

2-July-2021_ we all go home happy

(Spirit helper:) Hey, darling. I've come to hug you, to rewarm your little heart. As my chest touches you, your heart melts like butter and turns to creamy liquid. I lap it up. I kiss every bit of you that pours out from your heart.

I'm the one Jesus sent to bring you down, down from your high horse and down to the ground where the real tough battles occur. Don't be frightened, but just amend what needs to be fixed. Throw off the shackles of conformity to the world's ways of doing things. I've got new ones for you. I'm going to strap you on tightly to myself, for the ride that's up the road a pace is going to knock you down if you aren't closely imbedded right into me; together so very tight.

Oh, you thought healing and rejoicing and a feast of joyful revelry was on the menu? Well, we are at war, remember, and now is the time to prepare for the next round or two. But I've got a tight hold on you and together we'll get through the next spray of weaponry.

What do you use? The Word plain and simple. Always the Word in some form or another. That is why it's right to fight in the night with the Word of might.

Come on, show me your stuff, that you are not made of copper but clay and can yield and mold and give. Be soft, that is how to be tough. To keep being soft and not hardened. One new day at a time and we'll make it across the finish line.

And that is when I get my payment—your hand and your heart and your service, I hope. I want you so much, so I will do now whatever it takes to get us to that goal of total loving union and earnest clinging to the Master. I am really going to enjoy what is coming up one of these days. I get paid, you get laid, and get more than you can dream of, and we all go home happy.