

The Most Unique Potter ch2

## Chapter 2

In Search of a Redeemer

Another story told bit by bit

10/1/22 Gen 1-3; Ps 1; Jn 1-2; Ps 22

As I stood there with this Most Unique Potter's hands holding mine, He whispered gently "Watch. See" as His eyes captured mine.

Looking up, suddenly it was as if I was walking into a garden. I stepped through the most vibrant green leaves of trees covered with dew. My eyes beheld a wonderful sight. A tree bearing a fruit that was beyond identification. The Potter's voice whispered in my ear "The tree of the knowledge of good and evil". It was then I realized this was the garden of Eden. His hand held mine in that place as running and laughter bounded up the path. An understanding came that they were gathering their food for the day. Eve's eyes turned toward this tree, and slowly her steps led to her standing in front of it. My heart ached at what I knew came next. A beguiling snake. A temptation. An original sin. Death. A curse. With tears I looked at the Potter. A question was forming. "Why were You not there?" This curiosity was not of accusation but of wonderment. His simple reply was not an answer but a statement that seemed to miss the point of what was asked of Him. "Adam could not redeem her back to Me." I found myself as Eve must have felt after that terrible day. Living the rest of her days with the memory of a perfect garden and a perfect companion in union with a perfect Creator. It was as if there rose up in me a longing for a Redeemer. Someone who could set all things right. My eyes fixed back on the Potter as we stood in the little room of His House. His eyes spoke "From all of time people have been longing for a Savior, a Redeemer. A return to paradise at peace with their Creator". My heart knew this longing well, but this was a different type of desire that held me captive. One that is yearning for her Bridegroom's return. With those thoughts, a song rose from the deep well of my soul.

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=v283roIX\\_xk](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=v283roIX_xk)

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=kCOqKOeQy2Q>

10/2/22

The Voice of many waters interrupted my longings "Look" as the Potter's hand gestured to the table with the ornate lamp in the center. Above this lamp appeared this passage of scripture written on a scroll.

Gen 3:15 "And I will put enmity (open hostility) Between you and the woman, And between your seed (offspring) and her Seed; He shall [fatally] bruise your head, And you shall [only] bruise His heel."

I looked back at the Potter. He whispered "I was there". His eyes shone in that same determination I had seen on the path to the Potter's field. A relentlessness that the word is ill to describe. "I was there". His voice echoed as I found myself back in the garden, in that place of original sin that sprang from Eve first, then to Adam. His hand held mine in this place

surrounded by lush trees, bushes, and plants of all kinds. Under this most full of wonder tree. “I was right here”. He said again. It was at that moment a partial understanding came into my mind. “They only knew You in the comforts. In their innocence. They only knew You as their Creator but not as their Savior.” My eyes found His. His countenance was that of joy, but also of pain and compassion. “They did not know nor comprehend that I was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world to show the love of the Father. In their sin, I would show them there is no other God. There is no other Savior. They will seek, they will know.” My head dropped while a deeper thought came to my soul “You clothed them when You could have brought them back into dust right here.” And then I remembered that over and over in scripture the words “To know that I am God and there is none other” was declared throughout the centuries. I felt His eyes upon me. His hand lifted my head as His voice in the most gentle tone whispered “He will strike your head, but I will crush His head. Have you not witnessed this in your own soul?” “Yes, Lord” came my confident reply. “It is so not only once, but again and again.” He replied “Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but I am their Savior. I deliver. This they did not know. They did not know to fear Me.” My thoughts rose up from my heart, and with a joyous smile I breathed “The making of a bride.” There is no other sound like the joyous laughter of a Divine King dressed in the humble clothes of a Potter. The Voice of many waters brought weight to that garden as it joined my words and laughter “And prodigals return.”

As it so often does, songs break through time and space somehow binding the past together with the present. A peculiar folding of time that leaves my eyes as a well of tears that I know He keeps in His bottle.

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=W7H\\_MWqcDHg](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=W7H_MWqcDHg)

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=qVFxdNn0INg>

10/5/22 Reading Gen 4; Pro 1

I lifted my eyes again to the Potter. The Voice of many waters fell heavy upon the air in that small humble room. “Adam broke the covenant I made with Him. He could not save her.” A picture of Eve handing the forbidden fruit to Adam was reflected in His eyes. My thoughts rose knowing that Adam was not able to keep the covenant that God had made. The covenant made in Eden. A work that Adam must do to avoid death. Some obedience to God for the covenant of life to continue. Adam failed. He sinned. “They could not keep even one law.” The Potter’s voice reached my ears. In His eyes I saw the rooms of clay lamps on shelves beyond the arched doorway. There appeared the word “Covenants” over the room on the right closest to the door. The Potter’s whisper found my ears “Adam could not save her.” Suddenly I saw Eve sitting on a stool much like the one here in the Potter’s house, only in a tent. But it was more than that...almost like I was her there on that stool. There was a hope in her heart for she was close to bearing her first child Cain. In confidence “This must be the seed He meant!” rose up from the deep chambers of her heart. “Her Seed will crush your head” are the words she was hanging onto.

My eyes glanced at the ornate lamp sitting on the table before reaching the Potter’s eyes again. In this place my heart was content in hope.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=BwvpW5cV4UQ>

10/7/22 Gen 4; Acts 5

Cain. Insincere giving unto the Lord. Jealousy. Murder. Exile. These were the thoughts that my mind went to. Compassion for Eve rose. Her sin nature had passed down to her first son. All hope was dashed that this was the Seed the Lord had promised as Abel's blood cried out to the Lord. The Potter's eyes spoke Ananias and Sapphira. "Only I know the heart of a man" He whispered. In His eyes I saw Him talking with Cain about giving from an impure heart. Selfish motivation. And a warning of sin crouching at the door. My mind held an inquiry as Cain walked away without a word to the Potter, his Creator. His eyes caught mine "He did not repent. He had not the fear of Me." I saw Cain...embroiled with jealousy grown into a murderous rage...kill his brother Abel. With a grieved heart my eyes reached His as He declared "Cain nor Abel were sufficient to save her."

10/8/22

In that humble room-in the Potter's House-I gazed into His eyes. "But, Lord, what if He would have asked You to help him get rid of the jealousy? What if he would have asked You to change his heart?" This Most Unique Potter's voice started singing this song:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=E1ohrZaZfTI>

The Voice of many waters drifted on the heavy air in that room. "Cain sowed the seed of violence." As this passage from scripture rose above the wooden table:

Gen 4:23 Lamech said to his wives: "Adah and Zillah, hear my voice; you wives of Lamech, listen to what I say: I have killed a man for wounding me, a young man for striking me. 24 If Cain's revenge is sevenfold, then Lamech's is seventy-sevenfold."

I saw clearly the motion of violence that was started by Cain had found fertile ground in the heart of Lamech, his descendant.

Another passage broke through from my memory at that moment

Jas 1:12 Blessed is the man who remains steadfast under trial, for when he has stood the test he will receive the crown of life, which God has promised to those who love him. 13 Let no one say when he is tempted, "I am being tempted by God," for God cannot be tempted with evil, and he himself tempts no one. 14 But each person is tempted when he is lured and enticed by his own desire. 15 Then desire when it has conceived gives birth to sin, and sin when it is fully grown brings forth death.

An understanding of the nature of God came to me as a warm blanket. Temptation is interwoven in trials and tribulations. Desires demand fulfillment. Eve's desire to become God by knowing all things found her running full on into the temptation of believing what that serpent said, and falling into sin. By her own desires she fell. Cain in his desire to be the best in the eyes of men... his lust to glorify himself instead of glorifying the Lord...ultimately led to murder. A question formed with these thoughts. "But, You told him he must rule over it. His strength was not any stronger than my own Lord." In which, the Potter whispered "The humble heart I do not despise."

The tears rolled and my heart sang:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=NEK9u51ofZE>

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=lbm\\_zFWQvQI](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=lbm_zFWQvQI)

10/9/22

Above the wooden table I saw this passage of scripture written on a scroll:

Heb 11:4 By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.

The Potter whispered "I am the witness of his faith. The sacrifice Abel made in faith was counted unto him as believing the sacrifice I made was enough. My righteousness was applied to him because I witnessed his faith that is only given by the Holy Spirit."

My focus came back to the eyes of the Potter where Eve was sitting on the stool in the tent weeping. Abel was dead, and the Lord had sent Cain away from His presence to a far away land. Her heart cried out "But Lord You promised a Seed that would crush his head. Now all hope is lost." This scene froze as a picture and faded into the background. Another scene emerged with Eve giving birth to Seth. A substitute for Abel in whose line the Substitute would step into this world. I wondered if she had lost faith. At the end of her days did her heart fail in hope. The Voice of many waters rested on the air in that small room. "As Mary, she treasured up all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

In the eyes of the Potter I saw through the generations of Adam and Eve that people met with the Lord less and less. His presence not held in honor. Then, it was during this woeful, frail, and wicked time that Enos was born to Seth...and people started calling on the name of the Lord.

The Potter turned me toward the arched doorway looking out toward the rooms filled with clay lamps. Above the room on the right closest to the door hung the word Covenants.

An understanding came to me just then. The covenant He had made with Adam had failed. Adam could not save himself or Eve. He could not keep them alive. Cain nor Abel nor Seth nor Enos could save mankind. A wondering arose... I looked back at the Potter as this question came up from my heart: "Did anyone ask You again about the Seed? Or through the course of time did Your words slowly fade away?"

A song, a longing also rose. From a time gone by in my own life... that again somehow folded into the present.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=BYu8ZyETnKo>

10/11/22

His smile offered me confidence as He pointed over the table. The words on the scroll read:

Isa 40:8 The grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of our God will stand forever.

“Does this say that My word is dependent on man to stand? Or dependent on anything but Myself to come to pass?”

My smile met His as I whispered in awe “No Lord it doesn’t.” A renewed strength came upon me for I was weary of the weight of holding the idea that salvation was dependent upon a mere mortal. It was with this very thought the Voice of many waters filled the room “I work through men, but I am not dependent upon them.” The scroll above the table marked these words:

Isa 40:9 -15 Go on up to a high mountain, O Zion, herald of good news; lift up your voice with strength, O Jerusalem, herald of good news; lift it up, fear not; say to the cities of Judah, “Behold your God!” Behold, the Lord GOD comes with might, and his arm rules for him; behold, his reward is with him, and his recompense before him. He will tend his flock like a shepherd; he will gather the lambs in his arms; he will carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. Who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand and marked off the heavens with a span, enclosed the dust of the earth in a measure and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance? Who has measured the Spirit of the LORD, or what man shows him his counsel? Whom did he consult, and who made him understand? Who taught him the path of justice, and taught him knowledge, and showed him the way of understanding? Behold, the nations are like a drop from a bucket, and are accounted as the dust on the scales; behold, he takes up the coastlands like fine dust.”

I found myself face down on the floor at this Divine Potter’s feet. He who gives strength in my weakness, He who defends His word with His Spirit. He who fights for my very soul. In this place of worship my heart sang:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=zIQZKM0AeGw>

His hand reached down and sat me back on my feet. He was quoting these words from

Jude 1:14-16 “It was also about these that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, “Behold, the Lord comes with ten thousands of his holy ones, to execute judgment on all and to convict all the ungodly of all their deeds of ungodliness that they have committed in such an ungodly way, and of all the harsh things that ungodly sinners have spoken against him.” These are grumblers, malcontents, following their own sinful desires; they are loud-mouthed boasters, showing favoritism to gain advantage.”

“Enoch knew Me by faith. He trusted Me alone to save him.” My soul cried out “Oh, Lord, rise up in me that type of faith.” At the same moment I heard this song from the wings of time:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=RfEMkXQgp4g>

10/12/22

An inquiry rose in my mind. Perhaps from the depths of my soul. One I knew was far more important than mere curiosity. More than gaining knowledge. My desire was to understand and to apply the answer even in a weakened state. “How did Enoch have the faith that pleases You?” Tumbled out in a trembling voice. His eyes told the story, and gave the answer “He walked with Me, but not from the beginning of His life. My timing is perfect. As Methuselah, his son, was

ushered into the world, I called Enoch to My side. He came and walked with me for the rest of his 365 years before I took him home with Me.” A promise was shown in that place where Enoch made the exchange from earth to heaven. Another far distant time where many would be called out from this earth by the last sound of a trumpet. That familiar longing that seems to intensify as time goes on enveloped me there in that place along with a cry from a place deeper within that I scarcely knew existed. “Keep me by Your side, Potter. For You know well my wandering heart.” With this, He looked long into my eyes. “I will never leave or forsake You. I am faithful even when you are not.” I whispered as my head fell on His shoulder “Be the strength in my weakness Lord. Thank you for keeping me.”

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=gbFTGWe3mjU>

10/13/22

reading Gen 5-9:17

In that place of weariness, there came up in me a strength, an empowerment of sorts that could only have come from Him. With that, my eyes lifted without prompting, to His eyes. It was as if Eve was there seeing the next in the line of her seed be born into history. But maybe it was me who carried her sentiment in my heart. I saw the son of Methuselah come into the world. Lamech, the one who was not of the line of Cain but of Seth, uttered these words about his son, Noah: “Out of the ground that the LORD has cursed, this one shall bring us relief from our work and from the painful toil of our hands.” The hope of Eve rose and spoke from her grandson’s mouth. A desire for rest. For relief of the curse that sin had brought upon the sons of Adam. A hope that this would be the Seed to crush the serpents head and set all things right again in righteousness.

10/15/22

My focus came back to this small room with the dense air. To the wooden table and the hand mill. With the iron and wooden tools set on the linen bag. I noticed the lamp on the stone slab was still alit, but a bit dimmer somehow. I looked back at this Most Unique Potter with tears welling in my eyes. I’m sorry for my doubt Jesus. I’m sorry for wavering and that my focus shifted from You. You know my wandering heart. How prone to running away I am. In this place, His arms drew me in with His voice floating on the heaviness of the air “My child, do not be afraid. Do not doubt that I have called you here. Placed you here for such a time as this.” With a renewed strength that slowly rose from the innermost place of my soul, He lifted my head. He gestured out to the room that the word Covenants was suspended as a title above it. He then turned me back to gaze into my eyes. “Can you see grace?” Came the Voice of many waters adding more weight to the air. “Can you see the revelation of Who I Am, of My salvation? Can you see the shadows of the Savior even here in the beginning of all things? Tell Me what you see from the sin of Adam and Eve to the birth of Noah.” Suddenly another drop of courage was lent to my struggling soul. With a deep breath I found myself sitting on the wooden stool looking into the eyes of the Potter who was crouching down with both feet on the floor and his hands linked around His knees staring into my eyes as if in anticipation of what I would say. “But, Lord, why would You be interested in what I could possibly say? It is not You who should be listening to me, but me to You. Could You just tell me what to say instead? That way I would know that whoever looks into this place would find You and not what I think. Not something of my own understanding or way.” That peculiar look of amusement and a love that words fall short of came upon His countenance. “Tell Me what you see.” He repeated as if I had not said a thing. “Ok,

Lord.” Came my hesitant reply. “Eve fell into believing the beguiling snake that You were keeping something from her that would make her become elevated into being her own God. Equal to You. She went against Your command to not eat of the fruit of knowledge of good and evil. In that fallen state, she also convinced Adam to eat of it. Adam did not hold his ground, and they broke the covenant of works that was between You and them. You promised life if they would not eat of that fruit. They were not able to keep it. They broke the covenant. The sentence was death, but You promised redemption through the Seed of Eve which would be You, Jesus, coming in the flesh by the Holy Spirit through Mary down the line. I see the sacrifice of the first born of Abel’s flock, the blood of the animals, as a foreshadow of Your perfect sacrifice. That You were slain from the foundation of the world, and this first sacrifice of Abel was a revelation of that truth. I see the death of Abel as the insufficient sacrifice of men to redeem mankind back to a holy God. Abel had an inherent sin nature. His death showed that the penalty of sin not only leads to natural death but a spiritual death. Cain died spiritually that day as Abel died physically. Abel was saved by the blood of the Lamb, but Cain died in his sin. The covenant of grace that I see, Lord, is that You covered Adam and Eve with clothes before You placed them outside of Eden. You still met with them, but their environment was harsher. I see Your grace in accepting Abel’s sacrifice as covering him with Your own blood so he would not be lost in death, but have the hope of eternal life with You. I see Enoch walking with You in faith. That he was delighted just to be with You. His life was not his own, but Yours. I see this as a progression of Christian life.” These words seemed to tumble out in a fast procession without hardly any effort at all. In my surprise, His laughter filled that room. He took His hands in mine lifting me up to standing. He caught my eyes again and said “Where is your doubt now?” With a grateful smile I simply said “Under Your feet.” With that He ushered me back over to the arched doorway looking out to the “Covenants Room” as He said “The covenant of Adam failed. But I am sovereign. I know all things from the first to the last. I reveal My saving grace all through the ages. I am God and there is none other.” With a bowed head this song rose:

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=y\\_VR-zwp2KA](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=y_VR-zwp2KA)

I looked over into His eyes as I whispered "Your grace is enough for me, Lord" as this song played on the wings of that dense atmosphere.

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=N-\\_6bDmQ\\_fU](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=N-_6bDmQ_fU)

10/17/22

Through His eyes I saw the generations from Enoch to Noah grow increasingly wicked and vile. Each person was given into their own lusts and desires, and they fulfilled those desires by violence. None called upon the Lord or walked with Him except one man. My eyes fell on Noah as he talked to the Potter there in that place bent on evil. It was as if I knew his grief of soul, but also the joy of walking with his Lord. The Voice of many waters spoke “He was righteous in his generation.” My question tumbled out as an answer “He was also righteous by faith like Enoch”. In which the Potter whispered “My grace is enough.” I suddenly felt a deep sorrow and regret from Him. “They all corrupted their way. My Spirit strove with them 120 years. I called out to them, but they had hardened their hearts and their thoughts were only evil constantly.” I saw Japheth, Shem, and Ham be born to Noah. They grew and got married. Then the Lord told Noah to build an ark for He was bringing a flood to wipe clean the earth. All would perish save Noah, his wife, and his three sons and their wives. I saw the scene of mockery, pride, and rebellion. Words that stung Noah and his sons as they prepared to build and the years of building the ark. And I heard the words of warning to a corrupt generation. Pleading for the hearts of a sinful people to come to a holy God in faith. But none listened. None bowed their hearts in humble

submission to this glorious, holy, sovereign, all knowing God. They all chose their selves to be the god of their own lives and died in that flood that encompassed the whole earth. Not one person was saved that was not shut in by the hand of the Lord into that ark. Knowing my heart better than I do myself He answered my unspoken question “To reveal that I will always keep a remnant. I will always save a people who are seeking Me with their whole heart. Who are a witness and testimony that I am God, and there is none other.”

The scene suddenly changed to a river and a group of people surrounding a man who was standing in the water just off its banks. This man was unkept. But his words were ones of “Repent! Prepare for the kingdom of God!” Out of the corner of my eye I saw the scroll rise above the table:

Mat 3:1-6 In those days John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. For this is he who was spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, saying, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness: Prepare the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." And the same John had his clothing of camel's hair and a leather girdle about his loins. And his food was locusts and wild honey. Then Jerusalem and all Judea went out to him, and all the region round about Jordan. And they were baptized by him in the Jordan, confessing their sins.

I heard the Voice of many waters proclaim “By water. By fire.” As the scroll showed again another passage of scripture:

Mat 3:10-12 And now also, the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Therefore every tree which does not bring forth good fruit is cut down and cast into the fire. I indeed baptize you with water to repentance. But He who comes after me is mightier than I, whose sandals I am not worthy to carry. He shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire; whose fan is in His hand, and He will cleanse His floor and gather His wheat into the storehouse; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

My heart sang, for I knew this Chapter well. “This is where the Father speaks, the Holy Spirit anoints, and You, the Son of God, revealed Your identity. That You are the express image of God. How God is three Persons One God.” An understanding rose up in me as these words were shown on the scroll:

Mat 3:13 -17 “Then Jesus came from Galilee to Jordan, to John, to be baptized by him. But John restrained Him, saying, I have need to be baptized by You, and do You come to me? And answering Jesus said to him, Allow it now, for it is becoming to us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he allowed Him. And Jesus, when He had been baptized, went up immediately out of the water. And lo, the heavens were opened to Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him. And lo, a voice from Heaven, saying, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

My mind mused as I whispered these words while looking at the words of the scroll:

“Fully man, yet fully God with the Father and Holy Spirit from all eternity. Before there was time or space or universes, galaxies, worlds, plants, animals, angels, or men: You were, are, and will always be Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in perfect everything. Where Who You are is the essence from how You reveal Yourself to Your creation through types and pictures and striving with men, and revealing Who You are through the pre-incarnate, and incarnate Son of God, Word of God, Jesus the Christ. Where God the Son has always been sent by God the Father through all eternity, and the Holy Spirit has forever been flowing from this place of oneness yet distinctness from all eternity. Three Persons, not forces, but distinct Persons, yet One God.” With those words, these thoughts also rose up within me: “These are words that have echoed down through time. A foundation of truth that has stood the tests of the very gates of hell. Even when these truths are beyond complete understanding, they can be believed in order to strengthen and deepen a weak faith. To bring the believer into a deeper walk with their God. To bring deeper understandings for the purpose of knowing God and knowing there is none other. Where the Voice of many waters is the Voice of One God inseparable in will or nature or essence. These scriptures came to my memory:

Dt 6:4 Hear, O Israel! The Lord is our God, the Lord is one!

Job 23:13

“But He is unique and who can turn Him?  
And what His soul desires, that He does.

In this place of contemplating these things, how the times of Noah and that flood led me to this baptism of Jesus by John and a deeper knowing of who God is in all eternity, and how privileged I am that He would even impart such things unto me...humbled is not a strong enough word to describe what I was. Back on my knees at the feet of Jesus is the best description there is. In this place, this deeper song of worship came from my spirit unto this beyond measure God of all that is or ever will be.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=FZ9kuSt26mo>

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=kQ0bV2t3tUw>

10/18/22

In this place where heaven meets the human soul, He lifted me again to my feet. He turned me again to the “Covenant room”. The covenant that the Lord made with Noah was one of grace not of works. These passages of scripture came to mind:

2Pe 2:5 And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly;

2Pe 2:9 The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished:

A covenant. A promise from God wrapped up in a rainbow and hung in the rain clouds. By flood, neither man nor animal will ever perish, will ever be wiped off the face of the earth completely as He had done—ever again. This covenant would be kept only by His hand. Not dependent on the works or righteousness of man. Only on the grace of God. Just as He had delivered Noah, the one who walked with Him by faith, He would deliver a far distant generation

from temptation. But even beyond that, He would come on the clouds to bring His Bride to Himself. As the rainbow is the promise of greater future things...it is the sign of a Greater deliverance for those who walk as Noah in the same type of violent, vile, evil time as Noah found himself in.

I found myself whispering "Even so, come Lord Jesus".

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=r9gWOUae9dl>

10/20/22

The Potter gently turned me towards Him in this longing of my heart to be with Him. With an emotion too deep to fully express or identify my heart cried "Thank you, Lord, for Your faithfulness to me. That You keep me in Your ark even when the storms come. Even when the flood starts rising. Even when I am overwhelmed and the cloud of confusion covers me in darkness and I cannot see. You are my clear sight, and I rest in You all the long and dreary days of my life."

He wrapped His strong arms around me as the Voice of many waters covered me in His words "Even when the rain falls, even when the flood starts rising, you are washed by the water" as I sang this song's chorus to my Kinsman Redeemer:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=CozhYXk5N1I>

And

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=r\\_FF7uJpQ9k](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=r_FF7uJpQ9k)

10/21/22

Looking into His eyes I saw from Noah to Shem and down ten generations to Abraham. The cry of Eve for her Seed to become her Savior was disappointed in Noah, but still the promise remained as a foreshadow through the Ark. Noah, in his weakness, had failed to crush the head of the snake. His sin was living proof of another yet to come. Shem and the proceeding generations of men could not save her. Could not save Adam or mankind. The hope fell to Abram living in a society enamored by idols made by human hands. All had forgot the Lord their God. None walked with Him. All were silent toward Him. But out of this place, His hand touched one man from the line of Abel, Enoch, Noah, and Shem. In the Divine Potter's plan and time, He called Abram out of the land of Ur of the Chaldees (in the fertile place between the Euphrates and Tigris rivers in ancient Mesopotamia) with a promise of a promised land, and to be the father of many nations. Like sands on the ocean floor and stars in the sky would be the number and a blessing besides. How great a promise! Surely this was the Seed that was foretold in the beginning. Abram's father took them to Haran...only a slight step in the direction the Lord called him to go. Abram settled there in that place delaying his pilgrimage until his father died. I heard the Voice of many waters call unto Abram again: "Come, leave this place and your kindred." And Abram did. I looked into the eyes of the Potter in that small room. "He left behind everything only on Your Word." There was a wonder in my voice. Almost an adoring of how that type of faith could be had by a mere mortal human. His gentle rebuke came as quickly as my sentiment "Where did his faith come from? Who birthed it in him to do My will?" Suddenly I remembered as Paul said "There is nothing good in me but Christ". From a place deeper still...in who I was—from a depth that, try as I might, was unfathomable...rose up this knowing "It must come from Your Spirit, Lord. This faith. This ability to obey. This steadfastness. It cannot come from me. It could not have come from Abram in himself. You had to have placed it there." His smile radiated pure joy and I discerned that He was well pleased as the Voice of many waters

proclaimed in that place where He calls out, He separates, He calls the lowly holy and the humble righteous before His eyes “So I may be all in all, and that no flesh may boast. It was the seed of faith from My very heart that made Abraham the father of faith. I graft in those whom I graft in. I prune, I mold, I smelter those vessels for My glory and honor.” His sovereignty wrapped around the will of man in a mysterious display of glory to the One who knows all things, and I do not.

10/22/22

In this same place, where the will and sovereignty of God meets my own finite will—I heard this song being sung from an unknown place beyond where I was standing face to face with this Divine Potter.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=FZjsHp7qAlM>

10/23/22

The Potter turned me toward the “Covenant Room”. “A covenant of faith. A promise of a Savior renewed in Abraham.” Came the Voice of many waters. With a strength that was not my own, I turned and asked the Potter to show me His heart. “What would You show me here about Abraham, Lord? What could be of use to those who may look into this room in the future?”

Above the table, where the clay lamp was burning brightly, the scroll rose as the Potter said “For when I made a promise to Abraham, since I had no one greater by whom to swear, I swore by Myself.”

I saw in His eyes Abraham and Sarah speaking privately outside of Egypt where Abraham had travelled away from the land the Lord had promised because there was a famine in the land. Suddenly I felt the Potters hand hold mine in that very place. I whispered the question that had rose up in my heart. I turned my head to gaze into His eyes “Did he ask You for the way, Lord? Did he seek Your will?” His soft answer of “No” left me breathless. “But, he asked Sarah to lie to save himself. Not only once, but twice. Yet...” Before I could finish my thought, these words appeared on the scroll as His hands gripped mine more firmly:

1Pe 3:6 as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord. And you are her children, if you do good and do not fear anything that is frightening.

I looked back in that place where Abraham had strayed and found himself in a dangerous place...not once, but twice. “You could have let consequences fall upon them, Lord. But You intervened. You made the truth be known each time. Abraham escaped not only death, but with his wife and gifts from the very men he lied to?” Again my eyes met His. His countenance was the same peculiar amusement I had seen before. “I work all things for good and for My glory. I prove I am God and there is none other. I hold true to My Word. To the covenant I swear by Myself. Wrapped up in compassion for a wayward people.” As His voice subsided, the Voice of many waters lent a density and a hope to that place with the words “I will fulfill all of My promises. All of My will. I will be all in all.”

I bowed my head with a silent gratitude of “Thank you for keeping him Father. Thank you for keeping me when I stray. As Abraham was a pilgrim in a strange land, I am that no less than he.” This sentiment, this song joined its voice with my quiet humble prayer to my God and Father:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=dPqu8lD8LB0>

10/24/22

Above the table I saw on the scroll these words:

1Pe 4:8 Above all, keep loving one another earnestly, since love covers a multitude of sins.

The Potter whispered in my ear “Rahab was not less than Sarah. Both covered and protected. Such is My way.”

Then, in the Potter’s House, looking out from the arched doorway at the “Room of Covenants” I thought about how God upheld His promise. A covenant with Adam and Eve—that a Seed would crush the serpent’s head—was echoed in the covenant with Abraham. Sarah would bear a son from her own womb. Abraham would be the son’s father. In her own will, by her own way, in her own impatience...Sarah caused Abraham to sin with Hagar. This servant girl who most likely came from the courts of Pharaoh in Egypt who Abraham lied to. Musing on the sordid web of problems created by my own decisions, I looked in awe at this Potter, this Savior, who would determine to save man from this fall of man. “You even had pity on Hagar and Ishmael.” My heart exclaimed into His eyes. He voiced in return “I am kind to even the evil. The righteous may fall many times, but My hand is quick to save them. Even from themselves. My covenant is true and steadfast throughout all generations. I use all things for My glory. My ways are not man’s ways. My thoughts are higher.” The Voice of many waters again lent a greater weight to the air “Abraham could not save her. He was not worthy. His righteousness by faith was an example not a Saving Grace.” With those words, it was as if the sentiment of Eve was upon me as I saw through the eyes of the Potter—Sarah in the tent, and Abraham sitting with three men outside under the tree. My heart jumped at the words of One who spoke saying “Your wife, Sarah, will bear a son by you this time next year.”

My eyes fell on Sarah while hope filled my heart echoing the hope of Eve. But...there was doubt within the tent that gripped the heart of this woman of promise. The Potter’s voice came from that One sitting by the tree “Why did Sarah laugh and say, ‘Shall I indeed bear a child, now that I am old?’ Is anything too hard for the LORD? At the appointed time I will return to you, about this time next year, and Sarah shall have a son.” I heard her denial of doubt much like fig leaves covering the nakedness of Adam and Eve, and me hiding in the bush before coming into His house. I felt the total depravity of the human condition, but also the realization of a great and merciful God. My heart rose in this place of barrenness far beyond the years of conceiving a child. Under my breath I spoke to this Divine Potter "You spoke a better word. Again, I see Your goodness Lord here...in the land of the living.”

Overwhelmed by His goodness. By His grace. This song came into that very place as if I were singing over this woman there in the tent overcome with doubt.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=YU1niAv8hmw>

10/25/22

I stood thinking about these things in the silence of the Potters House looking over the “Room of Covenants”.

Hagar. Ishmael. Abraham and Sarah created this great and mighty nation that would become a force against God’s chosen people in the decades, centuries, and millenniums ahead. Sin births death. In Abraham’s case, a far reaching consequence for not asking the Lord what His will was. But, His promises will not be stopped by any will of man. I looked at the Potter who had appeared by my side. “You are faithful even when I lose my way and stumble headlong into the sin of self interest above Your interest and will. You still caused Isaac to be born to Abraham and Sarah even though she doubted for a season, even though Abraham had a habit of not asking Your will and way before he acted. But, yet, You counted him as righteous?” The Potter smiled and simply said “I counted him My friend for he loved Me. He not only knew I was God and no other, but he believed Me. He placed his faith in Me.”

I saw again in the Potter’s eyes the One who spoke under the tree outside of Abraham’s tent. This One caught my eye and through His eyes I saw a scene of a time before of Lot separating from Abram. I heard the Potter’s deep laugh. My focus came back to Him in the Potter’s house with an inquisitive look. “I told Abram of Ur of the Chaldees to separate himself from his land and kin. That I would give him the land I would show him. He did not separate himself even after Haran. He took Lot as an obligation.” I could not see where this Most Unique Potter would find humor in disobedience, but then... a different perspective came. Lot had been so blessed because of God’s blessing on Abram that there was not enough room for both to care for their animals and families. They had to part ways. I smiled at the humor “Your will was done wasn’t it? Abram was forced into separating himself. There was no other choice”. I knew Lot had settled in Sodom and Gomorrah. The scroll caught my eye as it rose above the table with these words

“Luke 17:33 Whoever seeks to preserve his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life will keep it.”

The One who sat by the fire outside Abram’s tent said “Look and see”. I found myself looking into His eyes, but they were the eyes of the King of Salem and the Priest of God Most High that had brought bread and wine to Abram after the time that he and Lot had went their own ways. The Voice of many waters was heard there in that very exchange “He is without father or mother or genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but resembling the Son of God he continues a priest forever. Jesus has become the High Priest after the order of Melchizedek”. In this place I bowed down in a fear with awe and worship not quite understood or known in modern times. This Melchizedek lifted me up by my hand. His eyes pierced into mine and I saw Jesus at the Last Supper table with bread and wine. That picture froze and receded into the background as a picture of the Potter behind the table in His House overlaid it. Then that picture receded while another of the Kinsman Redeemer at the Wedding Feast serving wine rose to the foreground. My heart leaped with joy! You met Abram there in that place to show Your Promise was true! My focus returned to the Divine Potter in this humble room with Herodian clay lamps and heavy air with meaning and purpose. With a weight of glory that was somehow even more dense, but also lighter somehow with this time spent with my King, my Potter, and my High Priest.

Surprised by joy, I found myself singing this heart song to my worthy King of kings.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=oRSGklQz1H0>

10/30/22

The Potter took my hands in His. I looked up peering into His eyes. “Look and see” He prompted. The time was right after the Priest of the Most High God had blessed Abram. (Before the birth of Ishmael, before the One under the tree outside Abram’s tent foretold of the birth of Isaac.) I saw Abram in his tent settling down for the night. The Voice of the very Word of God came to Abram in a vision. He told him to fear not, that He was His shield and his reward would be very great. Abram spoke with a hint of complaint in his voice “I know You promised these things, but I do not see it. I am still childless. This great nation You have spoken of giving me...well it is impossible without a child. My heir will be a faithful servant of mine—not a blood heir”. There was not a despair in his voice. More like a matter of fact. I did not sense a doubt in his words or unbelief per-se...more of a scratching of his head in confusion...what will You truly do for me my Lord because this all looks hopeless.

The Word of God gathered Abram and took him outside. His Voice broke through the darkness of the night “Look up. What do You see, Abram? Count the stars. Can you? I know their number, and that amount is as the number of your offspring.” With that Word Abram’s perspective shifted. I could almost hear him say “Of course! You are the God who knows all things. You can do all things. I will believe You.”

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

10/31/22

Abram then asked “How am I to know these things are true?” Spoken not in doubt but in wonder. In a spirit of wanting to be obedient. In the way of “What is my part in this? How will it be done?” I smiled because this is also a very prevalent trait in my own life. I could almost feel the excitement in Abram and the exclamation of “Show me what to do and I’ll do it!” In that moment, the Potter was beside me holding my hand as I saw through His eyes this conversation between Abram and the Word of God. In the Potters House above the table rose the scroll:

Gen 15:9 And he said unto him, Take me an heifer of three years old, and a she goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtledove, and a young pigeon.

I saw Abram gather each of these animals. He then divided all but the turtledove and the young pigeon in half. He placed each part in a line on the ground with a space between. With the two birds one on each side. This took all day to complete. Then he waited and kept the birds of prey from landing on and snatching the pieces away. My mind was filled with many questions, but before I could voice even one, the Potter gripped my hand more firmly with the words “Wait and see”. Hours went by. As the sun was dipping over the horizon, a darkness deeper than night came over that place, a fearful terror filled the air, and a sleep deeper than rest was placed upon Abram. A fear rose up in my own heart standing there. I quickly looked at the Potter. “A symbol, a foreshadow of what was to come. What already has come to pass.” In His eyes I saw a hill with three wooden Roman crosses, and three men crucified on them. It was mid-day. The sun was in full strength. Then, a darkness fell. A great terror. This fearful complete darkness lasted for

hours. Then I heard His voice "Father, into Your hands I commit My spirit"...then an earthquake that split rocks, and the veil in the Temple that separated the outer from the inner Holy of Holies was torn in two from top to bottom. A terrible, awe filled, holy day. A day that Abram looked forward to, and I looked back on with the same faith. With the same vision. I was suddenly back in the Potter's house looking at the scroll above the table:

2Tim 1:12 That is why I am suffering here in prison. But I am not ashamed of it, for I know the one in whom I trust, and I am sure that he is able to guard what I have entrusted to him until the day of his return.

I saw the Kinsman Redeemer standing beside the table of the Wedding Feast holding an ornate lamp with my name on the side written in red. I caught my breath and with tear filled eyes spoke into the eyes of my Kinsman Redeemer "As Abram looked ahead, so do I. As He was only a pilgrim in a strange land, so am I. As he was believing for a land of inheritance beyond his land of sojourning, so am I." With a gentle embrace and a compassionate smile, the Potter's voice brought me back to the time of Abram who was in a deep sleep surrounded by a deep terrifying darkness. The Voice of Many Waters broke through the darkness of that place "The ratifying of My covenant with Abraham is realized in the ratification of the Covenant with My Son."

I stood in the terrifying darkness with the Potter's hand enveloping mine. His words of comfort spoke easing the fear that threatened to overwhelm me. "Even in the darkness you cannot hide for even the darkness is not dark to Me; the night will shine like the day, for darkness is as light to Me. I dwell in thick darkness. There is no where that I am not. Stay here awhile."

In the darkness, by my Potter's side, with my hand folded into His, my soul knew nothing else to do but sing.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=j5slD2aSKKY>

11/3/22

In that darkness, His severe Holiness met my own sin. Here, in this deep darkness, where the fear of God is realized, He covered me with His mercy. A place where man meets his beyond description God...and somehow lives. A place where He exchanged His wrath with the grace of the Sacrifice of His Son. Words cannot describe what I knew in the darkness in the place of Calvary, at the place of the covenant with Abram. Repentance and reconciliation. Something more meaningful and powerful than any human words can describe or give the credit that the Holiness of God is due. "My Lord, my God, keep me from ever taking this great salvation for granted, or counting this great miracle as common. Keep me Holy Spirit from holding lightly the presence of God the Father, and Jesus my Lord". In the shadow of His eyes I saw the time of wickedness of Nimrod from the time after the flood. The building of the Tower of Babel when people determined to speak one language and become as high as God. To become god to their own selves. The Voice of Many Waters spoke in that most dense thick darkness "There will only be one voice of all. Only when all things are put under the Son's feet, and I Am all in all. With one voice, with one accord they will worship and become one to the glory of Who I Am...Three in One." Then silence fell once again in this place where the Potter had me under His wings as hidden in a crevice of His Rock. Sometimes a song is less than silence. Sometimes silence is more holy toward Holiness. This was such a time.

11/6/22

The thick darkness and deep sleep of Abram subsided as the Voice of many waters told Abram how his people were going to possess the land He promised. Slavery for 400 years. Then deliverance. His people would enter a time of terror. Of deep sleep. Then the deliverance of God of His people into the land of promise. I watched in wonder as night fell. A smoking pot and a burning lamp passed between the pieces of animals that Abram had prepared the day before. Symbols of the severity of the wrath of God, and the light that shines in the darkness to save. The darkness, the smoke of death and the Light of life. The Potter's voice mingled with mine "The Light has shown in the deep darkness."

In the light of this Light the Potter turned me toward Him. "Look and see". Above the table, above the ornate lamp, from the incense arising from it, the scroll revealed these scriptures:

Is 9:2 The people who walked in darkness  
have seen a great light; those who dwelt in a land of deep darkness, on them has light shone.

Mat 4:16 the people dwelling in darkness have seen a great light, and for those dwelling in the region and shadow of death, on them a light has dawned."

Acts 26:18 to open their eyes, so that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith in me.'

John 8:12 Again Jesus spoke to them, saying, "I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life."

I then saw in His eyes a woman in sorrow inside the tomb of Jesus. This same Jesus who had hung on a cross in deep darkness. Who had proclaimed "It is finished" before entering a death that took captives captive 3 days and 3 nights. Where His pillow was a stone altar. In this tomb, He was not found by this woman, Mary. Then, a Voice spoke to her. The Voice of Many Waters was distinguished...more weight but not heavy...from the voice of the One who hung on the cross. She did not recognize Him in appearance or voice until...He said her name! The Light of the world was in front of her, and that Light delivered her from her dark night of the soul. This Light had conquered death. Had conquered the slavery to sin. Just as the Lord had shown Abram it would come to pass through the symbolic nature of His covenant with him...This Covenant between the Father and Son ushered the promise into reality. A reality that would become even more real as the Promised Land was again promised by this holy King of kings. The promise of Himself dwelling in His people. The fullness of God indwelling a peculiar people was the promise of the Spirit of God. The Light of the world shining in the deep darkness of souls. Making a people ready—making straight paths—to not now, but a further promise of a House not made by human hands but kept in glory. Through the eyes of this resurrected Jesus, I saw the Kinsman Redeemer at the Wedding Feast table. "I am beyond able to keep all you have trusted Me with against that day." There was a sense that my past, present, and future had folded together right here in the place of Resurrection. In this place where my King has kept me, is keeping me, and will forever keep me...for all eternity.

My focus came back to the smoking pot and the burning lamp passing through the place of promise. The Voice of Many Waters spoke "There was none greater to swear by, so I swore by Myself. I am the Savior seen in My Son. In this covenant with Abram, and the Covenant with My Son from the foundations of the world. Symbolized in this covenant with Abram. Fulfilled by the resurrection of My only begotten Son. He is the promised land of promise. He is Who Abram saw, and Eve longed and hoped for."

11/11/22

In this same place of Covenant, the Covenant God made with Himself to send the Seed to crush the serpent's head, I saw another covenant. One that was made between God and Abraham before the One visited him and Sarah outside the tent under the tree, and after Ishmael had been born.

Circumcision and names were changed. Abram became Abraham. Sarai became Sarah. Questions and wonderings and curiosities flooded my mind. I heard the Potter laugh standing next to me looking out toward the "Room of Covenants" in the Potter's House. His hand took mine and ushered me over to the wooden stool. My eyes fell on the wall of promise behind the table with the ornate lamp sitting in the middle. The Potter crouched down with His arms around His knees. With His eyes penetrating mine He encouraged with a soft voice "Tell me what You see." With more confidence than I've ever known, I took a deep breath...and these words seemed to flow effortlessly "You made a Covenant with the Father and Holy Spirit before anything that was made was made. That God the Father would send God the Son in the flesh of Jesus to die for all who would come to Him by His Spirit through Jesus. You revealed this Eternal Covenant to man through this Abrahamic Covenant where the smoking pot and torch passed between the divided animals. This covenant was a revealed foreshadow of the Covenant being ratified by You, Jesus, dying on the cross and resurrecting. This is the promise of what You would do.

The covenant of the circumcision with Abraham is the revealing of how You were going to ratify Your Covenant. How You were going to work through man to cause it to be, or to reveal to man what You have already done (because God lives in a place where there is no time, no space, like all of the past, present, and future just *are* together somehow). It was a sign, a reminder to Abraham and all of His posterity of this promise of a promised land." I then hesitated as I looked again at the wall with the Herodian lamps on shelves from floor to ceiling behind the table, and the ornate lamp in the center resting on the stone slab. As He took my hand in His, I looked back into His eyes. His voice was a comfort that I did not know I needed at that moment. "The circumcision of the flesh was a sign of two things. The actual fulfilling of the Messiah being born, crucified, and resurrected from the dead from the line of Abraham. Where the promised Seed would be born of Mary, conceived by the Holy Spirit. This is the biological line. The genealogy of the Promised One. Where the chosen line would come through Isaac, not Ishmael. The second thing the circumcision is a sign of is the circumcision of the heart." With those words, I suddenly saw the picture of His hand pouring the chalice of blood over the hardened lamp and cutting away the marred pieces. Over the lamp I saw written on the scroll:

Heb 4:12 For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. 13 Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

And

Heb 4:14 Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. 15 For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. 16 Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

And

Heb 6:13 For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he sware by himself, 14 Saying, Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee. 15 And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise. 16 For men verily swear by the greater: and an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife. 17 Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: 18 That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: 19 Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; 20 Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.

My heart warmed at these scriptures I knew well, but somehow had become more treasured, or revealed in a deeper way to my heart in this place. I whispered "Salvation by faith. Righteousness by faith. Sanctification by faith. Because Your Covenant is unchanging. You will not allow it not to be kept. So, You even keep hearts circumcised to You. You keep me because I cannot keep myself. You graft me into the Promise because I cannot graft myself." I looked at the ornate lamp on the table. The Potter walked over to the other side of the table. He gently picked up the lamp and said "I am able to hold and keep you for all eternity." Instantly I was where He was...being wrapped up in His Sovereign Arms of Grace.

An ancient song rose from my soul, but with a deeper sound of passion. Resonating from before time began clear through to this very moment in time. Here in the Potter's House: the place of reckless, relentless, scandalous Love.

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

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ICMQDUqSyN8&list=RDICMQDUqSyN8&start\\_radio=1](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ICMQDUqSyN8&list=RDICMQDUqSyN8&start_radio=1)

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ihZYXGrc9Xw>

11/14/22

Behind the table in the Potter's House, I looked into His eyes. Where I thought I would see the scene of Sodom and Gomorrah, I saw instead Sarah giving birth to Isaac. The sentiment of Eve rose, as a distant hope of a Savior once again entered into this thread of time, and this line of genealogy. "Abraham was blessed but could not save her. He was the father of faith blessed and brought forth from the Savior yet to be, but who already was. The Creator who had created Abraham was Himself going to step through the fabric of time and be born through a virgin by the Holy Spirit. Isaac was conceived by Abraham by the miraculous touch of the One upon Sarah that opened her womb in her old age. When He returned as He said He would, Isaac had been born. Then I saw a feast. Isaac had been weaned, and Abraham was proud of his son. Ishmael, caught up in jealousy, mocked him. I could not hear the words and as my voice was about to ask the question, the Voice of Many Waters broke through the silence "I will curse those who curse you." Ishmael and Hagar found themselves cast out of the house of blessing, with the provision of God, but without His full presence of promise. The Potter whispered "Jealousy is a fools errand that leads to a fools reward. God will not be mocked. The line of Ishmael came from the line of Cain in spirit. The line of Isaac came from the line of Abraham in fact and in spirit. There are those of the line of Abraham in fact that are not of the line of Abraham in spirit. They say "My God is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob", but they do not know Me. They do not know who I am because they are of the line of Adam and Cain and Ishmael. Not of My line of the spirit of Abraham. Neither is their righteousness by faith, neither do they fear Me as Abraham did." I saw the fear of this holy God in Abraham when he sent his son Ishmael and Hagar off into the wilderness...away from his camp. I also saw his trust in what the Lord had promised...his illegitimate (not from the hand of the Lord) son (and his line) would become a great nation in rival with his legitimate brother, Isaac (and his line).

In this place I wondered at the severity of God. My Potter, knowing me so well, answered "To show the exceedingly wickedness of sin, and it always births death. To show My grace and mercy upon those who fear Me and trust Me to work out all things for their good...even the consequences of their sin. In their struggle with this line of sin-with the camp and line of Ishmael- they become humbled time and time again. They are driven back to Me time and time again." A thought, very small, fluttered quickly through my consciousness. Having to do with being known as the slave of God verses the friend of God. Where a slave does not know what his Master does, but a friend does know his Master's heart." I saw these words on the scroll above this table in the Potter's House:

Joh 15:15 No longer do I call you servants, for the servant does not know what his master does. But I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard from My Father I have made known to you. 16 You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatever you shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it to you.

"Look and see" the Potter prompted. A conversation and a command He had given Abraham in which I saw Abraham and Isaac in His eyes...climbing a mountain. Isaac was carrying a bundle of wood on his back. Abraham was leaning heavy on his walking stick. A cloud seemed to be on him. His countenance was that of a shadow...downcast, but determined. Resigned but hopeful. A mixed appearance of both dread, and yet his face was as flint. Leaning heavy but yet his foot was

sure. Weak yet strong. In that moment I heard Isaac ask his father “Where is the sacrifice?” In which Abraham with all confidence replied “The Lord will provide.” The scene faded as my focus returned to the Potter... To The Lamb who was slain from the foundations of the world. The only perfect sacrifice. The Voice of Many Waters whispered through time and space “Isaac was not able to save her. He was not perfect. Only One was. My only begotten Son, forsaken on the cross that day.” Abraham again appeared in His eyes with Isaac on the stone of sacrifice. He held a knife above Isaac, determined to obey the word of God and offer his only son from his own loins, when the Voice of Many Waters interrupted his action. “Do not lay your hand on the lad, nor do anything to him. For now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only one, from Me.” The words echoed in my own soul. “Now I know that you fear Me.” An understanding came with that echo. I looked at the Potter “But You already knew that he feared You. Why this trial of faith, Lord?” That peculiar look of amusement coupled with a tender love accompanied His words “He did not know he feared me. The releasing of Ishmael caused a certain clinging to Isaac that he was not aware of until this moment of obedience. Until his heart was set on giving Me this most treasured possession.” My eyes glanced at the wall behind the table at the “wall of promise”. The words “living sacrifice” took on a deeper meaning in that where the True Treasure became superimposed over these treasures of my life. His words brought my attention back to His face “Yes, much the same. What do you fear the most? What do you fear losing the most? That shows if there is idolatry does it not?” In His eyes I saw again out from the arched doorway rooms and rooms of Herodian lamps on shelves from floor to ceiling. Each lamp had this picture of Abraham’s hand gripping a knife raised above Isaac on the stone alter. Each one. His words were unexpected. As if He was not speaking to the moment... as if the picture was speaking of a different truth altogether. “Who will trust Me with their wounds? Who will come to Me? Who will see beyond the sacrifice and fear Me? Who will sacrifice their own wounds for My healing and My sacrifice? Who will come in mourning and lament, and leave with a weightier healing? Where many are invited, but few of them choose the better part. Where those who are bid to gather from the streets come, but these others in My House do not come. It is the valley of decision”. His face dissuaded me from asking the questions. Maybe because there was already a settling in my own heart of a truth that was not quite in focus, but there none the less. Something of depth of His Spirit for a time not yet. On the horizon that this picture represented-not only in my life here and now- but in future lives of those who He was and would call to Himself. As He so often does, His Voice interrupted my meditation on these things. “Look and see”. In that place of Abraham’s hand being stayed from sacrificing his son, I saw a ram with his horns caught in a bush. Abraham, when he saw it, I could almost hear him say “See, son, I told you the Lord would provide. He is not a God that He should lie. He promised that you would be the line of promise, and so it shall be. Only by His hand will the promise be made full. Only by His provision will it come to pass.” I saw him pick up the ram and place it on the alter in replacement of Isaac. Just as Jesus was placed on the cross in my replacement. This, a foreshadow of what was already done, and what would be done. The Perfect Picture of a Perfect Sacrifice.

In the Potter’s House, I took His hand in mine, walked over to the wooden stool and sat down. He had knelt as I sat. Looking into His most kind and gracious eyes, full of mercy... and judgment... I simply said “Search my heart, Oh God. Let there not be any hidden treasures I value above You. Meet me here in this place, for I know how deceitful my heart is. I know how it tends to stray and lose focus on You, my true Treasure.” His hands folded over mine as His

eyes reflected the ornate lamp that was sat in the middle of the table on the stone slab. The Voice of Many Waters brought it's denseness "And she chose the better part". The Potter's eyes held mine in that place as He whispered "Stay here awhile" at the same time that I breathed "Keep me here with You my Lord."

"I choose to worship You, Father. I choose to trust You here. I choose to fear You and obey You here in this place...with my Savior, with my Potter and Kinsman Redeemer, with my High Priest that is my Substitute. Thank you my God and Father, my Lord and Savior."

[https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Z7eci\\_PaiUU](https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Z7eci_PaiUU)

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=cgpvCVkrV6M>

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And this prayer song rose up from my memory. Where it seems past present and future had again folded together. I looked into the Potter's eyes and said "Keep me in a different Spirit Lord."

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=xUT4trsrBCw>

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Sitting on the stool in the Potter's House, I reflected on Eve. Did she yet see the Seed that would be her redeemer? I saw the line of Adam, Seth, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob...all the way down the blood line to the birth of the Promised One. Immanuel...God with us. In this, I knew I had found my Redeemer. My heart was somehow content that Eve had to.

The Potter had suddenly become very serious. He lifted me up with His hand as He arose from His kneeling position. "Salvation and righteousness by faith leads to sanctification by faith for all who enter in. For all who open the door to My knocking, I will come in and sup with them. Will you go farther? I have much to show you." I looked at the closed door to the left in the Potter's House. In this place where my heart was light of care, even though my own circumstances had not changed. In this place I knew a security of salvation. His blood poured over the ornate lamp, the circumcising of my heart, the furnace, the oil of Gilead, the water, the Word of God as a wick, the incense of my prayers and worship. All of these things had grown me deeper in my faith and relationship with my Potter, Kinsman Redeemer, High Priest, and Savior. There was certainly a temptation to exit through the door back to a familiar place...a place of mere service for service's sake. Of finding some good work, or just living in this state of contentment now that I had grown to know Him more. My eyes returned to His. "I know I would drift away from You Lord. I cannot do anything less than follow You. Lead on, and show me the way."