

The Wonder of a Child, Chronicles from Ezekiel

June 28, 2019



Thank You, Lord, for the very special place children have in our hearts, and especially in Yours. May we always remember their role in Your Kingdom, and strive to return to their precious, innocent state of heart, soul and mind before You, ourselves. Amen.

Clare, Ezekiel and I have been discussing for some time now putting together a sequel to their Chronicles of the Bride book. And today we want to give you a preview of some of the journeys Ezekiel has taken with the Lord that revolve around children and the child-likeness of Heaven.

The first Chronicle is entitled: My Kingdom of Child Hearts

Ezekiel began: I love You, Lord. I Do. I thank You for so very many things, things that I cannot even number or recall in their completeness. Every part and fiber of my being is filled with such gratitude to You. As before, words simply fall short. There are not enough words in the Universe, to proclaim all that You are, all that You have been, and all that You are going to be! O' My God, My Lord, My King!

I recall the words of King David. "What return can I make to the Lord, for all the good He has done for me! I will take the Cup of Salvation and will call upon the Name of the Lord!"

You have referred to Heaven through one writer as, "My Kingdom of Child Hearts." O' Lord, how I can relate to that! I wish truly that everything and everyone, everywhere, could be like the Innocence, the Purity and Simplicity of a little child. I really do.

Jesus began, *"My Kingdom of Child Hearts—that is exactly what the Kingdom is all about. One of the most beautiful things about the perfection of all My Creation is that it genuinely is Innocent, Pure, and Simple. If the Kingdom of God could not be understood, by even the smallest of children, then it would cease to be.*

"Try to remember. Try to literally see everything and every one as a little child would. This is a Great Mystery, and most do not perceive it, for the human intellect often obstructs what is real.

"One of the last prayers I prayed, while I walked on this Earth as a man among you, was when I rejoiced in Spirit, saying, "I thank You, Father! For what You have hidden from the wise and the clever, you have revealed to these least ones!" Recall, also, the words I spoke to you, Ezekiel, two years ago, as regards the humor of human reasoning.

I said, "Don't You Think?..."

*You Don't Think?..
Pleeeeeease, Don't Think!
Give Your Mind to Me."*

"True, it was said in jest. However, there is a serious point to be illustrated by this. The obvious point is to put your own mind and reasoning away, and abandon yourself to Me, the Eternal Wisdom. In so doing, you will avoid a multitude of opinions, which only serve to tire your soul.

"And you will keep the sins of Pride and Judgment from doing harm to you, and others. If you will but yield your mind over to Me, you will not falsely accuse another, nor will you assign wrong motives to other souls, who many times may be perfectly innocent of what your mind perceives in them.

"In essence, I am asking you to trust Me with yet one more part of you, a very strong and ingrained part of your character. I am asking you to go backward, to "grow backward". I am asking you to grow "down", and not "up". I want you to revert back to the openness and freedom of a mere toddler. For, "Unless You become as a little child, you will by no means enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

The second Chronicle is entitled "Little Ones", given to him on December 23, 2009

Ezekiel began: Thank You, Beloved Lord Jesus, for having me come back to have this time with You again tonight. It is the thrill of My heart to be with You like this, and I want nothing else in this world.

Tonight, I see us in the upper drawing room in the Palace. I turn from writing at my small desk, and notice You sitting on the silken couch. You appear to be reading some papers and marking them with a pen. As You look up, You smile at me with that loving smile that tells me everything is good, and that there are no problems to deal with this evening. Although I know that we regularly need guidance, it is always a relief to know You will not have to correct some fault of mine, and that we can truly spend a refreshing night together.

As the Light of God is perpetual in Heaven, and there is no sense of time in Eternity, the whole atmosphere is like that of a midsummer morning. I look out of the window, and out on the veranda, the freshly dew laden flowers are lifting their heads together as one accord. Everything is so pure and beautiful. I know that I will never tire of living in such a lovely Paradise, especially being here in your company.

I ask, 'What are You reading Lord?'

And You respond affectionately, *"I was just looking over the stories that some of our little ones gave to Me today."*

I'm thinking to myself, 'Little Ones? He must mean some of the children in one of the nurseries.'

Jesus continued, *“They are so precious to Me. They are as little angels with their sense of wonder. Everything they do with such a sense of excited adventure. Even these stories are written with great anticipation, for they know that when they begin to write their thoughts down, suddenly every word transforms into reality, and they are there in the midst of what they have just composed. How happy they are continually, for they live constantly in the joy of their own creativeness.”*

'That is so pure and innocent!' I continued. 'But, why are You marking their stories?'

“These are the thoughts that I use to create wonder in the dreams I send to the children on Earth. This causes them all to be connected in a very special way. And one day they will meet each other here in My Kingdom and share these wonderful stories together. They will once again gleefully relive these times, and all of Heaven will smile because of them.”

'O' Lord,' I said. 'I am already beside myself with the very thought of it all, just watching the joy on Your face as You explain it!'

You go back to the papers once more, and resume marking them. I am left thinking, 'I wonder if everything is like this. Could all of our hopes and dreams be generated by this Grace, and fully conceived through such Innocence?'

Knowing my thoughts, You look back up at me and say, *“That is how it has always been, whether through pure hearts here in Heaven, or by some other means. Every good and perfect gift comes from the Father, who Himself is the fullness of all Grace and Innocence.”*

'I am also wondering, why there are nurseries here, Lord?' I continued. 'Where do these little ones come from?'

At my inquisitiveness, You smile and put the papers back down.

'I don't mean to be interrupting You, but there is so much I would like to know.'

You answer me, *“These are children who were victims of abortion, orphans, and others who were suffering terribly from starvation, neglect, and abuse. I brought them back to Myself at their tender young age, for I could not bear to see them hurting and afraid any longer. As soon as they arrived, their little minds and emotions were healed, and all of the horrendous things that they were subjected to were completely erased from their memories. There is nothing that causes Me to rise up stronger, and no other injustice that cries out to Me louder, than to see small and fragile souls treated with such cruelty. They themselves know nothing but happiness for all Eternity now, and they are especially loved throughout the whole of Paradise.”*

And finally, an adventure Ezekiel entitled “Meadow of Wonder” from January 4, 2010

Again, tonight Lord, You have called me to come here to this place. I have no idea of what You want to speak to me of, nor what You would like to show me. I only know that to be here is good, and that all good awaits me in Your company.

I see us standing on the sandy shore of the beach, just down from the Palace. Little Timothy, my Snow Leopard cub from last year, has bounded out of the broad-leaf plants, and is making no little strides toward us.

'Well hello, little friend!' I stammered, shocked to see him again after my long absence. I hardly have the words out of my mouth, when this forty-pound ball of fur lands his front paws squarely on my chest, sending both of us down rolling in the sand. You laugh with delight at the sight of this exuberant energy and drop to Your knees in order to join in the tussle. We are all having such fun playing here together on the beach. Within minutes however, Timothy is distracted again, and off chasing a small group of butterflies.

We get up and catch our breath, brushing the sand from our clothes. You smile and say, *"I thought this might be a nice time to show you something else."* Once again, there is that twinkle in Your eyes that tells me we are in for another adventure.

'Where to this time, Lord? Out, In, East, West... I know that Heaven is multidimensional and...'

"Just what I had in mind!" You interrupt. *"I am going to take you into a whole new realm that you've never seen before. In fact, you will need to adjust your sense of perspective and direction on this one."*

I am trying to understand just what You mean by this, when straight up into the air we fly with great speed. 'Wow!' I'm thinking. 'I should know to expect anything with You!'

You've read my thoughts and smiling, squeeze my hand in recognition. What an incredible ride!

In no time at all, we are beyond the clouds and approaching a thin layer of some sort. We soar right through it, sending gold and pink dust flying. I have the distinct impression we have just passed from one dimension into another. Looking up from the colorful dust, which has covered me from head to toe, I see the most beautiful luminescent globes floating all around us.

They seem so dreamlike as they dance along in spherical motions. All around them seems to be open space, except for the soft light that fills the air. As we have slowed to a hovering stop, I reach out my hand to touch one of them. The globe is only some seven feet around, and my hand goes immediately inside of it. Suddenly, I hear the sounds of music and celebration, and as I place my other hand inside, the whole thing opens up and I can enter. I look back, and You are right here with Me, reassuring me with a nod. Turning 'round again, the small space has instantly expanded, and we are entering a whole new world!

The broad and sweeping vista before us is awe-inspiring. Massive peaks ascend to dizzying heights, and fresh mountain meadows glisten with dew. Swaths of multicolored flowers bathe the valleys amidst green clover and grasses. Butterflies and ladybugs flit back and forth, with children and lambs running here and there in small groups. There is so much laughter and gaiety everywhere I turn! Puppies and ponies romp and tumble, their masters squealing happily. It's as if we had walked right into a scene from a storybook. I am beside myself with wonder, as we stand here in this absolutely pure and innocent place.

'O' Lord!' I exclaim through my tears. 'How can such a place exist?' I ask, not remembering that we are in the Heavenly Realms.

Jesus answers with a smile, *"I have always intended that there be a special world for children. They are the most unstained of all My Creation. These little ones have not had the chance to be soiled by the decay of worldly ambition. Their little hearts are so clean, their minds uncorrupted. They still have the pristine imagination I created in the Human Soul. The endearing unselfishness and sense of delight that they carry constantly is such a joy to Me.*

"I intended that there be a place of absolute purity and innocence, and this is that place. I knew you would particularly love this place, because the heart of a child has been so preserved within you.

"My precious Love, this is only one more of the marvelous gifts that I have held in store for you. You will see and enjoy much, much more in times to come. But for now, let us rest here in this Meadow of Wonder, and relish the children that we are."

May the Lord bless you today, dear Heartdwellers, with a journey backwards into the innocent joys of pure childhood.

