

Stand Firm—Evil Days Are Ahead, But Short-Lived

December 11, 2017



Jesus, our hope is in You, our strength is in You and You live in us. Help us to remember that in the world we will have troubles, but to be of good cheer, for You have overcome the world. Amen

Jesus began, *"Stand firm. Evil days ahead, but short-lived. I expect you, My Bride, to stand tall in Me and be ambassadors of courage and faith in the face of contradictions and loss. Your lives do not depend on what you eat, where you live, what you wear or what you drive. They depend on inner resolve and integrity, so you do not sink down into the mire when you are challenged by difficult situations.*

"I will be with you in the coming months and I will continue to hone and perfect you as we climb the mountain together. Some of you will get stronger; others will fall by the wayside. Whatever your choice, remember you are still Mine and I will never desert you or leave you on your own.

"I am with you, even when you must step out of the fires of purification. I am still with you.

"As I was still with you, Clare, when you struggled over that vice tonight."

Oh, boy... I started to cry.

I was tempted again, today. It is dangerous for me to get on Amazon and get even little things for my family members for Christmas.

I was in worship and I heard Julie True's song, "Dispel the Darkness." She got to one line that said, "Shine your light in Me, Lord,do I have unforgiveness? What in my life is standing between You and I?" And I felt like a spotlight hit my heart. And this incident came back to me.

To make a long story short, someone I had given much of my life to helping, was dating a girl on drugs and he took my purse one night. I didn't know it, until two days later, when I found it was missing. Of course, the usual important papers were in it, and what a pain it is to replace those.

But more than that, it was very, very special to me, because I got it at a thrift store, and it was an absolutely the most perfect bag I've ever had in my life! I don't have a lot of purses. I have ONE bag—that's it. Missionary-style. I wore with everything. It was in a teardrop shape and had many pockets that helped me stay organized.

I asked the Lord, 'If that person took it, could you have them lose their wallet?'

About a week later, I get a call from a man that found his wallet in a parking lot. So, after I obtained it, foolishly... Oh, I thought I'd be so holy. I told my friend I had his wallet.

I should have said, “Are you missing your wallet? Funny, I’m missing my purse. I’ll tell you what: if you can find my purse, I bet I can find your wallet.” But I didn’t. I wanted to be holy and kind and detached—even though it was eating me up. So, I just gave it to him. To this day I wish I hadn’t.

Well, besides the betrayal, I really missed that purse. Tonight, I realized my family will look at my wish list. It was right in the middle of worship, and that verse of the song came on. Now you’re gonna see how bad I am... And I just couldn’t resist getting up right there and then, turning off the music and fixing my list by putting a replacement for that purse on it.

So, I did.

Then when I got all done, I thought to myself, 'Now, how are you going to face the Lord after you left Him to look for a purse?' I knew the enemy was playing on my very guilty conscience and I wanted to run and hide from Jesus, not go back to worship.

But I overcame my fear, knowing I had to face Him sometime, and turned the music back on.

Truly, I was expecting to find a dark, black wall between He and I. Or a song, scolding me. There are one or two on my playlist.

But what do you suppose He played next? “You Are Mine” by Michael W. Smith. That very beautiful song he wrote for his wife that Ezekiel said Jesus sang to me a week ago.

I was undone... I couldn’t believe the Lord still wanted me to come back to worship.

So, returning to what He had just said, *“Some will get stronger, others will fall by the wayside. Whatever your choice, remember you are still Mine; I will never desert you or leave you on your own. I am with you, even when you must step out of the fires of purification—I am still with you. And I am still with you, Clare, when you struggle over that vice. Sometimes you have to go back to your mud puddle many times before you get tired being filthy.*

“My Daughters and Sons, My Brides and Friends, there is never a moment I don’t anticipate the movements of your soul and provide a way out for temptations. There is never a moment when I throw My hands up in the air and say, ‘That’s it! I’m done with you! Go your own way.’

“No, I never divorce My wife. I never leave My family. Rather, I give them a chance to take a breather so they can see what or who they have chosen to take My place in their lives. There does come a point for most when they see clearly what they couldn’t see before, because the enemy was blinding them—the enemy in their own passions—to what they will lose when they turn and run after their idol. For many it happens the hour of their death, and is used against them to turn them to despair so they will go with the Devil.

“So, you see, My Clare, I understand—even though it does wound Me. I know your frame, when you stand and when you fall, and I have you covered, My Love. Keep coming back, Clare. Don’t ever find a rock to hide under; keep coming back. Remember, you have a nefarious enemy stalking you, and yes, your very best protection is humility.”

Well, the reason He's saying that is the following thing to happen. After this thing happened with my wandering eyes, I could not repent—because I knew that I would probably do it again, given the chance.

So, I lifted my heart up to the Father and said, “Please deliver me from evil. Please remove this evil demon of Avarice from my life. Truly I know I only want You.”

And as I thought about it again, I realized that pride must have opened the door. Judging others. I asked the Lord, “Please, Father, let me be one that looks up to everyone, never down on anyone.” And I felt that prayer would be answered.

It's interesting, because this vice is linked to the vice of Perfectionism. It's not that I want a lot of things—I just like order. I really like order.

I love to have everything just perfect. If something isn't just right, it grates against me until I get a replacement or make it right. Believe me, the enemy will use that one against you to pull you out of God's will in mid-stream, if you let it. The best practice is to change the subject, and go back to what you were supposed to be doing with that time and NOT say, “It'll just take a minute... I'll be right back.”

Mmm...hmm. And what happens then? The enemy broke your concentration and now will hit you with another imperfection to go fix—until you notice you've been running around like a stupid dog, digging up bones for three hours, unable to control yourself.

Oooh, yes.

I remember a story about Francis of Assisi. He was walking down the road with a new monk. Totally poor, no traveling bag or purse for the journey. As they walked along, the young monk saw a purse, a very fat purse, in the middle of the road.

Their conversation went something like this.

“Oh look! A purse! We could do so much for the poor with that money.”

Now the rule of St. Francis was that you were never to pick up a lost object and keep it for yourself. Or, give it away, 'cause it wasn't yours to give. What if the person who lost it came back for it and you had taken it? It is quite the same as stealing.

But this young monk was trying to reason with St. Francis.

“We could buy food for the poor.”

Francis said, “My son, it is a trick from the devil for you, to trap you, to want something that belongs to another. Leave it alone.”

But the young one persisted, over and over again as they were walking further away from it.

So, St. Francis stopped and went aside for a moment to pray, and then he told the monk. “Alright, you may go get it.”

Happy and impetuous, not smelling the enemy's trap, he went running down the road to grab the purse. When he got there and started to reach for it, a large poisonous snake burst out of the bag, scaring the wits out of the monk. He hung his head and repented for going against the rule of life he had professed as a monk.

I've never forgotten that and I taught my children: never take something that was lost. But I still have a problem that will hit me out of the blue when I really want something. It is a temptation from the devils and I wrestle with it until I'm worn out. I think every witch that's heard this story on the Internet has sent me some kind of temptation! Which the Lord is using to make me stronger in virtue, by the way.

Eventually, I will get it. Maybe they'll get it, too?

"My dear ones, no matter what your flaw is," the Lord continued, "I protect you many, many times so you will not fall into it. However, if I see you looking down your nose at anyone, I withdraw My protection and leave you on your own, so you will learn just how weak you are and never, ever criticize another.

"Yes, humility is a huge protection.

"I bless you now with courage, stamina and integrity to stand through all storms and be My faithful witnesses."

Amen.