

## Temptation to Quit

October 11, 2017



Father, please restrain the increasing darkness and grant us more time, more grace, more mercy to sow and gather souls. Please grant us the wisdom and self-control to live for You alone, in these final hours. Amen.

Well, beloved family, I really have been struggling with discouragement. But believe me, it is not an option, just a smoke screen and very heavy burden. I had been praying for the young couple who made the wise decision to take a leave of absence from each other and recover their

separate identities. And perhaps, in the future, something different can take place. But for now, that was their best option.

I feel as though the Lord has allowed this as a cross to offer to Him, for the nation and world. I remember the days of my youth, when I would feel depression and hopelessness for months—and all I could do was stew in my mess. I believe it is a certain kind of weariness, self-pity and fatigue. I will not give in to that, but I sought the Lord on how to conquer these feelings.

Jesus began, *"I am really sorry this is costing you so much,"* He said. He just held me close to His heart.

I realized I ache inside, something like what He must have felt on the cross. A tiny fraction, but a sickness deep inside. Every blood vessel, muscle, nerve, bone—and even my very blood ached with sickness. And what He must have felt—the sickness of betrayal, rejection, the world and His People.

I felt it emotionally and physically, but not to any degree that He did. I would surely die if He allowed that. Just a deep, profound, all-encompassing sick feeling. I have never felt this part of His passion before.

Jesus continued, *"Your prayers are powerful, Clare, truly they are. Do not listen to the enemy, who has opposed this since its conception. (talking about the fast.) He is telling you your prayers mean nothing in the face of what is happening in the world. The truth is, when they are aligned with the rest of the Body, they raise a loud shout up into the Heavens. My Father hears clearly and causes Him to come off His throne and command the troupes, 'Go forth and conquer!'*

*"Yet you are in such a tender place with so many things weighing on your mind and heart—not the least was this young couple. Give them to Me, Clare. I alone can handle them. You will only fall under the weight. Give them to Me."*

And this situation with the young couple definitely took me away from music and my vocal practice and everything. So, it was quite a distraction. And I've been kind of in that self-pity place. "Oh, poor me. I haven't any time to do what I want to do, what I needed to do." And yet, tending to the health of souls is the highest priority in my life.

Anyway—He asked me to give them to Him. And not just the couple, but all the feelings of failure that I have because of the distractions.

I said, "You know my fears, Lord, and deep depression. The self-pity that assails me, the sense of being blocked and frustrated, confused—not knowing which one to do first, because they all cry out for attention."

And that's the things that are sitting on my plate. From correspondence to music, to the painting of God the Father that He's asking me to do—a pastel. To playing the piano and getting some songs out to you. I've got several that are close, but they just need a little more work.

So, I asked Him, 'How do I give all this to You, when I've completed none of them? And I feel so frustrated.

'It is so overwhelming that You gave me this card: **"Rebuke and Bind complacency and Apathy. Call forth Diligence, Watchfulness and Perseverance."**

Fasting is the last thing in the world I want to do. I feel so weak and discouraged, because my flesh can't have its chocolate—even if it just be a small a slice of Chocolate Babka... (That's a chocolate bread from Eastern Europe.)

When I got up from my evening nap to refresh for the night prayers and work, I was really longing for this and wanting to give up the abstinence from all the foods I haven't been eating. And of course confess it to everyone, just in case they were weak too.

But I didn't want to be a bad example, so I didn't do that.

I had a disgusting case of self-pity—and was growing in resentment and anger that I could not have my little treat and eat normal meals during the day.

I complained to Him, "I'm getting weaker. Lord, please can I quit my abstinence?"

All I heard Him say—and it was just a whisper in my right ear: *"You are being tempted."*

WOW, that's an understatement!

He answered me, *"Would you like Me to say it louder?!"*

No, Lord. The coyotes might hear and laugh at me.

He answered, *"Like the demons who are pulling your strings right now?"*

Yeah, I guess like that. I'll try to keep going. Please forgive me for my self-pity, complaining, and impatience. I don't like myself right now at all.

*"But I still love you."*

Thank You, Lord...Your love is truly supernatural.

*"Well, let's ask a question," He said. "Why do you suppose they are riding you so hard to give up on this abstinence?"*

Ummm.... Because it is effective?

*"No. Because we are breaking a bondage to food that has hindered you for years."*

Lord! I don't want to give up eating.

*"That's not exactly what I had in mind; but wouldn't it be nice if you didn't have to eat to keep your strength up?"*

Yes, I think I would be very, very happy with that.

*"Man does not live on bread alone but on every word that comes from My mouth. Feed on My Word, Clare, and food will grow dim and a nuisance to you."*

Oh, Lord. Food is already a nuisance. Oh I'd love that.

*"Confess, 'Your word is a light upon my path and a lamp unto my feet. It is sweeter than honey from the comb, able to feed and sustain me for every good work.' Try that for your abstinence and see what that confession of truth does to your earthly appetites."*

*"Then feed upon My word. Open, read and be engaged by what I disclose to you. That is one remedy."*

I have to confess—I've had a real desire for the Word lately. Even if I pick it up, just for a few minutes, and begin reading it, I just can't put it down. It's so...alive when I read it. It's like watching a movie. It's very intense. And I have been setting aside more time for that.

The Lord continued, *"Another is gratitude. Such as you were expressing tonight when you realized how blessed you've been to be able to work with such a good group of people. Be thankful that none of Satan's tactics to divide and conquer have worked. Be thankful for their continued prayer support of you and Ezekiel. Truly, they have done marvels with their intercession."*

*"And your angels. Your angels, Clare, have been outstanding in guarding you in all your ways. Oh, how proud I am of these angels of yours and the sweet sentiments of love and gratitude that flows from your heart to theirs! Oh, that means so much to them."*

*"Give thanks for what you do have, not for what you don't have. Truly this is the ladder out of that pit."*

*"I know that you have many things pressing on you. Just looking at the stack of letters you want to answer causes you anxiety."*

Yes, Jesus. It hurts to know I haven't gotten back to my precious Heartdwellers. I read their letters and my heart is truly moved to pray for them. Lord, so many are hurting—please, please answer their prayers and questions.

He replied, *"You can only do so much in a day, Clare. Rather than wait until you have a twelve-inch stack of mail to answer, would you please consider reading just three a day?"*

Of course Lord, with your counsel I will do it that way.

*"I think you will find it more manageable."*

I needed to hear that. Thank you.

Oh, I am going to try that. Actually, I usually get more than three letters a day, so maybe I ought to make it four or five letters a day.

When you write to me, Dear ones, my heart is so moved. And I am so touched. I just treasure every letter you send. But I feel so guilty that I haven't answered you.

Like, for instance, one of my Heartdwellers sent me some diatomaceous earth. And I had her name sitting here next to me for the longest time, to write back to her to thank her. And something happened with it. I think there was a cleaning day and all the old correspondence that I knew I'd never get to was pitched. I still feel badly about it.

So, God bless you, wherever you are, Dear Lady, trying to help me with my health issues. I really appreciated that. And that's all too common. People send me things and I just don't get back to them. I have to admit.

Counseling this young couple was quite time consuming and emotionally, physically tiring event. So, now that that's off my plate, hopefully I'll have more time.

The Lord continued, *"Your vocal exercises. Learn to do those all through the day, please. That way you will have more time for working on songs. Yet, if you can put in a good, intense hour in addition to that, we will both be pleased with your progress."*

*"Clare, you have allowed these things to get bigger than life. Like inflated monsters stalking you all day with guilt. This is designed by the demons to make you crash in on yourself in hopelessness. And has it worked?"*

I'm afraid so, Lord.

*"Well, you have the power to turn around, if you do what I just gave you to do."*

I will, Lord—please remind me?

*"I will tap you on the shoulder...but then it's up to you to respond. See, these are not monsters after all; they are beautiful parts of your ministry and life. Things to be celebrated and enjoyed, not things to feel guilt and dread about. You have removed some major distractions from your environment this week, you can begin to enjoy the peace here as you work. It will be different than it was before, I promise you."*

Thank you, Jesus. Thank you for leading us in what to do.