

Working With Clare and Meeting the Cloud

April 6, 2019



Lord, You show me over and over again that life with You is never dull and static, but ever-changing. And even when you are beckoning to Me to 'come up here with Me' and I am tempted to be afraid—You come and calm all those fears. And show me that You ARE right here beside me. Always. And I thank You, my Lord.

Well... I have to say, Clare's most recent message from the Lord, telling us that He was calling HER deeper into her music, and asking that more of US step into the shoes of receiving messages and giving them to you—was the unveiling of something the Lord has been hinting to me for months. But being who I am, in the flesh—I was oh, so happy to not see it coming to fruition with any great speed...

But apparently, here it is!

Let me explain a little more of where I came from here on the Channel, and my own history with the Lord and the 'step up higher' assignments He has given me in life—and you'll see what I mean by that.

I met Clare because I "stumbled" on their book, *Chronicles of the Bride*, back in late 2014. Well... If you believe I just stumbled on it—I have a bridge in Brooklyn to sell you—to quote an old saying! If I have learned ANYTHING from the Lord—it is that He does nothing "by accident".

But I knew when I downloaded it from the *Heartdwellers* website and opened it—I had FOUND my Lord! And I was so excited about that, I actually sat down and wrote Clare an email. This was back when there were only about 50 subscribers on the YouTube Channel - and she was openly posting her email address.

Now... I NEVER write to strangers. EVER. But I had heard the Lord's voice all over that book, and I had to write to her. I know the Lord did that... He has a habit of getting me to do things I wouldn't normally do—when HE wants me to do them!

It was nice, at first. Clare and I spent many days writing back and forth. I'm sure her eyes were crossing at the time, at the volumes I was sending her. If she were to be honest, they still do when I write with earnest. (I have a habit of being very long-winded...) But I'm working on that!

By Spring, she started hinting that 'it would be very nice if you could just go on the Channel and leave a comment or two for me.' But I don't DO that. Ever. sigh... But, I agreed. And I started leaving a comment here and there on a message—just to please her. We had become really good friends over the months, and I wanted to encourage her.

Next, the request was, 'Do you suppose you could ANSWER some of these people for me?'

Who? ME?? Answer important issues that people were asking counsel for?? Oh please, no! But... I pulled up my big-girl pants and I started to do that, too. And as the months, and then the years went by, I found that I was enjoying talking to you all. And the Lord seemed to just be 'popping' answers that made a lot of sense into my mind to share with you.

I won't bore you with all the details, but over the past 5 years the Lord had taken me from the very reluctant writing of a single email—to a very happy kind of Janitor here for the Channel. I saw myself as the one who stayed down in the basement in my rocking chair near the wood stove; hidden. Happy to be mostly behind the scenes, busy with editing PDF's and compiling books from things the Lord had already given to our Clare.

Well. That was where I thought I was. Until the Lord started dropping hints that He was going to, once again, slide me out of that little corner chair that I like to be in, and put me 'in charge' of a project that was NOT in my 'comfort zone'! He always does this to me slowly... Maybe He thinks I'm not noticing? (I'm usually not!)

He once had me take a job, fresh out of high school. NEVER before had I worked a job in my life. NEVER had I lived away from home before! He got me a position as a camp waitress for the summer, at a Conference Grounds for adults. Far enough from my home that I didn't see my family again until the end of the summer.

I walked in one day as the youngest waitress in the dining room...and by the next week, been appointed the Hostess, in charge of ALL the other waitresses (who, by the way, were all older than I). AND in charge of the Kitchen, too! Oh - and by the way? "Carol. YOU get to be the one who stands at the door and greet all these people coming in to hear these musicians and world-renown speakers that gave the conference it's nightly session. Oh, and by the way? Personally, your table is the speaker and musicians to wait on..."

Comfort Zones?? I was terrified... But He did it. He got me through... And it made an impression on my life I've drawn from again and again and again—to get through the impossible-seeming things He asks me to do—OUT of my comfort zone.

So, I started to wonder, when Clare started giving me more and more responsibilities here at Heartdwellers...

You need someone to take care of the website, Clare? Sure...

Oh wait. You want Mike to do that now, so I can help editing the mp3's for you? Oh, okay. Sure. No problem.

Oh. You need me to answer a few of the extra people who write emails? Absolutely. No problem.

You think our own version of the Bible Promises book would be a help? Oh, what fun—let me get started!

But RECORD a message for you, Clare?? Uhh... let me think about that one.

You may remember a few times in the last year when I DID put a message out for her, by putting the text somehow in the actual video, not my voice. The one longer message I wrote, the vision of the rosary, Clare recorded that for me.

There's a reason for that. I don't LIKE the sound of my own voice!

The irony of this entire situation is that Clare has been gifted and tasked with writing, playing, and singing songs...and up until He took it away, I spent my ENTIRE LIFE as a singer and pianist. I even played guitar in my younger years. I spent 3 years touring the Eastern coast of this country with a hand-picked group of teens when I was in high school. I even traveled to Jamaica one year and sang before the President of that country. I was asked during that trip to please join an elite, tour-the-world singing troupe based in a Christian college in Florida. Because they had heard one of our concerts.

I was too shy and fearful to accept that offer. I haven't changed a great deal over the years...until lately. There may come a day when He asks me to share that journey. But just around the same time I met Clare, He had asked me to lay that all down...

Now, don't get me wrong. I LOVE to write. But...I love to write FICTION. Stories. The idea of putting together a teaching of some sort has never entered my mind. In fact, the couple of times I HAVE recorded something original from me to you, it was a vision or story the Lord gave me. Or a prayer.

But some months ago, I was at my desk in the morning with the Lord. I write to Him, in a journal. And He answers. I record what He tells me, and we converse this way. I had been getting rhemas from him every single day for two weeks. And the rhemas I'd been getting were about St. Antony of the Desert. I always take the step of Faith that, if I am getting a rhema about a saint, they have come to pray for me. And I usually greet them and thank them for their presence with me.

And this day, after I had greeted him, St. Antony greeted me BACK. Which always surprises me, too! He had come to me the day before, but I wasn't at my desk. It was in the middle of the night, and I'd forgotten what he said. So, now I apologized, and I told him so.

And then I thought I heard him say, "Would you like me to repeat it, dear one?"

Well... what can you say to that? Of course!

So, he began, "Then I shall. You are greatly loved, Cadado. (Cadado is a name the Lord has given me.) Believe this. I come to do just as you have thought: pray for your protection. We are holding back from you the demons of Hate that would like to destroy your work for the Channel."

To explain that a little more, I had been trying to get the documents done, trying to work on the different books we've put together. And 'they' were having a hay-day with my computer and the functions and the uploads. And losing documents. It had become really, really bad. And I had been praying that St. Antony would pray for me. To help me stop that, help the demons get bound up away from that.

He continued, "We have seen how faithfully you have loved and served Clare and wish to relieve you of the pain of having to deal with the demons on top of things. He will be giving you more and more to do. Our dear Clare is...wearing out. Life as a prophet is incredibly draining, as you can see with both her and Ezekiel."

I answered him then, "I fear being asked to 'take her place', dear Antony. I don't want the job. I don't want the exposure. I don't want to ever step 'in front' of her in any way..."

And he told me then, "No, Lovely One, this will not happen. Put your fears to rest. You will simply be what you are: the third in this trio of you, Clare and Ezekiel. You think of a stool—and this is what it is. Three legs holding up the work, the Channel. All three are required. All three are equal in worth and weight. None of the three are more important than the other. But sometimes the stool must 'turn', and then YOUR leg must be more visible, as it were."

I hesitated writing at this point, because I was trying to absorb what he was saying. I LIKE being hidden!

He went on to say, "Keep going. The Lord truly wants Clare to get all her music out. As much as possible. And Time is truly winding down. He has given you many stories and things to share with the Channel. And He will be asking that you do so, more frequently. You have done well to put aside your 'flesh and 'do it anyway'.

"We are all pleased with this. You bring Him great joy, Beloved One of His Heart – know this as well. Simply acceding to being 'blind' all this time is well-pleasing to us. (He's had my eyes in the spirit closed for some time. Some of you know this.) And yes, dear Mother Theresa is very present, and very fond of you."

And the history behind that is, after Mother Theresa had heard His voice and instructions at the very beginning of her ministry, she spent the next rest of her life never again hearing His voice. And it was a great. A great offering that she gave to Him.

I replied to his words, "Thank you, dear Antony. I am so...unsure of myself. I don't understand so many things about the ways of the so-called 'Catholics'. And often wonder if I am too familiar, and not reverent enough. I have just decided to be settled. If I am lacking, I must trust that someone tells me? I am so appreciative that any of you choose to pray for me! That is a wonder to me..."

And he broke in and said, "...after all, 'you're not Catholic?'" And here he chuckled. "Can I tell you a secret? Neither are we. Not anymore..."

"Oh, little, little dear one. Take heart. Take courage. Continue on this path up the Mountain with your Lord. You are all very near the Top. Very near coming Home now... This has been said so often. I understand that it means little to any of you now. But Time is converging with Eternity, and soon they will be One. The next stage of this Journey called Life must go on. And the Tribulation must come to 'cleanse the cup', so to speak.

"Be sure to check with Holy Spirit on these words you have scribed. I wish for you to be secure in them. I am here with you, daily now. I have asked for this. Together, little one, we will walk this last part of the Path. He is honoring your desire to hear...and still honoring your desire to suffer for Him."

Well... His words are now come true. I am glad to serve Jesus for your sake, dear Heartdwellers—in spite of how far my comfort zone seems to be stretching! And I am not the only one that will be presenting wonderful things the Lord is teaching to you. I may be the one recording them, but a great many of our Prayer Team members are receiving their own teachings to share with you, just like we did the other day about the Mountain of Holiness.

St. Antony's words are true. Clare and Ezekiel need the prayers and help. We are all being called to climb higher, press in harder, and draw ever closer to the Lord AND the entire Cloud of Heaven. More and more of the Cloud come to speak to me these days. I have invited them. I strive hard to keep my prayer space and soul as holy a place to come TO as possible.

The Lord has urged us, and Clare wants us all to develop our own relationships with the Cloud of Witnesses. They are so eager to visit us, encourage us, and establish us in our missions for the Kingdom!

I'll end this with the words of another visitor I had, just yesterday. I had been writing in my journal, just...telling the Lord some thoughts I had. And one of my daughters started texting me. I have asked that they NOT engage with me in the mornings. This is my time with Jesus. But...well. You know how it is if you have children. Even if they ARE in their 30's!

But this is what I heard.

"Do you know how lovingly you handle your children's never-ending interruptions?"

Well, that stopped me for a minute, because I didn't recognize the voice. And I said out loud, "I don't know who said that..."

The answer came, "Isaiah."

My first instinct is always to speak to Holy Spirit and ask Him for clarification. So I asked Him, "An angel...right?"

And HIS standard answer is..."Check."

But the voice was so unexpected I said to Holy Spirit, "I don't know how to ask this? Is there an angel speaking to me here? Named Isaiah?"

The BP answers, the Bible Promise answers were, **Guidance. God's Faithfulness. Honesty.** Holy Spirit has been working with me and discernment for some time now. **Guidance** at this point meant, "I heard you. I will lead you into the answer." **God's Faithfulness** underscored that first answer.

And then there's **Honesty.** Ever since I started VERY faithfully to put my Armor of God on EVERY morning—perhaps 4-5 months ago—this has become a very common answer to a question. It means, to me, 'What is your gut telling you?' We'll get to the Belt of Truth in the teachings of the Armor of God as they get written. But suffice it to say that there are more brain cells in your 'gut' than your head. And when your GUT tells you something is true—it's a good idea to just tell your Brain to be quiet and go with it...

So, I said to Holy Spirit, "Pneuma?? My 'inner niggler' is trying to tell me that Isaiah the man is here..."

And?

Pneuma. Is this the man? The prophet? BP gave me: **Guidance. Humility. Hope...** Read those three as a combination as 'Yes'.

Well... That literally set me back in my chair. I GET visits from the Cloud. But it is not a common thing to be taken lightly. And it still astounds me that they WANT to come talk to 'little old me'...

I told Holy Spirit, "Okay, then. I'm setting down everything. My opinions. My thoughts. And I'm listening, please."

And Isaiah began, "Little One. You must lay down these thoughts that come swirling around your mind when one of the Cloud comes to speak to you! We ALL can. We ALL have permission. And it need not be a surprise! You do not know the ways of Heaven yet. You have nothing settled properly in your mind—yet.

"I am smiling on you, Little One of His Heart. I have simply come to give you assurance that what you have been thinking about OUR world, now in our lives, Heaven. IS indeed something that can rattle the mind and shake the constitution."

As an aside here, I've been finding out that the world of Heaven and the spirit can seem WAY out of the box at times! And there are times when I fall apart in disappointment over something, or otherwise embarrass myself with a wrong attitude or action. Or Doubt. And then worry about what the Cloud must think of me as they watch me struggling here!

But he continued, "We are praying for you, Little One. We are here FOR you. You have forgotten to reach out and ask for our prayers and help. Indeed...you do not yet know how to do that with wisdom, either.

"Take heart, Little One. I come to assure you that, contrary to what you were thinking and feeling—NONE of us is ashamed or embarrassed with all the churning of your mind in these things. We are FOR you, not against you.

"You know nothing, truly, of all the churning and doubts and issues we all had to face on Earth. Scripture is very kind to most of it. Know that we, too, are human. We understand the fight with things Unseen. Again—there is little to go on in Scripture that is plain and open. Much is hidden between the lines, between the events, and only your Pnuema, as you call Him, can help you ferret it out.

"I urge you now, though. Be not ashamed that we are watching you. We rejoice with every victory! We cry with your tears of longing for Him—for we know just how it feels!

"You are not alone in these things. Yes. You are isolated from other humans in this. You don't know others who would understand, and this brings that loneliness. But soon you will have Us. And we will be more than happy to come visit. You have asked the Father for open Heaven to be over your place of life—and He has granted it. We wait only for the right Time of your readiness now.

"You were thinking last night that Time is...confining. But once you step OUT of Time, there is no confinement. This is a Truth. You will know this in the coming days. Set aside all fears that there is not enough Time to do what He asks of you. He has a Plan..."

Thank you, Isaiah... I have read your words over and over in Scripture, with great joy. Thank you...

"Be of good courage, Little One. Do not be concerned, as much as you are able, about Time. Much can be done in the night-time hours, OUTSIDE of Time. Much more than you would understand."

May the Lord bless you, Heartdwellers. And may He bring you more and more deeply into the intimacy with Him, that opens the doors to more intimacy with all of Heaven itself in these last days before He comes for us.