

Chronicles of the Bride - Heaven's Library & Tapestry of Life, Part 1

April 11th, 2022



Hello Brothers, Sister, and Heartdwellers Family,

Mother Clare surprised us again when we got together during our community Sunday gathering, to open our hearts and minds to have the Lord take us to Heaven!

I was excited but if I can be honest, anxiety hit me as the enemy pelted me with thoughts of the need to perform or produce something. Then unbelief set in as doubts pelted my mind, “Would I be taken there, would I see something?” I was exhausted. But I am sharing this to reveal to you the enemy’s tactics and what he uses to cause discouragement and unbelief in using your sanctified imagination to be with the Lord.

The devil hates this more than anything—a soul on earth taken to heaven? First, not only does it boost your morale, lift your mind on heavenly things, and bring healing to your soul—but it causes you to testify—sharing the testimony of where you have been—where the Lord has taken you—thereby bringing many souls who are thirsty, to the well of life, JESUS— so they can experience that too. Lastly, letting the world know Heaven is real. It’s not a state of being—a made of place—but it is the place that Jesus Christ, our Savior said he has gone to prepare for you, (John 14:3) if you would believe and have faith in him. *That is your Home!*

So, I reminded myself of that, I putting the demons to flight and just rested in his presence once the music began— whether I saw anything or not.

It took me a while to settle in to a comfortable position. As I began to relax, I saw myself entering a small metal gated door to a garden. I bent down to enter through a small door—I was being led into this garden by children who were holding my hands to walk. They were very excited. The garden was beautiful with perfectly trimmed green, lush, bushes—some in squares and others in circles with tall, trimmed bushes that were like walls surrounding us. The children giggled as we all held hands and went around a particular square bush singing “Ring Around the Rosey”. I noticed we all had on white. I was the only adult, and the children were five to nine years of age, about 15 of them. The girls had on white dresses with flower crowns, and ribbons in their hair. The boys had flower necklaces with white long-sleeved shirts and white trousers. I had a white, flower summer dress with my hair in a long, French braid and a flower crown on my head. As we went round and round that bush dancing and singing I noticed two of the children immediately, Christopher and Annette. Again, these were two of the three young children I had met on my first Heaven trip and have shown up every time I have arrived in heaven one way or the other.

Then the children broke the circle as they began to run through the garden into an area with beautiful willow trees. I followed them running behind them and we ended at a beautifully decorated table with white lace linens and white chairs with the most beautiful China plates and teacups with blue, pink, yellow, and gold engravings and designs.

One of the kids yelped, “A tea party!” They all giggled and clapped excitedly as they all began to be seated. I then noticed Ashly, the last of the three children, who was sitting adjacent to me, on the other side of the table. She waved excitedly then covered her mouth and snickered at seeing me. I waved back as the children began to drink the tea and eat the biscuits that were on the table.

Once we were done eating the majority of the children got up and began to run and play again in the garden.

I had a strong sense the children wanted to talk with me and tell me their stories. So Christopher got up from the table, came around, and took my hand leading me away from the table. Ashly and Annette came running to the other side of me giggling and holding my other hand. I was led to the most beautiful river in the garden. It was crystal clear, pristine—you could see right through it—with beautiful pebbles of all different shapes and sizes at the bottom. It was shallow and had a running stream that sounded almost melodic. We sat on a bench next to the river—Christopher sat to my left and the two young girls, Ashly and Annette sat to my right. All three children leaned into me, looked up at me, and rested their precious heads on my side as I had my arms around all of them.

Christopher is a white, young plumply boy about the age of 6 with brown hair and the most beautiful eyes you have ever seen. Annette is a very cute, spunky black girl about 7 years of age with the biggest dimples and smile. Then Ashly, the shyest of the three is a white girl with beautiful long golden locks and green eyes, about the age of 7 years as well. I looked at all three as they continued to just stare at me smiling and I said, “Okay are we related?” Thinking well, Annette is black and the other two are white, I’m not sure how that can be, but anything is possible in heaven.

The children smiled, and Christopher responded laughing, “*Well we are all children of God!*” I said, “*Yes very true*” smiling. Then He said, “*We are all connected, your life on earth has impacted our lives and that is why we are here.*” I was amazed thinking, “How so?” and Christopher, knowing my thoughts, began.

“My mother aborted me but after seeing one of your flyers you posted sharing, Jesus’ messages about how wrong abortion was and how children are a gift from him, she was so convicted, cried, and repented. For me, it was too late but because of your obedience to the Lord to post those flyers, she has since then given her life to Jesus and I have two other siblings he said, jumping up excitedly, that I will get to meet. Because of the flyer you posted, she never did that again.” I was dumbfounded and remembered the message Jesus gave Mother Clare about abortion. He asked us to spread it around. Then Holy Spirit gave me the idea to make it a flyer. I added personal testimonies from some of the people whom I knew had experienced that and regretted it. I then went with my sister to pass out flyers—even posted them on bus stops in our city. This was more than four years ago and now the Lord, in His great mercy, was allowing me to see how it impacted eternity.

Then Ashley began, “*I was killed by a drunk driver you prayed for at Walmart.*” I thought wow! There were many times when I would take some friends from my Bible study group, and we would evangelize in Walmart and different grocery stores just praying for people. I was a bit sad because I thought, if I prayed for him and he still harmed somebody, I couldn’t see the blessing in that. Ashly, knowing my thoughts said, “*Because of your prayers he didn’t go to hell. He was destined to go there that day but the Lord, in His great mercy, sent you to pray for him. So rather than being killed in the car accident, he was kept alive. Now he is in prison, but Papa will redeem him, and he will be used to bring many souls to heaven! I was with my mom when the accident happened, she made it through and has now forgiven the man.*”

She said all of this with such excitement—it’s like the souls in heaven have no concept of anything else besides the glory of God. She was so excited that God’s glory would be shown in all of what he allowed in her life. I was in awe—amazed at God. I was still processing all of this when Annette stood up off of the bench and came in front of me and said, “And I love you most of all” with tears in her eyes. Christopher and Ashly both said, “*Aw Annette*” waving her off smiling. She began, “*You came to me when I was dying*”. Now that I didn’t remember and would remember if that happened on earth. I looked a bit perplexed. She continued, “*You told me to let go and that everything was going to be okay, that I was going to be with Jesus and my family would be fine.*” I really tried to remember—then I saw myself praying in my closet in tongues in my old apartment.

I was praying in the spirit and during those moments I didn’t know what I was saying or doing at the time. He then opened my eyes to show me what was being done that day as I was praying. He took me in the

spirit, and I saw myself walking into a hospital room. I saw Annette sick, with tubes all through her nose and body. The light in her eyes was gone and she didn't have that big smile as she does in heaven—she looked so tired. I then told her that it was okay to let go and that she was going to be with Jesus. Tears streamed down her eyes and then I saw her spirit sit up from the bed, a bright light appeared in her room and Jesus walked in, picked her up, and carried her away smiling at me. I then was back in my apartment just praying tongues having no idea what had just happened or what I was praying.

She then said, "*And you helped my family prepare to let me go by praying for them.*" This time I thought, "How?" Then Holy Spirit again brought to my mind a memory of me at Cooks Children's Hospital with my niece Naomi. She was two years old at the time, a little partner in *Holy* crime. Naomi's sister had a doctor's appointment and the Lord told me to go in and pray for everyone on the floor. So I was nervous and took Naomi.

I remembered meeting a black family and I prayed with them. I'm not sure what I prayed but as that vision was going Annette chimed in, "*That was my family and your prayers for them brought them many graces in preparation for my passing*" and then she said, "*And we love Naomi!*" Christopher and Ashly both excitedly repeated "*Yes, we love Naomi! We're praying for her.*" I laughed in amazement and in awe at the goodness of God and these three precious children the Lord allowed me to touch and now they were blessing me.