

In the Potter's House Ch 7 The Most Unique High Priest in search of a Prophet

4/5/23

Heb 1:1 -2 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.

This Most Unique High Priest set His hand on my left shoulder and gently turned me toward Him. He knew my thoughts before I spoke but wanted to hear them anyway. His voice drew out a confidence that superseded my own thoughts of inadequacy. This particular portion of scripture had been one of person struggle. Where voices from many highly educated and influential seekers of God had interpreted it in a way that resembled throwing off the very gifts and power of the Holy Spirit that is talked about in Joel and in Acts. That somehow these gifts that Jesus died to bestow upon all who He calls His own will not be present clear until the Day of the Lord comes. With these thoughts, my emotions spilled out close to sobbing as a type of grief came upon me. My soul cried out to Him "I do not know if I can do this Lord. There is much of me that would like to let it all go and be about my own way. But, where that way leads I know all too well. There is nowhere I can go. Nothing else You have placed before me...but this. So, take any words out of my mouth that are not born from You, from the Holy Spirit. Just show what You want shown...not what I know or think I know." One would think that if there was a great battle that was raging...right in the heart, mind, and soul...that the warfare would be waged by some specific prayer...or portion of scripture...or speaking authoritative words and commands against the enemy. But these were not the weapons of warfare I wielded in that time and space. I did the only thing I could do—surrender. But not to the thing that was causing this turmoil, but to This High Priest that was standing in front of me...knowing that He was the only One who could overcome the resistance building inside myself. Maybe that is the warfare talked about in Ephesians. There will be a surrender to one of two things. To The King, or to anything else that rises up in our soul. I chose *in that moment* to surrender the battle to Him, and whatever He wanted said would be said. Whatever He wanted shown would be shown. Finally, my heart settled, and these words came "Here I am, Lord. You have pursued me, chased after me, strove with me, overtaken me, persuaded me and now...just use me for Your glory."

With those words He quietly knelt there in front of me, took my hands and whispered "Tell Me what you see. Speak what you know. Show what I have shown You through this walk with Me throughout your life...and most concentrated in this time and place." It was as if I could understand more fully a hot coal up to the prophet's mouth of old. With a deep, cleansing, sigh I began...

"Ever single word of covenant—from the Covenant with Adam to the Covenant with Moses, from the Covenant with Noah to the Covenant with Abraham was fulfilled in the New Covenant...because of the Eternal Covenant in the innermost place of God Himself." I hesitated there with a question that He answered immediately with a squeeze of my hands in His own and with words that were echoing or were echoed by The Voice of Many Waters "This is the right time and place". A fleeting thought...that put a smile on my countenance...came of the scripture 'having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof'—which I firmly set aside even though the pang of grief for those souls could have easily taken me off track of where the Lord was leading me. It could have lent a very strong sword of futility to take me once again down into the pit of hopelessness that He had rescued me out of. But, it didn't. Because of the surrender of it to the One who holds all things in the very palm of His hand. Who holds my very life. These thoughts take room in writing...a span of time that is not taken in the thinking of them. Where a split second thought can take a 10min or 10year span to completely explain. His laughter brought my

focus back to His eyes. The Scroll says that He delights in His people...intimately and personally. My heart felt that same grief again "But they do not know You this way Lord. They would take out their swords and weapons of word and deed and strike down this most precious of communion with You without understanding. Reach them, Father, by the power of Your right hand and the word of this testimony. Help them to see and not deny any part of what Your sacrifice accomplished and is accomplishing Jesus. Amen."

This is what surrender looks like. This is what warfare is. Giving over all grief and pain and uncertainty to the Only one Who has fulfilled every single covenant made with His bodily sacrifice. The most important Covenant of all is The Eternal Covenant made between The Father, The Son, and the Holy Spirit. Where the Father would not be the Father without the Son, and the Son would not be without the Father, the Holy Spirit would not exist without the Father and Son, and the Father and Son would not exist without the Holy Spirit. To speak of this Covenant upheld and fulfilled without speaking of the love of the Father and Son and Holy Spirit would be to leave out the most intimate state that has ever or will ever exist. There is nothing comparable in all of creation or in heaven. This love that exists...that IS God is unsearchable and unapproachable. Except...THIS God...THIS three persons One essence Being...made a Covenant to redeem His inheritance. His creation. God The Son stepped down—in perfect step with God The Father and God The Holy Spirit—and perfectly joined Himself...intertwined...became One with...a man. Whose name is Jesus. Wrapped Himself up in the finite flesh of mere mortal man. To fulfill the Covenant He made with Adam and Eve. That He would crush the serpent's head by His own power. Jesus...as a man...did not, is not, can not fulfill any point of Covenant. The Word of God had to become man. Only the Son of God could destroy the destroyer, could accomplish what was accomplished through this mortal man Jesus—who became immortal when this intimate God raised Him from the grave and sat this God-man beside Himself in Glory and Majesty. A glimpse of the end of all things when this Only Begotten Son ushers in all things into the very heart of God...the very heart of The Father and then rests there. Until then, we do not see everything under His feet. He is, as Stephen saw, still standing. Still fulfilling every prophecy that the prophets of old uttered. Still revealing that Revelation is coming to pass just as John said. He is still filling hearts with The Holy Spirit to this very day. He is still saving souls by His blood shed on Calvary. He is still working...and He will not sit down until He has accomplished all things the Father has sent Him to do. Within the eternity of God—all has been finished. All has been done. And He is sitting at His right hand...but in this time and place...in this age...the struggle continues. The war rages on in the very hearts and souls of man. The war between surrendering to the inherent sin nature from the first Adam or surrendering to the perfect righteousness of the Second Adam.

By this time I was face down on the floor at the nail scared feet of This High Priest, and there was no other place in Heaven or on Earth I would rather be. Right here...knowing His glory. Knowing His power. Seeing His majesty...all because of looking at this express image of God...who is Jesus Christ my Lord, Savior, Kinsman Redeemer, King, High Priest, and the fulfillment of the law and prophets. Amen.

4/5/23 (Mid morning)

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

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=nthmF2FxAY4>

4/6/23

Hebrews 1:3 He is the radiance of the glory of God and the exact imprint of his nature, and he upholds the universe by the word of his power.

The Radiance of God covered Adam and Eve in their nakedness and by His Word promised a Seed that would crush the head of the serpent. This Radiance covered Noah in the ark and covered his nakedness with a radiant bow of light. This Radiance covered and protected the seed in Abraham as the nature of Who God Is passed between the separated animals. The Radiance of God covered a chosen people and brought them out of slavery into the promised land to protect the seed that would bring the Seed. The Radiance of God hovered over the Ark of The Covenant showing the merciful nature of God. Where that footstool (The Ark of The Covenant) was a foreshadow of of what David pronounced in Ps 110

Psa 110:1-7 A Psalm of David. The LORD says to my Lord: "Sit at my right hand, until I make your enemies your footstool." The LORD sends forth from Zion your mighty scepter. Rule in the midst of your enemies! Your people will offer themselves freely on the day of your power, in holy garments; from the womb of the morning, the dew of your youth will be yours. The LORD has sworn and will not change his mind, "You are a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." The Lord is at your right hand; he will shatter kings on the day of his wrath. He will execute judgment among the nations, filling them with corpses; he will shatter chiefs over the wide earth. He will drink from the brook by the way; therefore he will lift up his head.

This is the Radiance of God. Who is the exact image of His nature.

These things I saw, and studied sitting at the table on the stool with the lamp burning brightly there in the humble dwelling of the Potter's house. The Voice of Many Waters drifted on the thick air with the aroma of incense. "How does the blood of Jesus speak a better Word? This is the direction." The Most Unique High Priest placed His hand on my left shoulder. I turned with a question in my eyes...in which He replied "Yes, the Tabernacle." In that instant line by line would become precept by precept. Where symbols would be seen in the substance. Where the Radiance of God would be displayed in His full glory...in the fullness of time. Before I turned my eyes back to The Scroll, all that is in me offered "Thank-you Jesus". It would take at least 10 minutes if not 10 years to list all the ways my thoughts went with why this thankfulness was much deeper than surface level...reaching to the very bottom of my heart.

4/14/23

During the course of study of the Tabernacle, the law and how the blood of Jesus speaks a better word, there was a hardship, a trial that came to bear upon my life. One that pressed time so compactly that praying to and praising my God and King...Lord and Savior...was the only thing that there was space for. The necessities of life crowded into the place for extended study of these precepts. But within this time there was the mercy and grace of my King. Where it seemed The Words of the Scroll that I had read came supernaturally to my memory and I took great comfort in the precepts and things He had shown me and worked into my heart up until that point. There was one thing that I realized while sitting there on that stool during a short break in the trial I was undergoing...I felt my Redeemer's hand on my shoulder. Turning toward Him with a longing He simply said "Tell me what you know". I peered into His grace filled eyes "You show truths in the word. You create new in my own soul. You bear the words of the Scroll upon my heart and mind...then You allow things to come for the real application of these things. The true proof of the life lived is bearing the fruit that has been sown in the heart. But, I cannot do this in my own strength with my own plan, Lord. My life is in Your hands. Just get the most glory out of this trial. Work all things together for a testimony in my life that cannot be denied. Thank you Jesus."

4/16/23

During this time, as the storm eased...but was still felt...my eyes settled back into The Scroll, and the Law of Moses. The Ten Commandments God had written with His own hand on Mt. Sinai and the proceeding laws of how to build a mobile house of God—a place where God would come and meet His people. And all of the other laws God unfolded in order to rule this people who He was transforming into the nation Israel. A society of set apart people for His glory.

A question returned. Then, I realized I did not feel The High Priest's hand on my shoulder. There was a moment of almost panic that rose up from my own soul, but then I remembered His words "I will never leave or forsake you. My mercies are new every morning. Great is My faithfulness to You. Blessed are those who trust in the Lord. Whose trust is the Lord." With these thoughts...which I knew was the promptings and whispers of the Holy Spirit living inside this temple of my heart...I turned my eyes to the left—but He was not standing there, nor behind. In a type of desperate confidence, I turned to the right...and there He stood. His appearance is difficult to describe with words. It was like all the garments...all the offices...all was placed upon His frame—all at once. Where with human eyes things can only be seen and focused and comprehended one at a time, it was as if I *could* see them all perfectly without focusing on one or the other singularly. I did not ask why He had moved from the left to the right. But I did recall The Scroll:

Is 41:13 "For I, the LORD your God, will hold your right hand, Saying to you, 'Fear not, I will help you.'"

For the moment the question was put aside as I simply sat still in quiet gratitude that He had my very life in His capable hands. He turned His eyes toward me. I saw The Scroll open reflected therein, and The Voice of Many Waters voice this passage:

"Then I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse! The one sitting on it is called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he judges and makes war. His eyes are like a flame of fire, and on his head are many diadems, and he has a name written that no one knows but himself. He is clothed in a robe dipped in blood, and the name by which he is called is The Word of God. And the armies of heaven, arrayed in fine linen, white and pure, were following him on white horses. From his mouth comes a sharp sword with which to strike down the nations, and he will rule them with a rod of iron. He will tread the winepress of the fury of the wrath of God the Almighty. On his robe and on his thigh he has a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Then I saw an angel standing in the sun, and with a loud voice he called to all the birds that fly directly overhead, "Come, gather for the great supper of God, to eat the flesh of kings, the flesh of captains, the flesh of mighty men, the flesh of horses and their riders, and the flesh of all men, both free and slave, both small and great." And I saw the beast and the kings of the earth with their armies gathered to make war against him who was sitting on the horse and against his army. And the beast was captured, and with it the false prophet who in its presence had done the signs by which he deceived those who had received the mark of the beast and those who worshiped its image. These two were thrown alive into the lake of fire that burns with sulfur. And the rest were slain by the sword that came from the mouth of him who was sitting on the horse, and all the birds were gorged with their flesh." (Revelation 19:11-21, ESV)

I did not speak, but This Warrior King did:

"For I, the LORD your God, will hold your right hand, Saying to you, 'Fear not, I will help you.'"

“Thank you Father, that You are a very present help in times of trouble. Thank you Jesus that only Your righteousness secures my place beside You in the presence of God. Thank you Holy Spirit for quickening this Word to my heart. Amen”

4/18/23

Within this time of trouble, where there, by necessity, was less time for study...less time to pour over The Scroll for hours...there was a grace and mercy of God. When my heart was grieving because of the winds of change made the time for study more compact...I found myself praying even more unceasingly. This type of prayer was more like holding an *awareness* or *acknowledgment* of the Lord and Who He is. Of God and Who He is. A holding. Where thoughts of Him and toward Him are never very far away or out of mind for any great length of time. Like the song says “Every hour I need You”—shortened time for study held hands with lengthened time in prayer...in communion. Where He was abiding in and with me...and He made His presence known in various ways through the busyness of the days.

Then, one morning...when the day was only an hour old...I found myself sitting again on the stool with The Scroll on the table...and the lamp burning brightly. My King and High Priest was seen once again on my left side with His hand on my shoulder. But I knew that because He is God the Son, the Word of God made flesh, that He was all around me. The front, back, and both sides. Inside and outside. There wasn't anywhere that He was not. He turned me toward Himself, knelt down on His knee, and gently urged “What is it that you think about the Holy of Holies? What do you see from the reading and study of The Scroll?” My mind began racing. Thinking of all the scriptures and passages that should be referenced in order to make an intellectual answer...in order to do this most important question justice. There had been great men of faith and academia who had written volumes on this subject. I looked into His eyes with a mist rising in mine...”But Lord, are You sure You want my description? Shouldn't I start with the points of Your perfect law, or how You fulfilled all the covenants? The description of the high priest in detail perhaps would be in order?” In His joyful way...laughter filled the room. “Fear not. Look and see.” His eyes captured mine, and it was as if I had been placed just outside the gate of the outer court of the tabernacle during the time of Moses. I caught my breath. This gate was almost 8 feet high and 30 feet long and made of fabric. The colors of the curtains stood out in contrast with the white curtains on each side that made the East wall of the outer court. “There is something about the directions of East and West.” I mused...Then, I heard The Voice of Many Waters drift into that place outside the gate “As far as the east is from the west is the distance I have removed your sin from you.” I stood there knowing that if I had lived during this time, that I would have been unqualified to enter this gate made of blue, purple, and scarlet yarn...with the intricate work of an embroider and weaver. A work of art by human hands attesting to the Intricate Work of a Potter and Creator. Even this gate was a testimony and a symbol of This Majesty, This God who desires to dwell with His people.

Suddenly I heard a part of The Scroll being sung as if by angels, or perhaps His people down through the ages. The music was coming from beyond the gate. I very slightly opened the curtain...just enough to peer through. I saw a multitude of people there singing this song:

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=9Nv-FJohgY4&pp=ygUhZW50ZXIgaGlzIGNvdXJ0cyB3aXRoiHByYWlzZSBzb25n>

Suddenly it was as if I had been placed far above this tabernacle made by human hands onto a type of balcony placed beyond the heavens where The King was standing in the darkness looking out on what appeared to be stars. He turned with a smile and held out His right hand inviting me to step closer to the

edge of the balcony's railing. As I did so, I saw that the "stars" were actually people from all tongues and nations. All races. But, the song was in perfect accord. The same song that was being sung below by those people inside the outer court was being sung by multitudes on multitudes of people holding—lamps. I wondered at this as He turned and spoke "The earthly things are a symbol of heaven's reality." I do not know how long I stood there in awe of this mystery that cannot be explained by human intellect. It is something beyond explanation. Where human hands or human words would diminish the weight...even the song...as upbeat as it was held a denseness that was impossible to fully feel or know here on this earth, in this place of the tabernacle in the time of Moses.

4/22/23

Very early morning

I found myself again standing outside the outer court of the Tabernacle in front of the east gate that was made of blue and purple and crimson...a curtain made with dyed yarn. I knew these dyes had been used by other cultures for their own symbols of royalty and exalted figures. I became aware of The Highest Priest standing beside me and holding my right hand in His own. An understanding came to me just then—that I did not wait for Him to ask me to tell Him—"Your ways are above anything of the ways of men...the ways of humans...but You use the things of men—their ways and pattern to show Who You are don't You? These colors of yarn, these curtains leading into the outer court show that You are far above all other gods that any culture or nation at this time (or any time). You used the highest symbols that men could imagine to show You are the greatest above all. Just as You showed Yourself higher and mightier than any of the gods the Egyptians worshipped, You used these colors to show You are higher than any other." His knowing smile spoke to my heart without a word spoken from His mouth encouraging me to continue. "Before The Day of The Lord comes, it is written, there will be a great city, Babylon, that You declare woe upon who is dressed in fine linen, purple and scarlet, and glittering with gold, precious stones and pearls. The same symbolism to show You are greater than even this city." In which He replied "There is more than this. Look and see." He pulled back the curtain and I saw two groups of people separated in the outer court. All were dressed the same way...like the high priests of old. They all were singing praise to The God above all gods and King above all kings. He knew my question already as He turned me toward Himself. "Zadok and Abiathar" are the words He spoke. Even though I knew those priests were not of the time of Moses, but of King David, I did not question as I had before. I simply stood still and waited to see what He wanted me to do next. The history and experience of Him showing and proving that He knows exactly what He is doing lent a confidence and peace to my heart. A confidence in His ability to work whatever He wanted through this story told bit by bit. Suddenly my focus was back on The Scroll that I found placed in my lap. Opened to...the account of Zadok. And Abiathar. A particular sermon from a faithful preacher from long ago came drifting into my memory. The Voice of Many Waters filled the small room "Stay here awhile. Study again these two priests from the time of David". Sometimes I know exactly what He is leading to...this was one of those times. With a contentment that He is never in a hurry. Never in a rush. And time is His servant, His tool, my prayer was simple but true "Open time up again Lord. Show me what You would have me place here for this time. Something of Your heart for this current time. Thank you Father for Your faithfulness. Thank you Jesus for Your never ending strength in my weakness by the Holy Spirit that enables me to do all things You have willed for me in my life. No matter how hard or long the road is. Amen."

Early morning

I closed my eyes and sang a heart song that fit exactly in this moment. With The Scroll on my lap and a hallelujah in my soul... How long this holy moment would last... I could not discern. But I did not care.

And the funny thing about it was, I just knew, that He didn't either. The Voice of Many Waters came then on wings like eagles with the words "And she chose the better part."

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=2q0LEeUw9ds&pp=ygUoaGFsbGVsdWphaCBhbGwgdGhpcyB0aW1lIGhvdyB5b3UgbG92ZSBtZQ%3D%3D>

5/1/23

For some days I sat at the table with thoughts on the priests all dressed the same but in different places in the outer courtyard. Then, The Most Unique High Priest placed His hand on my left shoulder and turned me toward Himself. As His eyes caught mine, I was surprised to be back in the Garden of Eden. I saw the cherubim who guarded the eastern side and the tree of life.

I heard The Voice of Many Waters ask me there in that place the question He had asked before. "What do you think of the Holy of Holies?" My focus instantly was back on The Highest Priest in the Potter's House. A single passage of scripture was rising up from the scroll and my memory simultaneously.

Gen 3:23 therefore the Lord God sent him out from the garden of Eden to work the ground from which he was taken. 24 He drove out the man, and at the east of the garden of Eden he placed the cherubim and a flaming sword that turned every way to guard the way to the tree of life.

My thoughts were on the question that was voiced...and I was also asking myself there in that place. "What *did* I think of the Holy of Holies?" I turned to find His eyes as He simply said "You think much of this Most Holy Place do you not?" Just then, a flood of emotion seemed to overcome me. With intense feelings escaping as tears from my eyes I nodded "yes" as this sentiment was pouring from my innermost being "This place is far too precious for mere words....where descriptions would not come close to describing what I think of it. Where I hold it in such esteem that any approaching in disregard or lack of honor rises up an anger within me. A type of grief I cannot fully explain. This eastern gate of the tabernacle is the symbol of the cherubim guarding the place of Divine communion with You in Eden. You are the Holy of Holies. You are the tree of life. You are the gate on the east side of the tabernacle and Eden. All who are making their way back into fellowship with You must enter through this gate."

Just then, it was as if I was again looking in at the outer court from the eastern gate...seeing the priests dressed all the same...but separated into two groups. This Most Unique King, High Priest and Prophet then uttered these words as Mat 25:31-34 was rising up from The Scroll.

"When, I, the Son of Man come in My glory, and all the angels with Me, then I will sit on My glorious throne. Before Me will be gathered all the nations, and I will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats.

And I will place the sheep on My right, but the goats on the left. Then, I, The King will say to those on My right, 'Come, you who are blessed by My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'" The Voice of Many Waters fell there overlapping The King's words "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me."

An understanding came to me in that instant. This gate is a gate of Justice. A place of righteousness. Of Judgement. Of separation. I also knew in that moment that many had entered into the outer court by appearing the same as the other priests, but they would be denied access to the ultimate Place...an

eternal life with the Only Living God of all things. I found myself sitting again on the stool with The Scroll in my lap and yet another passage rising from its pages Mat 7:21-23 “Not everyone who says to me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ will enter the kingdom of heaven, but the one who does the will of my Father who is in heaven. On that day many will say to me, ‘Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy in your name, and cast out demons in your name, and do many mighty works in your name?’ And then will I declare to them, ‘I never knew you; depart from me, you workers of lawlessness.’”

My prayer was...as strange as it may sound...one of thanksgiving—one of praise. “Thank you Father for Your great and faithful love toward me. That You keep me as the apple of Your eye only because of the righteousness of Jesus that the Holy Spirit has placed on me just like the robes You made of animal skins for Adam and Eve and the white tunics that were worn by Your priests...the fine white linen that Your body was wrapped up in...but found folded upon the stone 3 days later. Just like the white robes worn by those who follow You wherever You go...those who are made white as snow because You are their righteousness

Before a Holy God. Before This God who is Father, Son, and Holy Spirit...Who dwells in the Most Holy Place. Be with me today, Lord. May I bring glory and honor to You no matter the tasks of everyday life. Draw me close to Your very heart. Amen.”

5/3/23

As I read through the account of Zadok and Abiathar and the law of God concerning the priesthood...a question arose. I tuned to look on my Savior, which even though I did not feel His hand on my shoulder—I knew He was there nonetheless. His demeanor was warm and welcoming. “Ask your question” was spoken softly as He knelt on one knee and inclined toward me.

Without the hesitation that had defined my way before, I spoke boldly “According to the law of God found here in The Scroll, the service and office of the priesthood over the tabernacle and temple were to be only from the tribe of Levi who was of the line of Abraham. You are from the line of Abraham but from the tribe of Judah...not Levi. The Scroll also says that You are the Highest Priest. How can that be so without breaking Your own law?” I was suddenly flooded with the sense of being cherished, or delighted in. As if He had been waiting for an extended time for this moment. Not for the particular subject of the question...but for the complete trust I now had in Him. A relationship of knowing Him, being convinced of His goodness and the goodness of His Father. That there is not any question or concern that I may have that He will despise or be offended by. I remembered the start of this journey, as He called me into this house. Sitting here I knew this change...this deeper walk...higher relationship...this confidence was not anything I had done. The stark change in myself took my breath away. “I do not know how You have done this, Lord, but I know it was all of You and none of me.” Something of a fleeting thought came then that seemed to be just out of reach. The Voice of Many Waters drifted on the dense air “Stay here awhile. Be still and know that I am God.” The fleeting thought became sharper. It was formed by a question...where is my focus in this relationship—this communion—with my King? Is it on striving to be changed into the “new man”—even with the pure motive of wanting to become more like Jesus...or is there a higher focus...a deeper walk yet with Him that I had only now perceived that He had been doing simultaneously? It is His character and way to be working something better—something even more meaningful—while my focus is on another thing altogether. It is part of the mystery. Part of growing in faith. With this meditation, I sat. And I knew that He is God.

5/7/23

A passage from The Scroll—a story from the New Testament—caught my attention. A lame beggar at a gate of the Temple. I turned toward my King as He whispered “Watch and see.” His eyes caught mine and it was as if I was hovering over the very place that the poor lame beggar was seated. Outside of a Beautiful Gate. I was surprised when I saw on the other side of this gate, not the outer court of the Temple...not the inner court...not the holy place—nor the Most Holy Place...but the Tree of Life in the Garden of Eden. The words “And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden” rose from The Scroll that was sitting on my lap in the Potter’s House. I breathed a breath of wonder as questions leaped into my thoughts as I continued to read through this lame man’s story. My eyes became misty when they fell on the words “Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.” But then, the next words caused my own heart to leap for joy...Peter took the lame man’s right hand and told him to stand up and walk. And he did. Straight through the gate to Solomon’s Porch which was on the—east side of the outer court. East of the Holy of Holies. The Voice of Many Waters filled the space with a weight that proved this Person was more than a mist...more than a mere feeling or “vapor” or “cosmic energy” that imaginations...well...imagine Him to be. This weight or density is a Person who proclaimed “The LORD works righteousness and justice for all the oppressed. The LORD is compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, abounding in love. he does not treat us as our sins deserve or repay us according to our iniquities. as far as the east is from the west, so far has he removed our transgressions from us.” Words escaped me just then. For I had realized that in some way known only to the Lord, He had again weaved my life...exactly what was currently happening...into The Scroll. It was as if I was that poor lame man who was healed at the gate called Beautiful. It was as if This Most Unique High Priest had took my right hand and spoke “Rise up and walk”...like He had so many times before as I abided in this Most Unique Place called The Potter’s House. Before I knew it, the words spilled out from awe struck thoughts “Thank you, Father, for holding my life in Your hands. Amen”. There is a peace that is described as beyond understanding. It is the peace granted to those whose trust *is* the Lord. Whose very Person is their healing. Those who have died and find their life is hidden in Jesus with this great God who is Father, Son and Holy Spirit. This peace looks like a blood stained robe worn by The Highest Priest and a spotless white robe that was placed upon a poor lame beggar who was sat east of the Temple beyond the outer court...whose right hand Peter took...the Person of Jesus was spoken...and the gate swung open. Free access to The Most Pleasant Tree in all of the Garden. Where the Guards step aside and make way for a once lame man who is leaning on his High Priest as they pass by all the crowds of people and the priests who sing His praise...into the Most Holy Place of all. Where this Great God tabernacles with those who seek Him and who worship Him in Spirit and truth.

5/12/23

Again, I found myself standing outside the outer court peering in at two groups of priests who were singing praise to the Lord. The Most Unique High Priest was standing at my left. In that place, between the two groups, rose the Eternal Covenant...the flow chart of eternal death and eternal life...that had been written on parchment paper in the place beyond the arched doorway. With a smile I turned toward Him “This Tabernacle and, later, The Temple are a picture of Your Eternal Covenant for the souls of man aren’t they? It is how You have chosen to reveal who You are and what You are like...what You do and how You love. Am I wrong, Lord, that I see Your grace in the Old Covenant? That I see Your grace being revealed louder and louder through every covenant written in The Scroll? Or like birth pangs until Your plan is totally revealed in the more than the mere man—Jesus? Where You stepped down from the right side of The Father and the Word of God...dressed Himself in the flesh of man and walked among His creation. I do not know the direction You would have me take here, Lord. Show me the next bit of this story.” In His eyes I saw The Scroll sitting on my lap opened to Hebrews. But I saw another voluminous

book lying on the table...one I had been reluctant to read due to its length and the time it would take to walk through its many pages. Thoughts of a marathon and a sprint rose up...of a slow walk and a mad dash. It was as if somehow time had folded in on itself and I was once more sitting at the table with The Scroll opened to Hebrews and my eyes focused on the other heavy book on the table. Suddenly I realized something about my King...my Savior and Lord...He had answered my prayer of "Keep me faithful to do all You want me to do. All You ask of me, Lord, just accomplish it through me. You direct my steps. Cause whatever circumstances, whatever situation, to come to pass for Your will to be done in my life. Even if that means bringing me back to this place of study. Amen." If the truth be told, my heart was already rising with anticipation of what He wanted to show me through The Scroll and the other commentary. Knowing that times spent in this type of communion with Him were like a special favor or a blessed time of knowing Him in a deeper way which always leads to a more intimate worship and time of communion. There was a concern though that came with this task. "Where will I find the time alone, Lord. You know my life, You know every part of it...How the days run into each other with very few of the minutes able to be set aside." There was a longing for the expanded time of times past...where there seemed to be no limit on the hours available to simply be with Him. He placed His hand on my shoulder and simply said "All times are ordered by Me. Blessed are those whose trust is the Lord". With a sigh of a type of longing-contentment...if there is such a thing...I turned back to the table of study with a song of thanksgiving and a sacrifice of praise.

7.23.25

It was as if I had awoken from a deep sleep. One where my eyes were wide open as I read the very last word of Hebrews, the commentary, and this story told bit by bit. It was as if time had stood still here in this place of life moving forward...yet also coming together with what had been written before. Almost like a fulfillment of prophesy. With that thought, I smiled and looked around for—What name should I call Him now in this time and place? He met me there and instantly I was wrapped up in His embrace. His whisper was a balm to my soul "I Am That I Am. I am the beginning and the end of your faith. The totality of all You need." All of the sudden I was aware of The Voice of Many Waters adding weight to this moment with the same question that had taken me on a very long journey through Hebrews. "How is the blood of Jesus a better word?" One would think that someone who had spent 3 years in time immersed in a subject would have many words to answer the question, but instead I found myself curiously without words, or it seemed at the time, any knowledge whatsoever for an answer that would be good enough...intellectual enough...worthy enough to give glory enough to My Redeemer who is also my King who is also my Highest Priest who is also The Prophet who is also...

I looked up, and much to my surprise and delight, there stood all of those names wrapped up in the clothes of The Most Unique Potter! He sat me down on the stool and knelt down to gaze into my eyes as His hands held mine with more strength than I remembered from before. Just as I was about to say so, His eyes were asking another question. "You have noticed something haven't you?" I heard a joyful sound deeper than laughter fill the atmosphere...and realized that it had come from my own mouth...sprung up from a place deeper than the deepest well of my heart. A place that could be described as the eternity of my soul. This took me by surprise as I gave voice to what was now a reality...what I felt and knew in this place...which formed itself into a question of sorts "Yes! What used to be a weight in the air...almost like a heaviness of heart...has turned into...

Is there such a thing as heaviness of Joy?" These words hung in the air as if suspended and held by The Voice of Many Waters. His eyes held mine in that sacred place as tears fell down not only onto my face, but His. This sacred place of Joy is one of surrender, of sacrifice, of praise, tears, laughter, and a...weighty hope that I had never known before. "You have changed me once again, my Potter. You have not only asked hard things of me, but have given me strength inside to do them. Console me here in this place as I give You my Joy." Instantly there was no separation between His heart and mine as His voice sounded "I

will uphold you with my mighty right hand. I will guide you and protect you.” And my voice joined with His at the same time saying “You will preserve that which I entrust to You.”

Thank you Jesus, the Lamb of God, You are worthy of it all.

His reply came without words...but from One Who knew and saw and is able to comfort only because He made the greatest sacrifice of all..

“Is there Joy in surrender as you surrender Joy?”

The only response I had was a song that was rising up in the heavy air of Promise.

I Surrender

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=atf10_jyubc&pp=ygUsaSBzdXJyZW5kZXIgaGVyZSBpIGFtIGRvd24gb24gbXkga25lZXMgYWdhaW4%3D

7.24.25

His voice brought me back to the question asked “How does the blood of Jesus speak a better word?” I was not sure where to begin. How does one speak to Jesus about the blood He spilt on Calvary? “Do I speak about the sacrifices of Moses’ Tabernacle, or do I frame this in the context of Solomon’s Temple, Lord? What do You want to show?” Very gently He took my hand in His, and without a word spoken, led me over to the arched doorway. But instead of looking out at the Room of Covenant or the tree in the middle between it and the rooms of churches of Revelation, He turned me left toward the wall to the right of the Wall of Promise where the lamps were in various states of workmanship. I turned to my right and as I caught His eyes He brought me back to the place of standing with Him outside the outer court. I then remembered that He had pulled back the curtain to show two groups of people...one on the left and one on the right. In this time and space He looked at me with that old familiar way of determination as He beckoned. “Come and see.” Even though this was a familiar way...I sensed something different...almost like when He had asked “Who touched Me” to the crowd surrounding Him when the woman with the issue of blood for 12 years had touched the hem of His garment in the faith and hope that He would heal her. He stopped and the look He gave was as piercing and His voice that echoed from that time when He spoke to her “Daughter your faith has made you whole.” But instead of saying “Go in peace”, He hung on to my hand, turned and led me between the two groups who were singing praises to His name. There was an alter there in that place. A thought of being unworthy suddenly rose up within me. “Lord, I do not think I should be here in this place.” His eyes once again found me there as a picture of the woman, the samaritan woman at the well, came into focus. The Voice of Many Waters sounded out as smoke rose from the alter of burnt offerings in front of me. “Was this woman worthy?” Suddenly my thought turned to Eve and Mary...how the hope of the first was fulfilled by the other. “No, none of us are worthy, Lord. But this still does not seem right to me. You were sacrificed outside the gate. These things—the alter of burnt offerings, the brazen laver here in this place were things done long ago.” My eyes saw the curtain that separated the outer court from the inner court. I took His hand and walked over to that place. “I cannot go through that curtain, Jesus.” With a compassion flowing from His very being, He turned me around to look out at the two groups of people who were seen in the outer court. With an encouragement washing over me He simply said “Go back to Hebrews and tell Me what you see.” My foot was in motion to go back to the table with the ornate lamp and the scroll and the tools of His trade laid out on the white linen bag...and the truth be told I was ready to go past even that straight back to the kiln. But—His hand held me fast in the place by the arched doorway looking into His eyes. He did not set me back on the stool, but right there His strong voice, mixed with The

Voice of Many Waters said "What do you see in Hebrews?" A certain fear rose up in my throat..." But what if I get the details wrong, Lord? What if I cannot remember what each of these things mean? My worst fear is to dishonor this place of Tabernacle. A place so very symbolic of the Greatest Sacrifice that could have or was ever made. So symbolic of the Tabernacle not made by human hands. What if?" His laughter took me by surprise as He drew me close in His comforting embrace as His whisper seemed to float on the wind of The Voice of Many Waters "Fear not for I am with You.." With that, something came over me, and I what I did next shocked even myself. I took The Most Unique Potters hand and stepped through that curtain that led into the outer court, led Him straight through not only the curtain between the outer and inner court (holy place), but through the curtain that separated the holy place from the Most Holy Place. It was there in the Throne Room of God with the smoke of incense thick in the air that I looked intently into the eyes of The Most Unique Potter and said with brazen bold confidence "You are The Lamb Who was slain from the foundation of the world. You are not only the High Priest, but the Perfect Sacrifice that has washed me clean. Your blood is not only a better Word, but the only way to come into the Love of the Father here in the Holy of Holies where the communion between me and the God Who was and is and will forever be dwells. This is what I know of Hebrews." In that moment—just when fear began to rise up in me..I was a witness to the most extraordinary thing. Would it be scandalous to say that The Potter began laughing with tears running down His face? There was a rejoicing I saw from Him in that moment that I had never encountered before. All I could do was stand there as my heart was so overwhelmed that it overflowed through my eyes and down my face. I was so caught up in what I was seeing that I barely noticed that my head was no longer bowed in shame of unworthiness or fear of dishonoring Him. But He noticed those things and with the deepest love in His eyes and sincerity in His voice, as He folded His hands around mine, gently said "Did I not tell you to come boldly to the throne of grace? Did I not tell You there is only One way to the Father? Did I not tell You I delight in you? That I sing songs of deliverance over you? Did I not tell you that I declare the name of the Father in the midst of the congregation..." I think He would have continued on...but As He proclaimed the last sentence, I froze in wonder of Him. It was as if He knew exactly what my response would be—yes, of course He would. My voice found a whisper "Hebrews 2:12. I do not know how You continue to fold and weave and somehow flow things together like You do." Then at that moment there was a reflection in His eyes of the scroll sitting in front of the ornate lamp that was placed on the table in the Potter's House. These were the words that rose up from out of the scroll within the smoke rising out of the lamp burning brightly.

Dt 6:4-15

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he swore unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildedst not,

And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten and be full; Then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name.

joy rose up from the innermost place of my heart. As I turned to look into His eyes more fully...What I saw there took me all the way back. I whispered these words in reply:

"I saw a Potter unlike any other. His countenance determined, weathered, but kind. His eyes were oceans deep, unflinching, full of grit with a fire of life and love indescribable. He was a man on a mission. Except there was no haste. Each powerful stride was full of meaning. Carefully considered. It was as if where he placed his sandal had consequences far beyond what I could comprehend."

But, there was one difference from the beginning. Instead of only the garments of a Potter, it was like before where I saw the garments of a Redeemer, King, High Priest, and Prophet all together...simultaneously.

A realization, a remembrance perhaps, of what was then and is now brought a zeal to tumble out my mouth "It was You who came and picked up the fragmented pieces of my heart, of my soul, of my mind...of my life. I did not find you...You found me!"

I then heard the sound of laughter not only coming from The Most Unique Potter standing with me in the Holy of Holies, nor only from The Most High Priest gazing into my eyes outside the gate, not only from The King who will sit on the throne of not only David but of Heaven forever, but also from The Kinsman redeemer...

I saw myself in His eyes seated at the table in the Potter's house with the Scroll on my lap open to Hebrews 12:1. This passage rose above in the smoke of the ornate lamp sat on the stone slab with the tools of His trade...the hammer, the nails, the crown of thorns, and—a wooden cross...sat on the dusty linen bag.

Hebrews 12:2 (AMP)

looking away from all that will distract us and focusing our eyes on Jesus, who is the Author and Perfecter of faith the first incentive for our belief and the One who brings our faith to maturity, who for the joy of accomplishing the goal set before Him endured the cross, disregarding the shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God revealing His deity, His authority, and the completion of His work.

A particular song drifted into that place...the place of calling where I sat on the stool in The Potter's House, The place of redeeming outside the gate hanging onto The High Priests's hands, and the Holy place of communion with Jesus and God The Father and God The Holy Spirit...in that place where God meets man and man once again walks with Him as in the garden.

Outside The Camp

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=X2nSAr0JXt8&pp=ygUfT3V0c2lkZSB0aGUgY2FtcCBjaHJpc3RpYW4gc29uZW%3D%3D>

In that moment, The Voice of Many Waters spoke these words more clearly to my own heart. A pain of joy, of love, of well...of everything the Root of the tree depicted that was placed between the churches of Revelation and the Room of Covenant beyond the arched doorway:

[Verse 1]

Outside the camp no one's cheering
You feel lonely and small

Out there no one needs reminding
Stuck outside the city wall
Life can dry up and blow away
Like the restless desert sand

[Refrain]

Jesus, what do you think you're doing
Outside the camp?

[Verse 2]

Outside the camp you can smell it
Vultures picking at the bones
When the sky hints at the darkness
All the mockers run for home
Cast your lot and divide the spoils
Of this dying son of man

[Refrain]

Jesus what do you think you're doing
Outside the camp?

[Verse 3]

Outside the camp someone's laughing
It's a hideous disgrace
Like a lamb led to the slaughter
In this God-forsaken place
Hear the moans of the dying souls
They're begging for the end

[Refrain]

Jesus, what do you think you're doing
Outside the camp?

[Spoken interlude]

Let us go with him
Outside the gates of health, wealth, and prosperity
Outside the camp onto the Calvary roads

[Verse 4]

Outside the camp see them coming
First a trickle, then a flow
They're hungry for forgiveness
They got nowhere else to go
Grace is never cheap or easy
It puts nails in hands

[Refrain]

Jesus knew what he was doing

Outside the camp
Jesus knew what he was doing
Outside the camp

[Outro]
Holy suffering in that place
There's pain and there's disgrace
And there's everlasting grace
Outside the camp
Outside the camp

7.28.25

He took both of my hands there in that place outside the gate. With His voice full of more meaning than I fully understood said "Tell Me what You see. How am I The High Priest?"

Somehow there was a confidence in me that was not there before. With joy I said "You are The High Priest outside the gate of the religious order that are trying to become their own high priests and get to the Throne Room of God. You are the sacrifice of body and blood that was symbolized by animals in the Tabernacle of Moses and Temple of Solomon." Suddenly tears were welling up in my eyes as I whispered "They did not recognize You outside the gate. Even though You told them beforehand in the Scroll...they did not see You." With that, through His eyes, I saw myself in the holy place...the inner court...standing with—The Most Unique Potter who turned there in that place where the golden candlestick was set with the 7 candles. Through His eyes I saw Him in the middle of the 7 churches in the rooms to the left beyond the arched doorway. He turned to me there in that place and with His fiery eyes asked "Does My church recognize me in this time and place?"

I saw Him as The High Priest enter into heaven, present His blood to God The Father in the Eternal Holy of Holies, and sit at the right hand of His Father. He declared in that place "Let all who will come—Come!" I locked eyes with Him there and said "This is how You are The Highest Priest of all!" I was also thinking and desiring to go there immediately to be with Him even though I was already there...already saved, already washed by His blood, already sat with Him in heavenly places—but my heart longed after the physical reality of being in my long home.

He then, beyond the arched doorway, back in The Potter's House—stretched out His hand... with His white robe flowing over His arm... with His eyes aflame, beckoned me— "Come and I will show you."

I reached out my hand without hesitation while I asked "What do I call You here Jesus?" In which He replied "Did you not know that you have been in search of The Prophet?"

For clarification on things written in The Potter's House, see the study of Hebrews on this site.

