

## Wires Vision- Summer Swing Fear

January 30th, 2024



Mother Clare: Ok. So, you had a vision, what was the first one?

Father Ephraim: It was not a vision, it was not a vision, it was a dream. These are real experiences, dreams.

Mother Clare: I am talking about me when you prayed for me.

Father Ephraim: You were an adult sitting in a plastic swing. You were trying to swing, but you were pulling to the right, way over to the right, your arms and everything, and your legs, you were afraid of something.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ephraim: And like in the neighbors' yard to the left, there literally was on the street out there, there was a car wreck. Right?

Mother Clare: In the neighbors' yard.

Father Ephraim: And just outside the yard you were in, even, because it was a car wreck and it was really close to you, and it scared you.

Mother Clare: Back this way if you can.

Father Ephraim: It was rather close to you, and it scared you.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ephraim: And then there were sharp metal pieces from something else, like shards of metal coming in, and they were very real, no wonder you were afraid and leaning on the swing. And suddenly-

Mother Clare: What do you think those were?

Father Ephraim: Well, we will get to that.

Mother Clare: Ok.

Father Ephraim: Suddenly, all that faded away.

Mother Clare: Ok.

Father Ephraim: And you were as I have seen you for, oh, over thirty- something years now, I always see you as a little girl about six years old in a little summer dress, barefooted. And you are- You do not know enough to be afraid or to be complicated or any- you are a six-year-old.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ephraim: It is not the way we grew up here it is the Lord restoring the way we should- His-

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ephraim: In a perfect world-

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ephraim: So, to speak.

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ephraim: How it would have-This is how you would have grown up; this is how what I am taking you back to now. You had on a little yellow sundress with two straps, barefooted, little pink toes, and you just swinging, there were clovers and dandelions and things, it was sweet.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm. Now, ok.

Father Ephraim: And real.

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ephraim: Very real.

Mother Clare: Ok.

Father Ephraim: Ok.

Mother Clare: And yell- I love yellow.

Father Ephraim: Really?

Mother Clare: Mm-hm. That is why I bought that yellow rug that I had to return.

Father Ephraim: What?

Mother Clare: Yeah, it cheers me up. Ok.

Father Ephraim: Yellow is very close to bright gold.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ephraim: Beautiful. It was a – It was a clear- clear early summer morning kind of day –

Mother Clare: Yeah.

Father Ephraim: Like when we were children, you know?

Mother Clare: Right. What a wonderful day.

Father Ephraim: Yeah.

Mother Clare: Not a care in the world.

Father Ephraim: Beautiful day. Well, we did not know enough to have a care in the world, you just popped your little head up like a little bird in a nest, you know, hair sticking everywhere, it was a new day (making bird sounds).

Mother Clare: Ok.

Father Ephraim: And the other part I saw for you- well, Little Mother Anna and I, our baby daughter, were praying for you – a beautiful beach, sand as white as- as white can be.

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ephraim: And little-little bits of seaweed here and there, and they were even pretty, like a, you know, like an okra color green, whatever color seaweed ends up being- but everything was fresh and clean and pure and untouched and perfect. And the waves coming in were soft two waves-

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ephraim: Aquamarine, in fact at times, it was like a cove, you know, like the ocean water was coming into this cove-

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ephraim: Where the beach was-

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ephraim: So, the water was calmer there, and sometimes almost still, especially when the tide came in in the morning or went out, but it was this aquamarine, amazing blue green color, you could see straight down the bottom, I do not care if it was four feet or forty feet.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ephraim: And you mentioned it reminded you of-

Mother Clare: The Yucatan.

Father Ephraim: Mm.

Mother Clare: The Yucatan Peninsula.

Father Ephraim: Speak a little louder.

Mother Clare, repeating: The Yucatan Peninsula.

Father Ephraim: Yeah.

Mother Clare: It was a cove.

Father Ephraim: Really?

Mother Clare: With white sand.

Father Ephraim: Wow! Did you get out in the water?

Mother Clare: Oh yeah, the water was warm.

Father Ephraim: What was it like underwater?

Mother Clare: I do not remember that.

Father Ephraim: Could you – Could you see any-

Mother Clare: The water was crystal clear, though.

Father Ephraim: Well, I know the area you are talking about, and, for example, we talked about Costa Rica, right?

Mother Clare: Mm-hm, right.

Father Ephraim: And the Pacific waters coming into coves-

Mother Clare: It had- yeah- it had, actually, there was- oh, another place I went to, yeah, in Mexico, where they had caves with water and the water was flowing out into the ocean – fresh water-

Father Ephraim: Ahhhhh, ahhhh.

Mother Clare: And I found a conch shell there.

Father Ephraim: Take our little trips to Heaven more often!

Mother Clare: Well, tell me about the wires.

Father Ephraim: Ohhhh, yeah, ok. So, after that, toward the end of our praying for Mother because she felt very oppressed and – How did you feel before we prayed to you- prayed after you, prayed over you?

Mother Clare: How did I feel after?

Father Ephraim: How did you feel before?

Mother Clare: I could not stop yawning- Oh, before, I just felt capped off and numb inside, no inspiration, no nothing, just like creativity had been shut down, capped off, and no incentive at all, complete, you know, boredom, emptiness, and I had to confess looking at something in a news article on Melania and her son, I should not have looked up –

Father Ephraim: You get distracted especially if you are given room-

Mother Clare: I allowed myself to follow –

Father Ephraim: On the internet-

Mother Clare: Something I should not have followed.

Father Ephraim: It can be good, I mean, you are listening on the internet right now, that is a good way. Get your news from the Lord, man, you know?

Mother Clare: I was not trying to get the news.

Father Ephraim: I am talking to our Heart Dwellers.

Mother Clare: Yeah.

Father Ephraim: You know, better to get your news from the Lord. When we put our hands on your head, all I could see were all these red and blue and green and yellow, you know, tangled- I mean like in your whole brain, it was just like a mass of tangled wires.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ephraim: And then your- And then, that the Lord just reached in and took all those wires out.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ephraim: And then, He went to your heart, same thing. A bunch of tangled wires in your heart-

Mother Clare. Mm.

Father Ephraim: He took them out.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ephraim: And then they were just about – I mean, they were beginning to get down into your- as, you know, your-really, under your spirit and your soul.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ephraim: They were trying to take root. He took those out but each time He did, you grew – At least you may look like a grown woman, but on the inside, you were like a little child, like that little child on the swing.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ephraim: Go ahead.

Mother Clare: That must be why He does not want me studying books.

Father Ephraim: I think that is why we have learned so much, that we need to unlearn and get back to simple things, we have our Christian words, buzzwords, catchphrases- a lot of people do not know what this stuff means, just talk to them in their own language, like you would to a group of little children. And I have told you before, I get more out of children and youth channels and things- I may not be able to see now, but I can certainly hear, and I can think with my little brain, my little four-year-old brain.

Father Ephraim: We love you, thank you for being – your patience and your time, and we will see you next time.

Mother Clare: Ok.