

Jesus Has the Rapture on His Mind...

October 17, 2018



Lord. My deepest desire is that we fully become—and then stay—ready for You. Obedient to Your will until You come for us, whether that be in the next weeks. Months—or years. Help us stay in this position of ‘ready’, please? Amen.

Dear Heartdweller Family, while Clare is working on some other things right now, she's asked that I share my devotion time with Jesus that I had, with you, from yesterday morning.

First—let me explain something about how I currently ‘see’ Jesus.

Just over two years ago, in 2016, right after we knew we were NOT going Home in June that year, the Lord came to me and He asked if He could withhold my spiritual vision—for the sake of another who was having trouble ‘seeing’ clearly. Was I willing?

Now, this wasn’t the first time He had asked me of this—it had happened before. Several times. And I had always agreed. (After all, who can say ‘no’ to Him? When Jesus looks at you with so great a Love, and asks if you would be willing to help Him, help someone else—who could refuse that? Well...I can’t, anyway.)

Typically, when He had asked me this before, my spiritual sight would leave me for a period of days. It would go as it...behind a veil. Or maybe it would last weeks...but then be restored again.

Only this time... the days stretched into weeks. And then months. Clare would tell you this is a very heavy cross—and I would have to agree. But my God is always Kind to me. It’s probably THE attribute of His that never fails to melt me and draw me closer to Him. To His Heart.

And so, around October that year, seeing the pain that it was causing me after so long, Papa came. And He told me He had a very special, very precious Gift to give me. He called it the Gift of Knowing.

Now, when He gives me a gift, His gift often comes wrapped in something that looks like a very delicately made, ornate Christmas ornament: gold filigree openwork formed into the shape of a ball that has a hinge on one side, and opens up like a jewelry gift-box that might hold a ring or maybe a necklace.

Well, I opened the box, and the Gift of Knowing lifted up from it, looking like a glowing, red ball—and as I watched, I could see it come towards me and enter my soul.

It’s hard to explain the difference between seeing in the spirit as most describe it—and how this “knowing” works. Put simply, when I am in this period of ‘darkness’, the veil down, I don’t actually ‘see’ like I have in the past, what is going on. I simply ‘know’ that it’s happening... Infused knowledge, Clare would call it. Knowledge of what He or others of the Cloud are doing, somehow joined to the understanding that if I could just slip to the other side of that veil—THIS is what I would see... And the images somehow form in my mind, even so.

I thought maybe some of you who have not yet seen Him would appreciate understanding that there are MANY, many ways of 'seeing' Jesus. And hearing Him. Literally seeing Him and hearing Him speak is, of course! Perhaps the most desired. And beautiful. But if and when that is withheld—for whatever reason—He always provides dozens of other ways He can secure your trust in something. And then it becomes a very real source of communication between you.

For instance, He 'talks' to me with numbers, clearly and frequently, because a few years ago He and I 'assigned' certain meanings to certain numbers, just between He and I. And so, when I see them—I know exactly what they mean. To me. Personally—from Him. And I frankly trust those numbers more than some of the things I hear in the spirit. They can't be manipulated, so they can't deceive you, like a demon can.

I guess you could say that this trust that builds between you and Jesus is like... being married to someone for many, many years. My husband and I have been married for 39 years. After a while, you know what a person is thinking or wanting just by the tone of their voice. A quick look on their face. A gesture. Or just the sound of their voice on the phone. It immediately brings up images in your mind from past experiences with them—yet they are not in the room with you, nor can you actually 'see' what's going on, what we're talking about. But still, you know and you see clearly in your mind what they are communicating with you.

Jesus is the same way. The more we get to know Him, the easier these means of communication become, all sorts of them.

So. Getting back to yesterday morning.

I had been through a period of prayer and worship, and was sitting at my desk, journaling. I often leave my music playing on shuffle while I do this, even after spending time in worship—because this is one of the ways the Lord speaks to me, when He isn't choosing to use His actual voice. It is uncanny how He will break into my thinking and writing at THE perfect time, with THE perfect words from a song—even if the main thought of the song has nothing to do with where and how He used the words to 'interrupt' what I was pondering!

During the morning's worship (which had lasted about 2 hours so far), He had played me 5 Christmas songs, mingled in with others. He's been doing this for months now, increasingly. To put this into perspective, I have 101 albums on my phone—approximately 1,200 songs. Out of those 101 albums, only 4 of them are actual Christmas albums... Statistically, for 5 songs to 'pop up' randomly? Well, you all figure that one out.

Along with these Christmas songs, for weeks now, when I had pulled a random message from our website, Heartdwellers.com, (which I do daily in the mornings with Him) they were increasingly, openly Rapture or Tribulation messages, especially from the year 2015. Messages like 'Prepare Packages for the Left Behind.' And 'Jesus Speaks: What Will Come After the Rapture, Part...' Well, He gave me several from that series so far.

So, I began wondering... again. Were all these Christmas songs just a personal message to me? As a signal that He will be restoring my spiritual sight again? For He had once promised it to me this way, signaling the time of year for this release by playing me a single Christmas song, daily. That was last year,

though. And for a period of time in the Spring this year, the songs had stopped. Lol... replaced with songs that were blatantly about the Dark Night of the Soul.

But now He was playing at least 5. Daily... For quite a while.

Was there more to it all than just for me, personally?

Just about then He spoke—and called me back into His arms to talk a bit. I literally left my desk and sat curled up on my bed, leaning up against several pillows and the headboard. I was listening to the music still, and this was a worship/praise song that was playing.

Right about then, my 'knowing' sense kicked in—and I realized I was laying up against His chest, my cheek laying over His heart. In the spirit, I reached up—and I didn't feel His typical robe—but a lapel.

'A lapel, Lord?' I thought. As I waited, I realized He was wearing a full tuxedo. Black, complete with a white shirt and all those tiny black buttons running down the front. And a white carnation in the buttonhole. As I was scribbling this into my journal later, my curiosity prompted me to look up the meaning of the flower—because I know they all have separate meanings.

And I found: "White carnations represent pure love." That made me smile. He speaks through EVERYTHING He does!

Now—to explain this next part, I have a rather wide variety of music on my phone. And I don't separate my albums into playlists. If they are there, they are eligible to be chosen by Holy Spirit! He often calls me to prayer this way, because there is a musical version of the Divine Mercy Chaplet there, as well as all four of the rosaries.

Many years ago, my daughters and I found that one of my very favorite books as I was growing up, Jane Eyre, had been made into a musical. We were actually able to attend a production of it—and fell in love with the songs! God is woven ALL through them! And so, the music from the musical Jane Eyre is now on my phone...

In this production, one of the songs is sung by a woman who thinks she is going to marry Edward—the main male character. And this is the next song that began to play. It was such a random 'pick' I started to laugh, and said, 'Lord??'

"Listen," He said.

The music had advanced to a place where the woman was singing about all the lovely furniture and tasteful decorations that Edward had put in this fine mansion. And then she sings 'Edward! This house could use a wife!'

Jesus spoke to me again then. And He said, *"I want My wife, too. Home. With Me."*

That was very sobering to me. I began thinking something along these lines. 'Lord... We've been through the Rapture drills—and they were just that. Drills. I don't think, for any of them, I ever REALLY believed it would happen... I never fully 'let go'. And now? Well, it just feels 'safer' to think it's just another Drill.

The thought that it really, really could be the end...is still too hard to process for me. There are still too many souls out there who are blind and confused. And so many young people who just. Don't. Get it.

And on top of that, it's so hurtful to think of it—to just 'let go'—and dream again. And then maybe be called back into the war after all...

Oh, be patient with us, Lord! You have trained us so well... But I never wanted to 'fight' in the first place. I hate war. I hate fighting. I have never struck another soul in my entire life! Not on purpose...'

Right at the end of these thoughts, the words of this song broke in:

"Yet I am still with you. You hold me by my right hand... and then You will take me into Glory..."

He leaned over and kissed me on the head...just in case I still wasn't 'getting it'... Another song broke in: "My heart and my flesh may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. Who have I in Heaven—but You?"

I looked down at myself in the spirit now—and I wasn't wearing a wedding dress... I was in a robe—a bathrobe. And my hair, though it's very short, was somehow up in curlers—as though I'd just been to a spa and was being primped and prepared to get ready for a Big Day.

Like a wedding.

"Not quite yet", He said. "Not quite yet...but soon."

Now His tux changed into His 'normal' robe—and the Crown of Thorns was on His head...

He is suffering so, Heartdwellers! The thought of actually having to take us away and leave this world to Satan's devices tears His heart apart.

I thought, 'Lord—I so wish there was a way to ease Your pain in this! I can only believe that You do take comfort from my very little heart—as You have said You do.'

I wondered what I was to be doing in the time yet we had to wait? And He told me that I could 'start' another book I've had in mind—the one titled Oh, The Love of Jesus! Because people need to know His Love!

But I had the distinct feeling was that I could start it. But I wouldn't be finishing it. Not here, anyway.

Another song broke in: "Save me, oh my God. The waters have come up to my neck. I sink in the depths where there is no foothold." And my thoughts immediately flew to those horrible events the prophets have been seeing so often—a tsunami destroying NYC. Or as we once had a vision from a Heartdweller—somewhere on the West Coast.

Just last week Clare, Ezekiel, Sherry and I had been in deep intercession for days to STOP such a thing happening in our country. I was beginning to be truly troubled at the prospect that this might be what He will allow...next.

And then... I don't know how HE does it. I can't shift my emotions quickly—not in the least. But He seems to do it all the time. I suddenly 'saw' Him now in a flowery Hawaiian shirt! I've always wanted to visit Hawaii...

He spoke once again, "The Islands Here are so beautiful." Which brought to mind a vision Ezekiel had had of me and Jesus together. A very precious vision, but that's another whole story.

I had the sense, now, it was time to go back to my journal and record all that had just happened. I have a pattern in my journaling. I 'click' for three rhemas from the website, copy and paste them in and then 'talk' to Him about them while I'm journaling. I write what I'm talking. I go for a random Scripture, then. And do the same. And finally, I go for a random message.

This was the time now to ask Holy Spirit to point me to that message. And this is the one that came up: Christmas Eve 2015, a message given to Clare on December 24th, 2015.

Let me play some of that message for you here as Clare recorded it, and you'll see why this struck me so hard when I heard it.

(Clare begins)

I wish I had a bright and shiny message for you this Christmas Eve, but I'm afraid the Lord is truly suffering and the message is far from being cheerful.

He was very present to me tonight in worship and we spent a long, long time together. As I had told you about a few days ago, I set my computer's music list on shuffle—that's allowing the Holy Spirit to lead as to which songs to play, when.

The Lord's love inflamed my heart, until I could hardly bear to be in His presence. And I know that when He strengthens me like that, it means there's a trial coming.

I noticed He was wearing black slacks, normal shoes and a white shirt with pleats, and a black bow-tie. Then I also saw Him in a full Tux.

I'll never be able to communicate the tenderness and glory that He imparted to me today. And I just want to tell you that anything the Lord does with me, is also for YOU. Because I am merely one of His thousands of Brides and Queens.

And He wants you to know the kind of treatment that you are going to get when He takes you into His Home in Heaven. So, He shares it with me. He gives me a glimpse of what's going to happen ahead of time, so I can tell you what to expect.

There's nothing special about me. The only thing special about me is the Lord. And He is with you, too. And that makes you just as special.

He gave me a beautiful red-velvet, royal cape with ermine trim, and we walked down this long aisle towards the Throne. He danced with me, holding me so tenderly. He was wearing His ermine-trimmed, red velvet cape and gold crown. And then He placed a gold crown on my head, also. A very ornate one and said, "A perfect fit!" And we lingered there together, forehead to forehead.

And now the Lord is sobbing.

He began, *"Oh, how I dread what I must do. Oh, how I dread it! All of humanity will be in shock and totally disoriented. All but the most remote, to answer your unspoken thought, My love."*

I was thinking of those who live in the wilderness and don't ever get any news, and they're far away from the influence of people.

He continued, *"This moment that must come to pass. The glory of having you in My presence forever must first be preceded by this horrendous trial upon the Earth."*

"No, it shall not come nigh your dwelling, but the terror and confusion all over the world will be inescapable. My sorrow and mourning for the lost—this will hang heavy upon the Earth, like a thick, dark mantle of agony. Tormented souls who cry out as their blood is shed will cover the Earth with their sobs, with no one to comfort them, as many descend into Hell."

"And My Bride? What shall she do? She shall behold the consequences of what has been done to ravage the Earth. But then she shall accompany Me into Glory, where every tear will be blotted out. Where we will celebrate her Homecoming."

"But before that moment, I must suffer My Passion, all over again, Clare. Remember in these moments in the Garden when all was revealed to Me, what I was about to suffer for. The physical suffering was and never could be comparable to the mental, emotional anguish of those screaming and crying out for mercy."

"Yet mercy will be denied them, because the hour of mercy has vanished. The time has come when My mercy must be swallowed up in judgment. And Oh, how bitter that is for Me!"

I wrapped my arms around the Lord and held Him tightly, hoping to bring Him comfort. Only a little drop in truly a vast ocean of misery. And He wept bitterly. My very little part was to hold Him, almost as if I were holding Him upright, because He was slumped over me in utter despondency.

"Yet I will have My way with this world." He continued. "Yes, suffering will abound, but Glory will follow. Once the Earth is purified, it will rise again out of the ashes. And those who inhabit it will be trained in the ways of holiness from sea to sea. Yet that kernel of evil must be forever purged from the Earth, and for that reason I will allow the Earth a time of rest."

Here He is referring to the 1,000-year reign.

"For those who are Hell-bent, I will give them time to rise up again until the Purification is complete. Yes, this second time of purifying will bring forth the evil and corrupt seeds of Satan, once and for all, to be destroyed and stripped of their influence. And you shall stand by My side, and behold it with your own eyes, My Clare."

"Yes, the time is coming when evil shall no longer have a voice. Oh, the mysteries to be revealed! So many mysteries. And you will come to understand all things. No longer will you have any question. Rather you will be fully enlightened as to the 'why' of everything."

"Do not despair. You've been strengthened. Stand strong! This is your time of vindication. It is at hand. No longer will they say, 'Where is your God?' No, rather, 'THIS is YOUR God?? The Mighty and Powerful One? No wonder you love Him!' Yet, they will not understand My love.

"Be prepared. Be strengthened. It is coming."

So...is this all Coincidence? No... He has often told us on the Channel that as we join our hearts and minds to His, He is the one who orders the things that happen to us during our days, and especially during our quiet times with Him.

So. What does it all mean? I'm not completely sure. But it's consistent—and I can't just ignore it.

I would take it, at the least, as yet another reminder that we NEED to be ready. Always. Not slipping back into the world. Not even for a few days. Not even a few moments. And not losing hope. He's been telling us this for a while now—and this short talk with Him yesterday morning simply underscores what He's been telling Clare.

Oh, please be ready, Heartdwellers. Don't get 'too tired'. Don't be afraid, either. He's got us in His hands, as well as our families. That's a promise from another, recent Random Message draw. Just be close as possible to Him and all will be well.

He ended my Time with Him yesterday morning with one last song. It's based on a short message that comes from St. Therese of Avila.

Let nothing disturb you,
Let nothing frighten you,
All things are passing away:
But God never changes.
Patience obtains all things
Whoever has God lacks nothing;
God alone suffices.

It's becoming a daily song He plays for me. I think we would all do well to embrace it.

As an addendum to what happened in the morning, I'll share my evening time with Him, too. I go up to my room, normally, around 8:30 at night. I have pledged to Mary to pray at least one rosary a day—and this is how I prepare to go to bed. After the rosary, if it's not too late, I spend time in worship with Him again. Until He turns off my music, and that's the signal to go to bed.

The first song He played? A Christmas song... Within the 40 minutes that I stayed up from there, He played me three altogether. But the words of one of them sent me into travailing prayer over this world. This country.

I'll read them to you—and post a link to the song afterwards. It's from Casting Crowns, called "While You Were Sleeping"

Oh, little town of Bethlehem
Looks like another silent night

Above your deep and dreamless sleep
A giant star lights up the sky

And while you're lying in the dark
There shines an everlasting light
For the King has left his throne
And is sleeping in a manger tonight

Oh Bethlehem, what you have missed while you were sleeping!
For God became a man
And stepped into your world today
Oh Bethlehem, you will go down in history
As a city with no room for its King
While you were sleeping
While you were sleeping

Oh, little town of Jerusalem
Looks like another silent night
The Father gave his only Son
The Way, The Truth, the Life had come

But there was no room for Him in the world he came to save
Jerusalem, what you have missed while you were sleeping
The Savior of the world is dying on your cross today
Jerusalem, you will go down in history
As a city with no room for its King
While you were sleeping
While you were sleeping

United States of America
Looks like another silent night
As we're sung to sleep by philosophies
That save the trees and kill the children

And while we're lying in the dark
There's a shout heard 'cross the eastern sky
For the Bridegroom has returned
And has carried His Bride away in the night
America, what will we miss while we are sleeping?

Will Jesus come again
And leave us slumbering where we lay
America will we go down in history
As a nation with no room for its King
Will we be sleeping
Will we be sleeping

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7rqhG2yT-58>