

7-Aug-2021_love is giving

(Jesus speaking:) Beloved, faith will be tested in the fires. Yes, you must walk through fires to see how you will react. It must not be made all that easy, or it would not be a test.

Tests of faith; and tests of love gain the greatest scoring points for they try you to the limit. You have and are going through these trials of faith—to see if you will hold to My Word and not discard it for something false that seems easier to hold, and shinier to have, but isn't real. And tests of love—to see if you will love though it costs you all you ever thought you held. To lose all your self-ambitions or esteem in the eyes of others, because you believe love is the greatest element ever given to mankind.

Who do I want you to be?

What sort of vessel of love are you to be on earth? Are you living it, no matter who or what tries to stop it?

Give my love, though it costs you everything. I did, and so must you.

And what is love? Giving. Pure and simply put, to love is to give. Are you giving? Are you giving in ways that cost you a heap more than you thought it would? Then that is true love. If something is only making you feel good without any cost whatsoever, there is a chance that pride and rebellion to the true ways of love are mingled in.

If it costs more than you get, then you will be repaid in the next life. Love always costs. No, it's not just about who can make whom feel happy and pleasant, but all loving costs—either those who give it, or those who are allowing the love to be given.

So be not surprised or disheartened by the cost that sometimes comes along with it. This is the sign that true love is being exchanged.

And when the cost comes, and you feel the pain of wishing for something that can't be yours at the time, because a feeling of love has made your heart its home, then turn in to My bosom and let Me fill your heart again and again with words of encouragement. It's a sign that you need Me in the form of My Word. My Word fresh and alive always gives joy and will top you up again and give you stamina to carry love's torch to the end of the line.

Thank You for hearing My Word speaking to you now, for this is as an aid and bandage from the beating of the foul one on your soul, trying to get you to give up the torch of love. He batters and buffets and bullies, saying, *"Isn't it too hard to love? See it makes you cry. Give it up. Put it down. It's better to be heartless and cold than to feel."*

But don't heed these words, for while he speaks these foul taunts, your feet are being bound. See it wasn't just about if you hold or do not hold the torch of love, but if your feet are allowed to keep walking in the ways of your Saviour. While the wicked liar taunts you about the torch you hold, you are distracted and thus a binding of your feet, a halting of your journey forward is going on.

Binding feet is a ploy of the enemy to get you move slowly, if you can move at all.

So what is the goal you are to rather run towards? The goal is reached when love is fully felt and lived by all parties involved. When love is burning so strongly that each care more about others than for themselves.

Keep shining love; keep sharing love; keep allowing the growth of love to take over your own soul. It is not right to be made ashamed of love, and to be taught it is wrong. I would that fervent love reign. Love should be at the core of every disciple. Let fervent love reign and burn. How much love? It's never going to reach the height that I feel, but it's not wrong for love, any kind of love, to grow and burn yet brighter. I want love to take over the world.

The spirit of hate has infected so much of society, and creeps again and again into your midst. Cry out for more love, not less. I want fervent love to burn and shine and be what fuels your work and missions.

Love for a mate? That's not nearly enough in My book. Love for all? That's more like it. I said you were to even love those that hate you. I meant it when I said you are to love—not just those who love you, but all, until all are nurtured by the light of love and all come into full maturity and growth of heart and mind.

See, growth can only occur when love is there. Love is like a door of permission to walk into the next stage, and yet the next stage of life. When a door of love is opened and the air of warmth surrounds a soul, then they have the faith to step into the next stage of learning. If there was no love, they would just shrink back and refuse to walk too many steps in the right direction. Love gives faith that all is for the best, and thus forward progress is made.

That's why I am the embodiment of love—so that I can take you forward and closer to the light, and you will know you can trust Me. For without love you wouldn't have the courage or the will to walk on to the next level of learning.

So has love embraced your life? It's for the good. It means you have reached a new door. Walk through it and learn what this next stage of life has for you.

Love is especially noticed in the lives of those who have given much and been taxed in many ways, and thus are ripe and ready for a dose of love to fall in their way.

So will I allow your love to grow? It would make things so much easier if you were to just let go and love, and not worry about the fallout of such a wave of rejoicing to be present in your life.

Are you to hold back, to tailor things to your personal comfort zone and conformity level that is expected and accepted? We are not going away, and the love will keep battering at your heart's door until it has won and a flood of love fills your inner being.

Let go and let love reign.

I love you. And I am going to love you beyond what you'll ever fully understand. I need you too.

Break down the walls. Let them melt like chocolate, and let the syrup flow out to bring healing on to others.

What shape will your heart be in, if the walls melt? What are you, then, if the walls that shape you are broken down; and not just broken down but the sweet elixir flows out as well?

Do you need to be something that can be held, looked at, examined, analysed, and solid in a certain structure? Am I? Nope. I move. I flow. I too cannot be held and examined by the small minds of mankind.

A rock that was broken and the water miraculously flowed out to bring refreshing and help those many in the wilderness was much more appreciated. What if the rock refused to be broken up to instead become a flowing river, would that have been better? Is a perfectly shaped rock that can be measured, examined, and always staying in its perfect form and shape better? What if I want you to be broken up so that the flow of the river of God's spirit can flow out of your vessel; and your former "you" is something of the past.

Give it up, darling. Just as you can't control your past, for it is out of your grasp, so can you not control your future. So trying to guard the walls of your heart to try to keep in some solid form in the present isn't going to make of you what truly is best.

Let the love flow in, and expand and break your heart, melt your pridey walls, and let the love of God's Spirit use your heart as an urn, as a vessel, as a conduit, as a pipe, as a centre for dispersing the nourishment that others need, and that you also need to feel you are being used for. You benefit from it too.

Let Me hold you while you break. Just melt on Me; melt into Me; be one with Me, and so will I then turn on the tap and out will flow the Words of life; and more than that, the love of Life. It won't be merely words, but love in action. --A vessel that isn't as a container, filled and perfect on a shelf, but a hole-filled urn that is ever under Heaven's tap and pours out continually the love power of the Almighty.

But if you hold back and wish to only be seen in this way or that way, I can still use you. But it will be more like a still clock that moves no more, yet is right twice in a day.

Be like the bamboo that is no more stately, but hewn down, all inner barriers cut out of it, and thus can pipe the waters through it to irrigate the farm. Let Me replace the walls with a flow of water from paradise.

You ask what your walls are?

Self-image, pride, and rebellion to the ways God wants to use you. Give them up, as if they are merely toys or vain images, and instead get something real. Like a child playing with toys who leaves them as their dad wants to take them outdoors to hike up a mountain, and they need their hands and eyes free of the clutter.

How do you give it up?

Stop worrying about the opinions of men; just love—love whoever you are with, in all the greatest ways you can, not fearing what it will cost you later. If it's true giving love, it will cost you pride both as you give, and as you are given unto. But you don't want pride around anyway, right? Wouldn't you rather have love than those silly tools that bind you?

Do you really want to play with shackles? Or would you rather a glass of potent joy to fill your cup? Don't play victim, like you are being bound. I have so much free and full loving that you should be playing with. Let the box open, and let the love of God rule in your heart and mind, and come out through your hands and eyes, mouth, and in every way. True love will not cause unnecessary hurt; but neither will it allow you to be hurt in ways that are foul. (By others or by the enemy, or by your own negative thoughts.)

I want you in pristine condition, so you can love and love and love some more, and you just keep shedding the evil one's claws that are trying to clasp on to you and bring you down.

How much love? How much are you "allowed" to love?

Who made you? So who will you allow to rule your "love allowance"? --Same answer.

Darling. You were made for love, and in love I have given you to others, and so I do so again. Love. Enjoy. And reap the harvest that the sowing of love will bring back into your life. No, I'm not saying it will all be peaches and cream, but a bit of that on a bed of love might be mighty nice. Enjoy the treats of love.

The enemy hates joy more than nearly anything else. Love brings joy, and so "down it must go" (the wicked one declares) with the most dire warnings of all the loss it will bring; all the pain it will inflict.

But I didn't heed those rantings and breathing out of threats. I loved and loved until I hung on a cross for daring to bring joy through the avenue of love, faith, and My Words. Oh, how satan howled when I didn't give a hoot what he tried to use to bring down My means of bringing salvation to you and to all mankind.

And so I implore you, My dear and delicate one: don't listen to the "cost" list. Just love if it too brings healing; love if it too brings joy to the hearts of men; love if it enables more of My Words and thoughts to come into each one of your souls. More of Me means less of the usurper, and that is what you really want.

...But only a while longer now until new horizons come into view, and bring new opportunities for love and rejoicing; no longer bound by the ways of this foul world.

Melt and let it flow; hold not back for pride or fear. Be what you are now called on to be.