

11-Sept-2020_true freedom

(Jesus speaking:) Freedom paints itself in many ways. In some it means an abandoning of personal will and choice; their being totally available and “free” to do the will of another, to whom they freely gave themselves. To one it might look like bondage, but really it’s a form of freedom. It was not taken from them, but they gave up their will of their own accord, so that another would be free to use their gifts and talents and abilities.

Freedom might mean ripping out the carpet that held you so firmly, and a free fall follows. As you fly through the air, on your way down to the abyss, you learn to fly. You never quite hit bottom in the way you imagined you might, but do land gracefully. Things aren’t what they used to be, and it was very unsettling for a while. But if you were just to continue standing there, just because the security felt so comforting and comfortable, you’d never learn to skydive. But now as you sit there on the ground thinking how it did end all right, your latest “falling through the air” you realise that staying with your feet on your beloved carpet was just one more bondage.

You are now more free than you ever were. Mostly free of the fear of a fall-through-the-air with nothing to hold you but faith. You see it’s not so bad, and you don’t have to stand around anymore for fear of being afraid. The wind of faith buoyed you up, the breath of God’s Spirit caught you and landed you in the best place. Though you don’t feel as confident in your ability to control all circumstances, you are no longer bound to doing things only one certain way or in one particular place. So, yes, you are free, more free than you have been before.

For others, the walls that both sealed them in as well as gave them a sense of protection, and in reality were what was shaping their life, fell down and gave them a far and wide view outside. They cried as the mural of their vision of what “outside, in the future” would be crumbled and collapsed. Now the colourful painted solid wall—or what they thought was solid, is in broken chunks.

They are no long boxed in by their ideas. The fresh air, and yes even the cold wind starts to blow through their life. Yet instead of painted trees, they see the real ones. Instead of pictures of mountains painted on the wall that they looked longingly to—or at times cringed wondering how they would ever climb up them, now they see the real mountains out in the scenery in front of them. They never were to climb those imaginary mountains that they thought would be a part of their life, for it was only a picture they’d painted on the confining walls of their former life.

Now the first step to is climb out and over the remains of the broken dreams and face the reality of what actually existed all along, but they just didn’t see it. They weren’t meant to see it just yet. But now it’s hard to be so covered with vast space. The freedom is nearly crippling. They are having a hard time finding their feet. And so they just sit for a while on what used to be “home” and view the scene.

First, they wonder which way they are to walk. What is “forward”? Is it in the direction they always looked before, as they looked to their painted scene on the wall of their close

quarters? No, in fact it's a bit more to the right, right where there was a door they could have looked out and seen the real way they were to one day go.

Perhaps they could have opened the door before to look out, and then drawn a picture that resembled the place they were to walk on one day. If they had done that, then the shock would have instead been a feeling of freedom, rather than a feeling of everything shattering and collapsing. Instead, when the wall fell with their painting, it would only be to reveal the real scene that it was trying to depict, which was far more realistic and beautiful—like a photo turning into real life in front of you.

So this is freedom—the walking away from the plans you had made, and stepping out to the new and real world that awaits the touch of your feet. But it feels like a loss, for you had created the imaginary. You looked at books of pictures from others and assumed this is what was outside, that that was what your future, held. But I instead have unique terrain for each of my pilgrims. And they can each ask to peak at what the future holds, or they can wait and look at that white wall, left unpainted, if I tell them it's not the right time to see into the future.

They can simply sign their name to the wall as a white sheet of paper, saying they are willing to go and do whatever I have for them. This is to prepare their heart for freedom, rather than shackle themselves to false hopes and dreams. You really never can tell what a future will hold for someone, or for yourself, by looking around at what happened to others. It never will be the same. It's never meant to be the same.

The world is My movie, My bit of fun, and My project too, and a heart rending situation. It's a bit of everything, depending on what situation you are talking about. But one thing, as a rule, that I'll never do, is repeat things in one life identically to that of another. So you can and should expect a variety-filled ride. And never assume the walls that surround you now will always be there. See, you wouldn't have taken so much time and thought to paint your lovely little "future fantasy" on those walls if you knew they were going to collapse around you one day.

To keep in mind that you are to have "No certain dwelling place" to be as "pilgrims and strangers" to know that anything is temporary, and that forward is always on the life itinerary, will keep you from letting the wall-busting moves trouble you. Instead you will rejoice with change, and be oh so glad that it means at last you have the freedom to do as you were meant to do. The walls simply sheltered you for a time, but that would and will change.

So now, rather than trying to piece the broken wall bits together, thinking that is the next project, and figuring how to get the picture of your version of your future back together, instead step over them, on them, through them and out to the clear space.

You see that distant mountain? That's where you are heading.

I'll put a cloak around you. That's all you need for your protection. I'll shod you with new shoes, so you can walk the rougher places we must go. I'll give you a canteen of liquid to sustain you. Take My hand, and one step at a time, forward, we'll go.

That is freedom. Walking with Me, no strings attached, and nothing holding you back. Not merely free to keep your nook in life, but freely able to serve Me, no matter where I take you.

There are other forms of freedom, like freedom to try new things, or freedom to say “that’s enough” and have time to heal. Freedom to say, “I want this” and be granted the ability to have it. These are the types most people want. They don’t always enjoy the bigger, more earthshaking kinds of freedom. Why? Because they want to feel in control.

See, freedom to many people just means, “I can do as I want and when I want to.” But that attitude is what gets them often into a trap. All someone has to do to trap them is to put a bait of something they want right there in front of them. And when they go for it, the snare grabs them.

What snare?

The snare of wilfully wanting their own way. If they always want things only their way, they are caught and trapped. They aren’t free to do things My way, or to do things only for the good of others. They are addicted to self-satisfaction. And that is a very hard habit to kick. It’s almost impossible for someone to really break free from this, without a pretty big kick in the right direction; a “Kick start” to propel them into the uncomfortable zone of true “freedom”.

Why do people get so easily trapped and stay connected to comfort zones? Why do they choose confinement and regulations to real freedom? It’s addiction to self-pleasure. But what did I say to real freedom followers, fighters for the faith? “In the world ye shall have tribulation”. So if you aren’t having that, aren’t having “tribulation” but things seem very calm and relaxing, and easy to get along with, are you still fighting for the faith and freedom of others any longer?

Those who are truly free either fought for it, or are in the middle of a battle now—battling the ways their sneaky self tries to trap them into do things that are only for their own (dis)-comfort, for it will never prove to be always and only comfortable.

Is it hard to pull up camp and pack up your tent, say goodbye and move on? Yep. But that’s what living really is: a constant moving; a constant changing. It’s a “never stand still for too long” experience.

Why?

Because you’ll get bitten. Just like some places have bugs and flies and scorpions and such if you stay living there for too long, and all the critters move in around you too, so is it in this world. If you start to solidify, the creepers will start to close in on you to get a piece of what you’ve got. You have to keep on the move spiritually, and often physically too, never planning to be somewhere always and only, and for the rest of your life. Be a moving target. Make yourself uncomfortable. For that will bring the best results.

Do you own the land? No. Even if you buy it, it will be taken from you. As My Word says I’m giving it to others, to “the meek” that will inherit it. Of course, you can be kings and princes,

and queens and princesses over the people of the land and have charge over it, if I give it to you one day as “the saints possess the land”. But the actual soil is for those who I allow to dwell there.

So, should you give big money to stake your unsolid claim on a piece of soil now? If I lead you to, then that’s what you should do. But knowing the nature of a moving God, you still should realise that just a bought piece of land won’t ensure you an entirely predictable future controlled by you. Money can’t buy you your life and paint the picture of what is going to happen next. Only I can say what happens next.

Let me take off the clothing that you have on now. I want you feel free at last. And step into My changing chambers where you’ll be fitted out in appropriate clothing for the great outdoors.

(Later:)

Do you want Me, or do you want your walls? I melt through the walls. I am fire and I am life. I am a life detector too. I know you are in there, walled up in your thoughts and hopes and dreams, and I don’t just stand at the door and knock, but I create a doorway. I melt the wall with My heat and embrace you. You didn’t really want to stay all alone in there, with only your hopes to keep you company, did you?

If you could give up your wishes and have Me embracing you, isn’t that what you’d rather?

I know you would. So I hold you. And then I shake! I shake the rest of the remains of your former walls down. It’s easy to follow Me now. Nothing is stopping you, not even your desires. I hold you and warm you. The sky alone is our covering, the wind your covering, your Lord your wall and defence.