

Carry On in the Pain

December 26, 2009



How good You have been to me, Lord. Even though I'm Your faithless creature. Dear God, I have only once or twice felt so low in my life! And yet, you have not sent a thunderbolt to burn me off the face of the Earth. I know it is not Your nature to do such a thing, but You have given us so much more than You gave the Israelite's. And when they complained, You held them back from their Promised Land.

How do I reconcile this, Lord? The reading You gave me from Mass: Luke 14. If one of you decides to build a tower, will he not first sit down and calculate the outlay? To see if he has enough money to complete the project?

I find myself so bankrupt in the midst of changes involved in moving to the Mountain. And I did calculate the cost of coming to the Mountain. And I was counting on Your Grace and the faith that I have in Your Grace. How can I calculate tomorrow, when I know that You only provide for tomorrow when tomorrow comes?

So, I find myself so bankrupt in the midst of changes involved in moving to the Mountain. My Fibro is much worse, except now I don't have a hot tub. My knees hurt every time I get up and walk. My energy levels are low, and the pain in my body makes me crabby!

Oh, I hate being crabby...

I cry out to You, Lord, for strength. Please give me the strength to do this. You do not call us to do anything You're not already prepared to supply our necessities, in order to do it.

But seeing Ezekiel suffer the way he has been suffering... And on top of that, the suffering comes JUST when I'm about to obey You and return to music. Then my equipment sends me an error message, so I cannot record. I tried to trouble-shoot it and I end up calling Tech support at the last minute on Friday night. A series of communication difficulties ensues, and I have to use another browser. Which caused me to have to sign in to it. Then they received my money. Finally, after the 4th attempt, so I can make this phone call. But do not give me the code I need to get the phone support... Oh boy.

Then the phone will not dial out. So, I try another time, but without the code. I have to hang up. Finally, after getting through.

Lord, I have run the gauntlet. I have done what You have asked. Prayed beforehand. And still I am shut down, after three hours of trying to get past this one glitch, which causes the system to stop recording. I go back to the dialogue I had with Tech support over this issue, 'cause I save

ALL my notes, in case it happens again. And guess what? I find it, but it's all corrupted and in computer language - so I cannot read it!

Finally, I collapse in tears...only to hear Ezekiel going through another episode that is again off the charts. I pray for him, and the Divine Mercy Chaplet as he recounts something that happened to him at 5 years old. I'm at my wit's end, and he tells me there are demons attached to memories from his childhood, and he wants them OUT! So, I tell them in no uncertain terms: GET OUT! And don't come back. All of a sudden, my keyboard sounds off 5 notes, and Ezekiel says, "They're gone. Five of them."

Wow. I'm at this time so broken and weary I doubt seriously if I can go on, Jesus. Really. This trial and series of trials every day when the pain manifests is pulling me down into a pit. Then Ezekiel tells me he's dying, and it certainly sounds like it. In fact, every time he has this attack, it is what you would expect from someone in their last moments, in agony with no pain medication.

I bark back to him, "You are NOT dying! The Lord promised you would NOT die - and I'm standing on that! The rest is a lie from Hell."

I cry out to the Lord, "Jesus? Did not one of Your prophets say he would be healed in the wilderness? Did You not give me 7 portraits of Yourself on the Eucharist when You made this promise? Lord, where is Your mercy? I know he has given You another stretch of suffering. Perhaps a year, to offer behind our prayers for the President. But how long, Lord? How long?"

Well, Heartdwellers. From that dialogue, you can see I really reached a new low. This was, like...two days ago. Between three hours of frustration with equipment and Tech support that doesn't respond. All the pain in my body, which I try to offer up and ignore. Then my husband has this horrible episode of suffering, just when I was about to try a work-around to play music and record it. And a beautiful melody came out when I started.

But a curtain of sorrow fell on it, drowning it out along with the body pain that would not let me concentrate on anything.

Jesus, You must need offerings really badly now. Lord, I do trust in You. Truly I do. Yes, I did calculate the cost of moving up here. I did foresee all that is happening. But I know You will not ask anything of me unless You're backing it with Grace. The Just will live by Faith, not by sight.

So, Lord. Please. How do I take this reading from the missal You just gave me?

Jesus began, "My Love. I demand everything you have, because I gave you everything I had. It is not a little thing to be drafted into the service of the Almighty God. There is a cost, My Precious One. There is a very great cost. And you have numerous times committed your life into My hands. Do I not know what I am doing? Do I not know your breaking point?"

"Yes. To defend My honor and propagate My Kingdom Come here on Earth, as it is in Heaven requires even more vigorous training than the Navy Seals. But it is your love for Me that caused you to make this sacrifice. Do you wish Me to return it to you?"

"Please. Pause and think about this."

Lord, I can't pause. There's no way I can say no to You! At least, in this thing. Chocolate temptations... well. That could be a different matter...

Jesus lifted my chin with His index finger and said, teary-eyed, *"I'm sorry. I'm sorry this hurts you so much. But I am here with you. I hurt very much for you. But all of us must keep going. There is too much at stake, Clare. Way too much at stake."*

"I know your life feels like a nightmare sometimes. I know the feeling well. I know it seems to last forever. But there is an end in sight. You are bearing the weight of the world in your own little way right now, My Dove. Do not allow it to crush you. Because I am bearing the weight of both of you, and the world. I just need your cooperation so very badly! I need you to come to the end of your end, so you will know that with Me there is never an end."

"My Grace always meets you where your strength leaves off. That's why we're talking now, rather than you asking Me to relieve you of the burden. Just a little ways more, Clare. Just a little ways more."

Lord, I know it isn't going to get easier. How can You say just a little ways more?

"Because you are growing in strength and will not feel today's burdens exhausting. You will grow in strength. I will infuse you with more strength, because you want to be perfect. You want to be a Saint. And you want to love Me as I deserve. For these reasons I tell you."

Lord, I am but a B- student. I have always been. I cannot see anything greater than that.

"And yet you are ignoring My Grace and what it can do. Many times, I have told you, 'Do not try to solve tomorrow's problems today.'"

Yes - but today's problems. The physical pain in my body. The pain of hearing Ezekiel cry out in agony. The pain of frustration that I am up against a technical nightmare, with no-one to help. And it all hits me just when I feel the inspiration of a new song! It's as if I've climbed Mt. Everest! And I'm about to reach the final foot to the top...and a gust of wind blows me back down into the valley again.

How many times must I be cast down, Lord? When I'm trying so hard to act in obedience? How many times?

Jesus continued, *"I did not stop. And so, you mustn't stop, either. Keep reaching for the goal. Not striving but poising yourself to receive the wind of My Grace. which will empower you to overcome these setbacks. I am merely making you stronger, Clare. Do you understand? When you are working a muscle, it hurts at first. But if you persevere, then comes the breakthrough. And this height is clear, fresh. Beautiful. Inspiring. And once more, it's taking others on their journey closer to Me.*

"In the very same way I used Jean Watson and John Michael Talbot to inspire you with their music. In that very same way, they suffered and overcame the obstacles. So, they were given the songs to strengthen. You, in turn, shall strengthen others, My Love. Your music will heal and inspire, just as theirs does. But yours will be singularly yours, as theirs is singularly theirs.

"But in order to communicate this strength and anointing, this Faith and Hope - you too must travel the road of suffering with Me."

Lord, in this moment I have nothing left. Not one ounce of strength. Not one ray of Hope.

"That's not true. You have Me and My strength and confidence in you. That is enough. Remember, the weaker the vessel, the more I am glorified. You are pitifully weak, My very little one. But you know Me. And you know I will not let you down. So, you keep going, despite all the conflicting emotions. You sweep them to the side and continue walking. And that is all I need from you, Clare. Just keep putting one foot in front of the other. Do not stop until we've reached our destination."

Lord, I know You don't like sour saints. What kind of witness am I in this state? I'm truly ashamed of myself.

"Never be ashamed of your human estate. Never. Only be ashamed if you turn back on Me. As long as you continue walking, falling. Getting up. Walking. Falling - getting up. As long as you conquer your Fears and exhaustion and keep walking. Rest. Get up. Walk. And as long as you are faithful to do this, you will win the Race. So keep on keeping on!

"I know when you must take leave of Me to rest. I recharge your resolve and batteries when you wait on Me that way. In blind Faith, knowing that I will never allow you to be put to shame. As long as you do that, we are working together. And nothing in or out of this world can stop us.

"So, carry on, My Love. Carry on in the heaviness, darkness, and pain. Great is your reward in Heaven, Clare. Very great is your reward. But knowing that means nothing to you. Great is My happiness in you, Clare. Very great is My joy over your steadfast commitment.

"Now, carry on, Beloved. But first, rest."