

23-May-2021_Oogles and self-pity

(Spirit helper speaking:) “I am like a bad dream that just don’t go away”.

[Note: Says the one “looking out for my soul” and what I don’t learn here, I’ll still face for learning in the next life. Tough lessons will await. Best learn now what I must.]

(Spirit helper speaking:) The rod of correction will drive it far from your bosom. I don’t wish to share the bed with oogles the thief who steals precious joy right from where I placed it. You can’t have a gold miner and a thief dwelling together. Just like light and dark can’t live together, so can the hinderer of joy exist as well with peace and joy. I won’t tolerate it.

So up to the bed of paradise, stripped and ready for long and hard riding. It’s there that we learn the tough lessons. Loving in a heavenly realm will take you to a place where oogles can’t ride. But when you go back down, you do need to watch your back, for a bare back that carries cares rather than a righteous cross will have their pack added to, and weariness will set in and you’ll be offended, off ended; finished before properly done.

When I see oogles coming around I crack my whip. This is to alert you that something is going on. If your ears don’t hear and make you turn and face him down, and jump high into the sky to be held in the arms of your loving Jesus, then I strike. I strike you down, so that you have to be looking up. If you won’t go up, at least you can be looking up and wishing you were there. Then your “back is covered” by the ground and he can’t add more cares to your sack.

Then I stand over you with whip in hand and command you to rise, and rise up high enough. And then I take you there. But I do wish you would have listened the first time so we could have skipped the messy and painful stage of the protection force.

(What does the whip sound like, so I can be attentive and aware?)

It comes in many ways, as many as the events of the day. The whispers that you are always to be listening to. The messages of prophecy. The ideas that keep you inspired. The voice of the wild wind. The reminders. Always be listening—not to your own thoughts, but to the spirit realm that trains you, that leads you, that directs you. You are not there for yourself. You never have been and shon’t be. You are there as servant of the living God.

Paul was whacked down, back in the dirt, so he’d look up. A murderer he was, but still God could use him. An example of what to do and what not to do was he. Yet if he gave in to the ‘poor me’s’ that would have been his down fall. Sure he was hounded and on death’s list. Even the disciples didn’t want the likes of him around. But he had one goal in mind: Jesus’ will and doing it at all costs.

So what are you complaining about? I’ll whip that wimper out of your soul if you dare to cling to it like a ragged teddy bear that isn’t helping you win a race.

Put down the dummy, and get up and riding. Your hands need to be free to hold the reigns—that’s us—and your mouth needs nothing to block it so we can enter freely with strong words.

Will you grow up? Or do you want to stay in kindergarten with the rebels who have to keep learning how to say “yes sir” and do what they are told? If you are grown, eventually you get to be the teller, and help out a bit, not be one of the toddlers whimpering around, needing something to suck on that does you no good. A false sucker that is.

I've got something that you should be sucking on daily, and it's hot and freely flowing with elixir that heals your wounded heart. Get sucking and you'll grow. Big sucks for big girls. Let's go. I've got more cherry treasure than you can imagine. I'll give you any pure pleasure from the throne of the King that suits your taste buds. There is nothing I will deny you, if only you will leave the soothing yourself fake for the real thing.

How do you stop sucking on the wrong things? Thoughts, always thoughts. Thoughts of you, and what more you can do for yourself. If it's not coming from the throne of God, a directive from Jesus, but something you are chasing after to make yourself feel better from the last bonk you gave yourself through blinding chasing a dream, its only going to keep you in sorrow.

I'll put it more plainly.

You want a family who loves you, cherishes you, thinks your thoughts, does what you are wishing for, and makes life a heaven for you, here and now. And since that isn't the game plan for anyone on this planet, here and now, you are sour. Soured on life on love on happiness. And content to make others feel your woes and want. It's a tool you use to try to make things better. But it's like building a brick house with a fork or spoon. Wrong tools won't do the job.