

The Repairer Of The Breach Ch 1

Chapter 1

The Word of God Who Is The Repairer of The Breach and The God Above All gods.

Interlude:

Ancient Faith Bible Study notes.. “CHRYSOSTOM: Listen to the prophet saying, “I will raise up the tabernacle of David that has fallen.” Actually, it has fallen; our human nature has had an irreparable fall and was in need of that powerful hand alone. For it was not possible to raise it up otherwise, unless he who fashioned it in the beginning stretched out a hand to it and formed it again from above by the regeneration of water and the Spirit. Behold, pray, the awesome and ineffable character of the mystery. He dwells always in this tabernacle, for he put on our flesh, not to put it off again but to have it always with him. If this were not so, he would not have deemed it worthy of his royal throne.”

It seemed as though I had fallen asleep sitting with The Scroll and other works open to various places scattered on the table. But then, at the same time, I was back sitting under the tree pondering and wrestling with all the things that had been presented. There was excitement and a purpose mixed with a type of trepidation not there before.

At that moment The Voice of Many Waters whispered out of the gentle breeze that was ever so slightly swaying the leaves above my head. “The Repairer of The Breach.” My heart skipped a beat because I had only known and associated The Presence of His Spirit with The Potter’s House...not here, necessarily, under this tree of safety. I quickly looked around for The Word of God, who had become my Friend, at the same moment that He appeared in front of me. I thought He was going to take my hand and lead me back into The Potter’s House. I just knew there was so much more He wanted to show me. Instead, He smiled as He sat beside me...right there on the grass under that tree. “Why are you here?” Was His question. Not said in harshness nor judgement, but in compassion and kindness. “Lord, You know. I would rather not explain what I know to be true...that has been made even more clear in the study of “In the Days of Noah.” The topic You had told me to look into. These things of the kingdom of darkness. Of dragons and fallen angels of giants and such like. Is all of this necessary to walk through? Could I not just explain Your human genealogy and how Your Spirit continues to change me more and more into Your likeness...How the fruit of the Spirit is being shown through my life in everyday ordinary ways? How Your love for my soul has made all the difference in my life and sustains and surprises me day after day. Can’t I just stay here in this place? I had asked You once if I could stay unknowledgeable, but somehow, it seems, Your plans are different than mine. Plus, this is an area of dispute among Your own people. None have the same perspectives or beliefs as the other group and if I were to continue this story bit by bit in this same vein, then would I be causing even more division? These are all secondary things compared to Your sacrifice, resurrection, and ascension. Secondary to how we can live with You forever because The Father has forgiven us of

everything we have ever done or will ever do that does not look like You... only because You paid the price. How then, Lord, am I to proceed while giving You the most glory?"

1.31.26

It was here under the tree that He showed how my own life had mimicked something that I had been studying about Him...how He was the Repairer Of The Breach. It was as if the times that I had strayed were somehow linked and explained through this particular study. There is a bird's eye view...seeing the forest through the trees...the bigger picture that He unfolded in that place of safety that I only knew the concept of desiring.

Suddenly I remembered the time in the Potter's House where He had taken me by the hand and walked with me down the isle between the Churches of Revelation on the left and the Covenant rooms on the right. Clear to the end where He had said I would remain faithful.

"But I am only here because of Your grace. Because You repaired the breach. It isn't because I was able in myself to remain faithful." He smiled then and said "Is that not the story? Tell Me, then, what you have seen in the Scroll. What is the breach you see, and how am I The Repairer?" I remembered, in the beginning of this story, how timid and unsure I had been. When He brought me through the door of The Potter's House to the alter of my very own heart. All of the things He had done and showed me there and my eyes welled up with tears of gratitude and joy. "This is a different place isn't it? A confidence I have not had before. I cannot tell when You changed me, but I know it was You all along bringing me through those struggles and times of doubt. Taking those things out of my heart and re-creating, making new, those places that were not fit to give You the most glory. But, even now, Lord—I know there are still areas that You are refining. Places You are and will continue to bring from glory to glory in my heart and how I live my life. Shouldn't I wait longer to be a better image bearer of Who You are before attempting to explain this forest through the trees?" His voice was quiet, but direct. "Let Me ask you this: Did every single person in My human genealogy bear My image—My Name? From Adam and Eve clear through Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Israel...and on through David and Solomon—to ensure I would be heir to the throne of David, Solomon down to Joseph...shows My lineage on My human father's side—onto Mary? And how about Moses and the prophets of old...did they not bear My Name?" My voice was small and I could only nod my head up and down. "So I ask, were they perfect in their own selves? Did they hold all truth and knowledge before setting out to do what I had ordained? Did they have it all mapped out before they continued on with their journey of bearing the Seed of Promise? Was it in the direct hands of humans...or does the forest tell a different story?" My mind became something like a video screen as I thought upon His words. The story of how Mary had given birth to The Redeemer who was promised to Eve...and the way He had ensured the Promise through the unlikely human line. "There is no way this should ever have come to pass. You should not be, Jesus, if each bud on the branch were seen as individual people who were chosen to carry the Seed...their own lives were far from perfect. They made mistakes—and some even fell into idolatry at times. But You still kept The Promise. You protected Your Covenant by Your own hand. But, Lord, I do not just want to be a conduit...I

want to be a faithful bearer of Your name. To bring the most glory to You as humanly possible clear through the race of time. I do not want to be as Solomon and end up being corrupted by the principalities and rulers of this world.” With that, He took my hands, looking deeply into my eyes and said “You abide, you remain faithful”. Those steady words of assurance strengthened me to continue the study He had put on my heart...for who can know the forest unless a study of the trees happens first. The raw material of what He wanted presented was needed before the whole story of The Repairer of the Breach could be told.

It seemed to me that the story so far had shown the human element of original sin in the Garden of Eden. How a certain line of humans had been protected, none the less, to bring the Son of Man and Son of God into this earthly realm. Where He Himself took on flesh, died, was buried, rose again from the grave, and ascended into heaven to be sat at The Father’s right hand in glory. But, to tell the story of what breach He came to repair would take looking at and explaining the trees...or more accurately...the snakes in the garden that I had avoided thinking about or really studying before. Well...at least with this perspective, which made all the difference.

As it happened so often, it came as no surprise that I was back in the Potter’s House sitting at the table with the Scroll and lamp burning brightly. I sat musing over how His timing is perfect. And how sometimes, when I do know His plan, I can force a wrong timing. Much like Abram and Sarai tried to force the promised Isaac...and ended up with Ishmael. So many times forcing a promise He has made ends us up with a counterfeit of that promise. Sitting here on the stool I was comforted by the Voice of Many Waters that was hovering in the smoke rising out of the lamp “This is the time and place. Abide here.” There was a steady glow in my heart that reflected the steady glow of the ornate lamp on the table that was sat beside the linen cloth, with the Tools of The Potter’s trade resting upon it. As my eyes fell upon these things, an assurance rose up in my inner being while His words echoed in the dense air “You will remain faithful”.

2.12.26

A peculiar thing rose up while studying the Scroll and other works. More or different than a weariness...a heaviness akin to the type of joyful gratitude that strikes so deep into a soul that it takes breath away because of a sudden realization of what He had truly done.

I looked around the room, but He was not there. Nevertheless, I bowed my head with elbows resting on my knees, and began to talk with my Potter, Kinsman Redeemer, High Priest, King, Friend and how I knew Him in this moment...The Word of God and The Repairer of the Breach.

“For who am I that You would look upon me? Not only to look but to really see the miry state of my soul. The Psalmist cried out that there would never be a time or place that Your presence would be absent from me. Even though I had laid my head in hell...even there You ran to reach and to save and to redeem. From before the foundation of the world—You

knew my name. You fashioned me together in my mother's womb and Your thoughts about me are too numerous to count. Oh, what can be said of Your great and perfect love wrapped up in perfect justice and righteousness and mercy and grace. Without You, Jesus, without my Father and His Holy Spirit, where would I be? A mere slave to a darkness that had held me in its grip. But, You came. You slowly pulled me out of that place, and set my feet upon The Rock. The Anchor of my soul. You are The Repairer of the Breach. The original sin of Adam...the sin of my own heart that kept me from You. But that is not all You have repaired, is it?"

I felt wind in my hair. Opening my eyes, there He was walking toward me. I was not in the Potters house, but back in the garden where I had seen Adam and Eve before. The Word of God came near. "Tell Me about this place. Tell Me what you see." I looked not around in the garden, but in His eyes. I saw lifted above this place One sitting on a throne surrounded by those who are called the sons of God, the Holy Ones. Those who witnessed God create Adam and Eve in the beginning. A dense cloud was over the One...Who Is The Only Unique Son of God from all eternity. Who is One with The Father and Holy Spirit....that sat on the throne. Out of that cloud The Voice of Many Waters quietly spoke "This is My unseen council. A place of communion with these of My creation. My companions." It was as if a transparent image of The Scroll became superimposed on the garden scene in His eyes. These words floated in the smoke coming out of the lamp burning bright above The Scroll.

Job 38:4-11 "Where were you when I laid the foundation of the earth? Tell me, if you have understanding. Who determined its measurements—surely you know! Or who stretched the line upon it? On what were its bases sunk, or who laid its cornerstone, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy? "Or who shut in the sea with doors when it burst out from the womb, when I made clouds its garment and thick darkness its swaddling band, and prescribed limits for it and set bars and doors, and said, 'Thus far shall you come, and no farther, and here shall your proud waves be stayed'?"

There was a fear that rose up in me. "I don't think I should be here. This is sacred space. Holy ground."

3.29.26

Somehow I found myself back in the Potter's House sitting on the stool. There were many books piled up on the right and left of the Scroll that was sat in front of the ornate lamp. "There are so many thoughts, Jesus, so many perspectives from this camp or that camp about every single thing. All of this vast amount of knowledge written down by Your servants through decades and centuries. Please show me how to continue with this story...bit by bit...or however You want this to be told. I do not know how to weave it all

together. How my small voice can bring You the most glory and strengthen the brethren in this time and times to come..”

What happened next is difficult to describe. It was as if I had fallen asleep, but still awake—still conscious. I could see the New Heaven and New Earth from the Garden of Eden. But instead of being in the Garden, I was above it. Standing in the entrance of the Throne Room of God. As I turned around to see this Room more clearly, The High Priest was suddenly by my side. There were those who are called “The Sons of God” gathered around the Throne of God. I peered into His eyes and saw the Throne Room from above at the same time that The High Priest took my hand as He said “Fear not what you see.” There was a shining creature at the entrance of the Throne Room. The appearance was opaque yet translucent, tangible yet abstract like an illusion. As I was pondering the beauty of this creature, The Voice of Many Waters echoed the words that I saw from the corner of my eye rise up from the Scroll above the ornate lamp in The Potters House.

Ez 28:14 “You were an anointed guardian cherub, for I had appointed you. You were on the holy mountain of God; you walked among the fiery stones.”

I looked at The High Priest who now was The King. A sound like distress was coming from the Son’s of God who were around the Throne of God. Looking down on Eden, I saw in that moment Eve taking the fruit from this same creature who had been at the entrance of The Throne room. Things I held to be true flooded my mind. I looked back at The King “What would You have me say, Jesus, what is Your heart in the matter? What is it that will help Your people in this hour, in this time, and the times to come? I have many thoughts, many things I could present and say, but guide me here.” Curiously, He laughed, and then with a sobriety mixed with joy simply said “You long to see The Father’s glory.” The answer came with the tears that I was trying to blink away. The words came as a whisper, barely audible “But this is sacred space, my King. The sin in the Garden, the fall into the temptation from this guardian of The Throne has caused a breach that I cannot repair. I cannot get to The Father.” He lifted my head with His hand and I again saw my High Priest, Kinsman Redeemer, and Savior. We were suddenly at the entrance of The Throne Room looking through it seemed like time and space collided into what Ezekiel described

Ez 1: 26-29 Above the large covering that was over their heads there was something that looked like a throne, and looked like it was made of sapphire. Sitting on the throne was what looked like a man. Then I saw that there was something like shining brass from the center of his body and up to his head. It looked like fire all around within it. And from the center of his body and down to his feet I saw something like fire. There was a bright light shining all around Him. This light shining around Him looked like the rainbow in the clouds on a day of rain. This was what the shining-greatness of the Lord looked like.

I looked down at His roght hand holding my left and my eyes fixed upon the nail scar that He still wore. My heart cried through the tears that fell that no amount of blinking could

hold back. “You are the Lamb who was slain from the foundation of the world. In this place, in this time.” The Voice of Many Waters spoke these words:

Dan 7:13-14 As my vision continued that night, I saw someone like a son of man coming with the clouds of heaven. He approached the Ancient One and was led into his presence. He was given authority, honor, and sovereignty over all the nations of the world, so that people of every race and nation and language would obey him. His rule is eternal—it will never end. His kingdom will never be destroyed.

This Son of Man lifted me up into His arms—and carried me all the way to The Throne of God. When He sat me down He asked “Do you believe that I am sat at the right hand of The Father. That I am His express image? Exact likeness? That The Father and I are One?” With every ounce of my being, with all the confidence that I had in me, I replied “Yes, I believe, I know that all to be the truth.” John 14:9 came to my memory in that moment “Jesus said to him, “Have I been with you so long, and you still do not know me, Philip? Whoever has seen me has seen the Father. How can you say, ‘Show us the Father’?”

Within my inner being I knew that this was what is shown in the Scroll as the Divine Council. A place where The King of kings rules and reigns with all the power of the Godhead. Where heaven bends down to meet earth. But, my thoughts were forming a question that was stuck in my throat. In which He replied “The Eternal Council between God The Father, God The Son and God The Holy Spirit flows through this place—here in this Divine Council where communion with My creation is upheld. The Love Who Is God flows through this place of meeting. All of the attributes of God is seen in My face.” These words brought a reassurance, a solidifying to my soul beyond what I knew I needed. The Voice of Many Waters rose up in the heavy dense air that was now surrounding The King and The Throne. These were the Words He spoke

Eph 2:4-7 “But because of His great love for you, God, who is rich in mercy, made you alive with Christ even when you were dead in your trespasses. It is by grace you have been saved! And God raised you up with Christ and seated you with Him in the heavenly realms in Christ Jesus, in order that in the coming ages He might display the surpassing riches of His grace, demonstrated by His kindness to you in Christ Jesus.”

As I looked into my Redeemer’s eyes He spoke—straight into my heart. “Will you sit here?” As His hand gestured to the all familiar wooden stool that had somehow been placed to the right of His Throne. His countenance was the familiar amusement but also one of extreme determination. “Will you sit here and tell Me what you see...not from the outside looking in, but from the inside looking out?” Could one assume to know or understand God’s perspective? Throughout the story told bit by bit the overall perspective was that of humankind—my own perspective—but, this...this dream was to be told in a different perspective all together. Knowing my Lord, my God and Savior...there was no use to resist His request. Then a peculiar realization came to my mind...I wouldn’t want to resist even if I could. There is something in that statement that if truly understood would explain the

juxtaposition of The Sovereignty of The Sovereign God and the will of man. But, I digress. I took my seat with the song flowing from the deep well of my heart “Lead on Good Shepherd, Lead On”.