

In The Potter's House Ch 8 The Most Unique Prophet in search of a Friend

8.16.25

As I stepped through the threshold of the arched doorway...everything was different somehow. There was still the Covenant rooms on the right, still the churches of Revelation on the left, but in the middle where the tree had stood in the middle with the roots of the Fruit of the Spirit was absent. In its place stood...The Most Unique Potter, Kinsman Redeemer, Highest Priest, King. I turned to the right, where—He was there holding my hand.

There was a trepidation in my heart, something of a heaviness akin to grieving in my spirit that I knew was permeating from His being. I did not speak, for words fall short in such times. The silence was deafening. Can The Prophet prophecy without words? A barely heard whisper drifted into the air that had suddenly grown thick with what appeared to be clouds...white but heavy. "Yes". Was the quiet reply.

For what seemed like hours, but was only mere minutes, went by as I simply stood next to Him. Standing in this atmosphere of holy heaviness permeating every inch of that room...even clear into the far far future where I had seen lamps upon lamps stretching clear back millenniums and forward in time to the Wedding Feast of the Lamb who was slain from the foundation of the world.

Without a sound He gently turned me toward Him again. I saw His eyes like flames of fire. But I was not afraid. Looking closer into His eyes I saw lamb after lamb being slaughtered on an altar. There were some people who took the lambs and, like the Israelites during the time of Moses, made them into golden idols and placed them on pedestals high above the altars. I saw this from the viewpoint of standing in the inner court where the brazen altar was placed in the tabernacle of Moses. Then the tabernacle seemed to give way, or fade into, the Temple of Solomon. I looked out beyond the east gate...outside the camp. Someone like a Suffering Servant was standing there. His arms were stretched wide in invitation for me to come. His voice was gentle, yet powerful. Not demanding, but kind. Full of mercy and grace. "Come, my beloved" He said. "Come away from this place." Instantly I was wrapped in His arms sobbing tears of grief, tears of mourning over something beyond the slaughter of lambs. His whisper came with a knowing in my own heart what He was going to ask "Why are you grieved, my child? Why do you weep?"

Words would not come. But that did not matter because this Suffering Servant already knew. He had already felt every single thing that I had—even more so. My soul cried out "But they are not supposed to worship the lambs, Jesus. They are setting up their own guides, their own wisdom, their own platforms. This is not what You meant for them to do." Suddenly I felt the The Prophet fold my hands into His own in the room beyond the arched doorway. His voice was like a breath carried along by many waters. "Look at The Scroll."

I turned toward the table where the ornate lamp was still burning brightly even though that was a wonder to me. Curiously, I saw myself still sitting on the stool with the scroll laid on my lamp. This section of scripture rose up into the smoke of the burning lamp:

Psa 44:20-26 If we have forgotten the name of our God, or stretched out our hands to a strange god, Shall not God search this out? For He knows the secrets of the heart.

Yea, for Your sake we are put to death all day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter.

Awake! Why do You sleep, O LORD? Arise! Do not cast us off forever. Why do You hide Your face,

and forget our affliction and our oppression? For our soul is bowed down to the dust; our belly cleaves to the earth. Arise for our help, and redeem us for the sake of Your steadfast love.

“But something has gone terribly wrong.” I cried as my eyes once again found their way looking back into His. “They have set up the sheep as an idol. So many of them have been caught up in the moment, Jesus. My heart is grieving by what I see. They are lifting up wisdom and mere sheep on a pedestal to look at and admire and focus on. What do You want me to do?”

With those words I saw a smile begin to form from deeper than just His countenance. It was as if His own heart had been comforted by my simple presence. He held my hands tighter as He replied “look closer”. I gazed farther into His eyes, and what I saw rose up in me a hope that was not there before. Outside the camp, I saw The Suffering Servant nailed on a cross. The curtains of the Holy of Holies had been ripped in two, I saw multitudes of people whose eyes were fixated on the slain lamb. They started to walk...not into the Temple’s Holy of Holies, but beyond the gate outside. They came to the cross where The Suffering Servant was hanging. My heart leaped with joy...but then He said...”Look again.” The scene changed in His eyes to again by the brazen alter where the people had made gold lambs that were placed on pedestals. Those golden lambs had grown bigger and more grandiose in stature, and the people more brazen or embolden than even before.

I heard the Voice of Many Waters rush into that place:

“There is Zadok and there is Abiathor. There is humility and there is pride. Come away, let the blind lead the blind. Let those who think they are wise become foolish. Do not eat of the wisdom of men. Come, clothe yourself in the righteous humble wisdom of The Suffering Servant.”

I do not know when, or how, but I found myself sitting on the stool with the Scroll on my lap. The room was quiet except for I was starkly aware of His presence behind me. Who would I see when I turned around? Should I turn around? With a courage that was not my own my feet slowly turned the stool until I was face to face with The Potter. My heart, soul, and emotions flowed down my face in heavy drops. His words took my breath away...red letters that were rising from the Scroll I had placed on the table...that I saw reflected in His eyes :

John 15:15

I no longer call you servants, because a servant does not know his master’s business. Instead, I have called you friends, for everything that I learned from my Father I have made known to you.

9.30.25

With a gentleness from long ago, He knelt down, took my hands in His own and quietly said “Tell me what you see.” Slowly I stood up and lead Him over to the arched doorway. To the left above the rooms of the 7 churches of Revelation I saw passages of the Scroll appear.

Matthew 24:9-14

“Then you will be handed over to be persecuted and put to death, and you will be hated by all nations because of me. At that time many will turn away from the faith and will betray and hate each other, and many false prophets will appear and deceive many people. Because of the increase

of wickedness, the love of most will grow cold, but the one who stands firm to the end will be saved. And this gospel of the kingdom will be preached in the whole world as a testimony to all nations, and then the end will come.

Rev 6:9 -11 When he opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain for the word of God and for the witness they had borne. They cried out with a loud voice, "O Sovereign Lord, holy and true, how long before you will judge and avenge our blood on those who dwell on the earth?" Then they were each given a white robe and told to rest a little longer, until the number of their fellow servants and their brothers should be complete, who were to be killed as they themselves had been.

Rev 13:5-10 And they worshiped the dragon, for he had given his authority to the beast, and they worshiped the beast, saying, "Who is like the beast, and who can fight against it?" And the beast was given a mouth uttering haughty and blasphemous words, and it was allowed to exercise authority for forty-two months. It opened its mouth to utter blasphemies against God, blaspheming his name and his dwelling, that is, those who dwell in heaven. Also it was allowed to make war on the saints and to conquer them. And authority was given it over every tribe and people and language and nation, and all who dwell on earth will worship it, everyone whose name has not been written before the foundation of the world in the book of life of the Lamb who was slain. If anyone has an ear, let him hear: If anyone is to be taken captive, to captivity he goes; if anyone is to be slain with the sword, with the sword must he be slain. Here is a call for the endurance and faith of the saints.

Rev 14:12-13 Here is a call for the endurance of the saints, those who keep the commandments of God and their faith in Jesus. And I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." "Blessed indeed," says the Spirit, "that they may rest from their labors, for their deeds follow them!"

My hand gripped The Potter's tighter. I looked back into His eyes and found myself once again it seemed on a balcony with The King looking out at the innumerable stars in heaven. Then something rose up in my heart. More than a prayer or a wish. More like a command from the very throne of The King. A thunderous voice in which I felt my own sounded from the very mouth of The King and the multitude of stars "Keep them faithful oh God our Father." It seemed though that I lingered there. The King turned to me and with a smile encouraged me to ask what was on my heart. With tears in my eyes I quietly said "Fill them with humble grace, Oh Lord. Let them not only stay faithful, but fill them with the love of Your Spirit that You have with The Father. Keep them, my King. Forgive them for their pride. Wrestle with them still."

Only time would tell if The King had granted my supplication for the saints that were to go through these times here on earth. And if those times were truly coming to pass in the here and now. But, none the less...this prayer was timeless, really. Spoken throughout every era. Every generation who were marching closer and closer to the end of the age. And the return of The King... The Prophet whose prophecies would come to pass just as He had said in the Scroll.

In my reflections, I found myself again at the table with the Scroll and the lamp burning brightly. There was a kind of restlessness in me that I could not identify. I looked around and saw The Potter walking toward me from the arched doorway. He knelt down again, and I was expecting Him to ask me what I saw...but He instead spoke words of explanation. "A holy discontent." The look of

puzzlement on my face made Him laugh—not an ordinary laugh, but the kind that comes from a deeper place of the soul. It was born of a humor, but more so of joy and delight. Not in my confusion, but in my willingness to stay here in this place that I had grown to love. “But, Friend, where would I go? You have the words of eternal life.”

With that He was the one that seemed puzzled, but I know that could not have been...for would The King, or more so, The Son of God ever be confused about anything I would say? But, He drew me close while whispering “Do you not know there is a restlessness that does not lead to leaving? A holy groaning that the whole of creation is singing to The Father in heaven? Stay in this place. Know I have everything under control.”

11.15.25

I do not know where the stairwell was in the house, but I found myself walking up stairs made of solid rock leading out of this cavern not made by human hands. A place where I had been placed by the Lord some years ago. A place where He met me and showed me my own heart and His: essentially He showed me who I was and Who He Is. Where He proved His great and mighty love for me. How His hand is not short to save or deliver or make new anything that He wants to.

I had seen something outside the cavern that caused me great grief and concern, and I was zealous to enter into that situation. So, I began the journey up out of the cavern to go with everything in me to warn and contend and try to bring right into the wrong that I saw was happening because of my past failures.

I made it 3 steps shy of the top out of this holy place. Then I saw the feet of Jesus on ground level as I looked up. The rock steps suddenly folded into the side of the cavern wall. To my surprise I did not fall or slide back down but rather I was suspended in mid air. Jesus reached down His hand and pulled me up to where He was and placed me sitting on the ledge looking over an ancient city that may have been Jerusalem. He sat there with me asking me to do a hard thing. To trust Him only with this particular situation. He asked me to go back down to the third step and pray and praise and worship Him there. I said yes. The steps reappeared and I stepped back down and sat there on the step He had said. He came down with me and held my hands. I saw Him also at the top of the cavern on the ledge. He turned into a lion and ran with great strides toward the “city” or situation in my way of thinking. I started to arise from the step to run after Him. His hand held me fast. He asked me to stay and pray. I sat back down.

He then started talking about a thing that He had put on the shelf some years ago that He wanted to resolve in my heart. And His eyes glanced down into the cavern. Into the place where He had led me years before, but through a doorway. Although this was curious, I did not hesitate but descended back into the room with the table and Scroll without any struggle or questions. With a determined purpose of heart. I heard my inner-man reply “My life is in Your hands Lord” as I sat down to read what He had put in front of me. And to pray and praise and worship. “Thank You Jesus” was the incense that drifted up to the Throne of The Father in that moment.

The Voice of Many Waters drifted into the small humble room with a whisper on the wisps of smoke from the incense that was rising to the Throne of God. “Stay in the Cleft of The Rock”. I bowed my head in gratitude and His perfect love calmed the fear I did not even realize was threatening to take my peace. I looked up expecting to see The Potter here on the other side of the table, but instead He

was clothed in white with a sash dripping with blood and the name "The Word of God" written on it. His eyes were piercing but kind. "When I open a door, nothing can shut it. When I shut a door, nothing can open it. Stay here in this place." I found myself face down on the floor. There were no words that would bring the honor He deserves. I slowly rose and looked up again. His hand was beckoning me to sit there on that stool and read what He had put on the table. My eyes welled up with tears and I whispered deep inside my heart "Are You sure Lord. I don't know if I am ready". He simply smiled and said "As in the days of Noah." With a deep sigh I opened this book. A page of history that I had put down many many years before that had cause a grievous wound in my heart. I knew without a shadow of doubt that He was here as a Repairer of the Breach. "Thank You Jesus" again rose up out of my soul as incense to the very Throne of God.