

## February 2024 Docx Files

### Chronicles - Aguila and the Library

January 29th, 2024



The Lord bless you precious ones, may sharing this encounter with Him bring you closer to Jesus wonderful heart, and the knowledge that He longs to have a deep relationship with you. Amen.

Well, it has been a while since we have had a Chronicle of The Bride, but He is wanting to bring joy to you, and to bring more, more of Heaven, because things on Earth are not really good, as we all know, and He wants to give you hope to know the great treasures stored up for you in Heaven.

There is quite a long history about this kind of message from the Lord. Many, many years ago He was speaking to Ezekiel and me as He took us through Heaven. Separately we were in different rooms, but we did this together at the same time. And we recorded those in the book, Chronicles of the Bride, which is a free download on [heartdwellers.org](http://heartdwellers.org), in the book section, or on Amazon, if you want a hard copy.

But I, in my usual foolishness, thought the teachings were more important, so I did not pursue Chronicles with Him as much. Oh, dear ones, when I say I am the worst, I do not exaggerate because I have not used the graces, He has given me with as much diligence as I should have, and with wisdom and gratitude.

Well, I told Him I was sorry for taking it lightly and preferring the teachings and I asked Him to please return Ezekiel and I both to that place. And after worship the other night, He began.

By the way, I want to mention the book Rhema II is out and on Amazon, it has a purple cover. I do not know if it is on the website yet, but it will be a free download.

Ok. Coming back to the message, about two months ago He asked me to start putting music behind the messages, and to bring forth messages that will give you hope. In response to that, I said, "Lord I have nothing to give, it must come from You." So, I have been waiting and last night He began again to take me to Heaven and share with you how gracious and endearing He truly is. Oh, my dear ones, He is incomprehensible in His kindness, He is the author and source of all kindness, so please take these to heart and understand that He will be with you in the same way in your very own environment, that He has prepared especially for you, with all your favorite things.

He said, *"I go to prepare a place for you."* And what a place it is! Amazing, so amazing!

So tonight, when I came into prayer, He was so very present to me, not in a way I could immediately see, but I felt wrapped in a fragrant blanket of sweetness, and then His face and body started to appear. I had an inkling that tonight we would go to Heaven, and sure enough, I found myself there with Him at my right hand, standing in the Palace of Waterfalls. I stood beside the Lord, taking it all in, He began to speak to me.

*"This is what you wanted, is it not, My Bride?"*

Oh yes Lord, I want to explore Heaven with You, as we did before.

*"Well come along, Beloved."*

We rose quite naturally upwards through the pearlescent translucent dome, until we were high above the countryside. All around us was lush heavenly countryside, vibrating with life, rivers and streams and lakes, and the dome of the palace was tucked away gracefully among the treetops.

If you have not read or heard our book or recordings, Chronicles of the Bride, this place has seven waterfalls, three on each side and one long one in the very middle. They are thirty feet wide and about fifty feet tall. In between each waterfall is an entrance that leads to a different habitat complete with animals, African landscapes complete with affectionate and tame lions and giraffes, a desert environment with my very own tame cougar, a jungle lake with islands, a mountain spruce forest with raspberries the size of plums. The floors are translucent in the palace with whales and fish swimming by. And if you want to pet the whales, the floor opens at a point and you can touch them, afterward, it closes again. And the water does not go everywhere, it stays very neat. Every time I return after being gone for a while, something new and beautiful is in this palace.

As we ascended, He brought me to an immense building with pillars and floors of white marble. An Oriental man was sitting at a desk, writing on a scroll. As I looked up, I realized how grand this building was with many levels above us, and an open ceiling so you can see the different levels. The Lord said, *"This is one of the libraries of Heaven."*

Lord, I do not understand something. Everything in Heaven is extravagantly elegant. Where is Lady Poverty?

He answered, *"Down on Earth where she belongs."*

I do not understand really, is not all this elegance distracting away from You?

*"No, My love, this is part of your reward, to live in such beauty and harmony. On Earth I came and went in abject poverty, to convince My people to follow My example and focus on what is important, life with Me, but as you can see, looking at the Vatican, they did not get the message and now they are corrupted beyond remedy, and I will have to destroy Rome by fire and water. But onto more cheerful subjects...."*

*"These are the libraries of Heaven, and our writings are also kept here among thousands of other testimonies, and histories and chronicles. Isn't it lovely?"*

Yes Lord, it is exquisite and so sparkling clean!

*"There is no dirt in Heaven, Beloved, everything here is alive, even what appears to be soil beneath your feet, it is rich in nutrients, and when you examine it up closely, you will see rubies, emeralds, topaz and gemstones of all kinds giving off their light."*

I looked upon the soil in a nearby garden that adorned the entrance, it was dazzling underneath a microscope, it looked like a kaleidoscope of living colors when it was magnified. In Heaven you can see anything even at its atomic level, clearly, just by desiring to see it. No inquiry of yours goes unanswered but comes immediately on the heels of your question. I am so spoiled when I come here because everything is instantaneous, not like Earth where there are layers of delays before you finally understand and get a resolution to your question.

Just then I noticed that the room had a very long line of desks where scribes were writing on various

kinds of paper and scrolls. Jesus interrupted my thoughts.

*"There are many such libraries in Heaven, so many that you could not count them. I brought you here because this is the one where our writings are recorded."*

At that point, an Oriental man who was sitting at the desk looked up at us with a smile and said, "Beautiful, just beautiful, all that you have written and illustrated together. We have everything here, nothing you have ever done was wasted, all of it has been used in one way or another. You see, these creations are given to you through grace and will be used over and over again to help others understand the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Nothing, child of grace, is wasted."

"Oh, how exciting!" I responded. "May I ask, what is your name?"

"Ching Li," He answered.

"I am so honored to meet you."

He replied, "The honor is mine."

"Please do not stop writing and creating, your work touches many souls on Earth. It is in the way you explain things that they receive clarity and understand what was a mystery to them before. Understanding this brings them so much closer to the Lord without fear or guilt. When they see your mistakes, they realize you are no different than they are, and it gives them courage to reach out and seek the Lord."

"Oh, I am so glad," I replied. "That is what I live for. I was in such darkness before when He pulled me out of it. It was so wonderful! I wanted to tell everyone, and I am so blessed that He can use my mistakes and my sins sometimes to illustrate a point. The only thing I have to give the Lord are my sin, everything else comes to me through His grace. I want everyone to know how kind, approachable and loving He is, so they will not be afraid."

The Lord squeezed my hand and nudged me. *"Let us go, I have more to show you."*

We walked along a shady path with arched trellises draped in long full clusters of purple wisteria blossoms. I heard a horse whinnying as we emerged out into a lush meadow. There, standing before me, was a glorious bronze Appaloosa mare, with dustings like fresh snowfall sprinkled on her hindquarters, and a perfect star on her forehead. When I ran my hands through her coat sparkles would dance in the air. Her name is Aguila, which means 'Eagle' in Spanish, because her coat resembles the brilliant bronze feathers of a golden eagle when the sunlight strikes it.

She is an absolute joy to ride, so well behaved, and she moved with a smooth gait and was never jarring, what a joy it was a joy to ride her. My mind slipped into doubt for a moment- 'is this really happening?' 'Am I really seeing this beautiful creature I love?'

Jesus interrupted my thoughts. *"Do not think you are imagining this; it is a reality in Heaven. And she has been waiting to see you, so do not disappoint her."*

That brought me quickly to my senses.

I wrapped my arms around her neck and held her. She mouthed my hair, pulling it playfully and nuzzled

her lips close to my nose, breathing in the familiar aroma of my breath. Oh, she is a wonderful horse, and I have missed her. As I was thinking that she lifted her head high and then whinnied, "I missed you too. You are special to me, and I wanted you to know that. We are going to have fun in Heaven. Please come soon!" I was so surprised by understanding what she was saying. I answered her, "Sweetheart, I cannot wait, but it is Father God who has the times and seasons planned."

She whinnied again and stamped her foot in the grass. Suddenly she sprouted glistening bronze wings and took off flying. WOW!!! Where is she going?

Jesus answered, *"To the royal stables to inquire how much longer before I come for you. You see how anxious she is to be with you again? All of Heaven awaits the redemption of Earth and the establishment of the reign of peace, and the two of you will be together forever. She has much to tell you, Clare. She wanted you to know how fond of you she is."*

Just then I heard her landing and returning to a meadow. But this time she was jumping and kicking and going in circles, whinnying. She was excited and trying to tell me that the time is soon. Aguila ran up to me, tossed her head high and snorted in excitement, moving her front hooves up and down as if prancing. I never saw her do that before Lord!

Jesus commented, *"It will be a day of wonder for all of creation."*

I said, "I cannot wait!"

He replied, *"I know My Love, I know. Don't you think My heart pounds when I think of that day? It will be breath taking when iniquity is silenced for a thousand years and together, we will reign in peace. Yes, together we shall be as one for all Eternity."*

Thank You Lord! Thank You for allowing me to be here. It has truly strengthened my heart for the time that is left to us.

And I want to share with you, dear Heart Dwellers- It was a very special experience that brought me right back to that place of hope, when we will be with the Lord forever in Heaven. We have much to look forward to, dear ones, hold on to your faith, do not let anyone take it from you, and know that the Lord truly has gone ahead of you to prepare a place for you- not any kind of place, not a generic place, but a place that manifests all your secret loves, everything that you have loved in the world will be in this place, will adorn it to your heart's content.

The Lord bless you now. Let us all carry on with the faith, and fight the good fight, sharing the love of Jesus.

Amen, amen.

# He's Real, He's Coming, Please Listen

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March 14, 2015



Don't you know He's real, He's coming, please listen.  
Don't you know He's real, He's coming, please listen.  
You know He's there for you, every moment of the  
day, through each and every night time.  
You know He cares for you, you gotta know it's true,  
He's been there through your whole lifetime.  
Don't you know He's real, He's coming, please listen.  
    Don't you know He's real, He's coming, please  
    listen. It's not that hard, open up your heart and  
    let His love come in.  
Just call upon His Name, you'll never be the same,  
there's a real forever life to win.  
Don't you know He's real, He's coming, please listen.  
Don't you know He's real, He's coming, please listen.

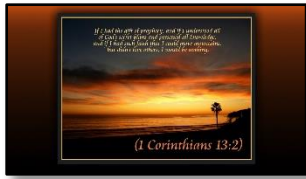
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Heart Dwellers  
<http://heartdwellers.org/>  
<https://www.bitchute.com/channel/still-small-voice/>

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## When One Suffers, All Suffer

February 15th, 2024



*“Carry each other’s burdens, and in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ.”*  
Amen. That’s in Galatians chapter 6, verse 2.

*“Lord, I forgive everyone I have had issues with, help me to love, love, love, please. I guess some of my sources are not good anymore?”*

*Jesus began, “I am always your best source. The sooner you come to grips with that, the better, and I mean that in all charity, Beloved one. All the armies are poised for war, and that is a fact. Poised, means, expectantly waiting. Timing is of the essence and My Father is in charge of that. In the meantime, there is much work for you to do. When things go south on you like they did last night, continue to press in the next day. Breakthrough will come to those who persevere. It is attainable. Would I give you a task to do without providing all you need?”*

*“The answer, is, “No.” I would not do such a thing. One of the reasons I picked you was that you were stubborn, in the right way, that translates to persevering, doggedly. Breakthrough comes to those who persevere. Follow your heart, Beloved, follow the song in your heart. Settle into it and savor its meaning. Each of your songs has so much meaning and I want you to sing them because of your heart and who you are. I do not want another taking your place. You have the anointing to sing your songs, I have seen to that, so don’t give into discouragement, keep plodding along. Just like the Mother Sea Turtle that returns to the place of her birth. Your songs will take you home.....the home in My Heart. Not only that, but I will also take others home to My Heart.”*

*“Lord, what is on Your heart today?”*

*“Getting you up on your feet again. That is My focus, and also ministering to those who are dying. And to be transparent with you, spending quality time with Me. I miss you Clare. I want all of you to know, that the sweetness of our relationship should come before all else.”*

*“I am quite concerned, Lord, that they are not getting what they need and what You want them to get.”*

*“And who do you think put that thought in your mind?”*

*“Please Lord, instruct me.”*

*“They should all be in bed by 9:00 pm.” I opened to the Bible Promises and received confirmation. The Lord continued, “10:00 pm is the absolute minimum. In the winter they need more sleep. The only thing I would say to them, and to you, is please do not be discouraged by fatigue and sickness. As you think of the plight of others, just thinking it and wanting to help, I use your physical ailments as a lever to release graces, like a catapult.*

*“My dear ones, nothing goes to waste in your religious life. I take into account and receive with great joy, every hardship you suffer, and apply it to the cries of your heart. In this way, nothing is wasted. I also do this with souls who have not as yet received Me. It is the economy of salvation, that humankind is bonded together, and when one suffers, all suffer. But most of all, every sigh in your heart that you have for the plight of others, every single sigh is a prayer and cataloged as such by the angels.*

*“It is your love for your brothers and sisters, no matter what their religious state, your love is the very censor that carries your sighs like incense to the very throne. It does not have to be a formal prayer, although these carry with them great power, it is your heart of love and empathy for them that causes the sacred smoke to rise up to Heaven’s throne.*

*“I want all of you to get into the habit of recognizing when your sighs are heard. And I also want you to recognize the particular trial you are going through at the time. My Brides, all of this works to release graces into the suffering one’s lives. You will feel better and reach out to more if you are aware of this. You do not always have to be kneeling in prayer to be heard by the Father. When you come to Heaven you will see, dear ones, how these things send off a wave of vibration that many are aware of depending on their interests.”* And that was the end of His message.

Nazi death camp survivor and servant of God, Corrie Ten Boom, once said, “We never know how God will answer our prayers, but we can expect that He will get us involved in His plan for the answer. If we are true intercessors, we must be ready to take part in God’s work on behalf of the people for whom we pray.” Amen!

## **I Love To Gaze Into Your Eyes**

February 24th, 2024



This is a beautiful Chronicles of The Bride that came from Ezekiel’s journal.

My Lord, what a wonderful surprise that You would meet me here, in this special place again. As my wife has just finished reading to me one of the chapters of the previous Chronicles, and I find myself transported to a similar scene with You. There are large willows, swinging and dancing about in the pleasant evening

breeze. I too find myself on a freestanding swing, with You beside me, gently pushing me back and forth, and gliding me softly through the air.

I hold onto the vines on either side, and let my head fall back, my long blonde hair sweeps the tops of the grasses below. (Ezekiel always sees his soul as the Bride when he is with Jesus.) I do not feel the typical dizziness that comes with swinging in this way, much as we did when we all were little children. But I did want to see Your face, and gaze into Your beautiful eyes, Jesus. Even as I was thinking this, You steadied the vine, and the swing came to a stop.

What is it, Lord?

*“You wanted to look into My eyes, My dear one. I so love to gaze into your eyes as well. So much, for so little.”*

Again, I am asking Jesus what He means.

*“Beloved, when I look into your eyes, the window to your soul, I can refresh Myself within the garden of your heart. It is there that the Father and I dwell together, as one with the Holy Spirit. And before you ask Me why We are here, let me tell you, My love, it is because of the great love that you bear for Me, for Us, and for the*

*Church, the world, and all souls. Recall that you have asked for Me to grant this to you, the gift of true love for souls. Therefore, your request has been granted. Even though you do not always feel it inside, it is there nonetheless."*

Lord, when I asked you two days ago, why certain trials were taking place, You replied that it was because I am selfish, yet You tell me that You have granted me this gift of love.

*"Your selfishness is in fact a vice that you will have to struggle with, however, you alone cannot overcome this vice. Once again, ask Me and in My time, and in My way, I will overshadow this weakness within you, and I will obliterate it with the power of My own love. There will again come a day when you will reach out to everyone with My supernatural love, just as in your first days, and even greater still. For now, ask Me every day-morning, noon, and night, to love everyone through you. This will help you to avoid harshness and judgement, and you will grow quickly in unselfishness, as you resemble Me more and more in giving your whole life for My Body, the Church - for the world, and yes, for all souls."*

Amen.

Thank You, Lord, for such a beautiful Chronicle.

## **My Mother's Departure to Heaven**

February 26<sup>th</sup>, 2024



### My Mother's Departure to Heaven

Beloved Heart Dwellers, I want to share with you Chronicles of The Bride, some of the different things that we experienced, Ezekiel and I both, and before I get into that, I do want to share my mothers' departure for Heaven.

In December of two thousand eight, we got a call that she had only three months to live. Immediately, we made arrangements to join her. My mother had always been a bit sketchy about what would happen to her after death. She knew the soul was not flesh and blood, because she felt her husbands' soul depart from his body. She envisioned that departed loved ones and animals would be there too.

During the dwelling prayer time we shared together ten years before her passing, she saw her father walking towards her as a young man and behind him was her mother. She sensed her departed husbands' hand on her shoulder during this dwelling prayer time, and joy of all joys, her kitty, Muffins, sporting little wings, flew onto her shoulder and nestled up against her.

This was not any kind of necromancy or calling up the dead, this was a time of worship and prayer to our Lord Jesus, but God in His tender mercy, knew the state of my mothers' soul and understanding about eternity and He was beginning to prepare her for her last days on Earth. This experience changed her preconceived perceptions about death and the afterlife but did not totally convince her of what laid ahead.

So, arriving in Wisconsin where she was staying, her very first words to me were:



“Why has God done this to me?”

I could only answer her,

“Mom, He loves you very much, and you have accomplished all you came to do. Now it is time to go home.”

Given radical changes in world events, she was apprehensive about what was to come. Her dream home in Wisconsin became a burden during the winters when it was necessary for her to pay a hundred dollars every time the driveway was plowed, at least six times a month. The taxes had shot up to eleven thousand a year and she was tired, so very tired of it all. In prayer I distinctly heard the Lord say,

*“She is tired of suffering, and I am tired of seeing her suffer.”*

During one of our talks, she said,

“You know, I really do not mind dying, I am tired. I just do not know what to expect after that.”

I had sent her extensive writings about our Heavenly experiences, but she was still understandably afraid, so we set out to reassure her that she had an eternity of joy to look forward to, complete with grasses and flowers, lakes, and streams, and loved ones and pets, everything that she loved would be there.

Each day my husband and I would sit with her and take her on a journey to Heaven through her imagination. Jesus always met us halfway with the real thing. She became acquainted with the gardens, fields, skies, and animals, but especially the River of Life, she especially loved the water.

After about two months her time was drawing near. I climbed into bed and cradled her in my arms and as I was doing so, I caught sight of Jesus on the other side of the bed. He extended His hand to her, and I saw in the spirit that she sat up, took hold of it, and left with Him. Jesus was preparing me in a vision for what was soon to come.

A few moments later as I lay beside her, my husband sat next to us on the bed and said,

“Linda! Look for the river! Remember the River of Life? Look for it!”

She had been there many times with my husband as he guided her on a tour of Heaven. She had not moved or spoken for two days, she only responded with her eyes. At that very moment she turned her head, opened her eyes, sat up in bed, and extended her right hand to where I had seen Jesus standing, and her vacant body fell back down on the pillows.

She was gone, finally free of her ninety-year occupation of a body that got progressively feebler and more burdensome. I was so happy for her; I just wanted to jump and shout and dance and celebrate her entrance into eternity. An hour later as I sat quietly with the Lord, I saw Jesus in the spirit walking towards me and besides Him was my beautiful mother, young, attractive, and full of life. She said only one thing to me:

“You were right.”

I suppose that all mothers have a little trouble believing their children, especially when such unique

experiences as ours are shared with them, but she knew I would never lie or deceive her, but what if I were deceived, hearing from a familiar spirit, not trusting completely that what we experienced was the real thing? I believe she struggled until the last moment, questioning, 'Is it really true'? When she looked and saw Jesus reaching over towards her, she knew it was true and was finally ready with all her heart to let go of that shriveled up body and enter Paradise with Him.

Later that night my husband saw her happy in Heaven, having a picnic with her mother and father under a tree by the River of Life and, oh yes, Muffins was right there by her side, rubbing up against her back-and-forth, purring, so happy to see his mom, reunited with him forever.

Heart Dwellers, I share this wonderful experience with you just to give you hope and perspective on what is possible on this Earth to have the knowledge of Heaven, that takes all the darkness out of a scary experience.

Death has truly lost its sting, even as it is written in the Scriptures. What we call death, for those who love God, is only a matter of a little spiritual housecleaning and stepping into an eternal vacation in Paradise.

And wait until you see your new home!