

Your Secret Delights

March 27th, 2025



The Lord bless you, my dear heart dwellers, and thank you, Saint Patrick and the great cloud of witnesses and the intercessors, looking in from heaven. I returned to my true destiny and saw how I had been drawn away from my highest calling. "Jesus, you've been so good to me. Last night as you held me in your arms and wept, because so glad that I'd finally recognized what I lost when I'd stopped journaling about heaven. It broke my heart to see how much my absence from

the

obedience of Chronicles had cost you, Jesus. I know, too, that you were rejoicing, that I finally got it. It was so tender as you held me, and I repented for my avarice. I am chasing after worldly affairs, looking for glory in the world's shame."

Jesus began, *"My beloved, I created you to be one of the wonders of the faith in purity and seclusion. The world stinks to high heaven and taking that stellar gift of your chronicles in heaven, turning it into a more worldly, prophetic concern, truly dragged it in the mud. I tried to warn you but your headstrong pride and worldly curiosity could not compete with my still small voice.*

"Last night I rejoiced that you had finally recognized it was a sidetrack from Satan to deprive the body of much needed inspiration about heaven. You truly are a headstrong one, but you were beginning to recognize the great treasures you lost. Clare, I want to restore those treasures to you, and I want to restore you to the heavenly reality you are in."

O Lord, there is no word for sorry that fits this tragedy. What a loss for the kingdom as well.

"Do not despair. We're not done yet. You can still do all that is in your heart to do for me and My Mother. Truly, look at the gifts, Clare, and recognize the potential for the kingdom. There are plenty of gossip sites, intrigue and war sites to fill every imagining mind in the world, but I want them to know the wonderful extraordinary mind-blowing reality of what I specifically created for them when their work on this earth, in their tormented minds and bodies, is finally done, finally completed. As they watch the harvests come in.

"I want them to know that while they toiled on earth, I was toiling in heaven to fulfill every hidden dream long buried and forgotten in their hearts. I want them to look forward with eager anticipation that I have gone to prepare a place for them and what a place it is!

"Not one favorite color excluded. Not one tame wild animal pet excluded. Not one gemstone that in silver and gold, exquisitely crafted by the artisans of heaven, is left out. All is done to perfection for each of them, one of a kind, their secret delight, that stir their hearts in total amazement that I thought of everything."