

3/5/23

The lamp grew dimmer while I was sitting on the stool reading through Exodus. There was one particular thing causing a problem in my life. A hard place. A crook in the lot that I had prayed and asked to be changed, but even after so many years had stayed the same. No change. No deliverance. No relief. I found myself crying out “How long Lord” as the Psalmist in 89. Then, in that state where my eyes were focused on the storm cloud, a past sin came sharply from memory that pricked my heart. This was not a sense of condemnation, although, in contemplating it, it could have turned that way. The enemy will try that tactic from time to time to oppress and bring a temptation to drown in guilt or shame. But, this time, I did not fall into condemnation for this past sin. Instead I sat there with it...in a type of strange analytical way. Another question rose then: Why did I do that? It was not out of a desire to rebel toward God. I looked back at The Most Unique Redeemer. Maybe I should have been surprised to see that He now appeared as a High Priest, but I wasn't. “There was something broken inside then, Lord, is it still broken? I have repented of all my sins in a general way, a one time way, but this particular one is coming into my memory while lamenting over this problem...this crook in the lot. I am sorry for breaking Your commandment—for doing what is clearly written in The Scroll that should not be done. This thing is not what I now entertain or engage in. So I do not understand why it is coming to mind. Is the the enemy trying to accuse, or my own heart rising to plague me with guilt and shame? I am sorry for this past way of living, but You have changed my heart. So, what is it? Is there still a place that is broken, or a sin committed, that I do not see that is causing this situation to continue on? This place where there is no deliverance? Is there an area that I have not surrendered to You?” The Most Unique High Priest walked around the table. The Scroll and books and study had been set to the side. As He picked up the lamp I saw, much to my shame, a hardened place. With tears streaming down my face I asked “Will it have to be crushed again, Lord?” And then I remembered the Blood of Jesus. His eyes met mine as He asked the question “This sin was a symptom of something deeper that you have held as king above Me isn't it?” I looked behind His left shoulder on the wall at the hardened lamp. The only thing I could do was agree. “Yes, Lord. I have held idolatry in my heart with this haven't I? I was wanting it to fulfill some void that only You can fulfill. I am sorry, Jesus. Would You from this moment be King over this area? Over this crook in the lot? Use it for Your glory and heal this broken, hardened place in my heart.” As my tear filled eyes met His, I was encouraged to see He had not changed. There was a pleasure, a joy, in His countenance that was no less stark as when He was crouched down to hear what I had to say. His gentle, and confident voice assured me that “It is finished”. I looked down at the lamp—and the hardened place had been made new without me truly aware of it. “It is always a mystery to me, Jesus. How this always just happens without my awareness mostly.” In which The Voice of Many Waters proclaimed loudly “Not by might, not by power, but by My Spirit.”

Suddenly, The Scroll was placed back in the center of the table in front of the ornate lamp with this Psalm:

Psalm 95

Come, let us sing for joy to the LORD; let us shout aloud to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before him with thanksgiving and extol him with music and song. For the LORD is the

great God, the great King above all gods. In his hand are the depths of the earth, and the mountain peaks belong to him.

The sea is his, for he made it, and his hands formed the dry land. Come, let us bow down in worship, let us kneel before the LORD our Maker; for he is our God and we are the people of his pasture, the flock under his care. Today, if you hear his voice, do not harden your hearts as you did at Meribah, [1] as you did that day at Massah [2] in the desert, where your fathers tested and tried me, though they had seen what I did. For forty years I was angry with that generation; I said, "They are a people whose hearts go astray, and they have not known my ways." So, I declared on oath in my anger, "They shall never enter my rest."

[8] Meribah means quarreling.

[8] Massah means testing.

I knew... This Most Unique Potter, Redeemer, and High Priest was standing behind me. His right hand rested on my left shoulder as my prayer rose up as incense there in that humble room of The Potters House. "Thank You, my God, for not leaving me in that hardened place. Even though the stone was undetectable to me, it wasn't to You. If this crook in my lot continues, I know now that You are King even over this. In this hard place... let not my heart be hardened... for even over this You Are King. Thank You Father for the love that comes from Your very heart ushered in by the Holy Spirit through the Blood of Jesus. Amen".

It would seem like there would be a necessity of time... a certain span to keep in a place of lamentation—or shame—of guilt, but that is not the reality He created in my soul in that instantaneous instant. There was no guilt. No shame. Only a deep healing of forgiveness and grace... and rest. I whispered "He may not change my circumstances, but He will change me through those circumstances." I looked down at The Scroll that had turned back to Exodus... exactly where I had been reading. My thoughts rose "Do His wonders ever cease? No, I don't think they do." As The Most Unique Redeemer's voice was heard in concert with The Voice of Many Waters "In Search of a High Priest".

I paused there as the weight of the air became more dense as this song echoed through not only this small chamber, but throughout eternity to meet me right here in my time of need. The exact moment that I needed Him, He was there... not only as my Potter, not only as my Kinsman Redeemer, but as my King... and going on to understand more how this King is my High Priest—what that means in this most unique communion and intimate relationship with Him who in times and times to come—in a different age—would become all in all. I sat with these higher thoughts as this song echoed around me, then rested upon my soul there in The Potter's House.

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=IJobHGil_04

3/7/23

There was a waiting on the Lord as I sat with The Scroll open to Exodus. Times I had attempted to focus on reading, on seeing and praying for what He wanted me to know. What He wanted to reveal to me about Himself... but there was silence. I knew He was not displeased, or

absent...only quiet. Thinking back on this time, though, it was this very silence that led me to remember the times after Joseph died. Between the end of Genesis and the beginning of Exodus.

After Joseph died, time went on. It came to pass that the ruler of Egypt forgot about the service he made to Egypt. The people of Israel became the slaves of Pharaoh. The promise to Abraham seemed to die and be forsaken.

This is where I stopped abruptly and knew this is what my Redeemer was showing me. Eve did not see the promise of the Seed fulfilled in her lifetime. Abraham did not see the promise of his seed becoming like the stars in the sky or sands on a beach...neither did Isaac, or Jacob. David did not see the righteous eternal King being anointed as the King of his throne in his lifetime. They all believed in what they could not see. They believed the only One who knew and saw all things as being finished from the beginning. As being finished even in the process of the promises being fulfilled.

This filled my own heart with hope that all His promises are yes and amen even if I did not see any evidence in my own circumstances. That He had more for my future than what was now seen. Even if circumstances never changed. If certain healing was delayed. If there was no change in the lives of those around me...in family, friends or community...I knew that He who I believed in was working all things together for His glory. That glory would be revealed either this side of eternity, or the other side of it. In this I rested that it was He who held me in the palm of His hand. My life was His and He was sovereign over the silence and activity. Over the works He had for me, whatever they were, and He was fully capable of leading, and guiding me through whatever means He wanted. Even if that means seemed strange to me, supernatural, or ordinary. Then in that moment something of a revelation gripped me. As I turned around, The King was standing there. This time I went on my face at His feet. "You cause Your will to be done through ordinary human things. Where the supernatural meets the natural for Your own purposes—For Your own glory."

In that place, on the dirt floor, with my head buried in my hands I remembered Mary anointing this same King with oil from an alabaster box. His hand picked me up as He said "Before Abraham was I Am. How is My blood a better word? A better Promise?" His love seemed to permeate through my very being. In that state, I breathed "I will stay and study for as long as You are with me here Lord. As long as You want me to stay, I will stay. Only, this cannot be woven or explained by my own understanding...so please keep my ears open to Your voice, and my eyes open to Your glory. In the study, keep me close to Your heart." The Scroll was open again to Exodus as The Voice of Many Waters drifted in on the air with the words "The Covenants lead to the High Priest." As I had found often times happens, there was only a vague understanding of what He meant and all that it entails...in a few short words volumes of books upon books through all of eternity could be written. I shook my head with the vastness of it all as I proceeded to look back at the Covenants that He had shown me...with The King's right hand in my left shoulder...not knowing how long He would keep me there in this study, or really what the outcome would be. But, my soul was content once again with the truth that He had me where He wanted me doing exactly what He wanted me to. My delight was not in the obedience or in the work or in anything really other than this love for Him that had gripped me, and now was as a flow from inside my soul. This supernatural miracle was not a dim thought, but a very real

reality. In these musings a verse, or a thought or more pointedly, a prayer sprung up to overflow “Thank You, Holy Spirit that You keep my heart and soul in works unto God not unto people—men or women. Let all I do flow from this great love from the Father through the blood of Jesus. Amen” Another knowing like a soft melody played between the silent spaces...like the music between rests. Like a soft breeze between the calm. Or the words between the pauses. A song of upholding all things by His Spirit. This Person of The Holy Spirit is active in the most subtlest of ways working the will of God through my life for the glory of God. A smile spread across my face, and the smallest reply was my own heart song “Amen. Not my will but Yours be done. Thank You, Father. Amen”

With a type of renewed purpose, or perhaps a more accurate “hand to the plow” undergirded and directed my eyes to a particular teaching of the Covenants.

3/11/23

The Song of Moses, of Miriam, and the Song of Mary. One song from Moses...with two echos. Miriam, the prophetess and sister of Moses, continued playing this song after crossing the Red Sea...to extend the praise. Which extended clear into the days of Mary, the mother of Jesus. Who’s song echoed the mercy of the Lord in accordance and fulfillment of His promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. A picture of the faithfulness of God even when His nation and people were unfaithful. He did not destroy His people but saved them.

Luk 1:46-55 And Mary said, “My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for he has looked on the humble estate of his servant. For behold, from now on all generations will call me blessed; for he who is mighty has done great things for me, and holy is his name. And his mercy is for those who fear him from generation to generation. He has shown strength with his arm; he has scattered the proud in the thoughts of their hearts; he has brought down the mighty from their thrones and exalted those of humble estate; he has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent away empty. He has helped his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy, as he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his offspring forever.”

Exo 15:1 -19 Then Moses and the people of Israel sang this song to the LORD, saying, “I will sing to the LORD, for he has triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider he has thrown into the sea. The LORD is my strength and my song, and he has become my salvation; this is my God, and I will praise him, my father's God, and I will exalt him. The LORD is a man of war; the LORD is his name.” Pharaoh's chariots and his host he cast into the sea, and his chosen officers were sunk in the Red Sea. The floods covered them; they went down into the depths like a stone. Your right hand, O LORD, glorious in power, your right hand, O LORD, shatters the enemy. In the greatness of your majesty you overthrow your adversaries; you send out your fury; it consumes them like stubble. At the blast of your nostrils the waters piled up; the floods stood up in a heap; the deeps congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, ‘I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil, my desire shall have its fill of them. I will draw my sword; my hand shall destroy them.’ You blew with your wind; the sea covered them; they sank like lead in the mighty waters. “Who is like you, O LORD, among the gods? Who is like you, majestic in holiness, awesome in glorious deeds, doing wonders? You stretched out your right hand; the

earth swallowed them. “You have led in your steadfast love the people whom you have redeemed; you have guided them by your strength to your holy abode. The peoples have heard; they tremble; pangs have seized the inhabitants of Philistia. Now are the chiefs of Edom dismayed; trembling seizes the leaders of Moab; all the inhabitants of Canaan have melted away. Terror and dread fall upon them; because of the greatness of your arm, they are still as a stone, till your people, O LORD, pass by, till the people pass by whom you have purchased. You will bring them in and plant them on your own mountain, the place, O LORD, which you have made for your abode, the sanctuary, O Lord, which your hands have established. The LORD will reign forever and ever.” For when the horses of Pharaoh with his chariots and his horsemen went into the sea, the LORD brought back the waters of the sea upon them, but the people of Israel walked on dry ground in the midst of the sea.

I glanced behind at The King uncertain of where to go next. There was, again, so many ways and perspectives of the story of The Exodus and the Old Covenant. But there was one thing...one thought...that seemed to be rising above the rest. Then, something occurred that caused my breath to stop, and my eyes to widen...This Most Unique, Most Divine King...knelt on His left knee. Taking my hand in His that was resting on His right knee, He said in that familiar—particular amusement—way that I had grown accustomed to, yet still in awe of: “Tell Me what you see.”

“I see many things and have studied many things from different perspectives, Lord, but...” I then looked up into His eyes. It was as if I entered into the story of Miriam and Moses right there from the book of Exodus. The Voice of Many Waters was heard even there in that place “You are not wrong. The one foreshadows the other from this moment on. Clear through the Old Covenant. How is the blood of My Son a better word, based on better promises? How does the new fulfill the old as the old foreshadows the new? This is the direction.”

I smiled then in that place as another group of words emerged there that reminded me of another song that is and will be sung again that John the Revelator penned about a time long after this time of Moses, and long after his own time telling of a people who would sing the song of Moses...and of the Lamb:

Rev 15:3-4 And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, “Great and amazing are your deeds, O Lord God the Almighty! Just and true are your ways, O King of the nations! Who will not fear, O Lord, and glorify your name? For you alone are holy. All nations will come and worship you, for your righteous acts have been revealed.”

These were the thoughts as I crouched in the bulrushes watching as Moses’ mother placed him in a basket made of reeds and covered with pitch...much like the ark of Noah. All the while another child was being saved from the same evil around 1500 years later. Two kings one of Egypt and one of Judea. Both with such a hardened evil heart that even infanticide was deemed a just means to keep them on their thrones. But, even this evil would be used by God. Even this. Where the saving of Moses by the daughter of Pharaoh symbolized or foreshadowed the saving of Jesus by his exile into Egypt.

I saw there, on the left side, the daughter of Pharaoh pick up the baby from the basket her slave girl had retrieved from the side of the Nile, and on the right the angel of the Lord instructing Joseph (Jesus' earthly father) to escape into Egypt for Herod was killing all Hebrew male children under the age of 2. Then Miriam, used by the Lord, arranged for Moses' mother to become his nurse until he was weened, and then given to the house of Pharaoh.

Hos 11:1-5 When Israel was a child, I loved him, and out of Egypt I called my son. The more they were called, the more they went away; they kept sacrificing to the Baals and burning offerings to idols. Yet it was I who taught Ephraim to walk; I took them up by their arms, but they did not know that I healed them. I led them with cords of kindness, with the bands of love, and I became to them as one who eases the yoke on their jaws, and I bent down to them and fed them.

Mat 2-15 and remained there until the death of Herod. This was to fulfill what the Lord had spoken by the prophet, "Out of Egypt I called my son."

The picture faded and my eyes refocused on The King. His encouraging smile prodded me along to tell Him what I saw there about the land of Egypt. About Moses and about Jesus.

"Entering into Egypt to be called out of Egypt. Moses left Egypt twice. The first time was in necessity to save his life from the threat of Pharaoh after he had killed a taskmaster for the sake of his people. Then again You called him out of Egypt leading Your people out of bondage. I see, Jesus, that You are the mighty strong right hand that performed the miracles in Egypt through Moses that set Israel free from the bondage of Egypt. You are the fulfillment of the Old Testament. Not only the Old Covenant, but all of the Old Testament. You save by Your mighty right hand. You redeem, You lead. I see that You are the Seed Israel grows out of. The exile of Jesus into Egypt was a confirmation and a sign that He was and is the Messiah."

I became amused at myself in that place and time. Where I remembered the striving and study and fretting over the vast amount of perspectives and teaching and what should be brought to the forefront and what The King wanted me to say or weave into this story told bit by bit for His purpose and glory. I then became serious as my eyes welled up looking into His. "I am sorry, Lord, that again I did not trust You fully with it all. But here in this weakness, You are strong. Where I fail, You are victorious. Thank You, Lord, for Your faithfulness. Amen".

3/12/23

The number 40. Moses fled from Pharaoh after he killed an Egyptian taskmaster...he stayed in the wilderness for 40 years. The people of Israel wandered around the wilderness for 40 years because they would not enter the promised land. Jesus was led by the Holy Spirit into the wilderness for 40 days to be tempted by Satan.

Three wilderness experiences. One to break the dependency on self. Moses was skilled in the wisdom of the Egyptians. He was high up in the Pharaoh's family. He was much like Peter, though, and leaned heavily on his own might. As Jesus rebuked Peter for cutting off a centurion's ear, the Lord drove Moses into the wilderness after killing a taskmaster who was abusing a

Hebrew slave. The wilderness was used by God to break Moses from leaning on his own strength.

The 40year wandering of the Israelites in the wilderness was brought about because they did not believe the Lord would cause them to be victorious in conquering the giants in the promised land. They were looking at the impossibility of the promise being fulfilled...because they were trusting in their own corporate strength...or each other. Only two believed out of all of the millions of Israelites. Jacob and Caleb. They only trusted the Lord.

Jesus was tested for 40 days in the wilderness not leaning on his own arm, nor on another's arm, but on the Word of God. His human nature did not succumb to human tendencies, but because He was the incarnate Son of God, walked sinless through the wilderness.

Pondering these things, I remembered Abraham who was a stranger in this land. I looked back at The King without a word, but He knew what had risen in my understanding: All of this life is a wilderness of sorts until I go home to You. The only comfort or true joy that can be had is because You gave The Holy Spirit who works in me. Leaning on You here in this life—this wilderness—is a foreshadow of what is to come. Just like Moses' 40 years was a foreshadow of the Israelite's 40 years and that was a foreshadow of Your 40 days. Where You conquered all that would have hindered You from giving all so the promise of everlasting life could be mine.

“Thank You Jesus for never leaving or forsaking me here in this life. Thank You that in my moments of depending on my own strength or the strength of others that You never abandon me, but are right here beside me in my times of need...and even in the times and places of oasis...You are still there being the rest that is needed. Keep me dependent on You Lord.”

His laughter filled the room with a sound that reached clear back into my mind and touched a memory which answered the reason for His joyous display. A bitter sweet smile rose up with—yes—tears. His hand gestured to The Scroll. I knew which passage would be found there. I looked deep into His eyes before turning around...and simply said “Thank You Jesus for Your patience with me.”

The passage that was rising as I turned toward The Scroll confirmed what He had brought to memory.

Song 8:5 “Who is that coming up from the wilderness,
leaning on her beloved?

Under the apple tree I awakened you.

There your mother was in labor with you;
there she who bore you was in labor.

6 Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm,
for love is strong as death,
jealousy is fierce as the grave.

Its flashes are flashes of fire,
the very flame of the Lord.

7 Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can floods drown it.
If a man offered for love
all the wealth of his house,
he would be utterly despised.”

Again, His wonders never cease. His love never ends. His arm is never too short to save those who are calling out His name.

In that moment a whisper escaped before I knew it had been formed “You use the wilderness, create the wilderness, ordain the wilderness to show Yourself to be King. To show this great love and care to all those You call by name.” If contentment was a weighted blanket, that is what was felt as I sat to allow time to have it’s space of settling these things more firmly in my heart. If time is a servant of God, and I do believe it is, then He can use it as quick or slow as He wants to accomplish the purpose in each soul that He has planned from the very beginning of time. With these thoughts, I rested.

3/14/23

"Its flashes are flashes of fire,
the very flame of the Lord."

This flame of the Lord reminded me of the smoking fire pot and the flaming torch that passes between the separated animals to show Abraham that the Lord had sworn by Himself to uphold the covenant He had made with him.

It also reminded me of the appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene after His resurrection: His appearance was like lightning. Which led to the description that John wrote about the eyes of this Great King...that they were as a flame. My God is a consuming fire, but the flame that Moses saw when he encountered the Lord did not consume the bush. Each point of reference of this Flame that had risen from The Scroll seemed to come together to form a certain picture with a certain word: Jealousy.

I bowed my head to my chest and folded my hands in my lap as my heart trembled and my soul whispered “You are a Jealous God aren’t You?” It was as if that same flame had been placed inside of my own heart as I heard the Voice of Many Waters “I am jealous to fulfill every covenant by the Covenant that was made from all eternity. I am jealous for My people.” The King’s hand lifted me up from the stool and wrapped me up in His strong arms. I looked up, and found myself placed in the arched doorway with the flow chart, drawn on the parchment, of the Eternal Covenant in the center of the room between the rows of rooms on the left and right. The King began speaking “I am the consuming fire. I am that I am. The same essence, the same being for those who are in Me by My sacrifice, by My blood, and for those who are not...who are condemned. This Fire of Who I am will be an everlasting terror or torment to all who are not covered by My blood. My Presence will either be everlasting death to those who do not believe...they will not believe for all eternity. Or everlasting life for those who do believe...they will believe for all eternity.” Even in this, I knew He was speaking as unto a child whose finite mind could only grasp things in time and space. For all of eternity was something I could not

fully grasp...the scope or vastness of it. An eternal—forever torment of death, of hell—was something that made my soul quake with fear. A reality that was not yet seen in these times of His great mercy and grace upon the inhabitants of the earth. The Voice of Many Waters and this Most Unique King proclaimed in unison there in that most unique house “You shall worship no other God. For the Lord your God is a Jealous God. A consuming fire.” The only reason I remained standing was because of His arm upholding me there in that place. The King’s right hand lifted my chin that had fallen to my chest in the fear that had gripped my heart at what I had seen and heard. My heart’s cry was a sorrow for falling, once again, into that particular idolatry He had shown me back in the small room at the table. His countenance was not what I had expected. His face was firm, but kind. Full of mercy and grace. His voice was as gentle as a turtledove “I do not lose even one of these the Father has given Me. It is because you go through Me, the Word of God made flesh, the only Begotten Son of the Father, Jesus Christ, that your heart cries ‘Abba Father!’” In a kind of stunned voice I barely whispered “This is how I have always known You, but somehow this is...” He smiled as He completed my thought “a deeper walk.” That caused streams of tears to run down my face. I could only nod yes as He once again wrapped up my sobbing frame into His arms. After a short time, I lifted my head from His shoulder...and I was sitting on the stool looking down at The Scroll that was turned to this passage:

Gal 4:4-6 But when the fullness of time had come, God sent forth his Son, born of woman, born under the law, to redeem those who were under the law, so that we might receive adoption as sons. And because you are sons, God has sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, “Abba! Father!”

I sat in awe of the way He had guided me from thinking about the Flame of the Lord to now holding The Scroll in my hands with “Abba Father” exclaiming from it’s pages. I looked at The King who hand stepped beside me on my left, rather than behind. There my heart spoke “You truly are the Living Word made flesh”.

As I set The Scroll back on the table, my voice sang the loudest my soul ever has...this song... to this Great God who was always beside me, behind me, and before me. Whose Jealousy was as a burning Flame and a hurricane...but was also the gentlest breeze and the quiet call of a turtledove.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Plngh8SkkA4>

3/17/23

Exodus 3:14 - And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.

Through this burning bush encounter Moses had with the Lord, He revealed Himself as I Am. This was a greater revelation that even Abraham had of Him. Here, He tells Moses I AM THAT I AM. This name of God is the one that Jesus used to show who He is.

John 14:6 - Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

John 15:5 - I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

John 8:58 - Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am.

John 6:47-50 - Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

Revelation 1:8 - I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

Revelation 21:6 - And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

As I sat there on the stool with my eyes focused on the revelation of these passages, something occurred to me. I turned my head to The King and whispered “This is why You brought me here. I only thought I was following after You when You picked up the fragments of the pottery and called me into this House. But You were the one calling and pursuing all the while...in order to show me Who You Are in a deeper way. Not ultimately to change me into more of who You are, but to be here with me unfolding these truths of who the Father is, who God is in a way I can understand...in a way that truly brings healing to my soul, and brings You the most glory. Lord, these emotions are again spilling over in a way they never have while reading them. Why is it different now than before?” Even before my question was being formed, He took my hands and knelt as His eyes caught mine. “Here you came in as a child not assuming any knowledge of who you thought I was. You are sitting with Me, you are settling on Me. Spending the time and abiding here. Truly getting to know who I am.”

In this space of time The Voice of Many Waters came very gently as One swaddling a new born babe “Be still and know that I am God.” There are no words to describe the safe place that I had been placed in, or it in me. All I knew in that moment was I did not want to leave. So there I sat in the quiet and stillness of what could be described as holy ground.

The only sound was a continual “Thank You Jesus” rising up from the inner well of my heart.

3/20/23

Moses became the most reluctant spokesperson for the Lord. I sat with this thought while my eyes were on The Scroll opened to the account of the ten plagues God had performed in Egypt. The Lord had given Moses a voice through Aaron, his brother. Could it be that the questions Moses had asked the Lord about his people not believing Him was because Moses had those very same doubts? He had been raised in the house of Pharaoh and had seen the mysterious magic of the magicians. He had seen the things that they could do with the power of their gods. I smiled as I read the 3rd plague of lice. God had turned dust into a living thing...gnats or lice...that could not be replicated by the magicians. After this plague, there was no mention of these magicians again. But, this is the time that Moses is seen using his own voice by the command of the Lord to tell Pharaoh what the next plague would be—the plague of flies. The one that would show that God had truly separated His people from the Egyptians.

It was here that I paused as a question, or more of an understanding rose up. I looked up at The King “You could have protected this people from the last plague in the same way You protected them from the flies, but You didn’t.” Unexpectedly, and it seemed unrelated, I saw in His eyes the scene where Moses was traveling to Egypt after meeting the Lord at the burning bush.

Exodus 4:24-26: “On the way, at a place where they spent the night, the Lord met him and tried to kill him. But Zipporah took a flint and cut off her son's foreskin, and touched Moses' feet with it, and said, 'Truly you are a bridegroom of blood to me! ' So he let him alone.”

The scene then changed to the time of Abraham when the first sign of the covenant was instituted by the Lord. And again changed to when The Potter had applied the Blood of Jesus over the lamp and cut out the hardened places in my heart. As my eyes refocused, The Most Unique High Priest was standing there. He lifted my hands to stand as He inquired “What do you see?” There was only one answer that could have been said “You are The Bridegroom of Blood.” His eyes became softer and His voice seemed to be searching for more “Yes, but this isn’t all you see is it?” Is there nothing that He does not know before I even know myself? No, I don’t think there is. “The blood of the lamb painted on the top and sides of each Hebrew door so that the angel of death would pass over was foreshadowed in the circumcision of Moses’ son. But it is also a foreshadow of the temple sacrifices that You instituted later, but it also foreshadows the blood Jesus shed on Calvary. In the account of these 10 plagues the purpose You proclaimed was so that both the Egyptians and Your people would know You are God. I see this same theme reaching forward as to show Your people now, in this time and place, that You are God. That You are the perfect sacrifice. That all these things are only as symbols and examples of what You have done to save Your people.” His smile grew broader, and with a look of determination stated again “This is not all you see is it?” With a deep breath, I continued on “No, I see that the 10 Commandments You gave to Moses on Mt. Sinai were the explanation of what You were proving through these 10 plagues, and what You will show again at the end of the age when the Day of the Lord comes and wrath is poured out on those that are like these Egyptians of old...who have not applied Your blood over and on the sides of their own heart. Who have not circumcised their own heart to You. But Lord, what else could be said now after this? It is all been said with these words.” His amusement was evident as He led me over to the arched doorway while I heard The Voice of Many Waters fall upon the dense air “There is much more to say. How does the blood of Jesus speak a better Word, better promises?”. Rising from the Room of Covenants on the right hand side, was a piece of parchment with the heading “The Covenant of Moses”. I caught The High Priest's eyes, and I saw a Man wearing a robe dipped in blood. As I met His eyes there He exclaimed “I am the Word of God.” A certain fear seized my heart, and I would have fallen if His hands had not held me upright. This Man, in His eyes, then spoke “Fear not, for I am with you even until the end of the age.”

It was as if His hand reached through time and space and drew me to Himself. In the next instant this Man, whose robe was dipped in blood, had gathered me up in His arms as His voice sounded gently “Rest here awhile”. I perhaps should have used higher words or maybe no words at all, but all my voice could manage was the phrase “Ok, Lord.” While He was bottling the tears falling on His shoulder.

It did not seem to be the correct time for this song to be playing in the corner of my mind, but it was. I hesitated for a moment, and then He whispered “Appropriate for such a time as this”. As that place was surrounded by this song rising, or perhaps falling...or drifting into that future time that seemed folded into this time somehow unexplainable.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=aVPYbJd0Qg0>

3/23/23

Somehow I found myself back at the table, sitting on the stool, with The Scroll in my lap opened to the Ten Commandments with the thought emerging “You separate a people unto Yourself.”

The fourth plague of flies:

Exodus 8:22 “But on that day I will set apart the land of Goshen, where my people dwell, so that no swarms of flies shall be there, so that you will know that I am Lord in the midst of the earth.”

The fourth commandment:

Exo 20:8 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

It is a setting apart. I then remembered the Word of God brought me to Himself, separated me in the time just before this. I felt my King’s hand on my left shoulder as I glanced to the left. There was a weakness in my self in that moment that I had not noticed before, but strangely a peace. My mouth was void of words and my mind of any pressing thoughts or questions...except one “What is this place, Lord? My circumstances have not changed. But, everything is different.” As the last word was spoken, He turned toward me “Not holding My Sovereignty in futility.” As His words fell, and the whole weight of the meaning, I jumped up into His open arms with a joy that would have been less without the misty tears that accompanied it.

There were no spoken words there, for this communication is one of the heart, soul, and spirit. Something that words rob of the holiness, or preciousness of it. This state was interrupted, though, by His words: “Tell what you know”. Instantly I thought back on all the study from The Scroll. All of the brilliant scholars and teachers and preachers through decades of walking with my Lord...of seeking Him. All of this knowledge seemed now to be of insignificant value as I stood there in His embrace. It was as if His heart spoke to mine as mine was pondering this thought. “No, I use all of these things to accomplish My will in your soul and in your life. My Word never returns void. The Ethiopian needed a teacher. The teacher teaches, and The Holy Spirit either quickens that word or shows the truth in the Word, The Scroll. All of this leads to being set apart in communion with Me.” I remembered a time before in my life where I believed in this King, but held His sovereignty in futility. Without hope. That the reality of circumstances had proven He was not willing to work good through those things that had come upon me. But, through this study of The Scroll, and study of Who He Is from select teachers and preachers and ministers, He had not only shown me, not only convinced me of His unfailing love toward me, but had miraculously *made* hope be solid in the place of the weakness of futility. I whispered there in that time and place “I do not have the words to explain what I know any better Lord.” In which He replied “That is why you are here in this place. It is a demonstration of the Potter’s field to The Promised Land. From glory to glory. All for the glory of The Father, The Son who is

the Hope of Glory, and The Holy Spirit.” I smiled there content with knowing that, as Israel declared, “The Lord my God, the Lord is One.” Which I also knew I would not be in the arms of secure Hope of Glory if I had not consumed The Scroll or had been taught by others who knew this God, or knew about Him, in deeper ways than I. My hearts cry then turned into “Keep me by Your Spirit Father in this place. Keep me on the journey and path that You had ordained for me from the foundation of the world. Thank You Jesus that You will never leave or forsake me no matter the circumstances. No matter the army behind or the sea ahead. You separate and preserve a people unto Yourself. Amen”.

3/27/23

Time went by as I journeyed with the Israelites through the 10 plagues of Egypt, and through walking on dry ground over the Red Sea. Where God had swallowed up the Egyptian armies that were perusing them...when all hope seemed lost...the Lord saved them.

A baptism that reminded me of the baptism of Jesus by John the Baptist. Then just as the Spirit led Jesus into the wilderness...He also led the Israelites into and through the wilderness. Time and time again He provided and preserved His people. Even when they mumbled and murmured. Even when they were unfaithful He remained faithful. Even when they broke His law...He made provision. I had been wondering what was the next thing The King would have me say, have me study, or know here in this place. As usual there was so much that could be said. So many perspectives that could be shown. So many details that could be included. But my desire was not to touch on any of those points of truth however good they maybe. So, I once again looked to The King for direction. With the prayer rising “Father, lead me here. You said to show how the Blood of Jesus speaks a better word, and has better promises. How do You want that shown?” My King Jesus, who was continually present, took my hands. There were four words that He spoke. “Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy.” With this, He turned me back toward The Scroll as The Voice of Many Waters fell “Eat the Word of God, the Manna from Heaven”. My reply of “Ok Lord” was not one of excitement or an overwhelming sense of a powerful manifestation of His presence...but one of obedience because I trust Him and love Him, and...yes...fear Him. For His ways are better than mine and He knows what He wants shown in this particular time and place. So, without fanfare or much emotion I picked up The Scroll. A small thought pressed in of the enormity of the “meal” I had been tasked to consume. Four whole books in one sitting seemed beyond my ability, but I also knew as I kept walking He would meet me in certain places and ways in His own mysterious way. Even when the food tasted dry or foreign, He would be there. “Thank you Jesus for this meal.” I sighed as my eyes focused on The Scroll resting on my lap that had opened to Exodus.

From this passage

Exo 12:41 And it came to pass at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, even the selfsame day it came to pass, that all the hosts of the LORD went out from the land of Egypt.

That I knew led into the Passover...and there were things that could be shown of what I already knew. In that moment The King gently placed His hand on my left shoulder. The temptation of recording what I thought I knew quickly floated away as vapor on the wind. One particular song rose up in it's stead with the words “I don't wanna miss one word You speak. Quiet my heart I'm

listening.” Sometimes desperation is born out of dry places. Where His Spirit brings an emotion that was not there a minute or even a second before. Where the slow burning fire of His right hand on my shoulder is all that is needed to strengthen my journey. Where continuing to seek Him through these times is this type of heart cry that honors Him...and He does not despise. Rather, in the seeking, in the waiting...in the study...He meets me always with a “Yes and Amen.”

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=HAbzUq1cgFM>

This watch of the night...what was it? This Passover of the angel of death. I turned to The King who had knelt down in order for me to peer into His eyes. He knew my struggle in finding the words and flow of explanation of what I saw...of what I *knew* to be true. Truths of the foreshadowing of His death...of the Perfect Lamb that was slain. It was then that it was as if I was placed in a dwelling with a Hebrew family. The instructions had just come of preparing a spotless lamb for a sacrifice, but they were a small family of just 3. Their hearts gripped them in fear as I heard “Who will prepare the way for us? Who will be our provision of the blood covering?” Then...a knock on the door. A larger family had made the sacrifice and had come to share. They painted the blood on this very door and gave a portion of meat to these who were in need. With tears of gratitude, the small family rejoiced in the Lord. In this way, by this ordinance...the spirit of the law of God was seen before the letter was written by His hand. Grace was seen before the Law of Moses was etched into stone. I heard there The Voice of Many Waters echo the voice of Jesus in Matthew 22: 35And one of them, a lawyer, asked him a question, trying him: 36Teacher, which is the great commandment in the law? 37And he said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. 38This is the great and first commandment. 39And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. 40On these two commandments the whole law hangeth, and the prophets.”

My eyes focused again on The King still kneeling, face to face with me. The tears were welling up as I said—before He asked me to tell Him what I knew—“You showed this great love for Your people even here. Before they could break one law or rule. You showed them how to love one another, and even here You covered their sin by Your blood. You forgave them for not being able to fulfill this order of sacrifice...for this small family did not have the means to fulfill it. But You provided, at that time, through the provision of another...and in truth the provision of Your very self as the Perfect sacrifice when You shed Your blood on the cross. The door that they painted the lambs blood on is the cross that You painted Your blood on. While they were yet sinners...while they were yet to know the law and Your standard...You had already covered them. Then why did You write the Law, Lord? Why did You set the standard that no one could reach? The Ten Commandments that were written in stone, but more than that—the hundreds and hundreds of laws that were to rule this unruly people seem like an effort wasted on Your part. If I feel like I’m drowning in the vastness of them just reading through it all, how much more so would have these people felt that were going to live through failing in the keeping of the letter of Your law. Lord, it seems to me that it was all done, all said, all shown and all finished right here at this first Passover. It was during the Passover, or Last Supper, in an upper room with Your disciples that You made the New Covenant that was ratified by Your death...and the one Covenant that fulfilled every other covenant...an unfolding or progression or provision of

every other covenant that has its account in The Scroll.” With these words that had tumbled out so quickly His laughter filled the entire room, and even a farther place...another echo, perhaps, through all of time and space. He then became very quiet as His whisper was one of determination and full of meaning and purpose “It is needful in this specific time, this very place, for verse upon verse and line upon line. There are many things to see. Read completely through this account of the first Passover...straight through...these books of The Scroll until the very end of Deuteronomy.” With my eyes fixed on His I added to “Ok Lord” the quiet heart felt prayer “This is not easy, Lord. And I know I cannot do this on my own.” Then with my own amusement turned back toward The Scroll with the thought ‘It is not like He asked you to climb a 14,000 foot mountain. Just keep walking’. And so I did.

4/4/23

Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. This had been the books of The Scroll that the King had set before me to consume, and I had. Then, by His direction, I had read through Hebrews in the New Testament because without that particular book, the whole story of The Most Unique King and Most Unique High Priest and The Most Unique Prophet could not be told. Even after reading through these books...I was at a loss to how He wanted what I knew to be explained or demonstrated here. This led me to begin looking at a series of sermons by another who had spent a whole year on this book of Hebrews. And then to a favorite preacher of old that always touches my heart in a way that brings me back to worship and prayer.

I sat for a moment in the stillness with His words “How does My blood speak a better word?” With His hand felt in my shoulder, and a single tear in my eye, I turned to This Most Unique High Priest who was standing at my left. “Is it though Hebrews, Lord, that You want what I know displayed? You had said line upon line, and I don’t think it’s the law You meant.” With a smile that comforted my heart and quieted my mind He simply said “Yes.”

I would be remiss if I said that the “Ok, Lord” came easy because it did not. Even though I love studying and thinking about and talking with the Lord about everything that is written in The Scroll—this subject of Old Covenant (the Covenant of Moses) and The New Covenant was a weighty thing. Many thousands of preachers and teachers from decades and centuries and even millenniums gone by had explained this most important subject with such eloquence and knowledge and understanding and love of the Lord that I was actually feeling rather inadequate for the task. The words came out of my mouth in that instant “Lord, I’m ill equipped. All I have is what You have shown me through this life long journey with You. Is that what You would have me put down here? Or is there another set of teachings or sermons You would have me pattern by?” His words echoed The Voice of Many Waters in that place “Bit by bit. Line by line of Hebrews. I will be with You and will bring all that I would have you show. Fear not. Follow Me.” With that, the hesitation in my soul vanished. Not because of anything I did to make it so, but because I was looking to Him that it was so. A supernatural hijacking of the thoughts of inadequacies to the confidence of His ability. I sat in stunned silence for a short time before His dancing eyes caught mine. These words escaped my mouth “There is a difference between Your strength and mine. Even when You use these commentaries (as I gestured toward the books and sermons and teachings that had accumulated around The Scroll), there is a difference between Your strength and mine isn’t there?” His answer was a laughter coupled with an embrace that kept me on the stool with Him bending down to me. While there my thoughts were these “What

kind of King is this that would bend down to meet me here in this humble place? What kind of High Priest would show me how His blood speaks a better word? What kind of Prophet would open these promises up to my own understanding?" The Voice of Many Waters answered this voiceless question "Only the Only Begotten Son, Only the Word of God made flesh, Only He." With a renewed strength welling up I turned back toward The Scroll it was turning from the last page of Deuteronomy to the first verses of Hebrews "Long ago, at many times and in many ways, God spoke to our fathers by the prophets, but in these last days he has spoken to us by his Son, whom he appointed the heir of all things, through whom also he created the world."

"Through whom He also created the world"

Suddenly I found myself standing in the arched doorway. A parchment with the words "Adamic Covenant" was placed between the two rows of rooms. As peculiar as it was, I was then placed back on the stool without any consciousness of any action on my own part. I smiled then as I looked up into His eyes that He had fixed on me "The covenants lead to The Covenant and to The High Priest" In which He gestured to The Scroll that was on my lap "The King is the heir of all things. Who is any greater King than the Creator of the inheritance?"

I breathed out barely audible "And that is how You are King." There was no turning from that place. Only a song that was rising up caused worship to ride upon the meaning of the words to the only God the Father and Jesus my Lord and King there in that simple dwelling with a humble heart. With His Spirit filling the dense air with His glory and truth. How long I would just stay in that state of being...I did not know nor did I care. My secret hope was until the Hope of Glory came and called me home. But time, ever the servant, is in His hands.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=ocT7wDTFGoc>