

15-NOV-2020_songlettes

(A time of healing in a vision and message.)

(Angel speaking:) We are each sitting with our backs against a tree down by the river—the river that flows through paradise. I have a musical instrument and am playing it, while you look at the flowing water, just absorbing the beauty of the various heavenly sounds.

Then we sing a sort of echo type of song. I start off with a line, and then you sing it out after me; while doing so I am starting the next line of the song, and so forth. We have fun doing this for a while, before you stretch out on the ground and gaze up at the tree's magnificent structure.

I keep singing and making music, and it's lifting your spirit into a different realm. A place where darkness and doubts, fears and worry cannot touch you. Up and up you go.

Then you open your eyes. You are still here, but your spirit has been lightened and transformed so that you can better partake of the delights of paradise. You see things with new eyes, and love the new way that you feel.

And I'm loving the new way that you look. A radiant glow of paradise is all over you. This is my reward, to see you shining and appearing more like the Son of God, more like His Spirit of love and beauty. I really wanted it. It's an attractant of the highest kind—this glow of God's Spirit that shines out of a soul that has touched the Almighty.

I take you up to sit in the tree, and we continue with our concert, our time of singing praises. A few birds come to sit on the branches and sing a heavenly melody along with us. These are tunes that only the redeemed can sing. There are melodies that only those with heavenly talent can sing; tunes only certain voices can carry. And you and I are some of the blessed. We can sing this song.

"Come, blessed of the Lord; Sweetheart of His chambers. For He has redeemed with His blood, and you are His," I say as we light off the branch and fly away.

"Where are we going?" you wonder.

"You'll just have to see," I reply.