

## All Messages September 2019

### Purify Your Vessels for Living Waters

September 4, 2019



Lord, thank You so very much for all the ways you are covering our needs. Thank you also for the opposition, because we are learning so much more about our opponents and praying for their conversion. One in particular, who does not have long to live. You long to see her in Heaven, she has resisted You for decades. We are praying for her, even with tears. She has put her trust in the Father of Lies and it will be too late when she is gone.

Dear lady, God loves you so very much.

*The Lord began, "There is much to do, but as you see, I have surrounded you with devoted believers. True Heartdwellers have come to embrace and help you, because they hear My voice calling to them. And they live not for their own sakes, but for My will in their lives. And so you have all come together in Truth.*

*"And how shall I define truth for you? My Words are truth, the writings of My prophets and scribes; more truth. The revelation of life before your very eyes is truth. But one cannot put clean waters in dirty vessels, and this is what I wish to talk with you about.*

*"My children, My Heartdwellers, many of you have been drawn here by My Spirit. You are the ones who are highly serious about Truth, knowing it and living it. So, I am especially addressing you.*

*"You cannot walk in the Truth if you do not know it. While you understand that the Scriptures are Truth, you know also, that in places they leave many things open to conjecture. Such as the perpetual virginity of My mother. This you will not understand until you are with Me, at least not entirely. But I do not wish to address this now, rather I want to speak to you about those things you have learned from many different sources."*

Guys, forgive my sore throat. I'm just getting over a nasty, nasty cold.

*"Those of you," Jesus continued, "who seek Truth from pure motives must come to terms with your humanity and its accompanying baggage. In short, you are prone to error, pride, and impressing man. I address these things in you because of your commitment to Truth.*

*"If you want to draw water from these living springs of salvation gathered here, you must first clean your vessels of all error and vain curiosity. By this I mean the deliberate or accidental false teachings of men who are not inspired by My Spirit to impart Truth. Within this group you will find great poets, writers, intellectuals, and mystics—both discerning and un-discerning.*

*"Many of these writings appeal to your senses and fancies but are not to be taken as Gospel truth. Even Clare, when she writes, can cast a hue or add a flavor that could be misleading were it to be taken too seriously or out of context. Or applied as fact and not just fancy. So, your sounding board is the Scriptures.*

*"Because you are mortal and prone to error and the influence of men, you must hold yourselves to a much higher standard. And by that, I mean the Word of God."*

And by that, when He says 'mortal', I think He's referring to the fact that we live and die in this world. And that only God is continuously alive. And I want to say that on Earth, we have mortal wisdom. But in Heaven, we will have immortal wisdom. All wisdom will be open to us. But on this Earth, our understanding is finite.

*He continued, "I have established My Truth among men of honor who have brought it forth without tampering. But there are always discrepancies in translations. Some are obvious, some more subtle, and some down-right deceiving. This is why you need My Spirit to understand Scripture. And even then, you are limited by your culture and education and how deeply into the Truth you are willing to dive.*

*"Often times, this borders on things you are attached to and you are not willing to see them for what they are. Because then if they are proven wrong, you must let them go. Yet the things that stand as most important in Scripture are clear, even though translations vary.*

*"Then there are the writings of the Mystics. Those well-intentioned men and women who have led certifiably holy lives and have received lights from Heaven. Among those who are notable worthy is Anne Katherine Emmerick. When you read her writings, she shares details with you that she has been given to help you flesh out My life on Earth.*

*"Nonetheless, they are not a substitute for Scripture. Nothing is. Many of you have had several different teachers from whom you have absorbed their version of Truth. But before you receive these into your hearts and minds, I ask you to measure them against what is written in the Scriptures.*

*"I know there are many things that have appealed to you in the past and found a place in your mind and heart—and later you discover they are not true. It is difficult to flush these things from the mind so that truth can replace them, and sometimes it is threatening to your sense of security in the knowledge that you have. This can be very unsettling and cause you to become defensive. But I want to caution you, the sooner you get these untruths out of your thinking, the healthier your thinking will be.*

*"That is why I am addressing this message to only those who want to live the Truth.*

*"Dear ones, you mustn't let your egos control what is truth for you. Have courage and tackle the misconceptions and untruths in your life. Do not let your ego decide for you what you will believe. Many live a life of error, because they are controlled by pride—which is behind ego. They have favorite concepts that they have defended for years and will not yield to Truth. Do not choose to be like that. Walk humbly before Me and strengthen your true fear of God.*

*"When you fear Me in the right sense of the word, you will not allow error to lodge in your mind and heart after it is discovered. But if you are self-righteous and wanting to be right, proving yourself in the eyes of man, and prone to worship knowledge—you are walking on a slippery slope.*

*"Heartdwellers have a peculiar calling; it is one of simplicity and love. You will not find the highly intelligent here, unless they have finally come to the end of their rope with the vanity and emptiness of being knowledgeable. Not only because they have great knowledge, but because there is never enough to satisfy. And also, they have had an encounter with me and found themselves stripped naked.*

*"When I was hungry you fed Me. When I was sick and in prison you visited Me. When I was thirsty you gave Me to drink. And without a place to lay My head, you gave me lodging. This does not fit the profile of one who spends countless hours on the internet investigating intrigues, conspiracies, and mystical writings. That is why you will find yourself naked before Me in the hour I call you. There will be many who know much, left sitting in an empty church because they insisted on living their lives deep in pride and self-righteousness, and neglected the very things that would have made their souls beautiful to Me.*

*"You see, when you commit to an existence of constantly wanting to know more about who, what, when, and where, you are satisfying the flesh and the world. The soul that carries My light in their heart is the one who is constantly meditating on Me and My Word. Praying for others. Worshiping and thanking Me. Living in the sacrament of the moment, forsaking the world and those things the proud delight to have knowledge of.*

*"All the while you are curiously seeking worldly knowledge, you are adorning yourself in darkness. Your mind is preoccupied with the filth of this world, and once more you are very prone to being deceived in the spirit realm. One who seeks to know is easily bated by the demons. One who seeks to comfort others, pray for others, meditate upon Me. Keep me company and purify their hearts in worship—are not so easily led astray, because they have little interest in the affairs of men."*

And guys, when He mentioned 'adorning yourselves in darkness' - wow. I saw these plates, it looked like. Armadillo plates being put all over a person's body. Dark, hard plates that blocked the light. Totally blocked the Light. And just looked evil.

Jesus continued, *"Please, My dear family. There is much accumulated knowledge among you. And some of it is not only false, but irrelevant to leading a holy life. So, avoid foolish controversies. Dissensions and quarrels. For they are unprofitable and worthless. (Titus 3:9) Measure all knowledge against what is written in the Scriptures. Defer to one another out of love and humility, not wishing to break the bond of fellowship over such worldly things. And humbly yield to those who are charged with watching over your souls.*

*"Living in harmony is not a straight-jacket. It is rather pure joy protected by living in the Truth and yielding to Truth at all times, as it becomes known. And avoiding prideful assertions, proving your superior knowledge, which to Me is total vanity and is a cause for correction.*

*"You are called in brotherly love to be children of the Light, immersed in the light, worshiping the Light, walking in the light and spreading it. When you come to live in community, you bring with you all kinds of baggage from different sources. Some of them good; some bad. But whenever you know I am calling you to, there is a very good reason for you being there. And much, if not all, is formation to prepare you for the life ahead. And also remove deceptions from your thinking.*

*"That is why I am asking you to purify things from the past that do not square with My Word, so that you may receive the Living Waters from this well without contaminating them with the world and error.*

*"I love you all to distraction, because you have so faithfully given yourselves to Me. I brood over you like a mother hen, continuously looking out for the snares of the enemy in your life. Harken unto Me, My sons and daughters. Do not lose heart when I correct you. Stay on the path of Truth which I have taught you. And love one another tenderly and from the heart, even as I love you."*

## **The Protection of Brotherly Love**

September 4, 2019



Dear Family, I'm making this recording today for our Clare, as she has her voice from the cold she's had. Please pray for her full recovery.

Clare began: Thank You, Lord, for Your Peace. May it reign in our hearts and spill over on our brothers and sisters.

My dear family, I am really missing you. I managed to catch a bug last week and it has had me flat on my back.

When I get flat on my back, I think of all of you and force myself to get up. But then I feel weak and have to return to bed. But I am getting better, and I wanted to hear from the Lord and what is on His heart. So, here I am.

My time has been taken up in instructing the new people who have come here and arranging some of the things having to do with building. All I can think of is that soon it will be done enough for us to move up there and be settled enough to share new messages with you.

But rather than wait for that time...

Lord, please tell us what is on your Heart and mind.

*Jesus began, "The coming elections. It is no mystery to you that the enemy is planning many disruptions to prevent Donald from being re-elected. In the past few weeks, you have come very close to serious issues—including the start of a war. What has happened is that many of you have offered your prayers on behalf of this President, and I have allowed certain inconveniences and sickness to come along and make things more difficult for you—so that you could offer these as fast offerings.*

*"Be patient with Me, loved ones. These little offerings have turned the tide on several situations.*

*"I have told you before that the Rapture is not happening any time soon, and I am reaffirming that. However, the evil ones are bent on doing serious harm to the innocent, as well as using events to undermine the elections. What I am asking of you, My Bride, is that you remain faithful to your station in life and take these things in stride; not allowing yourselves to be derailed or side-tracked.*

*"And Clare, My Beloved. I know how you suffer over what you cannot do. However, you are only human. And My choice for your mind is to have it on Me, first and foremost. The flock, and then the doings with the Refuge. I have sent you competent people. You may let it go a little more every day and things will get done according to what is most necessary.*

*"What you must be on guard against are the spiritual attacks that will come at each of you, daily. The devils are forever looking for an open door.*

*"Pride is the number one door that most of you have. Self-righteousness and self-opinion are easily exploited by the enemy. Children, your number one assignment is to love Me with all of your hearts, minds, strength and being. And love your brother as yourself. Please do not let one moment pass by in which a brother or sister needs something and you do nothing.*

*"And when some kind of correction is needed, think three times before you open your mouth. Think: are they in a position to hear this? Or are they discouraged? Think: was it deliberate? Or an accident. Think: is it really necessary to address this at all?? This will prevent you from*

*hurting another who is already struggling with life that day. Better always to complement and encourage one another than find fault.*

*“How beautiful it is to see you all meeting one another’s needs! My heart exults in the love you have for one another. I have to tell you, Satan is furious that you care so much for one another! So, he is trying to plant secret judgments against others in your minds and hearts. Please do not let him spoil something so innocent and loving as these relationships. Please do not quarrel over moot points, things that have no bearing on personal holiness and brotherly love.*

*“To always be right is more often than not: wrong. It is best to leave things that stir up pride and anger totally without ammunition.*

*“Please come to Mother Clare when you have a difficult question, rather than trying to solve it on your own. This accomplishes two things: Character and Humility in your soul—as well as benefiting others and the community by deferring to her better judgment. Doing violence to your own opinions can be a very difficult trait to overcome. But I promise you that you will be better off and more accomplished in humility when you do.*

*“You have been called together, because many of you are candidates for leadership in the future. But as Mother has shared with you, she only sees herself as a follower of Mine. She longs to do what I would have her do, and when you can follow well, you will easily learn to lead well.*

*“Each of you, My dear ones, whether you are out in the world or in school or community, can benefit greatly by learning to do the will of another over your will. Especially when you recognize that person has been put in place to lead you to higher ground.*

*“You may sell all you have, give to the poor, even offer your body to be martyred. But there is one thing difficult above all else to part with: the purse of your own opinion. It is best if that purse is burnt in the fires of brotherly love. Opinion is most often what the enemy uses to begin controversies. Then comes taking sides and division. Soon after that comes hard feelings, and by then Satan has formed a wedge in the midst of souls that were once of one heart and mind.*

*“Be tenderly compassionate with one another and forsake all occasions of rancor and division. I am asking all of you to be on guard, because the enemy is constantly setting you up for a confrontation. Mostly, you see it coming. But sometimes you don’t, and that’s all it takes to drive a wedge.*

*“You all come from various backgrounds, so there is plenty of room for diverse thinking. But if you are dwelling in My Heart, listening to My pulse, you will find there are no controversies—only brotherly love. As I said, Satan hates your care and love for one another, so he will goad you on until he finds a way to set you against your brother or sister—or even Clare.*

*“If you are very humble, you will quickly be warned of the enemy’s tactics to set you against each other and run from it as a lethal gas. If you are proud, you will easily take offense and defend yourself until you have mastered your opponent.*

*“These are the choices a true Heartdweller has.*

*“May I say, in My Heart, there are no opponents. Outside My Heart, opponents are everywhere.*

*“But when you dwell in My Heart, the things that matter to Me most will occupy your consciousness. And you will shun a spirit of opposition and self-righteousness that stirs up hard feelings. My Blessed ones, walk in love and abandon the ways of self-seeking. For this I will reward you greatly, because I search the world for such hearts to dwell in.*

*“I bless you now with My Peace. Walk in these sandals of Peace and I will deliver you from the snares of the enemy. I long to have you with Me. Keep watch and stay prepared.”*

## **Radiation - Regional Fallout - 911**

September 7, 2019



Thank You, Lord, for preparing our hearts. Please grant us the graces necessary to pray these things will not happen. Amen.

My precious family, I have been waiting for more detail on what supposedly would be an attack on American soil. I warned you about it a few days ago and was waiting for more details. Then Ezekiel had this dream. That was yesterday.

### **Ezekiel's Dream of the Radiation Bombs**

I got to sleep at 5:00 this morning and had a four-hour dream about radiation fallout. I woke up and checked the time on my phone. It was precisely 9:11.

Now I'm gonna tell you we were okay. We were protected somehow. Remember, that the brothers who were together praying the Rosary were completely protected from all radiation at Nagasaki. They were also right there at ground zero.

It all seemed very Americana, summer time. It seemed like these little old guys were tinkering in their little back yard sheds. It looked innocent enough. And there were several people involved, not living IN the cities, nor the suburbs of the cities but just beyond that. The kind of area where people would have a couple of acres of land, but close enough to the airports and the cities that it wouldn't be more than a 10-minute drive.

They had what looked like capsules, almost like if you see the lights on a runway when you land in a plane. Those beacon lights. Only it was like two of them put together, like a capsule on a pill. Once I saw what they did, the after-effects, I just felt strongly like these were capsules full of a highly radioactive substance - uranium or something like that.

But regardless, they were just normal, everyday people. One guy looked as though he was in his 30's. He took one of these over to what looked like kind of warehouse/factory area. And one of the buildings had a glass front and was lit at night with lights shining back on the building from the landscaping. And I had the sense that this capsule could be detonated from a distance, or was on a timer.

This man left one there and set it off. And in the distance, maybe a quarter of a mile, you could see another one going off. These were just regular, everyday people, living in Mom and Pop houses. But when the capsules went off, there were definite and immediate mushroom clouds. But it wasn't this huge thing like at a missile range here in New Mexico where they tested the A-bomb.

The bombs covered an area of maybe 12 city blocks. We have mountains here, and they would cap certain peaks. So, it wasn't the initial big damage from these things, because they were very small. It was the after-effects. And these mushroom clouds were kind of strange, 'cause they were the real deal. But they'd come down like it was a plastic globe, cupped down over an area. I don't know what was released and what happened inside of those globes, but I know that there was radiation fallout adrift. And whichever the wind blows, it carries this fallout. It felt like 4 hours...being in this dream. But we were moving from one place, then to another place, seeing these things happening.

The last part of the dream was short. I know we're not on real good terms with China, and especially with their whole import and export policy right now. But I had a guitar someone had made for me—a harp guitar made in China. It took three weeks to get here, and it was in a cardboard box.

In the dream, there were two just normal, regular guitars that were shipped in these cardboard boxes that were off-sided and triangular. I thought it was a little bit strange, because the first place where this guy had set off one of these capsule-looking bombs, there was a short runway, a landing strip. Just like for small aircraft. Small planes, private pilot. Kind of a little regional airport.

Right smack in the middle of this industrial/business warehouse place—outside of the suburbs—there was a dark-haired girl who looked very oriental. Which ties in once again with China. Things are coming from China, and she had these guitars, these two guitars that had been shipped from China. Just lying on the ground, out on the lawn. Again, it was kind of nighttime. I think by this time; it was breaking dawn and it had gotten on into morning.

It was about this time of the year. Either late summer or early fall. Everything was still green.



So, she's in the grass, sitting down, in a flat area. It seemed to be to the west of a mountain range. Like the foothills, the high desert, the flat area of a mountain range. It was very obvious that she was kind of running through what she was supposed to do, over and over and over again, so she did it just right. I don't know if there was a catch release system or what. But once that cardboard top was pulled back and open when you flipped that cardboard top back—the guitar itself had a measure of this radioactive substance in it. A small plane came in, and they put both guitars on it. The plane itself was modified. It was like the old planes back in the 2nd World War that had bomb bay doors, where they'd just sit in the belly of the plane, it would open, and the bomb drop.

Well, this was kind of like that but on a modern and much smaller scale. I can't tell you how much uranium was in these guitars, but when they'd get over certain parts. And they were flying low, so low to the ground. That door would open, she'd pull the cardboard back and just slam that bomb bay door shut. But you could see outside. The box would just kind of lay out there, skid along the runway, open. I never saw the first one flip over, but the second one busted up.

In the dream, I could see as if you could visibly see the radiation part was coming up and out. No mushroom clouds with these. This was just—open these containers or whatever was inside the guitars, no explosion or anything. But they held the containers with uranium inside. There was a catch or a pull or switch or something where it would pop open and just let it loose in the atmosphere.

And the second guitar was maybe a mile away from there, if that far. Same thing. Real close to the ground in an open area. The plane would look like it was landing almost. Sometimes they call it a touch and go at the airport, where a pilot would come in, touch the runway and take off again.

And this thing was so low, this modified small engine plane, with only her and a pilot—it was skimming the ground. She'd pop that door open in the belly of this little tube of a little private plane, a twin engine plane. She had cut the banding that held the cardboard box in place, for the guitar to stay there. Slide it out the same as she did before, and it skidded along maybe on grass or gravel or rocks—but it hit something. It caught something and it caused it to turn over and over and over—flipped it. Caused it to roll and just bust open. The whole guitar just splintered. When she pulled the cardboard lid up, it tripped a switch to time just within a few seconds where it would release this stuff. And it did.

Then I woke up, which is very unusual for me in my situation—to just sleep four hours and pop up wide awake from a dream like that. So, I thought I'd better check the time. 9:11. I thought I'd better see if this was from the Lord at all. And the Scriptures I got were about God's Faithfulness. But the second one was very exact, in a little more detail. Simply: Lord, let me know how many days I have to live, that my time here is very short.

(Clare) I want to add that all of us in the core prayer team, about 6, have been getting 911 flashes on their phones and clocks. Also, readings about death and preparation for our death.

My dear ones, I don't know where you live, but I am asking you, please. If you have any unforgiveness, please go and make peace with whoever it is. If you have any bitterness, forgive. Ask the Lord to take those bitter seeds from your heart. Come to the Lord in a state of serious contrition, because you may be exposed to these deadly substances and not be able to make your peace with others. Remember, God cannot forgive you unless you forgive others. Jesus Himself spoke these very words in the Lord's supper. Forgiveness is not an option; it is a necessity if you want to be forgiven for your sins. That's in Matthew 6, by the way.

*Jesus began, "My precious Heartdwellers. I wish that none should die in their sins, and for this reason I am asking you to prepare for your death. What do I mean by this? I want you to do a life review and write down any sins you have forgotten and not repented for. I want you to make peace with your families. This is so very important for you personally, and what will happen immediately after your death. And how they will live out the rest of their years. I wish to leave no doors open for bitterness, resentment, open wounds, false guilt, and all the other things the enemy uses to get you to swallow the hook and get reeled in. If you are at odds with anyone, please go and make peace with them for both of your sakes.*

*"When you leave a door open from a hurtful incident, you are setting up that person to be sifted and tormented with false guilt, or even real guilt, for the remainder of their years. Do not allow this with anyone. Rather, bring closure. There are those who will not be touched by these events if they are permitted to happen; but there are many more who will.*

*"I am asking of you two things: a life review with apologies and forgiveness, and fervent prayer that these events will not be permitted.*

*"There are still many, especially in suburbia, who have not responded to My pleas to live a holy life. They have turned a deaf ear and continued on their way, never taking the time to find out about their President but condemning him for his openness.*

*"Yes, the others do these things behind your backs, the ones that you do vote for. They murder, they steal, and they laugh you to scorn—because you go no deeper than a man's manner of speech. And so, they have played you very successfully.*

*"President Trump has not even dreamt of the kind of things these men and women do for entertainment, torturing and killing little children. Yet he is gruff and up front. Not to be taken lightly. Yes, he can be rude and crude, but nothing like what the others have made a practice of for decades; abducting and torturing, killing children so numerous they can no longer be counted.*

*"If this is incident is not stopped by your prayers, this is the very group that will suffer the most loss. I am calling to you, My army of intercessors, to pray this event is thwarted. Pray that My Father lifts His Hand and stops what is to be a most cruel onslaught attack on American soil.*

*"There is hope if you will pray. There is also hope, if you repent for the sins of your lives and repent for this nation."*

## **Focus on Jesus – Pray – Do Not Fear**

September 8, 2019



Thank You, Lord, for directing our hearts and minds in the right direction for the events that are coming upon this Earth.

We've all been feeling that something is coming, and we've been feeling the Lord's sorrow. Tremendous sorrow. And we got a message from one of our prayer warriors. And I want to share it with you.

The Lord bless you both and give you peace. (He began.)

I felt led to share with you my conversation with the Lord this morning in prayer. I spent the first few hours just adoring Him in the Blessed Sacrament, and before I began the Lord's Supper, He had this to say:

*"Keep your mind focused on Me, on My love, My mercy, My faithfulness. Your prayers change things, My son, My beloved. Do not give way to fear and doubt, but pray, knowing that I hear you clearly. I take no pleasure in this potential attack on American soil, but if there is not enough intercession on her behalf, I will allow it, to dislodge many from the world who will listen to My pleas. Keep praying, repent for your sins and the sins of America, and the sins of the world. Plead My Blood over America; ask of Me, and I will pour out upon America the Living Water of the Holy Spirit. Dwell in My Heart and keep Me company.*

*"Pray the Rosary, pray the Divine Mercy Chaplet, pray in tongues over America. Your prayer changes things.*

*"Your worship brings Me joy and comfort. Do not be afraid. I am with you always. Don't let the enemy cause you to doubt your salvation. It is with Me on the Cross. Stay near to Me. Pray the Stations every day. Meditate upon My Passion."*

That was the Lord's part of this message. And then he began: So, I did. I began the Lord's Supper, and prayed for the world, prayed in tongues, and then prayed the Stations of the Cross, (the St. Francis version). And then a Rosary. After I received Him, I was lingering with Him,

praying in tongues quietly, and then the Holy Spirit began to impress imagery upon my heart, and this is what I saw:

I was tending to the Lord's wounds, taking a washbasin, that glowed in silver light, and a pure white linen cloth, and beginning with His nail pierced, bloody feet to wipe away the blood and clean the wounds. As I was doing this, I wrung out the blood into the washbasin. Then I saw the Earth, as a globe one would own in their home, a very large one, but without the stand, or the gauges for longitude or latitude. Just a suspended, hovering globe.

There was much pain and suffering coming from the Earth, and I dipped the cloth that I was wiping the Lord's wounds with into the bloody water of the washbasin, and began to wipe the globe, starting with the Continent of Africa. As I wiped, little beads of light appeared upon the land, scattered across the entire continent, shot upwards from the Earth together, and a great cheer and shouts of joy rang out in Heaven. These beads of light were souls on the brink of death who were saved at the last moments of death. I did this also with Europe, Asia, etc. alternating as I turned and continued to clean and tend the Lord's wounds, the washbasin grew brighter and brighter.

Then as I began to write this vision in my journal, on my Dwelling playlist a meditation of Jeremiah 29:11-13 came on:

"For I know the thoughts that I think towards you, says the LORD, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope. Then you will call upon Me and go and pray to Me, and I will listen to you. And you will seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with your whole heart."

Then again, the Lord began to speak to me:

*"When you meditate upon My passion, My sufferings, you comfort Me. When you worship Me in the beauty of holiness, you cleanse My wounds. And when you pray from that position, interceding for the world, (and I would add others as well) you are taking the Living Waters of My Spirit and My Blood and cleansing the Earth, making reparation for the sins and offenses of men. Drawing down saving graces for many who were bound for Hell, snatched out of Satan's clutches by My mercy, My love.*

*"Tend to Me first, and then you will have what you need to tend to others: the lost, the weak, the weary, to the wayward ones of the Earth.*

*"I love you. I am with you."*

## Little Things Mean a Lot - Comfort Me - Persevere in Trials Coming

September 12, 2019



Thank you, Lord, for holding us tightly to Your heart. Even when we feel we have fallen far short of the mark, You continue to lavish Your love and approval on us, that we might be re-energized and rise up once again to continue on in this battle, and be prepared for what is yet to come.

My dearest family, I was blessed with a visit from the Core Team, including Carol, and it was delightful and deep in prayer and understanding as well. How very sweet it is when brothers dwell together in the love of God. But, forgive my absence, please. We have never been together in one room before, and it was so edifying. Plus, we went up on the Mountain and showed them the progress that's been made with the Refuge. And managed to spend the night there in one of the new buildings. Many things are completed now, and I am much freer to pour my heart into the Lord's work on the Channel.

Jesus, what is on Your heart?

The Lord began, *"I have missed you, Beloved, and I ask you now to release many details into faithful hands, and devote yourself to Me. I have many things to tell you, and they require a mind free of worldly affairs. I know certain things have had to be determined, but now I am happy to have your pledge of staying with Me, for I have many things to tell you.*

*"I will begin by saying that your country is in peril. It has been from the very beginning of Donald's office. Yet you have faithfully prayed and sacrificed, and My Father takes great delight in blessing your faithfulness with more time, more grace, and more mercy.*

*"Some of you are new to this Channel, and I encourage you to seek out all the teachings and come up to speed, because many things will not make sense without a little background."*

And as an aside, I want to share with you that we have two playlist sources now:

<https://vimeo.com/manage/showcases> and <https://nebula.wsimg.com/>

(Do I have to keep going, Lord? You'll never find it if I don't... This is an awesome list, though. I'll continue on. I believe it's under the videos, but I want to let you know about it. 'Cause it's very important.)

And the rest of it is:

[ad4a83c87c8e65a663172fbc0750a443?AccessKeyId=DEE07ECD52C1F22EA660&disposition=0&alloworigin=1](https://vimeo.com/manage/showcases/ad4a83c87c8e65a663172fbc0750a443?AccessKeyId=DEE07ECD52C1F22EA660&disposition=0&alloworigin=1)

(Carol note: This is the entire string together: <https://vimeo.com/manage/showcases> And: <https://nebula.wsimg.com/ad4a83c87c8e65a663172fbc0750a443?AccessKeyId=DEE07ECD52C1F22EA660&disposition=0&alloworigin=1>)

That's it. And it's an awesome list that we've been working on for a LONG time. I think you'll be able to find it under a video, but I couldn't access a video, I couldn't confirm that.

Now, on the home page: Still Small Voice on Vimeo, there is a light gray heading beneath the banner, that says "More." Click on that and you will see: Showcases, which is organized according to topic and has a tiny, almost invisible magnifying glass at the upper right where you can type in what you are searching for. Now, it's not the browser search window. It's a tiny magnifying glass in grey you have to click on.

Channels, which has one entry. Music and Portfolios—which isn't finished yet. But your best source will be the address with nebula in it. There are more complete listings, including our website: [Heartdwellers.org](http://Heartdwellers.org) but they are not organized by subject. And they have all the videos, pretty much. We might not quite be up to date because of all the moving we've been doing. All the videos that are on Vimeo. And you have over a thousand videos to listen to.

But I suggest you go to that long address I gave you and choose a topic that you might be struggling with. So, you can understand the Scriptural basis of the things that the Lord has given us.

*Jesus continued, "I ask you to review, because I want you to understand the Scriptures behind many controversial subjects—such as My mother, and My Presence in the Communion wafer. These are things that have been ignored by certain men who had mixed motives. And were not guided by My Spirit when they began their own version of My Church and My teachings. As a result, much of the power has been stripped from My Body and you are left with a watered-down version of what was My most precious gifts to you before My ascension.*

*"But continuing on with the heart of this message. So many of you have responded in faithfulness, time and time again, that My Father's hand has been stayed over and over again. My dear ones, I wish I could tell you that the battle is over. But it is far from over, My dearly loved ones. I shall reward each man and woman according to their faithfulness, yet you will not see this reward until Heaven. I want lovers, not mercenaries. And those who become weary in well-doing, because they see no reward, are not fit for My Kingdom.*

*"But those of you who have continued in blood, sweat, and tears to offer sacrifice, to you I say: I have prepared a place for you. And in this place are the adornments from My heart of gratitude and love, because you poured out all you had. And do not for one moment believe that great feats are required of you.*

*"No, I do not look for great accomplishments, for many execute these things from an attitude of Pride and Self-aggrandizement. I look for the widow's mite, the little ones who gave all they had with a heart motive of pure love.*

*"Many of you have exceeded in this with your sacrifices, and I am deeply edified by the 'little' you thought you gave—believing it to be nothing.*

*"Clare, you have given and given and given. Do not believe the lies that you have done nothing. These are lies from the enemy to discourage you and keep you from giving more. I see every labor. I see every pain. I hear every cry for My help. I recognized the little self-denials. With you I am well-pleased. Just redirect your efforts now, My daughter, and cleave to Me with all your heart. I will restore to you all you have lost through the cruel curses of your enemies. I will build you up and defend you."*

And at that moment, I thought about the gate and I began to cry. And thought about how difficult it still is. Because it still bars our rightful access to our own property.

Jesus began again, *"Yes, I hear you; I truly do. There is hope. Do not abandon hope. I am allowing this for the man's conversion. He and his whole family have a mistaken notion that they are saved. They are not saved but will not recognize this until it is too late."*

Then He began to address this gentleman. *"Do you suppose, David, that you can oppress and cheat My people and My plan and still call yourself by My Name? Do you not know that your relatives even now stir in their graves over the abominations you have committed? Yet I am Merciful. And I look upon you and those who oppose My rights and long to give you mercy before the enemy drags you to Hell.*

*"You are not beyond help. I am still listening to your heart and inspiring you to do what is right before Me. Have I not warned you? Have you not felt the guilt in your heart from unrighteous deeds? Do you believe, because you go to church and speak blessings in My Name that you have done My will and will enter into the place of your forefathers when you die?*

*"When I was hungry, did you feed me? When I was lonely, did you visit Me? When I was sick, did you pray for Me? When I was homeless, did you help Me? Or did you block My way into that what was rightfully mine and spread vicious lies about My servant?*

*"Yet I long to forgive you. And I wait... and wait.... Now is the time to seek Me and live. There is no guarantee you will have another day on this Earth. Now is the time. Choose wisely. It may be the only time you have left."*

And I broke in here, and I said, 'Lord, we are all praying for him and the others who have blocked our way. And even the ones who have done is wrong, that sold us the property. Truly, we have done violence to our flesh and prayed for them and their families—especially because

they think they have a right to oppress us. They do not see how serious their behavior is in the eyes of Heaven, Lord. Mercy!

Jesus continued, *“And they do not see, because they are blinded by pride and greed. Yet continue to pray for them. I am using every one of your tears to bring them to Me.*

*“It all counts, Clare. Everything you and Heartdwellers suffer—it all counts. And in that Day, you will see the graces released by doing violence to your flesh and blessing them who have hurt you.*

*“In the meantime, you are all learning perseverance, charity, and forgiveness. Each day you must exercise forgiveness when it takes you so much time to come and go from the Refuge. These are great virtues, without which you could not continue on in your calling. This has been a tremendous test of patience and charity to these men, and it has not gone without reward. Remember: their salvation is worth more than a million Refuges to Me.*

*“And to you, My Precious Heartdwellers, I say that every bit of your flesh that you have taken forcefully control over, every bit of it, in order to pray for this nation and for others, has been written down in the annals of your lives, in the Book of your life in Heaven. And will be credited to you as righteousness in that Day.*

*“In the meantime, you are growing in all the virtues, which Satan has sought to deprive you of through bitterness, rancor, jealousy, and all manner of spiritual blindness. Continue on, My dear ones, knowing that I have counted and kept all your tears, which in the end will move mountains.*

*“I love you tenderly, even when you fall and fail to live up to what you know is right. Your hearts are set on doing what is right, but your weaknesses continue to humble you. Do you know that these weaknesses are more precious to Me than your victories? And do you know why? Because you continue to believe in My goodness. You call out to Me to lift you up and out of your pit. You continue to believe in My Goodness and reach out to grasp My hand, only to end up in My arms where I hold you tenderly and kiss your hair and remind you of how much you mean to Me, little as you are.*

*“I would suffer and die for only one of you were it in My power to do it all over again. Keep these words hidden in your hearts.”*

Lord, I hear all these voices around me about Your suffering. Yet I feel cut off, because I haven't heard or seen You this way. (And what I'm talking about here is, Jesus has been appearing as bloody and crucified to several key members of the Prayer Team. And I haven't seen Him this way. And part of it, I know, is my fault, because I've been so taken up with getting matters settled.)



And now someone dreams about California and the stock market. What is true? What is coming? Please break through all the voices, Lord, and let the Truth prevail? Please?

*"My daughter, you have been busy with many things. I have told you some things must take place, but I have not revealed to you the details. Nor are any of them set in concrete. There are many events in line to happen, including the Big One in California. Which, in the end, will have to take place, but as yet not fully determined—and of course the stock market will react, as it does to everything.*

*"But this is no reason for you to lose heart or change anything I have given you to do. Some of this lack of insight is your fault, because you have not steadied your mind on Me. Yet, I do not fault you for this, because of the necessities that call out to you from every direction to be resolved, every day. However, I cherish the times you tend to My wounds and keep Me company when I am suffering.*

*"In this moment, I am suffering and need your tender love.*

*"I am going to plough this nation deep. I am going to intervene where the rubber meets the road. In most, it is their pocketbooks and stomachs. I am going to shake and sift all that is not of Me. Yet, I will watch over the needs of those who have made My will, their will.*

*"Yet many will be affected, nonetheless. What is for you to do is to remain in the center of My will, remain in the hub of the wheel, praying and offering, praying and offering. And continue to lead this flock in virtue of holiness.*

*"You will all be tested, My precious ones, that the dross may be separated from the silver. Motives of many will surface. Motives that were deeply hidden under a cloak of piety and devotion will now come to the surface for all to see. I will teach you about the nature of man, what can be trusted and what cannot.*

*"Your assignment is to remain in prayer. Keep Me company. Console Me—not only for the daily sins of all around the Earth, but also and especially for their indifference to others and to Me.*

*"My lukewarm church is the most painful of all. When these disturbances occur, keep your focus on your President's next term, and do not allow those whose native language is lying; do not allow them to touch you. Keep your mind riveted on what you know is right and what you know I want for your nation.*

*"Part of the motive in these events is to throw your world into a panic, and find some way to accuse Donald. Ignore the lies; support the Truth.*

*"My Brides, I call to you. Tend to My wounds. Pour the oil of your tears and intentions upon My many wounds. Comfort Me and remain by My side. Do not let the World steal your attention away from My needs in this hour."*

And I personally have found the best way to meditate on His wounds is to put on dwelling music, yes, but make a more serious playlist for Jesus, to comfort Him in His sufferings. And to pray and meditate upon the Stations of the Cross. They truly are powerful. And don't just repeat the name of the Station. Enter into a meditation on it. Actually put yourself there.

And I want to say one other thing about praying the Rosary, the Divine Mercy, or anything else. Guys, when we pray to the Lord, we need to be talking directly to Him—not just reciting prayers up in the air. To really focus on our picture of Who God the Father is, Who Jesus is. Who Mary is as a creation. Focus on this. Pay attention to and speak to these people! And speak to your God directly. Don't just speak out into the air. Focus on them and speak to Them when you pray. And that will have so much more meaning. Especially if you keep alive the meditation that goes with that prayer.

God bless you, Heartdwellers. Thank you for your faithfulness. I am so appreciative that you're taking care of us while we kind of stumble around here. Hopefully, we're coming out of the stumbles and are going to be a little bit more present.

The Lord bless and keep you. You are greatly loved. Amen.

### **An Urgent Call to Prayer 5-2-2019**

May 2, 2019 – Reposted September 10, 2019



Lord Jesus, thank You for Your warnings and giving us new chances to prove our love for You. Dear Lord, I have not loved You with all my mind, because it has wandered. Help us to keep our gaze on Your hand, Lord, and to move when you say move. Amen.

Heartdwellers, we are at that point again. I do hope you've recovered a bit, because we really need to drench President Trump in prayer. He is going to

England on Friday to see the Queen. It is extremely serious and vital that we keep him alive with our prayers.

I've been told that a secret service man died while he was there last time. And another time that he was in the British Isles. I don't have any proof, but we do know that she is at the very hub of evil in the world.

One of our senior prayer warriors believes that there will not only be attempts on President Trump's life, but also Netanyahu and Putin. It was revealed to her in prayer that the enemy has been praying, fasting, and casting spells for months. Gathering up power to make this attempt successful. No doubt the timing they set is also in accord with their practices.

Dear ones, I come to you again asking for your fasting and prayers from the time President leaves until he returns. If the attempts on his life are successful, WW3 will happen very soon afterwards. And of course, the Rapture will occur in the midst of the chaos.

Please, families. All over the world. This is not a national danger. This means the end of peace on Earth, and millions will be killed in every country. So, please consider this something we must pray against. No matter what nation we were born into, we are still citizens of Heaven. So, all that occurs on Earth belongs to us, as well.

I would like to suggest that you call your friends together for a 24-hour prayer vigil, assigning one or two hours to each person that can be done in their own homes—especially in the presence of the consecrated Communion Host. We want to cover President Trump, Netanyahu, and Putin in prayer—but especially, our President. The ideal would be to cover them for three days, when President Trump leaves for England. I don't if that's tomorrow. Especially when he is with the Queen, and when he returns.

I am bringing this to you now, because Ezekiel had quite an episode today. Brought on by his enemies. But the Lord allowed it to get our attention. And He delivered Ezekiel from his pain. He really was trying to get our attention that this is a very serious time-frame, and we need to cover President Trump, and President Putin as well, in serious intercession. I've basically dropped everything I was doing, except for prayer.

I am coming to the conclusion, there is time for music, and there is time for art—and there is time for prayer. And prayer always comes first. Especially in national emergencies. After all, what good would a song or painting do if the world blew up tomorrow? How many could it possibly touch?

So, I am asking you who are in love with Your Jesus, to cover our President during this short interval of time when he is at a very high risk.

Also, I want to announce to you that “A Hope in Winter Comes” has just been released on Amazon, and of course, we have copies here. These are messages given to me during our times of ministry with a very devout group of Philippino nurses in Florida.

It is interesting to note, I finished this book at 3:00 AM on September 11th, 2001. We were woken up by a phone call around 9:30 or just after the first building was hit. We actually witnessed the live detonation of the second building.

I thought it very strange when I saw President Bush with a smurky smile on his face, walking through the rubble. I asked myself, ‘Why is this man smiling—when so many around him are crying in agony?’ The answer came back, “*Because it was a successful operation.*” Back in those days, people thought you were looney if you believed that this was self-inflicted by our government. But now the truth has come out, thanks to the disclosure of confiscated computers in the CIA and FBI.

Dear Ones, our President is alive right now because YOU prayed. He is in office right now, because YOU prayed. And will continue to destroy the stronghold of evil on our nation, because WE prayed.

Lord, is there anything You want to add?

*“Clare, it is imperative that everyone pray. I will tell you this much: the scheme is extremely elaborate and multifaceted. And if one thing doesn’t work, he will be shuffled into another attempt—and another and another. They are not going to let him leave alive if it is at all possible.*

*“But they are men, and I am God. And if enough prayers and fastings go up, he will make it through alive. There will be numerous attempts while he is in the air, as well. They are not taking any chances on him living even one more day.*

*“Pray for supernatural coverage. Pray for the Secret Service agents to receive direction from Holy Spirit. Pray they will be sensitive, and especially prepared for a round of attempts causing chaos and throwing them off guard. They are highly trained—but this trip will tax their abilities to survive.*

*“Prayer will be the decisive factor in his survival.”*

Lord, may I add something?

*“Yes, you may, dear one.”*

Let’s also pray and ask the Blessed Virgin to wrap him in her cloak that no harm can come to him. Or to his wife, if she is there.

John Paul II was saved from assassination by the Blessed Mother’s intervention. It has been told that his assassin was one of the best in the business. And when the Pope went to visit him in jail, the one thing the assassin could not get over was that he missed. He even said to the Pope he didn’t know how that could happen. And John Paul II answered him very simply, “The Virgin, Our Lady of Fatima. That was her feast day on the 13th. That’s when the attempt happened. On the feast day of Our Lady of Fatima. And she redirected the bullet.”

Later an official statement was given by the Pope, “John Paul II was convinced that Mary, in the form of Our Lady of Fatima, had personally redirected the bullet that hit him, saving his life. He gave a bullet recovered from the Pope-mobile to the local bishop in Fatima, who placed it in the crown of the official image of Mary in the shrine of Fatima.”

*Jesus continued, “My Love, there is nothing superstitious about asking My mother to pray with you. In fact, it is the Marian multiplier. When she is praying with you, your petitions are presented to My Father with enormous blessing attached. For those who understand the*

*Scriptures and are humble enough to ask for her intercession. For them, great favor is added to their prayer.*

*"Someday soon now, people around the world will come to know the power of her intercession and cease from reviling her."*

Lord, I remember Kim Clement's prophecy.

I looked it up, as I really wanted to share it here. I've shared it once before.

"There is a president that will come. He will have absolutely no fear. He will be decisive. In the middle of the restoration of America. As the beginning of the Restoration begins, there shall be a woman that will rise up, a woman that shall be strong in faith. Virtuous. Beautiful in eyes. Her eyes shall be round and big. 'I have crowned her', says the Lord, 'as I crowned Esther.'"

Now, that's in past tense that He says this. "I have crowned her."

"And the people shall receive her, for she shall have the oil of gladness for the pain and the mourning that has taken place. And she shall pour out the oil. She shall pour out the oil on this nation."

Now this is interesting. Obviously, somethings going to happen before she rises up. Or at least, I take it that way. 'Cause it says, "She shall have the oil of gladness for the pain and mourning that has taken place." So, it sounds to me like there is something big coming before she rises up.

"And God says," Kim continued, "'Healing shall begin, and then shall flow rapidly. Schools will be free from potential damage and danger: shootings, murders, drug addiction. Cartels shall be afraid of a woman—a woman anointed by God, a woman set aside.'" And God says, 'They will say, "We hated her, but now we love her.'"

Boy, isn't that what's going on with Evangelicals—really, really revile her.

"For she shall take the oil of healing," he continues, "and she shall pour it upon the scars of those left, and those right, and of the new party that has come forth. Therefore, the healing that is necessary for this nation shall come at a time in the middle of the presidency. There shall be a woman that shall come, and God said there shall be oil that shall be poured upon the nation and they shall suddenly feel the healing.

"And they shall say, 'It is well with my soul,' for the soul of America has been corrupted; the soul of this nation has been corrupted with bitterness and anger. And God said, "She shall say, 'No more bitterness, no more anger, no more division.' And she'll pour the oil that shall come from the Spirit of the Lord Himself."

And I just noticed this as I was reading it. "And they shall say it is well with my soul." That song was written on the heels of a ship going down. It was written by a minister. His wife and children were on a ship coming to meet him. And that ship went down, and he lost his wife and children. And he wrote this song soon after that. Beautiful song. "It Is Well With My Soul."

So, this portends, I would say. Some kind of big event with a lot of death. That's what it looks like to me. The way that he has written this out. There's gonna be some kind of calamity. Somethings going to happen, and we're gonna be in a state of mourning.

Okay. So I said, "Lord, would you care to comment on this?"

Jesus said, *"Who have I crowned Clare?"*

Our Lady.

*"Who has been hated by the Evangelical community?"*

Our Lady, Your Mother.

*"And who has touched you with joy and gladness in moments of extreme pain?"*

You have, Lord. But also, she has, as well.

*"And there you have your answer. But do not stop praying, for there are things to transpire before that day. A shake-up and wake-up call. And I wish for no man to perish, but those who have refused to reconcile with Me are in grave danger."*

He continued, *"What I love about this Channel is that you are all so responsive. Even though you have been tired out, still you rise to pray and intercede, because I called to you and you answered Me, 'Speak Lord. Your servant is listening.'*

*"And there are those among you who are truly saints on this Earth. And your prayers capture the hearts of the Cloud of Witnesses and the angels in Heaven. Never doubt it: your prayers have turned many a battle around and saved those, who before, seemed unredeemable.*

*"Be encouraged, Heartdwellers. I love you deeply and count on you for so very many things. Prayer and comfort. Dearly I love you.*

*"Rise to this occasion. Sleepers rise. I give you another chance to break the flasks of your heart to save your nation and be counted with the elect."*

## **Chapter Two**

### The Garden Within



Hanna's hesitation barely lasted a heartbeat.

She took his arm, and together they walked through the gate. It had swung inward as it opened, and quietly shut again as they walked beyond its edges.

Her wildest imagination couldn't have dreamed this—it was so incredible it took her breath away! Surely every flower in the world had come to party on the lawn, wandering freely everywhere she looked. Many had

gathered into groups according to their kind: patches of daisies, rounds of columbine, stripes of petunias wove in and out of a line of young trees bordering the path as it traveled ahead of her.

Over to the left, a dozen topiary couples portrayed the various poses of a waltz on a dance floor of creeping phlox. The nearest man's suit of clothes looked alive with navy speedwell for a jacket, high collar and tails. Grey dusty miller formed his trousers while tiny, white button-mums snuggled together, forming collar, cuffs and gloves. Shiny brown mushroom caps spread over his knee-length boots and a long, flowing cape of rosy spirea attached to his shoulders.

His partner's gown was also formed by the rosy spirea, her skirt flowing out gracefully around her. White mum cuffs and gloves completed her arms, and a wide, white mum collar encircled her neck.

Faces were formed from tiny pale-pink roses, and larger yellow and amber mums dotted their heads for hair. The man's left hand was raised to hold the lady's, while the other gently held her waist. Each couple had their own color scheme, carried out by different varieties of colorful flowers and greeneries.

Immediately to Hanna's right stood a towering gorilla, made entirely out of flowing, draping Spanish moss! Arms lifted high in the air, eventually he would appear to be grabbing for a branch of the rising oak tree behind him—but the tree was only five feet tall at this point. As if to give reason for his current pose, one foot was held aloft, and he seemed to be mimicking the dancers across the way—in his own fashion.

A galloping line of topiary ponies made their way along the path ahead of them—pink, purple, blue, red and yellow—all running down towards a distant stream and walking bridge.

Lastly, a colorful chameleon lay along the lower branch of a nearby leggy bush. Hanna looked closer at this one, just to see what kind of tiny, tiny flowers it was made of, and found a dozen more tucked among the leaves.

**The Rose Bowl Parade floats on New Year's Day couldn't hold a candle to this!**

It was all so life-like, so intricate; any moment you expected the music to begin and the dancers to twirl away in each other's arms, the monkey to scratch himself, the ponies to take off trotting or the chameleons to change colors like flashing Christmas lights.

"How do the flowers...?"

"I had an idea of what I wanted them to do, to look like, and they arranged themselves. I provided the framework; they provided the color," he answered. "They are enjoying the finished effect as much as we are."

Another question bubbled to the surface.

**“But won’t they... ?”**

**“No, dear one. Nothing dies here. Nothing gets destroyed or harmed or broken. Not if you are doing your job.”**

*MY* job? Alarmed, Hanna looked up into his face, but at least for the moment, he seemed completely unconcerned.

**“Have you noticed the waterfall yet? Look, just beyond the Dancers.”**

He pointed just over the shoulder of the nearest topiary woman, and Hanna sidestepped to follow his finger with her eyes. Not far from where they stood, the ground began to rise into a hill. At the top was set a wall of large rocks, alive with flowing greenery and more flowers. A narrow veil of water fell over the wall, down into a deep basin. The basin would fill, then flow over, falling and pooling the same way into four or five different levels on its way back down the hill—until the water finally rested in a pond below.

Everywhere around and amidst the pools and rocks grew tall spires of fireweed and fuzzy thistle heads. Tall, stately lupine poked up above flowing beds of elephant ear leaves. Various creeping mosses and greens wove in and around an inviting little white gazebo that nestled among a grouping of large boulders.

Hanna and her mother had once delighted in looking through the gardening magazines at the front of the grocery stores, laughing and pointing from one to the other, nodding heads and shaking them until they finally decided which one to take home with them. Then they would cozy together on the couch and look through the pages, dreaming out loud about the beautiful flower gardens and lovely creations within the book, trying to recreate them around their own home.

**A gazebo had been their fondest wish; a promise broken by life events... and then forgotten. The memory gave her a sudden pang in her heart, a furrowing of her brows. They hadn’t so much as gone to the grocery store together in such a long time, and gardening together had certainly become a thing of the past.**

**“It’s all so lovely...”** she said, smoothing her face and hoping he hadn’t seen. **“Kamali said you had just started the garden this morning, though. How—”**

**“—did I do so much, so quickly?”** He finished her question. **“It’s part of the secret of the Garden, of all that exists in this dimension. Everything here responds to Love. A seed can be planted, watered, and grown all within moments. A tree can be planted with a kind thought, watered by a loving deed, and flourish and bloom within an afternoon.**

**“It’s all connected to Love.**

**“Here, let me show you.”**

He bent down and stirred a patch of bare dirt with his finger, right in the center of a circle of buttercups. Taking a small packet from his tunic, He held it out to her.

**“Open this and take the seed out.”**

Hanna did as she was instructed, and soon held a tiny, burred seed, something like a miniature chestnut pod. It was adorable!

If a seed could BE adorable.

**“Yes, they can.”** He smiled. **“And this one surely is.”**



He pointed to the patch of dirt. “Now, dig a little hole with your finger, drop the seed in and cover it up gently. Remember: these aren’t seeds like on Earth. You need to treat them very kindly.”

She wasn’t so sure about that one; it sounded weird. But she did as she was told, then looked up for further instruction. Still smiling, he stood looking down at her, his blue eyes sparkling with some secret—and suddenly her heart began to fill with emotion that nearly overwhelmed her.

Hanna sat back on her haunches, both hands drawn to her chest.

*It’s all connected to Love.* His words echoed in her mind even as her heart felt like it was overflowing now.

*Was he...?* Hanna’s thoughts whirled. No! How in the world could he do that? People can’t do that. People love each other; they don’t *make* feelings. They sure don’t *send* feelings—not literally! Not from one heart to another.

It must just be part of the dream.

One thing was sure—she wasn’t doing it to herself. The strong, sweet sensation made her heart ache to hold onto it as it flowed through her. Memories of a time long ago began to flash on the screen of her mind.

“Okay,” she spoke out loud suddenly, breaking the flow. *Time to get back to real.* “Now what?”

He cupped his hands, one over the other, then drew them apart again. In the space between, a tiny, white cloud began forming. As he concentrated on it, the little puff grew larger... then a little grey, then bigger and darker still.

He looked up at her with a grin. “Okay, it’s ready. Take this and hold it over the seed.”

“Hurry, now,” he laughed, and held it out to her.

Hanna would tell this story over and over again to Evan in the months to come, and he never stopped giggling when she did.

She’d hesitated, so he finally took her right hand and held it up, then moved the now shoebox-sized cloud over to her.

“Hold it over the seed and let go. Quickly now!”

She did as she was instructed, but apparently, she’d waited a little long. The cloud slid from her hand to hang over the dirt. But by then, impatient little thunderings and lightning bolts had started to move around in the middle of it. Before she could remove her hand all the way, the tiniest ray of lightning shot out and just nipped her thumb. She yelped in surprised and stuck the offended digit in her mouth, until she realized it hadn’t hurt, after all. Not really.

One glance at those sparkling eyes told her he’d had something to do with all of that, too—and together they burst out laughing.

“Swift Obedience is highly prized around here,” he commented pointedly, then dropped his eyes back to the cloud.

“Now. Watch what happens.”

The cloud had turned a deep grey now, and soon water started pouring down from it. It rained out, thoroughly saturating the soil, growing smaller and smaller like a deflating balloon until a single, last drop was released and it disappeared with a little ‘pop’. Where the rain had fallen, the barest of green could be seen poking up.

“That’s *so cool!* How did you do that? How long will it take to grow?”

“This is a reticulated Marnin tree.” He helped her back to her feet. “Its growth depends a lot on the person who planted it. The fruit is very special, something very useful at times.” He reached out to brush a little dirt from her hand. “Another time, once it’s grown and bearing, I’ll explain more about it.”

She wanted to stay and watch, convinced it would grow right before her eyes if she did, but He turned in the direction of the hedge wall again and pointed.

“There’s something special over this way I’d like to show you, if you don’t mind.”

She hadn’t noticed before that the path divided off in that direction, but now it stretched along in a graceful curve. No longer composed of small pebbles, this pathway was made of large, flat, dove-grey stones forming giant-step places to walk on, and inter-grown with tiny, purple campanula flowers between the cracks.

A short stone wall bordered one side of the path, and waves and waves of heart-shaped clumps of flowers spilled over the top. Hundreds of pale pink butterflies, no bigger than the size of her thumbnail, gathered on the flower hearts, adding a splash of contrast to the color, like shading from an artist’s brush.

Everywhere she looked was more wonderful than the last.

Hannah closed her eyes and breathed in the indescribable fragrance that seemed to change with each breath. Sweet; pungent. Woodsy; minty. Piney; wispy. No one description could capture the bouquet of scents that came drifting by on a constant but gentle breeze.

The two walked silently side-by-side until soon she could hear the tumbling splash of a water fountain somewhere ahead of them. A few steps more, and the path rounded the end of the wall. Before them lay a smooth little clearing in the middle of dozens of flowering dogwoods.

“Here we are, dear one,” he said as they came to a stop.

So far, the garden had been lovely.

Now it had become magical.

To their left, a snow-white wrought-iron bench snuggled up inside a tall arbor covered with multi-colored roses. To their right, a vine-covered gazebo with a double swing suspended from the ceiling beckoned invitingly. Both were charming. But Hanna couldn’t pull her eyes away from what lay between them.

In the very center of the clearing spread out a massive fountain, easily 30 feet across, with a retaining wall that came up just below her waist. The more she looked, the more amazing it was.

“Truly beautiful, isn’t it?” the Man said softly. “I think this is my favorite part of this Garden, so far.” He stood there watching, arms crossed, and gave a pleased sigh. “Don’t you think, Hannah?”

Hannah was too lost in watching to answer... She’d never dreamed anything like this before.

Suspended right in the center, high above her head, was an enormous heart, completely formed of water. ‘How does it hold its shape like that? How does it STAY there like that?’ No matter how she looked, there was no support for it. No pipe running up to it. It just *was*. Droplets would form on the surface, slide down towards the bottom—growing and growing and growing, until finally...one would burst open and ‘birth’...

Well, all sorts of things!

One was forming now—and out popped a fat purple fish! The droplet poured out, down to the pool, and the fish swam right along in it until it plunged into the water. Immediately, it was surrounded by OTHER fish, like a welcoming party! And then several would swim away with it. She watched a dozen or more swell, burst, and land into the pool and be led away. There seemed to be holes, or tunnels maybe, in the walls of the fountain. But where could *they* lead to??

“Transportation tunnels, Little One. This fountain is the birthing station for all the waters in your Garden. Watch now! This one **will really surprise you!**”

A HUGE droplet was hanging from the bottom point of the heart now. *‘This must be a tuna or something!’* she thought—then let out a squeal of delight as a baby otter burst out and slid down into the pool. “Oh! Oh! He’s so adorable!” Other otters had already surrounded it, fussing over it, smoothing its hair and lifting it up to the surface to float.

“Would you like to say hello?” With a wave, he beckoned the newborn creature over to where they were standing. “Sit here on the ledge, Hannah.” He helped her up until she sat facing the water. “Put your feet right into the water,” he smiled. As she did, the otter lifted his head up from the water, and wiggled his whiskers at her, just as though he was wondering what in the world SHE was.

“She’s safe,” he spoke softly. “Don’t be afraid. You can come say hello.”

Hannah was *sure* she saw the creature smile. Then it dove down into the water to gain momentum and leapt up on the ledge right in front of the Man. It stood up on his hind legs and gave a little bow to him...and then turned to look Hannah over one more time.

Hannah patted the place next to her, and the next thing she knew the otter had crawled up into her lap and curled up to sleep.

“There’s something wonderful and innocent about new life, isn’t there?” His voice came over her shoulder as he peered down. “Pure and innocent—hard not to give your heart to it, I always find.”

She’d never held anything this ‘new’...but it was stirring up other memories she didn’t want to look at. Tears were forming, but she didn’t want him to see and kept her head ducked down, stroking the fur of the tiny being on her lap, watching its little chest rise and fall with each breath.

“Time to let it go again, dear one.”

*But... it’s only been a few minutes...*

“Here come the others to take it.”

She didn’t understand the pang in her heart as she heard the older otters chattering to the baby. She’d never held so sweet a creature. Never had a pet, or anything else that was just *hers*. As much as she longed to keep it, she knew she had to let go. As the baby woke and yawned, flashes of her mother’s face kept coming into her mind.

*There are no accidents in My world, Little One. No coincidences. Letting go of Love is very, very hard. Keep this tucked into your own heart, dear one. Remember this time and these feelings...*

The baby otter slipped off her lap and plunged into the water. One last time his little head emerged from the water, just in front of her. With a mischievous glint in his eye, he winked at

her—and spit a stream of warm water up into her face. Then ducked down and swam away with the others.

The Man’s laughter rang out as he held out a pocket handkerchief to her. “Maybe it’s time to explore what else the Garden holds, yes? Let’s see. The gazebo? Or the path over there?”

A simple, white square of parchment appeared before their eyes as he spoke. “*Refreshments will now be served in the gazebo, as requested,*” read the words on the paper. As soon as he had studied it and nodded, it disappeared again.

“Looks like the choice has been made for us.” His ready smile spread over his face again; more twinkles shone from his eyes. “Shall we go sit in the gazebo?”

The scent of chocolate and a sweet, nutty smell came drifting on the air, and soon they were seated with a table and tray of hot cocoa mugs and cookies. The splashing of the fountain was a pleasant background sound while he poured out a cup for each and urged her to choose from a variety of sweets. It occurred to Hanna, as she thought about the fountain: up to this point, it *had* seemed unnaturally quiet in the Garden—as though something was missing.

Animals! Hanna suddenly thought. There were birds outside. And fish and water animals in the fountain. But she had not seen a single bunny or squirrel... or anything. Not anywhere. In the fields or paths or... anywhere.

*I wonder why? It would be nice ...*

The thoughts had no sooner formed than a high-pitched *chitter, chitter, chit* began to run along the railing beside them. A chipmunk! No, a *family* of chipmunks was making their way towards them. Hop, hop, hop—as they reached the little table, one, two, three they all leaped onto it and sat up prettily, hands folded before them, little faces looking to see if they could “Share, please?”

Hannah burst out laughing at their comical little heads, cocking back and forth with the question. She took a few crumbs and tentatively held them, wondering.

“They won’t bite, don’t worry. If you hold out your hand, they’re more than likely to climb right on,” he told her.

She reached out one palm, and the smallest of the trio climbed aboard, ran straight up her arm, and sat chirping into her ear. It sounded like the tiny animal was humming a little tune! To her astonishment, it began to sing:

“The King is here,  
Come hear my cry!  
Rejoice with me,  
The King is here.”

Finished with its song, the baby chipmunk ran back down her arm and joined its family, picking up crumbs and stuffing them into its cheeks.

*I wonder if ... I wonder what else—?*

Boldly, she directed her thoughts towards a dozen different animals she was fond of—and out of the trees, down from the roof of the gazebo, and springing out from below the swing came her reward.

Two plump, soft brown bunnies came from under an azalea bush and hopped up on the table to join the chipmunks, twitching their long ears and sniffing at the cocoa pot. A squirrel, bushy tail whisking back and forth, climbed down one of the posts at the front of the gazebo and clung there, chattering at them and eyeing the cookies. A doe and its fawn came walking around the corner and poked their heads into the opening, gazing at them with soft, brown eyes. Soon, a fat baby skunk waddled out from beneath the swing, and a pair of tiny field mice circled their way down the chains that held it to the roof.

She stared in amazement, wondering if she had thought *too* much—when a silvery, grey wolf came loping across the lawn. Beside the wolf, a giant brown bear lumbered along, trying to keep up. Once the unlikely pair reached the front railing of the gazebo, the duo sat down quietly and politely, waiting for a sign from their Master's hand.

One more celebrant came. A large, completely white eagle floated down from the sky and perched regally on a railing, directly to the right of the Man.

Now that the animals were gathered, together they took up the song the baby chipmunk had begun.

**“The King is here,  
For this we cheer,  
Rejoice with me,  
The King is here.**

All fell silent, allowing the tiniest member to repeat his stanza.

**“The King is here,  
Come hear my cry!  
Rejoice with me,  
The King is here.”**

Now all joined together again, the bear's deep grumbly voice providing bass, while the wolf ended the song with a yip and a drawn-out howl.

**“The King has come,  
His Love comes near.  
Rejoice with me,  
The King has come.”**

“Well! Thank you very much,” the Man stood and bowed his thanks to the choir. “I am so appreciative of your song. Thank you.”

At his words, the animals nodded their heads and chattered in their own way for a bit, then began to wander back to where they had come from. One by one they slipped away, until only the white eagle was left, golden eyes blinking solemnly at Hanna as though it were sizing her up, deciding her character.

“I don’t know how you did that!” Hanna broke out excitedly. “No. Maybe I don’t know how / did that? But now I have a million and one questions, and I just have to ask!”

Hanna had been a little tongue-tied this whole time; answering him, yes, but sparingly. But the appearance of the animals, their song, the comfort of being in his presence finally loosened it, and out poured everything she’d been wondering up to this point.

“We really *are* here, aren’t we?” she breathed quietly, looking again at the magnificent eagle. “I mean, I’m not dreaming. I’m really sitting—somewhere—and you are really *real*. Seriously, a real, live person is sitting next to me, in a very real gazebo.”

She grabbed the swing’s chain and shook it a little.

“This is *real* metal. The seat is really holding us up. The flowers feel real; they smell real. The water is wet, the grass is ... Well, the grass is soft.” Her lips pursed at that statement. “That’s a question right there.”

Deciding to ponder that some other time, she looked out over the clearing, hoping to see one of the animals lingering somewhere.

“I don’t know how you got the animals to come,” her eyes fell to her lap. “And I’m still not at all sure that I really heard them singing.” She was sitting bolt upright in the swing now, hands clasped together, tensed in case one of her statements turned out to be a fantasy after all.

“I think I did.”

She concluded. “I’m sure it wasn’t my imagination.”

Finally, she turned to him, looking him full in the face.

“*IS this all my imagination?*”

The Question of Questions hung in the air.

Hanna looked at him with such vulnerable eyes, hoping against hope that she was right—that she had somehow found her own world-beyond-the-world, just like Lucy and Peter had found their Aslan. She knew that she knew that it was impossible... But the stress and tension of her life for the past two years had bottled up a thousand emotions in her heart and soul, and suddenly it all just became too much. Too much to think that she was merely dreaming. Too much to believe that life didn’t hold more than day-by-day loneliness and pain and sorrow.

There had to be more. *There had to be.*

She held his eyes with her own, took a deep breath and finally asked.

“Who *ARE* you?”

He had waited quietly beside her, just watching, up until now. At this final question, he closed his eyes and solemnly nodded his head. The now familiar, deep chuckle rumbled in his throat, then his entire face seemed to smile down at her.

“You invited Me here,” he answered, bringing both palms up flat to the sky, in a gesture to fit the words.

“Don’t you remember?”

There—centered in the palm of his right hand—lay a round, deep scar the size of a fifty-cent coin. She hadn't seen this before! She reached a finger out to touch it, and he closed his other hand over hers. There! In the center of this other hand was the same thing.

How could she have missed it?

She sat forward to look more closely. One of his feet poked out from beneath the swing, and there! Another scar—exactly like the ones on his hands. She was sure, if she could see the other foot, there would be one to match it.

Suddenly, the Man was clothed in a long, flowing robe of the purest of whites. It was girdled with a wide band of pure gold and fell all the way to the floor. Over this, he now wore a sleeveless outer cloak of rich, deep purple; an intricate, embellished design of gold ran from the hem, up the open edges and circled around the stand-up collar.

"Jesus?" she cried out loud, bringing her hands to her open mouth.

"Oh, *JESUS!*"

She flung her arms around His waist and clung to Him.

"Oh! Oh! Nana said You would come into my heart, but... But—well. *You know!* That's what they always say in church!" Her voice was a little muffled, lost in the folds of his robe. She picked her head up again to explain. "And I always thought it was just a saying—not something that was really *real!*"

He was laughing in delight now at her excited words and wrapped his arm around her, nestling her head back over his heart. Where her cheek lay, she could feel the fabric of his robe, softer than anything she'd ever felt in her life. Soft, the way a cloud should feel. Soft, like the velvety tip of a pony's nose. She brought her hand up and stroked it without thinking about what she was doing, how very bold she was being.

"Oh, My sweet, precious Hanna," He leaned down and kissed the top of her head. "This place. These events. This time with Me now is more real than the life you live in the Natural, dear one." He turned fully towards her, took her hands between His and looked deep into her eyes, seeming to search through her whole body and soul with His gaze.

"This is My world, Hanna. This is My creation and the life I now inhabit within you. It is simply another dimension, one you can only access once you've given your heart to Me."

He lifted her chin with his fingertips. "We are inside your heart, you know. Your spirit-man and Mine. I designed your spirit to be able to meet with Me this way."

Gently, He reached over and smoothed a little unbelief from between her eyebrows.

"Really."

"Truly."

"We are. Here." His eyes crinkled with an unspoken Joy.

"Your heart is a portal, as you might call it, to another dimension. Only through your spirit can you come here, for now. Though it seems we are clothed in flesh, we are truly in our spirit-man bodies. In the future, especially once the Glorious Days are come, we will be able to come here together at will, inviting all who would join us to gather here. Each and every soul who gives their life to Me has their own, unique Garden. I begin planting it the moment Holy Spirit opens the portal.

"I have much to teach you, sweet Hanna. Much. I chose you from the beginning of the world, for such a time as this. Just like Esther, I am raising up individuals in this time who will love Me completely. Trust Me entirely. And follow Me with their whole hearts. Laying their lives down for the sake of the love for others, and for My Kingdom."

He cocked His head to one side, considering.

"Your Nana Anne is such a one. She and I have had many lovely adventures together in her Garden, for many years now."

"Things in the world are rapidly changing, Hanna." His tone deepened, becoming more serious. "There are things you don't yet understand. Time is beginning to come to a close. You have felt the touch of pain in your life, and loneliness as well. I will help you with this, to again find Joy that can never be broken.

"In time, when your own heart has found peace and wholeness, I will ask that you help Me in the healing of your parents' hearts, too."

At these words, her head drooped to her chest, and her eyes burned with bitter tears. She had been bottling up her emotions for what seemed like forever, but at the tender tone of his voice, the love in his eyes as He looked at her, now they just came pouring out like a smudgy, grey river.

Her shoulders began to quiver and shake with sob after sob until they burst from her with hot passion. He put his arms around her shoulders and drew her close to his heart again. They sat together that way for a very long time, until her sobs turned to quiet sniffles, her heart had stopped racing and calmed down.

Finally, she spoke to Him.

"How can I help them? I'm still just a child in their eyes. They hardly even speak to me any more...."

With an index finger, he tenderly captured one of the last tears that threatened to breach the dam of her eyes and held it, suspended there, a perfect droplet of pain. A tiny, crystal bottle appeared next to his finger, and he carefully scraped the tear into the vessel—and it vanished again.

"With Love, Dear. Renewed Love. First from you to them, and in return, from them to you."

*Love?* her mind scoffed bitterly. Where was love in HER life? Right now? Two blocks down the street, in a tiny, run-down bungalow.

A little more firmly, he continued. "Yes. Love. Your parents' hearts have been deeply damaged with pain that you cannot understand yet, not until you are older. And the Enemy has done even more damage as they have slowly turned away from Me."

*Enemy?* Her thoughts started to stream away with the idea. *What could he mean by that?*

People in this country didn't have enemies, at least not here, not where she lived. Maybe overseas people hated the Americans. She'd heard her father talking about things like that on the phone with his friend, Dave. They talked about a lot of things she didn't care about, didn't care to understand. Elections. Liars. Race riots. Policemen hating people; people hating policemen. She'd heard of bad things happening way down in Philadelphia, too. But that was miles away.

Theirs was just a quiet, backwoods town. No, not even a town, a village. Tucked deep in the hills of Pennsylvania, half an hour from the nearest place that even had a Dollar Store; and 10 minutes even further to the nearest Walmart.



There were more coyotes and skunks to worry about there than whether a race riot would break out. For heavens' sake, Sandy Hines had been the only colored girl in her whole class this year—unlike the very mixed group of students she had been used to in Tennessee.

Quietly, he broke into her thoughts again.

“You have heard of Satan before, My enemy.

“Now that you are on ‘My side,’ so to speak, he has become your enemy, too. But even he cannot stand against Love. Nothing can. I defeated even Death through Love. We will talk of him in more depth another day.

“Love is who I Am, Hanna. Love is the most powerful force on Earth, and in Heaven, and everywhere in between. It’s not just a sweet feeling; it’s not even a nice thing you do for someone. It’s ME, working through you, a child now of My Kingdom. Without Me, nothing and no-one can truly Love. With Me, you can conquer anything that comes into your life that is sad, painful, hard, or even evil.”

His infectious smile broke through again, and the Garden (which had begun to dim just a little with all the sad thoughts and memories) sprang back to brilliant light and color. He whistled two short notes, and soon a tiny bluebird came fluttering in through one of the openings of the gazebo and landed on his extended finger.

“These are things that we will talk about in times to come, for we will meet here as often as you wish, as often as you need to. And there will be times that I will call you here. You will see!

“But I don’t want to spoil the joy of today with too much talk. There has been joy here, hasn’t there?”

He gestured to Hanna to mimic his hand, and the tiny creature hopped down his finger and over onto hers. There it sat, peering up at her with bright brown eyes that seemed to want to tell her something.

“Go ahead, Little One,” He spoke encouragingly. “Tell her. She’ll listen now.”

The bird puffed out its little chest with a large breath, opened its beak and out came a happy, lilting song:

Love is patient, Love is kind,  
Love will always help you mind.  
Never wants to have its way,  
Never wants to take away.  
Love is what the King has given,  
Love upholds the rules of Heaven.  
Love is Who our King is,  
Love is Who our King is.

Love is glad when Truth wins out,  
Love brings cheering, never doubt.  
Never puffs its chest out proud,  
Never speaks mean things out loud.  
Love is blind to others’ faults,

Love brings evil to a halt.”  
Love is Who our King is,  
Love is Who our King is.

Abruptly finished with its little concert, the bird bowed once to Hanna, once to its King—and away it flew, up into the nearest dogwood tree. Soon, an entire choir of birds had picked up the song, and ‘round and ‘round they sang, until Hanna knew the words and the tune by heart and began to sing along with them.

With a final repeat of the chorus “Love is Who our King IS!” the birds, almost as one body, lifted up into the air and flew off into the distance.

Jesus sat smiling to himself, quietly humming the song for just a bit as Hanna tried to absorb all that had happened over the past few—hours? She had no idea how long she’d been in this wonderful place. She knew it couldn’t last forever, and she was almost afraid to move or speak, for fear that the time was now over.

A goodbye seemed to hang in the air, somehow.

“Don’t be afraid, dear Hanna.” His words underlined what she’d been sensing, that this was nearly the end of this adventure. “I will always be with you, now and forever. I live inside your heart.

“I will always be there when you call to Me.

“I will be watching over you all of the time.

“Never will I leave you alone.”

He looked up at the opening of the gazebo and called out, “Come!” Before them stood a tall, slender angel dressed in a full, white robe—a single, golden girdle hung at his waist with a scabbard and sword hanging from it. His eyes were the color of the sky; his hair was white as the purest snow. Parts of it looked so fine and soft, it floated on the barest of breezes, like dandelion floaties being tugged to fly away.

Across his chest ran a line of picture-patches, each one depicting what looked like a battle scene in a war of some sort. An angel with bow and arrow in hand, ready to shoot. An angel pulling a shining sword from a scabbard. Scenes of strange weapons being fired. Oddly shaped shields being raised against an unseen enemy.

Hanna looked at Jesus with one eyebrow raised: *Is this who I think it is?*

“Come, Kamali. Your charge awaits you,” His eyes sparkled again. “You can explain these things to her another time.”

“Hannah,” He turned to her one last time.

“If you watch for Me, you will see My little love gifts to you—every day, everywhere. If you listen deep in your heart for Me, you will learn to hear My still, small voice within you, even in your natural world. And we will speak together—anytime, anywhere. Nothing will stand between us if you begin to walk in My Love and push away from the way the world thinks and does things.

“Holy Spirit is within you, too—there to guide you and help you.”

He placed a finger on her lips. “We will talk about His job within you another time, too. Now it is time to return to your family.

“Kamali will be with you always, as well. He is My helper to keep you safe.” He looked up fondly at the tall angel. “He has been your Guardian from the day you were born.” Nodding a grateful thank you, he commented, “It is a great day to meet the one who watches over you day and night in My service.”

“I bless you now with the gift of Love,” he turned to her one last time. “And the gift of Joy. Watch for them—welling up within you, coming from your heart. This will be a sign that Holy Spirit is there helping you. To help you remember, I will send you tokens of these gifts for you to hold and keep for yourself in the Natural world.

“Remember. I am with you always!

“Trust Me.”



And everything faded away into the mist...



A persistent knocking began to pierce her consciousness, and Hanna realized she was lying on her back again. She flung out her arm, hoping against hope to find the pebble path and the grass, but the smooth, velvety feel of her coverlet met her hand instead.

“Hanna. Mom wants you. *Hanna*. She’s getting *mad* now.” With a deep sigh, she recognized Evan’s high little voice floating through the door. “She’s been calling you for a long time—*hours* I’ll bet!

“Hanna, *please come out!*”

A glance at the clock told her that it had been exactly 22 minutes since she had first entered her room and locked the door behind her.

Amazing ...

“Coming, Squirt. I’m coming,” she called back through the door. “Tell her I’m coming!”

“Come with me, Lord. Please?” she spoke to her unseen Friend. “I don’t want to leave this place inside—not yet.”

Twitter, twitter, tweet, tweet, tweet! came from the windowsill. Hanna looked up, and there sat a tiny bluebird, no bigger than her fist. It flicked its wings a few times, sang her a few notes, and then flew off again to join its mates.

She smiled as she rose from the bed.

*Thank You, Lord.*

*I think I can trust You.*

Real life was calling again. It made the beauty and wonder of where she had just been even more poignant. She wondered how long it would be before Life overwhelmed Joy again—she could already feel it crashing in on her.

Maybe she should take these things a little easy for now. She amended her promise.

*At least... I'll try.*



## **Courage**

September 18, 2019



Jesus, thank You so very much for speaking to us. How blessed we are to hear the desires of Your Heart. Please help us to be thankful for this great privilege and never take it for granted. Amen.

Well, dear Family, I feel so unworthy of the grace of His visits. Though I am sometimes forgetful of this honor, He still waits for Me and shares His Heart so faithfully. Thank you, dear God, thank you so very much.

Lord, I am coming to you for Your children. Please speak to us.

*Jesus began, "My Dearest Daughter, please get rid of the notion that I am angry with you. I have heard your pleas for greater holiness and self-control, and I fully intend to answer them on a gradient level that you can handle. Now, your enemies will take note of this, and increase their attacks against your flesh. But what I have for you, dear one, will outsmart and render their opposition useful for you. It amazes Me that they continue to try and destroy our relationship—yet they never figure out it only gets stronger.*

*"There are seasons, you know. And you are exiting a treacherous season—a building program. So many churches fall and fail during a building program. The enemy sees it as an opportune time to send the wolves into the flock and scatter them, because the pastor is busy with other matters. This happens to every church.*

*"This is why you must keep your heart and mind on our children, Clare, and not let them slip by without knowing that you care. You cannot touch everyone, except through prayer. From the hub of the wheel you reach all the spokes. In a way, this channel is the hub, just as your prayer room is. But more will be happening from the Refuge in future months."*

You know, here I have to confess, we had a wonderful Heartdweller here helping us. And I didn't get a chance to say a proper goodbye to him. And I felt so badly. So, I've been trying to get ahold of him. And I pray that he will respond at some point, because I really blew it. It's about all I can say. Circumstances were piled up on me, and it just slipped through my fingers.

So... as I reminded him in one email. Forgiveness is a work of Mercy.

*"Dear, dear Heartdwellers. You who have patiently anticipated messages from Mother Clare, I need your prayers for her. The distractions are endless, and she suffers from guilt constantly. I am trying to take this from her, but her enemies also attack in that area, because she is vulnerable. Please pray for your Mother and support her with your fasting and prayers, that she may level out of this season and draw closer to you and Me. Pray for those she depends on, as well, so the burdens are lifted. I still have much to give you, Heartdwellers, as you go deeper in your own prayer life and are faithful to cover her."*

You are right, Lord. I do struggle with balancing time. For instance, now. Those I would relegate research to for wood stoves for the different buildings are busy digging ditches, so it falls to me. And it takes hours to search out and understand what is needed. Thank goodness, most of the hermitages are basically the same.

*Jesus replied, "I am pleased with you, Clare, because you put ordering the materials at the end of the day and did not leave prayer to do that. I am very pleased and comforted by your faithfulness."*

Guys, that was a real trial for me today. I guess I'm always feeling time passing by, and so I get to be in a hurry in doing things. And I really, really, really did violence to myself today in prayer, because it kept coming up: Put in the order for the stoves! Put in the order for the stoves and the stove pipes! Which is a complicated order. And I just kept slapping myself and saying, 'No! I'm not going to interrupt my time with the Lord for that! It can wait.'

Well, family, I have been going very slowly, devoting more time than is usual for me to recover my prayer focus. It takes me the better part of six hours to force my mind off of these pressing details and onto the Lord. Truly, I just want to be done with this. And when I finish one thing, I forget there is always another. So, I deliberately am pushing those things to the background so they don't tyrannize me.

*"The fruits of isolation, prayer, and close-knit community will be very satisfying and yet complicated at times. You have many who come broken by repeated rejection. They are like the injured fish that Ezekiel reached into the water and gently brought into a special holding tank, so they can be nursed back to health."*

That was a message, I think, maybe a year ago or so.

*"The challenges," He continued, "are many; the remedy is simply love and sound instruction. Together as a community, we can do this and be prepared for those who will come for ministry—whether it be on the Internet or in person.*

*"I listen to your fears, Clare. I have sent you solid souls who are eager to help, to sidestep the traps Satan has laid for them. They are aware of their weaknesses, and this is a major key to surviving in a community of like-hearted souls.*

*"My Heartdwellers are sweet and very much like Me—willing to carry their crosses. Their hearts are set on praying for all, especially the covens that live at the base of the mountain. The more they persecute you, the more you pray—and this is bound to bring forth the sweet fruit of conversion in time. The more they attack you, the more you have to offer Me for their conversions. It all works for My purposes, whether they recognize it or not.*

*"Never be too busy for a hurting soul; they must always come first. And yet, what you cannot accomplish on the spur of the moment, a simple prayer, 'Jesus, please help this soul!' is all that is needed, and I will begin to bring comfort to them. You are very limited in what you can do; I have no limits. Yet I depend on your prayers to release that comfort and healing.*

*"Clare...even those little sighs count as effective prayer.*

*"But I wish for all of you to pray for the Jewish nation, as these are painful and treacherous times. America, too, is a substantial prayer burden for all of you. And know that when the suffering runs high and things are especially difficult, I am needing your sacrifices. The horror I must see when children are dismembered and tortured is beyond words. My heart breaks at what these little ones suffer, and I long to rescue them through your offerings. It is not to be believed, the savage cruelty of those who stalk these children like prey. My heart breaks for them, dear ones. Please do not stop praying for them.*

*"As far as an event in this country goes, you are not out of the woods yet. But I am counting on you to respond when I place that burden on your hearts. Again, when you feel most burdened, either by sickness or emotional and mental pain, offer it to Me with My sufferings, as I must hear and see unspeakable things.*

*"My dear ones, I need your comfort now more than ever.*

*"You ask, 'How can I comfort you, Jesus?' When you focus on Me and speak words of reparation: 'Forgive them, Lord. They are blind. Jesus, they are so weak—have mercy.' These are some of the words that bring comfort to My Soul. And tenderly holding your crucifix, kissing My feet, holding My Head over your heart and stroking My hair—doing all these things in the spirit bring to Me great comfort. And as you contemplate My wounds and pain, you will grow much closer to Me.*

*"Kindness and mercy exerted on another soul who is in distress also brings great comfort to Me.*

*"Do not forget the suffering of My mother, dear ones. She endures, more than any other human being created on this Earth, My sufferings. And comforting her brings comfort to Me. You ask, 'But how do I know where to find her?' The answer is that, where I am, she also will be. Our hearts are in union.*

*"The gifts I have given to faithful souls on this Earth, when they come to Heaven, are beyond your earthly understanding. She was created with the grace of baptism at her conception and*

*preserved this purity during her entire life on this Earth. You will never understand what a great feat of holiness that was. Suffice it to say, it was done by the power of the Holy Spirit with her agreement and her cooperation.*

*“Go now, My dear ones, into your prayer closets and altars and bring to Me the sweet tears of contrition for this nation and all the innocent little ones that are suffering from the sickness of men as they cooperate with the demons. This emerging generation is highly gifted, and Satan is set on destroying as many as he can while they are in the womb. What he does not accomplish through abortion, he will pursue with evil men after they are born.*

*“Pray for the little ones, My People. Pray very much for Israel and the Jewish people.*

*“I love you tenderly. I am more pleased with you than you know. Don’t allow the enemy to burden you down or separate you from Me with false guilt. I know what you are capable of. I know your weaknesses. I know when you are trying. I see your tears when you fall short, and I stand by to strengthen you in your next trial.*

*“Embrace Me when you fall. Embrace Me when you are weak. Come running to Me and I will wash you white as snow. I see your hearts, not your weaknesses. And I promise you that what I have begun in you, I will finish. And for each trial you get up from, there is a badge of honor awaiting you in Heaven—as all you do is written in the book of your life.*

*“My blessings upon you. Go now and bring forth the sweet fruit of contrition and reparation.”*

## **Letting Go**

September 23, 2019



Thank You, Lord Jesus, for your comfort and instruction. Give us the strength to let go when it’s time to let go, without it being so devastating. Amen.

Dearest Family, the lessons of living together as community are running deep. St. Faustina once said that her environment was like a ciborium (a holy cup with consecrated hosts in it). Each host is different, and very precious. We are finding that out, as each one makes a deep heart impression. And the Lord is calling me to offer my tears with the sacrifice of His blood, for the sake of the unsaved.

Lord, please feed our sheep and lambs with Your wisdom and guidance.

Jesus began, *“I have called you together as consecrated souls to help one another walk the road of holiness. Your flesh is like a forest where the devils gather wood. All of you have had lessons in that on this Channel, so you are not unaware of how your flesh opposes My Spirit.”*

And I just want to say as an aside here. If you have been listening to Jackie's channel, you are not getting all of our teachings. She edits them heavily and removes content that might be challenging to her audience. So, for that reason, I think it best for you to also check in with our channel as well. Just to see what other things might have been said in the message.

Well, this week the Lord spoke to one of our brothers who felt he was called here for several years, at least. Then the Lord upset his apple cart by telling him that he was sending him to Jerusalem; to Israel. As he struggled with discernment, another sister at the Refuge had a dream that God was calling him out for another assignment. And Ezekiel was told by the Lord that he was sending one of ours out, and that he needed to prepare his heart.

We had all grown very fond of this brother. I cried when I got the news and petitioned the Lord to let him stay. And the Lord gently reprimanded me that my desires were opposed to Holy Spirit's desires—so I dropped it like a hot potato. I never like hearing that I am opposed to God's plan! That's not good...

*Jesus continued, "I told you from the very beginning, this would be a place where people come and go. They learn from you, and you learn from them—and then I send them out. You are discovering how hard it is to let go of a soul once you have gotten to know them. But do not fear. I will help you, Clare. I will help you grow accustomed to receiving and letting go, so that you can function as a true mother.*

*"All mothers have to face the empty nest syndrome, but it needn't be so painful once you truly understand My intentions in calling souls out to their next assignment. And I advise you, that you will be attacked by self-condemnation and thinking you failed. But that is not the case. These are opportunistic lies from the enemy. You will know if you blew it with a soul, and they left. I will not let you to carry false guilt for something you didn't do."*

And in answer to what the Lord said, I confess I went through moments like this when I got the news. Of course, the enemy is an opportunist and will play on my weakness to want to do what is right, insinuating I didn't do enough for them. But thank the Lord, this soul made it clear that he was being assigned. And we got several confirmations. I am happy for him. I would love an assignment in Israel!

*Jesus continued, "There will be souls like this particular one who think they are called permanently, and later find out they are not. That is equally as painful to them as it is to you. But if you declare My Will is the most holy and wonderful to follow, you will find your attachments not quite so painful when a soul is called onward.*

*"There is only one thing in your life that is solid, dear ones. And that is Me. I will never leave or forsake you. You can count on Me to always be with you, no matter what.*

*"Clare, I know how very painful this is to you. But I assure you that you are not the cause, and you have several more coming. I will send you many souls. You remember how I wrote straight*



*with crooked lines when I was forming you both. You went to many different places, stayed a few months, and then moved on. At each appointment you learned new things, both about yourselves and others. Now you are in a place from which you can and will grow to minister to a world-wide audience.*

*"Children, detachment from your own will is a necessary qualification for serving Me. If you allow your family to dictate your life, you have placed them above Me, and I cannot use you. The only exception to this is when you know I have placed you in that position and am not calling you out of it. But to objectively determine that is very, very hard. Naturally, you love your family and are deeply bonded to them, therefore separation is a most painful thought. I will not leave you without help; I will guide you. Only be sure to calculate your own earthly attachments to homes, family, work, cars, and conveniences, while you discern if I am calling you to leave it all behind and follow Me.*

*"There will be an unquenchable yearning deep in your heart and at the same time a fight with guilt over leaving everyone behind. The devils will be sure to cloud the issue to make you remorseful for even thinking such a thought. But remember: a soul who is willing to leave it all behind for Me is a dangerous soul to the kingdom of darkness.*

*"Clare, I want to hold and comfort you. This has been a very difficult week and you've been through some really tough battles. That is why you were exhausted for three days. Come to Me, My Bride, in the morning and let Me hold you. Let Me rest you. I still have much to tell you. And there are many feeling like orphans on the Channel, so I need you to listen more and let others pull their weight.*

*"These past weeks with company was not easy, but now I have cleared your schedule and we can have deep trusting time we need. Please, do not let work get in the way.*

*"Come now My dear one. I have forgiven your lapses and mistakes. I have washed you white as snow. Please do not allow the enemy to continue to encroach on your peace. He is a shameless liar, and even as I spoke through Sherry at her appointment as a Bishop, you have done many wonderful things for Me and the souls of this Channel. And I am well pleased with you. Just make absolutely sure nothing interrupts or deprives you of our morning time, dear one."*

Oh, Lord. Please help me! I am so impulsive and compulsive.

He answered me, *"May I make a suggestion?"*

Of course.

*"When you throw up the statement, 'It'll only take a moment,' you will know you are about to digress onto the wrong path. Once more, it never takes 'only a moment'. It's more like three hours later. And we have lost that time together. So, when you hear yourself saying that, you will know it's the enemy's attempt to pull you away from Me so that I cannot equip you for the events of the day."*

Thank You, Lord. I will try with all my heart. Please help me. I am weak.

*"My help you will have, dearest.*

*"Go now, My precious family, in peace and prepare the way for Me. I am still coming soon. I am with you and long to use you to fill My Kingdom with souls. Only lean on Me and follow My instructions, and My Spirit WILL move through you."*

And that's the end of His message.

And I just wanted to share with you that things on the Refuge are moving along swiftly and getting done. And we're just about ready for winter. So, praise the Lord! I thank Him from the bottom of my heart for getting so much done in such a short amount of time.

Pictures will be coming pretty soon.

And I want to thank those of you who continue to support us, even though I haven't been here every day as I would like to be. Hopefully, that will change this week. It's difficult. You know, I want to really be in the spirit when I listen to the Lord. And sometimes the turbulence in my environment makes it hard for me to hear. So, pray for me, that I'll be able to hear a little bit better.

And thank you again for your prayers and your support. I'm really excited about what the Lord is going to do through the Refuge with souls coming and going. It's very much the fulfillment of prophecy of the torch. That I was carrying in the forest and how, all of a sudden, it got brilliant. And the people who were following me in the forest came up with their own torches and lit them, and then went off to all parts of the world.

And this one particular soul we were talking about tonight is doing exactly that. And I'm very excited for him. And I thank the Lord for making us a part of his life.

God bless you, Heartdwellers. I'm here for you, I truly am. It's just having to wade through several feet of mail... to get to anyone. And it's hard. So, I'm having to resort to kind of generic thank you letters to everyone who donates, at least for the time being. Pray that I'll come back tomorrow with another message. I love you all. God bless you.

## **Overcoming Our Flesh**

September 24, 2019



Thank You, dear Jesus, for helping me realize how far I have slidden into self-indulgence. And helping me put an end to it. I know that through Your grace and help I will overcome these vices.

My dear family, what I have learned over these past two months is that I cannot afford to go without very substantial prayer every day. In the rush to get everything lined up and done on the Mountain before winter, I have compromised my time with the Lord, and I have lost much grace.

Please do not follow my example! See to it that Jesus comes first.

I am looking back on my vocation of 20 years ago as a Franciscan sister and missing very much its purity and simplicity. No longer do I like simple things. I have allowed myself to get attached to a few things that are not simple, but nice.

For instance, to accommodate visitors (which we have had so many of) I had to buy blankets. I could have bought old blankets at the thrift store and made do, but instead I got nice blankets, making the excuse that they were for others. But the bottom line truly is that even things for others should be very coarse and simple, so they don't have the wrong example, which could cause them to long for Egypt again.

And you've probably already guessed, I've also gotten addicted to my coffee drinks in the morning, which have not only caused me to gain weight, but suit my gourmet tastes very well.

I observed one of our brothers preparing his morning meal: tea and raw oatmeal with a little protein powder, raisins, milk and honey. Now, that is much more Franciscan, or let's say much more in line with what Jesus would have for breakfast: simple, poor and still nourishing—but not feeding the appetites of the flesh.

So, by his good example I am stopping the gourmet coddling I allowed myself. Time and time again the Lord has reminded me that appetites of the flesh are antagonistic to the spiritual life. They deprive us of sensitivities to the Spirit. And I know from experience, I just feel weighed down after I eat.

That is why fasting produces such good results. Our affections are turned to Spiritual matters rather than pleasing the flesh. There was a time in my life when I could walk by the most savory foods wafting through the air and be totally unaffected. But not anymore. Now I'd beat you to the baked chicken if we were in the store together.

I have allowed the Refuge to dominate my thinking all day and night. Researching heaters, getting roofing, and all kinds of distractions. Endless distractions that I have allowed to grip me and pull me away from prayer.

Of course, all of this preoccupation with the world has caused the Channel to suffer, as well. I am very sorry for this, dear ones. I really have neglected you.

So, with this confession and asking Jesus to give me the strength. And your prayers, which I'm really beginning to feel, by the way. I am committed to doing better. Because of these preoccupations and indulgences, my spirit is not healthy and strong, but rather struggling to let go of those things that do not profit a soul seeking God's wisdom and grace.

The truth is that we can live out our devotion to the Lord anywhere we are, if we really want to. We can eat simply, avoid entertainments that keep us up at night, dress modestly without being preoccupied with looking good to the world. And make an effort to detach ourselves from things that distract—even plants are a lovely distraction. Wanting to please the eye gate takes away from our spiritual longings. That is why the Lord never allowed me to have a garden.

Recently the Lord gave me a Rhema reading from "Lady Poverty", which is an allegory on simplicity and detachment from the world. Living the way that Jesus lived. It's a beautiful story. An allegory between Jesus, St. Francis and Lady Poverty.

<https://franciscantradition.org/francis-of-assisi-early-documents/the-saint/the-sacred-exchange-between-saint-francis-and-lady-poverty/977-fa-ed-1-page-530>

Here is an excerpt from it.

1Among the other outstanding and exceptional virtues which prepare in us an abode and a dwelling for God and which show an excellent and unencumbered path (1 Cor 13:1) of going to and arriving before Him, holy Poverty shines with a certain prerogative before them all.

By a unique grace, it excels the claims of the others. For it is the foundation and guardian of all virtues and enjoys a principal place and name among the Gospel virtues. As long as they have been firmly placed on this foundation, the others need not fear the downpour of rains, the rush of floods, and the blast of winds (Mt 7:25) that threaten ruin.

2This is certainly appropriate, since the Son of God, the Lord of virtue and the King of glory, (Ps 24:10) [Vulgate, Ps 23:10] fell in love with this virtue with a special affection. He sought, found, and embraced it while achieving our salvation in the middle of the earth. (Ps 74:12) [Vulgate, Ps 73:12]

At the beginning of his preaching, he placed it as a light of faith in the hands of those entering the gate, and even set it as the foundation stone of the house. While the other virtues receive the Kingdom of Heaven only by way of promise from Him, poverty is invested with it by Him without delay. Blessed, he said, are the poor in spirit, for the Kingdom of Heaven is theirs. (Mt 5:3)

3The Kingdom of Heaven truly belongs to those who, of their own will, a spiritual intention, and a desire for eternal goods, possess nothing of this Earth. It is necessary for those who do not care for the goods of the Earth to live for those of Heaven. Just as it is necessary for those who renounce the things of the Earth and consider them all as dung (Phil 3:8) to taste with pleasure during this present exile the sweet crumbs which fall from the table (Mt 15:27) of the holy angels. Thus might they merit to savor how sweet and delightful is the Lord. (1 Pt 2:3)

### The Dignity of Poverty

19"The Son of the most high Father, enamored of your beauty (Wis 8:2) and clinging only to you in the world, proved that you were most faithful in everything. For before He came to earth from His radiant homeland, you prepared an appropriate place for Him, a throne upon which He would sit and a dwelling-place in which He would rest. That is, a very poor virgin from whom His birth would shine upon this world.

At his birth, you certainly greeted Him with faithfulness so that in you, not in luxuries, He would find a place that would please Him. He was placed in a manger, the Evangelist said, because there was no room for Him in the inn. (Lk 2:7a)

Thus, always inseparable from Him, you accompanied Him so that throughout His life, when He was seen upon Earth and conversed with human beings, (Bar 3:38) While the foxes have dens and the birds of the air nests, He nevertheless had nowhere to lay His head. (Mt 8:20) Then, when he opened His own mouth to teach—He who once had opened the mouths of the prophets—among the many things that He uttered, He first of all praised you, He first of all exalted you: "Blessed are the poor in spirit because theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." (Mt 5:3)

20Moreover, when He chose some of the indispensable witnesses to His holy preaching and to His glorious manner of living for the salvation of the human race, He surely did not choose rich merchants but poor fishermen, to show by such esteem that you were to be loved by all.

Finally, to reveal to everyone your goodness, magnificence, dignity and strength, how you surpass all other virtues, how nothing can be a virtue without you, and how your kingdom is not of this world (Jn 18:36) but of Heaven, you alone clung to the King of glory, when all the chosen and all His beloved abandoned Him, filled with fear. You, most faithful spouse, most sweet lover, did not abandon Him for a moment. Moreover, the more you saw Him despised by everyone, the more you clung to Him. For if you were not with Him, He could never have been so despised by all!

21You were with Him in the mockery of the Judeans, in the insults of the Pharisees, in the curses of the chief priests. You were with Him in the slapping of His face, in the spitting, in the scourging. He who should have been respected by everyone was mocked by everyone, and you alone comforted Him. You did not abandon Him even to death, death on a cross. (Phil 2:8) And on that cross, His body stripped, His arms outstretched, His hands and feet pierced, you suffered with Him, so that nothing would appear more glorious in Him than you.

Finally, when He went into Heaven, He left you the seal of the Kingdom of Heaven to mark the elect, so that whoever yearns for the everlasting Kingdom would come to you.

And that's the end of the quote, from the Introduction to Lady Poverty.

This allegory brings to mind how very necessary it is to be detached from the riches of the world. I remember at my second conversion, how much our little family was scorned and despised. Not because of my habit, but because of holy evangelical poverty that we embraced. We were looked down upon, scorned, and rejected by everyone in the church who thought we had lost our minds.

But the sweetness of the Lord's presence so totally overpowered the scorn, that I actually enjoyed it. You know that Scripture says, "Rejoice, have a party, for in just this same way did they treat the prophets."

And then I looked that up. It says: Blessed are you when people hate you, and when they exclude you and insult you and reject your name as evil because of the Son of Man. Rejoice in that day and leap for joy, because great is your reward in Heaven. For their fathers treated the prophets in the same way. But woe to you who are rich, for you have already received your comfort. Luke 6:23

And really, guys. The bottom line for me is that anything that draws my attention away from the Lord and puts it on the consolations of the flesh, including the eye-gate and beauty, that I am walking dangerously on the edge of the precipice of lukewarmness and presumption.

Presumption, because I think I need not sacrifice and fast for my spiritual health.

On the other hand, giving glory to God for His wondrous creation, is healthy as long as we don't seek to surround ourselves in this beauty, outside of His will. That has been my problem. I love beauty, natural beauty, creation and everything the Lord our God has spoken into existence.

It is ironic that the desert fathers fled from the world of beauty into the stark nothingness of the desert, so that nothing would distract them from prayer. Not only did they do violence to the desire to see and be seen by people and participate in the affairs of the world. They also sought out those places that had nothing to offer except scorpions and sand. This environment left them free to contemplate Heaven and Holy things, especially the beauties of the Son of God.

Lord, please help me with this. I know there are many who will disagree with this evangelical poverty.

*Jesus began, "My daughter, I have longed for you to come back to your senses on every level and embrace the simplicity of the life you once led. I know the temptations are myriad, and you are very weak. I also know the stress you have been under and how easily you turn to a sweet*

*food to regain your balance. Part of that is chemical and part is the training you received as a child. When you cried, they gave you a cookie. Your mother did as her mother had done: she consoled her child with food.*

*"This is a critical mistake mothers make with their children, giving them food to quiet them down. Later in life, it translates into eating for comfort, not nourishment. This also leads to many health problems, because those foods you crave in moments of stress are the worst for you.*

*"But enough on that. What I long for, Clare, for you and those you are guiding, is a sensible use of the things of the world and with an eye to simplicity.*

*"Do you remember how I hardened both of you off by sending you to northern Iowa in the dead of winter, and Florida in the heat of summer? I was training you to respond not to your flesh and the climate you preferred, but to respond to My needs for souls.*

*"I want My Brides to be totally detached from their preferences. I want them to have only one preference: My Will and only My Will.*

*"You have yielded to Me in this, by setting the hermitage aside for 15 years and living in town, even though it was very painful. Yet you did yield. This is the heart attitude I want you to have. And now I am sharing with you your heart's desire to live in the forest. Live there, My dearest, but do not be attached to it. Rather, be ready to go to the desert if I call you there. You know that none of these things matter at all. Only My preferences must dominate your thinking.*

*"Now, in all the preparations you are making for other souls, there are traps of entanglement with the world. And so, I have sent you helpers who are better suited to do that, so you may devote many hours to Me. What I have given you there is a reward and treat for the many years of hard labor you have given Me.*

*"But now, My Love, you must be solicitous for the souls I am sending you. And that means a better example, Clare. You saw how quickly one of these souls became attached to your elaborate coffee drinks? A better example is a simple cup of coffee and raw oatmeal, completely distancing yourself from your previous life of satisfying your taste buds.*

*"Be an exemplary example and keep it very simple and plain. In this way, you will all benefit and grow into deeper devotion and sensitivity to My Spirit.*

*"I am not asking you to do any of these things on your own, for as you well know from experience you would fail. Rather, I am strengthening you, My dear one, to be an example for our children. Not only in what you eat, but in every department of life. Strive to separate yourself from fine tastes. This is a step by step process.*

*"Every time you make a choice for My Spirit, you climb the ladder of detachment and draw closer to a heavenly life. Every time you choose to satisfy your appetite, you fall backwards into the world, a few rungs on the ladder.*

*"Go from glory to glory, My spouse. Receive Me each day with this self-control in mind, and I will impart it to you.*

*"My dear ones, when you receive Me in communion, come as a needy beggar and state your need to Me, fully expecting that I will give to all who ask those things necessary to their sanctification.*

*"My Love, and all My Heartdwellers, what I wish for you is that you will be completely consumed with My Will from moment to moment without a thought for your own comforts or wants. This is the deportment of a Saint, and I want you all to become Saints."*

Oh Lord...I could never accomplish this with my own will.

*"And that is precisely why I am doing it in and through you. I have much for you to do, My spouse. I need you operating from the pinnacle of self-denial or you will not succeed.*

*"I am with you, Clare. And I am with every one of you that feels My Will is all that matters. I am not asking you to be totally perfect in this. Rather, I am asking you to be willing to be made perfect, and that you set your heart on the higher things. In this, I am with you 150% and will carry you through the rough spots until you are able to walk without crutches.*

*"I bless you now. Remember, I am with you in everything that you attempt to do for My Kingdom."*

## **Powerful Sanctifying Prayer**

September 25, 2019



Thank You, Lord, for setting my feet back on the right track. I so needed your intervention. Your mercy is unfathomable, just as St. Faustina said. I love you, my Lord.

Well, my dear family, now that you know my great weaknesses, I want to share with you the very tool that took the desires of my flesh away from me and launched me on the narrow road many, many years

ago. It is a sanctifying rosary. And this is how I go about it.

But first, I must tell you all: when you pray, do not pray to the wind. Pray with the vision of that Saint or the Lord right there present to you. And you are not praying TO a Saint. You are petitioning the Saint to pray WITH you.



In other words, you are having a conversation with a Saint. Or when you are praying to the Lord, and they are facing you, they are listening attentively to every word, as well as reading between the lines. So many who petition Our Lady do so as if they were staring off into an empty space, and just repeating a rote prayer. NO! The space is not empty. You are connected to that person through the Holy Spirit, Who is alive and dwelling in them, and in you. There is an immediate connection the very moment you intend to pray.

Our Lady is merely an intercessor. Who has, however, great influence with God. Who would not be inclined to grant such a Mother the very desires of her heart? We are not a single parent family, guys.

When Ezekiel was taken to the bungalow, out in the forests of Heaven where God the Father was, it was the Blessed Virgin Mary who was dwelling there with Him. She was cooking Wedding cookies for us to enjoy, and it was obvious that Father God truly enjoyed her company.

(Now, please—if any of you have an unclean thought, do not project them onto our All Holy God and the spotless Virgin. Rather, rebuke yourself for yielding to filth from devils.)

Moving on... I want to change, and I need all the help I can get. So, I am calling up a way of praying from long ago at my second conversion. I have the book “The Imitation of Mary” by Alexander de Rouville, and it is wonderful for capturing the thoughts of the Holy Mother of Jesus. She, above all, knows her Son’s way of thinking, what is pleasing, and what is in the way of a pure espousal relationship with Jesus. She is the Mother of the Bride, and her one wish is to draw you deeper into intimacy with Jesus, so that you truly are united together with the same will and intentions.

So, I use this book. I ask for a different random message, praying and asking Holy Spirit to give me a reading for each decade of the Rosary. In this way, Holy Spirit helps to pinpoint the areas that need work in my soul.

Right now, dear family, I am truly struggling with suffering. My fibro pain has been more than my medicine can handle. My joint pain has also been acute.

Of course, part of the reason is that I went up on the Mountain and did some cleanup. Now that we have finished the first house and have bunks in it, there is no longer any need for tents. Camping can be a bit messy, you know. And I wanted the area to be returned to the wilderness. I have trouble even seeing a piece of Kleenex on the ground, let alone scraps from this and that. So, I dove into it, and the next day it was painful to even move any part of my body.

And I was a disenchanting Israelite, complaining, murmuring, moaning and groaning—and being a very poor example of one who lovingly suffers for their Jesus. This is the raw reality: I struggle

with self-pity, impatience, and especially any kind of pain or inconvenience that causes me to have to work harder.

In short: I'm a piece of work, guys.

And I'm even sick of my complaining, moaning, groaning and self-pity...let alone those around me who I try to hide it from. I'm not even good at that!!

So, today I got a reading. And another reading. And another reading about suffering. Oh, joy! Taking these from Rhema cards and different holy books, I also got, "Do what is right when you don't feel like it!" (bingo) How 'bout I don't feel like getting out of bed today?? And also, the Lord said, "Don't let the wounds you've suffered on the journey turn you back." And "Unless you are willing to fight for the victory, you will not obtain it." Wow. That doesn't leave much room for self-pity, Lord....

And there were so many more. But here is an excerpt from the book that you can download as a PDF at [scribd.com](https://www.scribd.com).

#### DISPOSITIONS OF THE SOUL IN A TIME OF TRIAL

Mary: MY CHILD, why do you weep and sigh?

The Believer: Queen of the saints, I was just beginning to enjoy some little tranquility, when suddenly I found myself troubled anew. Injustice, calumny, and ingratitude were plotting against me once more. Loving Mother, give this child of yours help and protection.

(And how does Mary give help? She prays to the Lord. Of course, she also has the angels assigned to her, who run errands for her. Like maybe protecting you from a poisoned arrow of gluttony. She has many ways of helping.)

Mary: My child, your state is somewhat like mine when I heard Simeon's prophecy there in the temple. After telling me of Jesus' future greatness, he predicted that He would meet opposition and persecution and that a sword of sorrow would pierce my heart (d. Lk 2:34-33). Thus I would share the difficulties my Son would have to bear.

I was very familiar, from Scripture, with the sufferings that would be Jesus' lot. Abel murdered, Joseph sold into slavery, David persecuted, and the paschal lamb were all figures foretelling what would befall Him. What bitter grief I felt at the sufferings and death of Jesus, which were always in my thoughts! How I groaned within when I held Jesus to my breast and thought of the cruel death by which He must save the world! If I saw a lamb being slaughtered in the Temple or a dove being sacrificed, I said to myself: "That is how Jesus will someday be offered."

The Believer: Virgin Mother, I glimpse how painful your state of mind must have been and why the Church rightly calls you "Queen of martyrs." The martyrs were decapitated, exposed to wild

animals, or perished by water or fire, but their torments were usually short, (usually). Whereas, yours lasted thirty-three years. And during that whole time, filled with a courage and strength greater than those of all the martyrs, you heroically contemplated the ever-new sufferings God was preparing for you and especially those you must someday endure on Calvary.

As for me, I am weakness itself and entirely cowardly before the evils that threaten me. If your suffering was constantly renewed as you thought of the torments Jesus must undergo, you also continually renewed that first sacrificial offering you had made in the temple. Your soul was weighed down by deep sadness, yet your peace was undisturbed. In perfect submission you wanted whatever God wanted.

I, on the contrary, am frightened at the very thought of the new crosses He has in store for me. No more peace and tranquility for me! My spirit rebels and my heart complains.

Mary: My child, God will not allow you to be tempted, tested, or tormented beyond your strength. His help will always be equal to the trial He sends. Give heed to His grace, for it already speaks to you, and respond to His inspirations. If God has more crosses in store for someone, He gives greater graces that the person may bear them. Crosses are the most precious gifts God can give His creature; and the creature's acceptance of them is the most pleasing sacrifice it can offer its Creator. If the crosses He intends for you are heavy, that means He has great plans for your sanctification. Do you want to prevent those divine plans being fulfilled?

Your disturbance and fears will not take the crosses from you, whatever you do; you must carry them. What, then, is the wiser thing for you to do? It is to submit, my child, to all that God bids you do. You must say: The Lord is master; let Him do with me as He thinks best. (d. Lk 1:38) Then you will see God moved by your submission; faithful to His promises, He will make lighter than you thought possible the crosses which from a distance seemed so heavy. He will make them so light that you will say: Just as we share abundantly in the sufferings of Christ, so too, through Christ, do we receive consolation in equal measure (2 Cor 1:5).

The Believer: Thank you, holy Mother, for the instruction you give me. It will strengthen me in my weakness.

It is you who obtain for me the new energy I feel within me for facing courageously the crosses I could not think of without trembling. Praised be the Lord, my God, who through the instructions of His holy Mother readies my hand for the struggle and teaches me to endure a battle in which without such help I could not but be defeated.

<https://www.scribd.com/document/4560439/Imitation-of-Mary#download>

This is the format of the Imitation of Mary book by Alexander de Rouville. You can download it as a PDF on scribd.com along with many other classics, after you sign in to their site.

Well, my dear ones, the Blessed Mother is truly taking up my cause and praying. I really felt something change today. Thank you, also, for praying for me.

God bless you, dear ones. May He bless you with great insight, understanding, and self-control. Over that, may He cover you with His cloak of Love. Amen.

## **My Sin & God's Merciful Correction**

September 28, 2019



Thank You, Lord Jesus, for showing me the ways in which I grieve You. Dear Lord, I hate my faults and ask You to help me change. Amen.

Dearest Heartdwellers, the Lord protects us from so many things. So many curses from so many different covens. But once in a while, He allows a curse to land, so that we will stop, pay attention, and examine our actions and repent.

And so, my heart is heavy with repentance tonight, because I deprived the poor of my usual donations to them. And this greatly displeased the Lord.

I remember when we embarked on this project of building 5 hermitages. I remember, I said to myself (or perhaps it was the Holy Spirit saying to me,) "I will not deprive those in need to build this project, for that would be ill-gotten gain."

But in my haste to get things done, and possibly motivated by fear, I have done just that. I cut back on giving by 50% and deprived the poor. I feel terrible about what I have done, and tomorrow I am going to strip us down to the bare bones to try and repair the damage as best as I can.

It all began when the Lord kept giving my husband, Ezekiel, readings on money and honesty and ill-gotten gain. He was giving those to me, too. And we thought, 'What? Have we got someone pilfering money out of the ministry? Or what?'

No. That's not it at all....

Well, we pondered these things for days and could not figure out what He was talking about. Well, things came to a head when I got very sick with some intestinal distress and almost was transported to the hospital. That event really got my attention. This was the same kind of suffering that Ezekiel goes through—and it was horrendous. But I didn't know what it was from. If it was food poisoning or what. All I knew was that I must have opened the door through sin, but was unsure of what the sin was. But in His usual Faithfulness, finally my heart bore witness

to my greed when I did not give the charities what we usually support them with. I knew I had let the Lord down with the money He entrusted to me.

Then, one of our brothers had an unpleasant encounter in our truck with a tree coming down the mountain. I looked at the damage. The entire right side of the trunk was dented and gouged, and the front door wouldn't open and was bent. And the passenger window was broken out. I thought about the cost of fixing that and I realized, 'That's going to cost just about what I held back from giving to the poor.'

Dear ones, don't ever be stingy with the poor. Their hearts cry out to God when they do not have all they need, and He hears and looks at those who are sitting down to a rich table, that were stingy and didn't give, because of some personal pet project.

And there were other things. Books that I'd got for formation, that I purchased that just should have waited. This is not an excuse, but an aside just to let you know that is very important, when you go to the Lord for a Rhema, you shouldn't just use the Bible or the Bible Promise book. Rather, you should also have a few holy books from the Saints. Like the "Life of St. Therese", or "Little Flowers" from St. Francis. You should have those to give you examples of holiness in action.

I am building a very small library for those on the mountain and visitors who come for advice and counsel. But I really shouldn't be doing that now. It is not necessary. But food for the poor and housing for prostitutes who want to escape this terrible lifestyle IS timely and IS important.

So, I ask you all to please, please forgive me for being a very bad example. And please pray the Lord will change my selfish heart.

Lord, did You have anything to add?

Jesus began, "*Clare, My dearest. I forgive you. And you will do better, much better in the future.*"

At that point, I started crying. Because He was so sweet, and I felt so bad about what I did.

He continued, "*Please, please try to understand that I live in the poor and I suffer with the poor when they are in want. When I see you buying extraneous things now, or building materials at the cost of their suffering, I am deeply offended. Please do not do this every again or anymore. Put the poor at the top of your list and learn to wait. Or go without. THIS is pleasing to Me.*

"*Will you do that for Me?*"

Yes, Lord. Help me to be faithful, please. Don't let me brush off the needs of others to satisfy my sense of expediency. Even when motivated by fear.

*"And the truth is, when you need those things," Jesus continued. "You will have the resources for them. What you don't have now can wait. Having holy things, Clare, does not make you holier. Love, obedience, charity, sacrifice... those things make you holier.*

*"You have lost ground and favor by skimping as you have. But I know your heart, and it is aching for those you have deprived. And I have confidence in you, dearest, that you will not do this again.*

*"Let this be a lesson to all of you, My dear Heartdwellers. You must not ever forget that when you do it for one of the least of these, you have truly done it for Me. I must comfort them when their babies cry of hunger. I must comfort them when they have a broken roof over their heads and their bedding is wet. Please do not let Me down in this, My people. And you will not be numbered with the goats on My left at the judgment."*

And this is from Matthew 25, beginning at verse 34. And I've abbreviated it in a few places, but the gist of it is still here.

"Then the King will say to those on His right, 'Come, you who are blessed by My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me something to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me something to drink. I was a stranger and you took Me in. I was naked and you clothed Me. Sick and you looked after Me. I was in prison and you visited Me.'

"Then the righteous will answer Him, 'Lord, when did we see You hungry and feed You, or thirsty and give You something to drink?' And the King will reply, 'Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of Mine, you did for Me.'

"Then He will say to those on His left, 'Depart from Me, you who are cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and you gave Me nothing to eat. I was thirsty and you gave Me nothing to drink. I was a stranger and you did not take Me in. I was naked and you did not clothe Me. I was sick and in prison and you did not visit Me.'

"And the wicked, too, will reply, 'Lord, when did we see You hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked? Sick or in prison and did not minister to You?' Then the King will answer, 'Truly I tell you, whatever you did not do for one of the least of these, you did not do for Me.'"

*Jesus continued, "My dearly loved ones, have I not made it clear enough for you? I do not wish to see you banished with the goats, so I am again warning you. Do not withhold good from others when it is in your power to ease their suffering. Rather, have eyes to see, ears to hear, hands to help and a healthy conscience from which to give to those in need, that I may hear their laughter and joy when they sit at table and celebrate My kindness through the abundance I have entrusted to you.*

*"Be good, even as My Father in Heaven is good. Then all men will celebrate My Love for them and the Kingdom will grow. Pray for wisdom on what to give, when, and I will touch your hearts at the appropriate time.*

*"Blessed are you who consider the poor; great will be the riches of My Love dwelling in you, for you have done My will, even with your widow's mite.*

*"Go now, My people, and be generous to the poor. I am coming soon."*

## **Am I My Brother's Keeper?**

September 29, 2019



Thank You, dear Lord, for teaching us the true meaning of brotherly love and the example that You set before us of washing one another's feet. I pray we all have that grace to serve, even as You stooped to serve us. Amen.

Dear ones, the Lord has been showing me my carelessness in taking care of others, or not taking care. Remember, the Lord fed the people and met their most basic needs, as well as the spiritual ones. We should never pass up the opportunity to help others, whether it's our job or not. Our hearts must be softened to the point where we do not put a strain on others to perform beyond their ability, or to suffer lack and want when we can do something for them.

In a community setting, there are many needs that pop up randomly. And because we are family, we should lay down our agenda when something necessary to others is missing and provide for them. I am the type of person that values her independence and being able to do whatever I want, when I want to do it. Wow - has the Lord changed that one! Years and years of being a mother has changed that, as well. And in a community setting, we are all mothers when a need arises that only we can fulfill.

What would Jesus do? Do we walk away and say, "stay warm and well fed", when they neither have food or warm clothing?

He taught us by example that Charity is the greatest virtue. Not high and mystical experiences with God. Not building programs. Not our own personal need to be alone—but Charity. Meaning that, when a need arises that only we can fill, we should lay aside our own agenda and take up for the needs of our brother or sister. That's called the sacrament of the moment.

Independence can be a very good thing, as long as we are led by God, and dependent still upon Him. But when independence becomes a proud attitude, so that we protect our rights without regard to the weaker ones among us, we have failed in Charity.

For the hundred millionth time, I quote Bob Jones when he had an NDE and showed up in Heaven. The gatekeeper asked him only one thing: "Did you learn to love?" I'm sure Bob had a long list of accomplishments to defend himself with: his knowledge, his organizational skills. His stewardship. His mission skills, his prophecy and Scripture knowledge. And on and on. But he was sent back, because he mastered all these things—but failed to love his brother as he loved himself.

Even as the Scriptures state: If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a ringing gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have absolute faith so as to move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. I Corinthians 13:1-2

In a community in the wilderness, you have those who are dependent on the outside sources to eat and drink water. You have those who are very fragile from being abandoned all their lives. You have those who might not be able to keep up with another skilled person, such as a driver. All of these situations call out to us to lay aside our usual modus operandi and cater to that person's weakness.

What would Jesus do?

I confess, I have failed in these areas and not been as vigilant to the needs on the Mountain as I should have been. There is a learning curve, and people don't always communicate their need out of shyness or fear. But if we are people of prayer and have listened for God's voice. And have been guided by Holy Spirit. Surely. Surely, we are sensitive enough to recognize the needs and the cry of another, even when it's not stated.

My problem is work overload, so that in the past I've been constantly scurrying around trying to keep up with the many demands on my time. Notice I said... "In the past." That has left me somewhat short in recognizing and doing something about the needs of others. But I am learning.

Lord, I really need You to speak to us.

*Jesus began, "Dear children. I say children in all seriousness. You still have need of sensitivity to the needs and insecurities of others. You are to be Mothers, Fathers, sisters, brothers—always alert to the needs of others. I have no Body here on Earth but yours. Yours are My hands, yours are My feet, yours is My heart. And if you do not stoop to the needs of others as I did, you are useless to Me. Prayers, ecstasies, great works, great art and music are nothing to Me if you are not living in great love for others, and are blind to the crushing needs of those around you.*

*"Do not walk by a situation without making it better, My children. Always find a way to make it better. You are My Ambassadors of Love, and no matter what else you have accomplished in*



*your life—if loving others did not come first, you are sorely lacking. These are Heaven's standards.”*

Just as the Lord said that, I needed to catch a nap. So, I visited my tiny library before I went to lay down and grabbed the nearest book. What do you suppose I opened to? This was in the Rhema book.

*“These times are rife with lies, distortions, theories, and proclamations not from My mouth. And your faith is NOT one of confusion, but one of clarity, joy, and peace. Yet those who come to this Channel have been fed by the world and have had their fill of the world, of religion, and churchianity.”*

Jesus interrupted me as I was reading and said, *“And I might add, kind words without deeds to back them up.”*

There is more: *“They are looking for relationship, not only from those who are truly caring and are real Christians and take the time for them. But relationship with Me they can count on. Teach them those skills and refer them to videos that clarify those skills. Take the extra time to make sure that they’ve latched on to some solid food.”*

Jesus interrupted again, *“‘Take the time.’ Those are key words. In other words, children, go out of yourselves, your comfort zone, your preferences, and your agenda. Take the time to be Jesus to them. This is what I am asking of you.”*

The readings continued, *“I wish for you all to stick together and be supportive of one another.”*

Wow. This is the Lord speaking, straight from the Rhema book. And this is what I opened to.

*“I wish for you all to stick together and be supportive of one another. It is the mark of My end times army: Brotherly Love. For however long you are here, I want you to advance in holiness, My Brides. Remember: it’s not about prosperity, popularity, and power—but righteousness, peace, and joy in My Holy Spirit in the midst of a corrupt and challenging world.”*

These readings, by the way, were under the Peace page 348.

Jesus continued, *“Righteousness and brotherly love are key words here. Do you know which church was promised to be delivered in the Rapture? Yes. The church of Philadelphia. The Church of Brotherly Love. That is YOUR church. That is who you are called to be, and I will make each of you a pillar as you fulfill your role as My Bride.*

*“My Bride has My heart. She aches with those who ache; she lingers with Me, becoming one heart and one flesh in communion. And of course, one will. She will not pass by the needs of others for her own convenience. Rather, she will go out of her way to comfort all those I bring into her presence.*

*"That is My desire for you, Heartdwellers. Be a mother of souls and leave no one in a state of need when it is in your power to comfort them in some way. Then, in the day of tribulation, you shall call unto Me and I will answer you swiftly, 'I am here. Do not be afraid. Have no fear.'"*

Well, Family, pray for me, please. To be more aware of other's needs, to be sensitive and caring even more than I have been in the past. My vision for the refuge is a community of praying souls, living in a quiet and contemplative environment, with the first order of business being to comfort Jesus and pray for the needs of souls and the nations around the world. In this community, there will be hermits, many hermits, who will still be attached to the others at appropriate times.

Lord, I have an idea about this, but I do not want to be giving them my own opinion. Please help me?

Jesus began, *"Clare, write in faith the words I speak to you. (He knew I was doubting Him.) One does not take on the privilege of being a hermit by their own will. They are called and equipped for this life. In our community, there will be a mixture.*

*"But being a hermit also will entail the responsibilities of community life to a much lesser degree. Always, brotherly love and unity must prevail between all of you. That is why I call you to the highest standards of honesty and transparency. Be there for one another.*

*"This is the meaning of the vision Ezekiel had about souls living apart, but not too far apart. If they cried out for help, there was always someone there to help them. They came to the chapel at different hours of the night, but were always there for a brother or sister that called out from their hermitage in need. Each one was praying for the others and the world in their own tiny world where Heaven and Earth meet. Their hermitage.*

*"Whether you are isolated in another canyon or are living nearby, you are My Body and will care for that Body as the need arises.*

*"A hermit must be submissive and seasoned in the ways of humility. Their isolation must not become a means of cultivating an independent and proud spirit. Rather, they must be the meekest of souls, with the exception of times in which I call them to ministry, as I did with Moses.*

*"Too many solitary brothers and sisters have never learned how to forsake their own will. They still have many boundaries that do not yield in settings with others. This is very unhealthy, and will not bring them to the heights of sanctity, because they have never forsaken the purse of their own opinion.*

*"But if they come to you, this will be a part of their training, if they choose to live here. And they will undertake it with great zeal, as I have already established the need for it in their hearts.*

*These are solid souls that I can use for My highest purposes, and they will learn to become acutely aware of the pitfall of an independent and proud spirit. Although they long for a life of a solitary in prayer, they have mastered living in community and are not trying to escape trials. They are truly and genuinely called to full time intercession.*

*"There will also be times when others take turns being alone and secluded for prayer. You can rotate members in this way, and all will be nurtured and grow deeper in their relationship with Me."*

You know, I've read stories in monasteries, where each brother will get a chance to go out to the hermitage on retreat, and the other brothers would meet their needs. Bring them food and water, whatever they needed. So, they led a life of solid prayer. They weren't interrupted. And then, another brother would take a turn, out in the hermitage that was isolated. It's beautiful, really. And someone else would take on the job of being a mother to them.

Jesus continued, *"But you will recognize the authentic ones by their meekness and desire to do what is right, even when it costs them.*

*"In the final analysis, Love is the plumb line. Did you, did they, learn to love? Did you go out of your way to bring comfort to a hurting one? Or did you value your independence so highly that you distanced yourself to maintain your solitude.*

*"Surely we have covered this ground here. My beloved ones, love one another as I have loved you."*

## **Must You Be Top Dog?**

September 30, 2019



Lord, only You are fit to judge. But You do not judge to wound, but to heal. May this message that You've given me find its target in the hearts of those who really need to hear it. Amen.

Jesus began, *"My people, these days are unlike any others in that there is a proliferation of demons that has never been seen on this Earth before. So many behavior patterns can be traced back to these demons, who are assigned a specific task to each soul.*

*"The first is to cause rejection and violation to young children that will leave them damaged for life. So, as they become adults, they will do the demons' biddings. How do you know when you have a demon? Any time you feel hostility and want to damage another soul, lurking nearby is a demon inspiring you. Any time you feel that you must compete, stay on top of the game, be the*

*best—you are operating under the inspiration of a demon. Any time you feel it is your job to judge others and imagine yourself above them, there are several demons working in you.*

*“You do not have to yield to these things; you can resist them. But are you seeing yourself in My mirror?”*

*“Have you built up a facade of fitness and accomplishment that you, yourself, believe in? Do you even know when your motives are to protect your facade and esteem? Do you even know when you are having prideful thoughts?”*

*“Right now, in the privacy of our conversation with one another, with no one else listening or looking in, I am going to ask you a question which I already know the answer to. But do you know the answer? Are you aware of your own motives?”*

*“Here is the question: ‘Do you feel better and more accomplished than others, and deem yourself someone to look up to? To be in charge? To be the boss?’ If the answer is ‘Yes,’ you are laced up in a Pride suit that only I can deliver you from.*

*“If you have unresolved issues and hurts, there is an invisible and profoundly deep well of Pride that has been built up as a protection for the wounded child beneath. You must be an over-achiever in order to receive love and acceptance. And you strive to make yourself the best and come out on top in any situation, wanting to be the one all applaud. You feel this way, because your emotional survival is dependent upon it. Living up to this image turns you into one of those who must always be on guard to defend your rights, and to be shown to be above everyone else.*

*“If someone shows a preference for another person in your circle, you are offended and threatened. If someone does not recognize you as the authority in charge, you feel offended. In fact, your life becomes a merry-go-round of defensive moves to come out on top.*

*“When you feel threatened by another, you resort to cutting remarks to put them in their place. You have scorn and contempt for the lesser ones in your circle, and do very little to hide that. The only time you are on perfect behavior, and wouldn’t dream of hurting someone with your words, is when you are in the presence of your boss and want to make a saintly impression.*

*“Yes. You are two-faced.*

*(ouch)*

*“I am telling you this so you will wake up to the reality of what you have become. People avoid you, because they know they cannot win around you; they must always be the losers. Must always be taken down a peg. The cutting remarks build up scar tissue in their hearts and they avoid you. Then you become offended by their avoidance, all the while knowing you were responsible for their attitude towards you.*

*"Dear one, you will never, ever win this way. You must take an honest look in My mirror and see how naked, poor, and blind you are before Me. You are not who you project yourself to be. You are stunted, twisted, and overgrown with bitterness—and a sense of self-worth that bears no resemblance to who you are before Me.*

*"I have come to set you free and tend to the well of corruption that has taken over your heart. I want to empty that and heal the many holes in your heart. Then I want to fill you to the brim with My unconditional love and grace, so that you may become who I truly intended you to be.*

*"When you come to this Channel, you are looking for Truth or you would not stay. And I am a true shepherd who will call you aside to tend to your wounds and the wounds you inflict on others because you must be on top.*

*"I have called you up higher, and that means you are going lower and lower and lower until you are at your bottom. Then I can begin to build in you the true image of love and value that I died on the cross to redeem you with. I love you tenderly. Repent and repair the damage you have done to others. Then come to Me and we will begin again.*

*"Know that I love you and have a wonderful plan for your life when you've been emptied of the old leaven."*