

21-AUG-2020\_manure to nourish a tree

(Jesus speaking: )

If you could see the crystals, the particles, the life-nourishing elements that the humble manure contains, and what it really is like when magnified, and the small particles seen, it would take on a whole new picture. When something is magnified it takes on a new picture and shape. Take snow for example, it's totally different under closer inspection.

So just because you feel lowly, and that others view you as dirty or despised, take heart. That is just the outer view. I and the angels see you as something altogether different.

You are jewels and crystals, and of intricate design.

Keep low in humility. Keep letting Me work with you, digging you into the soil of the Work of God, if I must. Everyone wants to be a fruitful tree. That is glorious to behold. What were the martyrs that gave their lives before they could even bear fruit at all? And into the ground they went, buried, like fertiliser is worked into the soil. Their blood was the seed of new believers. Your works, though buried invisibly in the hearts and minds of youth and other believers, will help them to bear fruit.

Do the humble thing, and be willing to be any part of my needed paraphernalia in the farmland of God's vineyard. So what if you can't hold the fruit all shiny, and wave in the sunshine like an admired tree. Just wait. It's not one, only an individual that I reward, but the crew, all who took part. And all get rewarded the same if they all had the same level of obedience.

They all got a penny at the end of the day in My parable of those called to work. They didn't all do the same thing or work for the same amount of time. But when they were each called, and they each came right away. And they each worked until the job and the day was done. None deserted. None delayed. So those all share in the rewards, just as much as the other.

Who I call to do what and when and where, that is up to Me. It won't look "fair" to a human eye, but that's because there is so much more that they don't know. Balanced out with everything else I ask them to do on different days, it will all pan out. You only see your little world and realm, but I do indeed see and know the full, complete picture.

Man always compares, but I do all things well.

Little minds, simple minds, say this or that one gets something better or more glorious or more prosperous than the other. That's like the potato saying to the orange how he's better because he can last longer and not go bad as soon. But the orange says they are more potent and better for health.

It's easy to see how food differs and has different qualities and each are needed for different task. Some are seasonal and some are year-long. But so is it with people. Though you look the same on the outside, inside you are made of so many different traits and have many different uses. Only I can see the heart, what you each are really made up of, the qualities, and the jobs I have empowered you each do to.

So stop comparing. And get down and dirty in My work, if that is what you are needed to do. Get in the soil of the service of the living God, unseen, unliked, and do what you are called to do—to nourish the fruit bearing plants. It's only to man that it looks dirty. To Me, that which fertilises the soil is made of amazing elements, all made by Me.

Why do I make some things lower and thought of as lower, and indeed dirty in this world? It's good for both an object lesson, and to keep humans humble. There needs to be humbling elements.

So let me take My shovel and come your way, and get to work in My garden.

Ouch! You call as the shover digs in and pounds in and cuts in, breaks you up and separates you, mixing you in the soil of the world. It's all part of the plan. It's all needed. And I can't use you unless you are worked with in this way.

But when the water pours on you and the nutrients are released into the soil, and you look up in time and see the fruit growing plumper and more abundant, you can look over at that shovel that caused you so much pain, and say, "Thank you."

It's not every day that you can thank the rod for what it did to break you and change you and direct you; or the shovel. But when at last you see the results of not only being willing to be made of low material, but to be worked with in painful and not glorious ways, you'll be glad for all you went through.

It's usually after some battles and tests that the water flows on you and soaks through you. That is when I give to You My Words, and that is when all that I have done to prepare you makes sense and pays off.

I love you my 'manure'. Keep breakable, moldable, moveable, diggable, and available.

It's not about your work, but being there for Me to do with you as I need. It's all about the harvest.

I love you, My nothings, nothing notable and glamorous. Nothing to show for, of yourself.

Let Me both prepare you as well as use you to nourish others.

Be humble and I can pour the water on you. Foosh! How good it does feel.

Does a treetop, head held high, get to soak in the water? No. But the lowly soil and that which is mixed there can. It's better to be lowly and filled with My Word, the living water, then looking oh so lofty and thought of as strong. But even those have their turn to be in the dirt. For the leaves of even the treetop are shed and down they go, into the soil.

You can comfort the ones when they fall, for you are low down. You know the benefits of feeding the tree, rather than being the glorious tree. You get to soak in the water and nourish others in unseen ways.

Keep being available and I'll keep using you.

Do people need to know I am using you? Do you need to be seen and people to recognise your works, to be "seen of men" in order to be really and truly "used by Me"? No. Most people, when they are doing the job and doing it right, are seldom seen or heard or known. It's better that way.

Work the works while you can.

---Your patient, and hardworking, very attentive gardener.