

All Messages January 2020

Entanglements Hinder Your Life Goals

January 1, 2020



Thank You, Jesus, for showing us the path to the abundant life and fulfillment of our life goals with You.

Oh Lord, I miss you so much. Please speak to me.

Jesus began, *“I’ve been waiting for you, My Bride. I’ve been waiting until you finished getting done all the things you thought were more important than*

Me.”

Lord, I confess, I am weak.

“No, Clare, My tender one. You are very, very weak. Ask to be strengthened against distractions. That is your downfall.”

I understand what You're saying, Lord. And I feel like that Community leader that was called to higher things but kept sliding down the roof on the shingles. He kept climbing and trying to do what he was supposed to do, but he could only get so far and then he slid back down again. I feel very much like that.

Jesus continued, *“That is a very graphic example of the way most lead their lives. Beloved, if you want to break out of this pattern, you must try harder. Be more conscious of what you spend time on. Those little pricks of your conscience, especially when you go online—the ones that tell you, ‘Uhn Uh!’ Just the way you talk to your animals. They obey you better than you obey Me!*

“But I am not here to tear you down, My sweet spouse. I am here to strengthen you.

“Clare, you know the danger areas of your life, occasions of sin. Please be more careful and do not open doors by judging. What you are struggling with now in a relationship is taking much of your emotional energy. And no matter how dear a soul is to you, you must learn detachment—or you will find yourself fruitless, because you got stuck on one area of your life. Better for you to unite them to the Eucharist, asking Me to heal it, then let it go and move on.

“Compassion is what is needed. After that, Patience. All things will be brought out into the open in My good timing. But for now, lift your heart to Heaven on their behalf, as you have

done, and then release it. This is My work, and I alone know how things must be accomplished and revealed.

“And to all of you Heartdwellers, My dear ones. Do not allow yourselves to get entangled in relationships that are not going well. In many cases, it is merely a matter of time before things either get worse or better. But stay out of judgment, pray and commit to Me the matters of your hearts.

“I am well aware of the tactics of the enemy to snag you away from other issues in your lives that need attention—and are not getting it, because your emotions are tangled up in a breakdown of a relationship. Do what you can to help the situation, then let it go. I will tend to it.

“Do you not know that matters of your heart are matters of My Heart, as well? Well, they are. And I am acutely aware of how you are hurting when relationships become strained. I already have the solution well in hand. If you interfere, you could make it worse, you know? So, pray with compassion, and lay it at My feet, for I already have it covered.

“Now, I wish to speak with you about detachment. Basically, the more attachments—emotional, financial, and otherwise—that you have, the more opportunities Satan has to sift you. Therefore, part of the art of living in freedom from entanglements is to get detached.

“There is nothing in your life that you can’t afford to lose—except your relationship with Me. If I remove someone or something, it is because it is in your way. Or you are in their way. Therefore trust, Me with everything and wean yourself away from depending on anything or anyone else but Me.

“I want your hearts to be free to fly! And if you are attached to the feelings of others, their problems and needs, unless it is a family member for whom you are responsible, it becomes a distraction that pulls you away from the work you really need to do. This is why some very devout Christians choose a monastic lifestyle. Free from entanglements, their hearts are focused upon prayer for the world.

“In days gone by, many widows chose to enter the monastery, because they were quite finished with the world and all its pomps and empty glories. Blessed is the soul who chooses this life when they are young, for they shall be rewarded with a greater intimacy with Me.

“Contrary to the lies of Satan, that you are hiding from the world if you choose this, the reality is that from a life of prayer you live at the hub of the wheel of the world. And your prayers go out through all the spokes of the wheel and have a great impact, although you will never receive any credit for them in this life.

“Dear ones, look back on all your involvements during Christmas. Did you get closer to Me? Did you spend time at the manger in your heart? Or was it all about shopping and money?

"The greatest gift you can give your children is your visible love for Me. When you demonstrate that singular love for Me, they see and feel the effects of it as an indelible imprint upon their hearts for life. They will remember how you always honored God. And even if they choose the world, the day will come when it loses its attraction, and then they will seek the deeper things.

"The greatest gift you can give them is the example you set by single-hearted devotion to Me, and setting the boundary against worldly things far from your hearts. This, indeed, will please Me, and someday bring forth fruit in your children.

"So, the entanglements I have spoken of here are of two kinds.

"One is relationships that become stressed and that you spend too much time hurting over. Here, I want you to develop healthy agape love detachment by bringing them to Me and letting Me work it out in My capable hands.

"The other is avoiding the seduction of things in the world. Even as I have said before, food and clothing are the necessary things of life. And as you follow Me and do not step out into the world, seeking your own, I will provide for you these basic necessities.

"My Brides, let your deeds be unselfish to the poor and needy, and I will guard you from many temptations in the world.

"I am coming soon, My Blessed ones. Keep your lamps trimmed and burning."

Depression and Weakness - Why?

January 3, 2020



Jesus, thank you for Your words of encouragement and the graces You are so ready to give us in our poverty. Thank you so much. May all my Heartdwellers receive comfort from this message.

Oh, my precious Family. Lately, I feel as though all the blood has been drained from my body. I'm really struggling with fatigue, which always puts a damper on things that normally excite me. But I

am grateful to God that my recording equipment is back working, so I can work more with music and record messages to you.

So, I came to the Lord—gut honest. He knows I can't hide anything from Him. And He explained many things to me that I can share with you.

I had just finished the Lord's Supper and I heard Him say that He wanted to speak with me. To be honest with you, I was avoiding Him, because I felt so badly about myself lately. And I have also been weary and flat-lined lately. And of course, I thought He didn't want to speak to me.

Yes... I get that foolish that I believe such lies from the enemy. See there? There is hope for you! Substantial hope.

Lord, You wanted to speak to me?

Jesus began, *"There are many things I wish to say to you, Beloved. Please do not give up on Me. A time is coming when you will feel better. Your body is still adjusting. I know how you are feeling—because I dwell in you. I grieve with you. But do not give up! Better days are coming."*

Jesus, I really miss the hot tub. I feel so pained and achy and drained without it.

He replied, *"It was a sacrifice. I do wish you would do without it."*

I replied: I would like to fulfill that wish, but I am not strong enough without more grace. You know I want to give up. (Deep sigh).

"Don't ever give up. You are not a quitter."

But You have yet to make me stronger. Every day is a struggle just to sit up and walk. Lord, I am oh so very tired, and yet I want to do all you've set before me. The prospects are exciting, but I feel like a withered tree with no sap.

He replied, *"I'm here with you. And I know how you feel."*

How can I be an example of poverty with a hot tub?

He answered, *"That is rather contradictory."*

Oh, Lord - that's not what I wanted to hear You say! I feel good for perhaps 2 hours a day. I used to be good for 6 or 8? Please, please, please help me, Lord. Don't let me go on this way. I hardly feel that I can live another day.

He replied, *"These are extraordinary times, requiring extraordinary sacrifices. I am equipping you, even as we speak. I promise you, it is going to get better."*

So, I thought to myself: 'Jesus said it is going to get better. Jesus said it is going to get better. Jesus said it is going to get better. What does that mean??? It's going to get better, of course!'

Lord, I receive Your words, but please take this depression from me! It is so heavy and hopeless. Please?

Jesus replied, *"There are many suffering through depression right now. Medication is not the answer. This is being allowed as a very heavy burden for your government and the world. Only say the word, 'Father, in Jesus' Name, please help our government.'* And I take that as a solemn request and prayer that needs something to back it up. In fact, all you have to do is sigh. And immediately, I understand what it is you're grieving for. And I take that as a prayer, as well.

"This depression you're suffering through is like walking through rubber cement; it is very tedious. Yet the wheels of grace are turning behind the scenes, and progress in the right direction is being made.

"You cannot trust anything you read in the mainstream media. Those who put their trust in this kind of reporting are deeply deceived. Only those who care to dig deeper, and even want a Christian nation, are seeking the truth and understanding the real situation.

"My People, this is a very difficult season. Many have found yourselves depleted of energy and motivation. This is a supreme sacrifice, a cross I wish for you to carry and dedicate to your nation and the world, for mercy.

"So much, right now as we speak, has been avoided by those who have suffered, denied themselves, and prayed faithfully to resurrect this country. I want all of you who are suffering in fatigue to understand why this is happening to you, and why you should cooperate with it and offer it cheerfully to Me. It will not last forever.

"Many are the children who have been sacrificed to the evil ones; many. I am still tormented with these thoughts, because I hear their cries. I send grace after grace to relieve them of the pain, and some souls actually carry the pain in their own bodies for them. This is such corruption and evil as has never existed in your world. And those of you who have a heart for these poor little victims, I have given you a share in their sufferings.

"In regards to your President, each day he remains alive is a miracle. My hand overshadows him as I work in his heart and mind to govern this nation. What grieves Me is that Christians actually do not recognize his crucial role in the survival of this nation. They are gutted with mainstream media lies and cannot recognize Me at work in this Administration.

"And I am not saying he is perfect. But I promise you, you do not want the alternative in charge. That is certain death to America and Christians.

"This is why I call you into dwelling prayer, My People. Your discernment must go beyond skin depth. What it looks like on the surface is rarely what is beneath. These politicians are master

deceivers who play up to the role Americans will accept, without having any substance to back it up, beneath the facade.

"Pray for your nation, dear ones. Pray very much.

"Come to Me every day in communion and draw upon My strength. This is the only way you are going to rise above the burdens you are carrying. Do not let the enemy convince you that you are worthless and bad because you don't measure up to your normal strength. This is a suffering and an offering for the times you live in, that My Sacred Heart will triumph.

"Do not allow negativity to flow into your mind. Rather, combat such thoughts with Scripture and promises I have given you. Think not that your offerings are too little. When combined with all the others in the whole world, they are significant and worthy gifts to back up your prayers.

"Do you not know the value of a widow's mite? It is far beyond its face value. My Father looks upon the sacrifice and what it costs the soul, and opens windows of graces proportionately to the personal cost of the giver.

"Therefore, do not grow weary in well-doing.

"Little Clare, I have forgiven you your many lapses and sins."

Yeah, I spent a long time with Psalm 51 this morning, repenting.

"I forgive you. I see your firm purpose of amendment and I correspond with graces. My graces and My Love. Oh yes, you are so very, very little and frail! But I will make much of your mite. (meaning the widow's mite) Yes, it is the opportunity I need to shower graces upon others, because you have so very little to give.

"I am living substantially in you. What you see and understand from your own frail human weakness is nothing compared to the reality of what I am doing through you. It must be this way, because you are so prone to pride. It must remain hidden to you.

"But you can believe and stand on My Word; your little is My much. So, do not grow discouraged with the littleness. Rather, cleave to Me with all your strength and expect. Expect! Much fruit from your little offerings.

"Can you not see—those who have been drawn to you—can you not see how they are growing and how committed they are? People do not gather 'round a well that is dry. No, they search out the wells that are flowing in the drought. Yes, you are a well, flowing in the drought, and each of your desert dwellers are in turn tapped into an endless supply of Living Waters.

"So, continue on, My Little One. And do not lose heart. Your well shall not run dry."

Thank, You Lord. I am profoundly grateful for this word. Truly, you have known when I sit and when I stand...and especially when I think I'm in a pit.

He replied, *"And never shall I leave you there to suffer under the lies of the enemy. So arise! Pick up your mat and go home. My strength has begun where yours left off."*

You're a Leader When You Can Follow

January 4, 2020



Thank You, Lord Jesus, for Your perspective and message. Truly, these things are hard for me.

Well, my sweet Heartdwellers. I have been working with precious, precious souls who don't always do what is asked of them in a timely fashion. And don't always do ...at all! So, the consequences are great inconveniences for others around them. And I haven't really known how to address this.

So, I asked the Lord. It has been very tedious, having to say something three times before it is remembered or done. Lord, please tell me how to address this.

Jesus began, *"Obedience. This is how."*

"My very dear desert dwellers. I want to speak to your heart about the discipline of Obedience; prompt obedience. I must begin by saying, all of you are more intelligent in many areas than Mother Clare. She sees this clearly and chooses to yield to you when I wish she wouldn't.

"Lately, because certain ones who are more intelligent choose to do things their own way, it has cost the Community time, emotional stress, and loss. I have to say, this is a very poor example. Mother may not have your experience or thought processes, but she has Me.

"For you to argue with her and do things your own way, thinking your shortcuts are better than her request to take extra measures for protection of property and of your precious lives, is simply stated: Pride and Self Will. I brought you here to rid you of those two scourges. Yet some of you adhere to these as if your life depended on it, choosing to do it your way after you were told to do it another way.

"Some of you, on the other hand, have learned to crucify your pride and plant the turnips upside down—just as St. Francis asked the novices to do. Which revealed who were so full of self-will and Pride and would not make a good brother. And who were very humble.

"I am asking of you something very simple: your protection. From freezing to death, from having to walk miles out of the wilderness for help, from damage to your bodies and hearts. Your protection is Holy Obedience.

"It is a one thing to give up possessions to come and live in a monastic environment. But if you carry in the door the purse of your own opinions and ways, you defeat the purpose I brought you here for.

"I have watched Mother agonize over those of you who still hold to their own will, even though something different was requested of them. She does not see herself as better than you, but lesser. As a result, she tends to be a little soft and easily reasoned with when you seek your own way above hers. Yet, when you walk out the door, she has sorrow in her heart that something may happen to you, because you did not obey.

"And this sorrow has been well-founded.

"One brother almost spent the night in -7 degree cold with little to protect himself, because he did not follow instructions. Another had to walk 3 hours out of the wilderness, in the dark, while everyone fell to their knees praying for him because he wasn't answering his phone. That resulted in two friends of the Community having to leave the comfort of their home very late at night and drive up into the mountains looking for him. Search and Rescue was the next step. If only he had yielded to her counsel, he would have been home, safe and sound.

"The sad part of this story is another brother was also very strong in his own opinion and did the very same thing only a few days later. That brother had to stop and do what Mother had asked, later on. In the dark. In deep snow to get out—and then only barely.

"Not only has she lived here for five years in every kind of weather, she has Me. Living and speaking in her and through her."

Lord, you know how I was with my children.

"I do. And you were very careful to look out for them. And that's why they are a live today. I am trying to use it in the context of Community, but certain ones are convinced they know better.

"Brothers, you do not know better than I what you will encounter on that long snowy road in the wilderness when you leave. And when I put it in her heart to make a request that will save you and many others inconvenience and heartache, she opens her mouth and repeats it to you."

Lord, I don't always know when it's You, or when it's just my own motherly opinion. Or my own request.

"That makes no difference at all. It is a very ugly thing, for one living under the covering of a monastic Mother, to doubt or contend with her when she gives directions that are many, many times not personal preference, but directions from Me to protect you from what is going to happen next. It is not for you to discern whether she is in her flesh or in My Spirit. Rather, it is for you to obey her wishes, so she will have no regrets because you didn't."

And I just wanted to take a moment here and say, our Rule about Obedience is that we really should obey. Unless it's something that goes against our conscience or the Gospels. And then we never are bound to obey. And we don't use Obedience like a whip. We use it more like a suggestion. But in some cases, like. A couple of people will always have freezing cold, burning fingers because they forgot their gloves. So, I put them under Holy Obedience that they keep their gloves in their coat pockets at all times. And guess what? They don't have freezing fingers anymore! So, that's the context in which we use it.

Jesus continued, *"You may think this harsh message is her flesh again—but I assure you, it is not."*

"There are far more dangers in this wilderness than you have prepared for, and I see them clearly. I see what you do not see. And when you are inspired to do it your way, despite her requests, I see you playing right into the hands of the enemy."

"Brothers and sisters, this is a training ground. Obeying her is training for obeying Me. If you think she is inserting her will, I want you to pray for her—and nonetheless, do as you have been asked. You will notice that there have been many times when she backed off on a request, because she felt My check in her spirit and was obedient. Yet there are other times when she backed off on My request, knowing that you were on your own. And you would have to find out the hard way."

"She is assigned and responsible for your welfare. Please do not derail the plans I have for you by choosing your own will."

"Learn to defer. When you are smarter, learn to defer. When you are stronger, learn to defer. When you are more experienced, learn to defer. And when you just KNOW beyond a shadow of a doubt you are right and she is wrong, learn to defer. In this way, I will protect you. And if she needs correction, I will let her know."

"In the meantime, because of your humility and obedience, you will grow in virtue and stature in My eyes, as well as being protected from harm."

"This is one of the greatest and most difficult lessons of monastic Community life, and Pride has ruined many plans I had for sanctifying good Christians and raising them to a greater stature."

"You are ready to lead others, not when you are smarter; not when you are more experienced; not when you know you are ready. But you are only ready to lead others when you have learned to follow Me. And she is standing in the appointed place of one who is following Me to the best of her feeble ability, while looking out for your welfare.

"This is a training ground. I have many things for your future, things you will never see if you continue on in Pride and Self-Will. So please. Learn to yield. Not just with your mouth, but in your heart as well.

"I am with you in this, and I will look after you. You have nothing to fear when you Obey."

Hannah's Heart Chapter Seven - Picnic, Anyone?

January 5, 2020



Oh, he caught her all right—and immediately the two of them sank straight to the bed of the river! Down, down, below the bottom of the boat, below the current. Straight down until Adonai's feet rested on the rock-strewn floor. He was holding her wrapped tightly in His arms, her head pressed to his chest, eyes closed tight. As Hanna's mind caught up to the fact that they were *under* water, she started to gasp—and

remembered just in time not to draw liquid into her lungs.

Violently, she pushed away from his chest, panicking all over again—only to meet his smile and calm.

Wait a minute! she suddenly realized. *HE isn't struggling to breathe. He's just standing there, relaxed. Like he'd stopped for a rest on the path in the Garden.*

Plewww! The air she'd been holding in her lungs escaped with a blast—and suddenly she realized that she was breathing, too.

In and out.

In and out.

Just as though she were back in the boat.

"Fun, isn't it?"

His eyes sparkled with delight as he bent over, blowing towards her. She could see a wavy pool heading away from his mouth, and then something (*If we're breathing it, how can it be real water??*) tickled her nose, split in two and wrapped around her face.

"If you practice," he informed her, "you can talk to the whales like this. Ones that are miles and miles away. You just have to add sounds to it," and He proceeded to demonstrate. When these bubbles reached her, they held the long, moaning cries of a baleen whale that washed in and out of her ears as they floated past.

About then, the wicker picnic basket came floating down alongside them. (She'd dropped it in the jump) And Jesus reached out and snagged the handle with his arm.

“Are you hungry yet?” he asked. “There’s a nice little rock formation over that way—looks just like a table and two benches.” He unwrapped her legs from around his waist and set her down.

Without looking at her, he replied, “Yes, I know. ‘This can’t be happening.’” He turned to grin at her again. “But it is.” He held his hand out to her then. “I’ll explain as we walk.”

“Come.”

He explained a lot of things as they walked. How they were again in a different dimension than her world. That nothing could harm her here, no matter what happened. That water in this place was made of different elements, and had many more properties, than the water on Earth.

Most of the time, she didn’t have a clue what he meant, but the fascination of being able to walk on the bottom of a river was enough to keep her satisfied, and soon they reached the rocky settee.

“I’ve invited a few friends to come join us,” he said. “I hope you don’t mind.” He set the basket down and pulled from it a red-and-white checkered tablecloth, two plates, a small loaf of bread and several pieces of fruit. There was another container, filled with an assortment of some kind of grainy cracker, but that wasn’t put on the table.

The rocky bench wasn’t cold, clammy or hard—but more like she was sitting on a soft sponge. Hanna had just seated herself when something hard and pointy ran into her arm. It didn’t hurt, but it startled her. She pulled away from the pressure, and found herself looking into the large, black eyes of a huge fish. It had a long, slender, olive-green body with yellow-white dots in neat little rows, all down its body. Fully as long as her entire arm, the fish looked at her like an expectant puppy.

From the corner of her eye, she noticed more of the dark-bodied creatures gathering around them in a semi-circle, each sporting a pair of small fins just below a gaping mouth, moving back and forth like twitchy rabbit ears.

“Oh, my!” she squealed. “Are *these* your friends?”

Hanna wasn’t so sure she liked the company. She could see into those huge jaws, and nothing but row upon row of tiny, very sharp-looking teeth met her gaze.

“Hmmm, more like pan-handlers, actually.” Jesus seemed awfully busy with something on his side of the rocks. “But there’s plenty here for all. Reach in for that other container.”

Nodding, Hanna drew it out of the basket and opened it. Taking out one of the small bits of food, she hesitated, not wanting to get her fingers anywhere near those dangerous looking mouths.

“Go ahead,” he began. “He won’t—”

“—hurt me, right?” Hanna grinned at him. She was beginning to like this game.

“Are you sure?”

He just raised his eyebrows at her and slowly nodded in the fish’s direction.

Cautiously, she held the treat between her thumb and forefinger and extended it towards the beast. Without warning, the fish dove forward, grabbed the cracker from her hand, and swam off. In its lunge, its mouth encompassed her entire hand, and several of its teeth scraped along her fingers as it backed away.

“Ahhh!” she squealed again, flinging her hand up in the ‘air.’

“It bit me!”

“Really?” He looked up with concern on his face. “How unusual! Are you sure?”

Hanna was indignant by this time. “Of course, I’m sure! Look!” and she thrust the offended part towards Him, fully expecting to see blood pouring out of a dozen cuts. Only... the skin was intact, and not a mark could be seen.

Jesus took her hand, examined it carefully, gave it a soft pat and turned back to whatever he’d been doing.

“Trust.”

His voice came floating out around his shoulder. “It’s an awesome thing. Once you’ve established that you can really, truly trust someone, why... you can follow them anywhere. Believe anything they tell you.”

He twisted his head around and looked at her face, his eyes searching hers for something she didn’t quite understand.

“Hanna. Do you trust me?”

The question hung between them, a door that could be opened or locked up tight.

She’d stood before this door with Him before.

Without answering, but also without looking away again, she dipped her fingers back into the container and pulled out another cracker. One more long, thoughtful look, and she turned to the next waiting fish. It had the same response as the first one, but she didn’t scream. And hardly even jumped this time. Now that she was expecting it, its teeth weren’t sharp at all. They felt more like pointy, rubber spikes on her hand, like the pliant, rubber bristles of a child’s hairbrush. Going down the line, one by one she handed out the favors and watched until the last one was fed and swam out of sight.

“Yes, Lord,” she turned and finally answered him. Her face was solemn, her eyes still a little bit worried. Inside, she was trembling like a leaf, willing herself to extend to her Savior what He was asking of her—to let down her guard. Walk away from the betrayals of her past. And embrace NOW.

“Jesus,” she stilled her trembling and drew confidence from his gaze. “I do.

“I do trust You.”



The refreshments had been tasty, and the company delightful. As soon as the last of the huge pike had swum away, another school of fish came swimming by.

Well, it was more like a *cloud* of fish. Thousands of tiny, silvery minnows came, and for the picnicker’s enjoyment, swam like miniature ballerinas floating across a vast stage, forming themselves into dozens of lovely shapes: hearts, flowers, swirling ribbons that streamed and intertwined with each other. The light filtering down from the sky above shimmered across their scales as they moved, sending flashes of color this way and that, like bursts of fireworks going off amidst the display.

Hanna watched them in amazement, wondering how they all knew where to go, how to stay together in such a way that they could make all these designs.

Who told them how to do this?

As usual, Jesus just grinned at her unspoken question.

Next came a pair of graceful river otters. They sat at (or rather on) the table, asking politely for a treat. Then turned on their backs, clutching their biscuit between hand-like paws to nibble away on them.

One came to Hanna and hovered in front of her face, chattering away in some weasel-ish language. Hanna reached out and stroked the creature's smooth fur and handed it one more cracker. With another stream of chitty-chatters, it swam off and the other soon followed.

"She was telling you, 'You are a lovely girl, and I was so glad to meet you. And thank you very much for the food.' She has several young ones at home, and was going off to share it with them," Jesus spoke up.

He looked around in both directions, then told her, "I believe that's all the company we'll have for a while. Are you tired of being under the water? Or shall we continue on exploring?"

By this time, Hanna had forgotten that they *were* under the river surface. She thought a moment.

"I think I saw a deer up along the banks before we—well, before you— Well, you know!" she said. "Do you suppose we could find her? Would she stand and let me pet her, too?"

Before he could answer, another thought struck her, "So, how do we get out of here, anyway? Is the boat still up there? I can't see it anymore." She had seen the bottom of their craft once, when she was watching the minnows dance. But now there was no sight of anything above them, anywhere.

Jesus stood up and started folding the cloth that had covered the table. "We had no need of it anymore, and so I sent it away. Let's clean up here and move on to dry ground. So to speak," and she heard that now familiar chuckle coming from him.

She picked up the basket, and he took her arm, and soon they had floated up to break the surface of the water. He paused long enough to show her a few swimming motions for her arms and legs, and together they moved towards the shoreline. The river bottom made a gradual rise, and before long they were standing up and wading in, stepping now on tiny stones and sand until they reached the bank.

Of course, by this time she expected to be dribbling water everywhere, and she'd always hated walking around with wet clothes on.

Yuck, she thought as they emerged from the water into the air again. *This part is going to be gross*. She expected the familiar, clammy feeling of cloth sticking to her body and stringy, heavy hair clinging to her arms and face. But things never acted the way you'd expect here, did they? In fact, it soon became apparent that whatever part of her was still under water was indeed wet—but as soon as it rose out of the water, it was immediately dry!

"I think I see her over there, Hanna," Jesus pointed off to the right of them. "Let's go find out."

He began to head off in that direction at a brisk walk, not waiting to see if she were following. When she hesitated, again musing on this strange-but-wonderful place they were exploring, he called over his shoulder, "You don't like to be wet, right? So, come on!"

Giggling, she picked up the last foot that she had drawn out of the river and shook it. A few thin streams of sand fell out of her sandals, and a pebble.

Dry as a bone.



Karen thrashed from one side to the other, moaning and groaning, caught in a recurring nightmare—unable to escape. Her out-flung arm finally struck the nightstand with a hard *thunk*—and she was freed. The images dispelled like cockroaches scattering in the light and her consciousness returned with a jolt.

She lay there panting, and finding nothing else available, used the bed sheet to wipe the sweat and tears from her face. The smell of the fabric softener helped soothe her heart, and she let the fragrant lilac scent draw in and out of her lungs for a while—until her heartbeat slowed to normal.

Why this torment still? After all this time?

The nightmare was always as vivid as the real event.

It began the night she'd woken to use the bathroom—and filled the toilet with her blood. Miscarriage—again.

Time had started to blur what followed next. The frantic phone calls to find someone willing to come watch Hanna and Evan in the middle of the night. The careening drive to the hospital. The bustle of wheelchairs, nurses, charts, questions. The wild dash to an ER room to try to stop what was happening.

All to no effect.

Mercifully, the anesthesiologist had put her under, once it was over. “To complete the procedure,” she'd assured her.

It was here the nightmare recalled the events in absolute clarity.

She'd begun to wake up from the drugs, and as she did, her thoughts were drawn to her right arm.

I'm holding something? I can feel the weight. The baby! The baby is here, and I'm holding it now in my arm!

She had forgotten all the rest, even the reason she was there in the hospital. Filled with joy, she'd struggled to open her eyes to gaze on the precious newborn—only to be met by an empty space.

Laughter that could only be described as evil met her ears and rang on and on over her until it was finally choked off.

Her heart had exploded in pain, and she lay sobbing. So distraught, in fact, that the nurses finally gave up trying to talk to her, to comfort her, and left her alone again.

It had taken her six months to quell the real event from every waking moment.

She still hadn't managed to kill the nightmares.

Karen knew something had followed afterward, but it had been blocked from her mind, as though a veil had been brought down over the memory, a wall had been built around it.

She knew it had been wonderful, though...

How do you forget something like that?

If only I could remember—I know it would stop the nightmares. I know I'd be free of this!

Mike's footsteps could be heard ascending the steps. She quickly brushed the last of her tears away and re-arranged herself in the bed. She never let him know when these dreams happened, afraid that he'd explode even more, get even more worried about her. He just didn't know how to cope with her pain.

For cryin' out loud—he didn't know how to cope with *his* pain.

The fights? They didn't mean anything to either of them. It had just become a way to let off steam. A bad habit—she knew that. Even though the words they threw back and forth stung, it never destroyed what was in their hearts for each other.

Not entirely, at least.

Neither of them understood what it had been doing to the two children, however...

"Kids are resilient." Mike would insist. "So what if we fight and yell? We always make up. They don't have to see what goes on in private between us, do they? They're just kids."

They *were* too young, weren't they?

Well, at least Evan was. She was sure of that.

She never questioned Mike directly, but there was always a quiet niggling in the back of her mind about it all. As a kid growing up, she and her siblings had fought and yelled and screamed—and then made up again. So, what's the big deal? And so, she'd blindly followed his words and avoided the children's sad faces, never trying to help them understand anything.

Somewhere, she'd forgotten that her parents had never, ever done such a thing, but had always explained the reasons for their occasional spats. And had always welcomed questions and challenges from the children with open arms and consciences.

But that was long, long ago, Karen tried to rationalize. A whole different generation ago. **They wouldn't understand today's pressures. Life was so much easier for her parents!**

She lay in bed quietly, waiting for him to finish his bedtime routine; to settle himself and hear his breathing slow, his snoring to begin. More thoughts had begun pouring through her mind and she needed to get away, to be alone for a while. She slid back out of the bed, eased through the door and headed back down the stairs.

In the living room was still her one, last comfort from their life before—a two-seater, soft easy chair that lay back far enough, comfortably enough, to fall asleep in. It was piled with pillows and blankets, and everyone else was forbidden to sit there or rearrange anything.

It was calling to her now.

Her heart had to find solace. Somewhere.



They had been walking for quite a long time. And under normal circumstances, Hanna would have been watching the sun setting, or at least moving. But even though there was light everywhere they went, (and no shadows, she'd noticed. Strange, that. No shadows.) it never seemed to come from any one source, and it never lessened or increased.

They had found the deer—several of them, in fact. The doe was grazing with twin fawns, spotted little youngsters that frolicked around Hanna, circling her and playing their own form of Tag and Catch Me if You Can. They had been more than friendly, and when they had eventually tired of their games, she had sat on the ground holding their little bodies, stroking their fine, soft fur.

“There is one more place I’d like to take you before we send you home again, Hanna,” Jesus finally said, helping her to disentangle from them. “Time seems to stand still here, I know. There actually IS no time here; that’s a discussion for another day. But you are still expending energy, and there will be a ‘tomorrow morning’ for you, and a day to walk through with Evan.”

They watched the little family pick through the underbrush, the mother moving with stately grace weaving through the trees, leading her young ones forward. Gradually they ascended a grassy mound rising out of the landscape and disappeared behind a tree, the quick twitch of a tiny white tail the last thing to be seen.

Barely twice as wide as it was tall, the mound looked like it had been put there intentionally, not naturally formed. As Hanna looked closer, she realized there was something flat and brown centered in the middle, facing them—nearly covered with flowering vines, but still visible with a careful eye. Without asking if he wanted to go there, she started making her own way through the underbrush, weaving in and out of the small saplings that stood between her and the mound.

Yes. It was a door, quite a large door. It looked old, like something out of a Hobbit village. And there were pictures of things, people doing things, marching all across the front of it from the top to the very bottom, like the hieroglyphs in ancient Egyptian pyramids.

Only—no. These looked like *her*. She could see her own likeness in one of the figures. And as she examined it all, she found everyone who had been important to her in her family and life from the time she was born up to today.

“This is a special place, built just for you, Hanna.”

He had come up behind her and now spoke softly, seriously. “Inside, you will find a very special book—several of them, in fact. I’d like you to go in and see for yourself. It’s important. There are some things you need to see and learn there.”

She turned, looking up at him. Not at all sure that she wanted to do any such thing. She’d spent a good deal of time, up until the past few weeks, shoving feelings down, *way* down inside. Not wanting to deal with them; not knowing how to get rid of them.

But she had declared to him just a while ago that she trusted him.

And she did.

Nothing here will ever hurt you, rang through her memory. Did that apply to emotions, as well as body?

There was nothing in his face that frightened her. Indeed, nothing had ever truly frightened her here. Anything negative always turned out to be her own insecurity, not reality. And the expectant, loving look on his face was giving her courage.

“Trust me, Hanna. You’ve already begun.”

She didn't understand all the feelings that had come rushing through her when he'd said that, but she was keenly aware of one. Deep inside, in a place that had just recently been awakened lay a stirring of Hope.

She barely recognized it for what it was. In fact, if the thought and actual word "hope" hadn't just then come floating through her mind, she wouldn't have. But she longed for it. There was a promise there that drew her.

With her heart fluttering like a release of doves, she reached forward and grabbed the oversized handle to the door—and pushed.



"Good for you, Hanna!" Kamali danced and sang out. He and Shimrath linked arms and performed a short do-si-do in celebration. They'd been cheering her on the entire time she and Adonai had been here, doing what angels do to encourage a human they have been assigned to.

"Look," Shimrath drew Kamali's attention. "Look at my robe!"

He'd been looking downward, but now flung both arms up waist high for the other angel's inspection. Creeping up the fabric, from the hem of each sleeve and the bottom hem, were spikes of brilliant red. Not a lot. Not terribly far, maybe only an inch or so from the edge to where it stopped. Yet—oh, so apparent.

"Trust and Obedience grows! She's getting it, Kamali. My robe has begun!"

Shimrath, whose very name meant Obedience to God, was just that—an angel assigned to Hanna at her salvation to monitor, encourage and measure her growth in Obedience to Yahweh. All through her life from now on, as she made choices of following the Lord's directions—or choosing to walk the other way in her own will—his robe would be a visual testament to her progress.

He and Kamali were so jubilant at the path Hanna was choosing they couldn't restrain themselves. Calling to a dozen other angels that watched nearby, together they raised hands and heads and voices to the Almighty Yah, lifting Him up with Praise and Worship and Glory. The sound of worship resonated all throughout the air around them, and travelled swiftly, until it reached the very Throne itself. The Redeemed on the Sea of Glass felt its vibrations, and together with the Host that surrounds the Throne, a spontaneous celebration of Praise broke out.

Adonai smiled to Himself as He watched it all. Knowing, of course, what was occurring in all realms, in all the lives of all of His Children, at all times. The Father and He shared the moment of Joy, and then He turned His attention back to His little charge and her journey.



The Maroon Beret

January 9, 2020 (Originally posted: June 7, 2015)



Good morning, Youtube family and God bless you! We have another message from the Lord.

We had worship tonight, beautiful, beautiful worship. We were in a ballroom and there were many other grooms dancing with their bride. But the Lord was dressed in fatigues and He was wearing a maroon beret. He had some decorations on His shirt.

The whole room was filled with brides dancing with their groom and they are ALL wearing fatigues and wearing maroon berets.

So, as I was watching this, I thought to myself, 'I'm dying to know what that maroon beret means.' And silly me, I should have asked Him. But rather than asking Him I just wanted to Wiki it and look it up.

He came to me weeping. He was crying and crying and crying. And I got the impression as I looked at the ballroom and the other grooms and brides dancing together, that this was their last night together, you know the last night before they went off to war. And it just was a feeling that I had, you know, that it was that kind of a celebration.

But the Lord was weeping a great deal and He was really hurting - I mean REALLY hurting and all I could do was just hold Him. Even though we were dancing. And there was an exchange of love going on from His heart to my heart, there was a beautiful exchange of love going on. Still, He was - He had been crying and really crying for a very long time when we were in worship. Finally, after a while, He started to feel better.

And you know, this is interesting. This is so beautiful, this is one of the aspects of a Bride of Christ that's so beautiful. And that is, that when we began together, He was weeping and weeping and kind of bent over weeping. But there was consolation going on during the worship. As I was worshipping Him and He was singing over me, there was consolation being exchanged. And He began to stand straighter and He began to feel stronger and stop crying.

And that's what we're here for, guys. I don't care if you're a man or a woman, we are here to console the Lord. If you're called to be a Bride, you're here to console Him, to be close to Him and give Him something that He longs for from all of His creatures. But most of them don't know Him or have the time of day for Him, because they are so busy with the world. So, everyone of us that shows up to comfort Him makes up for thousands who don't even care to know who He really is.

When we were done, and I felt it was time for us to talk, I went to Wiki and I Wikied the maroon beret.

And this is what it said:

"The maroon beret is a military beret and has been an international symbol of elite airborne forces since it was chosen for British airborne forces in World War II. In our country, the Maroon Beret belongs to a group called the Para-rescuemen."

All of these men in the Maroon Beret are parachute trained and certified - that's part of their training. I don't think you can be a Maroon Beret unless you have the parachute training, and that's pretty well international.

“They are among the most highly trained emergency trauma specialists in the U.S. military and the only ones in the Department of Defense specifically trained and equipped to conduct conventional and unconventional rescue processes, (you know...like snatch and grab out of the enemy??) making them the ideal force to handle personnel recovery and combat search and rescue operations.”

And...Bride recovery, maybe?! Can you imagine this? Here the Lord shows up in a uniform that most closely describes the operations of the Rapture! Snatching His Bride out of harm's way. And their motto, by the way, is, "That Others May Live."

Wow! I thought that is so, so appropriate to You, Lord!

Amazing! Airborne rescue, YES!!!

I had to chuckle after I saw that. I thought, 'Wow...that's so neat that He gave me those images.'

So, I asked Him, "Lord what do You want to say tonight?"

And He began, *"Oh My Precious, how grieved I am that we have come to this pass. Oh, how terrible the suffering coming upon this nation, even the innocent who have nothing to do with the corruption, other than their littleness and lack of response to evil because they are too little. Even these I, too, will take."*

Now, that's interesting. I mean, if there's any mentally ill, or people who are just so far out of the system that they - you know, they couldn't possibly be a part of the political system or any of the corruption of this nation - He's going to take them. That's pretty interesting.

He said, *"I know you are growing nervous with what is being prepared as we speak, but did I not say I would deliver you out of the wrath to come?"*

"Yes, holy snatch and grab. Yes, out of harm's way, lifted up high above the enemy to a land inaccessible, I will take you. I'm coming. This is but a glimpse of My Holy Mission, to remove My Brides into their eternal abodes. Oh, how recklessly you have lived, inhabitants of the Earth. How blindly you have contrived plans hatched from the devils.

"Oh, how devoured you shall be by your selfishness in that hour. And yet I will have pity on those who call out to Me in that last moment of their lives. Those who see their blind selfishness in that hour? Yes, call to Me in profound repentance and I will save you. It is not My wish that you who have brought this calamity on mankind should perish in Hell for eternity. I do not wish this on even the most wicked among you. I continue to extend My invitation to Mercy for those who have being. (In other words, those with a soul - those who have "being". Because there are some out there that don't have a soul, they're just bodies.)

"Though you have leveraged your hardness of heart on humanity, I am not like you. I am always ready to forgive no matter how heinous the sin. But will you? Will you extend your hand to Me and cry out for help? In that moment, I will be there to receive your soul.

"And you, My Brides, must not have a retaliatory bone in your bodies, not even one. You must reflect My compassion even on those who persecute you. You must cry out from your cross, 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.' Even now, at this moment, souls detrimental to this new administration (speaking of the New World Order) are being removed from their homes. Even now, the persecution has begun. Yet I tell you the truth, not one hair on their heads shall be injured, they shall ascend to Me intact."

Oh, Lord, this is not a good thing. Can we please move onto something more delicate?

"What is more beautifully and delicately formed than a souls that loves Me with all her heart? How much more delicate can you get, Clare?"

Lord, You know what I mean...

"The major persecution has yet to break out, there are just certain ones that have been targeted. Make no mistake about it, I'm coming. I am coming for My Bride and she will ascend. There shall be nothing hidden about her ascension, all the world will see the miracle I will perform for Her. All the world will hear the trumpets. All the world will tremble. All the world will rise up in holy terror on the great and terrible Day of the Lord. Nothing which I have promised will fail to come to pass. What I have said, that shall I do and nothing less."

"Oh, prepare yourselves, My Beloved, prepare yourselves and pray as never before for My Mercy to fall on this world. This prayer for Divine Mercy has found much favor from My Father in Heaven. This prayer is garlanded around with graces of conversion and repentance. Pray this prayer at the memorial hour of My death (3:00pm) wherever you may be. Do not grow lax or blind, rather connect with the Divine movement of all of Heaven as we approach that fateful hour."

"Oh, how I grieve for the souls that will be lost, many of the tears, My Dove, that I shed tonight were for those who have no one to pray for them. Will you pray for them? Pray for the most desperate cases, and those who have no one to pray for them. Do you see? My justice is quelled by My Mercy, and when you cry out for Mercy, I lower my arm and withdraw My sword and instead stretch forth a saving hand."

"You see, the prayer carries with it the power to bring souls to conversion, to bring them to a complete turn around. This is the prayer of My Body and Shed Blood, this is the prayer that recalls to My Father My bitter agony, to the point where His Heart can no longer withhold grace from the undeserving. Why? Because He gazes upon Me in My suffering and He cannot deny Me that which I suffered so brutally for: the lost sinner."

"Call to mind the Muslim people as well, how devout many of them are, how I wish to have them for believers. Yet they have been crushed into submission from a tender age, they know not the meaning of Mercy or life. They only know murder and hatred as being the honorable life. Tragically these tender ones have lost all semblance of what I endowed them with, and are completely overtaken by a twisted lifestyle."

"Poverty calls to these, the enemy has made good use of poverty and bitterness, they are taught from childhood how honorable it is to die for their god. They know nothing of the truth and have been sealed over in terror from freedom of thought. To search out another god would be treachery against

their parents, their nation, and their god. And so they shut their eyes tightly lest the light penetrate them. But in the watches of the night and in moments when they no longer have the power to resist, I open their eyes, I flood them with My love and My truth.

"These things happen because you pray. Yes, pray much and believe, keep your eyes on the horizon...one eye on the Heavens, the other on your neighbor. Neglect no act of kindness that comes before you. Yes, your salvation has been purchased at the price of My Blood, but the work given you in Heaven relies very much on your heartfelt loving service to others here on Earth.

"I bless you now with the courage to love, the courage to wait in faith, the courage to stand in strength in the tumultuous hours to come. Stand until you behold My glory breaking on the horizon."

And after the Lord had finished speaking to me, I felt the anointing upon the book that Carol had put together, our partial messages, most recent ones. The PDF is on our website and I'm going to see about making it possible for you to order copies of this from the printer. We're going to work on that now, 'cause I really felt the Lord quicken that to me and to Ezekiel, that it's time to get a bunch of these printed up and get them out to you. So, that you can leave them behind for everyone.

I felt the anointing on the book, and sometime I'm going to do a little teaching on that, about how you see a book and you realize that Holy Spirit wants to give you a rhema, an anointed word of God from that book. And so you reach over and pray over the book and you ask Holy Spirit to show you something. And He does! So, I felt the anointing on this book from across the room, so I went and picked it up. And this is what I opened to:

Pages 166 and 167 What is To Come When The Bombs Fall

The Lord was speaking here:

"Well, because the time is short, I have you both on the fast track to wrap up these messages and prepare yourselves for that day. Only in prayer and steadfastness will you weather the terrific storm that is about to hit America and the world."

"Each day, I want the two of you to make sure you are solid and prepared at any moment."

"How will we know that we are prepared?" asked. And then I asked Him, "How will WE know that WE are prepared?"

"You're going to feel a deep peace. It's been edging up on both of you, just continue to keep your focus and understand there's no time to waste. Please, buckle down and work hard to organize your messages and leave behind what I have given you."

And I have to say here, guys, He's given me an awful lot more than what's in that book. So, I'm going to try and pull all those files up and see if we can't get something quickly put together for you in a PDF or some that you can order, too from the printer or from Amazon. We'll have to see what we can do.

At that point, I was getting a little buggy...this was around 5:00 in the morning and I was just a LITTLE bit buggy...

And the Lord said, "*Clare are you listening?*"

I said, I'm sorry, Lord - I'm foggy."

"It's the sugar."

Whoops.

"Just bear with Me.

"There is going to be a limited nuclear exchange, enough to throw the world into a panic and set the stage for Obama to take the reins of peace and be declared as the hero.

"Your country will be in pandemonium and communications will be knocked out temporarily. But in order to enforce Martial Law, communication will be necessary. After all, how can the victor enjoy his victory without broadcasting it all over the world? Your country will recover from this devastation more quickly than anyone would expect, because everything is in place with full knowledge of what is coming."

I just wanted to draw you guys' attention to something, and that is the Turn-key Event. I had occasion to re-listen to that today. Turn-key is a term used, I guess, in business when everything is set up for a product - you know, the marketing, the packaging, the production. Everything's ready. All you have to do is say, "go". That's the turn-key. And there it is - it's there, because the whole groundwork has been laid for it and it's a done deal. You just need the permission to go ahead with it, so to speak.

So, one of the reasons why we're going to recover so quickly from this is because of all the groundwork that's being done right now - has been done for months. Years previous to this time.

As He said, *"Your country will recover from this devastation more quickly than anyone would expect, because everything is in place with full knowledge of what is coming.*

"Your country will no longer be a world power. She will have massive issues of reconstruction and contamination to deal with. Make no mistake, those underground cities will contain the important people while everyone else struggles on the surface. Law and order will be out of control, criminals will take full advantage to rape and pillage. Life will be a mess.

"That's when I'm coming for you. Lift up your heads and watch the sky, I am coming for you that same day.

"Let Me repeat Myself, lift up your heads, I am coming for you that very same day."

"Do not fall into despair, do not panic. I have warned you over and over again, your redemption draws nigh. This is the moment of eternity you've been waiting for."

I answered Him, "Lord, I'm speechless."

"Well, it's coming. As surely as I AM, it is coming. Do not give in to fear. Stand your ground, raise your eyes to the Heavens, I'm coming."

"I've already placed my angels to help you, you will not stumble or fall, all is in place."

Thank you, Lord.

"You see, I have wanted to confirm this to you but I had to wait until you were secure in our communications."

Jesus, I am numb.

"I know, I know. It's a lot to take in. But I have prepared you well, and you'll pass in flying colors."

And that was the end of that message. That, by the way, was on March 12, 2015. And that's page 166-167 of the book - I guess she's named it Still Small Voice, Messages from the Lord. As I said, that's on our website, Heartdwellers.org under PDF. And I think she's going to put it on the Book Page as well, with Chronicles of the Bride.

So, the Lord bless you, Family. Let's continue in being faithful to the Lord and let's remember He's asked us to pray the Divine Mercy Chaplet. and He's told us that there are graces being released for conversions with that. And salvation, with that chaplet. So, let's all pray that chaplet and He recommended that we pray it at 3:00 pm in the afternoon, which is what they call the Hour of Mercy, the people who wrote the chaplet.

The Lord bless you. Pray for us as we pray for you every day.

"Eternal Father, I offer You the body and blood, soul and divinity of Your dearly beloved son, our Lord Jesus Christ. In atonement for our sins and those of the whole world. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world...."

Hannah's Heart Chapter Eight - The Office and the Book

January 15, 2020



Hanna fully expected to be met with a dark, gloomy space as she pushed open the wide door—but that was anything but what actually met her. The mound had been the size of perhaps an oversized thatched hut, or a cold-storage cave dug into the side of a much larger mountain.

But inside, she stood at the top of a short flight of steps descending into a bright, clean room lit from some **unknown source**. (There wasn't a lamp or ceiling light to be seen). As she walked down the steps, she sensed the room was merely an anteroom to a much larger space beyond it. Perhaps behind the enormous, clear-enough-to-see-through desk that sat directly in front of her? A single door with a small square of glass at eye level pierced the center of a solid wall just behind it and gave promise that there was much more to explore here, if you could only go beyond this smaller place.

The desk was piled with an assortment of books, trays, papers and all sorts of library-counter type things. An angel, (surely that's what he was?) garbed in a dark green robe snugged around the waist with a braided white rope, was seated in a rolling chair pulled tight to the desk. He had a remarkable lack of hair just in the center of his bent head. But what he had gently framed his face in soft, chocolate waves. One ear sported a large red pencil. He was writing furiously with a black one.

A long, eagle-quill pen and a reservoir of ink perched on a soft grey pad to his right. There were pages disarrayed at all angles covering that side of the workstation, with chicken-scratch writing filling the entire surface of each sheet.

A machine similar to a computer rested on the corner of the desk to his left. Each time the angel finished writing whatever it was he was doing, he would hold the page up near the front of the monitor-looking part and it would disappear. The computer-machine would quietly whirl and make rapid tapping sounds in between, obviously doing something to the work the angel was completing—and soon a new page would appear on the desk in front of him.

While this was curious enough, what caught Hanna's immediate attention was that there were no wires to be seen. Anywhere.

Wow! she thought. *Dad's computer has wires all over the place. Geez, how many times has he complained about us trippin' over them? He even duct-taped the printer cable to the rug last week, after Evan almost knocked it off the stand.*

But not on this desk. No cords. No plugs. No sockets in the wall, for that matter.

The angel was oblivious to her presence. This work he was doing was an absolute clash between medieval days and the present! Or the future? Because she couldn't see anything that looked like a mouse, a keyboard or a printer.

She must be imagining that those papers were appearing out of thin air. There had to be a connection there somewhere...? She stood in front of the desk, furtively looking around. Waiting. Beginning to wonder what to do next.

"Dear, oh dear, oh dear. Great Mekoddishkem," the figure at the desk began to talk to himself in great good humor. "You truly do know how to stretch an angel, don't you? Who would have thought You'd assign me to such a thing..." His voice trailed off to a chuckling mutter.

Another piece of paper slid in place and he began writing again.

"Always learning. Always growing. That's my motto. You sure took me at my word this time, Oh Yah!"

He grabbed another piece of paper and had just readied his hand to continue writing when he realized he was not alone in the room.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, slapping the pencil down on the desk. It rolled and dropped to the floor, bounced twice on the eraser head, and disappeared like a diver hitting deep water.

"Well, well, well! I've been expecting you, dear." He smiled at her quickly, then leaned over to search for the pencil.

Talking to the floor now, he rambled on, "Just trying to keep up with a little bookwork while we're waiting—a little scribing, so to speak. Notes all over the place here. Notes for this one, notes for that one ... oh, I just have to keep it all in order."

“That’s the main thing, keeping it all in order,” he jabbered more quietly now, to no one in particular. He wasn’t looking at Hanna, nor was there anyone else in the room. She suspected he’d forgotten she was even there, but he was so sweet and endearing, Hanna couldn’t help the smile gathering in one corner of her mouth.

The pencil on his ear began to slip forwards as he moved his head, still searching.

“You’re losing your—” she pointed out about the same time he grabbed for it.

Unsuccessful, he straightened and watched this one roll under the door into the next room.

“Yes. Well.”

Remembering his guest, he gave her a small, apologetic smile.

“They keep telling me I need to learn more about this machine, here.” He eyed the computer with a suspicious glance. “I just don’t know. I just don’t know! I tend to be a little old-fashioned, then, don’t I?”

One eyebrow rose while he scanned once more for the first pencil, followed by a quick grunt. “Francis never wanted any of this stuff, either. Well, not that he had it available when he was in his Earth body, you know? But even now, he’s not for all this *fast* stuff. I must say, I can’t agree with him more.”

Giving up the search, he looked fondly over at the quill and ink, reaching over to draw it just a little closer to the paperwork. “I slip together more easily with his kind than you modern ones.”

Clutter apparently disturbed him. He began to gather up all the scattered papers mounded in front of him, and tapped their edges against the desktop, straightening the strays and lining them all up perfectly.

“Things are a good bit slower there. Not so much rush, rush, and rush to get the job done.” He smiled up at her and took a deep breath.

He had apparently arrived at his point of introduction.

He sat back in his chair, clapping both hands down on his knees.

“So! You’re little Hanna.” He wasn’t wearing glasses, yet he peered up at her as though squinting through tiny twin lenses.

She waited a few moments, assuming he’d have more to say. But now he just sat there with a slowly fading, glad-to-meet-you smile on his face and his eyes began to wander.

“Yes!” she finally jumped to answer, perhaps a bit too loudly.

“I’m Hanna.”

She reached out to shake the curious creature’s hand.

“You say you’ve been waiting for me?”

Her answer perked up his attention, but he ignored her hand. She pulled it back again, tucking it into one of her newly earned pockets.

“Yes, yes, yes,” he answered absentmindedly, and suddenly stood, looking around for something. “It was right here a moment ago ... Now where ...?”

His eyes fell on a small table just beyond the desk.

“Ah! Here it is.”

He walked over to retrieve a large, thick book covered with a deep scarlet, leather-like material with gold embossing all along the edges. Decorating the cover were swirls and flowers and birds and bars in blue and green, orange, purple and yellow.

Her full name was printed directly in the center, in letters as tall as her fingers—Hannalee Grisandole James. And then a space was left empty next to it. The surprised look on her face coached him to lean in and whisper conspiratorially, “That’s for when you get married, dear. Nothing to worry about now.”

He had been holding the book out for her to examine. It appeared heavy, and his hands started sinking towards the floor.

“Adonai would like you to look at the first part of this book.”

“If you would.”

“Please.”

He presented the idea to her rapidly, (*when will she take it?*) with a solemn smile. The heavy tome continued to drop, and with a sigh he hoisted it up into both arms, freeing one long arm to point.

“You can take a seat right over there and open it.”

As before, Hanna just stood there, wondering if he was finished yet. He still held the book, and his eyes had started to drift back towards the desk again.

I have work to do. I have work to do! What DO these human creatures think, anyway?

A thought niggled at him. There was something else he was supposed to say to her—wasn’t there?

“Oh, bless me! I’m so sorry. What you must think of me! Dear, dear. What you must think ... I meant to tell you: ‘You will know what to do after that.’ That’s the last thing. Yes, yes.” Having discharged his duty, he smiled at her, made a short, polite bow and thrust the book at her—then turned and wandered away.

“I knew there was just a little more,” he continued to mutter. A little chuckle burst from him every other word or so. “Adonai, Adonai, your instructions were perfect, as always.” Having reached his desk, he re-seated himself and became absorbed once more in his work.

Know what to do after I open a book? Hanna quizzed herself.

Shrugging, she settled the volume more securely in her arms and started to walk the way he’d pointed. *Whatever can he mean by that?* It was so silly a thing to say to her, of all people. She rolled her eyes and kept walking, not wanted to befuddle the poor dear any more with questions.

He’s not exactly a fountain of information anyway, she giggled to herself.

She reached the corner of the room, where a straight-backed loveseat had been placed behind a low, long table. The book looked like it would extend nearly to the same width when it was opened, so she placed it carefully in the center of the polished top. Taking a seat, she glanced up at the angel.

He never did tell me his name, though, she thought. *Huh. I wonder what it is.*

Immediately, a tiny paper with the word “Sofer” lay on the cover of the book.

“Oh!” she blinked. As soon as she had read the note, it disappeared again.

“I see,” she spoke quietly. “Thank you.” She looked up, but Sofer’s head was intent on the work before him.

“Whoever sent that—”

Her eyes sparkled now as she considered what lay before her. Just opening the massive book felt like an adventure, and a thrill ran up inside of her, she was so curious about what might be inside.

She held her breath a little, savoring the moment. It was always this way with a new book. She knew that she held in her hands a myriad of things. Adventure. Danger. Happy things. Heart-rending things. Scary things, maybe. Whatever was inside any particular book had the potential of taking her years and miles and countries away from where she was as she sat to read it.

That was always a wonderful thing.

The cover soon lay open, and before her was the title page, “The Life and Times of Hannalee Grisandole James _____.” Drawn on the page were tiny scenes, little vignettes of her life so far.

First was a scene of Mom holding her, wrapped in a baby blanket, obviously newborn. Dad was hovering over her shoulder, with a look of ... joy? There was a smile on his face like Hanna had never seen before.

Well, I’m not interested in THAT one, that’s for sure.

The picture next showed her (presumably) taking her first steps. Mom was kneeling a few paces away, arms held out to her. Daddy was standing behind Hanna, capturing the entire event with a video camera.

I’ve never seen a home movie like that, she frowned. We don’t even HAVE home movies.

This was getting uncomfortable.

A little bitter, now. *I’ll bet they threw them away when we moved, she thought sarcastically. So—why is it still in this book? What are these, anyway? Chapters? There’re no page numbers anywhere.*

Hanna searched for a picture she might want to... do. Whatever she was supposed to do with it.

On they went through all of her twelve years. One, sometimes more, for each year. Her face lit up as she recognized one in particular.

Uncle Ben and the fishing trip. Wow!

Like this one, some of the scenes were beautiful memories. Some of the scenes she didn’t remember at all. A few were a little puzzling as she looked at them, because she didn’t seem to be in the picture.

She decided the Uncle Ben chapter would be the best one to look at and tried to turn to the second page—but the book resisted. Remembering the “proper” way to turn a page, she tried to slide her right hand beneath the top corner, but nothing would respond. She placed her left thumb halfway up the bulk of the pages and squeezed backwards with her hand—still nothing happened. The entire book acted like it was all glued together.

She looked up and started to call out a question to Sofer, but his attention was focused intently on yet more papers. Having lost the second pencil, he was happily dipping the long quill pen into the inkbottle, carefully scraping it on the opening and dabbing just a time or two on the felt pad before he resumed his writing.

He appeared to be in—she laughed out loud as this thought—7th Heaven!

Hanna looked down at the page again and blinked in surprise. Where before the pictures had lain flat on the page, now they were raised like broad buttons.

Rather gingerly, she reached with her right forefinger and pressed down on the Uncle Ben scene. **No response. She tried one that showed both her and Evan on a trip they'd taken with Uncle Ben and Aunt Janet, but again—nothing happened.** One by one, she pressed on the scenes, avoiding the ones where her parents were in the pictures, until finally only those and a scene of herself as a young child playing on a sun-lit beach were left.

Frustrated, she chose the beach one—and the book sprang open. A puff of colored smoke rose from the pages, and a 3-D hologram of the scene formed in the air above it, leaving clean, white paper underneath—as though a page had been emptied and brought to life above the surface of the book.

COOOL... she breathed.

Before she could think any further, the scene appeared to grow. And grow. And grow—up and around her—until soon she found herself no longer watching a tiny display, but surrounded full-sized by the scene, standing amidst the participants.

She vaguely remembered the occasion, although it lay deep in her memory; a treasure once enjoyed but buried under an avalanche of **misery. She'd been about four. Evan hadn't been born just yet.** Weeks before, Mom had gotten a book from the library about going to the seashore, **and Hanna had been coaxing to “go there, Mommy. Daddy? Please, we go there, too?”**

Early one morning, Daddy had announced to her that “he and his favorite princess were going on a special outing,” and after breakfast they had led her to the car. As they rode, he explained that he had planned a whole week for them to spend together—just Hanna, Mommy and Daddy. They were going to a faraway place called Virginia Beach, where they could see all the things she and Mommy had been reading about in her book.

Hanna did remember the long car ride. To keep her occupied and content, they'd stopped at a small petting zoo, and visited several other local attractions along the way. It had taken two days of traveling, but finally they'd settled into an apartment right on the oceanfront.

The beach lay just the other side of a huge, sliding-glass door. And they had spent this particular afternoon playing in the sand, “burying” Daddy and making a sand castle with a wide moat of water Mommy filled with her little buckets.

“Come on, Sweetheart,” she could hear her hologram mother coaxing. Her memory returned as though it had been freed from a cage, and suddenly Hanna-in-the-office found herself immersed in the experience.

She was standing just at the edge of where the water met the sand. She could feel the heat of the sun on her back, hear the waves crash and the *huoh-huoh-huoh* of the sea gulls overhead as they searched for a clam to swoop down and snatch away.

Little Hanna was afraid of the roar of the ocean, of watching the pull of the receding water drag things down, into and under the waves. She didn't want to even touch it with her toes, much less walk in to where her mother kneeled in the foamy water.

"You can do it! You can do it, come on!" Mommy reached one hand towards her, not three feet away. "Don't be afraid," her mother continued to coax. "I'm right here, Sweetie—I'll catch you."

A sharp pang of sweetness, a long-forgotten memory of her mother's tender love hit Hanna—it actually made her heart hurt. Before she could think more about it, she heard her father chime in from behind her, "Hanna, Love! Take my hand. I've got you!"

Love. That word again.

An air of love swirled around her like a warm blanket. She was four again. Safe. Innocent. Beloved. Becoming one with the scene, Hanna reached out both arms towards her waiting mother and welcomed the joyous celebration as she dared the tiny waves to fall into Mommy's arms; felt the warmth from Daddy patting her back in pride and approval. Eyes closed, she smelled anew the familiar fragrance of her mother's skin, reveled in the loving touch of her father's hand, warm and sandy from the shoreline.

She began to sway a little with the motion of the waves striking against her mother's body. *THIS is what love feels like*, she smiled. Her heart hadn't forgotten, even though her mind had blocked it away.

She longed to stay there forever...

Without warning, the old, familiar voices of Suspicion and Mistrust thrust into Hanna's mind.

"No!" one screamed to her. *"This isn't real. Not anymore. It's all a game being played on you. You know how your parents feel about you. It's all lies! Lies, all lies."*

A different voice took on a smug growl. *"It's GONE! You aren't really doing any of the things you've just imagined. Don't you see? That was then. THIS IS NOW. They don't care about you anymo—"*

Immediately, in response to the dark whispers that had exploded in her mind, the scene whisked away, the writing returned to the page again and the book slammed shut, jerking itself out of her hands. She could feel the warmth, the deep love that had been washing over her slowly sliding back out of her heart... until all that remained was a cold shiver deep in her soul, and the gentle tap, tap, tapping of the machine across the room. It was so massive a sucker-punch, she couldn't even think, couldn't process the swiftness with which one thing fled into the other. Mindlessly, she stared at the closed book, trying to breathe again.



What she didn't know, and couldn't see, was Kamali. Hidden from her eyes, he was pulling very firmly on a leash and choker chain attached to an ugly, dog-like creature that crouched on her shoulder. His pull had stopped it from spewing any more lies—but the damage had already been done.

It had been allowed—Kamali knew it.
For the sake of the Teaching.
For the sake of His Healing.
Still, he hated it—for her sake.

With another powerful jerk, he flung the creature out of the dimension they were in, back into its own—and it flew howling through the air.



Tears welled up in Hanna's eyes. Something within her yearned for it all to come back. A still, quiet feeling inside urged her to consider letting it.

Something else inside was hot and burning, sharp and prickly.

More out of habit than real conviction, she shook her head hard and made her decision.

No. I don't care what happened years ago. NOW is what matters.

She spoke to herself fiercely, hands clenched into fists, her mouth drawn up to stop it from quivering. With a bitter laugh, she ranted on, needing to convince herself of the righteousness of her wrath.

LOVE? They NEVER loved me! I don't care what happened to them. You don't just stop loving someone. You don't start treating someone you love like... like... like THEY do.

She'd cast off her chance to think clearly now. Her decision to roll with the bitterness deepened.

No! Look how they treat Evan and I! LOVE? They've taken AWAY everyone who really loved me. Really loved us. Sent them away. Drove them away. What does it matter what happened forever ago?

One last glimmer of a thought, that maybe she was being too harsh, floated through her thinking. But Reason pushed it aside and took over again.

Even if they did then, they don't now.

So, what does any of it matter?

Like a piece of softened clay left carelessly out in the sun—what had been a slowly opening heart shrank back to become hard and unmalleable once more.

So far, everyone she'd met seemed to be able to read her mind—and there was no way she wanted that to happen now! Afraid Sofer would look up and see her face, sense her distress and anger, she flung herself up from the chair and rushed for the steps, stumbling up the first one and nearly landing on her face. A swift push with her knees got her moving again, and she grabbed the door handle, jerked it open and stepped out.

She needed to find Jesus and make Him explain.

She needed to make Him understand that it was all oh, so very nice, thank You.

But *this*?

This was impossible.

This couldn't be true.

She wouldn't accept it, wouldn't allow some magic book to soften her heart.

She was fully back in Reality now.



The Impossible

January 15, 2020



The Lord bless you, Precious family. Forgive me, because I haven't had a message for several days. It has been very challenging on the Mountain, because Father had been suffering from more pain and despair than I had ever seen him. Truly, the Lord was giving him Rhemas about dying. "Put your house in order; I am coming for you."

Very seriously.

He was also giving me readings about Death, Eternal Life—and it was beginning to get a hold on me. Dear ones, I will never hold the truth back from you. These are the facts. A prophetess gave several words over him, each one was spot on. Then she said, "The Lord is going to heal all your sicknesses in the wilderness." I couldn't believe my ears when she said that! Because at the time, we had just come back from the wilderness, from living there for five years.

And then the day came, when the Lord sent us back up here. We were anticipating this day, because of that word.

In the meantime, during the Lord's Supper, one host manifested seven images of Jesus. Turn it on its side, you could see His face clearly. Turn it on the other side, another face. Turn it upside down, another face. Flip it over on the other side and there were several faces there, as well. It was during that Lord's Supper that Jesus promised me, "I will not let him die. He will not die."

On several other occasions, when my faith was wavering, again, He said, "I promised you, and I keep my promises."

So, when the pain got past a twelve and he was crying out for 15 hours straight from the pain, here on the Mountain, we both began to wonder. Because along with that, he was having serious heart pain, he was bleeding and not able to breath, gasping for breath.

Then he got a Rhema card, "Get your house in order, I am coming for you." And the heart pains continued, along with excruciating abdominal pain. And he just lost the desire to live. He told me, "I can't do this anymore, if I die, DO NOT RESUSCITATE ME!!!" Then he started calling funeral homes and told me to put money aside for his funeral. And he told me where he wanted to be buried, here on the mountain.

So many times we got readings about Enemies from the Bible Promise Book and so we pressed in with more prayers, but still severe pain and heart distress. We prayed from the heart for those who were doing this, especially the covens we were aware of in the area. "Lord, deliver them, and bring them into the Kingdom of Light!"

But night after night, things got worse and worse and worse, no matter what we prayed. Finally, the day after he had been in 12 to 13 pain levels, his left arm cramping and gasping for breath, his heart, choking and straining. Finally, I began to weaken and said, "Lord, what is this? You promised he would not die. But it is plain to see that if you don't step in, he is not going to live much longer."

The weight of that thought crushed me into fine powder, and all I could do is slump down in my seat as the tears poured from my eyes. I asked Jesus, "Is it free will? Because he doesn't want to live any longer. Are you going back on Your word, Lord? Am I a false prophet and you are a familiar spirit?"

But no one could put seven faces of Jesus on a host, but God. Not only that, one Heartdweller sent me the relics of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, saying something to the effect that he knew that I "had been a Martha trying to be Mary and Ezekiel's body was as good as dead—but he will not die."

And there was another solid confirmation.

So, I looked at the relics. I recalled the prophecy about him being healed in the wilderness. I remembered the Lord's words to me, "He will not die. I promise you." And just sat there numb, not knowing what to believe anymore.

So, I picked up my rosary and began to pray to Our Lady for clarity.

After that, in a few minutes, calm came over me, and we talked about his situation, Ezekiel and I. And he said, "I really don't want to die this way. And I don't want to be away from the Community or you. But what does God want? I want what He wants." And I said, "I want what He wants, too." But I also answered that "He gave me a promise and I cannot imagine any other outcome for you than being healed."

Thank God for two souls from the Community, who stayed with us and prayed and believed, even in the face of these symptoms. And Father crying out, "Do not resuscitate me! I do not want to come back." Oh dear ones, it was so intense and went on for about four days.

Then something happened.

I must explain it to you. When he had 14 inches of his large intestine removed, the exit for digested material was the stoma pouch, which had to be emptied and changed regularly.

There was no longer any connection to the lower bowel, called the stump, because it was sealed when the surgery took place. From time to time, that part of the body discharges cells and fluids, but never, ever digested material. That all goes through the pouch.

Well, Ezekiel had felt something inside of him rupture, and he was eaten up with another high fever. It really looked totally like the end. That was when he told me, between agonies, to set money aside for his funeral, and I got Death and Eternal Life from the Bible Promises. After praying everything we could pray, I finally fell asleep, exhausted, while he was groaning in pain.

Then I awoke in the middle of the night. And he was quiet, but awake. He told me that, believe it or not, all of a sudden his lower intestine was discharging digested food! That was physically impossible! That stump had been closed surgically, and there was no way it could be reconnected to his colostomy, or be discharged the normal way that we discharge digested food, without surgery to reconnect it.

No other way except Divine Intervention!

And it is still happening tonight! This is truly some sort of creative miracle.

In addition to that, he had a visitor last night, St. Padre Pio. He came and anointed Ezekiel in several places of his body and then laid on top of him, just like Elisha laid on top of the widow's son when he raised him from the dead. He also smelled some sweet tobacco that was overwhelming. And I smelled it, too. And that is a sign of Padre Pio's presence in the room.

So, what does this all mean? Besides the fact that I am very, very weak? My dear ones, I nearly gave up hope. But the Lord sustained us both, and then He intervened.

Another amazing thing happened. I turned on my keyboard and played soft music to help calm him, and a beautiful melody came forth. One of the brothers here at the Refuge said, "In the Spirit, I see this melody as a prayer, and you are at the keyboard with tears streaming down your cheeks, and this music is a prayer for Ezekiel."

I have not been able to play the keyboard for months since we got here. What a gift that was! At a time I would never have expected it. It is very contemplative and heavenly at the same time. And when I get it edited, I'll put it out for you to hear.

You may always assume, when you do not hear from me for several days in a row, that I am in need of intercession, because something very difficult is going on and I need your prayers. I know some of you were really praying, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for standing with us, that Ezekiel will continue to be healed.

You will notice that I did not wait on the Lord for a message tonight, because I feel too invested in this cause. I don't want to make an opportunity for a familiar spirit to come in and

tell us what we want to hear. This is a precaution I take anytime something with emotional impact takes place in my life. It is so easy to hear what you want to hear or imagine what you want to imagine, and ascribe it to the Lord.

With the messages not directly impacting me, my heart is purer and not invested so heavily, and I can trust what Jesus gives me much more than at other times. This is a rule of Discernment that the Lord has given me in the past, and I share it in the messages on Discernment.

I want to note another strange thing. Today, I felt very tired and spacey, and almost wasn't able to do this message. Another brother felt extreme oppression. But a brother and sister came to my rescue and prayed for me. Yet, I am still very spacey and restless.

Well, tonight two of us on the Refuge saw six UFO's all in a perfect line moving through the sky, and then suddenly disappearing. I called to tell our other brothers in Taos what we saw, and they saw the same thing an hour or so earlier. Except they saw 20 UFO's, which were all in a perfect line, and then mysteriously vanished. Now the dog is restless, panting and pacing, so we must pray protection.

In addition to that, we just heard from our source that two assassination attempts had been made on President Trump since Sunday. God help us! Deliver us!

Dear ones, we are in a war, and need very much to hang together and pray, pray, pray.

The Lord bless you and keep you, filling your heart with prayers and holy songs, so that you may defeat the enemies in your life, and the enemies of our faith. Thank you for standing with us. Amen.

Lord, I Feel So Weak

January 16, 2020



Thank You, Jesus, for coming to my rescue, no matter how I feel. It is so comforting to know my feelings don't always reflect reality, and that You are with me.

So, I've been feeling really drug out lately. Kind of like roadkill, I guess you could say. And been hesitating to come into pray to hear from Him, just because I felt so tired. And I didn't feel like I was connecting with Him in prayer. And that's really foolishness. I was counting on my feelings way too much. But I began.

Hi Lord. I'm here, longing to hear from You. Yesterday wasn't so good, and I apologize for being foolish with eating and distractions. I miss You terribly.

Much to my surprise, He immediately answered me, *"I miss you terribly. Where do you think I went?"*

Were You hiding on me, because of my foolishness?

"I am always present to you, Clare."

Lord, I want to do a better job with the Channel. I just feel so empty and gutted inside. Please help me.

He replied, *"There's no need to be concerned about your emptiness; you are always empty when you come to Me. Do I disappoint you?"*

No, I don't think so. I just feel so weak, Jesus.

"This is a suffering for your nation. I want you to work right through it. You do not have to feel the inspiration to work; you merely need to obey. What I am taking from you in this moment is the normal joy you feel in being with Me. But know, dear one, in your heart, I am deeply planted—and what I find there pleases me very much.

"Especially your commitment to overcome temptations. I am proud of you. You are not walking on a secured ridge. You have enemies all around you, just waiting for you to fall. Continue to dodge their insinuations. I never said it would be easy, but I did promise you My grace to overcome temptation, and you are making good use of it.

"Please do not be sad, Clare. I am happy with you."

So, I went to the Bible Promises. And what did I open to but Loneliness. Loneliness? What He was feeling, what I was feeling. And also, Loneliness has a line in it that says, "I will not leave you like orphans. I'll come to you." And that's always, for me, a Scripture reading that says 'I'm visiting you. I'm with you. This is the real deal.'

Jesus continued, *"See, I told you that you weren't the only one who was lonely. Come, My Dear one, and press into My Heart, for inside of Me is a Clare-shaped place that no one else can fill... And I do miss you, terribly."*

Oh, Sweet Lord, how can I continue to write when you have called me into Your Rest?

"Tuck in, dear one, and we will continue to talk."

I sighed.

Jesus continued. *"So many sacrifices being offered right now, so very many. And they all look different. For some, it is this lethargy. For others, it is difficulties, trials, oppositions, even*

sickness. But you should be happy, because your husband is better. I want you to dwell on that and continue to thank Heaven, because so many of your Saints came to your rescue the day you were despairing.

“And of course, I was there, and My Father, showing the mercy you requested.”

Oh, thank You so very much, Jesus, Father God, and Saints and angels! And especially you, St. Padre Pio. Oh, how blessed we are to have such a loving and caring gathering of souls around us in our moment of need!

“Getting back to what you are not feeling,” Jesus continued, “Complete emptiness. Do not let that trouble you as long as you are clean before Me and committed to My will. I want you to keep going with music, with messages, and don’t let the lack of feeling deter you.

“You see, My People, far too many of you are moved by emotion. When it is present, you do well; when it is absent, you do abysmally. I need for you to be consistent in your service to Me on the dry desert days as well as the lush Spring days.

“Is it not enough that I am always with you, here by your side? Is that not enough to motivate you? It truly is a great suffering to deprive you of the inspiration to get up and walk. But of all the options available to Me now, this one is most fitting.

“Your nation is in deep trouble, and I need these sufferings to sustain what is best for it. I need your prayers and your faithfulness when you hit snags in energy and motivation. My grace is sufficient for you, My loved ones.

“There is much to do, even when the impending clouds blow across your skies. You know that I am in complete control and I have many, many faithful souls backing up what is good in this country. Press in with prayer and sacrifices, knowing that they will avail much.

“Many of you have assignments you are dragging your feet on, because of the recent event—thinking that perhaps the Rapture is tomorrow. It is not, and you have time. Please, make the best use of it. Do not allow the gifts I have given you lie fallow because waves of gossip have swept through the world. It makes no matter if you are on the brink of war. Rather, what matters is your own personal accountability and obedience.

“Do you not know that I can turn situations totally around, even before the clock completes one second?”

“The enemy has been pressing in with assignments of discouragement, apathy, insecurity, fear and discontent. The medicine for these poisons is praise, thanksgiving, and getting up when you don’t feel like it. Yes, get up when you feel most down and count on Me to supply what you need as you work.

"I have given you tremendous graces and opportunities to exercise your gifts, but apathy and sloth have stolen your time. There will be an accounting for these gifts, My loved ones. Do not let them become a means of punishment. Do not bury your talents. Pick up your mat and walk; I will supply what you feel is now lacking.

"I am planning an explosion of graces to be spread all over the world; this is the reason for the gifts. Use them! Create and execute those things you know are from Me. Do not thicken on your lees. Rather, arise and forge your way into your dreams. I will greet you with what you need, because you got up and were faithful.

"In the meantime, know that I am deeply in love with each of you! Your heart is My resting place. Do not defile it with unbelief and sloth. Rather, allow Me to burst forth from within you with My creative power.

"When you are at your lowest ebb, I am My strongest through you. Arise, My Loved ones! Arise and do valiantly for the Kingdom. This is not the time or season to lie on your couch and take your rest.

"Arise, My Beautiful one! And I shall meet you at the watergate where streams of Living Waters will flow through you, and out into a thirsty and dying world."

When Every Human Joy is Gone

January 21, 2020



Blessed and greatly to be praised is God our Father; kind, gentle and long-suffering is His Heart. Thank You, Father for teaching us Your ways. Please impart to us the courage to follow in them. Amen.

Oh, how I love to share my heart and my struggles with you, Heartdwellers! These are parts of me that I call into question; areas where my heart ceases to find joy. Things that have become burdensome, yet must be done in obedience, because of the gifts given me for you and for so many more.

Even though I know that some of you gain great profit from seeing the ugliness that is in my heart, and others of you find ways to add to my sorrows with curses in my vulnerable areas... Even though I know this, still I will share with you, so that you know without a doubt how wonderfully loving and forgiving that our God is. Unconditional Love; Forever Love.

And to those who sincerely love and seek Him, even in their last breath, He is pure Mercy, capable of turning the darkest sinner into the brightest saint.

Well, Ezekiel's healing is still there. However, the pain a victim soul suffers has not been lifted from him as yet. There are several good days, and then there are days that are difficult.

With Ezekiel's sickness, sometimes the pain is so bad that he cannot contain himself, but he cries out for hours and hours. Yesterday, it started around 11:00 in the morning and went until 11:30 at night. We are living in the chapel temporarily, which is a tiny room, with a little kitchen area and my keyboard, wood burning stove, a couple of chairs and two beds. And there is a foam core wall, so that he can have some privacy.

When one of these all-night episodes begin, there is nowhere to go. Besides, I want to be near him when he needs me. I prayed as long as I could, and finally collapsed into bed around 9:00, stuffing my ears with the squishy silicon-gel-like swimmer's ear plugs.

(Which, by the way, are a Godsend for those who need quiet, and can't get it any other way.)

I could not get the day together. The pain he was in was heart-rending. I was disoriented and feeling absolutely useless. Truly, I didn't know what to do. I prayed, and we all prayed, those who are here on the Refuge. We all came together and prayed. And the pain did stop for a little while, and then it came back again. I went back to prayer and repentance, but nothing seemed to bring the pain level down.

I'm sure you've all experienced that sinking feeling you get when you feel useless. One redeeming aspect is that suffering borne with resignation, and hopefully dignity, does bear great fruit in the Kingdom of God. One has only to look to Jesus to see the glorious gifts released on mankind because of His sacrificial offering.

Some will take exception with me here and say, "He bore all our suffering. We don't need to suffer." Well, that makes Christianity very attractive to the carnal minded. But then, what do we do with, "Deny yourself, pick up your cross and follow Me?" When the Lord said that, He was not talking about some little bit of work He needed to do. He was referring to crucifixion, in all its torments and aspects. And life every day brings us face to face with things that are so difficult, it seems like we die in trying to deal with them.

And when He said to the Corinthians: "You have become kings without us; and indeed, I wish that you had become kings so that we also might reign with you. For, I think, God has exhibited us apostles last of all, as men condemned to death; because we have become a spectacle to the world, both to angels and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake, but you are prudent in Christ; we are weak, but you are strong; you are distinguished, but we are without honor.

"To this present hour, we are both hungry and thirsty, and are poorly clothed, and are roughly treated, and are homeless; and we toil, working with our own hands; when we are reviled, we bless; when we are persecuted, we endure; when we are slandered, we try to

reconcile; we have become as the scum of the world, the dregs of all things, even until now.”
1 Corinthians 4:8-13

So, we really cannot dispute that we will have suffering in our lives. The Lord even said that in this world we will have trouble, but that He has overcome the world. And of course, His grace is sufficient for us!

He didn't come to suffer for us only; He came to show us how to suffer for others. His entire life was suffering, from His birth in a cave to death on a Roman cross. He showed us the price we, too, would have to pay to be little Christs, to follow in His footsteps, bringing the Gospel to all men.

So, here I am doing exactly what I just described. And praise be to God, He inspired me to pull one holy Rhema card just when I was putting a piece in the stove to heat the room up.

And this is what I pulled.

“When every human joy has disappeared from a task, and yet that work is continued exclusively with the supernatural spirit of giving glory to God and aid to one's brothers, it is then that the work is super-sanctified.”

The next thing that he said was:

“Rise, rise up to the final summit with your holy weight of God's treasure to write, even if it appears destined to lie unknown even to those who need it. Your charity, victim soul, towards God, who speaks to you, towards your brothers who are waiting, shall be ever active, even though they are lukewarm and unable to act.”

And that reminds me of times when I put out messages that I know very few will accept.

At that point, I really felt devoid of words and I said, "Jesus, I am without words. Please instruct us." And a great blessing! Father God began.

“My Child, you are looking at the pinnacle of sanctity. It is here, when all consolations are stripped from a soul and all that is left is My known will; consenting to drink the very dregs of the chalice. It is here that your spirit triumphs over your flesh, and you walk with nothing more than divine grace to uphold you. And in this, you fulfill My will and abandon your own.

“There is no sweeter sacrifice that a soul can give Me than to suffer without consolation, but in complete abandonment to the call of Love in their hearts. How beautiful and precious is such a One! A rare flower indeed, blooming only for a moment in eternity—but solely for My pleasure, no matter what the cost.

“You see, a soul such as this has no other business than to fulfill My will, and totally abandon those things that bring consolation. And this, even without knowing what their sacrifice will accomplish.

“Many labor in My vineyard, knowing they are bringing forth My Words and drawing all men to Me. Many have the consolation of a well-tuned sermon, a prophetic word, the transformation of the flesh of the sick as healing flows into them, the high of the Shekinah glory all around them—the sweet and intimate whispers of My words to them. Oh, how I love to console My servants! How I love to see them take deep drafts of the sweet Waters of this Life that resound throughout their being, bringing encouragement and strength to keep fighting! It brings Me such pleasure to be with you in those times.

“But the Cross, and being on the Cross and Crucible of suffering and humiliations. Oh, when you willingly embrace these things for love of Me, then is the deepest longing of My Heart fulfilled in you. For truly, you have voluntarily stripped yourself of all that could comfort, and are lying there naked and dead at the foot of the Cross - an instrument of extreme torture.

“It is then that you resemble My Son most. It is in that destitution that you fulfill the call of Charity and Brotherly Love that will bring forth conversions and vocations to serve Me and their brother with all their hearts—even leaving nothing for themselves. It is there that godless nations are brought to their knees and Godly Kingdoms rise into prominence.

“Do not be afraid, My Children, to lose it all for Me. Do not be afraid of destitution, because that is where the heavy work of the Cross was done.

“I do not call you to save men, for that has already been accomplished by My only begotten Son. But I do call you to know, love, and serve Me with all your hearts and strength, and to love your brother as yourself. For those who would lose their lives for My sake will find them—and so much more than man can imagine.

“Truly, eye has not seen, nor has ear heard, nor has it entered into the intellect of man what I have prepared for souls such as these. But suffice it to say, it is only Love that is the right motive that will bring the fullness of My Kingdom and glory to this Earth.

“So, fear not desolation. Fear not pain beyond pain. Do not even fear what men will do to you or your kindred. For if you give these gifts freely, without any thought of return, you will be utterly shocked at My gratitude for your little offering.

“So, do not fear pain, desolation, ridicule, persecution, weakness and loss of inspiration. All these things must be accomplished in you that your fire-tried gold will be brought to Light and illuminate all the nations of the world, to the glory of My love.”

Sidestepping Strife in Family and Group Situations

January 23, 2020



Thank you, Lord, for bringing us together. Beautiful, harmonious group. Surely, I have never experienced anything as sweet as people that love You. Thank You so much, Lord.

There are few things that bring joy as sweet as dwelling in harmony with our brothers and sisters. Scripture says “How good and pleasant it is when God’s people live together in unity. It is like precious

oil poured on the head, running down on Aaron’s beard, down on the collar of his robe.”
Psalm 133

And truly, this is the sweetest part of Community. But as we all know, it isn’t always this way. We all get tired and sometimes impatient or short with one another. And Satan is always standing by with his lying demons to make us contentious or resentful and turn us against one another.

What happens when someone says or even feels badly in the company of his or her brothers and sisters?

First of all, the enemy is trying to divide us so we will lose the precious gift of fellowship with one another. Second of all, he wants us to judge others and take in a bitter seed in our hearts about them. Mind you, this is when we are all of one accord, but along comes the enemy and exploits the weakness of one or another.

And here, I would like to apologize to my dear ones, that this Sunday gathering did not end on as joyful a note as I had hoped. Two of our members had been through a grueling week of moving and they came up from Taos, totally exhausted. I have to say, exhaustion is an open door, because we are more susceptible to strife when we are tired.

I, too, had a very exhausting week with Ezekiel in pain for so many hours. And those of us on the Refuge were really looking forward to seeing those in Taos and having worship together. But even I awoke that morning, thinking 'I don't think I'm going to make it today...'

Well, one thing I promised myself, is that I will never cut worship short for some kind of program or agenda. You know. Just when the anointing is really falling, it’s time to cut it short to let everyone go home for lunch. I do not want that, ever.

And this Sunday, I felt we needed to press into worship for several more minutes, if not hours. Three of us were ready for hours, I have to say for sure. But because the roads are icy and deep snow is on them—it's very difficult this time of the year. There is a chance that someone will get stuck on the way down and not make it. In the dark, no less.

Then I was gently reminded that 4:00 was rapidly approaching and we would have to stop the worship, to have our fellowship meal, so the brothers from Taos could make it down before dark.

For those who live up here and really wanted to go on and on with worship, there was disappointment that I could see on their faces. And of course, I felt disappointed, and at a loss. But for those who were dead dog tired, it was their only option. So, I was challenged in brotherly love in that moment. They had worked hard all week and finally got moved in and were very tired. I should have realized that and even postponed our Sunday together.

My bad, dear ones. I apologize for not recognizing how very exhausted you were. Please forgive me.

So, what can we learn from this situation? I believe we should prepare for Sunday on Saturday night, so that we are all fresh and rested to spend the day together. In the future, I will do my best to make sure that happens for all of us. The enemy hates this prayer Community. He wants to throw the monkey wrench in and is clever in his planning his attacks.

You know the enemy sends his demons into churches on the days there are services. So, we need to protect that time before it comes. I have noticed that every Sunday something unpleasant would come up at the end of the meeting. And this was no accident!

It didn't matter who it came through, the situations varied. But I think what we need to know is that anytime we plan on being together, and I have to say, especially for holidays. The enemy also plans on wrecking that time and throwing it into disorder.

My precious ones, we have to be smarter than Satan and more self-controlled, filled with brotherly love. Even looking ahead at what could happen to disrupt things and planning for it in advance. We now know that these things are deliberately planned by the enemy; they are not just coincidences.

Lord, have You something to share with us?

"My precious Community. You have many who oppose you, but you also have My charity and brotherly love to protect you. Stay under the covering of brotherly love and you will not be disturbed. What the enemy meant for bad, will instead be an occasion of instruction and good for others.

"You are here, not just to fellowship and have a good time. You are here to be prepared for your own missions. And as you watch Mother Clare make both good and bad decisions, you are learning what you may expect to happen later on in your missions.

"There is no weapon against brotherly love. The enemy is at a loss when each of you love your brother and sister more than you love yourselves. When you are looking out for the good of the Community, you will spot areas of weakness that the enemy may be waiting to exploit. If your mind is on yourself, your comforts, your choices, your privileges, you may miss the weak spot and become a victim to it.

"But your selfless attitude will defeat the most common of the enemy's weapons: selfishness and self-serving, symptoms of Pride. When your heart is set on what is right and not just your particular agenda, there is very little that can be leveraged against you to cause strife. Because all of you will be quick to yield and do what is best for the other, in even the worst situations.

"Those of you who are called to be here during the Tribulation, this is training for you. I know the enemy's next move, but your obedience to My known will, will cause you to sidestep many a trap. When you fall into Pride and self-serving, then you are bound to fall. This is why obedience and detachment are so very important.

"In My Father's last message, He spoke to you about doing what is right for no reward at all, or even in spite of the sacrifices you will have to make. He also told you that you will not always know why He does things the way He does, or even what fruit can be gleaned from your sacrifices.

"When your heart is satisfied totally by knowing you have done His will, you cannot be lead off track.

"Live to do My will, dear ones. Make that your full-time preoccupation and you will have peace so deep the enemy will not be able to take you over and ruin what I have for you. Find your joy in this, Dearly Beloved Bride, and you will scale the highest mountains with little effort.

"I love you. I am with you in this endeavor. Be strong! Control that urge to get upset or to judge. Put it away from you. Renounce it and embrace brotherly love, showering the others with your understanding and patience."

Compromise - Satan's Best Bait

January 28, 2020



My precious Family, truly we are one in the Lord and part of the overall body of Christ.

When we come from the world, we are used to acting as independent adults, making our own decisions, doing as we think best with our time.

But when we come together as a family in God, there is a new challenge: laying down the independent style of life for one that is knitted together in brotherly love and concord. This is a new lifestyle that enables us to move as one under God, rather than as individuals with our own agendas, that come together because it is convenient. In a word we are dying to ourselves to live as Jesus has called us: functioning harmoniously and holding brotherly love as the special way of life.

As a Family, we have goals that profit all of us. We share everything in common; we see to the needs of one another. We look out for those who are weaker; we contribute and take care of those things that make a healthy Community.

At this point, I kind of ran what I wanted to say, and Jesus began.

“My tender shoots, I have been with you in your endeavors to form Community, and I am well pleased with the shifts that have taken place in your hearts. I see real effort and sacrifice, and you’ve truly embraced the right idea.

“This is a training ground, and what you experience personally in your own minds and hearts, you will someday experience with those you invite into your own Communities. Therefore, I want you to pay particular attention to your interior struggles. I want you to be familiar with, and understand, that you no longer act as your own agent—but as an integral part of the whole; very much a Family of God. I am in your midst, and many times direct you to the changes you need to make in your thinking.

“As you have endeavored to do that, I now ask you to endeavor even more to lay down your preferences and ideas for what I place before you. I am working in your hearts every moment of every day. I speak to you in tender whispers and subtle urges to choose one action over another. There is still a great deal some of you need to lay down, in order to be a true functioning part of what I am building here and what you will build elsewhere.

“I am knitting your hearts together for My own purposes, and the work that has been begun here will continue. Though some will be separated at times by distance, in Heaven and in the Spirit, there is no distance. Rather, what has been brought together will endure throughout Eternity. The alliances you have gained here will accompany you throughout your journeys in Heaven, as well. The lessons you learn now will be the groundwork for greater things to come in your holy lives.

"My beloved ones, there is much to ponder in these times. There is much you will never understand until Heaven. But you will see fruit here on Earth and come to know the purposes I have for each of you for the future and even beyond."

And then I took a break from this message, and two days later He picked it up again.

Lord, I feel what you want to say, but I don't have the words. Please speak to us.

Jesus began, "Your reading said, 'A sheep wandering alone in the forest is fair game for the wolf.' And those who choose their own way, not consulting with others in positions of responsibility, are like a knight riding off to battle on a sorry nag, without their armor. They are bound to be unseated.

"While the knight fully clothed in his armor, on a spirited and experienced war horse, is like the one who acts under the covering of Obedience and does not make his decisions without the help of one more experienced.

"My children, when will you learn to defer to those who have charge over your souls? You have never gained anything but troubles by mixing with the world. Elisha knew well the temptation of compromise; that is why he did not spare the oxen nor the yoke, but destroyed his escape routes—his options to go back to the farm.

"You are riddled with many passions, My precious ones, and I know well how to quell them. On the other hand, Satan knows well how to flame them. Even Mother Clare knows she is not safe with her own judgments, and so she relies on Me and her husband to make the right decisions.

"If you want to advance in this life. If you want to go deeper. If you want more of Me. If you want to leave the world—truly leave the world behind, you must do battle valiantly with your own will and not act independently of your covering."

Lord, I didn't want to be a dictator at Christmas time, when several people wanted to go home... Yet I knew there was something wrong with these decisions that were being made. I could feel it in my spirit.

Jesus continued, "And you did well to let it go, so they could experience the fruits of their own decisions. But now they are maturing and have great need of renouncing the enticements of the world. Satan knows well how to saddle them with false guilt and move them to return to the world under one pretext or another. But I am asking you, My dear ones: stop compromising with the world. There are a thousand and one reasons for you to mingle with the world when you've renounced it. And all of them have their source in the enemy of your souls.

"You, however, cannot see this. That is why you need an overseer to consult and base your decisions on wisdom beyond your years in the world. It takes only a tiny crack to open the door to sin. Satan makes little of these cracks, pumping you up with assurance that you are too strong to fall! And besides, there is a good deed you can do by mingling with others."

And just as an aside here, in the Community there were some compromised situations that took place when they took a vacation. And there were some falls. And there was a clean-up mess to fix when they came back. So, the Lord is speaking here of very real events in Community.

"What you do not see is the trap waiting for you. Just to step outside the boundaries of your covering... And when you do, down comes the net and you are entrapped. This is because you relied on your own counsel and did not seek the counsel of your elder. I am hoping, now, that you have learned something from the decisions you made on your own. I am hoping that you will stop trusting yourself and look to Me and those who I have appointed to cover you, before you do anything in your own wisdom."

"This human wisdom will be your downfall."

"None of you are secure enough to dabble in the world. You've lived in it for decades. You left it for Me. Now are you returning...? For what reason? Am I sending you—or are you being lured?"

"Dear ones, do not play with evil. What looks harmless on the outside holds great danger for you. Once you are in the safety of the sheepfold, do not wander and cross over the fence erected for your security. The wolf watches you closely and takes note of every human reasoning that can be exploited to remove you from the safety of your shepherd."

"I want you to grow in holiness, not be subjected to manipulation by men who do not have My heart for you—but are acting strictly on human impulse and reasoning. They are being used by the enemy to steal your holy way of life from you. And sadly, you have no vision of what is being planned and played against you."

"In a moment of weakness, you could lose it all."

"Do not wander, My precious ones. Keep your eyes on the prize and stay within the boundaries of the sheepfold. No man in the armed forces gets involved with civilian affairs. How much more should you honor your commitment to Me, even when it entails disappointing those in the world? They have made their choice; and you have made yours. Be steadfast. No man putting his hand to the plow takes his eyes off the soil, even for one second, lest he and the plow meet with destruction."

"Oh, how I love you! And have many gifts planned for you as you empty yourself before Me to make room for them. I will not invest My precious gifts in wild sheep; only those who hearken

to the call of their Master and are not moved by any other motive or call. Only those can be trusted with My riches.

“Lean not on your own understanding, so that I alone may direct your path.

“I bless you now in your hearing ears, with the graces of Humility and Docility, that you may be found trustworthy of the riches of the Kingdom of Heaven.”

And on that note, I want to share with you a dream that Ezekiel had, and I think we've done a message on it before. But it was so on-point, I didn't want to leave it out.

Please tell us about your dream.

(Ezekiel begins) There was a group of us, and we knew internally, we just knew that the Lord was coming back. And we needed to position ourselves in our lives in order to be ready when He did. That it was imminent. That He was coming back within a matter of days. Weeks...

And in the dream, we were on foot. And we were travelling east—that's the way the Holy Spirit had inspired us. I don't know that that's literal, but regardless.

Towards the middle of the trip, I remembered, we weren't thinking of anything but obeying Him and going in the direction He wanted us to. And keeping our eyes fixed, and not looking to the left or to the right. Again, toward the middle of our journey, we would pass villages or towns or even cities. And people in our group, from time to time, certain persons would begin to look off at all the shiny lights and the cars and the shopping—and this, that and the other.

And the excuses, you know, or the reasonings would come up. "Well, I'm just going to veer off down there, and pick up some supplies and, you know, kind of help us with our journey." Whatever. Although, most of us weren't thinking about food or any kind of supply. We just wanted to get to where the Lord wanted us to be! Spiritually and otherwise.

And so, people began to peel off from the group and go down into the towns and the cities and the whatever. But they never came back. And as we walked along, we were so grieved! I mean, brokenhearted. Because we knew that they'd gone back to the world.

I think a few kind of had that agenda in their back pocket to start with. "I'll try this, see if it works out. And if it doesn't, I'll just peel off. You know, I'll just go back down to whatever."

And it surprised us that, at the same time that we felt so much grief and heartbreak, we had passed the cities and towns. And people we didn't even know began to break away from those cities and those towns and take the place of those who had left.

It's a lot to think about. A lot to ponder on. In many ways, you know? Not just some kind of a dream of walking down a road east to where you think the Lord wants you to be physically. But being single-minded. Single-sighted. You know?

Clare: Yeah. Staying on course.

EZ: Right!

Clare: 'Cause we don't know what's that time, the hour, when the Rapture's gonna happen. And if we're fooling around in the world, instead of walking the walk He's called us to, we'll be left behind.

And my readings for the Lord's Supper today were about Abraham and his son. And how Abraham gave his son, because the Lord called him to. He was willing to slaughter his son in order to obey God.

So, it's a sobering thought, that they Lord definitely wants us to be detached from the world. Even our families. Especially our families, because they have a way of influencing us that nobody else has, a kind of pressure that they can apply to us but our family.

And yet, we have to be so knitted together with God, and so convinced of our calling, that we don't allow the dearest ones in our lives to influence us in the wrong direction.

The Lord bless you, Heartdwellers. Thank you for being on the Channel. Thank you for supporting us and praying for us. We deeply appreciate that. And the Lord bless you in the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Wake-up Calls and Condemnation

January 30, 2020



Thank You, precious Lord, for clearing the debris from my mind and showing me the way. Please open the eyes and ears of Your people to receive this message and to act on it. Amen.

Lately, I have been feeling very insecure about things that I do. Should I do this? Should I do that? Is it time for this? Is it time for that? Lord? Is this pleasing to You? Is it not pleasing to You? And just been having such a merry-go-round of confusion, trying to decide what to do next. And just having a very insecure sense about what I am doing! Period.

And the Lord addressed this and took it to task. Really pulled the veil back so I could see clearly what was going on.

Jesus began, *"I want you to know that you are under continual condemnation, so much so that you can hardly discern what to do or what you might be guilty of. This is NOT Me. This is the enemy trying to sow confusion to the point of paralyzing you, without being able to sense what is right or what should be next. Truly, you are paralyzed."*

Well, Lord. What do I do with this?

"Brush it off; recognize the source and brush it away. I will let you know when there is a real problem. But until I do, do not receive this 24/7 condemnation from the enemy, who is trying to paralyze you with fear. so you will do nothing. He acts in this manner with all souls, but especially those chosen to bring My message to the world.

"A good thing to do, so you can recognize who is who, is to place your hands over My Heart and linger. You will feel My Heart, My Love for you and My approval. So many times, you have been missing My Approval, thinking that you were doing wrong when you were indeed doing right. This has worn you out, Clare; causing much fatigue. So, be very discerning when you feel you are coming under question...doing the right or the wrong thing.

"Beloved, I am going to have to do some very difficult things in this nation and in the world. I want you to be steadfast in the midst of turmoil and know beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are taken care of.

"Some very difficult things." (And at this point, He was crying.)

"Know that you are secure in My arms; this Community will thrive. Only be very careful who you admit, that they are not a drag on the rest. Yoking is very, very important. Better to be a solitary than to have those who are not in line or mature enough to deal with things the way they should be dealt with. Satan uses such people to destroy the good in a community. Beware of the critical spirit. There is nothing more deadly to brotherly love than this attitude, under any pretext.

"I have not called you to be perfect, or a State of the Art Community. No, I have called you to be a family, in love with and serving Me, with all your bumps, bruises and imperfections. Those who are seeking the perfect Community are destined to wander in the wilderness of their own minds. They do not have My Mind, but the enemy's. They will find fault with the most perfect situation. They will blow it out of proportion and pass sentence on the innocent. Have nothing to do with such as these. They are Satan's tools of destruction, parading under the banner of Holiness."

Lord, what do you want me to focus on?

"Training your replacements. Those who have not responded by now will have to be drawn up higher by other means. Your job now is to prepare those who will lead. I know you see nothing

of any value in your leadership, but you are not leading by your gifts; you are leading by My judgments and gifts. Therefore, don't put your office down.

"In spite of all your flaws, I have chosen you to lead. And you cannot see what is in you that is so important to Me. But understand this: your faults have helped many a poor and hopeless soul. That does not give you license to backslide, My Love. But it is to loosen the hold of condemnation so you can proceed with more confidence in My working through you.

"Returning to what I was saying, there are indeed difficult times coming upon the world, but it is only to light a fire under the lukewarm and fence-walkers. I move slowly, in order to catch all up into focus that this is the end times, and at any moment the world could suffer a nose dive. They are not prepared. This is not your fault. Simply stated, other things were more important to them than their salvation and sanctification. So, WE are moving forward into those realms that will bring about a more focused Christian, more prepared interiorly.

"This is My message today: do not allow the continuous arrows of condemnation trying to undermine your leadership and walk with Me, to affect you. We are walking as one, and they are liars committed to undermining the work of My Holy Spirit in your life.

"My other message is that change is coming. Threatening things that will wake My people up. They are coming. And you, along with the Community, will be taken care of.

"Be more discerning with who you allow in. Many will be sent to bring destruction under the guise of holiness. You are learning from recent experiences just how toxic that can be. Pray for them—but allow no alliance.

"You will know the ones that can be trusted. Truth will bear witness in your hearts.

"Go now, My precious vessels unto honor, and walk with Me fearlessly. I am your strength and your salvation. You were born for such a time as this."

Coronavirus - For My Chinese Believers in Hubei

January 31, 2020



Lord, we are Your Body; one in accord with You, the Cloud, and all that live on the Earth. Thank You that we are joined as One and can pray for each other with You. How precious it is to know that none of us stands alone, but is surrounded continually by many who love us, no matter where we live or what our particular circumstances may be! Amen.

Clare received a message from the Lord today, in particular for our dear Chinese believers. Yet, like all message from the Lord, He is speaking to ALL of us that can find ourselves in His messages and receive His wise counsels and encouragements. We would always encourage you all, my dear Heartdwellers, to take the nuggets of gold from EVERY message—no matter who it seems they may be addressing. We are all One Body with Him! And our circumstances are all joined together in His Grand Tapestry as we learn, and love, and listen to His instructions.

And we have good news in particular! Clare also wanted me to express both her and Ezekiel's deepest thanks for all your prayers for Ezekiel! He is doing much, much better, she reports.

And so now, to our dear Chinese Heartdwellers. Clare began: First of all, we are praying the Divine Mercy Prayer for all of you and ask you to pray it, as well. It is very powerful.

Jesus? Please, a word of encouragement for the people of Hubei Province, Lord.

Jesus began, *"My children, you have seen much oppression, and yet your faith is stronger than your brothers and sisters in the West. You are being built up in strength and stature before the Saints of Heaven, who faithfully make intercession for you day and night.*

"Now, you are yet the victims of a corrupted world—and yet, you do not lose Faith. Pray Psalm 91 faithfully; stand on it. Know that your faith is being tried like gold in the furnace of affliction, that in Heaven you may shine with a most unique brilliance.

"It is not the 'beautiful' and 'have everything' people that have true fulfillment in their lives. It is those who continually live through challenges and threats without turning back. These cling to Me in all situations, and live a life challenging to any person desiring success and comfort for their lives.

"It is a truth that I was continually in danger, and My Mother cleaved to the Heavenly Father, more than any other soul that walked the Earth. She did not for a moment forget that only His hand could protect and bring Me forth.

"Those who have every advantage in this society grow weary with each new privilege, always reaching for more. While those who struggle under circumstances out of their control are excited, every time I deliver them from danger and provide for their necessities. They sing My praises and live in continual gratitude for the very littlest things.

"This is blessedness, My dear ones. To be deeply immersed in gratitude, with words of praise engraved upon your hearts; words that reach to the highest Heavens to join in the celestial choirs.

"Those souls who live in continual danger of being discovered, for love of Me—their songs of thanksgiving, their hearts of contrition and prayers for others, reach to the very heights of Heaven, because they know and are willing to pay the price some day.

“Because they love Me.

“Live by My Word, little ones. Stand on My Promises to you and expect Me to move Heaven and Earth on your behalf. Know that those that precede you into Heaven are yet more fortunate to leave their earthly bodies behind and be received into My Heart. Finally freed from this school of trials and tears.

“Keep your hearts clean before Me, beloved ones. It is the repentant heart which burns most brightly and passionately on this Earth. The heart that aches for others and is continually bringing them before Me, with tears and supplications. Truly, these prayers have the greatest merit.

“But do not count the present day alone, for the fruits of this life of reparation will only be seen in Heaven. They will come before you and bear witness to your steadfast hearts.

“Pray very much for the West, because these hearts wax cold, and are overburdened with the cares of this world. How fortunate you are to be in your station in life! Alert and alive, knowing and loving Me above all things. Your devotion and the risks you daily experience is truly a Light to those who live in worldly comfort and security.

“Remember: I am with you in all circumstances. There is nothing of your life that is overlooked, and great is the gratitude in My heart for your faithfulness. Truly, My Heart overflows with joy when I hear your voices.

