

In The Potter's House Ch 5
In Search of a King

2/10/23

It was as if, while sitting there on that wooden stool, that Eve's longing and searching and waiting for the Seed had been satisfied at the very same moment that my own heart had been satisfied with Him.

"Where do I go from here?" Was my question spoken aloud. Looking at the door I had entered by, these words tumbled out: "There is no great longing in myself to leave here, Lord. It does not seem You are calling me to another place, really. What is it You would have me do?" I looked back at the Potter and froze. The Kinsman Redeemer was standing there. In this humble place...in the Potter's House. Fear threatened to grip my heart that turned to awe and glory and honor as He said "Fear not. For I am with you even until the end of the age." The Voice of Many Waters drifted in with a blanket of comfort I had not realized before. "In search of a King. The Lion of Judah and the King of kings and the Lord of lords." There was not an argument that rose up in me, but a question as I peered into the eyes of Jesus, my Kinsman Redeemer. "But, Ruth is placed after Judges and before 1 Samuel in the scroll, Lord. What of the prophets and judges and what of the Tabernacle of Moses and the Temple and the priests? Would You have me bypass all of those?" Where I thought His demeanor would have changed from that of the Potter to one of more Royal or somehow more formal...His familiar response was a welcome surprise as He laughed and simply said "In search of a King". In which I said "Ok, Lord" albeit with a greater weight of glory than before.

In that moment an emotion rose up that I could not quite identify. I rose up to my feet and found myself wrapped in the arms of this Most Unique Redeemer. A security and comfort again met me there for a reason I did not know I needed at the time. Tears welled up and fell down my face onto the shoulder of The Redeemer who was to show how He was King. Songs began to come to mind one after the other, but none seemed to do Him justice in that moment. It all fell short of His glory, of Who He was...is. In that place His heart was speaking words of faithfulness and relationship and glory and honor...beyond what words or a song could express. Then, I understood...although only in part...that He was truly holding my life in His hands. I looked up into His eyes as I saw Him standing at the head of the Wedding table holding the ornate lamp that was sat in the middle of the Potter's table. His eyes caught mine there. "In search of a King. I hold you in the palm of My hand." With that, The Redeemer sat me gently back on the stool. Above the scroll was a single word...Bethlehem. I smiled as a whisper escaped into the thick air "Show me what You want me to know about The House of Bread, Lord. Thank You, Father, for the comfort of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

2/12/23

Bethlehem. The place where Jacob buried Rachel. The place where Obed, Jesse, David and Jesus were born. The air seemed heavier somehow in this searching what The Redeemer wanted me to know in this moment.

I felt The Redeemer's hand on my left shoulder. His gentle but determined voice spoke to my thoughts that had risen "Come boldly. Do not fear.". But who wouldn't hold a type of fear toward the Word of God made flesh? To this Redeemer who was and is and is to come? Turning toward Him, these words escaped: "But I still feel so unworthy, Lord. I do not think boldness is the description of where my heart is." His smile was a comfort, but His words were even more so "Boldness is not that of holding your own worthiness as the garment the Father sees, or I see. You were bought, secured, and preserved by the Blood of the Lamb. That is your worthiness." There seemed to rise up in me more of a solidity of faith that I knew did not come from my own self. "Even this You give to me..again and again. You uphold me with Your righteous right hand continually without fail and without end." His eyes reflected the scene of Naomi and Ruth arriving in Bethlehem after leaving Moab. Naomi had heard that the Lord had visited Bethlehem and was feeding His people during a time of famine in Moab.

My eyes refocused on The Redeemer. "You used famines to bring about Your will." His delight was unmistakable "The beginning of the Barley Harvest". Was all He spoke as He turned me around again toward the stool. A memory brought back that Bethlehem is defined as "The house of bread".

Obed means to serve, and I saw another descriptive word...worshipper.

With thoughts resting on Jesse. I remembered these passages:

The Righteous Reign of the Branch

Is 11:1-5;10

There shall come forth a shoot from the stump of Jesse,
and a branch from his roots shall bear fruit. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
the Spirit of wisdom and understanding,
the Spirit of counsel and might,
the Spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord.

And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord. He shall not judge by what his eyes see, or decide disputes by what his ears hear, but with righteousness he shall judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall strike the earth with the rod of his mouth,

and with the breath of his lips he shall kill the wicked. Righteousness shall be the belt of his waist, and faithfulness the belt of his loins.

10 In that day the root of Jesse, who shall stand as a signal for the peoples—of him shall the nations inquire, and his resting place shall be glorious.

I lifted my eyes up from the scroll as a whisper came up from my very soul.

“The Lion of Judah.

The Branch from the root of Jesse that bears fruit.”

I turned to look at The Redeemer. “What is the fruit You bear?” His response was a wonder. Filled with awe and glory...a promise. “I am the Seed who plants seeds to yield fruit.”

Suddenly I saw in His eyes as in a flash, or all together, but maybe as a line traveling with a velocity beyond what my mind could capture...The seed of Eve brought forth the promised Seed. After that pin point in time that the Seed had come and died...many seeds were sprung from Him. He planted many who would come. With this, I stood, but perhaps I should have fallen. I took His hands as these words were pouring out of my mouth...and tears welled in my eyes

“It came true what Isaiah said. You are the root of Jesse, that has risen to reign over the Gentiles; in You the Gentiles trust.”

With these words came His proclamation of three names “Rahab, Tamar, and Ruth.” These were a foreshadow of the times of Peter and Paul who brought the good news to the gentiles. Who brought bread that had been provided from all eternity, but given in a specific time and place. I saw in His eyes another prophecy from Micah rising from the scroll:

5:2 But you, O Bethlehem Ephrathah,

who are too little to be among the clans of Judah, from you shall come forth for me

one who is to be ruler in Israel,

whose coming forth is from of old,

from ancient days.

A specific understanding came on the wings of this ancient prophecy. Something of the very nature of God in all He is. Something of honor and glory. Something of the humility and the names that are ascribed to this Most Unique Redeemer.

The honor and glory of the grandiose names of the Lord Jesus...

Lion of Judah

King of kings

Lord of lords

The Branch of Jesse

The Bread of Life

The Root and offspring of David

The Bright and Morning Star

These all pale in weight and glory next to what Micah says...Whose coming forth is from old, from Ancient of Days. From eternity. From the Glory that is God in all that He is. From the glory of The Father, The Word of God (The Son of God), The Holy Spirit. The glory He had from before creation, before time and before space. This glory that stepped down from that majesty to reveal the love of God...by shrouding Himself with these names that are a veiled type of the Glory that He actually is. For who could stand in that truly unapproachable light? Who would not be consumed? A praise escaped me...but words formed nonetheless..."You came and met Your people where they are in a way they could understand...but You are so much more than even these descriptions of You aren't You?"

In His eyes I saw the words: "I have a name written that no man knows".

If there are tears of awe...of glory and majesty beyond what I could understand or fathom or grasp...then that would have been those that fell in that iota of time—and I suspected if there were tears in heaven—these would be the only ones shed.

Rather than the lofty high praise that would be expected in such an encounter, the simple phrase "Thank You Jesus." Seemed to be the only sentiment I could bring. The delight I saw in His eyes confirmed that, somehow, this was the exact thing He desired.

With a sense of encouragement, these songs drifted in on an unfamiliar melody that my soul instantly rejoiced in.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=tHp8eThI2qk>

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=jh_r4xULhAg&list=OLAK5uy_kS1PsVPUgqUC1zKNsl250NBOVXKCzdvbo

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=8YC7drPwWf4&list=OLAK5uy_kS1PsVPUgqUC1zKNsl250NBOVXKCzdvbo&index=3

2/13/23

This prophecy from Micah was still above the table

5:2 But you, O Bethlehem Ephrathah,

who are too little to be among the clans of Judah, from you shall come forth for me

one who is to be ruler in Israel,

whose coming forth is from of old,

from ancient days.

The words “oh Bethlehem who are too little to be among the clans of Judah” suddenly became larger in size. My heart seemed to skip a beat...as this question was spoken silently: “What is it Lord that You are showing me? Where do I go from here in the Scroll?” The very instant the question was asked, the Voice of Many Waters spoke a single word “Judges”. A laughter behind caused me to turn to the left. I was held in wonder again as I looked upon His countenance. From the time I had seen the Potter on the path to the Potter’s field until now, His face was not detailed as one looking at another human. The way He appeared is best explained as seeing through a glass darkly. Or looking at something through a more opaque body of water—but somehow I just knew the details that shown from His countenance. “You do not want me to skip over parts of Your story after all! Thank You, Lord, for I don’t want to miss a single word You have for this time and place. Please lead me and guide me here.” His hand gestured back toward the Scroll

that was curiously open to the Book of Judges. It was then I realized the lack of time I had spent in this particular book. A thought came to my mind...of a spiritual significance that had been proven time and time again throughout my life—Something I paused to give thanks for with my head bowed in gratitude “Thank You for always filling in the voids of my soul, Jesus. Even when I do not see the need...You do. Cause me to be as sensitive to Your Word as You are to my need...the voids in my own soul and walk with You. Thank You Father for the great gift of Your Holy Spirit abiding here with me as I abide here in the Word with You.”

With that, in excitement, my eyes sank into the Book of Judges anticipating much good to come from the study of His Word.

It was not long before my mind wandered back to Jesse. There was a leaning harder in concentration on the Scroll, but it was no use. The Voice of Many Waters declared "I am the Weaver of time and space. Of history past, present and future." This brought a fleeting memory of an ancient Jewish tradition that held Jesse, or perhaps a family member, as being a weaver of the veils of the sanctuary. I did not camp on the thought, but refocused on the Scroll, and the Book of Judges..."Now, after the death of Joshua..." Then, I found my hand turning the Scroll one page back, and here is where my eyes fell

"Then Joshua wrote these words in the Book of the Law of God. And he took a large stone and set it up there under the oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said to all the people, "Behold, this stone shall be a witness to us, for it has heard all the words of the Lord which he spoke to us. It shall therefore be a witness to you, lest you deny your God." So Joshua let the people depart, each to his own inheritance."

I felt as Mary when she hid those things in her heart...when she only had a shadow of the meaning of something significant. Intrigue joined excitement as I turned the page forward determined to press ahead with where The Redeemer led.

2/17/23

In the pressing into the book of Judges, there was an overwhelming sense of defeat. In weariness I crossed my arms and placed them on the table with my forehead resting there. In the silence these words rose up “I do not know what You would have me see here, Lord. You called Judah from the smallest of towns. You were born in the smallest of towns. You preserved Your seed through the basest of people. All of this knowledge is true and good, but it does not seem to be at a deep enough level...the thing You are wanting to say for this time and place. Father, this is Your work. Please show me what You have here...what do You want me to see?”

There drifted into that place a certain testimony. A modern day Job...except what this believer had to walk through was a most gruesome evil that was done...was done by the hand of a

brother. A witness that forgiveness can only be by the Spirit of God. Only God can manifest that kind of love.

The story of Naomi came to my mind in that place. How her husband and both sons were killed in Moab. Her heart cried out “The Lord has done this. I went away from Bethlehem full, but now I come back empty. My name will be called bitter from this point on.” Barely below a whisper, I heard my thoughts spill out of my mouth “She did not know what You had planned for her life was greater than the pain that she was walking through, just like this believer, just like Job did not know or see at the time that Your plans are often wrapped in suffering and pain and the call to forgive. Is this all You would have me see here, Lord?”

The hand of The Redeemer lifted me from the stool. “See the great love of the Father in the book of Judges. See the planting of seeds from the Seed.”

The modern day Job’s testimony was still raw and tears of compassion were flowing as my eyes met His. I saw the whole book of Judges played out in His eyes. A time where every man did that which was right in his own eyes, and few inquired of Him. His people had embraced the abominations of those pagan practices around them. When the Lord brought His hand of correction and sold them into slavery...they called on Him to be delivered and set free. But then, went right back to their evil ways.

Throughout this picture, there were scriptures rising up from the “continuous screen”.

Words of forgiveness. Places where His patience and lovingkindness were highlighted and placed there as a proof of Who He was/is and who He is making His Bride to be. These sentences were set back and forward randomly but all together rising up from this “war field of Judges”.

Love your enemies.

Do good to those who hate you.

Forgive those who spitefully use you.

Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

My lovingkindness endures forever.

Great is My faithfulness.

An understanding rose up in me. “You sowed the seed and preserved it from Eve clear through Mary. You became the Seed—and died.” Then something occurred to me. Something I knew

before but now seemed to spring to life within me. I gasped “I am a seed that You planted. I am, like Israel, that You are forgiving in order to preserve Your seed.” I had truly never quite thought about it in this way.

The Redeemers whisper seemed to be the loudest voice ever heard from all creation “I forgive. I bear with and am kind to the evil in order to manifest Who I am through the seeds that I have planted. This is what I do, this is Who I am.”

My thoughts went back to the kiln of forgiveness that the Potter had led me into. Then here in this time and place, it seemed I was being called into a deeper kind of forgiveness. One not only for those who trespass against me, but those who trespass against my brother. The Voice of Many Waters came as a covering there “Not by might, not by power but by My Spirit.”

With that, I managed a quiet reply of thanksgiving. “Thank you, Jesus, for Your patience with me. I am sorry for not trusting You with this book of Judges. Strengthen me, Father, and the modern day Job...the believer with Your seed that produced the fruit forgiveness as the testimony of Who You are. Keep us, Father, in these dark days ahead. Work in us a better Word, a better testimony than those of the days of Judges. Preserve us, Father, as You preserved Job, Naomi, and Judah.” The air became even thicker, but with a different type of denseness. My eyes refocused and realized The Redeemer had taken me over to the arched doorway looking out toward the trees as pictographs in between two columns of rooms. Incense was rising out of the ornate lamps in every room on the left. I smiled with a certain sense of what that meant. “You will be victorious in them, and in me won’t You? You will be a testimony of Who You are through these imperfect, but being made perfect clay vessels molded and fit for Your Glory.” There was a stillness then. A holy hush or quietness was born there through His many words uttered throughout all eternity condensed into one single drop—“Yes”.

2/20/23

Standing there in the intense thick air, the Voice of Many Waters spoke “After the LORD your God has done this for you, don’t say in your hearts, ‘The LORD has given us this land because we are such good people!’ No, it is because of the wickedness of the other nations that he is pushing them out of your way. It is not because you are so good or have such integrity that you are about to occupy their land. The LORD your God will drive these nations out ahead of you only because of their wickedness, and to fulfill the oath he swore to your ancestors Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. You must recognize that the LORD your God is not giving you this good land because you are good, for you are not—you are a stubborn people.”

This knowledge...truth...pressed in on me—any deliverance of my own sin, struggles, trials was not because of my own goodness or that I had somehow arrived at a more holy level, and His deliverance was a reward.

I turned toward The Redeemer. “I see how the working toward conquering of the promised land in Judges is an example of how Your people conquer in the times of the end. But, Lord, even

though this truth is true...in this time as in that time...we are a people who are stubborn. The wickedness of this current age rises as a stench. But, Lord, You have also said that You will pour our Your Spirit. That You will make a people Holy unto Yourself. That You will cause a people to rise up that are only after Your own heart. I just know that You speak a better word in this time and place than You did then about Israel. If You are only delivering me from whatever battle for whatever gain in my life only because my enemies are more wicked than I am—then do not deliver me. If that deliverance will not cause more of Who You are to be created in me—then I do not want to be delivered. If Your deliverance of this nation is only because of the wickedness is reached such a high level, and there will be no lasting change in those who You are calling out, then do not deliver this nation.”

I then saw in His eyes the scene where we were in the kiln and Him saying that gold becomes purer the longer in the fire. My eyes refocused on His face. With a confidence, honor, and glory I cannot describe His voice was as if an echo of the Voice of Many Waters “My Judgement, My fire, brings repentance and deliverance.”

I found my heart gripped with a fear. Not because of His judgements, but because of the habit of Israel. They cried out for deliverance time and time again in the times of Judges, but they wanted deliverance into comforts. Their stubbornness was never changed into surrender. Never changed into humility, grace, mercy...or any other image of God.

His eyes flashed in that moment as His Words were sharp “This is how My blood speaks a better word. Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit I change them from glory to glory. As in a glass darkly, but then Face to face.”

“Cause me to be ready for Your Judgement, Lord. I can only stand in You.”

The Redeemer’s smile was one of joy as if this particular request had touched His heart deeper than anything I had asked up to that point. His arms seemed to wrap me up in a promise that would never be broken. That He was-is-and always will be my land of promise. He is my destination and exceeding reward. He is who I will stand in during the times that would come, and is even now upon the earth.

His right hand took my left, led me over to the wooden stool and sat me down as His voice rang out with a different pitch than before “David”. I sat down, and looked at the Scroll. The page had turned to 1 Samuel.

I paused there in that moment in time to simply be in His presence. To just rest in the stillness of the weight of the air that was perfumed with incense...which is the prayers of the saints.

In the stillness a passage rose from the Scroll and hovered above the table:

“Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice...let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands” (Is 42:11-12).

The stillness broke into a praise song heard beyond the walls of the Potter's House.

My own heart song was singing quietly, silently there with my head bowed "Let it not be about me, Lord. About my own gain of any like of a promised land. Let it be all about, and all for, Your own glory and honor and praise. Thank You, my King, for You are worthy of it all. You deserve the glory."

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=FeknKXOJC10>

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12/23/23

1 Samuel flowed into 2 Samuel, and my hand had turned half way through 1 Kings before I stopped. “There is so much here, Lord. What do You want drawn out? Do I need to read clear through and get a total picture of these things, even back to Exodus and Deuteronomy? The times of Moses? What is the next thing You would have me see?” This question was a silent plea with less frustration and more trust that He would surely guide my way. I turned toward The Redeemer in anticipation of what He would say. But a strange thing occurred as He took the position of The Potter when He wanted to hear what I had to say. I perceived something new...there was not a hesitancy nor a drawing back. I smiled then as an excitement rose..”You have given me boldness haven’t You?” His laughter filled the room with that peculiar amusement glowing from His face. This was a wonderment to me. His took my hands and gently, but firmly, declared “I do not change. I am the same yesterday, today, and always. Tell me what you see”

So I proceeded to explain the beginnings of what the first part of 1 Samuel had shown. “I see something of a correlation between Samuel and John the Baptist. They both prepared the way. One for a king, the other for The King.” With a smile of encouragement He stood and turned me back toward the Scroll as The Voice of Many Waters said “Make straight paths.” With a deep sigh, my eyes fell back on The Scroll, which was again turned to 1 Samuel. But my mind was already on the beginning of the Gospels. Nonetheless, I began to read again the account of Samuel’s birth..

12/24/23

Samuel was a hinge in the history of Israel. There had been 13 judges—including Eli—from Joshua until Samuel...around 300 years. Israel had spent 3 centuries cycling around the same pattern of seeking to be as those nations around them. When every man did what was right in their own eyes. Then the hand of God would move in discipline, the people would repent, the Lord would deliver them...and the pattern would begin again. It was during the stage of wanting to be as the other nations that Israel rejected God being their leader through Samuel and demanded a king to rule them. As is typical of the Lord, the first is not the chosen. The first king of Israel, Saul, was a king who represented the first Adam...the heart and desire of men. The second king—David...who Samuel prepared the way for...represented the Second Adam...the heart and desire of God.

This “preparer of the way” for the king was born in a similar manner as the “preparer of the way” for The King was.

Two barren women who the Lord looked upon with compassion. Through the prayers of these despised and lowly and ashamed women...the hand of the Lord brought a miracle of birth to a barren womb.

The Redeemer’s voice was heard as His hand reached mine to lift me up from the scroll: “Look. See.” In His eyes I saw on one side the account of Hannah praying in Shilo at the house of the Lord, and on the other side Zacharias—the father of John the Baptist, and a priest in the temple of the Lord—being visited by Gabriel the angel of the Lord. My thoughts immediately jumped to Mary and her visit from this same angel of the Lord, but the Voice of Many Waters prompted “Look closer here.”

It was as if I had entered into the scene of Hannah. Her heart was torn in such despair that no sound came out from her mouth. Only the silent tears and the silent moving of her lips screaming the silent prayer of her heart toward her Lord and God. “And she vowed a vow and said, O, Lord of Hosts, if You will indeed look upon the affliction of Your handmaid and remember me, and not forget Your handmaid, but will give to Your handmaid a man-child, then I will give him to Jehovah all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head.” Then Eli a priest there in the house of the Lord saw her. A harshness of judgement from his mouth proved that truly only God knows the heart. In his own understanding he accused Hannah of being drunken and demanded she cease...but Hannah—in the humility learned through her trials—did not retort with the same harshness. She poured out her heart to the priest. Then, with the correct judgment, he said to her “Go in peace, and the God of Israel grant to you your petition that you have asked of Him”. Hannah received—believed—this word of Eli’s...even though it was from a mere man.

The scene then changed to that of Zacharias. As he entered the temple to do his priestly duty of burning incense, I heard these words come from a far distant time and place. From the times of Moses and Aaron—another priest before the Lord.

“You shall make an altar on which to burn incense; you shall make it of acacia wood...And you shall put it in front of the veil that is above the ark of the testimony, in front of the mercy seat that is above the testimony, where I will meet with you. And Aaron shall burn fragrant incense on it. Every morning when he dresses the lamps he shall burn it, and when Aaron sets up the lamps at twilight, he shall burn it, a regular incense offering before the LORD throughout your generations.” (Exodus 30:1;6-8)

I saw the multitude of people standing outside of the temple praying at this hour that Zacharias was burning incense to the Lord. Then Gabriel appeared to him to announce the coming of John the Baptist from the barren womb of his wife Elizabeth. “He will go before him in the spirit and power of Elijah, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, to make ready for the Lord a people prepared.” But Zacharias did not believe this angel who stands before the Lord—and he was struck mute until the day John was born and the reproach of his mother was taken away.

My mind began racing with conclusions and questions from different perspectives all at once...so much so that I became lightheaded. The Redeemer took firmer hold on my upper arms to steady my balance as He sat me back down on the stool. His words brought a calmness to my mind in an instant “Those who wait upon the Lord will renew their strength. Rest here awhile.”

I marveled that He always knew what I needed before hand and was always present when He was needed the most. My reply was a prayer “Keep my eyes fixed on You, Jesus. Do not let my foot step to the right or the left. Keep my path straight and true.”

As I turned around toward The Scroll, my utterance was in awe of this Great Weaver of past, present, and future. In which there is no possible way to hold all the truths He holds in even a small drop in His palm. In this atmosphere I sat still knowing He was/is/and ever shall be—God of all times and all spaces that ever was or ever will be. There is no end to the depth of Who He is or what He knows or what He does. In that moment it seemed as if all the voices throughout all the millennia rippled from the time of Adam throughout all of eternity folded in one accord—with a single, simple, true voice of worship and praise:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=vBXWgSLN6eM>

2/26/23

As I sat reading through again 1 and 2 Samuel, something stirred in my heart. “Lord, why did you choose David? From the account in The Scroll, from everything written, it looks like David was

no more righteous than Saul. And...it actually is worse than that. David committed worse crimes than Saul. Is it fair that Saul was discarded and David promoted and chosen and blessed?" This was not asked in a spirit of accusation toward the Lord, but one of genuine inquiry to know Him more. To understand what He is like and why He does what He does. The Redeemer's whisper came from behind "David loved Me, he revered Me, Saul did not." Suddenly this passage rose up from The Scroll

2Sa 24:1 And again the anger of the LORD was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah.

This was a hard word, and one I did not want to see, or know. "You put it in David's heart to do this, yet, then later there was a judgement against David for it. I do not understand, and I am not sure I want to, Lord."

I felt The Redeemer's hand on my shoulder as the Voice of Many Waters brought the answer: "Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, And let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth: Lest the LORD see it, and it displease him, And he turn away his wrath from him"

Then 2Sam 24:3 rose up from The Scroll

But Joab said to the king, "May the LORD your God add to the people a hundred times as many as they are, while the eyes of my lord the king still see it, but why does my lord the king delight in this thing?"

I turned toward The Redeemer who was already in the position of wanting to hear what I had to say. But this time He spoke "It is not in the action but the heart motive of the action. It is not in the obedience but the heart motive of the obedience." Then I remembered later in the chapter of 2 Samuel that David repented of his heart motive..."But, Lord, You still commanded David to choose which thing to be done to Israel."

"Look at the last verse." The Redeemer voiced with an undistressed smile. I looked back at The Scroll and found this verse

Then David spoke to the LORD when he saw the angel who was striking the people, and said, “Behold, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly. But these sheep, what have they done? Please let your hand be against me and against my father’s house.”

I turned back again to The Redeemer who was still in the same position “David’s reverence and love for Me birthed a love for My people. Saul did not repent and seek Me. David did.”

Just then, I heard a rustling like papers blowing in a breeze. Looking back towards The Scroll I saw many, many verses and chapters rising up from The Scroll one by one quickly. At a closer look, they all were from the Psalms. The Voice of Many Waters came then into that place with an explanation that melted my own heart with the words “The record of David’s love toward Me. The proof that he was a seeker after My own heart and the apple of My eye.”

Then there was silence again. A place of quiet. Of contemplating everything that He had shown. But more than that...a reverence or an awe. A yearning to know more of this King whose ways are so peculiar...beyond human reasoning or anticipation. It was in this state of mind I sat...knowing He was/is God and there is none other.

And then a teaching came from outside, beyond the humble room as Philippians 2:13 was coming into my remembrance and the question of the will of man and the sovereignty of God once again became a point of wrestling within my own self. Sometimes He brings a teacher. Or a pastor. Or an encouragement, exhortation, or uses another’s voice to uphold what He would or is saying. It is how He works within all of those who will be seen sitting around the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=iYFIv_Dqm9E

Even in the wilderness there are places of water. Those places are counted as a treasure and more valuable than when dwelling in a land of plenty. I bowed my head in thanksgiving that He never leaves me in thirst as I come to Him for the living water that never runs dry.

2/27/23

I found myself not looking at or reading The Scroll, but concentrating intently on the lamps placed on the wall behind the table—in front of me. With tears welling I rose up from the stool, took The Redeemer’s hand and led Him over to the wall to stand once again in front of a particular lamp. “It is too heavy for me, Lord.” Was my heart cry as I turned toward Him. Without hesitation He picked up the lamp. His words were a question “Who is King?” In which the answer was also without hesitation “You are.” I again saw in His eyes The Kinsman Redeemer, The King, standing at the head of the Wedding Table holding this same lamp that had somehow

become ornate. “Not by the power or might of man, or of my own, but by Your Spirit.” I whispered.

In this place He asked a question that had been on my heart. “How, in what way, am I King?” The question did not demand an answer as He set the lamp back on the shelf and ushered me back around to the stool. Before sitting down I turned toward Him “All of heaven and earth will bow before You. That is the way You are King.” But this knowing seemed only the tip of what He wanted me to understand.

The Voice of Many Waters was heard as The Redeemer sat me down toward The Scroll. “The prophecies fulfilled in the house of bread. In Bethlehem.” In wonderment of how He would show in what way He was King, my focus returned to The Scroll to seek the prophecies of old that had been fulfilled in Bethlehem. There was a pause of gratitude in my heart. Of His keeping power. Of His mercy and grace upon the lamps on the wall. Of His guidance here on this journey through His Scroll. Of this great salvation and love of a Father that would not only meet me here but stay with me. Single tears fell as if in unison His voice and my heart declared the verse that was rising up from The Scroll “He will keep in perfect peace he whose mind in stayed on Him.”

And the silent prayer was offered up to add incense to the room that rose to the very throne of The Majesty on high: “Keep my eyes focused on You Jesus.”

As I started the study, this song drifted through the silence...wafting through as if adding a scent to the dense air.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=zTZtKoAwf0U>

2/28/23

At some point my eyes had closed during the study of prophecies fulfilled in Bethlehem. Somehow when my eyes opened I was standing in the arched doorway looking out toward the rooms on the right. In the first room labeled Covenants the promise of a Redeemer rose and hovered over the room. The promise from Genesis that God would provide a Seed from Eve. The Voice of Many Waters entered into that place “She could not save herself. Adam could not save her. Neither Seth, nor Noah. Not Abraham, Isaac or Jacob. Boaz could not save her, nor Perez or Jesse. It was as if Eve was looking down this whole line of descendants and her gaze fell on David. This man, who was the apple of God’s eye and the seeker of God’s heart, who had the greatest potential of being the Seed...also failed to save her. But then, her eyes continued down the line of David. Anticipation grew as she went from generation to generation clear up to the time of Joseph and Mary from this same tribe of Judah. This same line of David. This same town

of Bethlehem where not only her Redeemer would be born, but also her King. Not only her King but also her High Priest.

My eyes found The Redeemer's in that moment. Through His eyes I saw myself sitting on the wooden stool deep in the study of prophecies fulfilled in the town of Bethlehem. A layer of books opened across the table. Then my head went down into arms that were crossed upon The Scroll. As my eyes refocused on Him, He spoke with that certain amusement and peculiar delight in His voice "The Covenant with David". It was as if a light had dawned and I knew what He wanted to show. With an excitement of confidence in trusting His lead, I simply replied "Thank You, Lord." As I made my way back over to the stool where The Scroll was opened to Psalm 89. With an inquiry rising, I looked behind me at The Redeemer. His words answered before I could even ask the question "Psalm 89."

Thoughts overwhelmed me there as The Redeemer stepped forward to take my hands. I remembered how this phrase "Ok Lord" from long ago had been uttered out of more of a fearful heart...but now uttered out of somewhere else. My misty eyes looked up "How can this be Lord? I do not recall this change of heart. I only know where once this obedience was more out of fear, or obligation or compulsory has now turned into something different. It is not even what could be described as loyalty." Words seemed to form and spill out with an absolute not know before "It is a joy born out of this love for You that is not of my own making. A love that could only be coming from You...from the love You have for me from the very heart of The Father." Tears were filling up the wells of my eyes as I saw in His eyes Philip saying these words to Him "Lord, show us the Father and then we will be satisfied." In which He replied "Have I been with you for so long a time, and you do not know Me yet, Philip, nor recognize clearly who I am? Anyone who has seen Me has seen the Father." My heart seemed to burst to overflowing in that place. "Thank You, Jesus, for showing me the Father in You. Without this, I would have been dismayed. And 'Ok, Lord' Psalm 89." If a laugh could come from a joyful heart that startles the one whom it came from...then that was me in that time and space. I could have sat in awe of what He had done, and was doing inside my very soul—in my innermost being—what The Holy Spirit was creating was something new...not new to Him...but new to me. But, with a sense that too much reasoning or identifying it in my own understanding would hinder or stop His work in me, with a glancing smile of thanksgiving to Him, I turned back to The Scroll that was opened to Psalm 89.

My ear heard, but I was vaguely conscious of a single particular song that seemed to drift in from my past...long ago from a place where it seemed I had been doing more for Him. In which I could only shake my head at the irony or mystery of it here. The place He had called me to seemed so—well—remote from what typically would be described as "doing for the Lord" or "Telling others about this great salvation found in Jesus", but as the song drifted in to that humble place, it brought with it a comfort of knowing that I was right in the center of His will for my life...and I was doing exactly what He had called me to do. Like Bethlehem...the smallest of Judah...but still used of the Lord for His purposes. In this my soul was satisfied and glad.

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=1yBzIt_z8oY

3/2/23

God: The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit has never and will never need sons. But out of the great love who He is sent His only begotten Son, who dwelled with and was one with the Father and Holy Spirit from all eternity. He does not need sons. He does not need daughters. But His people need a Father. They need a Redeemer. They need a King.

From this, a baby was born from the lowliest of tribes. From the lowliest of people in the tribe. In the smallest of villages within the land of the tribe. The Son of God was born in a stable. The heavens were rent and angels proclaimed that Christ was born. The Savior and The King was born in the house of David, the House of Bread, Bethlehem. Let all of heaven and earth rejoice: Hosanna in the Highest. The Son of David, who had declared in ancient times His Covenant, had come to be The Kinsman Redeemer from the line of David and to call many sons to glory.

The Reality that was born in Bethlehem was the revealing and fulfillment of a particular ancient prophecy sung about David's Seed during a time where Abraham's seed was in peril of death. When there was no sign that the Covenant with David would be upheld by the Lord's hand. Where the light of the lamp, this seed, of David...had waned dim. It was in this time that there was one man of God who cried out. One voice in the wilderness of a dimming light where darkness threatened to overtake them. I heard his voice rise up in this song that resonated with my own soul. A song best read in its original form. A heart rendering intercessory prayer that came from the heart of The Intercessor.

Ps 89

"1 A Contemplation of Ethan the Ezrahite. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever; With my mouth will I make known Your faithfulness to all generations. 2 For I have said, "Mercy shall be built up forever; Your faithfulness You shall establish in the very heavens." 3 "I have made a covenant with My chosen, I have sworn to My servant David: 4 'Your seed I will establish forever, And build up your throne to all generations.' " Selah 5 And the heavens will praise Your wonders, O Lord; Your faithfulness also in the assembly of the saints. 6 For who in the heavens can be compared to the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened to the Lord? 7 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, And to be held in reverence by all those around Him. 8 O Lord God of hosts, Who is mighty like You, O Lord? Your faithfulness also surrounds You. 9 You rule the raging of the sea; When its waves rise, You still them. 10 You have broken Rahab in pieces, as one who is slain; You have scattered Your enemies with Your mighty arm. 11 The heavens are Yours, the earth also is Yours; The world and all its fullness, You have founded them. 12 The north and the south, You have created them; Tabor and Hermon rejoice in Your name. 13 You have a mighty arm; Strong is Your hand, and

high is Your right hand. 14 Righteousness and justice are the foundation of Your throne; Mercy and truth go before Your face. 15 Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound! They walk, O Lord, in the light of Your countenance. 16 In Your name they rejoice all day long, And in Your righteousness they are exalted. 17 For You are the glory of their strength, And in Your favor our horn is exalted. 18 For our shield belongs to the Lord, And our king to the Holy One of Israel. 19 Then You spoke in a vision to Your holy one, And said: "I have given help to one who is mighty; I have exalted one chosen from the people. 20 I have found My servant David; With My holy oil I have anointed him, 21 With whom My hand shall be established; Also My arm shall strengthen him. 22 The enemy shall not outwit him, Nor the son of wickedness afflict him. 23 I will beat down his foes before his face, And plague those who hate him. 24 "But My faithfulness and My mercy shall be with him, And in My name his horn shall be exalted. 25 Also I will set his hand over the sea, And his right hand over the rivers. 26 He shall cry to Me, 'You are my Father, My God, and the rock of my salvation.' 27 Also I will make him My firstborn, The highest of the kings of the earth. 28 My mercy I will keep for him forever, And My covenant shall stand firm with him. 29 His seed also I will make to endure forever, And his throne as the days of heaven. 30 "If his sons forsake My law And do not walk in My judgments, 31 If they break My statutes And do not keep My commandments, 32 Then I will punish their transgression with the rod, And their iniquity with stripes. 33 Nevertheless My lovingkindness I will not utterly take from him, Nor allow My faithfulness to fail. 34 My covenant I will not break, Nor alter the word that has gone out of My lips. 35 Once I have sworn by My holiness; I will not lie to David: 36 His seed shall endure forever, And his throne as the sun before Me; 37 It shall be established forever like the moon, Even like the faithful witness in the sky." Selah

38 But You have cast off and abhorred, You have been furious with Your anointed. 39 You have renounced the covenant of Your servant; You have profaned his crown by casting it to the ground. 40 You have broken down all his hedges; You have brought his strongholds to ruin. 41 All who pass by the way plunder him; He is a reproach to his neighbors. 42 You have exalted the right hand of his adversaries; You have made all his enemies rejoice. 43 You have also turned back the edge of his sword, And have not sustained him in the battle. 44 You have made his glory cease, And cast his throne down to the ground. 45 The days of his youth You have shortened; You have covered him with shame. Selah 46 How long, Lord? Will You hide Yourself forever? Will Your wrath burn like fire? 47 Remember how short my time is; For what futility have You created all the children of men? 48 What man can live and not see death? Can he deliver his life from the power of the grave? Selah 49 Lord, where are Your former lovingkindnesses, Which You swore to David in Your truth? 50 Remember, Lord, the reproach of Your servants-- How I bear in my bosom the reproach of all the many peoples, 51 With which Your enemies have reproached, O Lord, With which they have reproached the footsteps of Your anointed. 52 Blessed be the Lord forevermore! Amen and Amen.

I glanced over beyond the arched doorway. A parchment was seen above the Covenant Room on the right with the title "Covenant with David" and these words beneath 'Your seed I will establish forever, And build up your throne to all generations.'

I smiled and sat in awe at the simplicity of it. The Voice of Many Waters fell there in that place “Stay here awhile” with something more than peace. More than mercy and grace. More than joy or what is described as justice or righteousness. It was more than power. I found the eyes of The Redeemer. His answer was a mystery “Wholeness. Completeness.” Those words seemed to describe this Divine encounter better than any others could. But still, my mind brought words like trust and confidence, peace and comfort, contentment and...awe. It was there that I voiced it aloud. “Wonder and awe of Who You are. A peculiar type of fear that I never want to dim.” It was there in that place, as my eyes turned again to The Scroll, that The Voice of Many Waters was singing that same song as a promise tome. Where once my heart and soul would have shrunk away, this time, I did not. But in embracing this song as from Him, I saw the lamp in the middle of the table sat on the stone slab grow brighter still.

As He was singing this song over me, my voice rose to His in response, as if the two songs joined in a communion that would never end.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=8UB4ppPiEgg>

3/3/23

With Psalm 89 open before me, and the account of the birth of Jesus written and rising above the table, the question of “In what way is He King” that had played in the background, came to the front.

In the quiet with my thoughts, after gleaning what other teachers and preachers from times past and some more modern had to say...a bigger picture emerged. Where it had been obscure before, came into focus sharp enough to put into words. These words came more as a beginning of knowledge rather than the fullness of it. Just above a whisper rather than a loud declaration, more to myself than to my Redeemer...”One can be a conquering king without saving. But a savior cannot save without conquering...without being a king...a lord over the thing conquered.”

With delight, I felt The Redeemers hand on my shoulder as He turned me toward Him. His gaze was intense and more serious than before. His voice sounded even more determined than His footsteps had been outside His house as He was drawing me near, or as His countenance had been throughout this Divine encounter the whole time I had been here in this place...at His table. “Show what you see about Rahab.” This statement was less of a surprise than a confirmation of what He wanted to draw out next.

With a silent prayer for guidance, I turned again toward the scroll. Psalm 89:10 was illuminated

“You crushed Rahab like a carcass; you scattered your enemies with your mighty arm.”

This Rahab is not the same as the Rahab that was the mother of Boaz. This Rahab is symbolic in nature, but very real in the thing of which it describes.

In Hebrew they are two different nouns:

In Ps 89:10, Isa 51:9 has, רַחַב (Rahab) = storm, sea monster, or emblematic name of Egypt: Job 9:13, 26:12, Ps 87:4, 89:10, Isa 30:7

In Josh 6:23 has רַחַב (Rachab), the harlot of Jericho...Josh 2:1, 3, 6:17, 23, 25.

This is the pride that rose up in subtlety that Eve and then Adam fell into in the beginning. The serpent of old. Where the promise of God was first uttered—being established in eternity before then.

Genesis 3:15...he shall bruise your head, and you shall bruise his heel.

The “he” is Jesus, the “you” is the serpent of old.

This same serpent, monster, is mentioned in Job 26:12 By his power he stilled the sea; by his understanding he shattered Rahab. Along with another description of a serpent in Job 41:1 “Can you draw out Leviathan with a fishhook or press down his tongue with a cord?”

And this promise that echos the promise to Adam and Eve...and subsequent generations of the seed who would bring forth the Seed.

Isa 27:1 In that day the LORD with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.

With all these verses and thoughts rising, The Redeemer spoke softly as He crouched down and put His arms around His knees. "Tell Me what you see. In what way am I King?"

"In two states of being, and three states of time. You are King spiritually and physically in all of the past, present, and future. All of history is showing You to be The King who has the power and authority to crush the serpent's head. To crush the pride of the enemy, and the pride of my own soul. As You crushed Pharaoh, You will crush this enemy in a physical way in the future as You are crushing it now spiritually in all those You call Your own."

This passage rose up from The Scroll at the same time I was speaking these words:

Eze 29:3 "Speak, and say, Thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself."

"As You have written in Your Word, not all things are yet under Your feet, but they will be when You return. Not only as a Kinsman Redeemer, but also as a Conquering King...In the physical then as now You are spiritually working and conquering each and every soul the Father has given. As You have conquered death by rising from the grave, You are conquering death within my soul, and will conquer forever. You will reign in a tangible way as now in a more hidden way. Like the throne in my heart that has been given to You to reign is a foreshadow of Your tangible throne that You will rule and reign by when You bring the Fathers Kingdom to earth and all above, on, and under the earth will bow before You. Where all will be under Your foot...under Your footstool. This is the hope of all whose heart crowns You as King."

As is the pattern, I realized in that point of time that through the course of time something significant had occurred. It was as if I truly was not my own. As I thought of Pharaoh I spoke from a sincerity that I had never known...a declaration that had been declared before, but now with a sharpness or focus beyond what I had ever deemed possible. "My river is not my own, my Lord, my King, and I did not make it...but it is making me. My life is truly in Your hands. Not only to redeem, but to rule."

Even though none of these things were new to Him...it wasn't like He did not know my heart through and through...He took a particular delight in what I had to say—and where I found the state of my heart. His joyous laughter filled the air as I sat in complete awe of it all. Overwhelmed can be a state of confusion, but that is not the state I was in. Maybe the word overflowing would better describe that place.

In this atmosphere, His countenance again became more serious...or weighty if that were possible. His whisper was full of meaning with the question “How am I King?”

This song of old wrapped in a new way was one with a simple description that would take me on a journey...back in time to the times of Moses...and the tabernacle...and the law. The times of high priests and sacrifices. “It seems I have been in the wilderness for so long now Lord, but I will go where You lead.”

In which that familiar amusement was once more detected on His face as He replied “You forget ‘Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert’”.

I cannot pretend to have understood exactly what This Most Unique King was saying, but at this particular moment it didn't matter because my soul was at rest in His amazing grace.

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Qs9a2SUtOYY&list=RDQs9a2SUtOYY&start_radio=1

And His amazing love.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=EshbVUO53Es>

Sitting there with these worship songs, in the restfulness of soul, another song came as a banner, or declaration. One that had always stirred and captivated, but now it was as if the truths had become an even more solid foundation than before. Akin to the sentence “I know in whom I believe”.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=KTiPg7p2FxU>

