

Whirlwind Exchanges...

...Divine Rearranges

...Double Endowments

and all are astounded....

the Water-walker

is beach-combing...

...and grave-robbing...

Revelations
from the
Secret Place
~ Tabernacles
5777

This compilation is an attempt to record and share the intense season of impartation that I experienced during Tabernacles of the year 5777 (which took place from the evening of 16th September 2016), especially during the latter portion, including the days of Semeni Atzeret and Simchat Torah which follow the 7th day of Sukkot or Tabernacles (making this a full 9 days of visitation). For some days, I received dreams, visions, revelation and a flood of poetry, during both my waking and sleeping hours. Some I am not at liberty to share at the present time, but what follows is released with the prayer that it may both confirm and encourage you, concerning what the Spirit of Truth has shared with you in the past six seasons of preparation. The year 5777 is the 'year of completion' concerning the preparation undergone in the last 6 years, beginning at the fall feasts in 2010. It has been the most intense and brutal preparation season - but vital in forging His weapons of war for the chapter we enter into.

The Whirlwind Cloak

Sometime in the early morning watch of September 23rd, which was the seventh day of Tabernacles (Hoshana Rabbah), I was woken up and immediately saw a vision of the Lord striding very purposefully along a beach. His back was to me and He wore a long ruby red cloak which flowed in folds behind Him. Hidden in the folds of the cloak were smiling faces and His feet were not really touching the ground, except that they seemed to be kicking up sand as He passed by. He was going faster and faster, until He started to spin like a whirlwind with His cloak wrapping around Him. As He spun, I saw He kicked up grains of sand into the folds of His cloak. At the same time, the faces which were already in the cloak were flung out, looking like balls of fire, across the surface of the ocean. It was almost like a divine exchange - as a





grain of sand went into the cloak, a ball of fire was released out of the folds of the cloak. I had the impression of a fiery zeal and a dark red, spinning whirlwind (which was upside down compared to earthly whirlwinds. It had its narrow part in the heavens). I was reminded of Elijah being taken up and Elisha being released back across the Jordan with a fiery double portion of the same anointing. There was a divine exchange happening before my eyes which was connected to the exchange and increase in anointing on mantles that went

on across the Jordan, away from the eyes of others. The dual crossing of the Jordan, with the deposit of a double portion mantle occurring between them, set in motion the next season in God, and the world would never be the same. The grains of sand were connected to the promise spoken to Abraham that his descendants would be as the sands of the seashore (Hebrews 11:12).

Passing the Baton

During the time of receiving these impartations, I had to go to the supermarket and came across a dear saint who was in her late nineties. I was astounded that she was still walking planet earth as she had been old when I had last had contact with her in 2007. In my usual 'shoot from the hip style' I told her this and she replied saying that she kept telling the Lord she was ready, but He hadn't come to get her yet. Immediately a word rose up from my spirit for her and without really registering what I was saying, I explained that the Lord was keeping her in place on the earth because she was a light-bringer - and until someone else was shining as brightly as she was, she could not be released to her heavenly rest. I was a bit startled by what came out of my own mouth, but when I asked the Lord about it afterwards, He explained that His light in the earth was continually increasing and not decreasing, even though the number of people falling away was large. Therefore, some elderly saints were being held on pause as their would-be successors moved from glory to glory in their understanding and depicting of Christ in the earth.

There is at present a parent generation who can only release the baton completely to a trustworthy final generation. They understand the importance and weightiness of the responsibility and anointing they carry and so there is almost a pause as the final generation of runners gets a firm grip upon the baton being passed to them. Then the previous spiritual generation can release it and enter their rest. Within that baton (which I saw almost as a capsule containing high-level revelation and spiritual documents) is the spiritual inheritance being passed on to the current generation who will lay hold of the promised land of inheritance. As two generations in the spirit both hold that baton, a spiritual transaction is being effected. The secret things belong to God, but the things revealed belong to us and our children forever!

As I watched the spinning red whirlwind in my vision, I did however also have a

sense that there was a double meaning in what unfolded before me. The very quick exchange that occurred in the swirling cloak did not only refer to grains of sand being taken home, like Elijah, because the sand had completely run through the hourglass of their lives. Yes, there would be some who would go to be with the Lord after hearing, "Well done, good and faithful servant" and new messengers of fire released onto the earth in their place, carrying a double portion anointing like Elisha, who had walked in Elijah's shadow being mentored by him; but it also represented some saints who had lain like grains of sand and been trodden underfoot and endured incredible pressure and suffering in the place appointed them, on the edge of the seas of the nations. They had been waiting patiently for a very long time for the Lord's appointed moment of release into the



fullness of their Kingdom calling. Some of these will be lifted and sucked into the Lord's whirling cloak and taken into the secret place of the inner folds of His cloak and ministered to with His fiery jealous love. Then they will be rereleased as the second edition of the same self, but so transformed by their encounter, that they will be almost unrecognisable by those who knew them when they had lain quietly under the yoke of suffering in the last chapter. I saw their movement almost like a boomerang's flight path when it turns and moves back the way it came, but with incredible force and momentum which had been imparted in the turning whirlwind of the ruby red cloak.

The Heel of the Imposter

While I was seeing this vision, the Lord kept zooming in on parts of the picture to show me greater detail and then zooming back out to give me a sense of the whole unfolding scene again. In one such instance, I was given a closer look at the place where the grains of sand had been lying prior to the Lord passing by. I was shown a heel in a leather sandal but knew instantly that it was not the Lord's heel, but the imposter and this heel was grinding down upon the heads of the grains of sand, trying to crush them. It seemed that every effort was being made by satan to stamp out the prophets and those who possessed the mind of Christ.

These ones whom God had chosen in the furnace of affliction possessed the clear image of Christ forged by the refiner's fire heated seven times hotter. The Word spoken to them by the mouth of God had been purified seven times (or completely) by the hellish experience they had been enduring patiently. I saw how each one had repeatedly chosen, "not my will but Yours be done" and the heel of satan had attempted to crush their faith by incredible pressure and attack - but had not succeeded. Suddenly the understanding came that, because he desired to rule on the throne of God, satan was attempting to flip upside down or reverse the manifestation of a particular verse in Genesis

given to Eve. He had been doing this because, in his vile imagination, he sees himself as God and assumes he plays the part of the King of Kings in acting out this verse:

Gen 3:15 And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your seed and her Seed; He will crush and tread your head underfoot, and you will lie in wait and bruise His heel.

It is too much for his pride to bear; to assume an inferior position and only lay in wait and attack the heel of the Body of Christ. Therefore, it was the ones with the mind of Christ that he was specifically targeting, because he understood the power this mind contained to destroy his kingdom. So he had attempted to push these saints beyond their ability to bear up patiently. His desire was to kill them so they could not fulfil their Kingdom mission in the next chapter - but he had not been allowed to. At times these saints had felt that they had made their bed in hell itself, but their desire to only move at the command of Heaven, had kept them meekly reined in and being conformed to the death of their beloved Bridegroom.

Psa 139:7 Where could I go from Your Spirit? Or where could I flee from Your presence? Psa 139:8 If I ascend up into heaven, You are there; if I make my bed in Sheol (the place of the dead), behold, You are there.

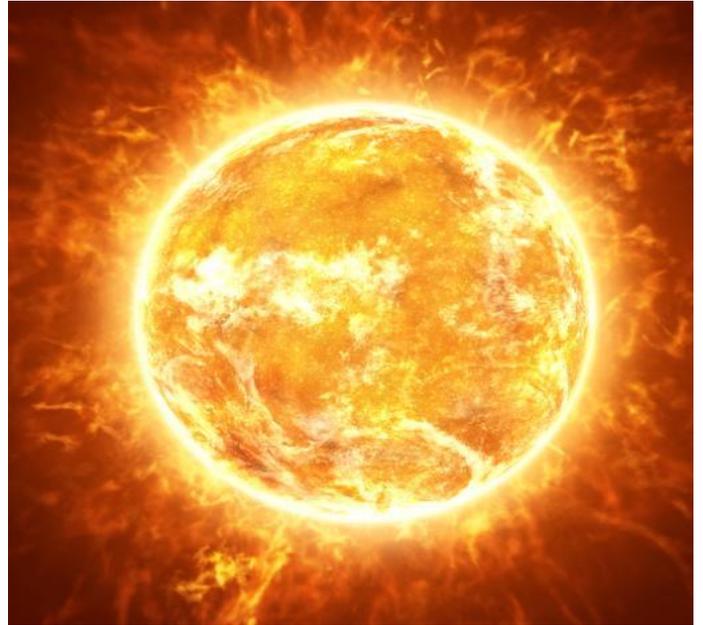
At times, their hearts had almost failed them but they had clung fast to their knowledge of the character of their Bridegroom and His quiet presence within, and refused to be swayed by feelings or physical infirmities and demonic attacks. Their steadfastness had enraged satan as repeated assaults had done nothing to quench the flame of their faith. But now, the time had come for the jealous love of the Bridegroom to be put into action. I can almost hear a roar echoing through the halls of Heaven, "ENOUGH!" as He arose and began to stride down the beach as I witnessed!

Isa 59:17 For [the Lord] put on righteousness as a breastplate or coat of mail, and salvation as a helmet upon His head; He put on garments of vengeance for clothing and was clad with zeal [and furious divine jealousy] as a cloak. Isa 59:18 According as their deeds deserve, so will He repay wrath to His adversaries, recompense to His enemies; on the foreign islands and coastlands He will make compensation.

I watched again as the sandaled feet of the furious Bridegroom strode along that stretch of beach and I saw another divine exchange going on at a micro level. His heels were flipping those sorely oppressed grains of sand up from under the demonic assault that had long continued against them and they were transported in an instant to the inner safety of the red, swirling cloak. Then, as the heel came down again, it crushed the demonic assignment against His beloved ones in one blow. As He moved faster and faster, it seemed there was a domino effect amongst the hordes of hell as one satanic assignment after another was cut off permanently and another saint released and elevated to a

hidden place. Soon, it was happening so fast that I couldn't even discern the individual releases and the Bridegroom's ruby cloak had become a whirlwind of both deliverance and recompense in a single revolution.

It is very hard to describe in words, but somehow the fireballs released were part of the recompense meted upon the very demonic hordes which had previously assaulted them. Until this encounter, no warfare prayers had managed to halt the attack for long - but now, the heels of the



Bridegroom were finishing off every vestige of the assignment against them and simultaneously, these fireball saints were being sent on their assignments to the nations, fresh from the launching pad of their victory over their oppressor.

Forerunners and Rear Guards

The Hebrew word for 'heel' also refers to 'the rear of an army'. When the Israelites crossed the Jordan into the Promised Land, the priests who were the forerunners, carrying the presence of God in the ark upon their shoulders, plunged into the floodwaters of the Jordan, in obedience to God's instructions. To the natural eye, it seemed utter foolishness as the strength of those waters should have swept them to their deaths, but their minds were not set on their own safety but on the Word of the Lord spoken to them. As they entered the waters, the flood was held back right to a town called Adam, and they stood in the centre of the Jordan River bed until every last one of the Israelites had crossed over. Then they brought up the rear and put their feet on the soil of the Promised Land. The forerunners had in effect become the rear of the army of God, the 'heel'. As their heels hit the river bed, the death-carrying waters were held back and they stood with their backs to that death tide with the presence of God resting upon their shoulders. The Bible makes no mention of what it sounded like, but I can imagine how the roar of those waters sounded as God's presence arrested them in their tracks.

The position of those four priests was one of intercession; they 'stood between' in order to create a safe crossing place for others. Only the power of the presence of God on their shoulders stood between the Israelites and certain death.

Jos 3:8 You shall command the priests who bear the ark of the covenant, When you come to the brink of the waters of the Jordan, you shall stand still in the Jordan.

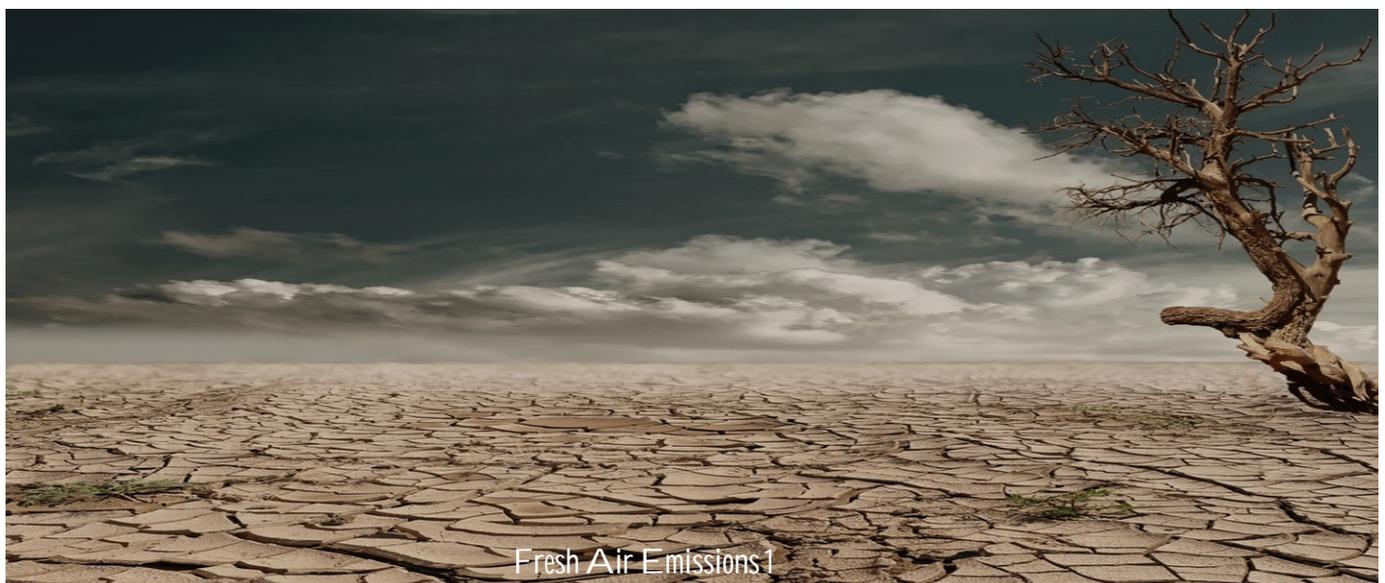
The Jordan has always represented death; to self and what has been before

and finally representing death of our mortal bodies. There are presently those forerunners whom God has commanded to 'stand still' in the place of death, and having done all, to keep on standing - for the sake of His kingdom purposes in the next chapter. Paul himself spoke of death being at work in him so that life could be at work in others. He was not physically dead, but self was put to death within him constantly, in order for resurrection life to be made accessible to others.

Jos 3:17 And while all Israel passed over on dry ground, the priests who bore the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of the Jordan, until all the nation finished passing over the Jordan.

What those priests experienced was not understandable to the natural mind. To keep standing in a place of death when it is possible to join the throng and leave the situation, makes no sense to the people who have looked at your situation. But the true priests after the order of Melchizedek understand that their appointed place of intercession is for the sake of the rest of the Body of Christ - and often members of their own family. When Jesus went to the cross, He had in mind the 'many brethren' whom He would be making a way for, through His sacrifice. Similarly, there are forerunner saints who carry the weighty presence of God, who have been kept standing firm 'in the midst of the Jordan' until the completion of the crossover or transition period for the many brethren. Sometimes the weightiness of their intercessory position has almost overwhelmed them, but for the sake of those they stand firm for, they have remained at their God-appointed position on this 'dry ground', the Hebrew word for which means 'desert place'. Until the transition was complete, there is no release to move. However, when the heels of those four priests lifted out of the river bed and into Canaan, the waters were released and roared down their familiar channel, only to find no victims to sweep away. 'Oh death where is your victory, o grave, where is your sting'.

In my vision, it was the heels of the Bridegroom which were effecting the release and elevation of the grains of sand from the crushing they had endured. The last had become the first; the heels were moving in unison with



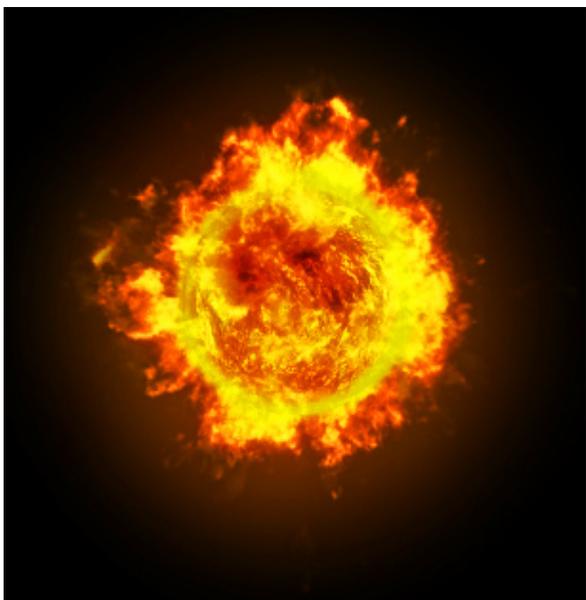
the Head and executing His judgments and recompense upon His enemies. Those who have attained to the mind of Christ as forerunners will also be used in the release of the Head's righteous judgments and 'bring up the rear' of the army of God dispensing goodness and mercy as the Bride of Christ traverses the valley of the shadow of death.

This distribution of righteous judgment and recompense brings to mind the eunuchs who heard the shout of Jehu and in one unified movement, threw Jezebel down to her death. This wicked woman who had emasculated and used them for her own service; to satisfy her every whim, found herself thrown down very swiftly from her place of rule and trampled underfoot by the hooves (or 'heels') of Jehu's horses. The soon-to-be-ex-head (who had issued death threats against Elijah) had met with the heel of the double portion anointing's fury.

2Ki 9:20 ...also the driving is like the driving of Jehu son of Nimshi, for he drives furiously.

The fallen angel who desires to be the head has tried to crush underfoot the Elijahs of this present day with his heel, but he is not going to wipe out or prevent the season of them standing up to speak on behalf of Heaven's court. The Lord is drawing these weary Elijahs up into the middle of a whirlwind and enduing them with a double portion of favour, anointing and fiery zeal in the secret place of His cloak - and then rereleasing them in a place of rule and authority to mete out recompense and justice.

Rev 2:26 And he who overcomes (is victorious) and who obeys My commands to the [very] end, I will give him authority and power over the nations; Rev 2:27 And he shall rule them with a sceptre (rod) of iron, as when earthen pots are broken in pieces, and [his power over them shall be] like that which I Myself have received from My Father;



In His Image

During this vision, I was also given a close up look at the balls of fire that were being flung out of the whirlwind cloak and over the sea of the nations like missiles. As I zoomed in, I saw that they were actually miniature replicas of the sun, complete with flames of fire leaping from their surfaces. In other words they were 'suns' or 'sons'. I realised that what I was looking at was the manifestation of the sons of God in a way I had never imagined before.

*Mal 4:2 But unto you who revere and worshipfully fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings...
Mal 4:3 And you shall tread down the Lawless and wicked, for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, says the Lord of hosts.*

It seemed from what I was shown, that the coming of the Sun of Righteousness as a Bridegroom with fiery zealous love, would draw those who feared His Name out of the hellish assault they had been under in body, soul and spirit, and into the 'wings' of His garment where healing would be poured out. The Hebrew word used in this scripture for 'healing' also means 'deliverance' and the word for 'wings' is 'kanaph' which refers to the edge of a garment. Interestingly, the word translated 'gambol' also means to 'be scattered'. So hidden in the folds of the above verses in Malachi 4, is the drawing up and deliverance of the grains of sand, and also the release and scattering of the fireballs, sons (or suns) in the image of the Sun of Righteousness, treading underfoot the wicked. The manifestation or revealing of the sons of God includes the crushing of the head of the serpent in a prophetic fulfilment of psalm 91:

Psa 91:13 You shall tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the sea serpent shall you trample underfoot. Psa 91:14 Because he has set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he knows and understands My name [has a personal knowledge of My mercy, love, and kindness--trusts and relies on Me, knowing I will never forsake him, no, never]. Psa 91:15 He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

The word used for 'sea serpent' in verse 13 is the same one applied to the judgment of Leviathan in Isaiah 27:1

Isa 27:1 In that day the LORD with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish Leviathan the piercing serpent, even Leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.

Purged of Pride

Much of the onslaught that His remnant has been under has been at the hands of Leviathan, in order to cleanse us completely of any form of pride. This principality is king over all the children of pride (Job 41:34) and it is imperative that the sons of God are fully reined in by the Spirit of Truth and not subject in any way to this principality. He must have nothing in us. Meekness is harnessed strength in the fear of the Lord - therefore the need for the extended testing of our mettle in hellish conditions. The Bridegroom can have no wilful pride-filled wife working with Him in this next season.

You have been calling on Him - and He WILL answer you. He has been with you in trouble - and He WILL deliver you AND honour you. I was privileged to be shown the appointed moment of this heavenly transaction being carried out.



It is the same moment described in Malachi 3:

Mal 3:17 And they shall be Mine, says the Lord of hosts, in that day when I publicly recognize and openly declare them to be My jewels (My special possession, My peculiar treasure). And I will spare them, as a man spares his own son who serves him.

Treasures of Darkness

Jewels are formed in the depths of the earth under incredible pressure, as you have been. God's hidden wealth is presently not openly displayed in the earth. Each gem has been cut open by repeated blows, cleaved in two and then facets cut by blow upon blow, before being held constantly under pressure against the polishing wheel. All this at the hand of the enemy of our souls, who is only allowed to operate against us for as long as the Heavenly Jeweller allows. His attempts to crush and grind the mind of Christ and our love for the Bridegroom out of us, have only served to increase our lustre and clarity of purpose. ALL things work together for good for those who love Him and are called according to His purpose.

All Things Work Together for Good

We are of the House of David, the servant of the Living God and the serpent seed has been trying to crush the servant seed underfoot... but he has only served to bury us, that we might bring forth a rich harvest. There is a beautiful verse that Abigail spoke to David after feeding his men:

1Sa 25:29 Though man is risen up to pursue you and to seek your life, yet the life of my Lord shall be bound in the living bundle with the Lord your God. And the lives of your enemies--them shall

He sling out as out of the centre of a sling.

The catching up of the grains of sand into the ruby red cloak of zeal is like a stone being put into a sling. You are being brought into complete oneness or 'echad' with the Bridegroom; being bound into a 'living bundle with the Lord your God' and as you whirl around together, hidden in the sling of the Son of David, the lives of your enemies are being slung out as out of the centre of a sling. The centrifugal force created by the whirlwind romance and lightning-quick courtship within the cloak, is loosening the hold of every demon assigned you and they are flung off, screaming. All that has sought to destroy you and take your life, be it physical illnesses or assaults against your mind (so that you struggled to maintain your sanity at times), will be flung off this bundle of ONE by the incredible force and power of the spinning ruby red whirlwind...and you will be safe in intimacy in the eye of the whirlwind, the secret place of His manifest presence.

When you are rereleased, those who know you will be astounded - just as David's brothers were when their little brother who sang to his sheep slew Goliath before the trembling troops of Saul...and the spirit of Saul will take note of you... your days of obscurity will be over... and this, of course, is a mixed blessing, as you will discover...

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What never ceases to amaze me is the endless creative methods the Lord uses in order to communicate with His children! One morning during Tabernacles 5777 (October 2016), the Holy Spirit instructed me to go over to my bookcase and take out books in the order He spoke the titles and make a pile of them on top of the bookshelf. I did so, not really comprehending what He was getting at.

Then He prompted me to scroll my eyes down the neatly stacked spines with their titles and as I did so, He spoke a message which coincided perfectly with the order of the books. Below are pictures of those books and the cryptic message their specifically directed order contains...



*"Here is a letter from the Father's hear;;
the Master Potter residing on the mountain of fire.
You have found favour with the King,
and so, from this day forward,
My crazy love coupled with
your hearing heart,
are going to be shaking the heavens!
I am sending more help!
Because of your intercessory prayers,
the power of your Christ-like life
and the power of the precious Blood are
joining forces, in order to go on a treasure hunt....."*



*....a treasure hunt
into regions of captivity.
There are souls who remain always in My heart
~ My gemstones!
and you go to awaken them out of a dead sleep
and bring them towards the light,
from Babylon to the New Jerusalem.
They will be free at last
and I will perform signs and wonders!
Get ready for a celebration!"*

~o~

The pages that follow contain a record of the poems which flowed day and night from the heart of the Father to you. For all those who have endured hellish situations and extremes of testing and refining for what seems like an interminable period of time, the message of His heart is clear - He has not forgotten you; you have not failed the test; it is not too late to be who He intended you to be or do what He put in your heart to do; the enemy has not destroyed too much for God to be able to restore; you have not been disqualified because you are weary - nor is the Father displeased with your fainting heart. You DO have a hope and a future and you have succeeded in displaying His heart to others more than you realise. The reason you have been so bombarded by the schemes of hell for so long is not because you missed the road somewhere along the line - but because you are exactly the kind of brave, passionate, merciful servant-hearted person that the Godhead is looking for. And your amazing response in the face of horrendous assault has gained the attention of Heaven. Here are some lyrical lines whispered from His heart to your heart. May they breathe fresh strength and hope into the depths of your being and ignite the flame of excitement deep within, as you see afresh what He has in store for you, His Beloved.

The themes center around the resurrection power of God in dealing with dead places in our hearts, dungeon situations, lost dreams and death-like circumstances. The heavy latter rain is also mentioned often, coming both from the Father's hand to His weary Bride in the secret Place, but also then being delivered BY His victorious saints as they work with the cloud of witnesses executing God's endtime battle plan. The mention of angel grain in places refers to being fed with hidden manna, which is the reward of the overcomers, who live in a place 'where satan sits enthroned' (Rev 2:13-17).

Isa 25:8 He will swallow up death [in victory; He will abolish death forever]. And the Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces; and the reproach of His people He will take away from off all the earth; for the Lord has spoken it. Isa 25:9 It shall be said in that day, Behold our God upon Whom we have waited and hoped, that He might save us! This is the Lord, we have waited for Him; we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation.

~o~

This poem flowed out of psalm 23; the heart of a shepherd and David's deep relationship with God, coupled with two verses in psalm 68:

Psa 68:9 You, O God, did send a plentiful rain; You did restore and confirm Your heritage when it languished and was weary. Psa 68:10 Your flock found a dwelling place in it; You, O God, in Your goodness did provide for the poor and needy.

A tired sheep needs two
cupped handfuls of love each day
The Shepherd's way to say,
"Be still, and rest your soul,
I bring you here to make you whole."
The Lord's my Shepherd, feels my pain
He leads me to His pastures plain
Where quietness can feed my soul
And morning bird songs make me whole.
He leads me in His paths of peace,
My ravaged soul He gently keeps
He sees beyond the eyes of man
And knows my fragile faith can stand
Just one step in time each day,
His patient love will carve the way
Through canyons of my ancient loss
And bring me to my Face to Face
A quiet, tranquil resting place.

I know not how I came this way...
But now I'm here, I'd like to stay
Within the shelter of His grace,
A tower of love His resting place.
I will not fear, though shadows fall,
I nestle in the Lord of All,
The cleft carved by His fiery mace
has brought me to my Saviour's face.
The flaming sword has cut a path
To waters clean where I may bath
And drink my fill of Heaven's grace,
hidden in the Secret Place.

Giants rise and giants fall
and kingdoms come and kingdoms go
But we run not an earthly race,
We run to see the Saviour's face
and five smooth stones picked by the brook,
where worship kissed the face of God,
can slay the fears that bind
the veteran troops upon Saul's side;
but one brave lad can bring the rain
by roaring from the Lion's mane...

This philistine on mortal sod
who dares defy the One True God
shall bow before one gentle tot
with sentence from the heart he got,
a whisper heard in Heaven's clime,
echo of the ancient rhyme
learnt upon his mother's knee,
one thing I know, My God loves me!

My Father hears and feels my pain.
I know. He sent the gentle rain,
the pitter-patter of the feet
of water droplets in the heat
of summer drought upon my heart.
Parched soil drinks and now I start
To slowly rise and once more stand,
It's time to go, possess the land!

“Tread gently, darling. You're walking on the shells of broken dreams. Giant's footsteps crushed the eggs laid in the heart's first nest... Let's whisper windsongs on the harp strings of empty, silent hearts and waken this child's faith in a Father Who hears the whisper of a lost dream, and sends a ray of hope to pierce the shuttered darkness of the cold tomb of Loss... the songbirds herald now the dawn, let's gently prise a crack in the rockhard wall of Hope Deferred and let the sweet strains of My Great Faithfulness dance gaily through.. It is true, you know, what they say -those who went out weeping, WILL come with rejoicing, carrying sheaves!...it's just that the waiting comes before the waltzing...”

Perspective

Come up higher.

Really see!

**My Father's quest to rescue me...
but where?**

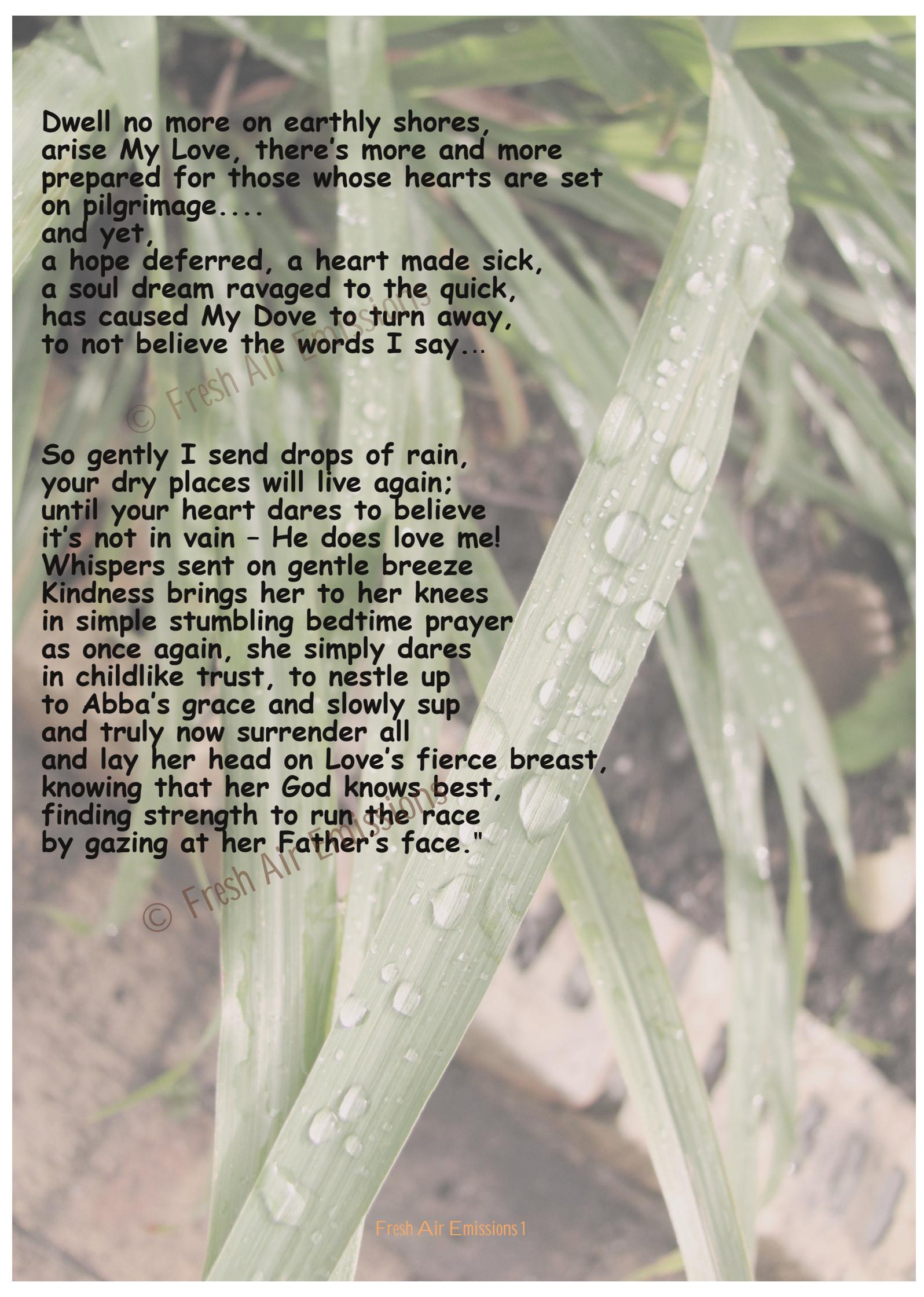
**My child eyes search in vain
for steps to lead me up again...**

**I see nothing but empty space,
a vast expanse, a gulf to face.**

**I need Your hand to rescue me
and lead me where I cannot see
and lift me from the path of pain
where i can breathe clean air again.**

**"I hear your whisper, child of grace.
You long to see your Father's face,
to sit and see what I Am sees,
to feel safe, to know you're free,
and so I stoop from Heaven's place
and bring you to My lap of grace...**

**Now rest and trust, believe to see
within the heart of destiny.
Your thirst I'll quench with heaven's
rain
and feed you with the angel's grain
until your heart's eyes wake to see
I've placed you in eternity,
a wide arena, pleasant place,
a Blood-bought home, a resting place,
appointed setting, face to face...**



Dwell no more on earthly shores,
arise My Love, there's more and more
prepared for those whose hearts are set
on pilgrimage....

and yet,
a hope deferred, a heart made sick,
a soul dream ravaged to the quick,
has caused My Dove to turn away,
to not believe the words I say...

So gently I send drops of rain,
your dry places will live again;
until your heart dares to believe
it's not in vain - He does love me!
Whispers sent on gentle breeze
Kindness brings her to her knees
in simple stumbling bedtime prayer
as once again, she simply dares
in childlike trust, to nestle up
to Abba's grace and slowly sup
and truly now surrender all
and lay her head on Love's fierce breast,
knowing that her God knows best,
finding strength to run the race
by gazing at her Father's face."

Gently bringing home the prodigals...

Love has legs!
Grace has a face
and hands that help
the weak to stand
and drink.
Don't think the Fountain flows
for all.
Some have been beaten down
And can't reach the basin edge
to sip with trembling, tired lips.

So stoop
Remember
Love came down.
Not up
That's for the circus clown,
who twirls and leaps for man's applause.
You're not headed for those shores,
the tinkle sound of temporal gain.

Your call is simple - Bring the rain
of Heaven down, upon the heads that form your crown,
My children scattered, deep in pain
parched and dry and far from home.
They need My comfort, Mother kiss
and gentle pen strokes. Only this...
Until they're brave enough to stand
And turn. And see.
And step by faltering step, return
to Father's House, and Love's embrace
the sheltering hold, amazing grace,
as bowed head feels once again
the joy-filled tears of Father's rain,
and Love's eyes see then, face to face,
the sons once lost, but now embraced.

How far the eyes of Love can see
beyond the grave...to unity.
A seed once lost but found again
sown in tears, but loss now gain,
the harvest of a Heartfelt prayer,
once penned and sent,
is finally here.

Recharging for the Finishing stretch

Amazing race
Already run
and victory sent
to those at home,
who watch from sidelines
those still running strong.
They seem to hear
the Father's song
And move unchained
at Heaven's pace.
Where is the
fuelling place
of Grace?

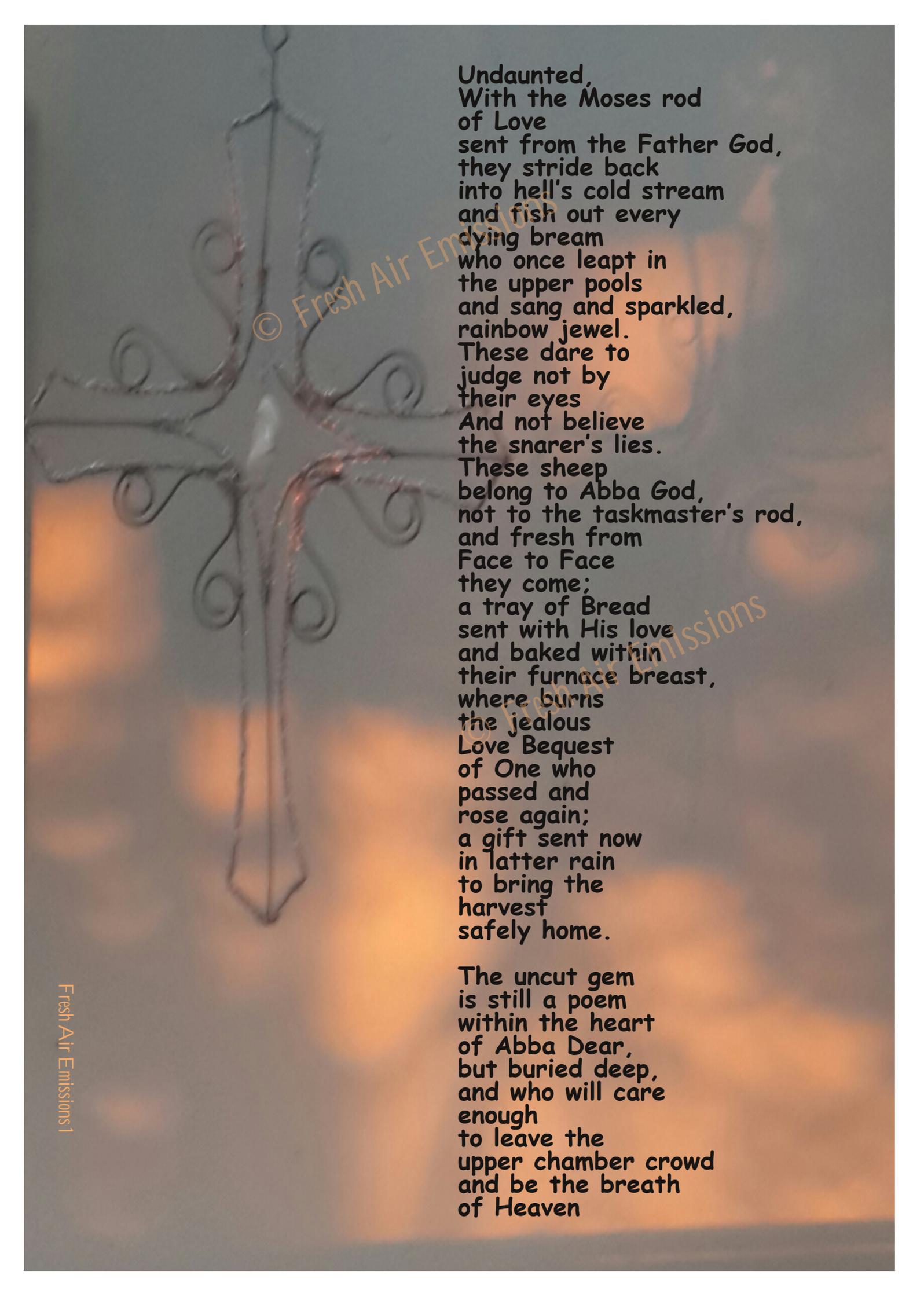
I've searched to find
a quiet place
where I can
feed
A resting place
Where Kindness comes
restores my soul
and Wisdom
makes my heart
now whole.

He leads me now
in ancient paths
once trod by saints
now long since passed
who left a trail
of blood and tears
the sweat
of labours
quite unseen,
a highway
bought through
suffering,
to lead me
safely
to the King!

The DNA of Royalty

Are you servant-seed? Or serpent-seed?
Your positioning in the next year will reveal
which 'Daddy' engineered your coming out!
Even kings wash feet without tarnishing their crowns
and the Queen of her Father's heart
can be found very low down
in the servant's hall;
is friends with all,
and has a seat at banquets high and low
wherever the Lamb would go.
Her dainty feet can pick their way
through waltzes with Generals
and jives with the cook,
and her laughter has
brightened the dark cells
of both princes
and paupers.

Some have bars without
some have chains within.
The whole earth is owned
by the Lord of Angel Armies.
The sonata that the Lord sings
through His living letters,
in this season,
raises the dead
and lifts lost treasure
from the grasp
of Neptune's lair.
Yes Sir!
His song plays there -
for all His sons of silence
deaf with shame,
who long to hear
their name again,
through lips from Home
and Father's breast;
by ones who lay
and heard
and left
on missions
greatly criticised
by Pharisees
and brother spies...

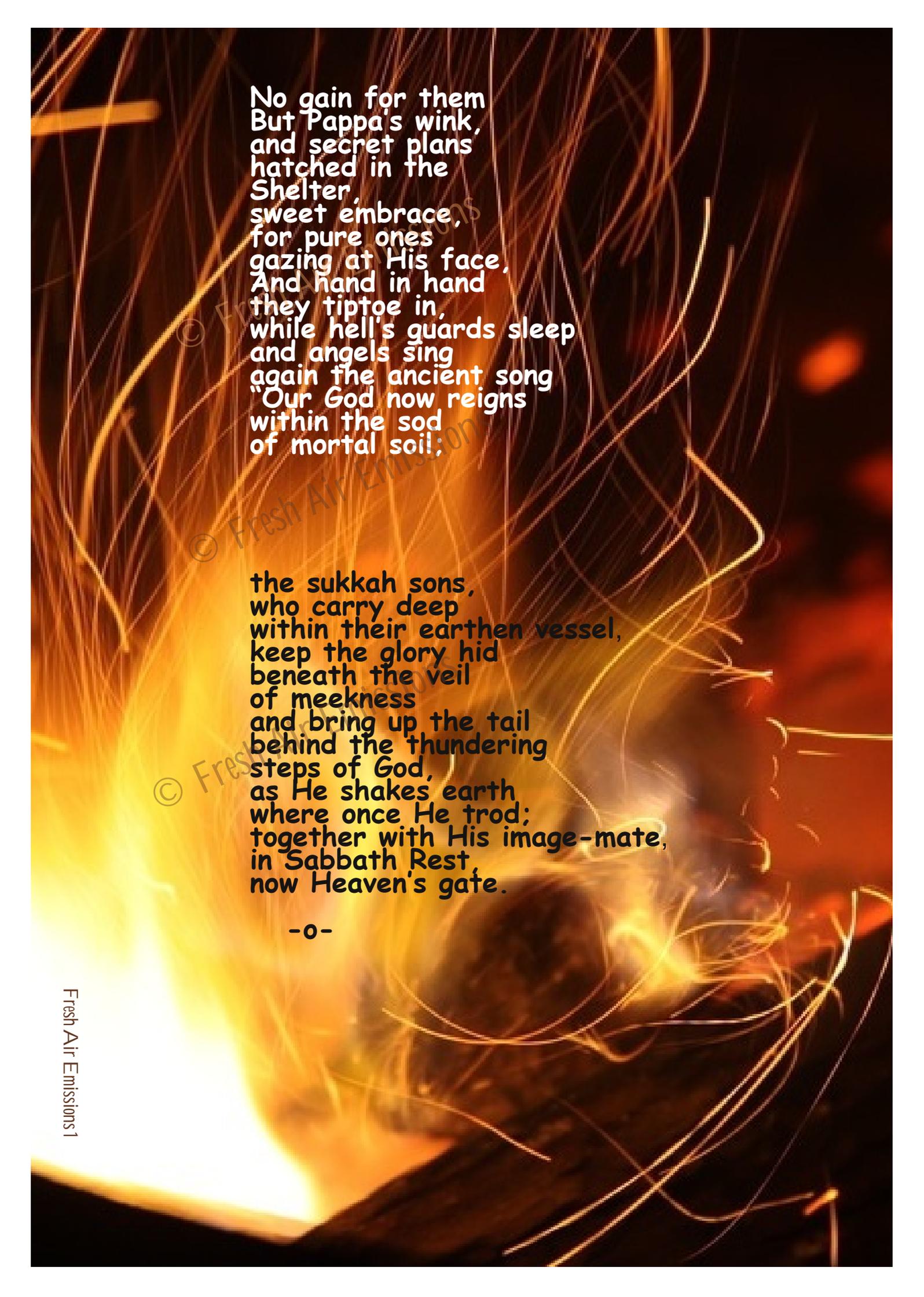
A decorative metal cross hangs from the top, its surface reflecting the warm, golden light of a sunset. The background is a soft, hazy sky with horizontal bands of orange and yellow, suggesting a low sun. The cross is made of thin, dark metal with intricate scrollwork on its arms and base.

Undaunted,
With the Moses rod
of Love
sent from the Father God,
they stride back
into hell's cold stream
and fish out every
dying bream
who once leapt in
the upper pools
and sang and sparkled,
rainbow jewel.
These dare to
judge not by
their eyes
And not believe
the snarer's lies.
These sheep
belong to Abba God,
not to the taskmaster's rod,
and fresh from
Face to Face
they come;
a tray of Bread
sent with His love
and baked within
their furnace breast,
where burns
the jealous
Love Bequest
of One who
passed and
rose again;
a gift sent now
in latter rain
to bring the
harvest
safely home.

The uncut gem
is still a poem
within the heart
of Abba Dear,
but buried deep,
and who will care
enough
to leave the
upper chamber crowd
and be the breath
of Heaven

to the souls
who now have made
their beds in hell?
The 3-in-1
And 1-in-3,
(My Lover's mine
And He loves me)
are doing now
a whirlwind dance
upon the heads
of every prince
of darkness;
keepers of the keys
of prisons
only God can see!
Until they wince
and shriek in pain
and yield up
the serpent's gain;
that counterfeit
who one day trod
the halls of Heaven,
but now, not!

And seeking still
To rise again
and claim that throne
that caused his pain,
he's aiming low
he's shooting still;
Custer's last stand
for Holy Hill
of Zion.
But the Lion roars
within
the vessels prepped
and hidden in
His wounded hands;
arrows sharp
and polished quietly
in the dark,
and sent
with dew,
sweet heaven rain,
to fall in pre-dawn dark again
and bring the manna,
angel grain,
on trays of
Servanthood.



No gain for them
But Pappa's wink,
and secret plans
hatched in the
Shelter,
sweet embrace,
for pure ones
gazing at His face,
And hand in hand
they tiptoe in,
while hell's guards sleep
and angels sing
again the ancient song
"Our God now reigns
within the sod
of mortal soil;

the sukkah sons,
who carry deep
within their earthen vessel,
keep the glory hid
beneath the veil
of meekness
and bring up the tail
behind the thundering
steps of God,
as He shakes earth
where once He trod;
together with His image-mate,
in Sabbath Rest,
now Heaven's gate.

-o-

A Personal Invitation

A whisper on
The midnight breeze
A letter sent
To call
The very few
Who've waited
And really given all;
For saints who've
Lain silently
And shone their lights
Their all,
Amidst the grey
Of ashes
And the stench
Of death's foul pall.
I've sent
A missive
From the Throne
To lift you
Out of here
You've waited long
To hear My voice,
This heart song
From your Love;

You've stayed
And served
In darkness,
been My scent
Of life, My dove,
So take this sip
from Father's lips,
strong medicine
for the faint.
A draught,
an aire of kindness
for the bravest
of My saints,
who've dared
to be a candle,
here's an elixir
for the weak.
You've made your bed
in hell's dark clime,
without complaint and meek.
But darling, now I call you up;
Oh yes, it's finally time!



You've served Me hard, My silver saint,
you've told My story well,
not by your words, but by your deeds,
you've muffled death's dark knell
You clearly showed My image
to the blind, the cruel, the knave,
so now I've come to lift you up
to free you from the grave.
You knew I'd come; your candle flame
has burned so very bright
But now this chapter's over
and I bring you to the light.

I've rung the change quite silently,
the first ray of the dawn,
a sealed scroll for those who've heard,
I rang my midnight call.
Well done, My good and faithful,
take My hand and quickly come.
Your place is set in certainty,
My dove, My only one.
I've sent this breath of Heaven,
this invite from My hand,
to bring you out, to bring you up,
in higher halls to stand.
For all who've died
that dead may live,
who to My wounds have claved,
My power's come to free you
and I lift you from the grave.

You've served Me well,
you've served Me long
In silent suffering;
A rapture of a different kind,
the caged bird shall now sing.
I set before you open doors;
You're finally free at last.
Come, Love, arise, it's really
true -
Your hard service is past!

While deaf and blind are sleeping,
tiptoe quietly, precious one.
Come drink the wine of victory
for those who've overcome!
The garments I've prepared for you
the finest royal wear
awaiting your arrival
in the chambers I've prepared.
Ear has not heard, no eye has seen
what I have held in store,
your heart's desire will be fulfilled
and then there's even more!
a banquet for My choice one
and sandals for My queen.
You've followed Me unquestioningly
my bondsman you have been.
You drank the cup, be lifted up
and come rule over all.
Don't hesitate, it's getting late,
I've sent this call for you,
an aria and a whisper
of a dinner date for two.

Beauty now for ashes
and the oil of joy for pain,
rejoicing in the morning
and sunshine after rain;
now come away My darling,
we're getting out of here.
You've passed the test,
you've made the grade,
your destiny is clear.
You bear My seal
on heart and arm,
no harm shall come to you;
now safely brought
to heaven's courts
for service brave and true.
Your deeds remain behind you,
tales told far and wide
of one made quietly ready,
now called away, My Bride.

... and then, a word from the tried, sealed and
newly elevated saint...

Good day all! I feel so well
Although I made my bed in hell
And satan surely seemed to reign,
But now the table's turned again!
Though once it seemed I was quite dead,
I'm dancing on the serpent's head!
The grave can't hold me - nice surprise!
I've learnt to see with Saviour's eyes.
Not give and take, but give some more...
That bashes down the prison door.
The kingdom keys, they swing again
Upon my belt of Truth and pain.
It wasn't long ago I bled
But now I dance and sing instead!
The halls of hell felt quite a blast
The day of holding me is past!
I dwell now in another home,
Ruling, reigning at the Throne!

I'm living now in Heaven's rain
And drink ...and drink, and drink again!
Before His face in liberty
In spaces wide and places free
For aeons of eternity.
For He who laughed, now laughs again!
The sons of Zion, heaven's rain
Are falling from His Judah bow
And raining on the earth below
You see them come, you see them go,
And what they did, you don't quite know.
They're moving to a different sound
And joy and peace for all abound,
Who drink the dew of quiet gain,
And daily eat the angel grain
That falls in dew time at their feet
While still found kneeling at the seat
Of Him Who died and rose again
And comes in Glory, now to REIGN!