

## Chapter 1

### The Most Unique Potter

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=aGskT4C0vms>

Rom 9:2-29 Has the potter no right over the clay, to make out of the same lump one vessel for honorable use and another for dishonorable use? What if God, desiring to show his wrath and to make known his power, has endured with much patience vessels of wrath prepared for destruction, in order to make known the riches of his glory for vessels of mercy, which he has prepared beforehand for glory— even us whom he has called, not from the Jews only but also from the Gentiles? As indeed he says in Hosea, “Those who were not my people I will call ‘my people,’ and her who was not beloved I will call ‘beloved.’” “And in the very place where it was said to them, ‘You are not my people,’ there they will be called ‘sons of the living God.’” And Isaiah cries out concerning Israel: “Though the number of the sons of Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them will be saved, for the Lord will carry out his sentence upon the earth fully and without delay.” And as Isaiah predicted, “If the Lord of hosts had not left us offspring, we would have been like Sodom and become like Gomorrah.”

Rev 1:12-18 Then I turned to see the voice that was speaking to me, and on turning I saw seven golden lampstands, and in the midst of the lampstands one like a son of man, clothed with a long robe and with a golden sash around his chest. The hairs of his head were white, like white wool, like snow. His eyes were like a flame of fire, his feet were like burnished bronze, refined in a furnace, and his voice was like the roar of many waters. In his right hand he held seven stars, from his mouth came a sharp two-edged sword, and his face was like the sun shining in full strength. When I saw him, I fell at his feet as though dead. But he laid his right hand on me, saying, “Fear not, I am the first and the last, and the living one. I died, and behold I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of Death and Hades.

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A story told bit by bit

8/26/22 I saw a Potter unlike any other. His countenance determined, weathered, but kind. His eyes were oceans deep, unflinching, full of grit with a fire of life and love indescribable.

He was a man on a mission. Except there was no haste. Each powerful stride was full of meaning. Carefully considered. It was as if where he placed his sandal had consequences far beyond what I could comprehend.

The sight of him captured more than my attention. Something stirred within my very soul. I followed him at a distance wondering where he was going. Perhaps to his shop? Did he have a piece of pottery in the kiln or on the shelf ready to be sold? Maybe he had a masterpiece in mind and was determined to start on his project?

As I pondered these things, he turned. Not onto the street where shops were, but toward the Potter's Field. A place where broken or defective vessels were thrown out as useless. I wondered at this because the Potter's hands were empty. I knew he had not made a mistake. His determined set of the jaw and careful stride were evidence that he knew exactly where he was going. The closer he got to the field, the slower and more deliberate his steps...the softer yet more intense his eyes.

What I observed next held me in silent tears. This Potter suddenly stopped at a very ordinary broken piece of pottery. Shattered beyond recognition. Slowly he bent down to pick up the pieces. The way he gathered the pieces was nothing I had ever witnessed before. It was as if his whole heart was in motion: The utmost care and honor were on full display as he gently folded each piece into his capable strong hands. He stood gazing at all the fragments with eyes aflame with the most intense love for what seemed like eternity.

I hid behind a bush as he turned around so I would not break what I knew to be a holy moment. He arrived at his shop taking longer, yet still determined, strides glancing down at his prize with a gaze of tender mercy.

8/27/22 (morning) Just as his foot landed on the threshold, he stopped and looked behind—fixing his gaze on me. “Come” he said with a voice like many waters. With an authority greater than any high office of man. My heart grew fearful and was prone to run. Then he called my name and again said “Come.” As I lifted my bowed head, his eyes caught mine and in a whisper he said “Come” a third time. What I found in his eyes caused my fear to melt like wax. There was not only sorrow but joy. Not only righteousness but grace. Not only judgement but mercy. In that single second of time I knew him completely—yet not at all. With a hope rising in my soul, I found myself crossing the threshold, as if in a dream, into the Potter's house.

I looked beyond through an open arched doorway where rooms and rooms were filled with Herodian oil lamps placed on shelves that seemed to stretch in time from the near-past back millennia...clear to the beginning of time. They were all the same ordinary clay lamps. The room I was standing in was ornamented with these same ordinary lamps placed on wooden shelves from floor to ceiling except where the kiln sat in the left hand corner. This kiln was very small. Only room enough for one lamp. A large rectangular wooden table was in the center of the room, the long side facing the right wall, with a wooden stool sat in the far corner. A hand mill was on the far edge of the table placed next to various carving tools made of wood and iron resting on a dusty linen bag. Then a large open work area from the center to the end of the table. This most unique Potter's wheel made of stone took up space on the floor next to the table's edge closest to the door.

My eye caught a movement. “Sit” his voice in the quiet whisper of a gentle breeze reached my ears as his hand gestured toward the stool.

8/28/22 (morning)

He stood on the opposite side of the table. His eyes pierced to my very heart. With a gentle smile he turned his attention to the fragments he had laid on the table one by one. He glanced again at

me as if he saw something that was beyond my comprehension while picking up the smallest chard. He firmly placed the chard on the lower millstone of the hand mill. This mill was more like what was used to grind wheat into flour rather than the rock hammers to break hardened clay. I saw to the right of the table a tool box on the floor with the other tools of the trade. My heart again became fearful. I looked up at the Potter who had again turned his gaze toward me. "And some save with mercy. I will not break a bruised reed." His hands picked up the upper millstone and with the slightest touch pressed down on the chard. I heard the piece crush under the weight. It was at this moment I beheld his nail scared hands. Sorrow, shame, and fear took me face down on the floor with tears flowing. "I'm sorry my Potter" were the unspoken words hid deep within my soul. I could hear as each piece of the broken vessel was ground into fine powder. Then silence. I heard his footsteps come near in front of me. His words "Fear not" hung on the air. Courage lent a drop to my heart and I slowly lifted my head to his face. His hand was extended down with his palm upward. "Sit" his soothing voice fell on me as I placed my hand in his. After I sat on the stool, his eyes again captured mine, and yet again fear melted like wax. With another tender yet determined smile, he walked back to the table where the powder from the ground chards filled a bowl. I looked at the hand mill and wondered at how clean it was. Even more curious as I noticed how fine a powder that he had made of the fragments. Dust. My eyes spoke the question. With a sorrow too deep to endure and a joy too vast to fully possess his eyes spoke "Not one vessel am I unable to find. Not one fragment of it is lost. Not one speck of dust is carried away." The purpose for the heavy air reached my understanding. He would not lose even one speck to a less dense atmosphere. Just then a stream of light shone through some unknown crack in the wall confirming what I had concluded. The stream of light was void of particles.

8/28/22 (noon)

I looked back at the table as he was setting a stone slab in the middle. He then picked up the bowl and with the utmost care poured out the dust in the center of the flat stone. My mind inquired of water knowing that powder had to be made into clay, but there wasn't a water pitcher or bucket anywhere that I could see.

8/29/22 (morning)

Just then His hand drew a glass bottle from a chest pocket in his tunic. It had my name on it painted in red. "I bottle every tear" he said as his eyes locked with mine in such overwhelming compassion.

Worry entered my heart for I saw how small the bottle was compared to how much water it would take to make the powder into clay. It was far from adequate. His sharp eyes pierced into mine as his mouth uttered the rebuke "Worry does not add a single day to your life. That is an inadequate ingredient is it not?" As he opened the bottle the smell of sweet incense filled the room mingling with his words "I love you". His tears joined with mine as he poured the bottle into a well he had made in the dust. "I will never forsake you". Again I found myself face down on the floor of that small room in the Potter's house.

*Is 16:9 Therefore I will bewail with the weeping of Jazer the vine of Sibmah: I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon, and Elealeh: for the shouting for thy summer fruits and for thy harvest is fallen. (See footnote-fn 3.13.26)*

Instantly he was beside me lifting me up, his left hand under my head and his right hand embracing me as he sat me gently back on the stool. “Stay with me” his eyes commanded with a promise I was not able to discern. Faith filled my heart as he walked back around to his place at the table. His strong capable hands began to gently fold the powder into the well mixing with the tears. In wonder I noticed it was the perfect amount to make the clay pliable. He had a smile of joy as he looked up again and whispered “Blessed are they whose trust is in the Lord... whose trust is the Lord.”(fn 3.14.26) In my heart I felt faith and hope rise up, but something else that I thought was lost to me. Something the brokenness had hardened me to. A tiny spark of love deep in my soul ignited in that most precious moment. In surprise, my head quickly lifted up to his intense gaze that was already upon me. Before these words finished forming in my mind they were out of my mouth: “How can this be that what was so hardened is now so pliable? And the love I had for You could ever be rekindled?”(fn 3.15.26) “My grace is sufficient. My strength is made perfect in your weakness. I loved you before you loved Me. My covenant is that of a Father and Son. (fn3.16.26) Eternal. Infinite. Secure. I never lose even one who the Father has given me.”(fn3.17.26) Were his words that danced on notes of laughter. His words added even more heaviness to the room. It was a different type of weight though. Separate than that of just air. “The Person and the breath of life. The weight of glory.” Said the Voice of rushing waters. (fn 3.18.26)

An echo of a song rose up in my soul from a distant memory:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=s6qYlf6-HQM>

8/30/22 (noon)

Within this atmosphere, in this mission, the Potter began to knead this lump of clay. I had seen and experienced potters in times past, and was waiting and bracing for Him to throw the lump on the stone and punch it through...but that was far from how He worked with the lump. He sang a song of “grace to the humble. Kindness to the broken-hearted. Deliverance to the contrite” (fn 3.19.26) as he gently pressed into the clay and rolled it out on the stone with the heels and palms of his hand. I was leaning forward on the stool with my head bowed ready to drop down on the floor again in gratefulness to this Divine Potter that had shown such mercy, grace, and kindness to my very soul. “Stay with me. I only resist the proud.” His words instantly strengthened my heart, and once more I looked up into his radiant face that was focused on His task. My soul cried another silent surrender. “I have had many dreams, Lord. Things for Your glory. Things for my family. Purposes I thought You had given me to accomplish. But they have all fell through my fingers like grains of sand. I have nothing to give. No goals to achieve for You. My life is a blank slate. Whatever You make of this lump, Lord, let it be only for You. Only for Your glory.” (fn 3.20.26) His eyes lifted toward mine in what was akin to amusement and pleasure at the same time. With a wide grin He then went back to kneading the clay which had become even more soft and pliable in His hand. Impatience made its way into my heart and my zeal cried out “What would You have me do for You Lord? There are so many things I have seen that You work through others” and I listed off all the duties of great servants and ministers and helpers that my

memory could spill out in rapid procession. His deep laughter filled the room in wave after wave, and then very quietly-with His attention still fixed on the lump-whispered "Remain awhile". (fn 3.21.26) There came over me a peace that truly passed my understanding as I remembered "Blessed are those whose trust is in the Lord...and whose trust is the Lord." (fn 3.22.26) And something else from a far distant memory that broke through into my conscious "God gives the best to those who leave the choice to Him". I settled in to wait for what this most unique Potter would do next.

8/30/22 (morning) Sitting there on that stool was not a static affair. Just as waves of peace came from the Potter's laughter, doubt came to needle my comfort. Thoughts of judgement and accusations of my own past sins were a constant plague. Discouragement started to weigh heavy on my shoulders. (fn 3.23.26) The more intentional the Potter worked on the clay, the worse I felt. I looked at His hands expecting to see the lump of clay still being kneaded but instead saw a form of a Herodian pot. I raised my eyes to His and whispered "I don't understand Lord how can this be? I do not have anything in myself that would cause this to happen. You know my heart plagued with doubt, with discouragement and unworthiness. You know I am unclean." (fn 3.24.26) "Look closer. Look deeper." As I looked longer and deeper into His eyes, I saw something that took my breath away. His mission appeared as if in a vision. His trial, beatings, sufferings, His crucifixion, His resurrection were shown consecutively but simultaneously. As if one folded on top of the other. The Voice of many waters broke through the silence "It was finished before the foundation of the world. Before time began this was My mission. An eternal plan formed in a mystery beyond creation. Outside of creation. (fn 3.25.26) Held in My love, sent in My love, accomplished in My love, revealed in My love. The Son of God, the Word of God made flesh. He is how; He is the way." (fn 3.26.26) The gentle voice of the Potter uttering the word "Look" brought my mind back to the present as He his hands paused over the clay that had the form of a lamp. I noticed that there were parts of it that had dried while sitting there. I instinctively knew those parts were the accusations, discouragement, and doubt that my own heart had fell into. I whispered "It is marred Lord. I am marred. Is there hope for it?" "Only believe" Was His voice that cut through the darkness that was holding my soul captive. Courage along with the smallest drop of hope and faith flooded my inner being as my lips formed the words "I believe, help my unbelief." My eyes again reached His and the reflection therein was on the wooden and iron tools that were resting on the linen bag on the table. "Even this I give unto you." He pointed toward the tools and linen bag and with all the authority of heaven and earth...from all eternity past, present, and future...with a Voice that shook mountains, parted seas, provided manna, sent fire from heaven, lifts up kingdoms and brings them down...with a Voice filled with holy righteousness, wrath, judgement He thundered "Look and see". By this time I was again face down on the floor unable to move as He continued "I am the Alpha and Omega. The beginning and the end. The author and perfecter of your faith. No one comes to the Father but through Me. Do you believe?" My mouth was parched, but my heart, soul and mind were in silent unison "yes Lord." Somehow I found myself embraced in His gentle and kind arms. The accusations, discouragement and doubt had fled as vapor in the wind. My voice found the strength to barely whisper "Thank you Jesus". I do not know how long He held me there. Eternity would not have been to long.

The memories again flooded through of distant times and places:

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?time\\_continue=300&v=9LR2hFP1yb4&feature=emb\\_logo](https://m.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=300&v=9LR2hFP1yb4&feature=emb_logo)

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=URh5Ne7V8HM>

8/31/22 (morning)

If a moment could be an Eternity, this was it. Tears streamed like a River down my face as I remembered the sum of my life. Every failing, every devastation, all the ways I had been broken and hurt. “I failed You Lord. You told me to give crosses to Your people and warn them of certain things, but I failed. It was as You had said, and I found myself outside of camp broken by the very hands You sent me to. I do not understand. I was bound in unforgiveness toward them, but mostly toward myself. Then my family turned against me and I did not run to You because I fell into futility. My pride was heavy upon me and I fell. You have brought me here for reasons I do not know. You have only given me a shadow of understanding. It is as Jeremiah, You have deceived me, and I was deceived. I am not asking for explanations. I am not asking for favor. Not blessings. Jesus, You don’t owe me anything. You are the maker of all things. You hold the universe together by Your Word and Spirit. All things were made by You and for You. I have no right to question in what manner You make Your vessels, but this hurts. Do with me what You will, but the cup You drink is too much for me. I cannot bear it. I am only but dust. Make me into what You want for Your glory, but Lord please do not ask me to cast this Pearl of great price before swine. My heart could not bear it. It is too precious. But even this Father, is in Your hands.” He took me back to the beginning. Not to the garden, but to the start of my life. From the very point He had set His mind on me. To the place of mystery that was ancient but not of time. How He had formed me and made me in my mothers womb and placed His breath in me. Then all at once He showed me a timeline of my life. Every mountain and valley. Every victory and failure. Every point of pain, trial, struggle, and temptation. Then He dropped a single golden bell at those certain points along the way. I was held in awe how my praise was used to tell His story in my life. “It is all for My glory. You are My praise to the Father. I have loved You beyond time, I have forgiven You from the foundation of the world.” He whispered in my ear as He sat me back on the stool.

“Look and see.” Remnants of tears clung to my eyes as I looked at the lamp. It did not look the same. The dried pieces had been removed, and my name was carved in the side. There were details about it that I could not quite explain. Sharper, more focused somehow. Before I could voice the questions forming in my mind, He took my hands in His, peered into my eyes and simply said “watch”. I knew what I was about to see had been done while being held in His

arms. At the same moment He was fully present in both places. “God with us. Immanuel.” Drifted on the weight of the air as I saw the Potter’s hand above the marred clay lamp. Parts of it had dried, but even more parts than before. It was as if the whole thing had hardened. I held my breath waiting for His hand to grab the rock hammer and begin the process of breaking the lamp back down to dust. “No, watch” His voice echoed through time softly but firmly.

From that place, His eyes locked on mine. From a place I did not see, He took a wooden chalice in His hand and put it on the table next to the wooden and iron tools laid on the dusty linen bag. My heart burst as He proclaimed “Behold, I have taken out of your hand the cup of reeling, The chalice of My anger; You will never drink it again.” and “Behold, the cup of the New Covenant”. I would have fallen on the floor again, but His arms held me tight.

The songs echoed through from before into this place of Embrace:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=IYWv-x7dtp8>

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=cCNBskv0QjA>

9/1/22

He picked the wooden and iron tools up as He slid the linen bag over and placed the clay pot on top of it. As soon as His hand touched the tools I saw Him at another table with His disciples at the place where Judas Iscariot picked up the bread revealing himself to be the betrayer. Then His walk in the garden sweating blood in surrender to the Father's will. To the place of being beaten beyond recognition before His hands and feet were nailed to the cross with iron nails. Even then His eyes were on this sparrow. I watched as the soldiers bartered for His clothes, and someone other than His beloved provided a tomb to lay His head down on a stone alter. His resurrection three days later. And the linen grave clothes covered with dust...my focus returned to the Potter who was still holding the tools of His crucifixion. My eyes found His. I did not find what was expected in the deep well of His Spirit. There was no sorrow there. “For the joy set before me I endured the cross. I paid the price for every sin you would ever commit. I died in your place to show you the heart of God. The love He has for you.” Jesus, I have read this many many times in Your Word, and I know it to be true. I know heaven is my home because You died instead of me. But what does that mean here? Please Lord, bring me into a deeper understanding of what You accomplished. What is the joy that was set before You? His eyes were dancing as He replied “To not only reveal the love of the Father, but to apply it to the hearts of all who believe. To make them into My image by great mercy and grace through the rod and staff of the Holy Spirit. Pride is the sin nature inherited from Adam. As a surgeon, My hands cut out the sin that breaks out

because of that nature. Pride causes wounds to be covered by sin hardening your heart. Repentance of not depending on Me to heal those wounds and create a new heart and spirit within you is the joy set before Me this side of the cross.” Here was the hope that had risen in my heart that urged me to cross the threshold into the Potter’s House. My whole life I had seen the vast chasm between what the Scriptures said and my own every day living. Some of the fruits of the Spirit were evident in my life, in my actions toward others. I knew that the Holy Spirit was creating newness in some areas of my life, but my hope was for so much more. How to bring every thought captive, how to cast down imaginations, how to not be irritable. Simply how to be more like Jesus than I was. How to love Him...for I did not truly see how anything I could give would ever be equal to what could be considered love. This was the hope that I still held as I looked upon the picture before me of the tools of His crucifixion in His hands, the cup of the New Covenant, and the hardened clay lamp that sat on the linen bag.

These prayer songs came back again as ripples through the course of decades and decades of my life.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=BF4r3qe1x0>

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=pkBfu-xyScw>

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=CEtsHWFE6-w>

And then I remembered His arms were holding me still in the time present. What the clay pot looked like. With all the hardened places created new.

This song rose up in my heart in a new wave of hope.

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=-68\\_QmST37U](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=-68_QmST37U)

9/2/22 (morning)

His gentle voice whispered "Watch" again. Dutifully my eyes went back to the Potter and the hardened lamp. His eyes found mine once again. He picked up the chalice and poured it over the hardened lamp. "This is the cup of my blood that was shed for the remission of your sins. It is the symbol of the seal of the fountain of the Father's love for you. My righteousness is Yours. Remember this as You drink the cup of the fruit of the vine." The hardened clay lamp became pliable again, but there were still those parts of death. He took the tools in His hand and proceeded to skillfully cut those places away. All the doubt, fear, pride was removed. As the spoiled parts dropped on the linen bag, they turned to dust. There came over me a peace that our meaning of the word does not do justice to. A weight, a burden had been lifted from me. "I carried the weight of it to the cross. It was nailed with me on that cross. The weight of all your sin and that of the world crushed my body there. All to give you what you did not possess. By My stripes you are healed. You are healed each time of the death of your sin. When you go to far astray, when you find your heart hardened, run back to this place. Remember this each time you partake of the bread, this is what I did." The Potter continued to cut away all those places that I could not get rid of myself. Then I noticed the lamp looked exactly like I saw it...now...in the present. He released my hands. He looked at me with a gaze so tender, a faithfulness that goes beyond the here and now. A joy so content that it caused a rest in my own heart, soul, and mind. With a gentle squeeze of His hand, He walked back to other side of the table. What He did next did not make sense if one knows the trade of ordinary potters, but He is, after all, not ordinary. There was a sense that I had been to this place many times before. Again I sought His eyes. Not in doubt, fear, unbelief...but in wanting His will to be done in the here and now. I saw tables after tables and different shaped vessels after vessels simultaneously throughout the course of my life. But I knew this was a picture of something bigger than myself. It was a display throughout the course of all time. He was present at each table as if it was present time. At this moment His hands again and again crushed the vessel back into a lump. Again and again the process of the prodigal repeated over and over. Suddenly, as if all points of time converged upon the here and now, my eyes refocused on His hand that now held a transparent glass jar filled with oil. "Until now you have not asked Me for anything. Ask." The text from the Scripture shown in His eyes.

Jn 14:15 "If you love me, you will keep my commandments. 16 And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Helper, to be with you forever, 17 even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it neither sees him nor knows him. You know him, for he dwells with you and will be in you."

A lifetime of conversation poured from my heart to Him in one condensed paragraph. "I don't know how to love You, Lord, and I can't keep Your commandments on my own. Here You say **if** I do those things **then** You will ask the Father to give me another Helper. But I know from all these other tables in my life that I try again and fail again. This time, Jesus, I am asking You to fill me with Your love so I can love You. For me to obey Your command of love the Lord my God with all my heart, soul, mind and strength...You have to do it through me. There is no other way." A picture of Him standing with the oil jar over the clay lamp was as if freeze framed behind the present time. Within that frame it was as if He drew all of time into Himself and once

again stepped into the present. He was speaking these words “Because I live, you also will live. In that day you will know that I am in my Father, and you in me, and I in you.” And His eyes beckoned me to “Look farther”. Instead of past tables, I saw a table set beyond now, but closer than the past. At this table, though, The Potter was in the attire and appearance that John revealed in Revelation. The Bridegroom was standing at the head of the table. The centerpieces running down this table were ornate Herodian lamps that those who were dressed in white linen had placed in front of them while seated around the table. The Master’s hand was serving each member of His Body from the same oil jar I had seen before. Only, the purest wine was flowing rather than oil. He glanced at Me as I wondered how the oil lamps had remained burning...what was the wick made of and what was the flame. He laughed and said “For such a time as this.” The future time gave way to the present. He was still there pouring the oil into the clay lamp.

With the smallest breath I said “You kept me.” He sat the jar down and was instantly in front of me. Time was nonexistent in that moment. “What you have committed to Me, I will keep unto that Day. Come away.” He took my hand in His and led me over to the other side of the table. He picked up the jar of oil and said “It will never run out. This is the Balm of Giliad. The Person of the Holy Spirit Who saturates the Word of God. He heals every wound that your fall into pride has made. He binds up the wound of My bride. He keeps her.” With those words I felt a strengthening in my entire being. Not a warmth or a tingle. Not some strange mystical feeling or manifestation. Only strength. A soundness—a *wholeness* that I had never known before. “Life and more abundantly” the Voice of many waters carried through on the Wind of time straight into this humble place of mercy, grace, and overwhelming love. He turned and His eyes shown the image of the Living Word in the symbol of the written word. “My Word stands forever. Saturated by the Holy Spirit. This covenant between My Father and I will stand true. Not one jot or tittle will be removed in this age or the next.” I saw in His eyes Ezekiel eating the scroll, I saw the scroll opened by the Word of God, The Son of God, The Lamb of God who was slain from the foundation of the world. In that place of opening, the scroll became a miniature. His hand reached backward through time to this present time. I looked inquiringly at the Potter. He said “Take it and place it in the spout of the lamp into the oil. This is the wick. This is the Word of God.” I did as He said. He looked deeply into my eyes and said “Do you trust Me?” I said “Lord, You know I do”. He repeated the same two more times, and my answer was the same still. “Why?” He asked. “I trust in You because You are my Trust. You cannot fail being the trust I need. You cannot fail being the faith I need. You cannot fail being the salvation, truth, or righteousness that I need. Jesus, I don’t want You to just give me anything. I would not be able to keep ahold of it. I commit it all to You to work it in and through my life.” His eyes laughed in a most peculiar way. “Then follow me.” He replied. Taking up the clay lamp in his left hand, and my hand in His right, His stride of determination landed us in front of the kiln. “Do you trust Me?” The conversation repeated a second time with His words “Follow Me” hanging in the heavy air. I expected Him to place me and that clay lamp through the door of the kiln, close the door, and come back later. He didn’t. As a matter of fact, He led the way...still holding that clay lamp as the most precious of possessions. He repeated "Follow Me". This time I did not hesitate as in times past. "Live or die, I am His" my heart whispered while this song echoed through the past to encourage me forward as my foot stepped through the small kiln only built for One.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=XOCYKXk9tZA>

9/2/22 (noon)

His hand kept mine as I stepped into that furnace. I marveled at how the heat nor flames were reaching me. His eyes became a reflection of where we were. He said “A gold bell on the hem of My robe. My praise to the Father.” I realized we were inside a tear shaped bell with a thread attached to His robe. I saw the wick of the clay lamp suddenly ignite. “Be still and know that I am God” the Voice of many waters came into that place like a deep fountain and filled the lamp, but the flame did not go out. “There are rivers of Living Water and the Balm of Gilead for My ministers. When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and through the rivers, they shall not overwhelm you; when you walk through fire you shall not be burned, and the flame shall not consume you. The scene changed to that of a storm ocean, and a lighthouse. You will be a strong tower in the storm.” His voice spoke in the kiln with His eyes full of strength and purpose “Listen” I stood still and listened for His voice, but He did not speak. I heard praises rising all together and all at once that I had sung from every storm and fiery trial I had been in. “God dwells in the praises of His people. I give you the song in your mouth. I raise your hands again. I strengthen you to be a strength as I did for Peter. He strengthened his brethren. Serve here in this place.” Tears welled up and I simply said “Where else can I go Lord? If I fall let it be on the grace that first brought me to You.”

This is the song I sang

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=unk0ViVyt6Y>

9/3/22 (early hours)

Here in this kiln with the fire burning hotter in my soul than outside the bell, I looked at Him as these silent words rose up from my heart. “Lord, I do not have the love You require me to have for them still. Your commandment is love others as myself, but here and now I do not have love for myself either. You say in Your Word that without love I could be as a clanging cymbal no matter what gift You give me to serve others with. I cannot conjure this up. I cannot pretend or go through the motions. You know my struggle with it all in this place. You know my circumstances because You have placed me here. These times are getting darker and I do not want to grow cold.” “Listen. See” came His silent reply. I looked down at the lamp in His hand. It had formed a crack from the base to the top. The Voice of many waters filled the area inside the bell. “Confess your sins and I am faithful to forgive and cleanse from all unrighteousness.” I listened and saw as the crack was repaired before my eyes from the inside. The balm of Gilead and the Living Water worked in a mysterious way. I lifted my eyes to My Savior and whispered “How can this be?” “Look again” His eyes urged. I saw the lamp as a reflection in His eyes. The

flame grew brighter and stronger the longer it was in the kiln. But then I saw myself in those past times of trial, fires, storms tribulations where my love had grown cold, where my response to the difficult and trying situation was not reflective of Him. “What is different here?” His voice brought me back to this present moment. I smiled as an understanding, a remembering, a memory rushed into reality. “I am not asking You to help me do anything like me giving a helping hand to someone. I’m asking for You to be who You are in me.” “Yes, but there is something here. I am not just using you for a vessel so My glory can be seen. You in yourself are My glory. I am creating within you My glory.” With these words something changed inside my own self. Whether heart or soul or mind I cannot say. Maybe the whole. In this iota of time I knew I could never reach the end of His revelations about Who He is. That I would never know Him completely in all He is. He laughed “The depths of My love for you and in you are immeasurable. When you stumble, when you fall, there is nothing that separates My love for you. Even when you do not feel it, even when you cannot see. I will always draw you back to this place. My promise is as solid as the stone slab I fashioned this lamp on. Lean on Me. Look to Me. Depend on Me. Loving Me is allowing Me to love You...to be your all in all. This is how you love yourself: by not depending on yourself but on Me. You love others by not depending on yourself, but on Me and Me alone for all that you need.” As I have said so many times and so many ways through decades to my King, my simple heartfelt surrendered reply: “Ok, Lord” brought a certain delight to His eyes as His embrace took us back into the Potters House.

In this timeless moment my heart began to

sing: <https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Ti2Eox4Yscw&pp=ygUeeW91ciBsb3ZlIG5ldmVyIGZhaWxzIGFjb3VzdGlj>

and

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=72L-bDOozNY>

and

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=1IsRiMN-g0s>

His hands on my shoulders, His eyes again like a stormy ocean said “All of this that I’ve shown you do before this:

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=61Wm\\_qlVD4Q](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=61Wm_qlVD4Q)

No matter how long it takes. No matter the pull from others. No matter who comes or goes. Who stays or leaves. No matter the storms or the fire. This House is the place of abiding.”

9/3/22 (mid morning)

Words from the Word of God tumbled through my mind into my heart. "Abide in My love. Abide in Me and I will abide in you." I glanced at the door that had somehow become closed but I did not recall when. "Are You sending me out there again, Lord? Am I to gather the broken pieces of the Potters Field and bring them to You as I have before? You know my life's story better than I do." He cupped my face in His hands and, with that peculiar amusement in His eyes, whispered "Am I sovereign?" "Yes Lord You are sovereign." He asked the question two more times with the same answer again and again. "I close doors that no one can open and open doors that no one can close." He said with the force of all authority in the gentle song of a turtledove as He ushered me, to my surprise, back over to the stool. "Abide here awhile" the Voice of many waters fell like rain through the dense air.

9/4/22

I watched as the Potter walked around the table and sat the lamp in the middle on the stone slab. A smile came to me when I saw it was ornate as those at the table wearing white. I sought His eyes as His voice spoke from Ps 119. "My Word is a lamp to your feet and a light to your path." Then another passage of scripture rose up in my memory from Revelation "They will overcome by the Blood of the Lamb and their testimony." "Look closer" His eyes pierced into mine as the words were shown "And the dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Suddenly I understood and there rose a sorrow from deep within my soul. "Jesus, we have been making it all about our own story. Our own testimony instead of Your Word." I saw the reflection of the lamp again in His eyes. There was incense rising from the flame. "Look and see. Hear and understand." His Voice of many waters broke through filling the air with even more weight than before. I saw the scroll being lifted out of the lamp. The flame went cold. The lamp hardened. Then the scroll was put back into the spout, and the oil saturated it...then the lamp was placed back into the fire. The flame reignited. Then I saw the smoke of incense of prayers disappear from the flame. The Living Water and Balm of Gilead slowly decreased until the lamp became dry, the flame went out, and the lamp turned hard. His eyes again focused on mine. It was that moment I understood. I knew what this Most Unique Potter was showing me. It was as if His eyes were speaking to my very heart "The blood of the Lamb is the forgiveness of sin. The word of My testimony is the written Word of God and the teaching, preaching, eating, living of it. The more of the Word that is consumed, and the incense of prayer offered unto this Holy God, the fuller the lamp will be of the Holy Spirit." His voice broke into the here and now. "Stay. Abide. Abide in the Word, abide in prayer and abide in worship in spirit and truth. This is the way--the only way--to keep your lamp full of oil, Living Water, and lit for what I have and am calling you to do."

This rose up from the well of my soul to this Worthy King of kings:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=hols3wsTeug>

He called my name. I looked up into the vast well of His eyes. He spoke these words: This is the picture of what I am doing and what I am continuing to do. Ep 5:"[26](#)that he might sanctify her, having cleansed her by the washing of water with the word, [27](#)so that he might present the church to himself in splendor, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, that she might be holy and without blemish."

My thoughts went to how we are crying out for revival in this land in the here and now. "Oh Lord, leave us not in this state of hardness" my heart cried out its broken hallelujah.

9/5/22 (morning)

There was another cry in my heart to the Potter. "We are not perfect though Lord. We are still hardened in areas. Pride rises up in us. It is never ending. What will You come back to Jesus? You said a spotless bride holy without blemish. Will anyone be good enough, will I be good enough? Your standard I cannot meet. From the least of sin to the greatest I am guilty. Each day I live there is something I am guilty of. I know You paid the price for all of it, but to be made clean completely seems so far out of reach. So impossible. What does it mean then Jesus, for I know that You do not lie." His eyes flashed, but not in anger, but in a strength of accomplishment. "It is finished. Living this gospel, this process, makes you holy and perfect. It makes you and you are made. As time was folded, and unfolded, into itself and I stepped into it..it was complete. The lamp is ornate. Seen as ornate. As it lives this holy life of the gospel. Not once, twice, or three times, but **abiding** therein." Instinctively I knew what He was saying was a part mystery. My eyes saw the Covenant between Father and Son in the place Eternal, His thoughts that formed me in my mothers womb, His hands that gently beyond words gathered the shattered fragments of my soul, where His body was broken and His blood ran red, and my ornate lamp sitting on the table at the wedding feast being presented to my worthy King of kings, my Kinsman Redeemer. His eyes spoke silently in that space of the here and now. "Were you worthy to be formed in My thoughts, fashioned fearfully and wonderfully in your mothers womb? Were you worthy of My love for you then? Were you worthy of My love for you when Immanuel stepped into time and space to die in your place? Are you worthy of My love here to be kept for this time and place?" He paused as the weight of the questions began to form a more complete answer to the deeper question my heart longed for. An understanding, more than

wisdom or knowledge of man's reasoning, was clear but shrouded in mystery...almost beyond explanation...where identifying it would only be in part not the whole. With this, my voice barely a whisper, from the very depths of my heart came the words "No, I am not worthy of Your love. We all with unclean lips are here in this place, at this moment. Time is like a vapor in the wind." His inquiry continued as the picture in His eyes reflected the table of the Wedding Feast. "And are you worthy in this place? Who is serving the cup of eternal life?" With this question—it was as if scales dropped from my eyes, and in a voice that has had a hope and dream fulfilled my heart, mind and soul simply, with a sincerity beyond my own ability, cried "No, I am not worthy in this place, Jesus, You pour the wine of eternal life in my cup." Then an extraordinary thing happened. In this whole of time and space in this Most Unique Potter's House, it was He who came to me. Walked around the table, picked me up, held my hand, embraced me. He found me and stepped through time and space to walk with me, and talk with me as in the garden. But what occurred next may be unlawful to utter, but then again, this is for this time and place...

In the reflection of His eyes I saw Him at the head of the table. His eyes captured mine in a gaze of strength and love unimaginable. He reached out His hand and commanded with all authority from that Eternal Voice from beyond all creation "Come away, My Beloved". It was as if time folded again. I do not recall walking toward Him or He walking toward me, but there I was in His embrace. This same Son of God, Word of God, This same Savior, Potter, This same King, had now become my all in all. His laughter giving life to the weight of the air in the Potter's House brought me back to the here and now, with a longing unfulfilled, that answer that my whole being longed for. A question that has been on the hearts and minds of every human being since creation. There was something inside myself that said it is unlawful to ask here. This moment is too holy, too precious, and I am too unworthy, too small for such a holy, infinite, omniscient, mighty God to even consider answering one such as me...

With the hand of a Father, He placed His encouraging hand on my shoulder. Without my recollection He had walked around that Potter's table to embrace me again while I had been with Him at the Wedding table. His Voice of many waters whispered in my ear "Until now you have not asked Me anything. Ask". With a deep shaking breath of a baby that was recovering from a long cry, my whole being asked the question "Why Father?". It was not a question of why do I suffer, for that had been answered. It was not a question of His sovereignty, or any of the other attributes identified and described by men through the ages in order to grasp an iota of the innumerable quantity of Who He is. It was not a demand. It was something like an emptiness that required nothing less than His answer, and His alone. "Why create anything, Father, if in Your own Self...in the infinite Godhead...in the three Persons, One God that You are...You are complete and perfect not lacking anything...why am I here?" I was again back in the embrace of The Kinsman Redeemer. "Look and see. Hear and know." His gentle voice carried as an echo through the waves of time and space. Again, with trembling I lifted my eyes to His. I saw a well worn Bible in His eyes. The pages turned as a fan from Genesis through to Revelation. "To reveal Who I Am. To be a witness and a testimony that I am God and there is no other." It

seemed as if my mind was pulling passages from the scriptures. Like the words were floating up in suspension on this heavy air above the wooden table in the Potters House, but I was embraced by my Kinsman Redeemer.

I closed my eyes and this sound came through like the wings of a dove that carried these words:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=o94NRMixDPE>

I opened my eyes, and I was back in the Potter's embrace. In this humble place. With the air thick with incense, the ornate lamp sitting on the stone slab, the Herodian lamps on shelves floor to ceiling and those filling the rooms beyond, the humble hand mill, the tools of wood and iron on a dusty linen bag, the stone Potters wheel, a small kiln, and a simple wood stool. A joy was born somewhere deep in my heart, or soul or mind...perhaps the whole... that bubbled up my mouth in complete uncontrollable waves of laughter that would have been scandalous had the Potter's voice not been joining mine. "But, You, the Face of God, would work in this humble dwelling, would walk alongside me in this place, would keep me before, now, and for always." I searched His eyes again. The picture of the Bible on the table above the ornate lamp with scriptures suspended in the heavy air was reflected in His eyes as my heart began to sing

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=1CBNE25rtnE>

John 1:1-5 NIV

### **The Word Became Flesh**

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was with God in the beginning. Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. In him was life, and that life was the light of all mankind. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

Is 40:9-31 The Greatness of God

9/6/22

An understanding rose up in me at that moment. The Word of God from the Eternal Word of God became flesh. His Word was written before anything that was created was created. His Word stands through all of time, space, and throughout infinity.

My soul has always searched for a deeper walk with my Savior and Lord. Without my knowing how or when, He had led me here to this place and fulfilled that secret desire that had driven me into desert places and deep waters, into places of terror and pain, places of joy and sorrow, places of pride and humility, down roads of selfishness and selflessness. But here in this humble place

is where I have known Him more. He took my hand, interrupting my thoughts, and quietly said “Come and sit awhile”. I looked into His eyes questioning because I thought He was going to usher me out the door with some great mission to accomplish for Him. To spread the good news or do some other good work for His glory. That peculiar amusement and delight was all I saw in His countenance as my heart whispered the all familiar words “Ok Lord”. He again ushered me back to the wooden stool. My eyes fell on the stone Potter’s wheel with an inquisitive glance before lifting to see what He was going to do next. In His eyes I saw the picture of the different vessels He had shaped out of this lump of clay before the shattered fragments were found by His hand. The original, or first, mound of dust mixed with my tears and His. The kneading, but there was tossing to and fro and punching then by His strong hand. The Potter’s wheel that spun the clay into a shape that, along with the other shapes through my life, was somehow working for His glory. There were those questions again rising in my heart almost spilling out when His voice interrupted with “I save the best wine for last.” His eyes reflected the Herodian lamps on shelves that were as ornaments from floor to ceiling in the small room where I sat. His eyes asked “What do you see?” “Ordinary clay lamps” was my simple reply. The Voice of many waters rose from the deep well in His eyes beckoning me to “Look closer still”. In His eyes I saw the wall behind Him filled floor to ceiling with the ordinary Herodian lamps placed on the shelves. A sorrow filled my heart for a reason I could not discern at the time. An anguish that many ministers of the Lord had penned through centuries and ages.

Paul came to my remembrance, and I was comforted by his words

Rom 9:1-3 I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, That I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh:

And Jesus words in Red superseded that comfort even more

Mark 7:4-6 And Jesus said to them, “A prophet is not without honor, except in his hometown and among his relatives and in his own household.” And he could do no mighty work there, except that he laid his hands on a few sick people and healed them. And he marveled because of their unbelief.

Tears flowed with a silent voice and an anguished heart. My focus returned back to the Potter standing in front of the table where the ornate lamp sat. “This burden is too much for me Lord.” I said from that innermost place of deep suffering. Somehow it was as if there was no distance between us as He reached His hand toward me and said “Come”. I placed my hand in His and walked around the table to where He was. He pointed at one particular lamp that was closest to

my heart and said “Pick it up and give it to Me”. I placed my hand on that lamp and tried to lift it from its shelf. It was heavy, so I attempted with both hands. The lamp seemed to be made of the most dense hardest clay known on heaven or on earth. It would not budge even a centimeter. I looked at the Potter and with waves of anguish my heart cried “It is too heavy, Lord. It will not move. I cannot lift it. I cannot carry it. But I cannot leave it.”

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As I fell straight into His open arms. In a voice barely audible He said “Do you trust Me?” “Yes Lord, I trust You.” I managed a shaky reply. He repeated the question two more times with the same answer again and again. “Why?” He asked as He lifted my head to peer into my eyes. With a deep breath, everything I am replied “Because You are my trust.” His smile reached my heart and I was strengthened. I saw our reflection in His eyes. He placed His hand over mine, and reached for the lamp. It was as light as a feather in His hand. He brought the lamp between us with His hands under mine holding the precious prize as gentle as the feathers of a mother bird holds its chicks. I was still looking into His eyes when His voice whispered “Look and see”. My eyes fell onto the lamp we held in our hands, and what I saw was beyond believe if I had not witnessed it with my own eyes. A most ornate pot my eyes have ever seen. I looked back into the Potter’s eyes with a joy inexpressible. My tears turned from sorrow to joy in that split second of time. I turned my gaze back into His eyes as the reflection showed Him placing the lamp back on the shelf, where it again turned into a heavy, dense, ordinary lamp. “Look closer” came the Voice of many waters from the depth of His eyes. I fixed my sight on that lamp. On the side I saw my Kinsman Redeemer lifting the ornate lamp it had become from out of the Potter’s hand. With a gasp of hope and wonder I breathed with another deep sigh “You kept what I committed to You until that Day.” “Yes, I do not lose even one vessel My Father has given Me. Not one fragment is lost. Not one speck of dust is carried away.” The Potter spoke with all the authority of the Kinsman Redeemer with the Voice of many waters, and the great love of the Father from all eternity. If a Potter could be surprised, if the Son of God could be surprised by joy (if it would not be heretical to consider)...my laughter that came in sobs of joy as my arms wrapped around Him in gratitude that knew no end...could have possibly been the very thing that would have prompted a surprise reaction. That is, if it would have been anyone else other than the King of kings dressed in the humble attire of the Most Unique Potter.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=FPXN3LHtybg>

9/7/22 (morning)

In that embrace I remembered all the promises I know He made about my family and those who were as family throughout my life. Some had come to pass, but there were those...those that meant more and were so much more precious and meaningful than any prior promise fulfilled...that He had left undone. My soul cried out to Him “Shattered dreams and broken promises, Lord. But even in this place, I am as David.

Ps 55:20-23

20 He has put forth his hands against those who were at peace with him; He has broken his covenant.

21 The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, But war was in his heart; His words were softer than oil, Yet they were drawn swords.

22 Cast your burden on the Lord, And He shall sustain you; He shall never permit the righteous to be moved.

23 But You, O God, shall bring them down to the pit of destruction; Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; But I will trust in You.

“But even this, Lord, was brought by Your hand. You set my soul in a pit. In a prison made by Your own hands. What are Your vessels but merely clay in Your hands.

When I look upon them I see they do not know what they are doing, for You alone hold the knowledge of what You devised. So, Lord, what am I to do in this place? To be held in a space of unforgiveness? To be held in the space of accusing You, my Savior, King, and God, of unrighteousness? May You take my very life this day, this minute if that is in my heart. But, what then, Lord, can I do in this embrace but only place it all on my own sin. My own unrighteousness that birthed this somehow, for I will not credit Your hand with an evil done. As David I wish I were truly as a bird and could fly away from this place. And as Jonah be held in the pleasant places under the shade tree and give it all over to the futility of Your sovereignty.” My heart spilled out toward Him in a desperate plea of what I did not even know. He did not say a word. Fire did not consume me there. He did not rebuke or crush me in this place where human meets a Holy Righteous God. He made room for me to have my say, and to state my case. To reason and wrestle with His sovereignty and omniscience. Then when I fell silent His unspoken words came in as a flood from a past memory of Calvary. “Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do.” And from Joseph “They meant it for evil, but God meant it for good” and Paul walking through the suffering for the testimony of the word of God...For His glory.” Instead of tears of brokenness, something of endurance was born inside my soul, perseverance in my heart, and a hint of patience in my mind. “Jesus, You even give me these”. Just when I thought I would fade away, You have kept me again, for another day-another hour-another minute. What can I do, Lord, but know that You are working it all out for Your glory and the good of Your testimony here in my heart, mind, and soul.”

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=6a0LqphV2hg>

In this place, the Potter cupped my face in His hands and His eyes spoke in that all familiar Sovereign Voice “Even when the powers of hell work a mysterious work through those you love, through those who I have placed around You—even when the schemes of men and the enemy of your soul have brought an evil upon you—by and through and in allowance of My hand—do you not know by now, My child, that there is nothing in the deepest hell or the highest heaven, nothing below or above, nothing in heaven, on earth, nor beneath the earth that will...and I declare even now in this place...separate you from My love. That will not bow and confess that I am God and there is no other. You were made by Me and for Me. Will You trust Me even here in this place? Will You count Me as sovereign even here in this moment?” “Father, it is not only hard, but impossible to kick against You even here. For I know the love You have for me is something beyond my current situation and circumstances. So, every piece of armor of my own strength I lay down here at the feet of Your Son, my Savior, my Potter, my Jesus, and plead my weakness as Your strength to see me through this thing You have called me to do.” Within the eyes of this Most Unique Potter I saw the whole of the Herodian lamps that decorated the wall light up in a concert of ornate beauty before my eyes. His voice whispered in my ear “It is all for My glory, and then I saw the Kinsman Redeemer at the head of the table with His arms outstretched in front of Him as He promised “And for the glory that will be revealed at the coming of the Son of Man and the Son of God when the Sons of God are restored to their rightful glory through the blood of the Lamb”. With a sense of purpose and meaning that I knew was far beyond myself, I dropped my head in honor and respect toward this Mystery that I knew but could not see, that I heard but could not fully grasp with my limited finite mind. Within these thoughts, He whispered “look and see” into my ear. Hesitantly, as if I was encroaching on something beyond myself, I looked back into His eyes. There was only darkness, but not any shadow of foreboding. Not of terror or deadness. Something as of a nightingale singing out mysteries that it was unaware of. Within the darkness the song was only to her Maker, but the meaning beyond that was veiled to her eyes. “This is how I hold You. Your understanding is only a shadow of My thoughts toward you and through you.” With these words the Potter brought me back to the present time: “As if peering through a glass darkly, so you are.” A place of purpose was born in the wholeness, completeness of that moment where it was as if eternity had met time. “Thank you Jesus for keeping me. Thank you for giving me an eternal perspective in this most finite place.”

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ZB0ReTpA6Gg>

“I am sorry Father, that I held Your sovereignty as futility instead of hope that You were not working evil for evil, but Your plan was to show the way of good out of the evil. If the darkness is the same as light to You, then even here, even in this I will believe that You are my faith that You will reveal Your goodness out of it. That You are working goodness out of the evil day.

Praise You Father that You are in the eye of the storm, and beyond that even, You are the storm so I will not fear. Thank you Jesus Amen”

9/8/22

The Potter brought me back to this time and space with the words “Do all things as unto God and not unto men”. My thoughts had been on humility and pride. My innermost prayer to my Savior and Lord were those of asking for true humility, for “I know my heart Lord. I know there is a deceiving way of humility that is cloaked in pride which my soul knows very well. That of being a servant for those who are Your own above being Your servant. Above doing what You say out of devotion, worship, and focus on You rather than focus on who You send me to minister to.” This was the question I had placed before my Lord. His hand turned me toward the opposite wall in this humble, small Potters House where ordinary lamps were as an ornament from floor to ceiling on wooden shelves. “What do you see?” His soft voice had taken on a different element of which I had not heard in His dealing with me so far in this place of reckoning, of reconciliation and creating my own lamp into what He wanted it to be. I hesitated and looked again in His eyes. “Can I go out the door? Now that You have shown me these things on the other wall, can I work with them Lord? Would You send me that way?” His eyes told the story of a sifting that He had done through the ages. Of judgement and mercy, of righteousness and grace. The picture of my own wandering from Him and His strong hand upon me bringing me back here to this place. His Voice of many waters broke through the denseness of the air into my very heart. “You May go there, but I will not go with You. You may stay there, but the works will be of your own hand. You may be seen at the side of the Kinsman Redeemer with a penny hidden away and buried.” A great chasm was reflected in His eyes between the left wall and the right. In my own soberness of mind and soul I said “But I have tried before Lord in so many ways and means. You have sent me there again and again. It is Nineveh isn’t it?” An ache, a sorrow, an anguish rose from the very center of my heart. He wrapped me in His arms and whispered “This is where My heart is breaking. This is where My place for you is.”

A cry, a breaking came from deep in my heart or maybe from His heart. There was a sorrow that I knew I could never fully join in for if it were possible, my lamp would melt into nothing. My mind went back to the wall of concert if the various ornate lamps He had promised. And the depths of my anguish over them. He placed His hands on my shoulders and with a measure of pain He knew my heart could withstand said

Mat 23:1 Then Jesus said to the crowds and to his disciples, 2 “The scribes and the Pharisees sit on Moses’ seat, 3 so do and observe whatever they tell you, but not the works they do. For they preach, but do not practice. 4 They tie up heavy burdens, hard to bear, and lay them on people’s shoulders, but they themselves are not willing to move them with their finger. 5 They do all their deeds to be seen by others. For they make their phylacteries broad and their fringes long, 6 and they love the place of honor at feasts and the best seats in the synagogues 7 and greetings in the marketplaces and being called rabbi by others. 8 But you are not to be called rabbi, for you have

one teacher, and you are all brothers. 9And call no man your father on earth, for you have one Father, who is in heaven. 10Neither be called instructors, for you have one instructor, the Christ. 11The greatest among you shall be your servant. 12Whoever exalts himself will be humbled, and whoever humbles himself will be exalted.

13“But woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you shut the kingdom of heaven in people’s faces. For you neither enter yourselves nor allow those who would enter to go in. 15Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you travel across sea and land to make a single proselyte, and when he becomes a proselyte, you make him twice as much a child of hell as yourselves.

16“Woe to you, blind guides, who say, ‘If anyone swears by the temple, it is nothing, but if anyone swears by the gold of the temple, he is bound by his oath.’ 17You blind fools! For which is greater, the gold or the temple that has made the gold sacred? 18And you say, ‘If anyone swears by the altar, it is nothing, but if anyone swears by the gift that is on the altar, he is bound by his oath.’ 19You blind men! For which is greater, the gift or the altar that makes the gift sacred? 20So whoever swears by the altar swears by it and by everything on it. 21And whoever swears by the temple swears by it and by him who dwells in it. 22And whoever swears by heaven swears by the throne of God and by him who sits upon it.

23“Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you tithe mint and dill and cumin, and have neglected the weightier matters of the law: justice and mercy and faithfulness. These you ought to have done, without neglecting the others. 24You blind guides, straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel!

25“Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you clean the outside of the cup and the plate, but inside they are full of greed and self-indulgence. 26You blind Pharisee! First clean the inside of the cup and the plate, that the outside also may be clean.

27“Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you are like whitewashed tombs, which outwardly appear beautiful, but within are full of dead people’s bones and all uncleanness. 28So you also outwardly appear righteous to others, but within you are full of hypocrisy and lawlessness.

29“Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you build the tombs of the prophets and decorate the monuments of the righteous, 30saying, ‘If we had lived in the days of our fathers, we would not have taken part with them in shedding the blood of the prophets.’ 31Thus you witness against yourselves that you are sons of those who murdered the prophets. 32Fill up, then, the measure of your fathers. 33You serpents, you brood of vipers, how are you to escape being sentenced to hell? 34Therefore I send you prophets and wise men and scribes, some of whom you will kill and crucify, and some you will flog in your synagogues and persecute from town to town, 35so that on you may come all the righteous blood shed on earth, from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zechariah the son of Barachiah, whom you murdered between the sanctuary and the altar. 36Truly, I say to you, all these things will come upon this generation.

### Lament over Jerusalem

37“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city that kills the prophets and stones those who are sent to it! How often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you were not willing! 38See, your house is left to you desolate. 39For I tell you, you will not see me again, until you say, ‘Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.’”

And this:

Jer 6

Judah’s Constant Rebellion

10To whom can I give warning?

Who will listen when I speak?

Their ears are closed,

and they cannot hear.

They scorn the word of the LORD.

They don’t want to listen at all.

11So now I am filled with the LORD’s fury.

Yes, I am tired of holding it in!

“I will pour out my fury on children playing in the streets  
and on gatherings of young men,  
on husbands and wives  
and on those who are old and gray.

12 Their homes will be turned over to their enemies,  
as will their fields and their wives.

For I will raise my powerful fist  
against the people of this land,”  
says the LORD.

13 “From the least to the greatest,  
their lives are ruled by greed.

From prophets to priests,  
they are all frauds.

14 They offer superficial treatments  
for my people’s mortal wound.

They give assurances of peace  
when there is no peace.

15 Are they ashamed of their disgusting actions?  
Not at all—they don’t even know how to blush!  
Therefore, they will lie among the slaughtered.  
They will be brought down when I punish them,”  
says the LORD.

16 This is what the LORD says:

“Stop at the crossroads and look around.

Ask for the old, godly way, and walk in it.

Travel its path, and you will find rest for your souls.

But you reply, ‘No, that’s not the road we want!’

17 I posted watchmen over you who said,

‘Listen for the sound of the alarm.’

But you replied,

‘No! We won’t pay attention!’

18 “Therefore, listen to this, all you nations.

Take note of my people’s situation.

19 Listen, all the earth!

I will bring disaster on my people.

It is the fruit of their own schemes,

because they refuse to listen to me.

They have rejected my word.

20 There’s no use offering me sweet frankincense from Sheba.

Keep your fragrant calamus imported from distant lands!

I will not accept your burnt offerings.

Your sacrifices have no pleasing aroma for me.”

21 Therefore, this is what the LORD says:

“I will put obstacles in my people’s path.

Fathers and sons will both fall over them.

Neighbors and friends will die together.”

22 This is what the LORD says:

“Look! A great army coming from the north!

A great nation is rising against you from far-off lands.

23 They are armed with bows and spears.

They are cruel and show no mercy.

They sound like a roaring sea

as they ride forward on horses.

They are coming in battle formation,

planning to destroy you, beautiful Jerusalem.”

I saw the chasm come together with a mighty shaking. My grip grew tighter around this Potter. Tears welled up in my eyes as My heart cried “Father, is there not a man of God that You could use instead? Someone after Your own heart? Someone more influential that they would listen? That they would see? I am not resisting in wanting Your will and way to be done, Jesus, only I am not as Elijah or Moses. I am not as Paul or Peter. I am not as Spurgeon or Luther or Wesley or any number of Your servants through the ages. Who am I Lord? You say the chasm between me and those on this wall to the left and those there on the right will be nothing. How can I show them Lord what I see that would make any difference? Who am I that they would listen? You know my heart and life better than I do, Lord. Would You have me again sitting as Jonah in futility? Not as in anger of repentance but in anger of how they are desecrating Your name. Of holding precious and weightier things of Your heart in lightness. This is where my heart is my Potter. Your word is spoken but held lightly. They mix the nothingness with a larger measure than Your severity that would usher in mercy, grace, and the oil and the Living Water into their very lamps. What then, Lord would You have me do? For I am only a drop, a small speck in the grandness of it. Please do not ask me to sit in the seat of judgment upon them. Bring them back to You, Jesus.” His arms held me still "Judgement begins in My house. What do I have to do with a wicked society when My bride is swarthy?"

His face turned tender as He gazed into my eyes and the weight of His words were as an eternity in the making “I love You with an everlasting love. The place you were to this place of reckoning, to this very time is for all I call My own. Would you that I come with a rod or a staff? This sifting you have walked through us but a foreshadow of what I am doing and what I will do.

My plans are righteous. They are holy to make a holy bride.” The Voice of many waters fell again through the weight of the air “Watch and see. Listen and know”. My eyes had fallen down in a remnant of shame and regret. Of repentance again of where I was and where He was now holding me. His gentle hand lifted my head up to His eyes which had the purest love and patience beyond what any lift or eloquent words could describe. “Are you in Me and I in you? Have I walked you through your life? Have I made all crooks in the lot straight? Am I your Savior, Potter, King, Kinsman Redeemer? Have I shown you the wall of treasure with promises that will not be broken? Have I quieted your fears, destroyed the pride, and created within you a clean heart and a renewed a right spirit? Can you see where you were is not where you are?” I knew the answer to every question He asked was “Yes Lord”. His eyes asked one other question of me “then what have you to say to these remembrances that creep in like a plague?” My answer seemed to come from a place outside myself, but inside. With all assurance I found myself standing in the truth He had spoken in that time long ago. That eternal place of the Father in the Son and in the Holy Spirit. The complete and holy Godhead thundered His reply along with my whisper of “There is now no condemnation in Christ Jesus.” This strengthened my inner man in a way that I cannot explain. A mystery of infinite worth. A place that I longed for on the horizon, but was spread in my heart, soul, and mind in this humble place. My eyes asked the question He already knew. “This is your deposit. The promise of things to come. The strength to see you through. The Helper between now and then and for infinity beyond what you can see.”

9/8/22(afternoon)

I turned around and saw the ordinary lamps on the shelves adorning the right wall. The Potter’s voice directed “Go and light all you see that have the Word of God as their wick.” I walked over to the table and picked up the lamp that was in the center on the stone slab. Walking over to the right hand wall with more confidence than I possessed in myself, my eyes searched for those lamps that kept the Word of God as their wick. My heart sank when I could only find one. I looked back at the Potter who had followed me without me knowing it. “All you have is enough”. Came His reply as His hand rested on my shoulder. “Ok Lord.” I lit the wick with my lamp and turned again to look at the Potter. His eyes showed a reflection of that lamp becoming ornate immediately, then it was as if the whole wall lit up spontaneously all at once. My eyes held the question as I looked closer and saw the sides of every lamp a running picture of the Potter at His work of making them new just like I saw those on the left hand wall. I looked at the one I had lit and saw the Kinsman Redeemer. He locked eyes with me and said “Fear not, I do not lose even one.” Within His eyes I saw those lamps on the right wall move as an army toward the arched wall off the small room I was standing in. In surprise with a drop of confusion I looked back at the Potter again. “They listened?” My eyes welling with tears at His quiet reply. “One did, then many.”

9/10/22(morning)

My mind was shaping questions about this group of lamps. Who were they and how I could make a difference. There was a reflection in His eyes of a vast many lamps at this Potter's House with the various tools of His trade. "There are talents I give, I make one this way and another that way. This one's flame from the Word of God is not the same as that." His eyes reflected on the group gathered in front of the door. "These are those I call you to minister to. To use the Living Water and the balm of Gilead in your lamp to encourage, edify, correct, and intercede for with the gifts I have given you for the purpose of finding the lost." There was a weight on my heart as I glanced at the closed door. There was a joy and honor rising in my heart at His words but also a pang of grief at the sense of what I did not quite understand. Then I remembered the Potter's Field where He had found me and carried me to this place. "But what of these?" I asked Him. "When I knock at the door with one of these, take them in as you always have. I will guide you as I always have." My heart settled as the reflection in His eyes fell on the ones standing in front of the arched doorway. "These are those who are an addition to—not a replacement of. The Voice of many waters again fell like rain into my ears "Minister to My ministers and feed My sheep." I understood that these were the ministers and ministries that I would be apart of doing my part in something much larger than my own self, much more meaningful than my own small door that I had wanted to return to, a purpose and meaning that I had sensed when my foot crossed the threshold of the Potter's House. His voice "Look and see" brought my attention back to the reflection in His eyes where I saw again many lamps coming to the Potter's House. "Where do these come from?" Was the question I whispered in awe at the number of them. I saw the open archway and the rooms and rooms of Herodian lamps sitting on shelves. "The harvest field, the valley of decision." His voice whispered in my ear. I replied in wonder "But these are those from the current past clear until time began?" "Watch" He said in His familiar way. I saw a picture of these pots and rooms in His eyes suspended above the House. The same picture appeared to the right of it. Then as if time and space folded into each other, the left picture moved below the right picture as if the right side became superimposed above the left side. The pictures were transparent allowing me to see the left "below and in" the right side. This single picture then dropped back into the Potter's House. "From the here and now until the end of the age." I heard the Voice of many waters proclaim through the dense atmosphere of the humble room I was standing in with this Most Unique Potter.

My heart was held in worship singing this song to my King and Savior.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=aubhF8W6zIQ>

In His eyes I saw the Kinsman Redeemer at the head of the table. He stepped down just beyond the threshold of the arched doorway with His face facing out toward these ordinary clay Herodian lamps. He turned and looked at me and with all authority of heaven and earth, with all the power of The Voice of many waters, ordered "Come, follow Me. I will show you great and marvelous things". I followed Him and the scene changed. "The seals of Revelation" the Potter

whispered in my ear. There were scenes of devastation, fires engulfing areas, prison camps, beheadings, earthquakes, tornadoes, famines. A picture of Buddha and Satanism rising simultaneously above all the suffering and horrible acts of mankind as the times grew more and more violent. More and more dark. The Kinsman Redeemer stopped and turned to look at me. I was expecting Him to say "Do you trust Me", but instead He said "I will keep you. You will stay faithful through it all. It is all for Me and by Me. I do not lose even one My Father has given me." As He said the words I realized my heart was not gripped with fear. There was a compassion but not the overwhelming grief of futility and hopelessness that had caused me to fall in times past. Suddenly I was back standing behind the group on the other side of the threshold embraced in the arms of the Potter. "This is the patience of the saints" He whispered in my ear. "The harvest is plenty but the workers are few. Stay in this place." Wrapped in the arms of my Savior, I simply said "Ok Lord".

And yet another prayer song rose from my heart to my Worthy King of kings and to my Father who fills my lamp with the Holy Spirit. He who fills my mouth with worship and praise. He who causes the prayers as incense to rise to the very heart of God in all that He is. He who bottles my tears for a purpose and joy beyond what I can fully understand in His sovereign will.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=HTjIvH76zMU&list=RDHTjIvH76zMU&index=1>

An understanding came from deep within. In this humble place where it seemed as if my heart was singing something akin to Psalm 139. Where I had only saw a prison, a place where the door was closed that no one could open, He had led me to a place where the door He had opened could never be closed. In this place I turned my face to His. And there was a joy we shared that, I was sure, others had known, and others would know...right here in the Potter's House

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=bDnA\\_coA168&list=RDHTjIvH76zMU&index=7](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=bDnA_coA168&list=RDHTjIvH76zMU&index=7)

9/14/22

The one lamp on the left wall in the small room caught my attention. The one that was closest to my heart that He had shown was the most ornate. As I looked at that lamp, my heart held a joyful sorrow as I knew His faithfulness. His voice whispered "I hold them all in My hand." As He turned me around to face the rooms beyond the thresholds, I saw the picture of Buddha that was suspended above the ordinary lamps. I had seen this rise up in the churches many times in my past. The Potter placed His hand on my shoulder and gently said "Look and see" as He turned

me toward His face. "It rises and starts in the worship and influences the sermon. It takes hold in the music and reaps it's worst in the sermon. It is sowed first in the worship and reaped last in the words spoken. The spiritism flows out to the people to birth emptiness by emotionalism and entertainment. A speck of truth from My word is lost in the wind. Snatched away by the enemy of superficiality." There was a fire in His eyes. A zeal I knew well. Something of a holy righteous judgement permeated His very being. I saw one room light up, the one to the left closest to the arched doorway. This room was open to the ministers who were standing in front of me holding their lamps. There was not a wall separating the Herodian lamps in the room and the arched doorway. I saw one lamp in the center of the wall with a waning flame. "Why Lord?" I asked. In which He did not answer. The ministers surrounded this one clay lamp and started pouring out of their spouts into this lamp. "The Balm of Gilead and Living Water" the Voice of many waters said in this darkened place. I realized the air was not as dense as in the small room. It was almost undetectable in this place. The Potter led me to another lamp that was not hardened but had a strange appearance. "Look closer" He whispered in my ear. On the side I was startled in wonder as I saw Buddha replacing a cross. Like it was moving to the left over the cross. About half way from covering the cross completely, it stopped. My gaze inquisitively refocused back on the Potter. He smiled and said "Watch and see" I looked at the side again. I was standing in front of the two pictures. "Worship in spirit and truth right here." As I did, the cross started to move in front of the idol. The Voice of many waters fell in that place with the words "Influence is not the same as removing the idolatry". The Potter then said "Stand there but look here at the lamp with the waning flame. As my eyes moved to the other lamp, one minister from the group who were pouring from their lamps into that waning lamp walked over to the lamp that was in mixture. Who had placed the idol inside. Then, a curious thing happened. That minister took that lamp to the table in the small room, reached into the top of the lamp, grabbed the idol, placed it on the stone rock and smashed it with a rock hammer from the Potter's tool box. The lamp was left on the table. He then went back and joined the others. "Look now" said the Potter. The one Herodian lamp's flame was burning very bright. Then the other lamps in that room on the shelves flickered to life. "This is how important worship is" said the Potter. "Worship here until it is removed. Bring your song and pray over this place, over this worship ministry, over this particular minstrel." My heart rose in a joyful smile as I again said "Ok Lord".

10/1/22

I worshipped and prayed over this clay lamp until the idol was removed. I turned and looked at the Potter. His smile was one of delight as He stretched His hand out toward me. "Come, stand with Me here". As if in a dream, I walked over to where He stood just beyond the arched doorway leading back into the Potter's House.

He held my hands in His as His eyes caught mine. "There are many things I want you to see. Stay. Abide here." Was His gentle command that came on the Voice of many waters. Delighting to do His will my simple reply was "Yes, my Lord, I will stay" as I sung this song to my King:

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=gZ\\_vYaMdvY4](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=gZ_vYaMdvY4)

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## **Chapter One Footnotes**

This is where the “substance” or the foundation of what is written “bit by bit” is found. The things that have impacted, challenged, explained, or confirmed what has been written. It is also a place where more clarity or thoughts can be documented. It is in the Gen Z slang “all the things” behind this story. I am using date stamps instead of numbers or letters because, well, why not? Plus it is interesting to take a look back from where we are to what we were. Date stamps help that view come into focus.

Ps..Wouldn't it be great if stories like “Narnia” or “Lord Of The Rings” had similiar footnotes? Behind the scenes processes and beliefs of what the authors really were trying to convey would be a great witness—perhaps an even greater impact for Jesus than the stories themselves being left up to the reader to determine the intention of the writer that can lead into false speculation. It is similar to finding the historical and cultural context of the Biblical text to determine what meaning the writer was trying to convey.

### **2.19.26**

[https://youtu.be/XlxCwiXrjj4?si=FRXRRaV\\_aPib2FLz](https://youtu.be/XlxCwiXrjj4?si=FRXRRaV_aPib2FLz)

### **•3.13.26 (8.29.22)**

-Is 16:9 “...In any case verse 6 is a reminder that the spirit of Babel is not confined to the giants of this world. Moab was just as infected with it as Assyria and Babylon, and it is this for which she is judged. In the lament of verses 8–11 she is pictured as a luxuriant grapevine, laden with fruit, and spreading out to right and left—a picture of great abundance and prosperity. But then, in the midst of harvest celebrations, the songs of the revellers are silenced by the shout of battle (9b), and when the battle is done, all that remains is the pitiful sound of weeping (9a, 11). All is suddenly in ruins. In a moment Moab has plunged from the heights of proud boasting to the depths of utter destitution. It is a lesson from history, a foretaste of that terrible day of the Lord which will finally come upon all the proud (2:12–21). (16:12–14) These verses, by implication, draw the conclusions for Judah. Verse 12 recalls the resort to the high places in 15:2, 5. And now the lesson to be drawn from that is underlined: Moab's gods are no gods. There is no salvation in them. Verses 13 and 14 highlight the second major implication of the larger unit: Moab's time is short. How foolish Judah would be, then, to seek security in an alliance with Moab! Indeed, the very reverse is God's purpose. Other nations, including Moab, will find security only as they align themselves, at last, with the God who rules in Zion. The same principle, of course, still holds true today. The saints will reign with Christ! How foolish then for us, as his people, to seek security in the things the world worships as its gods.”

Webb, Barry. 1996. *The Message of Isaiah: On Eagles' Wings*. Edited by J. A. Motyer and Derek Tidball. The Bible Speaks Today. England: Inter-Varsity Press.

Mi

•**3.14.26 (8.29.22)**

-The reference to The Song of Solomon (2:6; 8:3 (left hand under my head..)) is how He does not discard us when we are miry/unclean, but He holds us and does not leave us as we are.

-Jer 17.7 The belief here is that not only is trust placed in Jesus, but He alone IS our trust. It is like how Jesus imputes His righteousness. He also imputes trust. Then the Holy Spirit upholds that trust and works that into us so it becomes more and more what we actually walk in. Even times when faith and trust seem to be failing, we can remember that He is making us new—making us into more of Who He is...and we can rely on Him to be our trust when ours seems to be dimming.

•**3.15.26 (8.29.22)**

-Ez 36:26 And I will give you a new heart, and a new spirit I will put within you. And I will remove the heart of stone from your flesh and give you a heart of flesh.

-The Stony Heart Removed

[\(No. 456\)](#)

Delivered on Sunday Evening, May 25th, 1862, by C. H. SPURGEON,

At the [Metropolitan Tabernacle](#), Newington <https://www.romans45.org/spurgeon/sermons/0456.htm>

•**3.16.26 (8.29.22)**

New Covenant Plain and Simple

<https://youtu.be/QIACUIGODKs?si=fBKLx6HqUFRHvag>

•**3.17.26 (8.29.22)**

Jn 6:37-40 “All that the Father gives me will come to me, and whoever comes to me I will never cast out. For I have come down from heaven, not to do my own will but the will of him who sent me. And this is the will of him who sent me, that I should lose nothing of all that he has given me, but raise it up on the last day. For this is the will of my Father, that everyone who looks on the Son and believes in him should have eternal life, and I will raise him up on the last day.”

The sovereignty of God vs the will of man. A paradox or juxtaposition that our finite minds may be incapable of embracing. At this moment in time I have settled on a “Yes, both” stance. If a person has come to Jesus believing He is their salvation and only way to The Father, then that person is one in whom God has never lost from the foundation of the world. The person choses Jesus, but God has chosen them from all eternity. And it is an eternal future salvation because Jesus never loses one the Father has given. That may be a simplistic theological view of the debate from all sides that has produced countless volumes of superior academic works down through the centuries, but sometimes I think we just complicate things too much. My security rests in knowing I am safe in the hands of Jesus and The Holy Spirit is able to keep me even if I stray into sin to the extent of what I or others may think nonredeemable (beyond grace), He is able to bring anyone back from the brink of total destruction and keep their souls. If this is not true then there is no hope for anyone who follows Jesus. I absolutely know for certain that there is no one that is too far gone that God is not able to restore.

Another teacher that has had a profound impact on my understanding of God and relationship with Jesus is John Piper. Notice the people of God who have had the greatest influence in my life tend to be of a humble spirit. They just hit different.

<https://www.desiringgod.org/messages/ behold-believe-be-raised>

•**3.18.26 (8.29.22)**

[https://biblehub.com/g/what\\_does\\_'rushing\\_waters'\\_mean.htm](https://biblehub.com/g/what_does_'rushing_waters'_mean.htm)

•**3.19.26 (8.30.22)**

Proverbs 3:34

Surely He scorns the scornful, But gives grace to the humble.

James 4:6

But He gives more grace. Therefore He says: *“God resists the proud, But gives grace to the humble.”*

1 Peter 5:5

Likewise you younger people, submit yourselves to *your* elders. Yes, all of *you* be submissive to one another, and be clothed with humility, for *“God resists the proud, But gives grace to the humble.”*

Is 61:1

The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon Me, Because the LORD has anointed Me To preach good tidings to the poor; He has sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, To proclaim liberty to the captives, And the opening of the prison to those who are bound;

Ps 34:18

The LORD is near to those who have a broken heart, And saves such as have a contrite spirit.

Ps 51:17

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, A broken and a contrite heart— These, O God, You will not despise.

Ps 32:7

"You are my hiding place; You shall preserve me from trouble; You shall surround me with songs of deliverance"

Zep 3:17

The LORD thy God in the midst of thee *is* mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.

•**3.20.96 (8.30.22)**

Corrie Ten Boom. One of my most favorite persecuted believers. Her teachings and testimony has been a mainstay through the years.

The hummingbird and lightning bolt

[https://youtu.be/BN1gnAvDtqc?si=y\\_jW2vntWxTSzfzj](https://youtu.be/BN1gnAvDtqc?si=y_jW2vntWxTSzfzj)

Field under heavenly cultivation

<https://youtu.be/X--RkHo65wY?si=YLiKs8byT9uim5qr>

•**3.21.26 (8.30.22)**

Cumbered about much Serving:

"Christ never asks of us such busy labor  
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;  
The waiting attitude of expectation  
He ofttimes counts a service most complete.  
"He sometimes wants our ear - our rapt attention,  
That he some sweetest secret may impart;  
Tis always in the time of deepest silence  
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.  
"We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us  
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,  
That nothing we call work can find an entrance  
There's only room to suffer - to endure!  
"Well. God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,  
Doing the little things, or resting quite,  
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,  
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,  
"As they who grapple with some giant evil,  
Clearing a path that every eye may see!  
Our Savior cares for cheerful acquiescence  
Rather than for a busy ministry.  
"And yet he does love service, where 'tis given  
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;  
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,  
Be sure to such he gives but little heed.  
"Then seek to please him, whatsoe'er he bids thee!  
Whether to do - to suffer - to lie still!  
Twill matter little by what path he led us,  
If in it all we sought to do his will."  
(From Randolph's' At the Beautiful Gate.') R.M.E.

•**3.22.26 (8.30.22)**

Here is a Pastor that has had a tremendous influence in my life from the time I started getting these Pulpit Series Newsletters in the mail in 1993. Looking back, I think the biggest thing that has the most impact right now in my own life is seeing how God changed this Pastor from glory to glory. The life of one believer who's fruit is abundant in the things he accomplished for God, but if one takes a closer look—the fruit is heaviest in the spirit as his inner man was being slowly changed by the Holy Spirit. There was more present humble grace at the end of his life than earlier in his life. Praise God for His work...not only in the lives of everyday believers, but in everyday pastors, teachers, theologians and leaders.

Ps...I graduated high school in 1989

[The God of Hope! by David Wilkerson August 5, 1989](#)

•**3.23.26 (8.30.22)**

CONVICTION Sense of guilt and shame *leading to repentance*. The words “convict” and “conviction” do not appear in the KJV. The word “convince” (KJV) comes closest to expressing the meaning of “conviction.”

The Hebrew word *yakah* expresses the idea of conviction. It means “to argue with,” “to prove,” “to correct.” God may be the subject and persons the object (Job 22:4), or a person may be the subject who convicts another person (Ezek. 3:26).

The Greek term meaning “convict” is *elencho*. It means “to convict” “to refute,” “to confute,” usually with the suggestion of shame of the person convicted. Young ministers like Timothy and Titus had the responsibility of “convicting” (rebuking, refuting) those under their charge (1 Tim. 5:20; 2 Tim. 4:2; Titus 1:13; 2:15). John the Baptist “convicted” Herod Antipas because of his illicit marriage to Herodias, his brother’s wife (Luke 3:19). No one could convict Jesus of sin (John 8:46).

John 16:8–11 is a classic passage on conviction. The Holy Spirit is the One who convicts, and the (inhabited) world is the object of conviction. A study of this passage yields the following results. First, conviction for sin is the result of the Holy Spirit awakening humanity to a sense of guilt and condemnation because of sin and unbelief. Second, more than mental conviction is intended. The total person is involved. This can lead to action based on a sense of conviction. Third, the conviction results in hope, not despair. Once individuals are made aware of their estranged relationship with God, they are challenged and encouraged to mend that relationship. The conviction not only implies the exposure of sin (despair) but also a call to repentance (hope). See *Forgiveness; Repentance; Sin*.

*Glenn McCoy*

McCoy, Glenn. 2003. “[Conviction.](#)” In *Holman Illustrated Bible Dictionary*, edited by Chad Brand, Charles Draper, Archie England, Steve Bond, E. Ray Clendenen, and Trent C. Butler, 336–37. Nashville, TN: Holman Bible Publishers.

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There is a difference between conviction and condemnation. There is nothing we can do about our past, present or future sins. The regrets we have. The enemy and our own hearts will try to condemn us that all hope is lost because of our past. But, Jesus does not leave us where we are. When the Holy Spirit convicts us—brings to mind something of our past or present that pricks the conscious, or even when the enemy or our heart comes to accuse without hope of change—repenting of the sin and our tendency to fall into discouragement, and rely solely on the ability of the Holy Spirit to change those things that He wants changed is the remedy for discouragement. Sometimes healing of our past sins or the sins committed against us takes time, but with intentional prayer and trusting Jesus to do the new creation in us—we are changed from glory to glory.

### •[3.24.26](#) ([8.30.22](#))

Although I don’t always agree with what this ministry says, they have been a tremendous resource through the years. This explanation puts the truth behind what is written here in the story. Unless we understand and believe there really is no good thing in us—that we cannot manufacture goodness in our own self—we will live in a perpetual state of condemnation and hopelessness. When the enemy or our own hearts rise up to condemn...we can agree with the accusation because there is no good thing in us. We are weak and oh so prone to sin. It is only by the grace of God and power of the Holy Spirit that we can overcome those things that want to overcome us. Some may take this wrong, but it is not by my own efforts or willpower. It is by praying to be made willing not to continue in whatever it is the Holy Spirit is showing me that He is working on. Sometimes the “pruning” is painful, but alot of times (for me anyway) it is more like I look back and see or realize I am just not the same as I used to be. And it was not from my own efforts. That is a miracle.

<https://www.gotquestions.org/nothing-good-dwells-in-me.html>

In [Romans 7](#), the apostle Paul discusses the believer's internal struggle between the desire to do good and the reality of human sinfulness. This conflict is waged within the heart and soul of every genuine follower of Christ. These verses help us understand and expect that, throughout our Christian lives, we will feel the strain of our human physical condition against the hopefulness of our redeemed spiritual reality. Paul states, "For I know that nothing good dwells in me, that is, in my flesh. For I have the desire to do what is right, but not the ability to carry it out" ([Romans 7:18, ESV](#)).

Paul zeroes in on the dichotomy between [the flesh](#) and the Spirit. He writes, "I am unspiritual, sold as a slave to sin" ([Romans 7:14](#); see also [Romans 7:20](#)). When he says, "Nothing good dwells in me," he is referring to the inherent sinfulness of human nature. The term translated as "flesh" in [Romans 7:18](#) refers to the physical part of human beings that is prone to sin and rebellion against God. Elsewhere, Paul refers to the flesh as "the old self" (see [Ephesians 4:22–24](#); [Colossians 3:9–10](#); [Romans 6:6](#)). "Good" refers to moral excellence. Paul acknowledges that his old sinful nature often hinders him despite his best intentions and desires to live a righteous life.

Jesus also acknowledged the struggle we face with the flesh. As He went ahead of the disciples to pray in the [Garden of Gethsemane](#), Jesus left them to watch and pray. When Jesus returned to the disciples, He found them all asleep. "Couldn't you men keep watch with me for one hour?" Jesus asked. "Watch and pray so that you will not fall into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak" ([Matthew 26:40–41](#)).

Believers are filled with the Holy Spirit at the moment of salvation ([John 7:37–39](#); see also [John 14:16–17](#); [1 Corinthians 12:13](#); [2 Corinthians 1:22](#); [Galatians 3:14](#); [Ephesians 1:13](#)). The Spirit comes to live in us, but the flesh still lives in us, too, and the two are continuously at war. While the Spirit within us seeks to align with God's will, the flesh remains weak and susceptible to sin. We may desire to do what is good and righteous, but we will fail unless we depend on the Holy Spirit's empowerment.

Paul taught the Galatians to live by the power of the Spirit: "So I say, let the Holy Spirit guide your lives. Then you won't be doing what your sinful nature craves. The sinful nature wants to do evil, which is just the opposite of what the Spirit wants. And the Spirit gives us desires that are the opposite of what the sinful nature desires. These two forces are constantly fighting each other, so you are not free to carry out your good intentions" ([Galatians 5:16–17, NLT](#)).

When Paul stated, "Nothing good dwells in me," and, "I do not do the good I want to do, but the evil I do not want to do—this I keep on doing" ([Romans 7:19](#)), he was expressing the frustration and tension every believer feels of wanting to do good but falling short due to the limitations of his human nature. Paul was not saying that he never did anything good and only did evil. The Bible testifies that Paul accomplished much good for the gospel's sake and in obedience to Jesus Christ. Instead, Paul recognized the capacity for sin that still existed in him.

As long as we live in this fallen world, the lure of sin will never go away ([1 Corinthians 10:13](#); [James 1:14](#)). The flesh wants what it wants. But deliverance from the temptation to sin is promised. Victory is inevitable, but it is a hope that will only be realized in the future (see [2 Corinthians 5:1–4](#)). While we await our resurrection bodies and full [inheritance in Christ](#), we must live in these weak, earthly "tents." But thanks be to God, His grace covers us now, and we have victory because of His sacrifice on the cross for our sins ([Hebrews 10:10, 14](#); [Romans 8:29](#); [Philippians 1:6](#); [2:13](#); [Hebrews 13:20–21](#)).

By saying, "Nothing good dwells in me," Paul humbly admits his shortcomings and need to depend on the Holy Spirit. In [Romans 8](#), Paul expounds on the believer's life in the Spirit and how the power of God's Spirit enables us to live in victory over sin, a power the Old Testament Law could not give. He stresses the need for grace and reliance on Jesus Christ for salvation and righteousness. Paul is not giving us an excuse for sin but rather pointing to the power of Christ to overcome the inherent sinfulness of the flesh.

*Nothing good dwells in me* is a powerful reminder of our human condition and the ongoing battle between the desire to do good and the reality of sin. We recognize our dependence on God's grace and the transformative power of Christ to live a life that pleases God. Through his struggle, Paul teaches the importance of humility, reliance on God, and the future hope that comes from faith in Jesus Christ.

•**3.25.26 (8.30.22)**

"God from all eternity had laid the plot and design of this great fabric and all the concernments of it in the idea of his own mind. And there it was hid, even from all the angels in heaven, until its actual rearing, until the event, Eph. 3:9–11. This design and purpose of his "he purposed in Christ Jesus;"—that is, this counsel of God, even of Father and Son, Prov. 8:31, 32, was to be accomplished in and by him. And this glorious pattern he had in his mind in all ages, and brought with him into the world when he came to put the last hand unto it."

"Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews" Owen V3 p543

•**3.26.26 (8.30.22)**

-Held, sent, and accomplished in His love. Could there be a greater awe of God than knowing His love? This love is not something He has but something He IS.

In 4:**16**And we have come to know and to believe the love that God has in us. God is love, and the one who resides in love resides in God, and God resides in him. **17**By this love is perfected with us, so that we may have confidence in the day of judgment, because just as Jesus is, so also are we in this world.**18**There is no fear in love, but perfect love drives out fear, because fear has to do with punishment. The one who fears punishment has not been perfected in love. **19**We love because he loved us first.

This love sent His only begotten (not made) Son to die and take captive those who were captive by sin and the enemy of their souls. Any who believe on Him will be saved. This accomplishment lead to another profound accomplishment: the possibility of those who believe to actually become one with God—living in this love, walking in the love Who IS God. That is accomplished only by the Holy Spirit who God sends to indwell all who have believed in Jesus as the Savior of their soul.

The Son of God was held in the love who is God, sent on a mission in the love who is God, and the Holy Spirit accomplishes within our own selves everything He convented (decided, promised) in His eternal council between the 3 Persons of the Godhead before time or the world began. To perfect His love in our hearts. To reveal Who He is to, in and through vessels made from clay.

-“He is the way”

Jhn 14:6-7 Jesus replied, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

If you have known me, you will know my Father too. And from now on you do know him and have seen him.”

There is a way to see this passage as Jesus being the ultimate example (which He is) and strive and strain and bring bondage of trying harder and harder to be like Him. Who doesn't want to be like Jesus? Who doesn't see in ourselves and in others a discrepancy of who we are and who Jesus is. He is the way (the example) after all, in how He lived and how He died of a righteous life. But, I do not think that is what Jesus was trying to convey. Most importantly, He was saying “The Father has made a way to Himself. Into union with Him. That is through Me. Believe I am the only way, and the Holy Spirit will work all the

details out. You cannot believe in Me then try in your own strength to make it into everlasting life. I AM the way. Not just a good example of “how to” get to the Father.”