

The Hard Work of Suffering

April 17th, 2020



The Lord bless you sweet family, may the wounds in your hearts be healed and comforted by Jesus. Amen

Lord, truly I have found that place in my heart which hurts for the loss of these two friends, especially with the one sister that I have a very sweet remembrance of our fellowshiping together. Yet somehow, I feel uneasy, as though something is against me.

Clare I am here to clear your aching heart for this wonderful soul. So many good attributes, but just one small fault can sully them all.

Oh Lord how fearful I am, I have so many!

Yes, well they balance out in the long run. But we are trying to heal and restore and not allow wounds to fester and divide. For some it is easier than for others. Do not berate yourself because you struggle, you are still in the process of crucifying your flesh, Beloved.

You are all constantly pelted with arrows of jealousy, insecurity, competition, one upmanship, failure and success in the eyes of others.

You have done well to choose success only in my eyes. In this way I can purify your heart because it is not sullied by human concerns. I am not saying you are perfect, but from early on you recognized the emptiness of the laurels of men, others are not so blessed, they have far more baggage to work through. These pains in your heart are a good sign that your heart is still alive. So many have filled their lives with frenetic activity which has dulled and suppressed what is really going on inside of them. It is not an easy thing to bring them to silence that they may recognize the real agonies that lie behind their everyday lives, attitudes, and decisions.

Not so you. But for the sake of others try to hide the pain.

Lord please continue to speak to me, you know how much I miss You...Jesus, will you let me die of loneliness without You...it is your mercy I count on...for I am not deserving of the sweet embraces and fellowship we have had together...yet, I cannot live without them.

The time is coming when we will never be apart again, ever. Not even the appearance of separation. My Beloved, I am not far away, I live in you, I move in you, I cry when you cry, I pray when you are angry and do not see things clearly. I am always with you Clare. I will let you in on a little secret, and this goes for all heart dwellers, I cannot bear to be separated from you and when you get so busy I wait in anguish for you to leave off with the foolishness of the world, even knowing you will come back to me ragged and beaten.

Beloved I inhabit you. If you still your heart enough, I will manifest. It is a rare thing for Me to completely disappear from your senses. It happens when you sin, it is then that you will feel the separation most keenly. But all other times, I am there. You may not connect because I am giving the sweetest portion to a very needy soul. I love it when you offer yourself up for others and do not complain. I love it when you thank Me in the midst of trials, it is then that you most resemble My mother.

My dearly Beloved Family of Heartdwellers, understand that these severe trials some of you have been going through, betrayals, abandonment, dryness, all of these are powerful sacrifices for those who are dying, especially when you pray the Divine Mercy Chaplet in the midst of them. This is hard work My dear ones. Suffering is very hard work and you receive no visible consolations or affirmations from it. Rather, others look upon you as they looked upon Me.... "He must be a very great sinner, and false prophet."

The kind of spiritual work that you have undertaken for Me...in offering to carry Simon's cross, is at the very dregs of ministry, yet because it is the lowliest form of prayer in the eyes of men, all of Heaven rejoices beholding your selfless sacrifices that no one acknowledges. Rather you are looked at as ragged beggars, good only for the lowest spiritual jobs.

And yet every applauded minister of the altar has gotten his anointing and power from your prayers. The selfless, hidden ones, tucked away in their prayer closets, weeping for sinners and the anointing to fall on the man or woman of God. I have told you many times before, your reward in the next life will be even greater than the famous ones, because it was on your backs that they stood higher in stature.

Lord, may I ask....

Yes, you may.

Please tell me when I walk around in circles, feeling flat and confused, alienated from all that is good, swimming in my own faults and mistakes, trying to pray but feeling so insincere...like my prayers are shallow and useless....

Yes....

Feeling and looking like a completely incompetent failure that nothing good can come from...trembling lest I lead the sheep astray...really, truly, seeing what a deficit I am to the kingdom of God...tell me Lord, is there any good that can come of that.

When you see yourself, as you truly are Clare, when you sit in the mire of the mud and swamp with its filthiness, smelling the stench of death and sin...when you feel devoured by condemnation, when you dare not lift your head to seek Me...it is then that you are most abased and pleasing in My sight. I hunger and thirst for souls who know their stuff, souls that

cannot stand who they have made themselves to be, souls that long with all their hearts to be delivered from this death all around them, it is then that you are most safe from the tactics of the enemy.

But then I fall into condemnation....

It is good to see that in yourself that needs to be condemned...it causes you to reach out for My Mercy even more. It is then when I can cleanse you, sweeping all the filth of the world from your souls, and replenishing you with My Grace and New Life.

Please believe Me. You asked Me a most valid question, I am giving you a very truthful answer. What you suffer in those times suffices to bring you lower where My Graces accumulate, in the deep valleys. You see the absolute futility of yourself and this in turn opens you to receive the choicest graces. Oh Clare, confess all these things to Me, do not hold them back. Confess them and ask Me to cleanse you once and for all. Do not be afraid pitiable one, it is in your abyss of neediness that I rush to fill with living waters poured out upon My sheep. It is in this place where the springs well up into lakes and rivers of fresh clean waters.

Have I not said, "*This is the one whom I approve: the afflicted one, crushed in spirit, who trembles at my word?*" Isaiah 66:2

I love you so, do not despair at your lowliness, do not despair at your abandonment, do not despair at your betrayals, for you now resemble Me more and more. Only greet those who have wounded you with love and compassion, for they know not what they do, and your prayers for them are most powerful. Kiss the blade that pierces your side, the knife that cuts your back, the sword that's thrust through your heart, kiss them, for they are the very instruments that cause you to resemble Me the most. Kiss, bless, forgive. You My Bride bear now the living imprint of My suffering. Only glorify them with the sweetness of your love for those who have wounded you. In time, My Grace will raise them back up into wholeness and your heart shall rejoice in My goodness.

Go now and share this with your brothers and sisters, there are so many who need to hear this, truly they have been crucified through circumstances this week and they need to know the great good that will come from their hard work and suffering. I bless you now My faithful ones, I bless you with the grace to forgive and carry your enemies in your hearts for the good of their souls. Embrace and protect this grace, put it into action, for truly it is the living water that will resurrect those with deadened consciences. I bless you, and kiss your foreheads with the very mark of predestination of a chosen soul, fit for My kingdom.