

Testimonies of the Lord's Presence in Communion

March 8, 2019

Lord, You have taught us for years now the beauty and need for us to come to You and join with You in celebrating the Lord's Supper together. Please help us to be faithful to come every day, as You have instructed us. Especially during this Lenten Season that we are now in.

Well, today is the first Friday in our Lenten season this year, and Clare and I thought it would be appropriate to share some experiences with you all that some of our Prayer Warriors have had lately. Some are ordained, some are not. But the Lord has been teaching all of us clearly, from July of 2015, that it is His express desire that we ALL celebrate Communion with Him, every day.

I'm going to go back to that original message and quote some of the highlights of it. The message was very simply called Communion. Jesus Teaches on Communion.

Jesus began, "You, My Bride, must be nourished on My Body and My Blood as well. This is our point of physical union: the bread becomes a part of you physically, and because of that, you and I become One. You are fruitful and bear spiritual children, as well as being strengthened for the journey.

"I want each of you to design your own communion service using, the Last Supper as your guide. To the degree that you believe, to that degree I will be present to you.

"As things become darker and darker, I want to strengthen you completely in every possible way. The reception of My Body and Blood is one of many ways, but profoundly important to Me."

And then He quoted from John 6:47 up to 51. "Very truly I tell you, the one who believes has eternal life. I am the bread of life. Your ancestors ate the manna in the wilderness, yet they died. But here is the bread that comes down from heaven, which anyone may eat and not die. I am the living bread that came down from heaven. Whoever eats this bread will live forever. This bread is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

Jesus continued, "I long to be received into the heart of My Bride. I long to share this communion with you. I long that we should be One in every possible way. Do not deny Me access to your bodies through communion. Do not abstain from receiving Me because you have fallen. It is the sick that need communion the most. First, confess to Me what you have done, sincerely from the heart repenting, and then you may receive."

And that was what I wanted to quote to you from that particular message.

Just after that, Clare wrote a message called, Communion Service, Very Simple. In this, she laid out a very easy-to-follow pattern for people to use, for those who would like to celebrate with the Lord in an honoring way. This teaching can be found, along with all the other teachings we

have about Communion, in an Album called Communion. I'll leave the link to that album in the written copy of this message so it's easier to find. <https://vimeo.com/albums/5529468>

So, just the other day, Clare shared an email with the Prayer Warriors. One of our men had written to her, to share his experience with the Lord during communion. He IS one of the ordained priests, and therefore using instructions for the Lord's Supper that are a little more extensive than the ones I just mentioned. But the Lord will meet each and every one according to their faithfulness and desire for Him in Communion.

This was his account:

My Suppers

"I have to say, the instructions you sent for the Lord's Suppers is a great blessing! I have made a new devotion to the Lord with it. I have, with His TREMENDOUS grace, devoted my mornings to Him. Because I am working much closer at home (a 30-minute drive now, instead of 1 and 1/2 hours) I can spend a good hour in the morning with Him using your Supper form. It has been SUCH a blessing to me, you will only know in Heaven. I have met many of the great Saints during the 'hug' section. It is truly true that the Saints in Heaven attend our Celebrations. But the most precious thing of all has been the closeness I now feel with Jesus.

"Did I say thank you already? THANK you for obeying our Lord Jesus in helping us see Him as He truly is, the tender Bridegroom, the purest Lover ever, the most amazing, kind, gentle, strong, loving Husband and God and Lover ever and ever."

He went on to talk about a visit to Heaven then:

Children in Heaven

"Clare, I had a beautiful experience today. Jesus took me to Heaven, and I was flooded with little children. I would say they were as tall as my leg, barely over my knees. They all thanked me for praying for them. One was called James, another Joseph, another Max, and another Rainbow. I soon got to see a LOT more, each running to other persons as I was there. I saw you, there, Clare - and others of the Family, (I believe he means other Heartdwellers here) also having these little ones around you. Thank you for praying for them. I think they liked us so much that they took our names for themselves. I had been praying for aborted children to be baptized in the water and blood of Jesus that gushed from His side. Could there be a correlation there?"

Well, I certainly think so!

Clare replied to his letter:

"Heartdwellers, the Lord's Suppers are not meant to rival mass on the Internet or in a churches. They are given primarily as a powerful tool to get closer to the Lord and make your prayers

more powerful. Sam has truly connected and I'm thrilled. So much wonderful fruit will come from this. It has become SO simple, simple enough for all.

"Oh, Sam, that is precious about the children! I'm so glad you saw me there, too! I wonder if I get around sometimes. I really enjoyed your letter and testimonial. I need to recirculate that to everyone."

Well, as I said, Clare did circulate the email. And soon there were even more replies with more precious experiences with the Lord. One of the women wrote:

Dear Sam,

"I could HUG you... I really could! Thanks to your awesome testimonial, I've moved on a bit.

"Yesterday, although I didn't see anything during my Lord's Supper, I was aware of Saint Padre Pio walking up to me and saying that he is praying for me...

"But today, I was really THERE! I saw Jesus sitting down and there were lots and lots of very young children rushing around, excited to be with Jesus. Some came up to me, but I didn't hear any of them speak. Standing near Jesus was Saint Padre Pio holding a little child in his arms and smiling. It was very clear, as though I was really THERE — not at all hazy, like visions can be for me.

"I pondered on what made it different today. One thing that may have helped is that I was so relaxed — chatting to the Saints during my Lord's Supper and telling them how I appreciate their prayers for those I'm praying for and adding how much I would love to see them.

"I'm sharing this because your beautiful testimony made such a difference to me, and hopefully mine will help someone, too. I was RELAXED... EXPECTING something to happen... and EXCITED. Anyway, it worked for me."

And then one of the other men wrote:

"This morning while I was in Dwelling prayer, I saw the Lord hanging on His Cross. I was at His feet, kissing and washing them. The song "Let Your Pain Touch My Pain" that Father Ezekiel wrote was playing in the background.

"I floated up to Him and embraced all His bloody torso, warmly. His Blood flowing copiously over me. Soon, I was up next to Him, nailed on my own cross to His left. Holy Spirit was upon me very strongly during all of this. I have been carrying a cross of sadness for lost souls the Lord is grieving over, that we have been interceding for.

"Later on, while celebrating the Lord's Supper, many Saints were present. St's Francis, Faustina, and Lawrence of the Resurrection (He is a French Carmelite Lay brother from the 7th century)

They were all among them. Our Lady was with us, as well. Jesus and I were in the center. He was still a bloody pulp in my arms.

“As we (Mary, the Saints, and I) prayed for the lost, and for His Church, and for the Heartdwellers, I saw myself taking a balm with two fingers of my right hand and applying it to each of His wounds—which stopped bleeding and closed it up. And then I would wash them with water. When I got to the Crown of Thorns, I was given a bottle of fragrant ointment, which I poured over His head, and the thorny Crown dissolved.

“After washing His head, hair, and face, I received Him (in Communion) and we all joined our hands in worship and thanksgiving. And He was raised up, Glorious and Shining, with a great smile on His face. (Which is I usually how see Him.) And we held each other, turning slowly in Heaven, among the clouds.

“He takes such comfort from us, Family. Our love for Him and for others through prayer and charity is a balm, and the washing of His wounds.”

Next, one of the women wrote. This one goes a little off the subject of the Lord’s Supper, but it’s a powerful testimony to how we can re-enter ANY time in His life here on Earth and be with Him. Especially the hours of His Passion.

She began, “It was a while ago, but I told Him I would keep Him company in the prison before His crucifixion. And I could see Him clearly. He was sitting on a kind of cold slab. The soldiers didn’t see me, and they were taunting Him. I sat so close to Him and put my arms around Him, and His head was bent some. I could sense He was suffering so much, in a lot of pain; they must have beaten Him all the more.

“He just had me stay there with Him with my arms around Him holding Him close to me, trying to comfort Him as best I could. It wasn’t a long vision. Just enough that I was glad that I could afford Him some consolation. I don’t even think we spoke any words, because we really didn’t need to. We just had to be close to each other, and I just had to hold Him.

“He said once to Gabrielle, in the book He and I: ‘...visit Me in My day.’ Since He sees Time in all one glance, you can be with Him in Gethsemane, which He really, really loves. I’ve been there, too, with Him—holding Him as I know others have. And this is for just everyone to do!

“So, don’t hesitate to just go back in His time in your imagination, this gift that He gave us, (our imaginations) that we can be with Him in any way that we can imagine. And He just feels everything for real. For instance, He said (this is again from the book, He and I) ‘Take My hand, Gabrielle. Come be with Me in the Garden as if it’s that very night. Even though I am God, I am very distressed, and your presence is comforting to Me. Oh, how I need the presence of My loved ones around Me!’”

And now, I’ll add my own testimony here, from a few days ago:

"I was in my office, working on the Channel. And I keep my earphones on, and my music playing on shuffle, most of the time. I not only want to block out the noises of the house (especially the TV when my husband has it on) but I want to be instantly available to His voice. He talks to me that way, all afternoon:0) We have established a whole list of songs now that mean different things when He brings them up on my random Shuffle. One song means: "Turn off the music, I want to show you something". Others mean: "Pray for so and so."—and there's a whole list of people we pray for, according to each of these different songs. Each song is 'assigned' to a different person or people or groups, such as the children who are being abused. There's one particular song that I stop and pray whenever that one comes up.

"But there's one song in particular that means 'I need you. Come to Me.'

"A little while back now, this 'I need you' song came on. And I knew He was suffering. As He came to me, I held Him against my left shoulder, weeping over His pain, and the condition of His face. His entire face was lacerated, open bleeding wounds like a huge wild cat had fought with Him. I knew that I was to wash these wounds and tend them, somehow.

"I looked up, and Mary was right beside me, holding a bowl of water. She had a small hand towel draped over her shoulder for me to use.

"As I dipped the towel in the water and started washing His face, but I knew that it was to only be the one side. A long ago, He told me that Suffering part Joy and part Pain—always. And He underlines this point to me all the time.

"Joy follows Sorrow. Half of His Cross was incomparable Suffering. The other half was the Joy of what He was accomplishing—and what lay ahead. Not just for Him, but for all of us. Even when I am 'in suffering' (I go through periods something like Ezekiel, though not nearly as severe) it usually happens all in the right side of my body, but rarely both.

"I hate that He is still taking these wounds, that He is still suffering for us and the world! And I wanted so badly this time to see them healed up again - not just washed.

"Holy Spirit is always present to my right side in times like this. And He reminded me of the healing teachings that Jesus gave us, and that we can ask for Him to come through our hands, literally reach through our hands and heal the people we are praying for.

"So, I reached out to Holy Spirit and asked if we could do that for Jesus—together? I began to trace an open line of each of the wounds with my forefinger. I could see that Holy Spirit's finger had indwelt mine. And my finger seemed to seal up the sides of each slice in His skin. And as I watched, they completely closed up and turned into new, whole flesh again.

“How wonderful it is that He allows us to touch Him this way! It is so sweet to let us know that WE are a balm and comfort to Him—just as He is to us. How precious is this Love He gives us—to cherish and hold in return! There are just are no words...”

I’m going to close today with the song that one of the Prayer Warriors spoke of, Ezekiel’s "Let Your Pain Touch My Pain."

May the Lord bless you, dear Heartdwellers.

(Let My Pain Touch Your Pain)

Echoes in my mind, mirrors back in Time.
Spirits yet entwined, softly speaking.
Embers in my soul, layers yet unfold,
Hearts are open wide calling Your name.

Let your pain touch My pain.
Let your wounds touch My wounded heart.
Let your dying touch My dying.
Let your pain touch My pain.
Let your wounds touch My wounded heart.
Let your dying touch My dying.

And be healed.

Passions fall away, living for today.
Garden filled with grace quietly waiting.
Banquet of your love, flowing from your side.
Marriage bed of suffering for Your Bride.

Let your pain touch My pain.
Let your wounds touch My wounded heart.
Let your dying touch My dying.
Let your pain touch My pain.
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