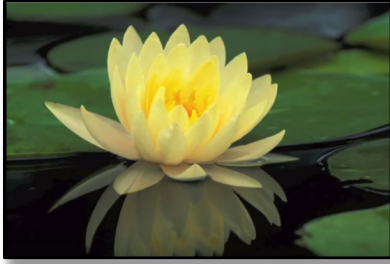


Oh How You Comfort My Heart!

May 2, 2015



Good Morning, Family!

Tonight, as I came into worship playing "Jesus, Holy Jesus", by Terry MacAlmon, and I beheld the Lord in the crown of thorns, suffering. I know that one of our listeners, Angel Wings, has been in the hospital - she had a rather extensive and painful surgery and we've been praying for her, we're very concerned for her. So, she's had a rough surgery.

I was lifting up to the Lord, along with all of your requests, lifting you up and placing you into His heart for resolutions and answers. But He was suffering, He was really suffering and I'm not sure if it was, Angel Wings or just things in the world, you know, or just things in the world or what all of the different things that were on His heart. But He was definitely wearing the Crown of Thorns and suffering.

Usually to me, the Crown of Thorns means scorn and contempt - I call it the Crown of Scorns. But it can be other things, too. He even had tears running down His cheeks.

But in spite of that, I let the song just run over and over again, and we were slow dancing, just kind of swaying gently back and forth to the music. I drifted off into a sweet reverie with the Lord, my forehead was nuzzled under His beard. Every once and a while, I'd draw back and our eyes would meet and He was becoming peaceful and calm. As the song repeated itself, I began to see that His suffering was alleviated and the pain surrounding His Head was beginning to dissipate and I even spotted a twinkle of joy in His eyes.

I told Ezekiel what was going on and he said, "I don't think we know how much the Lord suffers with us, how many times He cries with us." And right after he said that, the Lord began to speak to me.

He began:

"Never underestimate the power behind consoling your God. Do you know the heartbreaks I must suffer everyday, and when I come into the throne room of your heart and find you waiting there for Me, just longing to be with Me. Oh, you cannot imagine how you brighten My Heart.

"My Brides, just because you are not yet perfected on this Earth does not mean I can't receive consolation from you. Your tender affection to Me soothes the burning of My Heart for souls that are suffering sheer torture, and for souls that have totally turned their backs on Me. Both extremes I encounter day by day. Both extremes rend My sensitive heart.

"And when I come home to My waiting Bride, who has nothing but comfort for Me, slowly but surely the pains of the day begin to disappear and I find My joy in Her arms. Clare is right, I long for My Bride to come to Me with nothing on her agenda but to hear Me speak, and be in My presence, to worship Me and sit quietly beside Me. The refreshing waters of her heart are like a

flowing brook surrounded by gardens gently perfuming the air with rivulets of water singing out to Me. Her praises and love thoughts dance in the air around Me , the sweet aroma of praise.

"And there we sit together beside gentle waters, washing away the frets of the day from one another's lives. She soothes Me, and I reciprocate by soothing her. Her countenance comforts Me and Mine comforts her. Together we drift in this stress free zone heavily laden with the aroma of love.

"Oh, how I wish for My Brides to enter this place, this comfort zone, this garden of gentle delights where all the business and ugliness of the day is left far behind and a gentle caress of My cheek says more than even a symphony could express.

"I am deeply touched My Brides by your devotion to Me, your desire for Me, and your exclusion of the world and all its allurements. In a world so taken up with the doings of men, you are a rare garden on an exotic planet, somewhere yet untouched by man.

"This is what I longed for and sought after with Adam and Eve, but alas the Spoiler of everything good found an inroad to corrupt them. But in eternity there will no longer be any vestige of evil and I will have before Me My victorious creation, those who chose Me above all else, even life itself.

"Please, My sons and My daughters, do not hesitate to come into My presence this way. Offer Me your heart as My resting place. Offer Me the tender gaze of concern that I might forget the callous indifference of men. Give Me a place of repose that all My Creation should have afforded Me. Bring Me into the garden of your hearts and tend to My wounds. Never will you know the power of your love to heal My aching Heart, until you are able to see what I must see on Earth. Then you will understand the immense difference you made with your widow's mite. Until then, please remember to come into My presence with worship and the consoling fragrance of your heart. You are Mine and I am Yours. And that is forever.

I bless you now with eyes to see the difference you made in My world."