foot solidly on shore until they were ready to push off. His eyes reflected the pure love he had for this child, this young one who felt so small and lost in her world.

Not for long, Little One. Adonai spoke to her heart. Not for long. My Grace is about to turn your world upside down. And when the pieces all fall back together, they will slide into a far different pattern.

The loud *honk, honk, honk* of a pair of mallards landing on the water shook Hannah back to the present. Three big steps and she’d reached His side again, took His proffered hand, and climbed into the middle of the boat. The pillows had been plumped and arranged so that they made a cozy type of nest at one end of the craft, and she took a seat and nestled in among them. Adonai

took the middle seat facing her and picked up the oars. A few smooth dips in the water, and they were slowly floating with the current.



They had been riding along in near silence for some time, where only the gentle splash, draw, drip of the paddles could be heard. Hanna had been tempted to speak up several times, but the pure mellowness of this kind of quiet had started to fill her soul, and soon she had relaxed into it. **She didn't really want to think about anything, anyway**—and the repetitive *splloosh, creak* of the moving oars in their outriggers had become mesmerizing.

Part of her just wanted to lay back, close her eyes, and be lost in the peace of it all.

Part of her wanted to sit up and take it all in.

No. Too much effort for right now, she chided herself lazily.

The last part was fascinated with the Man before her. Intrigued. Puzzled by. In awe of. A little frightened by. Totally at ease with. She shuffled through every contrary emotion that came to mind but couldn't find one that truly fit.

She watched his muscles flex and relax against the pull of the water. He wore an outfit similar to hers: white tunic, white wide-legged pants that stopped just below his knees. Sandals. Although his muscles appeared to strain with this task, no sign of effort crossed his face or played across his shoulders. It was as though the appearance of a workout was there, but the reality of the endeavor was missing. She wondered if He could continue rowing for the day and night and never feel it, never grow tired, never need to stop and rest or find a bead of sweat growing on his upper lip?

Come to think of it? It wasn't hot enough to sweat here—not even for her. But the light around them was bright as a noontime Summer day.

How could this be?

A bright purple dragonfly drifted into the space between them and landed on the front of Adonai's shirt. **It sat there gently waving its wings**—a tiny greeting from a minuscule member of this land of wonders. Soon, it was joined by a dozen more, each claiming a clear place on his garment. Each a different, brilliant color. He watched them gather with a look of joyful pleasure, eyes crinkling in delight with the impromptu greetings.

Hanna found herself watching his every expression.

She didn't know exactly why, but his face surprised her. He didn't really look like Hanna had imagined he should. She'd seen a couple of the movies: Jesus of Nazareth (The man who played Jesus' face was so long and solemn, she'd made a game of counting how many times they let him smile in that one). The Greatest Story Ever Told (it was just too old). The Visual Bible: Matthew. Well—that one was her favorite. At least Jesus smiled and laughed in that one.

But this man sitting with her didn't look like any of those men. He didn't look much different from... Well. Just an ordinary man. Not that she really paid much attention to them. Men were men, and she didn't go around comparing their faces.

But that wasn't the point of her thinking. There was something in this man's face she'd never seen before. Not in anyone's face.

When you looked at him, you didn't worry.

You were never afraid—not of him. Not of anything he might say or do.

Maybe it was that word ‘Love’ again ... because when she looked at him, that’s all that came to mind. That he loved her. And deep inside, she knew that it was because *he wanted to*. Not that she was so *lovable*. And she felt a love for him she’d never felt for anyone before. She couldn’t help it. It was just there.

Her heart told her that he was God. Her mind danced around the edges of understanding how that could be. It was impossible to put together—this mysterious-ephemeral-somehow joined to the solid-physical. But whether her mind could contain it or not, something inside of her continued to swell in his presence, filling her until at times she was sure she would burst. Into tears? Into joy? Into ... pieces?

As if he could hear her thoughts, he pulled his eyes from the shoreline he’d been scanning and smiled at her.

“Are you feeling rested now? Would you like to talk for a while?” he asked. As though she had the capability of actually saying “no.”

How could you refuse to do what this Man asked? Why would you ever think to contradict him? How could you bear to see even the shadow of disappointment form in his eyes, like she so often watched flood into Evan’s?

Well, he’s certainly not Evan! But I suppose even God can be disappointed. Sometimes... she thought.

Suddenly, she drew her face up in self-disgust. *What am I thinking? Why would HE care about what I do, anyway? He’s got the entire Universe to take care of, and billions of people. What difference could I possibly make in his mind?*

Perhaps he’d been having some private, interior conversation with a friend, and the “punch line” had just been told—but Jesus suddenly burst out laughing. Without warning, he put the oars in their place, stood straight up—and dove headfirst over the side into the water.

Hanna was so shocked all she could do was stare.

The water was clear, all the way to the bottom of the river where he dove in. But she couldn’t see any sign of him down there. And she waited... One. Two. Three... 12, 13, 14 counts—and he was STILL under there somewhere.

What should she do?!

Panic was starting to take over when he burst up out of the water on the *opposite* side of the boat, causing her to whirl around and nearly fall out herself. He was still laughing, his eyes crinkling in some hidden joke.

“Well?” He called to her. “Are you coming?” He shook wet hair out of his eyes. “You wanted to go fishing, didn’t you?”

One arm waved, beckoning her to join him.

“Come on!”

His head disappeared, leaving her alone again.

Is he crazy? What does he mean—”come on”??

Her breath was coming hard, and she could hear her heartbeat pound in her ears. She scoured the water from one side of the boat to the other, now not seeing him on *either* side.

“What’s taking you so long? Just stand up and come on in!” His voice came from just beyond the bow.

Hanna twisted again in her seat, and two of the cushions slid up and out of the boat. She went to grab for them and again lost her balance, almost falling in nose first.

“What are you talking about??!” she cried out in frustration. “I can’t swim. And you can’t fish IN the water!”

He swam over to her, laced both arms over the edge of the boat and nearly nose-to-nose with her, shook his wet hair out, teasing like a beloved, annoying older brother. He rested there, chin on his locked-together hands and grinned up at her.

“Hanna... Do you trust Me?” He asked, head cocked to one side, and waited to let that thought sink in a moment.

“Do you trust Me, Hanna?” His eyes locked with hers, holding her. Calming her heart and slowing her breathing back down to normal.

“Hanna.” His voice was quiet, soothing.

“Do. You. Trust. Me?”

The panic was nearly quieted now, and even though everything inside of her was screaming, *This is nuts! This is crazy!* ...she slowly nodded her head.

Trust.

Yes. She *did* trust Him. It was a step, for she’d lost her trust of nearly every other adult in her life.

But this man? This Great Friend?

Yes.

Still holding one of the pillows to her chest, she sat up again. “What do I do?”

His infectious grin flashed across his face again, pleased with her decision. Throwing his hands up off the edge of the boat, with a ‘how else?’ gesture, he instructed.

“Stand up.”

“Take a BIG breath! And...

“Jump!”

Both of her eyebrows flew up to their roof, like chickens in a henhouse.

“But I can’t swim,” she whispered, half to herself, half to him and clutched the pillow even tighter to her chest. “Uncle Ben made sure I had a life vest on.”

She suddenly realized that Jesus was now *suspended* in the water, as though He were doggie paddling.

Only... his arms and legs weren’t moving.

Or maybe standing on the bottom of the river.

Only... he wasn’t. She could still see it FAR below him...

Finally, he reached out both arms to her.

“Just stand up and jump. I’ll catch you.”

He never took his eyes from hers, encouraging her every movement.

With a deep sigh, she stood carefully. Shakily.

“Stand on the seat, so your feet will clear the side. In the middle... Good. Big breath, now. That’s it! Now... just—jump!”

She'd almost sprung, standing tightly coiled as she followed His directions, when He cried out, "Oh, no—wait! Don't forget the wicker basket, too!" His eyes were filled with mischief as He pointed to the basket wedged between their two seats.

Hanna drooped with relief and turned to look. She'd seen the basket and thought maybe they would be having a picnic lunch *in* the boat. But now that couldn't be.

Bring it with me??

What in the world is in this basket, then?

She ever-so-carefully got down, picked it up, and climbed back up on the seat. It was only on her second attempt to mount the wooden bench that she realized something else odd: the boat **wasn't moving**. Not rocking with the current. Not swaying with her movements. Not even moving down the river.

It was solid, holding still, firm as a rock.

Now I know I'm out of my mind, she finally grinned back at him.

And sprang off the seat into his waiting arms.

