

A Place Of Meeting. A Place Of Promise. A Place of Warning.

11/16/22

“A humble and contrite heart I do not despise. Sin not in your anger. In all your ways acknowledge Me and I will make your ways straight. Do you believe this?” With a confidence that surprised me I heard my voice speak "Yes, I believe". Seeing the gentle kindness in His eyes, a warmth like faith, hope, and love permeated my heart. I whispered “But the greater of these is love. Keep me in this place, Jesus, because I do not want to be a clanging cymbal.” His countenance radiated pure joy as He lifted me up from the stool speaking these words: “Come, there is much to see.” He led me over to the wooden table with the ornate lamp sitting on the stone slab. Joy, on the wings of thanksgiving, rose up in my heart as I saw the flame burning brightly. Out of the smoke, above the lamp, the words on the scroll read:

“Gen 22:19 Abraham returned to his young men, and they rose up and went together to Beer-sheba. And Abraham lived at Beer-sheba.”

After the Lord had provided the sacrifice on Mt. Moriah in Isaac’s stead, Abraham went to Beer-sheba. The southernmost boarder of the land of promise. I looked at the Potter and asked “What is the significance of this place? What do You want to show me?” He brought me over to the arched doorway, and the words “Room of Covenants” was suspended above the room to the right closest to the doorway. I saw 7 ewes as a pictograph rise from this room. Then on the left side, a candlestick rose from 7 rooms all in order. I saw a tree rise up in the space between the two rows of rooms. A tree with deep roots hovering over seven wells. With a vague understanding of this covenant connection, but with questions forming, I turned to look at the Potter. His face was stormy, but determined. Not unkind, but as flint. The Voice of Many Waters fell somehow stronger “A place of meeting. A place of promise. A place of warning.”

The Potter again took me by the hand. We headed over to the stool. I expected Him to sit me down, but instead slid the stool up to the table. The scroll was sitting in front of the lamp on the table. These words were on the scroll:

2Ti 2:15 Study earnestly to present yourself approved to God, a workman that does not need to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth.

His voice like dew fell on what I realized were my parched ears. “Sit. Study. Search. Pray.” I looked at His face that again had the countenance of pure joy. Which I saw in His eyes my own countenance reflected this same joy. My eyes spoke into His “A labor of love with a purpose and meaning. Thank you, Lord. Only be with me here, I cannot do this alone.” This complete thought formed as a single sentiment as He declared “I will never leave you or forsake you. I have much for you to see.”

With those words, I sat down on the stool, my hands folded and resting on top of the scroll as tears of meaning welled up in my eyes. The prayer that came from the innermost part of my being was “Father, show me the way by the Holy Spirit in the name and through the blood of Jesus. Amen.” In that place, with the Potter’s hand on my shoulder, a familiar song drifted from out of the dense atmosphere...

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=6n6eyaZwuYY>

11/18/22

Beer-Sheba. A place of meeting. A place of promise. A place of warning. Hanging onto these three words, I read the accounts in the Scriptures of this place.

Before the Lord provided the ram as a sacrifice in Isaac's stead, Abraham defended his well in Beer-Sheba from those who would steal it from him. He called upon the Everlasting God in that place. A place of meeting. A place of defense. A place of witness. Abraham gave 7 ewes as a witness of who's well it was to the king of the Philistines who's men had attempted to steal the well he had dug to water his flock. In a dry and barren land, water is life.

I looked back at the Potter. In His eyes I saw the vision of John the Revelator. The One, the Kinsman Redeemer:

Rev 1:12 And I turned to see the voice that spoke with me. 13 And having turned, I saw seven golden lampstands. And in the midst of the seven lampstands I saw One like the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and tied around the breast with a golden band. 14 His head and hair were white like wool, as white as snow. And His eyes were like a flame of fire. 15 And His feet were like burnished brass having been fired in a furnace. And His voice was like the sound of many waters. 16 And He had seven stars in His right hand, and out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword. And His face was like the sun shining in its strength. 17 And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying to me, Do not fear, I am the First and the Last, 18 and the Living One, and I became dead, and behold, I am alive for ever and ever, Amen. And I have the keys of hell and of death.

The Voice of Many Waters proclaimed in that place "This is the place of meeting. These are the witnesses of My Word. These are My lamps shining in the darkness and the darkness does not overcome them. In a dry and barren land My Word is living water, a lamp to guide."

My focus came back to the Potter in that humble room. I was keenly aware of a victory that had been won in my own soul. A defense that had been made of the well of love. Of being assured of His goodness. The smile He offered assured me all was well with my soul as He took my hand and ushered me over to the arched doorway. There were the 7 candlesticks above 7 rooms on the left side of the space. Above the first room, the picture of a candlestick changed into a 3D picture of an ornate Herodian lamp. Above this picture the word Ephesus was written in red. I looked at the Potter in curiosity. His countenance had taken on the familiar determined stance. His clear, strong voice asked the question "Will you be a witness of My love? Will you defend it in the face of those who would attempt to steal it from you? From circumstances and situations that would wear it down and cause you to doubt? From voices and opinions that would become contrary to My command of love the Lord your God with all you are and your neighbor as yourself?" In this moment the Scriptures that I had read became living in my own heart, soul, and mind. Like a sharp two edged sword that cuts through to the marrow. The questions came. Do I love the Lord with all I am? Truly? Do I do all things out of love for Him toward others, or is there a self motive hidden deep that I cannot see? Am I defending and guarding my heart from becoming bitter and hard, from straying from my first love? "I do not know Lord. Only You can

search these things. Only You truly know a heart...for it is deceitful above all things. I do know there is nothing new created in my own heart and soul without my confessing I cannot do it myself. I cannot somehow love You and love others without Your Holy Spirit living inside me convicting me of when I am not walking in this love or being the witness of it the way You have commanded. So, here I make You my strong defense of this well of love. Knowing that You are able to create in me a new heart and renew a right spirit within me. As Abraham planted a tree and called upon You there in Beer-Sheba, I do here in this time where my First Love needs defending and protected. I place my trust in You, Lord, that You are able. And that You hold me tight and will never let me go. That it is You who is establishing this root of the tree in the well of perfect Love from the Father.”

His eyes shown a victory won. His hand gestured back through the arched doorway. In the space in the middle of the two rows of rooms, where the pictograph of the tree above seven wells, a root grew out of the well of Love into the trunk of the tree. This seemed a very curious thing to me. But then the Voice of Many Waters joined my own voice in declaring “Not by might, not by power, not by human effort, but by My Spirit says the Lord.” I saw the One who has the two edged sword coming out of His mouth appear before this room of Ephesus. His voice thundered a command “Come back to Me, My bride, My church. You will see. You will hear what the Spirit says.” All of the sudden I was wrapped up in the Potter’s arms with a sense of overcoming— standing in the thickness of the atmosphere that was much more than the air that is breathed for life.

In this place of meeting...this song, more than mere sentiment, was being sung from the hardened Herodian lamps in the room of Ephesus:

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=QNqCvx_T46c

The Potter’s face was alight with victory as He led me back and sat me on the stool that was pulled up to the wooden table where the scroll was set in front of the ornate Herodian lamp. I looked up in His eyes. With a smile of delight He asked “Where is the promise and where is the warning here in Beer-Sheba? In Ephesus? Where is the meeting, promise and warning the rest of the seven lamps, candlesticks, churches?” His laughter filled the room as my countenance reflected the same determination that I had seen Him model so many times before. But along with determination was a complete dependance upon Him. “Show me, Lord. Open my eyes to see and ears to hear what You would say. Something of worth for the here and now.” That peculiar amusement was seen in His eyes. With a tender tone His voice whispered “I will never leave or forsake you. You are My own.”

11/20/22

Very early hours

With a heavy sigh, my chin dropped to my chest and my hands to my lap. “I am not a scholar, Lord. There are so many who have the knowledge of what You are asking me to do. I am not sure I am seeing what You have said. I have read all I can find about this place in the Scriptures, and have prayed for You to guide my studies in reading and searching other’s work and commentaries. I do not know what You would have me say here, what You want to show.” The Potter knelt down, and turned the stool until I was facing Him. His eyes were kind, but piercing. In a confidence that I was not feeling He said “Oh, but you do see something that I have shown

you that does not seem to fit how you thought the story would go, or answers the questions I have asked don't you?" My eyes dropped to my hands with a slight nod. His gentle hand lifted my head back up to His gaze while His other hand folded mine in His own. "Tell Me what you see." My quiet voice was barely audible "Are You sure, Potter? I feel like Moses stating that I am not qualified for this, but I want to trust You with it." In that moment, the Voice of Many Waters fell upon my ears "Who taught the planets to spin in their orbits, who told the ocean it could only go so far? Who hung the stars and counts them in the span of My hand, or holds all water in it's hollow. Who has made man fearfully and wonderfully, and knows them by name, and calls them out to do My will? Who is sovereign?" A drop of courage came with these words, and with a wisp of a smile, I began to tell Him what I saw.

"After Sarah died, Abraham did something curious. Isaac was grieving his mother's death, and Abraham sent a servant to his mother's brother to find a wife, for Isaac, from among his daughters in Nahor. Isaac was around 40 years old here, Lord, but it is written that this servant had charge of Abraham's business. I see this servant as faithful not only to Abraham, but to You. He made no step in that journey without asking for Your way and will. He was patient and called upon Your loving kindness toward Abraham. I see him as having a relationship with faith. He worshipped You twice during that mission he was sent on. That speaks of him having a habit of prayer and worship that I do not see as much in Isaac or in his son Jacob after him. I see him coming to You first instead of You intervening like You did with Isaac when he was headed to Egypt during the drought 100 years after the drought in Abraham's time that caused Abraham to lie about Sarah being his sister only. You turned Isaac back from going into Egypt...without his even asking for Your will. But, this servant of Abraham—he prayed every step and worshipped where he was at. This is what I see, but I do not know where it fits in a meeting, a promise, and a warning." His laughter again filled the room as He pulled me close. "Do not fret. Faith and obedience walk hand in hand do they not? You see more than this." His arms wrapped around His knees as He crouched down. It was as if He was inclining toward me. His voice seemed to speak with an attention I had not heard before. "Just tell Me what you see in this saga of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob here in relation with this place of Beer Sheba." I breathed a silent prayer for the Holy Spirit's hand of guidance. As I looked up at the Potter's face I was surprised by what I saw. There was a compassion mixed with determination as before. But something besides that. While my mind was searching for the correct description of it, He smiled and simply said "Sovereignty, righteousness, judgement, lovingkindness all wrapped up in the humble garments of a Servant." Who could have spoken a word in that moment? In the weight of Who He is? There was nothing else I wanted to do but sit right there with Him. In the silence of glory and grace.

These songs broke through the silence as wings of eagles on the dense air:

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Bbd4WQtpr_c

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=r2V5haT1lR8>

My heart knew what it saw here in this moment...sitting at the feet of my Potter.

Early morning

It was as if I was crashed again upon the rock of paradox and juxtaposition. The place where the will and choice of man comes face to face and toe to toe with the sovereignty of Almighty God. Looking into the face of the Potter, I said “It seems contradictory, Lord. I do not see any of these Patriarchs doing exactly what they should have done at all times. They went off in their own will, or at least in their own strength...attempting to save their own selves. Abraham lied twice. Isaac lied the same way, almost a carbon copy of his father. Jacob lied to Isaac and was disciplined for 20 years in servitude to his uncle. These are not righteous people, yet the promise of a Seed to crush the serpents head was promised through them...the promise of a promised land, which is You, Jesus. Then I look at the 7 churches, the 7 lamps, candlesticks, in Revelation, and there is a judgement. I see Your hand of grace heavier on these Patriarchs of this covenant with Abraham than on these—those who are Your Bride. I see more of Your severity and judgement upon these here at the end of the age than at the near beginning of it. How can any be found drinking out of these wells you are showing me? If it were truly up to the will, choice, and ability of man to keep all these things You have commanded here in these letters to Your churches, then, Your promises would be as vapor in the wind...unattainable. Where does the feeble efforts and striving of man fit into Your perfect will and promise of A Bride ready for Your arrival? Would You hold a standard to attain higher for these than for the Patriarchs?” These questions, inquiries, wonderings, musings, curiosities were not asked in accusation or in demand of an answer. Perhaps in a bit of frustration, but not in a manner that was placing an injustice at His feet. A boldness of searching to know what He would want said in this place for this hour, or maybe even an hour to come was heavy on my heart. I heard myself whisper here in this place with tears welling in my eyes “We are all here in this place (as I glanced toward the rooms of churches) with finite minds and infinite weaknesses. We are not worthy, not even one. As Abraham we take matters into our own hands. As Isaac, we neglect what we should do for our own comforts...and find the wells of our fathers filled in with dust and sand. Like Jacob, we snatch our inheritance, even steal another’s, and find ourselves wandering in a desert until eventually we kneel at the well in Beer-Sheba and humbly ask You for Your direction and guidance. I do not see where anything that we as humans have done that would make us worthy of Your promises. The one thing I see most clearly is the servant of Abraham in prayer and worship. That is the picture I see standing out of all these that I have seen of the 7 sheep, 7 lamps, 7 wells, and the tree.” That peculiar amusement was upon His face as His voice came through His smile “What is the meeting, the promise, and warning in Ephesus. What is the meeting, the promise and warning in the rest of the 7 churches?” Have you ever wrestled with the Creator of all things? Jacob did, and it is written that he won, but with a lifetime limp to remind him that it was actually the Sovereignty of God that overcame in that place of struggle between the will of man and the will of God. After all, later in his life, he was the one who ended up *asking* the Lord if he should go into Egypt where Abraham went without asking, and Isaac obeyed after the Lord intervened. This looks like the exact picture of a believer’s growth and walk with the Savior...in this Christian faith...if one stays in the Word, prayer, and worship. His eyes were still shining with that particular peculiar amusement as I stood up and reached for His hand, led Him over to the arched doorway and fixed my eyes on the room of Ephesus. His amusement I felt turn into more...into a joy that somehow spilled over into my own being. I glanced at Him and said with all sincerity of heart, “Lord, I still do not understand how You would want to hear anything that I would say. That You would be attentive to my thoughts. How is it that the Lord of all the earth would care to know my name or be patient with my questions or just sit with me until my doubts and fears are done away with? What manner of a Savior, a

Kinsman Redeemer, Lord and King are You that You take dust and make it into a vessel for Your glory...but with humility, and grace and mercy. In the garments of a Servant. It is simply too much for me to comprehend." He held onto my left hand with His right and gestured out toward the room of Ephesus. "I am with You here in this place. Tell of what you see." I heard the simple reply come from somewhere deep within "Ok, my Lord."

11/21/22

Ephesus. A place of meeting. Something gripped my soul, that caused a rush of sentiment to flow. Words unspoken, yet clearly heard by the Potter who I had turned to. "You are my meeting place. You are who I desire to know. Not only know of the omniscient God that knows all things, but to be with the One who is all knowing. Not only to know of the omnipotence of God but to be with the One who can do anything. Who has all power. Not only know about the omnipresence of God but be with the One who is present in all places at all times, but it is as if You are only here with me in the moment and nowhere else. To delight in Your presence and knowing a void when I am not close to Your very heart. This, my Lord, is my meeting place.

The place of promise in Ephesus is knowing You, being with You in this way is rewarded an eternal life with You. Forever being in Your presence every moment in an eternity that is absent of moments but just *is*. If I would spurn being with You in the fullness of what I can be with you now, how will it be that I could delight in You when face to face? When the works fade, and the tasks are all complete, when all You have commissioned is finished...when all I have is You and You alone at the end of my days, where will my heart be set? In whom will my soul delight? Teach me, my Lord, to live this minute, each hour, as if eternity has come. As if the Father's kingdom has come right here into my heart. Into this place of meeting and promise."

"A place of warning in Ephesus is to shun my first love—is to lose Your presence. To lose the flame of my lamp. To regard You lightly, to keep all that God is in His entirety as something trivial or regard the work of the Lord as something better to attain than the Lord who ordained the work. Search me here, Lord. I am sorry for holding Your presence as a common thing, taking for granted this great gift of salvation and newness You have created in me. Keep us here, Lord. Let us not fail in this place of Ephesus, in this place of warning, but as a father disciplines all who He loves, bring us back to You, our First Love."

11/22/22

The Potter turned me toward Him in that moment. "My grace is not more at the first than at the last. A repentant, humble heart I never despise, but I forgive. I draw you close as a mother bird does her chicks when you come. Even if you fall from your First Love I pursue you. I show you the folly of your sin until you turn back to Me. All those who turn to Me for grace will find it when they come with a sincere and humble heart. I heal and bind up their wounds and remember their sin no more." Out of the corner of my eye I saw this passage of Scripture appear on the scroll above the table

Psalm 103:12 as far as the east is from the west, so far has he removed our transgressions from us. for he knows how we are formed, he remembers that we are dust. the wind blows over it and it is gone, and its place remembers it no more. with those who keep his covenant and remember to obey his precepts.

I realized at that moment that the Covenant of Grace had run clear through from the promise of a Seed coming from Eve, in the garden, then through Seth, Enoch, all the way to Abraham then to Isaac, and to Jacob. And the Seed had come into this world—The Son of God wrapped up in the flesh of man—and paid the price for my soul...had taken the punishment for my sin. And then went one step farther and forgot about all my iniquities. The words were inadequate, but He knows the depths of the sentiment “Thank you, Jesus, for Your grace. That You bind up the wounds of my heart and set me on Your firm foundation of grace with the love of the Father. That You never leave me where I am, but change my heart from glory to glory.”

Suddenly in His eyes I saw a picture of before, in the kiln when my heart was heavy and wounded. Where my struggle was with forgiving a deep wound inflicted by those I loved. How forgiveness had seemed impossible. But, now, somehow there was peace in my heart. In surprise, my focus returned to the Potter. “It was a hard thing, Lord. I do not know how You changed me, or exactly when, but You did. A heart of stone into a pliable lump. Then ordaining me with Your grace and glory. Promising me You would never leave or forsake me even when I strayed. Even when I lost my First Love. Thank you, Lord, that You not only save, but keep me. Not only keep me, but heal and change me from the inside. You create that new heart and renew a right spirit and mind in me.” As I looked back at where I had been at first, following this Most Unique Potter down the path that led into this House...to where I am standing by Him in this moment...it took my breath away. Tears of emotions, too numerous to list, spoke into His eyes “Is there anything impossible with You?” In which He laughed as the Voice of Many Waters drifted on the heavy air “All things are possible for those who believe. Whose trust is in Me. Whose I Am their trust.” In the deepest part of who I am, the more than mere sentiment rose with pure sincerity: “Thank you for being my trust Lord when I could not believe. Thank you for helping me believe when I could not. Thank you for being faithful when I was far from being faithful. You have seen me through. What manner of love is this that You would die while yet I was a sinner? That You drew me in...even in the state I was in. Thank you Father, my Lord Jesus, and my Comforter for all You have done. It truly is by Your Spirit.”

A statement more than a question rose up in a song from my heart to my God in that moment: Who am I that You are mindful of me?

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=uu0lRA13m4w>

I glanced over at the Room of Ephesus. The hardened lamps had all turned ornate and were singing this song:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=LK1OeDHWVLs>

11/23/22 morning

Beer-Sheba. Where Abraham defended his well (the meeting place of God), Isaac reinforced (or came back to) this meeting place, and Jacob honored and was obedient to God here. Over 1400 years later, this place would be surrounded by idolatry. Of seeking the pleasures of false gods rather than obedience to and faith of the Everlasting God. Josiah, the king of Judah at the time, did attempt to tear down the idols by rule and law, but the people’s hearts remained far from God.

I looked into the Potter’s eyes. With a commanding voice He said “Nicolaitans, Balaam, temples of fornication and idolatry. Those who hate and defend against these things with their whole heart are like the church of Ephesus. The rule of law does nothing to change a heart. Only My Spirit does that.”

I knew the Old Covenant, the rule of the letter of the law, was a time coming up in His walking me through what He wanted me to see. He answered the question, with a smile, before it was spoken "Smyrna." With that, I turned back to the table, and the ornate lamp, and the scroll. My eyes met His encouraging eyes as I made my way over to the stool of study and prayer with a wonder and contentment I had only rarely felt in my life. I looked back at this Most Unique Potter with words of thanksgiving and gratitude "Thank you for being with me here in this place, Lord. There is no place I would rather be than in the center of Your will for me in this moment of time. Keep me in Your will, my King, by the Holy Spirit and the will of the Father." Sometimes the prayer is the heart song that is sung. Sometimes the deepest worship comes without strings or drums or clapping hands, but the melody is heard the loudest. The surrender of obedience with thanksgiving that needs no law to impose. The obedience of a reverent heart that simply loves the Lord God with all their heart. That type of worship is what will defend that well, and will tear down idols because that is the praise...that is the worship...that He dwells in.

11/23/22 evening

As I was reading through the letter to Smyrna, the Voice of Many Waters spoke into the meditation. "The Fruit of the Spirit. Joy and peace flow from the perfect love of the Father in Jesus your Lord, your First Love, the exact likeness of the love of God." I looked back at the Potter, who I knew would be standing behind me. His hand was inviting me to come. He led me over to the arched doorway where I saw the tree in the center of the rows of rooms on either side with the wells below the pictograph of the tree.

The first well had the name Love, but then two other words appeared below this name. Peace and joy. I looked into the Potter's eyes. I asked "Am I wrong in this Lord? There are so many that obtain their joy and peace by serving, by doing good works. I know that those things are not bad, and are necessary, but I know of something different with You than all this. Where my peace and joy comes from You not the things I do for You. The things I do come from what You tell me to do in Your Word and in my own heart after spending time with You. I do not think I am wrong." He took both my hands in His and said "The Way is narrow. Few there are that find it. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire. Blessed are those who find their peace and joy in My love. Looking unto Me for their way." I looked over again at the room of Ephesus. The lamps were all ornate and burning brightly. On the sides of each one I saw the Kinsman Redeemer holding each lamp in His hands. "I do not lose even one the Father has given Me." In His eyes I saw in time and space all kneeling before Jesus as John saw Him...The Alpha and Omega, the Perfect Lamb who was slain. He is the One, the Most Unique Potter, the Son of God, the Word of God, the High Priest, and Lord of Lords. It was as if Eve's sentiment had been realized here in this place in a greater, deeper, more meaningful way than even when gazing at the cross in all it's meaning of salvation, or gazing at the empty tomb in all it's hope of resurrection. This spoke of the Glory of God revealed in a much higher way. A realization came that it seemed like I had *always* known Him this way. So much higher than any other of any creation. So much more righteous that any man could attain, but yet, the Father calls them Sons and Daughters. All those who love His Son. All other things that are counted worthy come from Him, the head of the church. I wanted to stay in that place of worship, honor and glory. In that place of meeting and promise without any warning to be seen or that I noticed while my eyes and ears, heart, soul, mind and strength were focused on Him. But, the Potter's voice brought me back to this time and place with a gentle whisper "Smyrna."

In His eyes I saw my own eyes welling up with longing, joy, hope and love. “Yes, Lord. The church of patience” I whispered in reply.

11/24/22

Smyrna. A beautiful city. Prosperous for all those who were not followers of The Way. For these followers of the First and the Last, the One who died—but is alive, life was full of persecution, trials, tribulations, martyrdom, prison. Like Isaac faced trouble at the two wells he had dug and named them opposition and violence, these faithful ones were met with the same from the religious rulers of the day. The Jews who’s only claim to being the prodigy of Abraham was the circumcision of the flesh, the keeping of the law, but their heart was far from Him. These who call themselves Jews, but the Lord calls them “a synagogue of Satan” persecuted those who were actually the heirs of Abraham because of their faith in Jesus, they had subjected their hearts continually to the Potter’s circumcision, and He called them true Jews, and children of God. The well they ran to, like Isaac during his time of oppression and persecution, was the well of meeting with the Everlasting God. This is where they found the faithfulness to endure these things in an hostile environment.

The place of meeting was not in the wealth of Smyrna. Not in the comforts of plenty or the comforts of peace with their neighbors or enemies. This place of meeting was surrounded by hardship and much testing and trials. The well they dug was the well of communion with God in the middle of it all, and Jesus called them rich. This was the well of the faithfulness of God that requires patience, endurance, longsuffering, perseverance that can only be found in His Holy Spirit. This well produces the fruit of hope.

I felt the Potter’s hand on my shoulder. The Voice of Many Waters lent a weight to the air and to my meditation on these things. “The riches of heaven, the storehouses of wealth, Faith, Hope, Love...but the greatest of these is Love. What holds your faith? What holds your hope?”

I stood and turned to the Potter whose eyes were intensely piercing into my own soul, into my thoughts and very heart as I spoke “Your love, from the very heart of God, holds all things. It holds joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control because God is love.” His soft tender voice pulled me close “Salvation is free, but not cheap. It cost Me everything. The revelation of that salvation, to those the Father has revealed it to by the Holy Spirit, is not cheap. It is very expensive and comes at a high cost. The death of self. Those who are faithful unto this death, that subject themselves to this judgement now, from glory to glory, will be saved from the severity of it later. They obtain the crown of life.”

The place of meeting: The well of faithfulness.

The place of promise: The crown of life. Also hope.

The place of warning: In this I was unsure. Again, before I could ask, the scroll above the lamp appeared with these words...

Mark 4:17 But since they have no root, they last only a short time. When trouble or persecution comes because of the word, they quickly fall away.

He led me over to the arched doorway where I saw the second well had the name “Faithfulness” written on it. Then a curious thing occurred. A channel appeared between the two wells and the water from the first well met that of the second. I heard the Potter’s voice say “God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit are One God in essence. There are no parts. There are missions of who each are, but only one in Divinity, in Honor, in Glory. The Son of God, the Son of man, the Word of God made flesh is the very face of God. In the very essence of who God is in His entirety there are all these fruits all together and at once. Dwelling in His love is where these seeds become planted and grow in the soul, in the heart, in the life of the one who abides in this great Love of Who God Is through the perfect sacrifice of the Lamb who was slain.” I looked out expecting there would be a root growing out from the well of faithfulness to the trunk of the tree. When I did not see it, I looked concerningly back to the Potter. His amusement was not hidden as He simply said “Abide in My love. All things flow from the heart—from the love—of Who the Father Is.”

I found myself with this song in my heart singing to this only Everlasting, Living God who is beyond anything I could have imagined.

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=_58ixJuzAzM

12/27/22

My mind became overwhelmed with information the Potter had led me to study sitting there on that stool. So many things He had shown me of the armor of God that Paul had exhorted the Ephesians to take up. He had also shown me many truths and facts about the history of Ephesus, Smyrna and Pergamum and what the Christians of that time were up against. But it all seemed to be at a bottleneck in my mind. Interesting facts and truths, but did not seem to be relevant to this work here in the way it seemed He wanted it done. With a deep sigh I lifted my head from the commentary I had been listening to. I noticed on the table there were many volumes of books spread out. Some I had read and others were sat there in consideration. I closed my eyes and said “Potter where do I go from here?” I opened my eyes and glanced at the door on the left. The desire to flee was absent...”When did that happen?” I mused as I felt a hand on my shoulder. My heart grew joyful and I stood to face the Potter with a smile. He wrapped me in His arms and His words were a balm to my weary mind. “Fear not. Come.” He led me back over to the arched doorway. To the left above the 3rd room where a lamp was suspended was the name of Pergamum. A movement caught my eye in the middle below the tree in the 3rd well. The word Sincerity was being written on that well. In that moment I heard the Voice of Many Waters speak “Worship in Spirit and in Truth. I require honesty.”

I looked at the Potter who’s countenance was heavy with encouragement. “Would You tell me what to say, Lord? There are so many perspectives, so many views, that my mind is clogged with it all. My desire is to show what You want shown here. Not my own thoughts or those of others who are vastly more educated than I am. What is on Your heart here Potter?” With a sense of pure joy, He led me back to the stool, sat me down, and sat back on His heels with His arms wrapped around His knees. His eyes took on an intense gaze as He said “Tell Me what you see about Pergamum. What is the place of meeting, the place of promise and the place of warning?” As I peered into His eyes the weight of it all caught up to me. With tears threatening to spill over my heart was saying this sentiment “You are all knowing. You made all the stars in heaven, all the mountain ranges on earth. The smallest chick in the nest is not unknown to You. Yet, You

desire to know my thoughts? You desire to be in relationship with me? I am as David here in this place, Lord. Such thoughts are too great for me. Could I just stay here awhile?" With that, His hands folded over mine, as He whispered "Sincerity. Yes, stay here awhile". In that moment I noticed how thirsty I had become for His presence and how the studies, however good they were, did not compare to this intimate time with Him. "Thank you Jesus for Your tender care of my soul, of all that I am."

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=rLtfS6RTAI>

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=NWF7EdM6oIQ>

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

12/29/22

My eyes caught and held the eyes of my Lord.

"Ok, Lord, here is what I see about Pergamum. It was a place of prosperity. In agriculture, health, learning, spiritism, fertility and politics. There was a temple for each one of these areas depicting a god to worship. In the imperial temple, incense was taken from the bowl and put at the feet of Caesar in a form of worship. The Jews at that time had an understanding with Rome that they would perform the act as out of respect...not out of worship. The Christians refused to do this, and were then persecuted by not only the Romans but the Jews. They could not do outwardly what they were not sincere in their hearts about. Their hearts were circumcised to worship the only true and living God. I see Your letter to these Christians in Pergamum as telling them that You are their healer, You are their bread, You are their wisdom, and abundant life.

The place of meeting is the well of sincerity. To be true and sincere in worship. Which means not looking to man or gods or idols instead of looking and depending on You for those things.

The place of promise is that You will be the daily bread, the sustenance of life. And You carve the faithful's name into the palm of Your hand. Into a white pure stone which is the new heart that the Holy Spirit is creating in preparation of Your return.

The place of warning is one of hypocrisy. I see this as the Nicolaitans using Your name to obtain these very things that this society held as health, wealth and prosperity instead of truly and sincerely wanting to know You and be in relationship with You out of the love of God. This hypocritical state is also one of non- repentance of sin. Where Your conviction in their hearts goes unheeded and they go along their way visiting these temples, bowing to their idols, all under the name of grace. Where they are not concerned about what is in Your heart but only to fulfill their own desires.

Your word is sharp and can tell the difference between flesh and spirit. These are those that would not pray as David did "Search my heart oh God and find any wicked way in me." Nor would they hear the warning of Paul—in essence—"Be careful when you think you can stand (on your own) lest you fall." This place of Pergamum was totally reliant on their gods, their Emperor, and their selves to give them all they desired. True Christians relied totally on You."

It never ceases to amaze me how the words seemed to just flow effortlessly. His deep laugh caught my attention as the Voice of Many Waters floated on the thick atmosphere "The Holy

Spirit brings life to the written word of God.” My laughter joined His as my heart sang “Even this You give to me Lord. Thank you Father and my Lord and Savior Jesus for sending the Holy Spirit to dwell in my heart for such a time as this.”

Above the lamp on the table rose the scroll with these words:

Luke 12:22 And he said to his disciples, “Therefore I tell you, do not be anxious about your life, what you will eat, nor about your body, what you will put on. 23 For life is more than food, and the body more than clothing. 24 Consider the ravens: they neither sow nor reap, they have neither storehouse nor barn, and yet God feeds them. Of how much more value are you than the birds! 25 And which of you by being anxious can add a single hour to his span of life? 26 If then you are not able to do as small a thing as that, why are you anxious about the rest? 27 Consider the lilies, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. 28 But if God so clothes the grass, which is alive in the field today, and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O you of little faith! 29 And do not seek what you are to eat and what you are to drink, nor be worried. 30 For all the nations of the world seek after these things, and your Father knows that you need them. 31 Instead, seek his kingdom, and these things will be added to you. 32 “Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. 33 Sell your possessions, and give to the needy. Provide yourselves with moneybags that do not grow old, with a treasure in the heavens that does not fail, where no thief approaches and no moth destroys. 34 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

12/29/22

The Potter ushered me back to the stool. “There is something to see here” He voiced as His hand pointed to the scroll that was suspended over the lamp in the middle of the table with these words written on it:

Luke 12: 25 And which of you by being anxious can add a single hour to his span of life? 26 If then you are not able to do as small a thing as that, why are you anxious about the rest?

I looked up at Him waiting for Him to speak. He asked the question of me with His eyes alight with an excitement I had not seen before “Is it a small thing for you to add an hour to your life?” My heart leaped at the answer I knew “Not only is it not a small thing...it is impossible for me to do. I cannot stay the hand of death from coming.” In His eyes I saw the reflection of the Kinsman Redeemer who was holding 2 keys in His hand. He spoke there in that place “I hold the keys to life and death. What is impossible for you is a small thing for Me. I add the days to your life, and I alone hold your day of death. In Me is your security.” This very thing had been proven again and again in my own life. Through His eyes I saw time after time His intercession of what should have been my physical death...but yet here I was sitting at this table wrapped in this body. That very fact caused me to realize that if He has still kept me alive, it is for His own purpose, not my own. This added a deeper, weightier meaning to the life that He had given me in this specific time. My focus returned back to the Potter in that humble House. He took my hands in His and said “I kept you here for a reason of My very own. I keep you alive here, and I will keep you alive after that day of death.” Those words reminded me of the day where I will shed this temporary corruptible body for an incorruptible one. Where I will meet Him,

physically...where reality will be...well, real. Paul's words rushed into my mind there in that moment "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." A line of a song rose from my memory: "If I weep let it be as a man who is longing for his home." My heart began singing this prayer song:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=YvyCXqf83PA>

With this song I saw in the Potter's eyes the Kinsman Redeemer standing in front of the Pergamum room. The Voice of Many Waters was heard asking the question "Do you want to come home to escape these things, or do you want to come home to Me? Do you want to live here and now to save your own life or to live your life for Me. If the end of your days is that of Antipas will you deny My name in exchange for your life, or will you live even though you may die?" This question had been asked of every Christian in that place of Pergamum, to every Christian down through the ages until this very moment of time, and here He was once again asking it of me and of those who are dwelling and would be dwelling in similar circumstances in times to come. Where the meaning of these trials and tribulations and struggles were more spiritualized for many in this western society, but would become more and more a physical reality as the present time gave way to the future. "Keep our focus on You, Lord. Keep us faithful in this current time of trials and temptations,, but also in the future times. Draw us closer to You, so our longing will be for You above escaping these things You have ordained us to walk in...and stand in." With that heart sentiment another prayer song drifted in to remind me the ultimate reason for the hard places in my life. The why of things that He had either allowed or orchestrated through my life that like Joseph could be said "the enemy meant it for evil...meant it to destroy me...but God meant it for good." The highest good I could think of is God getting the glory out of every trial, tribulation, temptation, point of shame, and point of disappointment in my life. Here with these heavier thoughts, my sincere sentiment came once again as a prayer song.

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=yQQosW_M26U

1/1/23

Sitting on that stool, there in the Potter's House, with the scroll opened to Revelation and the fourth letter to the church in Thyatira, there was a peace that came over me. A strength that did not come from my own self. I smiled knowing that this Most Unique Potter was standing behind me right here in this place. My voice broke the silence: "Thank you, Lord. You never fail to open my eyes to what You want said." I felt His hand rest on my shoulder there that lent encouragement to my strengthened and calm mind.

Thyatira. The place of meeting is the well of chastity. Purity. Holiness. The place of promise is the position of standing at the right hand of the King of kings and Lord of lords with an authority that is only seen in part in this time and place, but increases as this present time is folded into the times to come. The place of warning is the consequences of an unrepentant heart and the sin of omission. Those who hold fast, hold to purity, can tolerate or live with others who are in adulterous behavior either physical or spiritual without warning them or trying to restore them to the true Morning Star.

The Potter's voice spoke into my thoughts "I am the Morning Star. I am the second Adam." With that an understanding came. I turned and looked at this Most Unique Potter. "You are saying in

each of these churches that You are the true giver of life. For each place, where the point of false worship is, that You are the only One that meets those needs. That Who You are in all You are the only One that is worthy or that has fulfilled every point of need. And You are jealous for us.” The Voice of Many Waters surrounded me there with a comfort undeniable and unexplainable “I will not cast away a repentant heart.” A prayer suddenly arose from deep within that was louder than any sound that could be voiced outloud. “Keep me pure, Father. Let Your Morning Star rise more and more in my own heart and soul as You continue Your great work of mercy and grace in my life. Continue to create new in me from glory to glory. Let each hardship I have to encounter find me faithful to You by Your sovereign rule in my heart. Whatever position You place me in, let it all be for Your glory not my own. Keep me from compromise for my own gain or pleasure in my own life.”

I suddenly saw in His eyes a picture of a temple to Astarte who was the feminine version of the deified Venus depicted as the morning star. I knew from scripture that Lucifer is also called the morning star. All of the sudden the scene changed and I saw Jesus standing on a mountain in the desert beside Satan, Lucifer. This devil of old was tempting Him with these words:

Mat 5:8-10 Again, the devil took Him up on an exceedingly high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory. 9 And he said to Him, “All these things I will give You if You will fall down and worship me.

Then Jesus said to him, “Away with you, Satan! For it is written, ‘You shall worship the Lord your God, and Him only you shall serve.’”

I saw in Thyatira the same spirit of a promise of reward for those who would compromise. Each livelihood had a guild and worship practice associated with it in that society. I saw Christians hard pressed to make a living, or be prosperous materially, because they would not compromise the purity in their hearts. My focus came back to the Potter as He said “I was tempted in every point as you are. I will overcome in you as I overcame. Abide in Me and I will abide in You.” My heart met His as I whispered “You truly are the God of angel armies Who is always by my side.”

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

1/4/23

The Potter took my hand and led me to the arched doorway. Chastity was written on the fourth well under the tree in the middle of the two columns of rooms.

I saw the Kinsman Redeemer standing in front of the Thyatira room to the left. With the gentlest whisper, that somehow was louder than any sound that could be heard, His voice was calling with an emotion that would destroy the very soul of man if he could know it in full “Come back to Me, My beloved. Come back and be made holy.” With that, He turned and met my gaze even there as I was standing with the Potter behind the arched doorway. His look of contentment and satisfaction warmed my heart. The Voice of Many Waters fell on my ears “He will not loose even one the Father has given Him. Those I call will return.” From there the Potter turned His eyes toward me. “Sardis” was all He said. Tears welled up and spilled down my face in an intense pain. “I have done everything You have told me to do there Lord. I have prayed, I have

tried to show and reason and warn and to be an example. Do I stay there in that place where the grip of death is so poisonous to my own soul? Where they think they are alive and yet are dead? Is it me Lord? Am I lacking in my perspective of this place? What would You have me do? You know my past there. You know the pattern of being here in Sardis. How discouragement leads to withdrawing from it, and then hope brings my feet back to this place only to find hope dashed and again deferred. I will go and do anything You want, Lord. Even if it is back to sitting in a tomb with the walking dead.” I looked up into His eyes and the compassion I saw there took my breath away. He put His hands on my shoulders as His voice spoke “Look”. I saw in His eyes the place where He took the bottle from His chest pocket of the tunic. “I bottle every tear. I see every wound. I know every pain.” My focus came back to the Potter while my heart was still breaking in this place. He wrapped me up in His arms of comfort and whispered “Stay here awhile”. Here in His arms my grief was somehow changed from that of my own wounds to His wounds and grieving over His dead church. A place where He longs to fill with the Holy Spirit, but they would not. A place where the works and programs and traditions of man choke out His Spirit from moving in and among them. At that moment a curious thing occurred. As my perspective changed from my wounds to His, there came a healing into my heart that I have never known. A depth of release that “strength” is the closest word to describe it. His hand lifted my chin to gaze in my eyes. I saw there where His tears mixed with mine as they filled the well made in the middle of the dust that was milled from the chards He had found in the Potters field. His eyes caught mine from behind the table with a joyful smile He said “I make all things new. I make all things beautiful in it’s time.” Even though this church was still dead, my heart jumped with hope at His words. I asked “What would You have me do Lord? I know what I want, but what do You want?” He led me over to the stool, and gently sat me down. “A place of meeting, a place of promise. A place of warning. Sardis.” He said as His left hand rested on my right shoulder. “Ok, Lord.” I breathed in a deep breath while turning to open the scroll that was placed in front of the ornate lamp sitting burning brightly in the middle of the table.

1/5/23

I sat there on that stool with my face buried in my hands in a great conflict of soul. “Lord, You spoke to Elijah to tell the dry bones to live. They came to life. You called Lazarus out of the grave, and he rose again from the dead. They do good works. They pray, they preach, there are programs and assemblies. There are all these things that point to a good Christian life. But You are not there Lord. In a place that used to be filled with Your Spirit...it is now dry and dead. But You said here in Your word that Your hand is not short to save. That the prayers of one righteous man avails much. Father, this is a place of friends and family. What would You have me do?” I suddenly realized something about this particular mountain that I had gone around time and time again. The same questions, but this time was different. I felt the Potters hand on my shoulder as His voice spoke. “What is different?” With a small voice I simply said “Me”. A gentle squeeze of His hand lent encouragement to my voice “Before I would have just left without seeking You earnestly. I would have left wounded. Hurt. Dejected. Rejected. All based on emotion and feelings and zeal. But this time I do not want to do that, Lord. If You say stay, and to continue to pray there, I will. If You say go, then I will. But like Moses, I only want to be where Your Spirit is, where You are.”

Sardis. The place of the largest Jewish synagogue. And temples to false gods were dominant. This is a place where Christians lived in fear. Not fear of persecution. Not fear of livelihood. But fear of the power of the Holy Spirit looking like the power of Satan. Where abuse of the gifts of

the Spirit of God were seen as something to avoid at all costs...which left them with a form of godliness, but denying the power therein. Which left them going through the Christian ordinances—prayer, worship, study, good works—as if they were just going through the motions. A strange insincerity that could not be easily discerned. Where the true communion with God was void. At that moment, the Potter’s voice interrupted my thoughts. “Look up. See.” Above the table on the scroll appeared these words:

Mat 23:27 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

And

2 Tim 3:5 Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.

And

Rev 18:4 And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

And

1Sa 4:21 And she named the child Ichabod, saying, “The glory has departed from Israel!” because the ark of God had been captured and because of her father-in-law and her husband.

With a sober and heavy heart, this question rose within me: “Is this what You are showing me Lord? Truly? How can I leave when so many years have been spent praying over this church, this body, these elders and pastors with hope of dry bones coming to life? I see a few there, Lord, like You said about Sardis, that are clothed in white. Do I stay there and continue among them? Above all things, I only want to be where Your Spirit will be with me.”

There was a great silence in the Potters House. The air was heavy. I glanced at the lamp sitting on the table that was burning brightly. “Guide me here in this place, Father. Show me what to do.”

1/6/23

Sometimes there is silence. This silence I felt here in this moment reminded me of another silence that would occur later right before That Day came. The Day of the Lord, and right after a great multitude was seen at the throne of God.

Revelation 8:1 And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.

Rev 7:13 Then one of the elders addressed me, saying, “Who are these, clothed in white robes, and from where have they come?” I said to him, “Sir, you know.” And he said to me, “These

are the ones coming out of the great tribulation. They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The Voice of Many Waters was heard breaking through the still atmosphere. “Sardis, a place of communion. A place of power. A place of filling of the Holy Spirit for those who will.”

I felt the Potter's hand on my shoulder. I looked up into His eyes and saw Jesus walking with James and John. The village they had asked to receive Jesus had denied Him accommodation, and the two disciples in their zeal asked if they should call down fire from heaven and consume those rejectors. His eyes met mine in that place with that same peculiar amusement of the Potter I knew so well. A smile of amazement at His amazing grace rose up in my soul and spilled out with these words: “You could have turned them all into dust right then and there. The villagers and the disciples. Those dead, and those full of zealous anger. But You didn't. You rebuked them and lead them onward.” I then saw these events take place:

Luke 9:57 As they were going along the road, someone said to him, “I will follow you wherever you go.” 58 And Jesus said to him, “Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head.” 59 To another he said, “Follow me.” But he said, “Lord, let me first go and bury my father.” 60 And Jesus⁷ said to him, “Leave the dead to bury their own dead. But as for you, go and proclaim the kingdom of God.” 61 Yet another said, “I will follow you, Lord, but let me first say farewell to those at my home.” 62 Jesus said to him, “No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God.”

My focus came back to the Potter. There was a determination again on His countenance as His heart spoke to mine there in that place “Count the cost.” I felt the heaviness of the air deeper than before. It was as if the weight had somehow caused my own soul to become more dense. Stillness again took over the room except where I was speaking from my heart “I don't want to miss one single word. Everything You say is life to me. Thank you, Jesus.”

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=uC1xT3idGqs>

1/7/23

Sardis.

The place of meeting is a place of communion with God. A place of power and the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

The place of promise is a place of life. Of walking in the Spirit of life. Not in dead works of the flesh for reputation.

The place of warning is one where the judgment of God comes if there is no repentance. Repentance for going through the motions toward God but there is no real substance. Creating systems and traditions and refusing the Holy Spirit to move either individually or corporately.

Dead works. Dead prayers with a lifelessness about them that does not stir the heart into a deeper worship or repentance. Sermons that are flat and lack the fresh love and zeal of the Lord week after week, year after year...even after warnings and pleading and tears and grief. Where the altar is empty. No one invites, no one surrenders. It is a type of spiritual autopilot that is the opposite of this passage:

2 Corinthians 13:14 The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you all.

As I sat there with the scroll open and thinking about all these things He had shown me about Sardis, my heart cried "Where is there a body of Your believers who are alive Lord? Where do You want me to go?" The word He spoke was not one I had expected..."Nineveh" came quickly and determined from the mouth of the Potter. "Who has repented? Who's pastor is sincere and is walking in the Spirit?"

I turned and looked into His eyes. I saw Jonah entering into Nineveh with a warning to repent, then he left to sit under a shade bush the Lord had caused to grow. He was hoping for destruction on that city because of the wounds it had afflicted on his people. But instead the Lord spared them and blessed them with His presence. The Lord caused the shade bush to wither away, and Jonah withered with it. He did not desire to rejoice with the Ninevites. He hardened his heart and went his own way.

"If You say go to Nineveh, I will go to Nineveh Lord. I do not want to be as Jonah dead in unforgiveness not willing to rejoice with these who have repented to You even though they have wounded me in my past. Only, I need You more than ever. More than walking in a dead church."

The Potter took my hand and led me over to the arched doorway. The fifth well below the tree had the name of Communion. The Voice of Many Waters spoke "These are the ordinances. Prayer, worship, and the study and application of the Word of God by the power of the Holy Spirit. Communion with Me and communion within the church. Not dead works. Not dead programs. But true works born out of communion with Me."

In front of the room where the label Sardis appeared, the Kinsman Redeemer cried out "Wake up, My Love". Immediately the word Philadelphia was written over the next room to the right of Sardis. I looked quizzically at the Potter. "You want me to go back to Nineveh?" With the most tender voice He answered "Yes, to the church of brotherly love."

"Thank You Father for showing me what to do and where to go. Thank you Jesus for guiding my steps by the Holy Spirit. Amen."

1/9/23

I found myself, without memory of when I got there, seated on the stool again pouring over the scroll reading about Philadelphia.

Philadelphia means "brotherly love". I found this ironic that the name was so far from what these Christians experienced there in the synagogue, where the door had been shut to them. Excluded from family and friends because of their holding to the true Way. Being excluded could have

produced pride in them, but it didn't. Their little strength testifies to the fact that their walk was one of humble grace. That humility and kindness toward even their enemies...even those who excluded them...moved the heart of God to open a door to His presence that was never to close. A position of stability that He would establish in them. A strength that only came from His Spirit. A humble and contrite spirit He does not despise.

In that place, I heard the Voice of Many Waters speak "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven". The Potters hand rested on my shoulder as He whispered "I use the weak things of the world to confound the wise. This church knows it is not by their own strength that any of the work I ask them to do is accomplished, but it is by My Spirit."

I turned to look into His eyes. "This is where I want to live, Lord. This is what I want the temple of my own heart to be. I know You said "faith, hope, and love remain...and the greatest of these is love, but I do not see how love can be without humility or humility without love. I do not see how any of the wells can be filled without a true humble heart toward You." His hand reached for mine, and lifted me to my feet. "I exist in all that I am without parts. I am One and all together whole in all that I am. My essence is One. A finite mind separates and categorizes all these attributes and fruit of the Spirit. An infinite all perfect God does not. Three Persons...One God. Humility is with hope is with faithfulness is with sincerity is with passion and zeal and life is with patience— all together. God is love. You see it as parts because I change you, I create new in you from glory to glory."

Suddenly we were standing in the arched doorway. Humility was being written on the next well in line under the tree in the middle of the two rows of rooms on either side. Philadelphia was simultaneously appearing above the 6th room on the left while Laodicia was being written above the 7th.

My thoughts were still on Philadelphia.

The place of meeting is the place of humility. A humble and contrite heart.

The place of promise is the strength and presence of the Lord.

The warning is to stand firm with the sacrifices of a humble and contrite heart. To keep from being puffed up in the Lord's strength that He is perfecting in weakness.

The Potter looked me square in the eye and with a seriousness I had not seen before said slowly and deliberately "Humility is not a coward nor is it timid." He then led me back with a sense of purpose I did not fully understand to the stool crouching down with His arms around His knees as I sat down. "Tell Me." Was all He said. Somehow I knew this was a different request than the other times. He knew my heart better than I did, and yet, desired a communion...a conversation with me. "I see myself in every one of these churches, Lord." Came my quiet reply with tears welling up in my eyes. "I know that sometimes I lose my first love like the Ephesus church. That my faithfulness can waver unlike the church of Smyrna. There are moments where chastity and purity gets muddied in sin not unlike Thyatira, and my works can come from anywhere but sincerity and communion with You like Sardis. I do not always see the humility of Philadelphia toward being excluded, but instead that exclusion can cause pride to well up inside of me. Jesus, I know this is Your standard, but I fall so short of it at times. I do see how You have done a work in me since You called me here...but I am far from this model that I see of a perfect bride. A

perfect witness of Who You are.” His hand lifted my tear-stained chin up to meet His eyes. “You are perfect because I am perfect. You are being made perfect because I am working in you. I will find you perfected when I come to gather you to Myself because I will perfect you. Have you entrusted Me to keep what you have given Me against that day?” I saw in His eyes the Kinsman Redeemer holding the ornate lamp that was on the table in the Potters house. His eyes alight with a brilliant flame of glory proclaimed deep inside and resonated in my soul “I do not and did not lose even one the Father has given to Me.” My focus came back to this Most Unique Potter here in the humble room. “You always know what I need before I even know myself. Thank you, Lord, for Your grace.”

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=2pgx7f7jWKc>

In that moment of time I remembered what the Potter said to me while in the fiery kiln that I was His praise to the Father. That thought rose up to sing this prayer song to this God who has always been beyond time. Beyond space. Before anything that was was yet to be and will be beyond when all that is is not. Forever Present. Forever Love, Faithful, Chaste, Sincere, Intimate in Communion, and Zeal, Passion in His innermost Life. “Who can compare? Who is like You, God? I am not worthy, yet You call me by name. I cannot stand, yet You made a Way.” These words came along on the wings of this song.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ZpyIc7aR8BQ>

1/12/23

Sitting there on that stool, my attention was arrested by the lamps on the left side wall. A fear gripped my heart for them. “What would You have me do Jesus? I know how I want this situation to go. I know what I desire for them, but there is no evidence of these things coming to pass. It all looks hopeless.” At that moment the Potters hand turned me to Him. In His eyes I saw the scene of us standing in front of these same lamps that were hardened and the promise that they all would become ornate by His hand...not by my hand. I remembered I was unable to lift even one and give it to Him, but He lifted it like a feather. “Do you trust Me?” Came His question with a tenderness that took my breath away. In my surprise there was a sincerity in my “Yes, Lord. You are my trust” that seemed deeper...more sure...more real than anytime in my past. There was a type of surrender I had truly not experienced before, or it seemed that way in light of this place I was in. “There is no holding Your sovereignty in futility in my heart here, Lord. I surrender this situation that looks hopeless to You knowing that no matter what happens—You will somehow work it for good and Your glory for Your names sake.” His eyes showed a strength and ability that flowed from a place beyond my comprehension. A security of all the power of the Godhead here in this place, in this situation. “I place it into Your hands. You know better than I do. Your will be done, Father, here in these hearts, in my heart as it is in heaven.” The Voice of Many Waters fell heavy on the air “Don’t worry about anything; instead, pray about everything. Tell God what you need, and thank him for all he has done. Then you will experience God’s peace, which exceeds anything you can understand. His peace will guard your hearts and minds as you live in Christ Jesus.” At the same time, the scroll was seen above the lamp sitting on the center of the table with Philippians 4:6-7 written there. The Potter took my hand in His as He gently said “Laodicea, tell Me what you see.” It is a curious thing to be strengthened by the peace of God. He enabled me in that place to just walk on. To continue to do

what He had called me to do. My eyes refocused on the Potter as I whispered “Not by my might or power, but by Your Spirit will there be victory in my family. This I will hang onto.” The encouragement I saw there prompted me to stand up. Is there such a thing as standing up in surrender? In a type of zeal or passion that has a different meaning than what is usually attached to the word? His arms encompassed me as these thoughts rose up in me. “Yes” was His reply. At that moment the word “Laodicea” pressed into my mind. I took the Potter’s hand and led Him to the arched doorway where the words “Zeal and passion in surrender” were being written on the 7th well under the pictographic tree in the center of the room. Simultaneously the title Laodicea appeared above the 7th room to the left. The lamp below it was hardened. The Kinsman Redeemer was standing in front of this room. He turned His fiery gaze toward me and said “Come”. Immediately I found myself standing next to Him. “Pick up the lamp and give it to Me”. I looked curiously at Him and said “ It is too heavy. I know this already. Please pick it up for me. I cannot do anything to make it ornate. Only You can.” With that, His joy seemed to permeate my very being as His hand reached out and took that lamp down from above the room. All together the other lamps that were placed in the room suddenly lit up with an amazing brightness that seemed to overshadow the brilliance of the other lamps in the other rooms to the left. Again I found myself standing face to face with the Potter in front of the arched doorway as He repeated “Tell me what You see.” With a confident smile these words poured out quite effortlessly “ Laodicea. The hub of the banking system in those days. The wealth of nations were kept there. A place where desires became needs and control by manipulation was the stronghold. Not even the Christians held delayed gratification but purchased—either by gold, manipulation or control—all they desired and squandered their wealth on their own passions. There was no surrender to Your will or way. They were zealous only for their own gain. Neither acknowledging You nor surrendering their way to You. Lukewarm means an indifference to You....To meeting with You ...an indifference of seeking Your face. They did not care to open the door of surrender. They were not zealous to know Your heart nor be filled with the bread You give. The opposite of love is indifference, not hate. Surrender from obligation is not zealous. Surrender out of a passionate love is zealous.

I see the place of meeting is zealous surrender. The place of promise is the wealth of Your presence working a zeal of life into the soul. A place of warning that You will vomit them out of Your mouth if this zealous repentance that would lead to a passionate surrender is not found. Is not sought after. This is what I see, Lord.”

The delight I saw in His face was undeniable. He reached out His hand and simply said “Come. There is much I want to show You.” I placed my hand in His. Instantly we were back at the table by the stool. As I sat down, a sense of holiness or glory, or the presence of God overtook me. The Voice of Many Waters came with the words “Abide here awhile.” With a sigh of gratitude, peace, joy, and—something else that my mind was searching for the description of—came from the deepest part of my soul “Contentment” came the voice of the Potter as I felt His hand on my shoulder. I remember how I used to marvel at the words Paul had wrote. That he had learned to be content in all things. In poverty or in wealth. I looked down at the scroll. These passages appeared:

Php 4:11 Not that I am speaking of being in need, for I have learned in whatever situation I am to be content. 12 I know how to be brought low, and I know how to abound. In any and every

circumstance, I have learned the secret of facing plenty and hunger, abundance and need. 13 I can do all things through him who strengthens me.

1Ti 6:8 But if we have food and clothing, with these we will be content. 9 But those who desire to be rich fall into temptation, into a snare, into many senseless and harmful desires that plunge people into ruin and destruction. 10 For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evils. It is through this craving that some have wandered away from the faith and pierced themselves with many pangs.

Heb 13:5 Keep your life free from love of money, and be content with what you have, for he has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." 6 So we can confidently say, "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear; what can man do to me?"

With these passages laid out before me, my heart cry became "You are the only righteous judge." I looked up at the "family of lamps" Sat on shelves as ornaments from ceiling to floor. A silent zealous surrender was heard louder inside than outside of the secret chamber of my heart: "Not my will but Yours be done. Rise up in us a zealous repentance that leads to salvation and the filling of Your Spirit. Amen."

This song was lent to me here in this place. As wings of eagles lends to the flight of the bird. "Thank you, Lord, that You even provide the song when I am not able..when I am weak, You are strong"

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=nrW90vO9gIA&pp=ygUZSnVkZ2Ugb2YgdGhIIHNIY3JldHMgc29uZ9IHCQnNCQGhKiGM7w%3D%3D>

1/16/23

As I was sitting at that table, my thoughts turned to the victory in a family crisis the Lord had just won. These thoughts settled on a strange way that human's have that was presented to me there as a temptation. A temptation that the people of Israel fell into time and time again when the Lord rescued or delivered them from enemies...they soon forgot the Lord their God...and became comfortable in the comforts. Then the hand of God would come upon them again bringing a discipline which brought them back to Him. The Voice of Many Waters was heard clearly "Those that I love, I discipline". An understanding came as I remembered the scripture

2Co 3:18 And we all, with unveiled face, beholding the glory of the Lord, are being transformed into the same image from one degree of glory to another. For this comes from the Lord who is the Spirit.

"I don't want You to work miracles in my life or my families life simply for relief, Lord. I do not want to only come to You when a crisis comes...some problem or another for You to fix...and then go along our way. But..." There was a hesitation in my heart. Something I did not want to or know how to, really, fully express. The Potters hand turned me toward Him. His eyes shone in a most peculiar way...one of the familiar amusement, but not that of mocking. One of a genuine

interest of what I would say, but the depth of already knowing all things. One of...can I say...approachability with this thing that had gripped my heart. "Tell Me." Was the soft whisper that came from a well in His very Person that was deeper than any I had known. "Do I have the right perspective? The right understanding? There has to be more than You bringing hardships, trials, tribulations, sufferings, crooks in the lot of life to create new life inside of me. There has to be something more meaningful than repentance and regeneration, or changing me more and more into Your image...where the change in me is evident by my actions and behavior in everyday life. Where there are ebbs and tides of afflictions and glory depending on how much me is passing away and how much more of You is being created within me instead. Where my focus is on what is wrong with me, and what I need to repent of and surrender to You. Maybe even this question is apart of the old nature? But, somehow, I do not think so. Is it wrong to just want to be with You? To live life expecting that whatever or whoever comes across my path that day is by Your appointment and You are orchestrating it all? That You have a specific relationship that looks different for each of Your individual people? Where one may evangelize thousands, but another May evangelize only one. The great works of men, even from those with a heart toward You, can be used as a condemnation from the enemy of the soul, even our own heart. The cry "What truly am I doing for You" rises up as a condemning word. Even this...alongside this focus on sanctification...I wonder if this is all You are after? Is it wrong that I just want to be where You are? That these things almost just fade away as things of earth when I consider or desire You above all these? With all the sermons and teachings of great men down through the ages, and immersing myself in what others say about You and who You are and how You work—I find myself, even now Lord, just wanting to sit here in Your presence....and live in a way where the whole being changed from glory to glory, and those good things You would have me do become...well...more of a surprise that they are happening instead of the whole focus of my communion or relationship with You. Is this wrong, Lord?" By this time, my tears were falling on His hands that had enveloped mine. In this time and place, the words of my Kinsman Redeemer, King, and High Priest were ones that only He knew my heart needed: "This is a place of abiding Love." Somehow those words quieted the question with many words with an answer of only a few. From my memory came a teaching I had heard once, from a time past, of complicating—by the wisdom and knowledge of men—the simple relationship the Lord desires to have with His people. "I get so overwhelmed by information Lord...there is so much I do not know. And yet, You have me here in this place. Writing these things. Studying these concepts and truths from Your Word. But, I would much rather just stay here in Your presence." His laughter filled the room. I looked up into His eyes as He proclaimed "I am the Lion of Judah". His hand gestured to the open scroll sitting on the table. "Look and see." Somehow He had taken the weight I had been feeling of all the study, all the self reflection and examination, all the ways that I had been comparing myself to other's great works for Him...and coming up short...all the weight of suffering and placed it upon His laughter in that moment. That is the only way I can describe it. His joy was more than a balm of oil. It was a freedom of soul. His hand touched my face as He once again said with a hint of laughter lingering in His voice and in the air "I am the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. Look and see." As He again gestured toward the scroll. This passage rose up from the scroll into the place above the ornate lamp that was burning brightly in the middle of the table on the stone slab with the tools of wood and iron resting on the folded linen bag:

Rev 5:5 And one of the elders said to me, “Weep no more; behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has conquered, so that he can open the scroll and its seven seals.”

I whispered in that place, with my head bowed over the scroll “The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The 7 lambs that Abraham gave as witnesses were a foreshadow of the 7 churches that were to be witnesses of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah...Judah being the next in the line of Eve. In the line where God had promised her that her Seed would crush the serpent. My eyes quickly rose up and behind to the Potter who was standing there with the same peculiar amusement on His countenance. My whisper there was of worship and wonder “You do all things well. How do You work such things in my life...in my study of the scriptures...where it all comes together and flows together? I know this is beyond my ability to have orchestrated. How You work is simply amazing.” In my innermost being, there rose a type of confidence by this “proof” that He truly was with me here. I shook my head in the way humans have of doubting the promise of Jesus...that He never leaves or forsakes, and truly does work everything together...like one end of a rope meeting together with the other end in perfect harmony—for His glory. "Thank You, Lord, for waking with me through my doubt even when I didn't even know it was at the door. You are faithful.”
