

23-MAR-2021_Pain is gain in My eyes

(See intro message in file: 22-MAR-2021_drink down the hard bits)

(Angelic message continues:)

Let's talk about the next one.

You fear, terribly fear, getting hurt. You feel so alone. It's like you are alone being hurt and there is none on earth to protect you. You lash out with angry words if someone dares to hurt you, physically. And so does your son, mind you. I'm not saying there is a relation to this...heh. I'm not hinting you need to work on it before he can make forward progress... or am I?

Get it?

It's a human reaction, and you can now see why he acts this way.

Why, darling, are you so alone feeling, like there is none to help? When all we do, day and night, is that very thing. We live to protect you. We guard you I should say viciously, and vigilantly.

Oh, because you don't have humans that you feel care and have hurt you? You can't think of a soul that only wished for your comfort. The ones closest to you are the ones that cause you the most pain in some way. I know. But that's so you will lean fully on Jesus, who went the distance with every pain that is possible for a human being to feel—in mind, body, in heart and soul. And He's still going through the "transition" pains of birthing this thing called "Earth" to set its souls free.

When a pain gets through, look up, don't lash out, dramatically, like a cat trapped in an ally way with a hungry dog barking its way in. It has happened for a reason. Give up the "self protection" and totally yield to Jesus. If He wants you to experience pain, for whatever reason—and He has the right to do so—then surrender to it. Don't hold so tightly to protecting yourself from anything and everything that might give you the slightest discomfort, or you'll miss so many things.

What if the apostle Paul refused to do anything that got him hurt? Did he? No, because he wanted to "win Christ" as he put it. (Philippians 3:8) It was pain for gain. What if your mother didn't want the pain of childbirth? You wouldn't have been born. What if your dad hadn't worked and worked, even if it cost him sleep loss, headaches and all? So many missionary children wouldn't have been raised right, in loving Christian homes.

With pain comes gain.

Let it go. Let yourself get hurt, if it is when doing what Jesus asked you to do. Yes, it's used to steer you to doing the right thing, and used as a punishment. But that's not all. Pain isn't just to stop you from doing this or that, but to strengthen you as well.

So when you flare up with a "how dare you touch my precious self—you trespasser" when it was just a mistake, that means you care a bit too much about yourself. You are into "saving your life" rather than saying to Jesus, "It's all up for grabs, have every part of me, in whatever condition You want it."

To surrender to being hurt, even time and again while in the line of duty, is deep humility, and it comes at a great cost. But costly gifts gain in value when given to Jesus.

Say you let Him use you in a way that gets you or someone you love broken down in health. Was it wrong? Or was it a "loved not their lives unto the death" sort of mentality? You can't just have a posh life and then "bing!" suddenly you die for the Lord and get that glorious crown. No, you have to be willing to go through any level of giving up yourself to pain and suffering, until you are a hair line away from death. And those levels of giving yourself, your very body, are far more of a cost than suddenly dying for Jesus.

(Jesus speaking:) Think again of Paul and all the near deaths I allowed him to go through. He just kept going, and didn't hold it against Me. He got his "lashes" in this life, and a crown in the next. He held nothing back from Me,

not his body, not his time, not his freedom, not his friends and who he worked with or said good bye to, not his possessions. He was an example of truly giving all.

And who did he hold up as his heroes? The prophets who went on before him, and all they endured. He could think of anyone who had suffered, and it would give him courage that he hadn't gone through as much as they. That's what "Fox's book of Martyrs" did, it gave people the faith that they too could endure.

So darling, can you give Me your body? Not just for pleasure, but for pain to help you learn deep things? Just as I did? Will you accept the gift of pain when it graces your well-kept frame? When a rock hits your vase and smashes it and you cry out "look out what you are doing—I'll fall to pieces", can you rather be glad that I can then make a better vessel out of you?

That's what you are here to learn, besides to love and to learn of Me—to learn through sufferings. I know it's one of the vaults you have guarded the most fiercely. Not a soul was to touch the temple of pain. The guards, the fierce guards are at the door. But that needs to change if you wish to be fully used, and fully filled by My spirit. You can't have "no go" zones.

Will you allow Me entrance to that gold-plated door that leads to the tools of pain used to reshape a person? It will only be for a time.

I could melt the door down of course and walk in and shake up the place. But it will be more effective if you were to tell the guards to step aside and let Me through, give Me the key, and come on inside with Me. Sit by the fire while I heat up the various instruments that will be used to shape and to carve lovely designs on you.

I don't want there to be this strong box, this vault in your soul that no one can touch or you explode. There are others, but I'm bringing this to light these days. Because once this land or area is conquered and the fear is gone, you'll be at so much more peace. It's the fear that needs to go.

Let yourself go into My hands and let Me use whatever tools are needed to reshape you. Okay?

Remember when I asked you to take the humble way of letting the tool of love be used? It has helped you much. You let go. I don't want fear to control you and make you so uptight. The pain won't be as bad as constantly fearing you will get hurt. That's actually hurting you.

Give all to Me. Allow yourself to get hurt sometimes, or to do things that risk you being so. Let the guard dogs go. Fling open the door to this well guarded place and let Me use this room anytime I see fit, using whatever tools or implements will make you the most useful.

Why should I see you limping around, when I can operate and remove something quickly?

Yes, pain has a way of moving you along quickly. To where? To the healing station. You can't get there unless you are worked on first. Yes, I prod. I prick. I gouge out the evil that has worked its way into a soul. Yes, I lash. Yes I stripe and strike. And the souls that allow Me to do as I wish, when I wish, good or bad, hurt or heal, end up being the shiny winners, as I only did that which would make them fast track.

Do you want to hold on to the things that are precious to you—like yourself, primarily—in stead of reaching for the prize?

It's the season of forsaking, remember? Let go of holding on to yourself, your very own body. Let Me do what I will with you, until it's time to release you from the room of "reshaping".

Why do you fear pain of all sorts? It's the thoughts you get that you fear. You don't want to think thoughts of mistrust or lack of love towards Me. You want to only have honey words and rose petal thoughts. But when hurt comes then you fear you might say something nasty and then I'll be displeased and it will taint your image that you want Me to have of you.

You fear something icky you might show up. The dross might show up. And you only want to appear shiny. You also fear not being able to work as well if you have some pain that stops you, and then what? You won't be as applauded in the next life by all you "got done". Ummhmm.

But do I want your works or are they merely a means to an end of "winning you". Do I want your labours or do I want a well-polished you?

I'll boil, and cook your gold hot to see what dross is there, and out it will go. You can't help appearing less than great in My eyes when the heat is turned up. Oh, how it damages your prideful image. And that is just what it is meant to do. To look shameful in My eyes humbles you, but it's to repel the ugliness that is in your soul and nature.

I can see it, and it's just as foul as if it were on the surface being boiled off. It's still a sore in My eyes. But when you are hot and ready for it to be taken away, that is more beautiful to Me than when the scum is hidden below the cold surface of the metal.

So forsake protecting your body, and give Me free reign to do with you as I wish.

And, so what if it means little to no "great things done" while you are being cooked. It wasn't about success, but about giving yourself to Me. And if not being able to do this or that humbles you, then good.

Pain is gain in My eyes, just as it was for Me when I walked the Earth, and so it might be the key to your spiritual progress.