

In The Potter's House ch 4

In Search of a Kinsman Redeemer

1/17/22

I opened the scroll to the account of Judah. Before the Lord changed Jacob's name to Israel, before Jacob met Him at the well of Bath-Sheba, and after his mother sent him away due to Esau's threat to kill him after Isaac died—he was an indentured servant of his uncle Laban. Rebekah, Esau and Jacob's mother, had schemed.

I felt the Potter's hand on my shoulder. "Look, see" His voice sounded as I stood and turned to capture His eyes. I saw Rebekah praying. She was very uncomfortable in her pregnancy because two children were struggling within her. She was inquiring why of the Lord. In that place He spoke clearly to her

"Two nations are in your womb, and two peoples from within you shall be divided; the one shall be stronger than the other, the older shall serve the younger."

As the time neared for Isaac's death, as was the custom of those days, he desired to bless his oldest son with the blessing of inheritance. I saw Rebekah take matters into her own hands to bring about the will of God. She tricked her husband into giving Jacob the blessing instead of Esau. Then, when Esau threatened to kill Jacob for stealing this blessing, she schemed to send Jacob away to her brother Laban who lived in Haran. She did not admit her act to Isaac, but manipulated him into sending Jacob away in order to find a wife from their own kind rather than take a Hittite woman as Esau had done

"I loathe my life because of the Hittite women. If Jacob marries one of the Hittite women like these, one of the women of the land, what good will my life be to me?"

I wanted to enter into that story and tell Rebekah to trust the Lord and not lean on her own understanding. That He was able to cause His own word to come to pass. This scripture came to mind as I saw Jacob arrive in Haran where his uncle schemed against him.

Philippians 2:13

"for it is God who works in you to will and to act in order to fulfill his good purpose."

Jacob worked 7 years for Laban with the promise of taking Rachel, his second oldest daughter, for his wife. I saw the deep love they had for each other, and the long years of delayed gratification. Then, Laban tricked Jacob much like he had tricked his own father, and exchanged Leah for Rachel on their wedding night. What a web of deceit. Jacob ended up working another 7 years to win his true love.

It was within this place that Judah was born. One would think that the Lord would cause the seed that would eventually bear the Seed to come from the favored wife of Jacob...Rachel. But not so. Rachel was barren, but Leah bore 4 sons. I paused here as I saw Leah give birth to her first son. The lovingkindness of God was seen in this moment toward her

Gen 29:31 When the LORD saw that Leah was hated, he opened her womb, but Rachel was barren.

Leah's heart was toward her husband. Her desire in the first 3 children was: to be seen by Jacob because of her son Reuben, to be loved by Jacob because of her son Simeon, and be attached to Jacob because her son Levi. Then Judah...she finally decided to praise the Lord no matter her lot in life.

My focus came back to the Potter. His eyes were smiling with the encouragement I had grown to know well. "I see something here, Lord." I waited while He took my hands in His own and sat me back down on the stool as He crouched down wrapping His arms around His knees in that familiar way. "Rebekah saw that the only way Your word would come to pass was by the blessing of Isaac. In her mind it had to be done in natural ways through man. But Your promise of the Seed would have come to pass through Jacob no matter if he would have had the blessing of Isaac or not, wouldn't it? Is this much like the wrong perspective that the disciples had of You coming the first time in order to set up Your physical Kingdom here on earth?

Yet, You worked out Your will in the situation."

Sitting there in that humble room thinking of the ways of God brought a certain feeling into my soul. This is a God that looks upon the unloved. The unnoticed. Those who are unattached. He looks upon them with love, favor and compassion...and works through them for His glory. "The child she praised You for was the one You chose as the seed who would become an ancestor to the Seed." Realizing what I just said sounded impossible I laughed as the Voice of Many Waters spoke in that moment "Before Abraham was I Am."

The promises of God are always impossible for man-or woman-but they are more than possible for God. This lent a security to my soul knowing that even when I fail to trust Him and try to do things in my own strength, He will not abandon me. Even when consequences come bearing down, He is able still to work His will and way in my life and through my life for His good pleasure. It was as if my praise there joined Leah's from long ago...as if our voices combined singing of His amazing grace.

1/19/23

I lifted my eyes from the scroll. "Totally scandalous." Were the words that fell out of my mouth into the thick air. I had read this passage more than once, but never within the red line of the seed who was chosen to be the ancestral line of the Seed. "This whole account of Judah is offensive. Where is Your Righteousness? Judgement? Wrath? Holiness?" My heart cried out in protest. "Lord, all I see is Your grace upon the whole line from Adam and Eve clear through to this point of Judah and Tamar. But I know You are righteous and holy. Your judgment is true and Your wrath is seen in the pages throughout. Hell is real. Repentance in my own life is demanded and fitting toward a holy God. But what of this? How could You being all You are choose Judah and not Joseph?" A stillness came over the room. It was a place of contemplation. A place of struggling with the character and way of this King who had orchestrated His own bloodline down through the ages....choosing the most unrighteous to bring this Seed into the world. I knew the Potter was standing behind me. With tears falling, I turned toward Him "You are worth so much more than this. Your line should be one of righteousness and holiness. Pure and unspotted. But the scroll tells a different story. What do You see in any of us that is redeemable or worthy?" His actions spoke louder than any word He could have spoken in that moment as He stood me up and wrapped His arms around me. The Voice of Many Waters fell in that place "Rest here awhile". My soul replied "Ok Lord" that was heard louder than any sound could have been heard from my own voice. The scriptures came to mind in that instant "Only God knows the heart of man...man looks on the outward and hears the outward...but it is God who searches and sees the inner man." It was as if His heart began speaking silently to mine there in the quiet. "I carried the cross long before My physical

death upon it. It was an offense from the foundations of the world. It was a scandal long before I cried "It is finished. I carried the sin of the whole world throughout all of time condensed into one point in time. The weight I carried in My own soul was heavier than the mere weight of the wooden cross."

With this I rested there allowing His heart to comfort my own. Truly He had become the very comforter and stabilizer of my own emotions and grief that had risen up in protest and offense. This unmerited scandalous love that brings my own soul into humble gratitude is the very essence of "grace that leads to repentance". As my mind raced upon these things, His whisper laced with amusement and joy simply said "Peace be still." And so I was.

1/20/23

The Potter sat me back down on the stool, assumed His position when He desires to hear what is on my heart, and proceeded to say "Tell Me your arguments. Your protest." There was not an anger or wrath in His eyes, countenance or voice, but an infinite patience and a true sentiment of being interested at what I would have to say. This always surprises me and holds my soul in wonder because He knows my every thought before I even think it, yet..."Let's reason together" was heard there from the Voice of Many Waters. "Tell Me what you see about Joseph and Judah here in this account of Genesis from 37-50". This request created a pause in what I was about to say. The opinions and perspective I had of this story suddenly seemed to be demanding the whole story before continuing with any protest of it. "If there is one thing that I know, Lord, it is You do not make mistakes. There is a reason You chose Judah. Show me what You would have me say. What perspective You would have me embrace because Your thoughts and ways are higher than my own." With those words He seemed pleased in His demeanor as He stood and turned me back toward the scroll. I sat for a moment in a realization of something that had changed in my heart. Something that I had in a small measure, but now in a greater. An almost insatiable hunger for a certain type of food. A peculiar love and craving for a sustenance that had not quite been there before. A hunger that demanded more than the surface of the Word of God. A love to search out the character and way of this King that it reveals. Not simply for the sake of knowledge or wisdom, but to know this King...This Kinsman Redeemer...This Savior and High Priest whose kingdom will have no end. And not only to know Him in a shallow way, but a more intimate way. A deeper way than before...even though I knew there was not enough "time" in eternity to ever reach the end of Who He is in all He is, the depth of the well that I could know was beckoning me to draw from. With these thoughts I whispered "Father, show me what You would have me see by the Holy Spirit through my King of kings and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen."

And my attention returned to the scroll...for how long I would remain there I did not know. I remembered the scene of seeing the sandals of the Potter at the very beginning of this story. Where He was unhurried but determined. With a sigh of contentment, I slid the scroll closer and began reading "Jacob lived in the land of his father's sojournings, in the land of Canaan." In Genesis 37...right where the Potter had instructed.

A smile came with the song that was rising up from my heart...that had interestingly no melody or music. This depicts where my heart was in that moment:

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=eB7TNI_En78

1/21/23

Chapter after chapter of the account of Joseph flowed from the scroll. Perspective after perspective seemed to lift above the worn pages in competition of the other. Betrayal yet forgiveness rose higher than the others. Suddenly I remembered. The Potter was waiting as my hand took His and led Him over to the kiln that was sat in the corner of the room. I paused and looked into His eyes with a plea in mine “Search my heart here in this place, Lord. For only You know the heart of man”. I saw the lamp in His hands. He took my left hand in His right and I found myself sitting, as before, with Him in the golden bell within the fiery furnace. “Do I still harbor unforgiveness toward them, Father?” Was my heart cry as I saw in His eyes the lamps placed on shelves to the right of the room. He said not a word, but the joyous smile spoke all there was to be said. “How can this be?” I whispered. “I do not know how You did this in my heart and soul.” I remembered the seven churches of Revelation that He had walked me through. And the tree, and the wells. My mind stayed on Philadelphia. Within the eyes of the Potter I saw how the dream of Joseph came to pass through forgiving his brothers. The Potter quoted these words from Rev 3:9 “Behold, I will make those of the synagogue of Satan who say that they are Jews and are not, but lie—behold, I will make them come and bow down before your feet, and they will learn that I have loved you”. And then in the smallest voice that could have shook mountains He asked “In what way does this come to pass for the church in Philadelphia?” Surprised at how He had once again linked and wove these pages together to form a whole, my answer was more than a word. It was more than a mere sentiment. It was a knowing from my own walk with this King. “Forgiveness.” Here in this place other words came flowing out to this beyond measure incomprehensible God...only there were no tears...even void were the tears of joy that so readily and easily had a habit of springing up from my heart. No, this time I knew only a peace and joy—a contentment that had been born somehow. “How did You do that, Father? Somehow You created something of not only forgiveness but of love in this area of my being that was so hardened.” His laughter filled the space inside that bell, and seemed to echo...well...clear into eternity. The Voice of Many Waters came into the smoky atmosphere “Did you not ask for My love for them to be given to you? Do I not give good gifts to My children?” As I sat there musing on this mysterious God who shows Himself as the love of the Father brought through the blood of the Son by the powerful new creating work of the Holy Spirit...in this place of communion with God in all He is...I must admit this rejoicing was joined by the mist of gratitude that rose on wings of awe. An incense of praise and prayer pleasing to this Majesty Who wore a crown of thorns so this very miracle could take place in my own heart...in my own inner being. So I could look more like Him from glory to glory. “Thank you, Jesus, for Your patience with me.” Rose up from my soul out of my mouth in this song.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=lf32z2DUORY>

I found my laughter joining the Potter’s as this song filtered through from a distant memory. From where I was to what He has created in me...and the whole journey, like Joseph, that seemed impossible...

But Jesus.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=PDEr8Nez06M>

1/22/23

I opened my eyes, that there was no recollection of closing, and found myself standing next to the Potter in the arched doorway. The names of the seven churches were still above the rooms to the left. The pictograph of the tree remained in the center between the two columns of rooms with the wells down below feeding the tree from the root of Love. The room seemed to expand wider and another tree appeared next to it on the left with the words “First Adam” above it at the same time the words “Second

Adam” were being written above the other tree. “Eternal Death” became superimposed over the tree on the left and “Eternal life” over the right. Down below and between these two another well appeared with the label “The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—One Eternal God”. Below this tile appeared a list of words that only some could be read clearly. Words like Omniscience (all knowing), Omnipotent (all powerful), Omnipresent (all present-everywhere at the same time), Sovereign (in control of all things), Asceity (self existing...not created), Simple (Not made of parts but is all He is altogether and at the same time). The Voice of Many Waters declared in that place “I Am that I Am”. These descriptive words faded slightly into the background as the word “Holy, and Glory” came to the forefront. These were more than mere words. These words came with a weight that would have crushed me if I would not have been standing with the Potter. My inclination, while thinking of Who He is, was to worship and praise this Eternal God Who I will never know the end of, never reach the bottom of this well of Who He is. Knowing that I could commune with Him in even a minute way was incredible and beyond understanding. I looked at the Potter. “You were sent by the Father from this place of glory?” In His eyes I saw the Kinsman Redeemer, but He was standing by a Glorious Throne with a crown. His eyes caught mine as He proclaimed “I am the King of Glory.” My focus came back to the Potter. His arms wrapped around me as His voice barely audible reached my ears “There is glory in the journey.” Feeling like Abraham—a sojourner in a strange land—I simply said “Ok, Lord.” And, yes, tears had once again found my cheeks...Which... who wouldn’t weep when longing for their home?

Very specific songs rise in that place. One would think they would have been ones of the highest praise. With curiosity, my eyes found His eyes with the question “These are the songs of praise You would have me sing in this minute?” With a smile of joy His eyes spoke “You are My praise to the Father.” With that these songs seemed to bring even more weight to the air, but I was still uncertain. “These prayer songs do not fall short of the Glory of God.” Something small seemed to be planted in my inner being in that moment—as small as a mustard seed—something of mercy, and something of grace. “There is not a song that I could sing, there are not words that I could say that would match this Holy and Glory, or give You anything that could come close to what You deserve. And yet, this is what the Father desires.” His encouraging smile was enough...and so I sang along with these:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=8OW-gjjwsag>

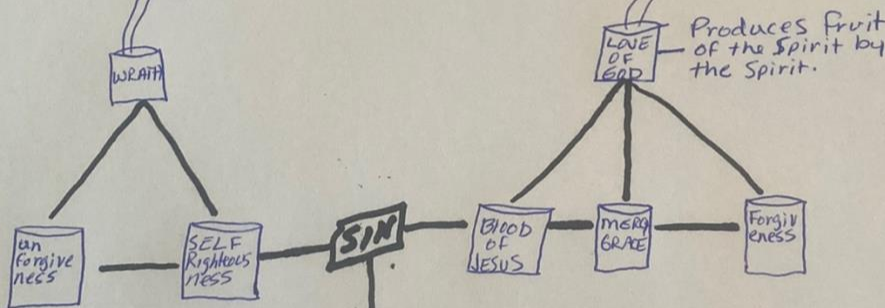
<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=YvyCXqf83PA>

FIRST ADAM

EVERLASTING DEATH

2nd Adam

EVERLASTING LIFE



GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT

KNOWLEDGE
DRAWS
TO
JESUS

GOD THE SON

WISDOM
RIGHTEOUSNESS

GOD THE FATHER

LOVE
JUSTICE

No one comes to the Father - to His Love - but by the Son.

Holy
Glory

Omniscient
Omnipresent
Omnipotent
Asiety
Sovereign

Father, Son,
Holy Spirit
One God

1/24/22

Standing there with the Potter in that moment it seemed as if everything of truth that I had ever studied and known from the scroll and the great teachers of Who God is...those commentators and preachers-theologians-professors...all came together as one flow chart. It was like a child had been doing something they did not have the words to describe, but only knew it was true....like knowing that if they let go of a ball it falls to the ground, then later finds out the word for that is gravity. They still know it is a true principal, but now there is some depth to it, and they can explore gravity even more because they know the defining word. That is what it was like in that place. Knowing what I believe and why...was a comfort. To the right of this flow chart, over the room behind the "Covenant Room" appeared the title "The Covenant of Redemption". The flow chart appeared to become like a piece of paper and shrunk to be placed in that room. This is the covenant between the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit from all eternity past and future. This is what God is revealing about Himself throughout the whole of the scroll. A realization came that there is no end of the depth of knowing, understanding or living (in or through) this Plan of God. This is the very heart of God...with Jesus at the very heart of it. As God had passed through the animals in the Abrahamic Covenant, God passes through the body of Jesus in this Eternal Covenant of Redemption. Just like the Abrahamic Covenant is not dependent on man to uphold, this Redemptive Covenant is not dependent on man to uphold.

The Potter interrupted these thoughts with a quiet prompting voice "Judah and Joseph". I looked at Him "I would much rather stay and study more of those attributes of God, or know more about the working of the Holy Spirit. And then there are those prophecies that come after the letters to the seven churches. What of all the views and perspectives of Your second coming? What of all the musings about end times and the end of the age and the millennium and new heaven and new earth? Should I not be in study, prayer, and thinking of these things since the hour is so late?" Then I just smiled as I saw the word "Sovereign" rise out of the flow chart above the second room on the right hand side. He then led me over to the stool, sat me down, and placed His right hand on my left shoulder. Our voices became uniform with the words "Judah and Joseph".

"What is your protest? Tell Me your arguments. What do you see?" He inquired-not mockingly nor with any type of offense. His voice was upheld with kindness and compassion. As I turned my thoughts toward prior protests, I realized they had vanished as vapor in the wind. In surprise I looked up at Him with a quiet voice "My protests are gone, Lord." He then asked a strange question "How did that happen?" Which took me by surprise, because, after all He is the Son of God who knows all things...especially my heart. "You know Lord." Was my silent reply. He turned me around to face Him while He assumed His position when He wants to hear what I have to say. With a gentle but firm and determined air He voiced "This is for a greater purpose than you know." The scene in His eyes was this one:

Joh 11:40 Jesus said to her (Martha), "Did I not tell you that if you believed you would see the glory of God?" 41 So they took away the stone. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, "Father, I thank you that you have heard me. 42 I knew that you always hear me, but I said this on account of the people standing around, that they may believe that you sent me."

He grabbed both of my hands and urged "Do not hide your Light under a bushel." In which my focus came back to This Most Unique Potter "I still do not understand why You would desire what I would have to say. Lord, there truly are those who have gone to glory that have written on these things who have a depth of understanding that take my breath away. Those who You are using at this very hour to

speak of these things with great power by the Holy Spirit. But, again, there is no resisting what You are asking me to do. Just let it all work for Your glory.”

I turned back toward the scroll, and proceeded to read through Genesis 37-40 once more in an attempt to put into words why the protest and argument had vanished, and to tell the Potter what I saw in the account of Judah and Joseph. I prayed a silent prayer “Show me Holy Spirit how You want me to explain this. Thank you Jesus. Amen”

1/25/22

The Voice of Many Waters fell on the thick air as I was reading through the account of Judah and Joseph “Through the lens of forgiveness and through the Protection of the seed who would bear the Seed.”

What had become known as the Lord’s Prayer took on a new meaning here in this place. A realization that these words were born from the Covenant of Redemption.

“Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.”

Because I had learned the doxology when I was young...these words came readily at the end. “For thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory forever and ever”. But, had I really thought about the words? Or had they only been memorized to recant in the way of rote like a well worn rut in the path? This doxology not only speaks of, but proclaims the truth of God’s sovereignty. That He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. That simple truth lent a type of perspective that seemed to become the foundation that all my thoughts about the story of Judah and Joseph sprung from. What is He trying to show of His glory, of forgiveness, of His strong arm of protection?

Before there was Judah and Tamar, there was Judah and Joseph. Joseph was favored by his father Israel (Jacob). By this time Rachel had died giving birth to her second son Benjamin. Joseph was favored by Israel. In the pride of his youth, he became puffed up and riled his brother’s jealousy. The murderous spirit of Cain had an opportunity to act through these brother’s of Joseph as he came to check on them while shepherding the sheep. A plot to kill Joseph and convince Israel that he had been attacked by a wild animal. Reuben (Leah’s firstborn son) intervened— only to save his own skin—said not to kill Joseph, but throw him in a pit thinking that he could come back later and take Joseph back home. This sounded honorable, but it was born from a selfish motive which is seen later. Judah was more honorable. A group of Ishmaelites traders were coming by in that moment (I could not help thinking of the sovereignty of God) and Judah—not knowing of the secret plan of Reuben—urged his brothers to sell Joseph to the slave traders...saying these words:

“What profit is it if we kill our brother and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him, for he is our brother, our own flesh.” And they listened to him. They sold him for 20 shekels of silver. Reuben had been absent when all this came to pass (another sovereign act of God). When he found out they had sold Joseph, his true motive and colors came out: he tore his clothes and returned to his brothers and said, “The boy is gone, and I, where shall I go?””

I lifted my head from the scroll to the Potter who had that familiar yet peculiar amusement. “Judah did have integrity. A different spirit than Reuben didn’t he?” This is what had begun to take down my protests in the beginning. Even though selling was better than killing, my arguments against the Lord

choosing Judah completely disintegrated after considering the Wisdom and Sovereignty of God...not solely upon the merit of the man perceived from my own limited perspective and feelings. Besides, who in the line was worthy? From Adam clear through to Judah...I could still hear the hope of Eve looking forward to the Seed coming from the womb of Mary. None would be worthy...none would be righteous...until then.

After this, the Lord was with Joseph as he goes into Egypt and is, by afflictions, prepared and positioned by the Lord not only to become the second in command of all of Egypt...but to preserve the seed. Not only the seed of the land to sustain life through a 7 year drought, but to save the seed who would bring the Seed into the world. A divine appointment from the sovereignty of One who was before Abraham. All to reveal the very nature of God.

The Potter interrupted my musings with the word “forgiveness”. I sat in wonderment at how differently I saw Judah and Tamar this time of reading through the account. My quiet voice asked the question “Self righteousness(pride) leads to unforgiveness which leads to death or a separation from You every time doesn’t it?” In this moment I saw in His when I had taken Him by the hand over to the kiln to search my heart. And then He showed me the Covenant of Redemption. “Yes, every time.” Came His reply along with the prompting of “Tell me what you see of forgiveness in the account of Judah and Tamar.”

“I see Judah looking to numb the pain of guilt for his part in persecuting Joseph. So, he goes to see a friend and ends up being comforted in the arms of a Cannanite woman.” A truth suddenly came...a perspective that shows the brokenness of a tender conscience that turns to sin to numb the pain. Judah could not face his father with what he had done and the plan to deceive him...so his feet turned aside from his brothers that were going home to their father. Sin used to numb the pain of sin...this too leads to death. I looked at the Potter with misty eyes “But You are compassionate and merciful. Knowing the heart and knowing how to bring grace and healing by forgiveness. Even when Your timing seems so long in coming to pass.”

Three sons were born there to Judah. He chose Tamar to be the wife of his firstborn, Er. The passage rose over the scroll above the lamp burning brightly:

Genesis 38:7–10 But Er, Judah’s firstborn, was wicked in the sight of the Lord, and the Lord put him to death. 8 Then Judah said to Onan, “Go in to your brother’s wife and perform the duty of a brother-in-law to her, and raise up offspring for your brother.” 9 But Onan knew that the offspring would not be his. So whenever he went in to his brother’s wife he would waste the semen on the ground, so as not to give offspring to his brother. 10 And what he did was wicked in the sight of the Lord, and he put him to death also.

This was the passage that had convinced me that the Lord saw something (or had created something) different in Judah. The Lord had killed two of his sons for being wicked, so He had to have seen something from His Spirit in the heart of Judah.

Tamar. Through the course of these events became a hopeless widow. But the Lord had a different story...which I think is His favorite—if He could separate His nature, that is—

Kinsman Redeemer. I smiled here and looked into the eyes of the Potter. “I didn’t really see this before now. The account of Ruth and Boaz later on down the line echo this theme of Kinsman Redeemer doesn’t it?” His voice was a whisper “I preserved the seed and I preserve all who come through the

blood of the Lamb, and I will preserve them in Eternal Life. I became the Second Adam. I am the Kinsman Redeemer.” The scroll showed the passage of Deuteronomy 25:5-10 explaining this law.

After Judah’s two sons died, he was afraid that his third son would also die...so he sent Tamar away to her father until his third son was old enough to perform the duty of kinsman redeemer. Only, he did not send for Tamar even after his son was of age. So, Tamar tricked Judah by his own turning aside to yet again be comforted from the pain of loss. He himself unwittingly became Tamar’s kinsman redeemer. Her son Perez would become the next seed to be preserved until it was time for the Seed to enter into the world.

I saw Judah’s forgiveness of Tamar in this passage-when he could have put her to death-he said instead Genesis 38:26 “She is more righteous than I, since I did not give her to my son Shelah.”

Judah spoke of Tamar’s forgiveness and faithfulness to the line of Judah even when she had been falsely accused and much was against her. The Lord sees the downtrodden.

Then a foreshadow of the forgiveness of Jesus comes from the rest of the story of Judah and Joseph.

“Thank you for this perspective, Lord, and for showing me Your heart.” Rose up out of my mouth from a full to overflowing heart.

1/30/23

I looked up from the scroll at other works that had been written from long ago about the time from Seth to Perez. The different views seemed to concentrate into a single understanding within my own mind. I turned to look at the Potter who was standing behind me. There was a confidence that would have been impossible to explain how it was obtained or the moment it had come. There was a pause in that instant, with a quizzical look upon my face, musing on this newness recognized in myself. Gazing into His eyes I breathed “I am not the same as when first stepping into Your House. I did not do this...any of it. Not the whole of my character, but so very much of it has been changed. There is simply no way this was my own doing. Thank You, Lord, for Your promises are true. It is not by might, or by my own power, but only by the Holy Spirit. Thank You for abiding here with me, guiding, opening the scriptures, speaking with Me, and creating this newness day by day and year by year. It is still a mystery how You could desire any of Your people, but You do..”

In His eyes I saw Abel favored over Cain, Joseph over Esau, Leah over Rachel. And then the story of Perez. I saw Tamar in labor with the offsprings of Judah. Twins. Zerah and Perez. A red thread was tied to the arm of Zerah, whose arm was seen first. But, when his arm drew back, Perez was born first. Another second in line becoming the first in line of inheritance. The Potter smiled as He repeated “I am the Second Adam. I am the Kinsman Redeemer.” I sat in awe how He had revealed not only His distinct mission, but also the very heart of God through mere humans in this way. It was as if there was a light that had dawned into that dusky place. “This is how You show the nature, the very nature of God...of who He is in all He is. By the very Revelation working through Your creation...through mere humans. Through foreshadows and examples. Through these pictures that seem to repeat and fold and ripple clear through time and space. Not only in a removed impersonal general way, but in the most subtle and most personal way. Your ways are so far above my own. Your thoughts toward me are overwhelming. How One that is so far above and beyond, Who dwelt in and among Holy and Glory, stepped into this place to become The Kinsman Redeemer?” A smile appeared on His countenance as the Voice of Many

Waters was heard "The secret things belong to the Lord but the things that are revealed belong to us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law.

Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and unfathomable His ways!"

My mind began racing and a type of fear arose. "But, Lord, I cannot do all the words of this law. I have read through the law of Moses, I have read that You require to love the Lord my God with all I am and my neighbor as myself...but even with revelation upon revelation...understanding upon understanding...I am utterly unable in myself to keep the law of Moses nor the commandments that that law hangs upon." With that, He folded my hands into His own and gently spoke "Fear not. Who is the fulfillment of the law? Who is the Kinsman Redeemer?" I lifted my head with the heart felt proclamation "You are." I saw the Kinsman Redeemer standing next to His throne of Glory as before. His Voice thundered in that place as the scripture was rising above the table from the scroll.

Gen 49:9-12 Judah is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up? The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk.

I am the Lion of Judah".

I did not know all that these words meant, but the glory of them was palpable. So much so that I found myself prostrate on the floor with a different type of fear than the fear of not keeping the law. This was of knowing of the power of God, of His might and holiness, and knowing that with one breath He could destroy all of creation. With one look I could be nothing. Honor and glory and praise came up in my soul...my very being...to this God who from all eternity has revealed Himself in a way that even the least, the weakest, the lowest of all could grasp even an iota of Who He is. And then, beyond all comprehension, dwell with them in the innermost sanctuary of their hearts and create a new man within them...to reveal even more of Who He is. Time seemed to suspend in that place. A sound of many voices rose "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lamb Who was slain." As Revelation 5:5 rose up from the scroll "Then one of the elders said to me, "Do not weep! See, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has triumphed. He is able to open the scroll and its seven seals."

Suddenly the Potter lifted me up. Joy had somehow joined the fear, the terror, of a Holy and Just God in my heart. Wonderings threatened to spill out of my mouth by questions that were interrupted by His voice laced with that peculiar amusement...which in that point of time I recognized more accurately as Joy. This caused another musing in my mind...inquiring why I had not seen it or know it as Joy before. His laugh brought my focus back on the here and now of that place, and the work He was having me do for some unknown reason that in large part was hidden from me. His hand gestures to the stool with the name "Rahab" drifting in on the dense air. A thought came out of my mouth that I was not expecting. "Another red letter in the red line history of the seed who bore the Seed from all eternity." I shook my head as it seemed the Infinite had touched the finite with something beyond it's own capacity to retain, or take into itself, yet it was so. Could it be that..that is the very definition of the miraculous? I turned with those thoughts back to the scroll...and to Rahab...the next scarlet letter.

A song drifted in on the air, again from a distant time of the past, but seemed to be as unfamiliar as any new song that could be sung to the Lord.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=b5ejXLAimgQ>

2/1/23

I found myself in a study not of Rahab, but back to Joseph, and when he brought his brothers and father, Jacob, into Egypt during the time of famine. Then how Perez was born during that time. Words escaped my mouth as I lifted my eyes up from the scroll. “There were hundreds of years between Perez and Salmon from Rahab. The setting of Rahab was clear into the future...after 400 years of the Israelites being enslaved to Egypt...after Moses...during the time of Joshua entering into the promised land. The place was Jericho. “But Lord, should I not speak about Perez’s great-great grandson’s (Amminadab) daughter marrying Aaron (the high priest—Moses’ brother)? Or of Amminadab’s son Nahshon being a great prince of Judah and how the tribe of Judah outnumbered all the other tribes? And what of Moses and the great Exodus out of Egypt, and the wanderings in the wilderness...of the law...and the tabernacle?” The Potter placed his hand on my left shoulder and turned me toward Him. “Was Salmon, the son of Nahshon, of reputation?” I had searched the line of Judah from Perez to Salmon and Rahab, and there was very little about Salmon. He was not of reputation, but that did not seem to answer my question. I am certain there was amusement in His eyes as He said “Salmon and Rahab. Tell Me what you see.” It seemed strange to me that He would guide me to overlook so much time and immediately enter into the land of Jericho. As if I was somehow neglecting a major part of the storyline. But...I simply said “Ok, Lord” while setting aside the study of Perez’s second great grandson’s daughter marrying the high priest Aaron, of Moses, the wilderness, the tabernacle and the law...to read about Jericho and Rahab and search for Salmon who was of no reputation ...the grandson of Amminadab, and son of Nahshon.

The genealogy of the Seed rose from the pages of the scroll:

Matthew 1: 1-6 This is the genealogy of Jesus the Messiah the son of David, the son of Abraham: Abraham was the father of Isaac, Isaac the father of Jacob, Jacob the father of Judah and his brothers, Judah the father of Perez and Zerah, whose mother was Tamar, Perez the father of Hezron, Hezron the father of Ram, Ram the father of Amminadab, Amminadab the father of Nahshon, Nahshon the father of Salmon, Salmon the father of Boaz, whose mother was Rahab, Boaz the father of Obed, whose mother was Ruth, Obed the father of Jesse, and Jesse the father of King David.

I looked behind at the Potter with a question in my eyes. His whisper answered my concern “The inherent Word of God”. With that confirmation, I proceeded to open this inspired, God breathed, Word of God...scroll that was sitting on the table in front of the lamp to the account of Rahab.

2/2/23

After Moses, the mantle fell on Joshua to bring God’s people into the land He had promised to Abraham. To prove this mantle was sure, the Lord caused the parting of the river Jordan—like He did with Moses and the Red Sea—except the priests carrying the Ark of the Covenant were ordered to stand in the water instead of, as Moses standing outside the water with hands raised to part the waters. All crossed over on dry land and their confidence that the Lord had chosen Joshua was sure.

Joshua sent two spies into the city of Jericho. The Potter placed His hand on my shoulder. I turned toward Him as He prompted “Look and see”.

It was as if I was in the house of Rahab the harlot when these spies entered through her door. Quickly she hid them on the roof of her house that was made into the wall of Jericho. All of the sudden there were soldiers standing in front of Rahab. I heard them say they knew there were 2 spies who had come into her house, and demanded to know where they were.

Rahab lied. She threw them off the scent and pointed them to the city gate. “They went through the gate. Go, quick, and catch them”. My mind thought of the games of cloak and dagger, Good vs evil, intrigue. Things I had never associated with the Holy Scriptures before now. I thought of Sarah lying for Abraham, and Rebekah lying about Isaac.

I remembered something from recent times that had come from my studies of the account of Rahab. My focus came back to the Potter. “She was between a rock and a hard place wasn’t she? Knowing and hearing all about how You had parted the Red Sea and conquered the enemies of Your people. I wonder if she had heard Your decree over Abraham that You would bless those who bless him (his people) and curse those who curse him? She had a choice to side with those who You were with or tell the truth and end up as Your enemy. Your ways truly are higher and above.” His simple reply, as was His pattern, did not seem to answer my question directly “There is the letter of the law, and then there is the Spirit of the law.”

With that, He gestured back to the scroll as I heard His voice speak “Rahab”.

After the soldiers went on their wild goose chase, Rahab told the spies that the reputation of the Lord had reached beyond these walls of Jericho to place fear into the hearts of many. She asked to be spared when destruction came upon the city...her and her family. My mind wandered again in wonderment. Given that she was a harlot...a profession that was the dregs of society...if her family had seen her as an outcast? It seemed likely to me. And if so, it shows her forgiveness to want to include them in the request to be spared.

She then put a rope out the window for the spies to escape by. They told her to tie a scarlet cord on this same window when their people entered the land, and gather her kin into the house...and they would be saved.

A scarlet cord. I could not help to think of the Exodus from Egypt and the Passover. The blood of a lamb that was painted on the top and sides of every door mantle so the angel of death would pass by. This then, led to the Perfect Lamb who was slain for the redemption of all who believe on His perfect sacrifice, and Whose blood covers them from the law of sin and death.

It came to pass that the instructions of the Lord...the trumpets, and the marching, and the great shout at the end of seven days...brought down the walls of Jericho. Except the wall where the harlot and her family were kept safe by the very hand of God. Something occurred to me. I abruptly looked at the Potter in surprise. He was already laughing in His way “What do you see?” Was the question in His eyes as He reached for my hands. For a reason I was not quite aware of at the time, He remained standing. “You alone saved Rahab. It was by Your hand alone...not by the hand of the spies. They made the agreement, but You could have caused the whole wall to crush her and her family—but You saved her—kept her—preserved her. Even though throughout the scroll it labels her Rahab the harlot.” This

compassionate Love of God had overtaken me here in this time and place as silent tears fell down. “What can be said about this great God, this Lord of all that meets the heart with such grace and kindness throughout the generations of men-and women? That preserves His seed in a way that cause even the most wise to look foolish.” I caught the Potter’s eyes “This is truly Who You are isn’t it?” His embrace spoke louder than any words could have...Although, I do recollect hearing the Voice of Many Waters drifting in on the dense air “Nothing can ever separate us from God’s love. Neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither our fears for today nor our worries about tomorrow—not even the powers of hell can separate us from God’s love. No power in the sky above or in the earth below—indeed, nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God that is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

*

In that moment it seemed as if yet again the times of my own life folded into this Red Letter point. All the bells of praise and worship...all the sentiments that came through this very short space of all of my life—which seemed to actually be older than the past and beyond the future—concentrated or culminated into one song that rose out of my innermost being.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=E8ok7HAeYoE>

2/3/23

His hands lifted me to my feet. “Ask your question” He spoke with a boldness that I had not heard before, and in turn was my answer from a place of boldness that had been absent from the first step over the threshold into the Potter’s House. “The Scroll says that Joshua sent the spies back to Rahab and they placed her and her kin outside the camp. There is not a record of Salmon anywhere in these passages. Yet, Matthew records Salmon begat Boaz from Rahab.” His whisper “Look closer” joined His action of turning me around as these passages were rising from the Scroll.

Jos 6:23 So the young men who had been spies went in and brought out Rahab and her father and mother and brothers and all who belonged to her. And they brought all her relatives and put them outside the camp of Israel.

Jos 6:24 And they burned the city with fire, and everything in it. Only the silver and gold, and the vessels of bronze and of iron, they put into the treasury of the house of the LORD.

Jos 6:25 But Rahab the prostitute and her father's household and all who belonged to her, Joshua saved alive. And she has lived in Israel to this day, because she hid the messengers whom Joshua sent to spy out Jericho.

A thought came upon me in that moment after I read the passage. I turned again to look at the Potter who’s countenance was one of delight. He gestured to the stool as He instructed “Search”. I paused in that space of time realizing there was something different in myself...as happens occasionally. Only this was not a thing I could readily identify. A fleeting thought of the word “honor” came and left as quickly as it had come. Almost like a speck in time. Setting my focus on the passage, I sat down to look closer as the heart prayer was lifted up “Show me what You want me to see in this, Father. Fill me with the Holy Spirit so I can do and say what would give You the most glory. Thank You, Jesus, for hearing me and walking with me in this place.”

Two words. Outside and in. Outside the camp. In Israel. A thought came, but I was unsure what to record. I looked at the Potter “Is this a place of scholarship? Of definitions of words? Do I record here

only what I find, or do I show the process of finding? The method of searching? Or present it in a more poetic way?" The Voice of Many Waters was heard "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth".

I would rather have shown this more poetically, but with a sigh I simply said "Ok, Lord. Whatever will bring You the most glory and draw the most souls closer to Your saving grace."

Outside and in.

Outside

Jos 6:23 And they brought all her relatives and put them **outside** the camp of Israel. (ESV)

Jos 6:23 And the young men that were spies went in, and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had; and they brought out all her kindred, and left them **without** the camp of Israel. (KJV)

H2351 Strong's

from an unused root meaning to sever; properly separate by a wall, that is, outside, outdoors: - abroad, field, forth, highway, more, out (-side, -ward), street, without.

In

Jos 6:25 But Rahab the prostitute and her father's household and all who belonged to her, Joshua saved alive. And she has lived **in** Israel to this day, because she hid the messengers whom Joshua sent to spy out Jericho. (ESV)

Jos 6:25 And Joshua saved Rahab the harlot alive, and her father's household, and all that she had; and she dwelleth **in** Israel even unto this day; because she hid the messengers, which Joshua sent to spy out Jericho.(KJV)

H7130 Strong's

From H7126; properly the nearest part, that is, the centre, whether literally, figuratively or adverbially (especially with preposition)

.....H7126 A primitive root; to approach (causatively bring near) for whatever purpose: - (cause to) approach, (cause to) bring (forth, near), (cause to) come (near, nigh), (cause to) draw near (nigh), go (near), be at hand, join, be near, offer, present, produce, make ready, stand, take.

This short Word study brought a certain knowing or understanding to my mind. The 2 spies brought Rahab and her kin out of the rubble of Jericho and placed them outside of the Israelite camp. Then proceeded to obey the Lord's command and join the other warriors in totally defeating the people of the city. After they brought all the plunder of gold and silver into the house of the Lord....Rahab was described as dwelling in (the center...among... with) God's people. This could not have happened unless something happened to cause her to be accepted as honorable. Would it have been something more than her hiding the spies? That something very well could have been her joining with Salmon.

I sat at the table again in wonderment how two small seemingly insignificant words could persuade a whole subject...could change the perspective of a single soul searching for a Kinsman Redeemer. I mused that one never knows what means and how or when He will use the slightest thing to impact in great ways. At least that was my prayer in that moment.

As I had been swimming in this study and thoughts afterward, other passages had risen from the scroll concerning Rahab.

Heb 11:30-31 By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days. By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace.

Jas 2:25 Likewise also was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, when she had received the messengers, and had sent them out another way?

The last passage of scripture brought an argument and resistance up in my soul. Every part of who I was seemed to be screaming "No! Justification is not by works!". Then it seemed as if a dam had been broken. Passages with more weight than mere words started to flow in like a flood from what could be described as the fountainhead of my soul....Do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him and He WILL make your paths straight. He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him. Ask...seek...knock. He is a good Father giving the Holy Spirit to those who ask...

And this continued until I was calmly at rest sitting on the stool, by the table, in the humble room...in this Most Unique Potter's House.

2/4/23

Another passage came up from the Scroll. "Faith without works is dead". The paper in the "Covenant of Redemption" room came to my mind. How the fountainhead is God in all He is. That this love, wisdom, knowledge flows from the Three Persons toward all who come to Jesus by grace and saving faith. How the Holy Spirit through the Love of the Father and the blood of Jesus creates the fruit of the Spirit within each of His own.

I looked at the Potter. "I do not see any justification by works here, Lord. All I see is how salvation and sanctification (being changed to be more like Jesus) is not of my own self, but by Your Spirit so no man may boast. At that moment the Voice of Many Waters came on wings of the weighty air. "No good tree will produce evil fruit and no evil tree will produce good fruit." I saw the Flow Chart in His eyes and an understanding came with it. The actions of one who the Holy Spirit is creating His fruit within them is different than the other who's actions are rooted in self-righteousness. The actions may look the same, but the source of the actions are far different. The Fruit of the Spirit will be proven in the life of one visibly. I remember a saying from long ago that my countenance was powerless to resist smiling about. The Potter's kind, although amused, voice refocused my eyes on the here and now "What is the saying?" My reply was one of assurance of the truth of the matter "The proof is in the pudding."

The life of one who the Holy Spirit has brought to the blood of Jesus in repentance and surrender, He also begins a good work of healing and grace and creating good fruit. It is out of that fruit...those ingredients that the New Man lives the new life he has been— and is being— given day by day as he is being changed from glory to glory and grace by grace. It is a life dependent upon the Holy Spirit for the good fruit that produces the good works (or actions) that testifies of justification.

In that time and space, in His eyes I saw myself as justified (as the Justice of Who God is as being satisfied only by the finished work of Jesus) from all eternity...and then, as so often happens, it was as if justification folded in on itself, or concentrated or became focused into a single point in time...and became fulfilled. Like a proof of what truly was. I then saw Rahab hiding the spies and understood the passage of “justification by works” better than I had before. The justification that the Lord had counted unto her from all eternity...He was proving through her at that moment—in that specific density of time and space. Like a scroll that says all there is to say altogether as it is rolled up, but, when it is unrolled, it is read point by point and line by line to prove what is therein. As this realization reached me, I could only whisper in awe “This is what You have been doing in my own self isn’t it?” Some say God doesn’t have emotions as humans, or feelings. But, I do think He babbles to His children. And part of that babbling is emotion and feelings to meet us in our finiteness...So that He can be all in all at the end of all things when the scroll of every life is unrolled to see what is truly therein.

Only the Lamb Who was slain is worthy to unfurl the scroll...no matter which scroll it is. A song drifted in from a place unfamiliar, but one that seemed I had known forever.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=XFa1Nrlkq0E>

2/7/23

I found myself sitting at the table surrounded by teachings of the foundations of the Faith and testimonies of miraculous works of revival from decades and decades gone by. These studies seemed to merge in a way that defied the mere rational of the mind. I saw how all of the study of Who God is become poured out into a pursuit of intimacy that the mere knowledge of Him would be of no use without the true communion with Him. I saw on the one hand knowing more about God comes with a warning not to put Who He Is in that box of knowledge gained and throw away the key...but on the other hand...the sole focus on the soul meeting God in a spiritual manner without the ground anchor of this study of scripture and foundational principles of the Faith could bring a fanaticism that is more anchored in emotions, feelings, and the supernatural than in the fundamental precepts held for centuries and centuries by the faithful. I saw a war—or at least iron sharpening iron— between two groups of believers. Each living side by side not knowing to the extent how the other would be so very necessary in the times to come upon the earth.

As is His way, the Potter’s voice sounded gently that brought me away from these contemplations “Ruth and Boaz”. The verse from the scroll rose up above the lamp and table:

1Ch 2:11 And Nahshon begat Salma, and Salma begat Boaz,

My heart warmed in anticipation as the scroll turned to the book of Ruth where the story of Boaz is told, and which I knew almost by heart. The Potter’s hand was felt on my left shoulder as the Voice of Many Waters was heard “Kinsman Redeemer is seen through this kinsman redeemer.” A sense of mystery came upon the air and a thought that maybe I did not know as much as I thought rose up. In which I embraced as I turned my eyes to the scroll lying open illuminated by the light of the lamp in the center of the table sat on the stone slab next to the tools of iron and wood resting on the dusty linen bag.

2/8/23

I lifted my head from the scroll. “What is there to be said of Naomi’s husband Elimelech’s line from Joseph’s son Ephraim— known as the Ephrathites—who Jacob (Israel) blessed before the 400 years of slavery in Egypt?” I breathed a silent prayer, knowing the Lord was showing me something....not new....but new to me. A sense of a piece of His story that I had not known before. My plea was not of desperation, but a weight of importance for this work He had brought me to for this hour...or perhaps...for an influence in an upcoming time. It seemed His guiding hand quickly went from here to there sifting through various teachings and passages from the scroll until He landed on one particular passage:

Psa 78:67 Moreover he refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim: 68 But chose the tribe of Judah, the mount Zion which he loved.

This rose and suspended above the table.

Suddenly I caught my breath. “The tribe of Judah in Boaz redeemed the tribe of Joseph in Ruth. Even though You refused them, and the Royal Line comes from Judah, Your compassion is seen on this line of Joseph even though they rejected and broke the covenant of law time and time again in the wilderness.” Then another part of understanding brought a wondering. I turned to look in the Potter’s eyes. “But You chose Judah before this line rejected You time and time again...before You rejected this line of Joseph at this place in the wilderness.” The Voice of Many Waters came upon the dense air “Omniscient, Sovereign” at the same time I was whispering “You know the end from the beginning and the beginning from the end of all things.” This brought another knowing that I had embraced some time ago...but there was not a pin point that could be drawn as to when it had been embraced and known to be true...that this all knowing God does not make reactionary decisions based on the actions of men or circumstances that are beyond His control or knowledge. He has ordained all things from the beginning of time, and is revealing His nature and Who He is through His creation...through men and women of His story...and mostly through the Kinsman Redeemer of all time.

Naomi. Ruth. Boaz. A most tender of stories that weaves loyalty and hope together in a way that could have only been done by a Divine Weaver who had His eye on a particular Gentile woman, a particular broken without hope Israelite woman—and redeemed them both with one act of kindness and mercy and glory and grace. Boaz, from the line of Judah, preserved the seed. A breathtaking display of Who would come down the ancestral and Royal line from this Moabite woman who pledged to Naomi that “Your people will be my people, and Your God my God.” Reminiscent of a prophetic word...for it would exactly be from her own womb that the next in line to carry the seed would be born.

This next in line, Obed, would be born in Bethlehem as would his son, Jesse, as would his son, King David, as would his Lord, Jesus.

I could almost sense the joy of Eve peering into time at Mary in that moment...and the pure delight in a hope of a promise kept. My sentiments matched hers—as she was leaning forward from times past searching for a Redeemer and a Savior—Who had been found and would be proven true in a time when all time and space folds together as one...I was leaning forward in search of a King. Not just any king who was born into a nature of sin, but a King Who is sinless...the Second Adam...The King of David, The Lion of Judah...Who is—The Kinsman Redeemer.

A Redeemer found in The Kinsman Redeemer

2/10/23

I heard recently that there are some things in a story that do not need to be explained because the meaning is obvious. In the risk of being obvious, there are some things to say about this story.

The Christian life is not one where there is all knowledge and understanding at the very beginning. It isn't as if once we come into agreement with God that Jesus is the Savior and Redeemer of our soul that there is some kind of "download" that happens and instantly we know all things or are changed instantly into who He wants us to be. It is a life long process of a walk with God by holding the hand of Jesus every step of the way. Through every high and every low an intimate relationship with The Kinsman Redeemer can be grown by prayer, reading the Bible, thinking about what is read, studying those "giants of the faith" that our Christian traditions are built upon, listening to solid Biblical sermons and theological teachings, and keeping our feet anchored in a pursuit of wanting to know Jesus more and more...and then while looking through His eyes...we get to know Who the Father and Holy Spirit are...Who this great and mighty God is who we serve.

If you have made it this far and you have not surrendered to the Lord Jesus...if you are reading this "story" as a work of fiction only...but there is an unmistakable pull on the heart, then come to Jesus. Put this story down and talk with Him. Tell Him you are wanting to believe He died in your place to redeem you from sin and eternal death...and give you eternal life with Him forever. That you have been looking for something to fill the empty place inside, and everything has left that empty place a deeper and wider hole than before. He will meet you there...right there where you are at...and He will not leave you. The Holy Spirit will lead you and change you into being more like Jesus so the heart can truly call His Father and know His Father as "Abba"—search the Bible for what that means.

Come now, draw near to Him and He will draw near to you. No matter what you have done. No matter how many times you have prayed the "sinner's" prayer. No matter the state of backslidden, lukewarm, wounded state you find yourself...today the Kinsman Redeemer is calling you. Go to Him.

Ps 105