

## SECRETS WITH JESUS

(Note from Kaye: ) When asking Jesus about this project gift from Heaven, before receiving it:

(Jesus speaking: ) “You’ll get the most out of it if you sit back and let Me talk. It will clear your channel for new things later on. Sit in the room with Me and let Me tell you a few secrets. It’s like just you and I are in the room. I keep it very personal.”

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Setting:

(Somewhere in Heaven, in the house that hosts authentically set meals and times listening to the Master telling of His life on Earth. It’s like a club or class you sign up for, and attend. This group of people chose to be part of this learning experience. I, though still an Earth dweller, was invited. Here is what I saw and heard in the Spirit.)

### Secrets with Jesus 1—

(Part 1)

Jesus speaking:

“I was very lonely as a child. I suppose you know that. There are many reasons for this, and I’ll talk more about it later. But the loneliness was a special consecration in My bosom, a knowledge that I wasn’t to be just any one in society, to have My drinks, My laughs, and say randomly whatever came to mind. No, I was to be special, for I held a royal place in the Kingdom of God.

“Shall I go on?”

(Everyone nods and is eager.)

“Sometimes the only solace I got from this constant ‘set aside’ condition of the soul that I knew was present, was to talk with the animals, the wild birds, the pigeons who came to be fed, or at times the neighbour’s animals that might wander into our courtyard. They would understand what I was saying, for I had a way of communicating that made sense to them. As the Son of God I could do things like that. It wasn’t a noticeable gift, but one that My Father allowed. They too felt the scourge of the fallen world and wished for things to be at peace—where animals and man could walk in harmony to the tune of their Creator.

“What I didn’t always see was the host of surrounding angels that accompanied Me constantly. I was the most important being on the planet, because I held the keys of life and had the power to transform the fallen state of the world into one of peace and beauty.”

*(Jesus takes a break and has another swig of drink, kisses the servant maid’s hand, and looks into her eyes to say thank you. She blushes and turns away in bashfulness, and puts the jug down again, while His story continues.)*

“Of course, everyone meant so much to the King of all. I knew this, and that is why I was there in the first place. I missed being with My Father and seeing the angels that served while I appeared in this ‘lower than the angels’ state. At the same time I truly did love each and every one so much that I felt My heart would break—which eventually it did, as I gave My life, knowing that many of the ones around that day would not be able to join me in paradise, because they turned away and chose their own belief systems. But that’s for another day.”

*(Jesus sits up and lets a lovely lady sit on one side of Him, and a teen on the other side. He’s hugging them both, and they curl into His embrace. The servant maid, our host for the event, comes with a bucket of water to wash the Masters’ feet. --Not that they need cleaning, but more as a gesture of love. He smiles with a twinkle in His eyes and winks at her. With a racing heart looks down and finishes her loving task.)*

“So was it worth it—all the pain I went through? All the sorrow? All the years of loneliness, knowing I was to remain separate and set apart, in order to complete the mission I came to earth to do? Well, I’ve got all the love I could desire—surrounded by you who love Me so completely....”

*(Then His face takes on a far away look. Everyone bows their head slightly in a moment of prayer and tenderness; they know what He is thinking. For there are many more that He yet yearns for. So many more that He wishes to be part of the feast of love that is available.)*

“Yes, there are others who still need to be brought to know of My loving longing for them. But still I am a happy man. Each one of you are worth all the diamonds and rubies in the world. Please don’t think I am not valuing the fact that you have given all to Me—all your love and life, and endured much tribulation for it. It means all the world to Me, and I will tenderly care for your soul for eternity. It’s just that everyone that My Father created, that is meant to be a part of our happy fellowship is very much engraved in My heart and soul and on My mind too... like an unfinished puzzle.”

*(Jesus sheds a few tears, and everyone moves closer to Him, as if to show their love more for Him, so He will know they would love to, if they could, erase the pain of heart that He yet feels.)*

“I think the meal is ready now,” He says looking up, and happy for something enjoyable to share with everyone there.

A gap is made in the centre and the food is spread out on the mats on the floor. People start eating and smiling and enjoying the fun fellowship with the Master of all ceremonies. At the end, He takes a flat piece of bread and a goblet of wine and performs the special and memorable time of communion with all there. Even though He isn’t going to be leaving them and giving His Earthly life, it’s a time of prayer for those who have yet to join the body of believers, and drink deeply from the well of Salvation, imbibing the New Wine of the Holy Spirit.

It’s a solemn time, and one that each one takes the time, as they get their piece of bread and wine, to tell Jesus personally their thanks for going through all that He did for them and for everyone. They say how much Jesus means to them; what having the gift of salvation meant to them. Verbal gratitude, and hugs and kisses were shown to Him by all, one by one or sometimes two by two. In the end, when all had partaken of the bread and wine, and had shown Jesus their personal gratitude, things started to get a little less organised, because love was spreading and multiplying, and the wine of heaven was taking an effect.

All who partook of the wine of love and freedom just wanted to enjoy the gift of freedom that Heaven grants. Soon everyone was hugging and really showing love to everyone else. They were telling each other how much they really appreciated them and what they had done for Christ, and how much they meant to them personally as well. --For to show love to another is to please God. Jesus sat back looking pleased as this love feast was like the wonderful desert to a pleasant meal, the cherry on the top. Now tears were running down His face again, but this time tears of joy. To see those that love Him showing love in action to others was what He always longed for and prayed so much for. It really thrilled His heart.

When everyone had again settled down, the stories continued.

“We had a little donkey for a while, that’s where I learned how to ride one. It was always a bit shabby and not particularly cooperative—much like many people I had to learn to get along in harmony with anyway. It wouldn’t look Me in the eye, like it knew it wasn’t being the best donkey in the world. But still I’d pat it and feed it its provender and do what was needed in its care.”

*(The meal and dishes were all cleared away, and large carpets and soft mats were placed on the floor for everyone to lie on with long round pillows and such. There was to be a show projected. Everyone looked up to the ceiling and it seemed to roll back to show a special video. It was Jesus and his brothers doing some carpentry and working. It was like a compilation of spots of His life and working.)*

“I didn’t do carpentry nonstop. That’s not all I did. But I did need to grow into that task and learn it well pretty early on in life, as the more we could get done, the more we could support our growing family with growing appetites. But there were hikes and hills to climb. There were meals to cook, and trips to be taken nearby to get the things needed. Farmers to help sow and plow and harvest their crops, neighbours to lend a hand to, and thank when they helped us out. And there was always chores of one sort or the other to carry out. The days were tiring, and the nights often cold, but it was just what I was meant to experience.”

*(The video turned off, and each one turned over on their side or sat up to again look at the Master telling His story.)*

“So what else do you want to hear about? Since I can remember anything and everything, I can tell you just about anything you want to know, if I am meant to say it and it will bear good fruit in your heart and mind.”

*(He looks over to someone who obviously looks as if they have a question. That is the reason He asked this question and gave this chance—so as not to embarrass this one, but to make it seem as if He was opening the door for anyone to ask anything, and that to respond was as if it was in obedience to His invitation, rather than seeming to the others as if the person was interrupting. His thoughtfulness with people is unearthly and surreal.)*

“You look like you have something, sure go ahead.” He says.

*(Through mind transmission, they asked if He had any girls He loved and if it was hard to never have a wife while on Earth.)*

Jesus replied aloud:

“When My mother and brothers and sisters came to see me, you know what I told those who were listening to me—who were sitting in a place that My personal family relations could have likewise been sitting in if they had desired it and weren’t so caught up in the living of life that has a way of taking all one’s time...”

*(Some of the people in the room there hearing this story nod knowingly. It is all too easy to squeeze out the time for doing the best and most important things in life—time taken with the Master.)*

He continues His sentence:

“I said that those who loved me enough to be giving up all that was pulling on them and to be sitting there, doing and wishing to do nothing else, but to sit there and hear the Words I had to say, were a family to Me.

“What I didn’t include in that statement, but all there knew what I was thinking anyway on that score—those who loved to hear the Words of God were like a wife and loved one and personal companion to Me, better than a wife would have been who was close in body but not in spirit, or who didn’t and hunger for God. I would rather be with someone who loved God’s Word—no matter who they were--than with the prettiest girl in the world. What would it do for the Kingdom of God if they bore lots of children, but failed to teach them God’s Word? I had to choose the love of the Truth above personal romance.”

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## **Secrets with Jesus 2—**

(Part 2--The continued answer to the question posed to Jesus, “Was hard to never have a wife while on Earth?”)

Jesus speaking:

“I was requiring many of My disciples to give up the same thing—getting married and having children, either for the rest of their life or temporarily, so that they could learn of Me in the short time we had together. It was better that they were free to go and preach the Gospel without the added worry about a family that would be dependent on them. It’s Godly to care for your own, yet if they made God’s family their’s, the family of believers

their own family and cared for them rather than having their own children at this time, this would be a whole lot better for getting the Gospel out and getting news of salvation spreading.

“My disciples were to, in a way, though it’s hard for English words to say it, be married to the Word of God, to make that take the place in their heart that normally people try to fill with other people. For the Word of God to be as the children they wished they could have, and care for the Words God gave them, and teach it to others, using their finances and strength to pass it on. Their “Bible projects” were their “babies” to tend to. The Word of God was also to be their life-long companion and mate, their constant friend, what they go to for comfort and strength, and what will give them good counsel and right advice.

“I didn’t want people to care more about their physical relationships more than passing on the Word of God that was then being given like never before. Marrying and having relationships had been happening since the beginning of the world, but it wasn’t what was going to change things for the better if that is what held the highest loyalties in people’s life. It wasn’t good enough to just love someone, that person you loved needed to love God and His Word most of all, and they needed to love God and His Word above all as well.

“So, in putting first My ministry of preaching the glad tidings, and telling people the ways of the Kingdom, and forsaking the idea of not only having a personal little family unit to care for but not sticking with My own relatives for that time, was what was needed. It wouldn’t have worked for Me to be like a King that had all He wished for, and just tell His servants to go out and spread the Good News. They needed an example to follow, and that’s what it cost Me—giving up marriage while on Earth.

“Besides, they would have gone through so much and many troubles by those who hated Me, that it would have been very hard to bear. I would instead bear the persecution and threats on My life without endangering the lives of personal family, if I would have had one. Of course, in saying that all who loved and listened to and received the Words I had to say and pass on from God where like family to Me, it also meant—and I knew it—that they would endure trouble, just as a personal family might have, by those angry with My message and who I was.

“It was very hard, so very hard for people to understand that in receiving Me they were receiving God, and thus would find their way into His Kingdom. But God always expects faith, something that takes utter faith and trust in Him; something that makes no sense to a carnal human. You have to step out and reach beyond your carnal and worldly way of viewing things if you want to actually GO beyond—like you all here have done.”

*(With that, Jesus was done speaking for the time being—but of course not for long, for Word is what He is. Everyone took turns come up to thank Him for letting them be there for this special meal and personal chat time. They hugged each other and walked out of the room arm in arm to carry about their celestial existence and tranquil responsibilities.)*

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I describe:

When everyone was gone, all but Jesus, who was reclining there for a reason, the maid servant host, who had washed His feet—that is the one playing the role of a servant for that time, though all like taking turns at this, as the Master taught them—came to clear away the last of the dishes and jugs... Though in actuality they were all taken away already, and she knew it. She wanted to see Jesus one more time, and alone. It was not presumptuous, for had He not called her, in His special way?

She came and knelt down again at His side and placed her hand on His chest. He held her hand and kissed it, bring her in closer to Him. He caressed her hair and made her feel like she was a queen and worth all the gems of all the crowns on earth put together.

A tear or two rolled down her cheeks, for Jesus had a way of making everyone feel His love in the most spectacular ways. As He looked in her eyes they both were, in a way, transported to a place of heavenly splendour. And it was there that this maid servant, who only lived to love and serve Her Master, received a special

reward of some marvellous heart's desire. It was something she had long hoped for and was waiting, in heaven, for the time when she chose to serve one another in love, and to come and kneel at His feet, showing humility and deep love.

The story will not describe her personal wish, for it is just that.

But if you were to do the same, as she did, out of deep and yearning love for the Master of life, the King of the universe, He too can take you for a time of splendid bliss and marvellous realisation of your deepest heart's craving. His love makes any heavenly dream possible—and your love for Him above all, gives you the passage to take the trip to paradise and personal enjoyment with the King of love.

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Now I'll give a glimpse into what her life was like, and what helped the host of the evening find her way to Jesus and Heaven:

Night was falling down in the back alleyways of old Earth. The beggarly woman dragged her feet along the nearly deserted street for what seemed the millionth time, all in hope that there would be something, even a small something left around to eat.

It was always a good time in the summer, because more tourists were around, and being that the food of their region wasn't always to the liking of the visiting men and women, that meant more scraps to be gathered here and there. They didn't know what it was like to be utterly destitute of help, and feel so completely forgotten, and have not a hope in the world but making it through to the next night.

But this night something different was to happen. No longer would she have to struggle in the way she always had for more years than she kept count of.

"Here, this is for you!" a kind gentleman surprised her. Expecting a food hand out, it was instead a small piece of paper showing directions. It had a lovely picture on the front. But knowing she could not read, it was pointless keeping. Besides she thought it was best suited for someone of more worth than her. She handed it back, marked now with a smudge of a finger print. She sported a toothless grin, hoping she didn't have to tell this stranger with the kind eyes and gentle manner the reason. It was enough being despised as she was, without having to further embarrass herself with this nice looking man.

"Would you like me to read this to you, while we sit in the shop over there and enjoy something refreshing to drink?"

The woman who was called "Maggy"—which reminded her of "raggy" each time someone called her, so she preferred to not be called at all for the most part—looked up in disbelief.

"Let's go," the man said and started heading across the deserted road.

Once they had found their seats and a waitress, trying to keep her nose as far away from the odorous first time visitor, asked for their order and was off to get it.

Wasting no time at all the man, called Gregory began to read the little pamphlet. He was sure that as soon Maggy got feeling better in body with a drink and a bite to eat, would head off out of the place promptly, for she most certainly felt terribly uncomfortable around "decent" folks. It was best to read to her now while he had her full attention. Though, admittedly, not full, for her thoughts were filled aplenty with the whole experience.

Taking her hand to in some way capture her thoughts all the more, the chap began to read the simple message of the love of Jesus, and why He had come to Earth, and most of all what He could do for each one that let Him come into their life.

After reading the sort message, while the drinks and snacks were on the table, Gregory told her about a place two blocks down the road that was looking for someone to help with a bit of waitressing. Looking at her very surprised, and almost scared look on her face, Greg hastened to say that it wasn't at all like this place, but very simple, nothing fancy, and in return for her help with clearing away the cups and saucers, she could get a meal each night while listening to someone tell her and others there more about Jesus. If she would like that job, they could walk there now to check it out. No one was there, but the one who was cleaning things up, single handedly—the one who had cooked the food, prepared the Bible lesson, served the food, and now was cleaning it up—after a full day of working elsewhere to raise the funds to pay for the rent and food to minister to the spiritually hungry.

With little better to do than nestle down to a cozy sleep on a doorstep, Maggy decided to walk with this seeming angel to her.

When they reached the bare looking room, it was warm and the low lighting was soft and relaxing. The first thing Maggy did was spot a soft looking, though rather ragged, couch, and all she wanted to do was to lie down and go fast to sleep.

"Tom, this is Maggy," Gregory introduced them both.

Tom looked her up and down and inside and out, looking more in to the heart and eyes it seemed.

Maggy looked down and felt like running far and fast away, she'd never felt so nervous and out of place. Were these guys to even be trusted? They spoke of love, and God, things she knew little about; there was a chance they meant it. Time would tell. Just getting through this moment is what she needed to do now.

Greg broke the silence—since it seemed Maggy really had little to say. What could she say?

"Perhaps we've found the angel that you need, Tom. You work yourself too hard, and there are still so many that need help and encouragement. She would do a wonderful job of lending you a hand. At least she could give it a try, and if she doesn't enjoy it and it doesn't suit your needs, well, nothing is a binding arrangement."

"She'll do," Tom said, looking tenderly with compassion.

"I imagine you are due for a bit of a warm shower, clean set of clothes and warm bowl of soup? Followed by a good night's sleep on a real mattress... am I correct?"

Tears came to the woman's eyes. She nearly fainted, thinking she must be in heaven.

Ding-a-ling! The doorbell jangled while a lady walked in. Tom introduced her to Maggy.

"Maggy, this is my friend Celina, and she'll get you all set up for the night in the neighbouring apartment. I think you'll have all you need there.

"Hi doll, you're in good hands now. Come, I've got just the thing for you. We've been waiting for you all day!"

Maggy was really surprised. How did they know she would come?

She'd find out more later, but the Lord had told them there was someone in the neighbourhood that they were to help in this way on this day. As they listened and obeyed His voice to their hearts, the best plans unfolded.

Maggy proved to be a kind hearted lady, who even learned to read a bit, simple things at least, and was the most faithful student at the evening Bible reading and times of prayer. She had the understanding to encourage just about anyone, as she knew what life was like on the side of the fence where it seemed no one cared or really understood.

A few years later she went to her heavenly home and was greeted by many who showed her the love that she always wanted. They were her new family.

Now, when there was ever the chance, she in her humble Biblical-styled heavenly home, would host “meals with the Master”. It was the best time of her life. She was the maid servant that loved her Master with all her heart and mind and soul.

Does the story end there? It doesn't need to and shouldn't, for all around there are people who need to be introduced to the one that gave His all for them; the one who walked cold and barefoot, who often was hungry, and who came to serve so that others could find in Him the love their heart always wished to experience.

“I'll see you later then, Magdalene,” Jesus said as He escorted her back to her chosen humble dwelling place, just right for her wishes. She couldn't wait until next time came around. In the meantime there were others to help and speak with and encourage. The Master would wish for her to do so. And while caring lovingly for others and making them feel welcome in this new heavenly land, she knew she was doing it for the Master. He knew, He felt it, and loved every bit of love that she transmitted to Him through her deeds of loving care for each one that He loved.

### **Secrets with Jesus 3—**

I enter the simple, earthen house. I see the meal is already spread on a low lying table; it's various dishes of different types of beans, colourful and delightful looking. The host for today greets me.

“John, how pleasant to see you. Thank you for inviting me.” He gives me a warm embrace, looks me in the eyes and says, “I'll be your host for today, and it's a pleasure to have you. Please have a seat wherever you feel comfortable.”

He motions to some wool cushions on woven mats.

“The Master will join us when everyone has arrived,” John says.

He read my mind. Of course I'd want to sit right near to Jesus, but since He's not here yet I don't know where He'll sit, so I will have to just choose based on other considerations.

I choose a seat off in the corner, so when more guests arrive they won't have to go stepping over me. It's a bench that looks like it's made of clay, covered with a long cushion. As I sit down, John lovingly hands me a glass of the water of life, while he proceeds to wash my feet with a bowl he had ready and on hand.

I smile. It's humbling, but is such a loving way to be accepted into a house. I don't feel like I should be waited on by someone so knowledgeable about God's ways as he, but I know the loving thing to do is to just accept the love that is being passed on through him, from the Master Himself, in this loving gesture.

Then John opens a bottle of sparkling and glowing Heavenly oil and pours it in the air all over me. It's not like earthly oil that is sticky and gets on your clothes, but this Heavenly oil anoints my spirit, the way I am, it changes the way I feel. John will do this for everyone that comes, and all will be filled with the same Spirit of God, the Spirit of readiness to hear and receive the special things the Saviour wants to tell us about.

By the time he is done 'greeting me' properly, and gives a kiss of blessing on my head, he then turns to see there are a few others now who have showed up. Warmly he greets them and proceeds to wash their feet, give them a drink each, and pour Heavenly anointing oil all over them. The air in the room almost gets giddy, or electric. We are greatly anticipating the entrance of the King of love Himself. The oil made us hungry for His words, and calmed our other thoughts.

By the time there are about two dozen guests, John offers for people to come up and begin serving themselves some of the food. There are wooden and clay bowls to be used, or even some large leaves to use if one would rather. It's really authentic eating and cuisine.

Once everyone is settled again with their bowls of food, silently, suddenly appearing towards the front of the room, where every one is sure to get a good look, is Jesus Himself. John hands Him a bowl of food as well, and He greets and thanks John with a warm and loving embrace, like seeing a best friend again after a time of parting. He's so enthusiastic about each person He sees; He loves each one.

No one moves and rushes up. They know they will get their chance to be in the arms of Jesus. The calming oil and desire for His Words most of all have made them eager to listen, and to remain seated for the time being.

Jesus begins, to a waiting room of listeners.

"Thank you for inviting Me," He says. Though everyone knows it's really the other way around—Jesus has invited them all to live in His house, in His Kingdom. They smile and give a little chuckle.

Jesus adds, knowing their thoughts, "Still, I appreciate the love you have for Me. I never take it for granted when one of you wish to have Me close by. I love it, and cherish each moment that you love being with Me."

The looks on the faces of those in the room show how much they do indeed love being with Him. They wouldn't wish to be anywhere else in the world but right here, right now.

After offering a praise and prayer of blessing for the meal and their time of fellowship, to the Father of Light, the God of all, Jesus begins to share a few more secrets about His life on Earth.

"Shall I tell you about the time I first did a major job on My thumb, a real whacker? I was using a rock. Primitive, I know, but sometimes you use whatever you have on hand. We had tools of all sorts, but sometimes just a good natural tool works just as well for simple jobs. So I was working with wood, as was My trade when on Earth, and missed what I was aiming at, and knocked Myself a hard blow with the rock directly on My left thumb. Oh, boy, boy, boy that took some recovery. I couldn't work right for a few days at least. So even though I was God's son, I wasn't immune to pain. I guess I couldn't be, or else it couldn't be said that I "suffered for your sins" if I had it all blissfully easy, without pain from start of life to the end.

"When I was pondering my pulsating thumb, really feeling the pain, and being hardly able to think about anything else, what do you think came to mind? My Father helped use these times and these accidents to show Me things I wouldn't have been alerted to on a regular day. I saw a flash of a vision of a nail being driven into a piece of wood, the difference was that there was my hand also there, in between the wood and the nail.

"Ouch!" I almost said aloud. Somehow the picture of the greater pain, that I was being prepared for—the death on the cross for the sins of all people--made the wound now seem much less intense. I got sombre and pensive. It was to be part of my life on Earth, and I knew I would have to go through worse things than a bruised and bleeding thumb.

"I went to soak my thumb in water, and a tear or two ran down my face. I wasn't crying now because of pain, but because I was starting to feel the premonition of the anguish and sorrow that I was yet to endure someday. I didn't linger long on this, as, though I was hurting, I would need to keep doing what I could to help my family. But these glimpses and preparation of the heart, flashes of pictures in my mind, and the readying of the mind and body and soul kept me sober and maturing in character. I had a unique mission on Earth, though no fun, would yield much good on the overall scheme. I wouldn't regret it, if I chose to yield and to do what I was sent to Earth to do."

*(There wasn't a dry eye in the room, for when Jesus talked, He had a way of transmitting the feelings and emotions to the listeners as well. His Words moved each one there, and stirred them to greater love and devotion.)*

"Now on to a happier topic," He led out.

"I had a vineyard, not very big, but it was with great joy that I at last saw the first little grapes begin to form. After tending to the plants for so long and nurturing them, I could hardly express how very happy I was to see the fruit of My labour starting to show forth. Of course I called My mother, and sisters, and a few others. I wanted each



one to share in the joy. They must have wondered why I was just so, overwhelmingly happy, joyous, but again, I think it's because it had something to do with you—My fruit, the fruit of My life; My reason for coming to Earth. Though grapevines grow grapes naturally, so it's not really that big of a deal, but in My heart it was a sign that My life was going to bear fruit, no matter how long it took to nurture the fruit."

*(At that point, some of the girls gathered up around Jesus, kissing His hands and cheeks, and cherishing Him, really happy to be his little grapes, His fruit, and wanting to "abide in Him.")*

"So all those stories I told had something special that they reminded me of or I was well acquainted with. Thank you My beautiful, darling fruit. You are so sweet. Your beautiful shiny faces, clustering around Me, like shiny grapes on a stem! How I love you. Yummy love! Beautiful love. So delightful. You make Me want to hold you. You are so pleasant to Me!" He said kissing each one, and as they went back to sit down, others came up to Him.

I describe:

It was as if it was on cue that they would come to shower their "true vine" (John 15:1) with love—these were some of His good fruit from nurturing them with His Word and love.

When everyone was settled back down again, John brought out nothing less than some large trays filed with the most delicious and luscious grapes, of all colours, for the guests to feast on. Something was special about these grapes. Were they filled with "new wine"? No one expected them to be, but when Jesus is there, you never know what He'll turn into wine, that is what He will fill with a special token of His Spirit. When these grapes were eaten, there was a lot of laughter and joy heard. People were joking and laughing, even getting up and dancing.

Soon John brought in some musicians to play some merry tunes, while the guest of honour, Jesus Himself, stood up to dance with everyone. It must have felt somewhat like that marriage in Cana of Galilee, when Jesus turned the water into wine, for everyone at this "Listening to Jesus" time was up and active in a Heavenly merry way.

The guests were having such a fun time dancing with Jesus and each other, they hardly noticed when Jesus had slipped away from sight. Eventually things calmed down, as the music took on a more relaxing tone, and the guests were swaying from side to side in a line, with their arms around each other. They sang along with the words of the final song; a song of adoration to Jesus, who won them to His side and took them to His Kingdom.

After hugs and a time of thanking John for his kind hospitality, the guests slipped out of the room.

I was the last one, for I didn't want to miss anything. It was all so new and inspirational for me.

John came and sat with me and let me rest my head on his chest, like Jesus had done for him, on the last night before Jesus gave His life. Such brave men they were. I was hoping that I would have the courage to face whatever challenges I would encounter on Earth. It was time to go, and I faded from the scene, with the pictures still part of my thoughts and the joy and emotion in heart.

As I entered my normal life again, I pondered some words that this man, who loved Jesus so much, had told me that day:

John speaking:

"Maybe I got to be there to hold your dearest treasure, in the flesh while I lived on earth, but you get something I never had: a long life on Earth getting to form a relationship with someone you have never met in person. It's very special, you know? Keep resting in the arms of Jesus when trials come, that is to say trust Him and tell Him that you love Him. And know that one day you'll get to feel it for real. No time of trial when you wish you could be held by Jesus, your Darling, will go unrewarded. Though the soft comfort has to wait a bit, at least in the full way you long for, it will come. No wished for hugs are ever missed. He and you can catch up on all the snuggles and tear-drying times you ever wanted. Trust for that. Wait for that."

*(He hugged and kissed me good-bye and off I went, looking forward to the next "Listening to the Master" time in such a special loving setting. I wish I could bring a bit of it back to Earth. Maybe that's why I was allowed to attend, though still actually living on Earth. I hope I do my part to share the love and joy with those I live with.)*

#### **Secrets with Jesus 4—**

I was being summoned. It was time for the next meeting and meal, time to sit and learn of Jesus in the humble home in Heaven that was set up for this special time of class. A very fun class.

"Can you do this for me?" people were asking.

"Oh, and I forgot to take care of that," I thought.

"Maybe I can't go after all, and will have to skip it," I pondered.

I really did want to go, so I made a compromise. I'd go, but after I'd done a bit of this or that first, and hope I'd still make it in time. I shouldn't have. I should have dropped all for the highest and most important appointment of all. At last I did make it.

When I arrived at the meal and talk time gathering this time, it seemed I was late. The room was filled with people kneeling around on the ground, closely clustered with eager eyes, around Jesus while He sat on a chair.

"Perhaps I'll just slip in, unnoticed," I hoped. It's too bad I was so cumbered with the cares of life that I missed being here for the beginning. It never pays to be wasting time on things that don't matter, when Jesus wants to talk. I missed some of the joy."

I realised that it was important to put my time with Him first, or else I'd miss things that were far more important to me.

Jesus looked up, glad to see me come at last.

I loved His eyes. Though sorry to be interrupting, I couldn't help but draw near to Him, give Him a kiss, and cry a tear or two. I was saying I was sorry. He reached up and wiped my tear. The others made room for me to sit for a moment, like a child, on His lap. He held and hugged me and sang a song of welcoming. I felt love, not disdain or sternness.

I politely then moved off and over, so the other could resume their closeness and the story could continue.

Though I didn't hear it all, the beginning part that is, one of the other attendees kindly retold the words of Jesus to me later on, the part I'd missed. So here I will record the full story that was shared on that day.

Jesus had said:

"I was sleeping outside at night, out in the open, as we often had to do, My disciples and I. I looked up and saw several fire flies or lightning bugs zooming around, making a dance in the night. The sight of the moving light and the cheeriness of their dance, seemed to calm Me. I hadn't been feeling well at all, most of the day. Though I was the Son of God I still had to be touched with a bit of this and a bit of that, so that I could know what those on Earth felt like. This helped move me with compassion to heal those who came to Me.

"It's amazing what affect different types of light can have on you. Some makes you feel sleepy, some makes you feel more awake. As I began to relax My body, My throat felt less painful. I took a swig of wine to cleanse My throat and lay down to sleep. There were sounds, of course, of night creatures. These sounds in the night helped me to wake at a good time in the wee hours of the early morning, to pull away for a time of prayer before the next long day started, with plenty of sunlight, little rest, and lots of miracles to pull down from Heaven. That is what would give me the strength for the day, not the little bit more of rest I might try to get.

“As I woke, I saw dear lightning bugs greeting Me, for it was still dark in the morning. I popped another log piece on the fire, so it would be warm for My disciples when they woke, and off I went for My morning time alone, with just My Father and I.

“When the sun rose and the chill was off the air, I was hungry and thirsty, and still pretty achy as well. I walked back to the camp to greet each one of the ones who were with Me ‘in My tribulations’. I hugged them, and we broke bread together around the campfire. I prayed aloud for the day and for each of the men there with Me. They would each face trials and lessons this day; they too would be tired; they might make mistakes and say the wrong thing and need to be corrected, and would need real humility to learn from it, and not to be offended.

“Coming up to us I saw a few women running. They knew that we were fast movers. If they wanted to catch us when we were here they needed to make a move. They were so glad to get to us before we moved on to the town we were to minister to that day. It was a delightful sight to see their kind gifts. Flasks of wine and water, baskets of freshly made bread, a few new coats that had just been sewn.

“The men were happy, both to see the joyful faces of these pretty women who loved taking care of us, and for the supplies as well. We thanked them heartily, and I blessed them before they left. I told them where we would most likely be the following day, in case they wished to meet us there for the evening meal.

“They said we could count on them. They had taken it on to them to see that our needs were met.

“The next day when night fell, I could tell the men were looking around, hoping to see those lovely, caring women again. Besides the rumble of the stomachs, their company was delightful as well.

“Well, we didn’t need to wait for long around the campfire, for they showed up, each bearing a pot of something. One had bread and other goods, another water for washing and drinking, another had warm cooked soup for us to warm up with as we sat there.

“They were rewarded with a special time of stories that night, parables, lessons taught from scriptures that they had heard but didn’t quite understand. They liked to learn right along with the others. This was their reward for their labours of love to see that we had what we needed.”

I realised the point, that time spent listening to Jesus is a blessing, a special privilege, the reason for doing any work at all for Him, so that we can be near to Him. But if He’d rather have our listening ear and eager heart, more than the works and gifts we might want to offer, we should be just as pleased to stop, to listen, to get quiet. It’s His way of thanking us and showing us love in return.

*(When Jesus had finished sharing this story, the meal was then served.)*

“Let’s eat!” Jesus said. He had held off the food until now, for the hungry wish for His Words above all. And He wanted to give me a chance to show up. So kind.

We sat around some round tables, in a few different groups. Each table had flat bread and some kind of broth to dip the bread into. It was very simple, but quite like what they had eaten on that night together, when the women were there to minister to them.

Jesus went to each table and broke a piece of bread and passed it around, one half going this way around the circle, and the other half of the loaf going the other way, from person to person. Each broke some off, and as was the custom, prayed in their heart for each one that was yet to be a part of the body of Christ, part of our fellowship of love, to partake of the Bread of life and take Jesus in. They were praying for many on Earth who yet needed to receive the gift of salvation. He also took a cup, three that He had the host for the night reserve, filled with good tasting, heavenly wine, and let that be sipped from and then passed around, and around the table until it was all sipped up.

Jesus then stood and lifted His arms in praise to the Holy Father, thanking Him for each one that was there, who had made it into the Heavenly Kingdom so far. Everyone followed along, and a great time of standing with arms

raised praising God with all their hearts was enjoyed for quite some time. Then Jesus went around and gave each one a hug, thanking them for their personal relationship with Him that they had chosen to embark on. It was going to be an eternity of experience ahead, and He was thankful for each one who wanted to be close to Him and make Him their life's focus and greatest joy.

Then everyone started hugging everyone, and more snacks of fresh fruits and other delights were brought out, like stewed figs in raisin wine, nuts, and honey with butter to dip bread into. Everyone ended the time laughing and rejoicing.

I was invited to stay longer than usual, for I really had no desire to leave. Even though the guest of honour was now not visible at the closing of the meal, I wanted to make up for time lost. When all was quiet, I was led to a simple back room where I could rest. I had a flutter in my heart. I could almost feel the presence of the Saviour there. I didn't want to hope, but the feeling was getting stronger by the moment. Then to my heart's great delight, Jesus was there at the door. Just what I really wanted. I stood up and walked over. He took my hands in His, and we went over and sat on the hard wooden bed for a time of deep communion.

It's was not long before we were lying down, and He started stroking my hair. I loved the sound of His whispering voice and the secrets He told to me. But they are secrets, so I can't tell them now—even if I wanted to. For I don't remember them now with my Earthly brain. But I know that I slipped way to a sleep, and woke then to find myself far away, back in my room on Earth. But is it really far away? I think not. For only a prayer and desire will take me back where I can 'learn of the Master' once again.

I'm looking forward to it already.

Oh, but I have forgotten to tell you something that I can and shall. When I was waiting in the room, the host of the evening stopped by for a chat. This is when she told me the parts of the story Jesus had told that I had missed. She then told me a bit of her life, and why she loved the Master, what he had done for her. I'll let it be said here in her own words:

"I was one of the children who Jesus took up into His arms and He blessed. Ever since that day, I knew I loved Him more than any on Earth. I was so glad that our mothers took us to see Him. When I grew up and became a mother myself, I learned to be kind and patient too, and I always told them about the time I saw the Saviour. They loved hearing the story again and again.

"Later we helped to house some of the apostles when they were in town, or under persecution. I knew Jesus was special and I wanted to learn all that I could about Him. I got every story I could out of the lips of the ones He personally knew. I didn't care what people said about Him, I listened to the ones that loved Him, rather than the ones who were confused and troubled.

"When it came my time to come home to Heaven, Jesus knew the love I held for Him, and once again He picked me up and held me in His arms. This time He could do more than on Earth. I could fly with Him, and listen for a long time to the stories He wanted to tell—without a crowd pressing on Him. Many others of course wanted to gather, and the children of Heaven ran over to hear Him speaking. And I made sure to welcome them and let them get the best places to sit—right on His lap and beside Him. I knew that would make Him happy. It was my way to thank Him for welcoming me when I came to Him. Children are important to Him, and it's important to Him that we treat them each with the care that He wishes to give them."

She ended and I thanked her for sharing her story. Off she went to pick up from the meal. I know Jesus met her out there, to thank her for making this opportunity for people to come and get to know Him better. She must have been very happy to receive His personal hug and thanks, for I do believe I heard her singing after that. Shortly afterwards is when Jesus was at my door, and the rest I have written.

She didn't go on telling me of all the other things she does for Jesus now, but I seemed to get the impression that she holds special times like this also for children to come and be with Jesus. She is a great cook, and loves to see

children enjoying time with the Master. They still have to choose to be with Him or not, and how much they would like personal interaction, even in Heaven. He doesn't push His friendship and interaction on people, but waits, just as now, for us to invite Him into our heart, into our schedule, into our thoughts. If we really want to be with Him, He'll be there, and will love it.

Those who made time to be alone with Jesus, or together with others to love and praise Jesus, have very special times up there, for He especially blesses those who gave to Him something very precious—something only those on Earth could give: time. To give the gift of time to another is a costly and special gift. Jesus knows what time costs. If anyone knew what “a short time” meant, it was Him. He had to do it all, all that He came to Earth to do, in a few short years. But He did it, by first making time to get alone with His Father and to commit His time and future to the will of God. Then everything else fell into place.

Ah, the joys now that come to those who have found their rest in the Heavens, because they took time alone with Him while on Earth. Great is their joy now. He makes sure that their time together, in person, face to face, is very special.

### **Secrets with Jesus 5—**

Night had fallen, on the world that is. I readied myself for my trip into the realm of the Spirit, for that is where I could meet with loved ones of Jesus, and get to attend something that wasn't available to any, here on Earth—unless they too chose to take the trip into the realm of Heaven, and put aside the cares of this life for a bit.

I fell asleep waiting. I would be summoned at the right time.

It was dark when I awoke, and I spent the first part just dwelling in the presence of the Lord, praising Him, thinking about the past trips I took to this special meeting place, and hearing His fresh and wonderful words to me personally. By the time I was ready to lift off and enter this special place I could hear the birds singing their morning melody, and the sun was nearly up.

“I'm glad you've come—and early, before doing anything else in the day,” I was greeted at the door, surprisingly by Jesus Himself.

“Come,” He said. Gently tugging my hand to sit with Him over on the bench couch towards the back of the room. The window behind us showed the lovely light of morning light. This place was set up to have all such things—it could appear to have the lighting and everything that a house He had grown up in might have had. Maybe it was a bit fancier, and certainly a whole lot cleaner—as in the absence of dirt—than the house He'd actually lived in, but it was just right for these special get togethers.

We sat there in the early light of the morning, holding hands, while we talked and communed. We were alone. I had come early. No more tardiness for this special appointment. He was rewarding Me for it. When we had talked deeply and intimately for a good while, He gave me a kiss on the forehead, and a smiling look into my eyes. It was His way to show His joy because I was there with Him. It's almost like I didn't skip a beat, for the last time that I was here I was going to sleep, with Him holding me reassuringly. Now it was morning and we were talking. Had I really gone to earth and done all that I had done? I was glad it seemed I didn't miss out on anything.

I looked over and saw a few people at the door beginning to enter. Jesus rose to greet them heartily. I love seeing the enthusiastic love He shows. He's never cool towards people, taking their presence for granted. He always does what a person might consider humble. That's His nature.

After those few were seated, the next batch arrived. It seems they liked to travel in teams of a few. Maybe it was their time to walk or fly together and talk about things, a little time of fellowship they had before, and maybe afterwards. I was just about the only one that would come alone—after all, I wasn't living in the neighbourhood.

It was always a bit of a surprise who the host was going to be that day. Since no one seemed to be leading it on this day, everyone sat ready and eager to listen. At first they wondered where Jesus had gone, as He was there greeting them, but then had seemed to vanish again. Oh, well, they were used to it, and knew that good things were to come.

Gasps were heard when some of the guest saw who just entered the room, coming from one of the back rooms.

The host had entered, dressed only in a girded loin cloth and towel, a bowl of water, and a big smile on His face.

It was Jesus! And yes, He was going to wash each and everyone's feet, while He told the stories today. So He was the host for today! A servant of all, showing such loving humility. The feeling is truly Heavenly.

As He went around to each one, tears were on people's faces. The feeling of being deeply touched by the love of Jesus in this simple and humble display makes one weep. It's something you'll understand more one day, that the God who can make a world, a universe, and a soul—countless of them, would show you, just one, His love like a servant, just because He really wants you to know that He really does love you.

There were no dry eyes that day. Everyone listened while He spoke, going from person to person, or some he had come up to the front to sit on His chair while He washed their feet with water fresh from the throne of God. This water was piped into this place, and flowed down a pipe, as if it was rain water, yet it was from the River of Life, directly from God's throne.

"So you'd like to know what I do for fun around here?" Jesus said after awhile. What He'd been talking about so far was more on the counsel or lesson side of things, teaching, like He did with His disciples when on Earth, not so much stories from His life. It was as deep time of sharing. And now, He was lightening things up a bit, when He'd made the rounds to about half the people.

Smiles and nods were seen, and Jesus began to speak:

"Well, as you can see, 'going house to house' as the early disciples did in their mission of preaching the Gospel, is something I enjoy. And that's why I am here today. I always did like the less formal gatherings, because that is when people have given themselves permission to just be themselves. If they are around people they know and love they can be more relaxed. Then they are more ready to receive advice and give hugs, and be like a family. In a formal setting, like many still use on Earth today, it's harder for people to let much into their hearts; it won't be an experience that really changes them much. They are programmed to be a certain way, behave in one way, and keep a schedule. This makes them closed up. Whereas in a less formal, more friendly and relaxed, family setting, it's more unpredictable. People are people, and they act new ways. You never know just what someone might think or the way they might react. This means it's a setting where people are more vulnerable—to hurt and also to healing. So if everyone relaxes, yet has love in their thoughts and mind and words, it's a wonderful setting for My Spirit to come in and teach them new things. I prefer the 'house to house' approach when it comes to people getting to know Me more, and people teaching others about Me."

Jesus could tell from the looks on the faces around Him they were eager for a story of a house visit He did while on Earth. They wanted to get a better glimpse of what it was like for Him in His ministry.

"The home in Bethany was a favourite for Me, of course." Everyone remembered it the house of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary.

"I think what I most liked was their love for Me, their belief in Me. That meant I could relax. I didn't have to always be defending that what I was doing and saying was right. I wasn't in a battle nearly, just to speak or to heal someone. Their hunger for what I had to give, and their total acceptance and belief in Me made it so pleasant to be there.

Of course in every household there are some sceptics, and there were the 'friends' of these ones in Bethany that came and snooped around plenty, checking out what was going on, and helping themselves to the meal. But I just

ignored them and focused on the hungry. I didn't let the "help themselves" noseys take away the Bread of Life--the time of sharing and feeding the family. And later on, thankfully, even some of them believed on Me too, after seeing Lazarus rise from the dead.

If I had only come when he was sick, many of these others wouldn't have been at the house. They had gathered for the time of mourning, to comfort the family. That's why they were there. So it was good that I waited, for then many more were able to come to a saving knowledge of the truth."

*(Each time Jesus spoke, it was as if in response to an unspoken, yet thought question. I couldn't always hear the questions in people's minds, but He could, and would respond aloud with the answers, or additions to the stories.)*

"How did it feel, when Lazarus was dead—if I knew he was going to rise again? Did I have perfect peace and no feelings of grief and loss? Well, I was tempted or tried and tested in all types of trials of life. So it was part of My Earth course, My lesson learning, to feel the sorrow of a friend that died, since that is what so many people have to feel and go through. And it was one more reason to die for the world's sin, so that death could die in the end. In the end, death itself is going to get the boot. The sorrow of loved ones being gone forever is something that I did away with on the cross. Though there still is pain now on Earth, it won't be long now until everyone who loves Me will all be reunited again. And those who don't, well, they'll get some more chances for a pace more, until they know what is good for them.

"So feeling those deep feelings of loss, a wave of deep human sorrow for awhile helped spur me on when it was My time to 'take up My cross'. It was the sorrow of the death of loved ones that was also going to be done away with due to My sacrifice. Lots of joys, so many joys, would be ushered in because I gave up the life I had, so that you and everyone could live forever—those who wanted Heavenly joy, not fleeting pride and earthly pleasure."

People nodded. This man, this Son of God, really did understand what it felt like to be human. He went through it all. And the things that He didn't personally go through, it was easily simulated and given to Him to understand. Maybe He hadn't been a cripple for 38 years, but he could look at one and know the feelings and empathise, because He was there. It was an understanding of the Spirit that was given to Him.

One of the ladies there in the group had a child who passed away, shortly before she too left the world. To know that Jesus knew the deep agony and anguish that she had gone through made her love Him all the more. Jesus looked over at her, and their eyes met for a moment. What was communicated in that instant, we don't know. It was highly personal, and very emotion stirring, for she nearly flew out of the room, bawling big tears, as she didn't want to disturb things. They weren't tears of sorrow but she was just so shocked and deeply touched and moved with utter joy. Something touched her so emphatically when Jesus merely looked at her.

What He'd said was something about how important her child was to be to Him, the high rank in the Heavens that he was to hold, because they had given their lives for Him. I began to understand now that it wasn't a natural cause that had taken the child, nor her. But they were believers perhaps in a place where it wasn't allowed to trust in Jesus and to love Him and His Word.

For any mother, to know that their children were going to be honoured by the Lord Himself, was about the biggest reward they could hope for.

In a moment later, this mother and her son were walking back in together. The boy looked more like a young adult than a child—I guess He'd grown fast here in the Heavens, or had big work to do or something. They both were beaming with smiles, arm in arm. Everyone in the room cheered, celebrating the joys that Heaven can give to those who put their full trust and faith in Jesus.

The young man was wearing a symbol of honour on his arm, and this declared to all that he was chosen to be part of the special forces of Heaven, one who was to be sent down on missions to defeat the forces of darkness that were taking over large parts of the world. He and the team he was with, that would be led by Jesus in special rescue missions, would claim as many souls as they could out of the clutches of darkness.

From that moment on, the meeting and fellowship turned into a celebration. Jesus had known it all along—a surprise party it was to be. But no one would have guessed it.

The boy and his mother were set on seats at the front of the room, and out came, served by Jesus of course, the fanciest treats to nibble on that they ever did see. No more “old world” foods for today, but what He’d always wished that He could have given His faithful ones back down on Earth.

Drinks were poured; ladies started doing some sort of cheer leading dancing, cheering the young warrior of Jesus on, who would be sent on his first mission very soon—after some men’s preparatory meetings and briefings that he would attend, led by Jesus, His commander.

A bouquet of flowers was spontaneously brought in by one of the ladies and given to the mother, and pats on the back were given by the men to the young man, who was glowing with joy.

“Cheers!” Jesus the host said, and led in each one lifting up their glasses. “To new souls—and new friends and mates!”

“Hip, hip, Hallelujah!” everyone replied.

Then the young man knelt down, knowing he could do nothing without God’s help, and asked in prayer to be able to be the best warrior that he could be, and that as a result of being sent on these missions and being called to join the rank of Heavenly fighters, many more would come into Jesus’ arms.

When the prayer was ended, Jesus said, “I’ll meet you at the briefing. Go and have some fun now with your mom. Celebrate how you like, and tell your friends house to house, to keep you in their prayers, and I will do the seemingly impossible through you.”

The two of them left, joyfully, and soon others followed as well, for when one leaves, the team of them who came together, usually went out together as well.

Knowing that it was the host’s job to clean up at the end—not that there was dirt, but it was just the way things were, to be made as “Earth like” as possible here; knowing that Jesus would be lingering, I offered to stay and help. Of course, once everyone was gone, He simply gave a twinkle of the eye and all was back in place, not a speck out of place.

“Now, we have time for a walk together!” He said. I smiled and hugged Him, and we walked in the garden before parting and I was again back in my bed on Earth typing the account of yet another trip to the Heavenly meeting place.

Thinking about it now, since there were 24 classes planned, and 24 attendees, I wonder if it had been my turn to be the host, yet since I was just a visitor, He took the turn for me. So kind. Just like Jesus to do so.

### **Secrets with Jesus 6—**

I was told that today’s get together with the Master was to be in a different location. From the flat roof of the house we usually meet in, I had gotten a view of a portion of the River of Life that flowed not too far away. It looked so lush and green and lovely there. It did look like a perfect place to meet and do something.

So today that is where we were to ‘gather at the river’.

People were already in the water, swimming and splashing around when I got there. It seems they were even re-enacting what it might have been like to be baptized at the river Jordan. Of course this sparkling fresh river didn’t even remotely resemble that river on Earth, that was there as a symbol of the River of Life that was to come. And the emersion in the water was to remind people of the new life that was available to those who believed on Jesus.



I threw my head back and laughed when I saw that it was indeed John the Baptist there, having fun, baptising, yet in a playful way. This water made you so happy and begin to laugh when you got wet. It was a water party, it seemed. Over on the side a lady was spreading out some picnic blankets and snacks, of none else than bread and fish, of course, and a few other herbs to added to the 'sandwiches'.

When people got out of the water they settled around in the places spread out and prepared. I learned later that the woman, who was the hostess of this fellowship gathering was the mother of the boy who had once shared his loaves and fishes. She never made a big deal of who she was; she never talked about it much. I knew her to be one of the humble guests at these fellowship get togethers with Jesus, drinking in His Words just as much as one could. I did wonder who each of them were, each of the attendees, and a bit about their lives. I hoped that in the course of these events, as each one hosted the event I would continue to catch glimpses in to their lives, and learn more about their relationship with the Lord.

Then to set the scene all that much more, walking over the River of Life, came our beloved Saviour. Cheers and joyful exclamations were heard, as they cheered the King of all, the Lord of lords, the reason for their even being here.

When Jesus set foot on the beach and walked up to the meeting area, He held out His hands and blessed each one there. Then in teams of two or three, people rose to greet and embrace Him. Of course each one wished Jesus would come and share their picnic area, but He chose a more impartial spot to sit, on a large rock that was equidistant from everyone. Of course the lady setting these things up already planned for it to be so.

Jesus spent the next while answering questions about His life on Earth, the miracles He did, and why He did them. When the meal was over, and the question and answer event came to a close, the team was sent out two by two, to walk back to the house while having prayer together for souls to be reached all around the world, those who needed to still find their way home. It was clear to all that no matter how lovely a place is, or how much fun is being had, that Jesus, the True Shepherd, could never fully rest when He was keenly aware of the lost and lonely ones who still needed a chance to find Him.

When at last everyone had gathered in the house, Jesus surprised them by talking in His loud and booming voice, from the top of the house, saying, "Come up hither!" This startled just about everyone, except the hostess of course, who knew what was coming next.

Some scurried up the stairs to the roof top, others just floated up and through the ceiling, as could be done when one wished. Others politely waited for their turn up the narrow stairs, and some took a grand leap outside and up to the roof they hoisted themselves. There were a few that went into the kitchen area to help the hostess carry what needed to be brought to the top floor.

With a wave of His hand, Jesus surprised them by placing a covering of starlight overhead. It was a total simulation of a night on Earth, while sleeping atop a flat roof house. There was a small fire built in a very large short clay pot—or so it appeared, though it too was nothing more than a simulation. There was the sound of crickets, the wind, and several other very authentic additives to the special gathering.

As they sat or lay around the fire and looked at the stars, nibbling snacks, Jesus began to say,

" 'Ye shall be as lights', I said to those who I was leaving in charge of taking My message of Salvation to many others. And what were they to do with the light that I put in them? 'Let it shine'. How do you stop a light from shining? You 'put it under a bushel' or cover and smother it. Light that is not covered up can shine very far when all is pitch black and dark. It wouldn't have made much sense to tell them to be a light, if it was going to stay bright and shiny as the noon day all the time. A light is not needed then. But when the night falls, a light is very needed, and most noticed too. If someone wishes to stop a travelling team, one of the fastest ways is to snuff out their light. There are lots of ways for the light of a disciple to be snuffed out, and very easy ways too if they are not careful.

“Staying always in a building for worship, instead of going out to the masses with songs and stories and meaningful ways of worship, is one way to hide a light. And a hidden light will soon run out of oxygen—as you who lived on Earth know.

“A fiery light can be put out if a bucket of water is splashed on it and it’s unprotected. So if followers on Earth are not protected spiritually, a flood of lies can snuff out the truth they are meant to be proclaiming.

“A light can be blown out by the fierce winds of the wrath of man, if the one holding the light gets too close to the words of man and man’s opinions rather than keeping good and close to the source of light. So even if the words of others stop a disciple from shining for a bit, if they keep close to My Word, that is the fire and life of God, they can get easily re-ignited.

“A candle is only as bright and strong as the fuel and oxygen it has. And so are My lights on the world only as bright and dependable as the Word of God that gives them strength, the refreshing in My presence that gives them endurance, and the breath of the Spirit of God that keeps them bright. With this powerful trio they can burn brightly on and on.

“But some people are like the guy that bought an old fashioned oil lantern. ‘Oh good!’ he said, ‘I’ll have light tonight’. He was rather simple and hadn’t had much access to the modern inventions of oil burning lamps, so he went home thinking he had all that he needed.

“He worked on it for hours trying to get it to work, but the light never came on. Maybe there was something he missed? So the following day he went back to the lamp manufacturer and asked for some instructions.

“ ‘Well, you need oil to keep it going; you need a wick to burn; you need air to keep the fire from being smothered; and of course you need something to spark it and get it going.’

“Happy with this advice, and getting the needed items, he had the wonders of light long after the sun had dropped.

“It might be hard to imagine someone who didn’t know how the contraption of an oil lamp of My days on Earth worked, but everyone has a first time to learn things. But what should really surprise you, or dismay you, is that ‘men love darkness rather than light’. And worse than that, there are those who know the light—know the truth—but keep their lamps of truth all tucked away. They have all the knowledge and tools they need to ‘let their light shine’ and show people the pathway of God’s will, but they just couldn’t be bothered. ‘Night is for sleep’ they say, and as soon as things get a wee bit dim, off to bed and rest they go. They don’t realise that there are some who are stumbling in the darkness and need help to find a safe place to be.

“So, ‘let your light shine’, don’t hide it under a bed of sleepy drossiness, seeking only to comfort yourself. Go out and use your light to help lead others to the place of refuge in the arms of the Saviour. I need everyone’s help.”

Jesus concluded his message under the stars in the soft firelight.

Everyone slowly and quietly slipped away, and as they went down the stairs of the house they found out that it was just as light and bright as it always was. The darkness, the stars, was truly just a simulation, but it helped to set the mood for what those on Earth were enduring, not just the physical darkness, but more than that, the greater spiritual darkness that was setting. Each one attending left with a sombre feeling and greater desire to pray and do whatever they could to spur on God’s “lights” that were on Earth. They could pray for the fire of spirit, the conviction and boldness of those on Earth, to speak out the truth.

I nearly thought I was back on Earth, the night time setting on the roof seemed so real. It was what I was used to, being surrounded by darkness, for some time each day. I lay for a while in the arms of Jesus, looking at the stars. The hostess was on His other side, and He was thanking her for the snacks and fun that she had planned for this event.

She reached over and wiped a tear that was rolling down Jesus' cheek. She knew that He was fired up, almost in anguish at times, for all who could, to make it back to the Father's house, and hoping earnestly that the lights, the saved believers on Earth, would 'take up the torch' so to speak and go out in the dark of the World to bring them in.

"I'm going down tonight, you know—to visit somewhere, in person, on Earth. I've got a secret mission. I still visit and help to bring the desperate seekers closer in. We've all gotta do our part; and I never ask My disciples to do what I am not also willing to do, and am doing."

The lady smiled. He was earnest and doing something about it.

We stood up, and after embracing and bidding the lady good night, Jesus faced Me and put His arms around me, "Are you ready? Here we go—each to our stations."

And in that instant I was suddenly back here again, and He, I don't know where He showed up. But there are so many accounts of Jesus appearing face to face with earnest seekers who have no other way to know the truth in their dark land and home. Maybe this was another of those special events that would make a believer out of one of the most unlikely people, in one of the hardest to reach places.

I wish I could have gone with Him, and seen the reaction of those He visited, in visual form. But I've got my mission here to do, in my real seeable and touchable form. So while I still can be a light, I will shine. I know He is still with me, though I can't see Him.

### **Secrets with Jesus 7—**

I sat back on the bench towards the back of the room where the meeting was to take place. I must have been dozing as I woke with a start at the sound of voices entering the room.

"Welcome! Welcome!" the cheery voice was saying.

The hostess was greeting each one warmly and offering a bowl of water for their face and hands, and another for their feet as they came in. Some accepted kindly, others just took their seats to make room for those coming through the doorway, giving others the first chance for special treatment.

Each of these guests had been busy, in a Heavenly way, doing this and that, all filling their part in God's Kingdom work. They weren't just taking it easy, though of course there was no stress, for faith is a strong element in this land of light, in the City of God.

Everyone wondered what today would hold, but they didn't wait for long when they saw three men approaching the door, and one of them was Jesus Christ Himself, the guest of honour. He was the reason they met here today, to hear His Words.

Without keeping them waiting, Jesus just jumped right into the main topic of the day.

"Mealtimes," He started off. "One of the oldest customs around."

"We're going to demonstrate a bit to you today what a typical meal at a typical Galilean household might have been like. I have here two faithful friends who knew Me on Earth and gave their life for me. Just for a bit of fun, we'll act it out."

The setting was made, with all the authentic furnishings, and of course clothing that was typically worn at that time.

The hostess, who today happened to be Mary, sister of Lazarus, knew when her cue was to bring in the rest of the props.

It was funny watching these men acting out in a funny way how to and how not to eat a meal. They showed what was bad manners and considered rude, and then what was proper and good mealtime behaviour. People laughed so much. Jesus could really be funny, if being funny was the best way to teach.

But what could those here in Heaven learn from this charade or skit?

“Well, even here in Heaven, as you know there are many different areas, and many different cultures still exist. Though all have the culture of Heaven permeating all around—the culture of love and kindness, and purity—some like their flavour of living, and are trying to adjust to a new land and a new way. It may take some time until they make too many new changes in some things, as it all is so new for them. If they can have at least a few things that their mind is used to, it helps them make changes in other things that they must.

“Who has gone exploring in the areas where large amounts of new comers have arrived and need beginner level training?”

Nearly everyone raised their hands. It was almost like missionary work here—but without the strain of needing support to do the work. I learned it was considered most brotherly and proper to pay friendly visits to welcome those who arrived in Heaven after stressful and sudden upheavals on Earth. They’d bring food to share with them, sing songs, read stories, play with their children with the animals, show them around different parts of the area they lived in. Those who knew and loved Jesus for most of their life had lots they could tell and share with these new friends.

I, of course hadn’t been to any of those places of welcoming, because I was just a visitor myself. There was much I didn’t know. But what I was learning and experiencing was very enjoyable.

“Did you know the land of Israel wasn’t the only place I have set my feet on?” Jesus said.

This might have been a surprise to some there, but I think most had an idea of what He was talking about.

“When I had My new body and told My disciples to ‘go into all the world and preach the Gospel’ and I said, ‘I will be with you’ it wasn’t just a nice thing to say, that was in a spiritual way. I really meant it. I personally, showed up in disguise, countless times, to My dear own disciples as they went out and around to preach the Gospel to ‘every creature’. I got to eat in nearly every type of setting and culture, along with missionaries of the past until the present day.

“You never really know when I’m going to show up, do you? Even here in Heaven I have rights to do as I wish, just so that I can get a little bit closer to My people, if I’d rather they act more relaxed around Me. I can show them that it was Me later on, but at first it’s nice to just be with them in a casual way some times.

“I know how to keep the most wild customs of lands, if that is what it takes to be there with a disciple and help them reach the lost in some distant juggle place. And I might be only visible to them and not to the others, if that is best.

“It’s pathetic really, what some people have felt compelled to eat, the dregs of the world really. I do wish that with the spread of the Gospel, people can learn to eat a more God-fearing, body-nourishing, and faith-feeding diet. Faith feeding because eating according to the plan laid out gives better health and I bless it. It then strengthens the faith of the one who ate in more clean ways in order to please Me and do as the Bible teaches, because they see the good that comes from faith and obedience.

“You never know just where or when I might drop by for a visit, looking like anything from a beggar and tramp, to a respectable person of high class, or a scarcely clad native. I can look any gender or age if I wish to. I do like to surprise even the angels, and give them a hand. They love to see the reactions that people have with some of the ways I do show up.

“But the best of course, is for those who love Me to show up in all the places they can, to show a sample of Me to people.

“And you should see some of the feasts I throw for those truly selfless ones that have had to eat the most ‘rarities’ I’ll say, things that were never designed to be consumed by humans, yet to get into the friendship of their hosts and to be able to teach the people about Me, they’ve had to eat up. But it might touch them to know that sometimes I was there, in person, eating it along with them, and helping to protect them as well from negative consequences. But when they got up here to Heaven, I laid a feast the like they never knew or dreamed of. Just one meal of terrible cuisine that they endured eating for Me, for the cause of Gospel spreading, might have earned them countless feasts at My table. They were truly repaid.”

“Speaking of which...” He said when rather than the meal being served, the hostess came in and handed bowls out to each one with nothing in them but a Heavenly invitation—to a feast! The best feast they had ever gone to.

The eyes of everyone were opened wide, and hearts were getting excited. They had been surprised, really surprised again. When was it to be? Right now.

Filing in the doorway was a new team of people, coming to pair up with each of the ones attending the meeting. All ladies found a handsome man had come to escort them to where, they didn’t know. It was a surprise in deed. And all men who were attending, including the two that had come to act out the humorous skits, were greeted by a lovely lady, dressed and ready to be ‘taken out to dine’.

A wave of love and thrill swept through, as these ones felt swept off their feet to go on to the special event set up by Jesus.

He whispered, though rather audibly, to the hostess that night, “I’ll take care of the clean up tonight”. She smiled. With a wave of His hand the house was left in impeccable order, and linking his arm around hers He said, ‘Wanna go out to eat?’

A beaming smile was on her face.

“Dear Mary,” I thought. “Always loving the Words of Jesus, who put His Words above food prep and clean up while on Earth. How fitting that when it was her turn to host, she hardly had to do a thing. She would rather be sitting at His feet, listening, anyway.”

“I’ve got two arms,” Jesus said, and Mary didn’t mind. I linked up with Him and Mary, while we were whisked away, Heaven style, to the dining area. Mary wanted a head start before others got there, to do anything that Jesus needed or wanted her to, since she was the hostess for the night.

Jesus settled at the head of a small table, alone, while the other longer tables were set up for the guests. Mary greeted each one and showed them to their places. When all the guests were comfortable and very happy, Jesus led out in a thanksgiving for each one here. He never lost His appreciation for those who gave their all for Him while on Earth. He showed it to them time and again.

Mary and I both lacked a male partner, or ‘date’ for the evening, as we were there for Jesus alone. But now that He was focusing on the whole team, we were finding our seating. Just then I see Jesus motioning for someone to come in, or someones. In walked just who was missing. Before a second past, both Mary and I were being seated by the most gentlemanly souls we’d ever met. I had a feeling they were angels, but had their wings or whatever, on ‘hide’ mode, if that is possible. I was curious as ever to know who each one was in this room. But that would have to wait until another day.

The meal was to begin, and with it the talk from our Saviour, that was called:

“What I did for fun, after hours, as a young lad.”

The title of it was displayed on the wall where we could all see it. It was narrated by Jesus, while it showed clips of His life. He went walking, picking wayside fruit to bring back to His family. He tried to catch birds to be a gift for one of His sisters. He tended to the family animals, when they had some. He sat at the beach side and watched the fishermen bring in their catches, or not.

Jesus said:

“I remember looking at some of these down trodden and weary, over-worked and poor fishermen, thinking how I would love to one day help them catch a whole boat full of fish, if I could make it happen suddenly for them. I imagined how glad they would be. If I could be a super hero and bring solutions to the masses’ problems, and bring surcease to some of the hunger and pain, I would love that. It was in My heart to help. But I had to wait. And it had to be all done according to the plan, in God’s way. And I had to learn that it wasn’t by might or power that I was to do things, but only by God’s Spirit—and only doing things when God was prompting me to.

“I wasn’t to fix things in the natural, to take over the country, to wipe out all the Romans, and to pardon everyone’s debt—at least the monetary ones. But I was to do more, something far more lasting. And for fun, My Father let me get to fill a fisherman’s boat and see His happy reaction, and that of the others. It was a perk. My real job, as hard as it was to say was what I had to say next, depended on Me saying, ‘Now leave it all, and catch men.’ But a guy who could make fish appear out of nowhere was worth investigating. And so began a lifelong, eternity long friendship with that man called, as you know, ‘Simon Peter’, and his dear, humble brother Andrew. Let’s have round of applause. They truly had a tough job, but put Me first above all.”

At that, the two men who had done the skit with Him, stood up and smiled, then sat back down again with their partners for the event.

“Is that why the symbol of the Christians back then became a fish?” I asked, in my mind.

“A symbol of a fish does remind believers to ‘make fishers of men’, and it had other hidden meanings as well,” Jesus answered. “It can remind Christians down there today, to not ‘live by bread alone’ or by food, or for food only, but to give God’s Word and obedience to God’s Word the first preference. For “He that hungers and thirsts after righteousness, will be filled.”

“Amen!” came the hearty response, as the happy diners continued—and finished—their amazing meal.

“I’ll take you back,” my partner for the event said, when the meal was at a close. My angelic guide would escort me. Knowing I first wished to formally say good-bye to Jesus, we went over there. He warmly held Me and said, ‘I’ll be seeing you shortly,’ and gave a wink.

I wasn’t really being separated from Him, just changing scenery. Thus started all the couples to file up and say good-bye and thank you, and shower Him with great love of heart and soul, before going off again to their ministries for the Kingdom.

And the first stop many of them had was to visit some of the newest comers in ‘Welcome-ville’ or so it could be called. They were filled to the brim with the love of Jesus, and were ready to pour out to many others the joy they had in Christ, and the love He gave them to pass on to others.

And so was I—though on the other side of Welcome-ville, making sure to point people in the direction of Heaven.

### **Secrets with Jesus 8—**

I could hear the din of the voices of guests beginning to gather inside the room as I approached the doorway. I won’t say ‘door’ as it was always open with nothing obstructing it at all; just a nice arched doorway.

I peered in. People were greeting each other. “Oh John, good to see you!”

“Sweet Mary, darling, what a joy to be with a lovely soul like you.”

And on went the loving words of one to another, each taking part in the hug-and-love fest that seemed to have spontaneously occurred.

I found out that it was all part of the planning by the dear sweet hostess of the event today. She loved to see the vibrancy that came into the room when great love was shared, and the more the better.

Some music was being played somehow in the background, and this is what brought out the joyful love vibes of each one there. Our hostess for the day wasn't one for formalism and having too sombre of a mood, and was going around serving drinks of Heavenly beverages. There is nothing average about the drinks in “the Kingdom of God”. Even Jesus Christ Himself talked about having a drink with His disciples when they made it to the finish line, and completed their ‘cross carrying’ days and work for the Kingdom. Guys could understand that, for they did need times of relaxation on Earth.

Even here, though the sweat and physical labour part wasn't an element of Heaven, still, the battle in the Spirit of right against wrong, of good against Evil, of trying to win the hearts of people for the Lord was manly work indeed, and took all they had at times, for those active in the battle and ministry. So times of special Heavenly relaxation was just what any angel or son of God needed—and the women liked it too.

Shelena, our lovely hostess was going around surprising people with a kiss and a drink served to them. Everyone was having a loving and happy time.

Then the mood of the music changed, and so did the actions of those attending. The chattering and laughing seemed to simmer down, and soon everyone was seated. On cue it seemed, in walked the tall and Majestic Lord of love Himself. Everyone rose to greet Him, after first bowing in honour to the King as He walked in. When He summoned them, as He would with children, to come, they greeted Him with the hugs they had been sharing around earlier.

He joked a bit and then settled down, as the guest speaker, to begin sharing a few more secrets from His life on Earth—the part most people are familiar with; the part of God Himself that was shown through Jesus. So it's a good place to start. Later lessons can include new and farout sides to His nature, that man can scarcely conceive, so we can get to know Him better and more deeply.

A hush fell, and all eyes were on Him.

Jesus motioned for something to enter.

Much to the surprise of all, in walked, over to His Master, a lamb--a large and grown lamb, nearly as big as a sheep. The lamb walked over and placed his head on the lap of Jesus.

“Do you know who this is?”

Jesus asked.

Well, it looked like any other lamb, and without a name tag, I really hadn't a clue.

“This was the first lamb given in sacrifice; a symbol that I, the Lamb of God would one day come and ‘take away the sins of the world.’ To My bosom it came, right to My green pastures. It gave its life so that one day people would understand the need for Me to give My life.”

Jesus pat the lamb, that looked rather sheepy I'd say, and soon it turned and walked off again, exiting the home.

I had no idea that such a thing was possible. But God really can do whatever He wants. After all, if it was given as a gift to God, so why would He not accept it and take it in to His vast green pastures in the realms of the Living God.

It had a profound effect on the rather joyous team. A sober reminder about what they were there for—to know the heart of Jesus. If a lamb mattered to Him, how much more did a soul, or a baby, or a person that was struggling.

When I saw the tenderness, the honour, that He gave the lamb, the words, “The Lord is My shepherd” took on new meaning. If He felt such care to bring an animal here, how much more did He want each and every human being that was created, to come and feel His love and know His care.

“What do you think of when you think of sheep?” Jesus asked.

“White” “Fluffy” “Peaceful” “Woolly” were some answers.

Jesus then said:

“Do you remember one of the appearances I took on, and John’s description of My hair? –It was as wool. (Rev.1:14) I was once again reminding people that I am the Lamb, the one that took the punishment. I was the final sacrifice. And did you know that on the cross as I breathed My last cry, that was the moment when the evening sacrifice was occurring? The final required lamb giving its life while the Lamb of God was taking away the sins of the world. After that it was no longer required. I had done the job. Only life and more life were to be given. So many symbols to remind people that I would and that I did give My life for your life. In the Old Testament it talks about life for life—or more like death for death. But I really did give Mine so that you could live. I came alive again, so you could live forever.”

“Maybe it’s an interesting thought for you: I have been both the sacrificial Lamb, and the Shepherd that finds the lost sheep. I have felt what it was like to die like a sinner, and I know how wonderful it feels to be the Saviour and able to give you a way out. I have been a man, and am also God. I know what it’s like on all sides of life. I certainly can relate to you and know what you need and are feeling.”

Jesus motioned to Shelena, our hostess, that the meal could be served now, if she liked. In a moment she was passing out bowls of soup and a piece of bread to dip in it. Some others gave her a hand to make it go quickly, so story time could resume as soon as possible. When everyone had a bowl, and had thanked God for their meal and the sweet fellowship they were having, Jesus then spoke.

“I was sitting on the hillside one night, looking up at the stars. I saw in the stars a pattern of a lamb. I could see it in dot-to-dot form. If I had a pencil and could draw it out in the sky it would have looked quite like a sheep. I knew that it was yet another reminder, or whisper to Me about My future mission. I so much wanted to know more. Just what did My life hold? It was rather a mystery for a while for Me. I had so many thoughts and felt the Spirit of God moving in Me, telling me what was right and what was wrong, but all the time I heard ‘wait’. I wasn’t to do anything rashly. I was to just fulfil My calling as a carpenter’s son, then I would be shown what I was to do. Yet, sometimes it was hard to wait. I knew there was more to be a part of My life than woodworking and just getting by in life.

“It was hard to see people struggling, always struggling to have enough to eat, or to have something warm to wear, or to keep their farm and land going so it wouldn’t be taken away to pay off debts. I so wanted everyone to be free, free at last from the chains of the monetary society. That’s why it says it so often in the Bible, not to ‘covet’, to have nothing to do with the wicked side of the money system; to not get greedy, or steal, or try to appear richer than others for pride and vain glory. I hated the way I saw the people short-changing in the market place, especially when it was in the Temple area. I knew that was wrong.

“I could see there were basically two kinds of people—those whose aim was to live in this carnal world thinking like carnal Man and getting as much materially as they could. Even a poor person could have these tendencies, whether they had the money or the means to get any, or not. It’s an attitude of the heart. Then there is another kind of person, one like My mother, and other good people I knew. They loved God and longed to serve Him. They focused on what God wanted to give them, and what they could give back to Him in return. Though not rich in



worldly goods, they seemed to have what they needed to get by, and were much more at peace. They had a trust in their heart.

“‘You cannot serve God and mammon’ I said in one of My talks. It was one or other. But sad to say, money has taken over the better part of the world’s system today, and is in the ruling seat. Everyone is a slave in some way to the scourge of satan disguised as wealth-to-get. I knew early on that I didn’t want anything to do with it. I pulled more and more away from living My life to get more. It was with great gusto that My Father allowed Me to do the Temple cleansing that day in Jerusalem. I had kept My mouth and kept quiet about it for year after year. At last, when the time was right and it would show the right people the right sample of what displeased God, I was let loose to shake up the place.

“It was fairly shocking to those around, until they remembered the scripture that prophesied about it—‘The zeal of Mine House’. See, many things that I did in My adult ministry started as a seed in My heart many years earlier. I was being prepared, but had to wait until the time was right. It’s not like I was blind or deaf or insensitive to the hurts and evils around Me. With a pure heart I had hated the evil and the hypocrisy, but ‘held My peace’ until the time was right. I was good at keeping silent. When I stood then as a ‘sheep before the shearers is dumb’ so I opened not My mouth, as Isaiah says about My time being tried in the court of Pilate, I knew when to keep quiet and when to speak out and take action. It was all about timing and place.

“God not only creates time, but also a schedule that is to be kept, so His plan can come into being. Did you know that? You’ll find that mentioned time and again in the Bible--the timing of things, the length of a King’s reign, people told to do things now, people told a prophecy is not for now and to wait until ‘the time of the end’, and on goes the references to God’s timing when something is to happen. It’s not all random, haphazard, nor in anyway depending on mankind’s whims. God can make something happen at the precise moment it is to happen, and stop anything that He wants to. He’s got His hands on all the strings and pulses, yet still does it with mankind having their own free will and choice, or thinking they do. There is lots, however, that they are blissfully unaware of, thinking they have done something and are in control, when all along it’s been God doing or holding back something. People will have a lot to learn one of these days when all or nearly all is revealed. It will be a mighty ‘widening of the eyes’ I say indeed.”

Jesus concluded His thought.

That gave me plenty to think about, and it was comforting to know that God indeed did have everything under control and was using everything to teach us all kinds of things. Perhaps it’s sometimes like two roads that all lead to the same place. Someone might feel the freedom to choose whichever of the two they’d like to take, but it all led them to where the Pathmaker wanted them to go. And to ensure their staying on either of the paths, the land all along was planted with thickly growing thorns. So even if we think “we can choose”, well, yes, but the way it leads to is to teach us a certain set of lessons that Earth dwellers were send there to learn. One way or the other we will learn what we were put on Earth to learn. That’s not to say there are two ways to Heaven; that is a different story altogether. I’m talking about other choices in life. One way or another, lessons will be learned.

I think I was deep in thought, as I didn’t seem to notice when people were leaving, they did so rather quietly and respectfully. Everyone seemed to be giving each other space to think and ponder as they made their way back. I looked up when Shelena was picking up the bowls and decided to lend her a hand. “Oh, that’s okay,” she said, knowing it was her turn. But still I helped out. I’d like to find out about this fun-loving, yet deep soul that had much more to her than met the eye. She seemed to have been around for a very long time, though appearing as a happy, carefree soul, just enjoying Heaven.

After the dishes were taken care of, she and I sat together by the fireplace. It was there that I got a very small glimpse into her life before and now. I found out that she never had been to Earth before. That is why she wanted to attend these gatherings. She wanted to know more about the “Life of Jesus” when on Earth. It was all very intriguing to her—like how finding out some mysteries on Earth is to the dwellers there. The way things were, so,

so very different than the way the physics and all worked in Heaven, made her very curious. She was a student of Heaven, and had been created with a very curious mind. It was her vacuum for knowing about the Workings of God that helped start up several learning groups.

She said, “We each have so much we can share, and so much we can learn. Those who spend time with Jesus every day have a wealth of knowledge that they can share, and it’s good to give different ones the chance to share what they have learned with others. This is a way to help them remember it better—when they have the chance to teach it or share it in some way.”

I liked that idea, and I could see her role in this realm, as a teacher, or as a teacher inspirer, encouraging others to tell and show what they had learned in life and in their times with the Master. It would help everyone to make faster progress in spiritual maturity and understanding.

I gave her hand a squeeze, thanking her for the evening and for sharing her thoughts, and I was off, back in the realm of Earth, with new things to think about. I do wonder if there will be a time, when on Earth, that I am meant to share with others what I have learned with the Master. I guess I can balance that idea out with what He shared with us about waiting for the right time, and letting God’s Spirit lead, so the best effect can be had when it is time to teach others what has been given to us to pass on, or when it will best help bring some change in our situation.

Lots to think about. And so much more yet to learn. Perhaps in my next time alone with Jesus I can ask Him about some of these things.

### **Secrets with Jesus 9—**

There was such a lovely rainbow in the sky, as I turned to look behind me before entering the humble Biblical abode. “I didn’t know there would be rainbows here. I thought it was just an Earth thing,” I thought.

“Rainbows are often a part of the decor around town. They reassure us of the Father’s eternal love,” a voice said, as I entered; a voice from someone who seemed to have just read my mind.

Cantal, the porter was there welcoming me and the others in. He wasn’t always there at the door at these times of gathering, as he was also just another one of us guests attending these special Heavenly meetings.

But I assumed it was his day to serve. He folded me into a warm embrace. Being a good bit taller than I, I rested my head on his chest while he gently stroked the top of my head.

“Come, we’ve got something special for today!” he said and invited me to take a seat around a table spread with delicious foods I had yet to try.

Usually I was more timid and sat at the back, letting those more experienced in Heavenly living be up front and close. But not today. I wasn’t given the option to be off in the corner, not this time. I was stationed at what would be right in front of the guest speaker, Jesus our Lord, with a table only between us.

I yielded to it, as I did appreciate the gesture of welcoming, even though I wasn’t someone who was yet ‘made perfect’ as the Bible calls the saints above.

There was a tray of toasted veggies of different types, different spiced oils dribbled on them, bread and dips, and a bowl of broth or soup to share around with those at the table. There was some butter to put on the bread or in the soup, and a jug mug of spiced warm wine to share around.

It was such a close way and friendly way to eat together. When the guests had been seated and the meal was commenced, to my surprise Cantal came and sat right next to me. He showed me kindly the way this meal went, and how it was shared around in a peaceful and loving way. It was a new style, and I was glad to be taught it.

I'm glad whispering wasn't impolite, as rather than embarrassing me, telling me how to proceed with the meal, he sweetly would tell me in a whisper close to my ear to coach me, or something. When things were flowing smoothly, and I could tell the warmth of the wine--that was obviously infused with God's Spirit--was taking effect, everyone was relaxed and making each other feel loved, talking and low soft chatter were making it a pleasant time, Cantal stood up then at the front, and motioned that he had something to say.

"Today things are going to happen rather differently. Rather than a talk for all, Jesus our Lord, our special guest speaker, has offered something different. While the meal is going on, small teams of about three people at a time will take turns going into the room in the back and having a time of asking the Lord whatever they would like to know about. This way there is a chance for personal questions to be talked about, without having to feel they are talking on stage, with a roomful of guests. He does like to keep the personal touch with each of us. Perhaps at a later time, if people would like, they can share some of the things that the Lord told them, so others can benefit. Enjoy your meal and companionship, and when you are called by the Master, I'll let you know."

So teams of three began to be called, one person from each of the three round tables, were summoned, so as not to leave a big gap in the meal fellowship. Cantal was back and forth and around now, checking that all tables were well stocked with the food supplies, and cuing whoever was meant to visit Jesus next. There was a lady in the kitchen who seemed to be helping him, someone who wasn't normally part of the team, but a close part of his life it seemed.

I remember the moment he looked over at me, and with a look and mild gesture he indicated to me that I would be going next, and to get ready and start making my way over to the door leading to the back room area—along with two others. We stood by Cantal until the others had emerged. Then we were to go in. I guess I wasn't sure what to expect or how I was to be. I wanted to be ready for anything—to be attentive, yet relaxed, respectful and giving Him due honour, yet lavish with love.

When we walked in we found him reclining on a very long bed, so big that there was room for Him to lie there resting back on some pillows, and each of us, like children at a story time with daddy, sat around the foot of the bed, all ready to listen.

"Hello My dear children. Thank you for coming. I trust you have been enjoying the meal with your friends?" Jesus said.

We nodded.

"Good. Now tell Me, each of you, a question you have."

I had had some time to think about it at the meal, and had come up with this one:

Timidly, yet with mustered boldness I managed to ask,

"Why did You say to your mother, at the marriage at Cana of Galilee, that it wasn't Your time yet? What did You mean?"

Jesus nodded, and then looked at the others, one by one, to each express their thoughts. He would answer them all at the same time.

"I was wondering, Sir," said a teen boy, "Did you ever get so sad or lonely while on Earth, that you felt you no longer wish to live; that it was too hard to go on? I ask this because so many feel this today in the World, and I wish I could be a help to them, all in good time."

Jesus smiled, thanking him for his question and gave his hand a squeeze. It was a big topic for many. The boy remembered the significance of the hand squeeze. For when he was on Earth, going through feelings of this very type, he heard the Words from the Lord, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto Thee 'fear not', I will help thee." And that is what had given him the courage to keep on trying with life. And it was good he did, for

it was only a bit over a year when a sudden car accident took his life and that of his mother and younger sibling. He was glad for all the things he got to do with that last year of his life. He didn't know it would end so soon.

Shelena spoke her question, "I'm curious to find out, did you know all the secrets about the planet when you were there?—Like all these things that were, over time, eventually discovered by man? Or was it unnecessary information that would have been a distraction if You were to have all this in Your head while there?"

Jesus nodded, and said:

"Such interesting questions, that I'm sure many others would like to know as well. Thank you for expressing these things, so you can learn, and can share the knowledge with others. I'll respond to them in chronological order.

"The secrets of Earth—what did My human mind know, or have to learn? Well, I could have had all the knowledge and answers that I ever needed, while on the job, if I just asked My Father. But knowing how I needed to put my full focus on My mission, information was given to my human mind and to My Spirit on a 'need to know' basis. I didn't want to get distracted by all the things of this World. There was a spiritual mission to be accomplished. I just asked My Father about things that would help Me get the job done as well. But of course, since "all things were made by Me" there are no secrets to Earth that I don't know. I just didn't need to be thinking about them or exploring them with My mind at that time then—though I could have had instant access to all the information if I needed it.

"When I was growing up I did feel very needed. I think having a family that depends on you, and won't get along very well if you aren't there to shoulder the load, helps time to go by faster and in a fulfilling way. Men need to feel important and strong and like they are very appreciated, or they just wilt away, wither and waste time. Since there was no time to lose, and the seasons changed and things had to be done by a certain time, it kept Me physically on My toes and active in service to others. Plus a strong and growing stronger each day, relationship and communication with My Father kept Me sane and focused on the jobs at hand.

"If I didn't pull My load, so much would have crumbled. That's not to say that it was any easier than teens in the world today. My struggles were different, but just as hard. If I had had time to think, to mope, to say, 'What should I do now?' and most of all if I had time to watch evil TV with all its perpetrating of all the wrong feelings and enacting of those feelings, then I would have been prone to those very attacks that are hitting the youth of the world today.

"My teenage feelings and frustrations, trials and tribulations were just as intense as they are for someone living today, but in many ways different than today, because the setting is different. But did I ever despair of life and not want to go on living? Sure. That thought occurred to Me more than once, but more as a test than as a long-term state of mind. It was more of a fleeting mental attack that I had to fight, and then keep on busy with life.

"I'm glad to say that I didn't have to have those thoughts draining and sucking the zest of My life, on a long term basis—and neither does anyone on Earth need to give room to those thoughts. They can fight it and get busy and active helping others. That's another thing that was different. I was very actively busy, physically tired at the end of the day. When people do a lot of sitting and are indoors also, this can have a very negative effect on them.

"Teens do need hard work and exercise, and need adventure, and manly responsibilities. So being depended on and kept busy in real needed ways from a younger age, really does help grow the young people up and keep them from sinking in the mud of self-pity. A bit more exercise and good hard work would make a world of difference in the mental health of the youth of today.

"And to answer the question about the start of the ministry of miracles, well, it's a long story. Mary knew what I was saying. We'd lived together for all these years. I'd been in submission to her and helped to support her. Part of what I was saying was, 'I'm ready if you are'. I was giving her a chance to be ready to let Me go. It would make a very big impact on her life from that moment on. I was in a way expressing her hesitation of heart to let go and let God lead. I was letting her give the push, the let go.

“Once she was ready, then I was more than eager. There was plenty to do, and many to help. She made the tough choice, bless her, to give Me to the World and to begin doing some of the things I had been called to do.

“‘Whatsoever He saith unto you do it,’ was what she said to the servants, and in her heart she was saying to Me, ‘Whatever your Heavenly Father says to do, do it!’ She was releasing Me from the family ties.

“And I expressed My readiness to her in the words, ‘What have I to do with thee?’ as in ‘We aren’t teamworking on this mission. It’s a break now; our paths are to separate for a while. I’m taking orders from My Father in Heaven now.’

“She didn’t get offended, but said in her heart to God, once again ‘Do unto me according to Your will.’

“So at that moment, we both took the step to let each other go, and for a new chapter of life to begin. Of course we loved each other dearly, but others needed Me more. I could catch up on time lost later on, but I needed to save the lost then.

“I was also letting it be known that I was on a schedule, Heaven’s schedule, and wasn’t just doing things on a whim, like ‘Oh yea, let’s have more wine.’ It could have easily seemed like it to others, that I was just using My power to have parties. But instead, I needed to make it clear that I, while on Earth as a man, was not the boss; she was not the boss; and pleasure was not leading Me either. I had a job to do, and I had to take orders from the top. This was an important point to be made.

“In one way it seemed I was talking to My mother, and her only. But it was also a message to everyone, that when a miracle occurs, or a special time of supply, it was because God wills it to happen, not the whim of people.

“And Mary’s words, that seemed to be just talking to the servants, was also a message of God, telling people to obey God’s Word, then they would ‘eat the good of the land’ and God would take care of their crisis situations. People were to start respecting My authority then too, and they would be blessed if they listened and obeyed. She was showing others that even though she was My elder in the flesh, she was now giving over the authority to Me.

“These were similar also to the words spoken to the people in Egypt many years before who lacked corn and food, ‘Go unto Joseph; what he saith unto you, do.’ It was no coincidence that My Earthy father’s name was Joseph. And this was showing the message, once again, that if you obey the one put in charge of the practical affairs of the kingdom—Your Lord—then you will be fed. Through obedience you will have what you need. If you do a study of My life on Earth—what I said and did, as is recorded in the Bible, and compare it with the men God used and what was recorded of their lives, you’ll often find something similar occurring. That’s because I was and have always been behind the scenes, all throughout history, putting symbols and events that people could later remember and it would help them to accept Me for the God that I was. No one, planning their own life, could make it a blend of so many occurrences that tied in the whole rest of the Bible and its main characters. Only divine planning and providence could make a life play out like that.

**GEN.41:55** And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do.

“These words spoken between My earthly mother and I about the wine were like well-planned words in a script that had so many hidden reasons and meanings, and did the job the words were to do. And so on to the ministry of miracles I embarked.”

Jesus concluded His answers for then.

It seemed like a long time that we were with Him, but in reality it wasn’t that long. Time with Jesus is special and passes differently. We each gave him a hug, and were back to our tables again, while another team was ushered in to speak with the Master. It was a sweet time and I learned so much.

When I came out, Cantal took my hand and kissed it. “I guess you need to go now. I hope you enjoyed your evening.”

I said that I did, and hoped to come again as soon as possible.

“Don’t miss it. I think you’ll especially enjoy the next one. I hear the hostess is... Oh, well, I won’t give it away. Just be there, will you?”

I nodded, and in a twinkle of an eye was back again to my room on Earth, and counting the minutes until I could return for the next time.

### **Secrets with Jesus 10--**

I found myself sitting in the Bible-era room, darkened, with a spotlight on the stage area. The hostess for the event this time was a well-known, vibrant, dancer, particularly in Middle Eastern dancing. But she knew all sorts of dancing as well.

She was dancing beautifully, and doing a dance performance with Jesus Himself. They looked like they were very in love with one another, and knew how to dance together very well. They were so in step. Just to see the fervent look on the face of Jesus as He looked in her eyes and twirled around with her kept us all utterly focused and enjoying it.

It’s a wonderful thing how none of us were feeling left out that we weren’t up there in the arms of the Master, nor were the men wishing they could have been in His place, holding this gorgeous and awesome dancer in their arms. We were just loving the show, and saw it as a gift of love to us. Perhaps it was a bit of a symbol of how much Jesus loves each of us, as if we were the only one around. He didn’t look at the crowd watching them, He just had eyes for her alone, and with every move of His body to the music, perfectly in time and with the most thrilling moves, He was saying, “I love you. I love you with every bit of Me.”

They danced until they danced at last out of the spotlight, and another couple moved on to the stage. These ones had been preparing for quite some time. Of course nothing comes close to how good it looks when one is dancing with the Master of dance, the one who created it and created the human body that can move in all the various ways. We cheered that next couple and were enjoying the show.

Soon the lighting changed, and rather than a stage spotlight, there were lights, mild lights all around the edge of the room, shining up from the floor. Everyone then found a partner or two and had fun with the next several songs. This was vastly different from any of the get togethers so far. Well, maybe not vastly, as the love and joy was always there, but it was different, and we were loving every bit of it.

I saw our wonderful, loving Jesus making the rounds sometimes talking, sometimes dancing, sometimes sitting for a snack and drink with a few people. In one way or the other, everyone had a time of special fellowship with Him. I thought how sweet it was that He wanted to show personal interest in each one there. What a beautiful heart of love He had. I hadn’t even begun to know all that was in that heart of His. It was far greater and held more treasures in it that I’d ever know.

At one point in the event I found myself whisked away into a dance with Cantal. He looked tenderly in my eyes. “I wanted to have this dance with you, and that’s why I wanted to make sure you came to this gathering. I knew you wouldn’t want to miss it, and neither did I. I know life is not always easy, in that place called Earth. But with this dance I want to thank you for being there,” he said. After sometime passed, he then looked over, as if to introduce me to another partner. “I think He’d like to tell you Himself, of His appreciation,” Cantal said.

I looked over and found myself looking eye to eye with my beloved Redeemer, and slipped into His arms.

I don’t remember anything else about that particular moment, because I think it was very personal and special--the things He said and the way He made me feel. All too soon it was as if time had moved forward, and we were sitting around in the room, relaxing after what seemed like a very invigorating last dance. We were waiting for the talk from Jesus that we knew was coming.

The beautiful dancing lady was passing out drinks and snacks, and people were thanking her for making such a fun event. Then we heard Jesus start his talk.

“Dancing was a big part of our culture, when I was on Earth. It helped to build camaraderie among communities, strong family ties, and give good exercise, keeping us fit. It was something that everyone could do, as it was free—those healthy enough to do so. When there was a birthday or celebration, or a new baby added to a family, or some other cause of rejoicing—like a good crop harvest, and such, we danced as part of the expression of joy. Now dancing was mostly done as a group. Often the men and women were separate, but not always. It helped to break down the pride and conflicts between neighbours that tend to build up in stressful times.

“Now, not everyone has the gift of being able to move to music with smooth dance steps. Some have more the skill of producing the music for others to dance to. Others are good at teaching children simple steps, and yet others know how to sew the kind of clothing that makes free movement in dance possible, without the clothes falling off or tearing easily, or confining or tripping people.

“Some are better at one on one dancing, while others shine better in leading and instructing group dancing, inspiring whole teams to be united and in step together. All are needed and all help to make a time of dance celebration a joyous time and flow smoothly. Some are better at dancing all alone, without a partner, giving a good show for those who need to learn how or who are too tired or lame to dance anyway, cheering others up though feeling rather alone in their skill.

“Just so, there are different jobs in My Kingdom, and each have their talents and role to play, but each and all helping to bring the Spirit of God into people’s hearts. Some have to be alone in a field of service, others can team work with large crowds or are called to help many. Some are better at ministry to children, teaching and instructing them in My way. Some are sent to preach the Gospel and heal the sick in teams of two, going out as My disciples were sent out while beginning their ministry. Some are called to make it possible for the ‘dancers’ those sent out with a mission, to do their job freely—like the clothes makers. They give the missionaries the aid they need and help free them of things that might hinder their work in their field of service, praying for them, sending them help, giving them permission and legal protection, giving them free supplies and whatever is needed.

Jesus then had something to show and tell. He said:

“You may not have noticed, but the choreographed—yes we planned it—the dance that Oomurah and I performed was a lesson, a class. Each step and move of our bodies, what our faces were doing, how we responded to others, told a message. I’ll take you through it now and teach you in words.”

Oomurah, the gorgeous dancer approached the front, and knelt before Him, half squatting, looking like the humble loving servant she was. She rested her hands on His lap. He looked and gave the nod. He stood victoriously and extended His hand to her. He pulled her into a standing position. They then stood very close together in each other’s arms, and looked lovingly into one another’s eyes.

After this dramatic re-enactment of this one part of the dance was complete, they relaxed, while Oomurah stood next to Jesus.

He had His arm around her and began to talk to everyone.

“You see, the story is shown. I stood on the Earth, with feet of clay.

On Earth I walked, with people I talked.

As the hour of My destiny drew near, I wept and shed many a tear.

But the lost of the world as the maiden fair, waited for the Saviour to pull them out of despair.

Now because I walked this world of clay, because I played My role that day, I could pull you up out of the temporal land. And close, intertwined, in love together we stand.”

Everyone clapped at this theatrical, poetic, and heroic presentation, then broke out in a round of praise, before falling to their knees, crying tears of joy, overwhelmed with gratitude.

When there was a calm, Jesus looked into each one’s eyes and said a tender, “Thank you.” He loved being loved and cherished dearly. It seemed tears were in His eyes. One could get the impression from the way He spoke and the look in His eyes that He was just as grateful for those who were saved, for choosing to be with Him, as the redeemed were grateful to their Saviour for paying the price and bringing them to His home in Heaven.

He then went around and gave each one a personal greeting of love. Somehow it seemed He did it to each one, personally, yet each at the same moment. I think it was a spiritual thing, when each one saw and felt Him there, holding them and telling them how much He loved them, for just a moment later the dance explanation resumed.

Next, Jesus and Oomurah displayed the part where Jesus sat on the chair, and wildly, freely, the dancer danced for Him and went all around the chair. He was looking on approvingly, like a King. Then reaching out His hand to her He touched her hand and then drew her to stand before Him. He stood and gave a polite bow, and she a curtsy. He then motioned to her to sit on the chair, while it was His turn to dance sort of, but it was more like a victorious way a tribe would all dance together, to celebrate a great victory—yet on the stage could only be seen our Saviour re-enacting this part.

Before everyone got too excited and all jumped up to join Him in a tribal celebrative display, He went over to kiss the dancer’s hand. She stood and let Him sit on His ‘throne’ again, and He let her sit on His lap while He explained that part of the performance.

Jesus said:

“Those who love and serve Me, dance the dance of the brave.

They care not what others think, they dance for the one who did save

Their soul, and long for more to come to Him. They draw with their passion

Souls for the Son of God, and offer His salvation in whatever fashion

The Spirit of God calls them to do. While the Son of God looks on.

When ‘whosoever will’ then appear before the throne of grace,

And all believers in faith have fought and won the race,

The Son of God will start jubilation,

To celebrate God’s gift of Salvation.

All heaven will cheer,

Because God’s loved ones are near.”

Jesus ended this next part of poetic explanation.

Again, everyone clapped, cheering for the victory that God’s Son won, and the joy that would be everyone’s one day—everyone that made it home to Heaven.

Jesus then snapped His fingers and instantly some new music came on. He motioned for all to rise and join in together in a united and happy joyful dance, “Praising the Lord in the dance.”



Somehow as I was whisked away in praise and was transported higher in the Spirit to appear before the throne of grace, God's throne. There I knelt, and seemed to see several others there too, who I thought I was just dancing with in a room. But there we were kneeling in prayer, asking, pleading, as the Spirit moved us, for the salvation of the many who Christ was still holding out for in hope and longed to be reunited with.

Like a rescue mission, where some make it to the shore after a shipwreck, and some don't, it's a mission that all able swimmers need to be on duty for, and as many life boats as possible, as well as helicopters, life rings and such. The Lord needs everyone who knows how, to help rescue the lost and get them to Heaven's shore. We each—those of us still on Earth, and those of us in the realm of God's Spirit world, should each do our part, to the best of our ability, to "bring them in, bring them in, bring all the little ones to Jesus".

After this time of prayer before the throne, high in the Spirit, I then descended and first appeared to be back in the humble house we were meeting in, before going lower. I was now back on Earth. The memories were fresh, and the message was clear. Jesus really, really wanted all the 'dancers'—meaning, whole hearted believers—to be a part of the final victory celebration dance at the wonderful feast that was to come. So, I'll do whatever moves and steps He wants me personally to take, so that all can "draw near to God", as many as I possibly can inspire to do so.

### **Secrets with Jesus 11—**

As I walked through the doorway of the house for our special get together time with Jesus, my clothing was instantly transformed to be some sort of swimwear. And immediately I saw why. I thought the room had just a "regular" floor. But apparently this place could be set to be whatever it needed to be.

Instead of the meeting room floor, there was a large warm pool or hot tub set in the ground, nearly as big as the room. It was deep enough for sitting in and being submerged up to one's chest—or neck, depending on how tall or short you were. All along the round pool, in the water, was a ledge-like bench to sit on in the water.

A few people were already in the water and looked up when I walked in. Their facial expressions welcomed me. It was a friendly way to meet. When people were either all the way in the water, or dangling their legs in, then came the snacks.

Isabella-Sennell-Kantrua El Tarrah, or just Tarrah for short, was the hostess for this event. A water-loving lady, who loved everything to do with this mysterious and amazing invention of God—both the kind on Earth, and loved far better the Water of the River of Life and the Heavenly pools and waterfalls in Heaven. So, clearly, water was going to be a part of this activity.

Floating trays of drinks and fruits to nibble on were enjoyed by those in the pool. Off to the side on a roman style couch was a musician playing music. Off in another corner was a dancer flowing to the music with flowing garments, like they might have had in royal palaces. There was also a table covered with every type of delight to treat one's self too. And best of all in a throne-like seat of velvet and gold, but like a couch that extended out for the legs to rest, as if on a bed, was the King of kings.

People were going up to Jesus offering Him various delights, or a drink, or a kiss. Each one took a turn to greet Him in some way. Some would sit with Him for a while to chat, and then politely slip away giving someone else a turn to speak with Him and show Him their love and appreciation.

Tarrah approached the King, after everyone had had a chance to greet with Him personally. She extended her hand, invitingly, and Jesus arose. They both removed their silky shiny robes to reveal their lighter garments they'd donned for the water. Jesus gave her a hug and kiss, and then hand in hand they descended the steps that led into the pool. When Jesus entered the water, things changed. Everyone in there could feel some sort of charge or

power going through the water; a tingle and excited Heavenly particles was noticed right away. Light was zooming here and there, and sparkles were dancing and lighting on this and that place. If a light beam touched you, you seemed to really feel something nice. People were laughing when the light power that had come from the presence of Jesus had lighted on them. After getting hit with the light and feeling at first a special high-powered good feeling, then you'd feel rather like melting and relaxing, still tingling a bit.

It was almost becoming a game. Jesus could look over the pool at someone on the other side and then send a light ray or beam or ball of light over to them. Once it hit them they laughed out and cried out with the joyful feeling that suddenly surged in them. Sometimes, knowing what was about to happen, they'd cry out playfully, with squeals as soon as Jesus gave them 'that look' because they knew something was coming their way and about to touch them.

Everyone was having a good time.

Then, something changed all the more. The light-filled water of the pool slowly vanished, while plants and flowers of all sorts filled in this pool area. There was a small pond with some colourful fish in the centre, and over it was a little bird bath with some cute little birds in it. Now the guests were sitting in a mini garden, ready for a talk with the one who formed the world. Jesus looked up and all eyes followed where He was looking. In walked, one paw-step at a time, a tiger, who then positioned itself at the edge of the pool, that now had become a plant-filled garden. It was lying lazily there. Next, a man and woman entered, the man was holding a colourful bird on his arm, and the woman held a fuzzy koala, trailing behind them was a little girl and boy with butterflies fluttering around them, and a lamb and bear cub. They came and made themselves at home in the room around the pool garden.

"As you can see, we are having a special, shall I say 'creative' moment!" Jesus started off.

It didn't take too long for everyone to recognise what was being displayed. There was water. Jesus' Spirit did something to it. Then there was light. Then the waters made way for the garden. Then fish and birds were seen, and then animals and people moved in to the scene. Was He going to tell us something about His creation of the World?

Everyone was quiet, all that is but the laughing of the children as the butterflies tickled them when landing on them and fluttering around, and the chirping of the birds was heard.

"Did you know I had the whole thing planned out, before it even began? I knew about you, and you, and you—and yes, every one of you, before the Earth planet project started. But let's go back now for a bit to see what it would have been like if even one of the elements to the creation of the world was missing. Let's talk about it.

"Of course you might be thinking about these big main things—the water, the land, the plants, the light, the light bodies and forces in the universe, the people, the animals, and so forth. Of course it isn't hard to see how if any of those were missing that would leave a very large and gaping hole in the Earth plan. But let's think about some other things that would 'make or break' the plan if they weren't there, right from the start.

"What about space, the open place for this whole plan to be set up? That had to be provided. And space, area, room, isn't something that God is lacking, unlike many people squished into very tiny dwelling places, or tragically incarcerated in places too small to be healthy and sane. God likes freedom and freedom to move. It's not His idea for things to be all crammed. He's been trying to get people to spread out ever since the beginning. People need room to breathe, to think, to explore, and to learn—from God and creation, more than from others who have gotten some messed up, mixed up ideas. It would be better for someone to be running in an open field talking to their Creator, than sitting in a box of a room with 20 to 200 others, learning something like 'nothing made the world' and all that nonsense.

"So before anything could be made, God made space and place to exist.

“Now what about time? Who invented it anyway? It was something else dreamed up by the one who doesn’t need to wear a watch to tell Him what He’s meant to do next. Speaking of Myself. It’s something that was created to be part of the learning process; a new idea for visitors of Earth to get used to and to learn from. So time was invented, and God had to play by His own rules. He had to make things on a schedule, to teach people to live by time and schedule too, so they could have all that their physical bodies needed.

“Which brings us to the next point. What made us dream up what a ‘body’ would need? We could have created the body of a human in any one of numerous ways, and it would have worked. But we wanted to make it all in such a way that each hidden functioning part would take up the least amount of space, and would live for a long time. Several functions needed to be in place to make this possible, and all the needed elements needed to be created before the human.

“There needed to be both oxygen and something that kept producing oxygen and all the other gases fit and right for a human to breathe. There needed to be a digestive system that worked with the type of plants that were fit for them to consume. And their inner working system would need to be able to operate with the nutrients that were thus placed into those plants that were edible. Then the wiring system of the brain and all the senses needed to tell a person what was fit and good to eat, and what would be harmful—by taste and smell and feeling, and so forth. The design of the fingers and hands and body shape and size and strength needed to be able to harvest, prepare, and access all that was edible.

“It would do no good if the only things humans could eat were hidden inside shells that were too hard to crack, or were growing at the bottom of deep lakes. Food needed to be something that children could help themselves to easily, to stay alive. And of course food needed to have a way to reproduce, if need be, on its own, from seeds fallen or spread by animals. Insects had to be designed for this process. And on and on went the very intricate plans that all had to be carried out at the right time, all in the same week, in the right order.

“You couldn’t have fish without water filled with something that they could eat. You couldn’t make birds without plants and seeds for them to eat. You couldn’t make land animals if no land had yet been formed. And men and women could not have survived if all was dark and they could never see where to go and were stumbling around. Some things could manage without something needed, just for a day or two, but no longer than that. The plants could survive without the sunlight for a day, for example, but they needed it so they could grow and do their God-given job.

“So, everything, every detail—and most of them most people on Earth are still unaware of—needed perfect planning and that plan put into place at the right time, right along with everything else, all around the same time, if not all at the same second.

“So if you think you can hide something from the Lord your God, don’t fool yourself! He knows what every single atom is doing on Earth and in the universe, and of course what every particle and person and living soul is doing here in His Kingdom. Brain space is something We aren’t lacking. Ask Me anything, and I’ll tell you all about it. The trouble is you might not understand it. So I’d probably say something simple so you can learn a bit more and have your curiosity satisfied. But if you think that a simple answer is all that there is to a matter, don’t kid yourself.

“There’s a universe and more to know about, about even the smallest invention of God. Take a single cell for example, that would take a very long time to explain all about it, and most of it would be way beyond your human or even Heavenly comprehension. And you don’t have to know everything, but it’s great to ask and to find out new things. It’s how you learn. That’s why things are way too complex for a created being to ever fully grasp, so you’ll keep finding out new things, and wanting to learn, and growing in your relationship with the Creator as you discuss and study about the things He made, and the things He is still making and doing.

“You think the world and all its intricate designs were all We ever made, and that was it? Not at all. How’s that for something to think about? Well, of course you know that to some extent, because you are here, and this isn’t

Earth. I said to My disciples, 'I go to prepare a place for you'. That sounds like 'make' and 'design' doesn't it? I love designing and making new things all the time, but more than that, I like finishing what I have begun.

"Which reminds Me, I think it's time to finish up our special time here today."

Tarrah gave Jesus a kiss on the cheek and thanked Him heartily for coming and being with them.

Jesus then stood up and greeted each one who walked then out of the mini in-house garden and up the steps that He was standing beside. Each one thanked Him for how wonderful He was to create so much beauty, and to love them, His crowning creation. They felt pretty small and humble in His presence, yet His presence made them feel very loved. It's something hard for many people to understand.

"I love them. I love them all," I heard Him whisper to Tarrah after each one had walked up and out. She was thanking Him again for coming, and giving a final embrace before He vanished from sight.

I was nibbling a few last grapes at the snack table when Tarrah came over to pick things up. "Did you have fun today?" she asked me.

"A whole lot! So much more than I dreamed I would!" I said, giving her a hug. Together we brought things away into the kitchen. While in there I was wondering what was to happen about the garden that took the place now of the living room. But I didn't need to figure it out. Tarrah read my mind, "It's taken care of," she said.

And sure enough, the next time we walked into the room it was all back to its normal state again.

"We can have that feature anytime we need it. But for today, I think it's all set up and ready for next time," she said.

Together we then sat by the fire place and had a lovely talk. We talked about what life was like for me on Earth, and what I was doing to help bring people in closer to the Master. There was only one thing on her mind, one prominent thing—the saving of souls and bringing them in to Heaven. I wasn't sure just what she did for the Lord to help bring this into being, but I knew she was rather active, and wasn't at all just enjoying Heavenly fun and features. Her heart's passion was to satisfy the Lord's need for all His little ones, all those He had created, to appear again before Him, saved and renewed—and the sooner the better.

I left then, back to my planet, to do my bit for my loving Saviour. But before I passed from that realm to this one, I had a brief passing soul to soul meeting with Jesus, in the realm we meet, not quite all the way above, but not all the way beneath either. He was thanking me for going and doing His will. He said He was with me, and would be with me always.

### **Secrets with Jesus 12--**

We were all sitting around in concentric circles around a very large pot of stew. A smaller circle was around the pot, having their turn at eating. Then they would leave and sit in an outer circle, and the next batch of people would move in closer. They took turns until everyone had a turn, and then started seconds on the meal. They'd dip in these large spoons, like serving spoons or shallow ladles and sip and eat from them. Those on the outer circles were chatting and enjoying the time together.

I was motioned to go right to the center when I came, and gave the stew a try. Then I moved to the furthest circle, and sat beside a man called Walter. He hadn't been in Heaven for so long. He was the newest one around and had plenty to learn. He decided to attend these classes to deepen his relationship with Jesus, and get to know Him better. This was his first time to be here.

Our host for tonight was his friend that had been here for a lot longer, and had invited him to give it a try.

Sam was his name. Sam and Walter had grown up on the coast of Ireland, but life had taken them all around the world, each on their own paths for awhile. Each had found the Lord in their own way. When they were having family get togethers one year, they met up and found out all that had transpired in their lives. They had more in common than they realised. Though they had different interests, they both had found the Lord and that gave them plenty to talk about, especially since the majority of their other relations were non-believers. But they wanted to change that, or at least do the best they could. So they made a plan.

Rather than attempting, yet again, to tell their relations, themselves, they would help to explain their new faith in Christ to each other's relatives. That would be their end-of-the-year gift to each other. So they started by writing letters to them throughout the year, or sending books, or visiting for tea and chat time. This went well. A few accepted the Lord. It went well until one fateful day, while out at sea, a stormy sea brought the end to Sam's visit to planet Earth.

Due to Walter's involvement with Sam's relations, he heard the news and was moved to pray even harder for Sam's loved ones. He was glad that he had been trying his best to inspire them to walk with the Lord through their life. Several more decided to turn Heavenward to help them in their grief. This of course made Sam in Heaven very glad, when he found out about it. He was comforted to know that his dear friend Walter was there helping out. Walter had to do double duty for awhile, reaching both their families in any way he could. But he had someone in Heaven who was looking down and wishing him the best. And now Walter had joined Sam here. Now they could catch up on what had happened in each other's lives since they last parted.

I liked getting to know the personal side to people—what brought them here, and who or what they left behind, if they were from Earth, and not one of the always-in-the-Spirit personnel.

When it was time for Walter to take a turn at the eating pot, it made way for someone else to sit beside me, someone who had been at the pot, I thought, though I didn't actually remember seeing them there.

"They are dressed very authentic," I remember thinking. They had on the garment and coat that covered their head. I couldn't quite see who it was.

He said, "How have you been enjoying these get togethers so far?"

It was a casual, conversation starter.

"I'm loving getting to know and be with the Master, of course. It's very special. I wished whenever He leaves the room I could go with Him. He's the reason I come. The food and activities are truly lovely, and very refreshing. I need the relaxing time in a Heavenly setting. But the only reason I am here is to be, in some way, with the... Master!"

I said, the world doubled as finishing my sentence, as well as exclaiming who was sitting with me, talking with me. He had come in disguise and had taken me by surprise.

His eyes twinkled as he smiled at me. That warm look that felt like an embrace in the deepest places of my heart. He indicated to be quiet and not to give Him away yet, as He wanted to visit a bit more with a few others, to talk and see how they were doing, without it being known right at the start who He really was.

I watched Him stand up and go sit between two others and make casual conversation for a bit. Then I noticed the moment of realisation when the ladies both found out it was actually their Lord and Master. Their eyes widened, and they hugged and kissed Him, scooting closer. He looked over and winked at me, knowing that I wished I could still be sitting with Him. He knew how I felt and sent His love through a look over my way, making me feel as if He was right there with me too.

When Sam, the host, saw that everyone had taken a turn or two at the stew pot—that seemed to never get empty, for some reason—he announced a special guest speaker had come that evening.

Walter had been prepared for this, but it still took him by surprise that it was now. He felt like he, himself, had so much to learn. What could he tell those at this gathering? But it was always refreshing to hear news from a far country, especially from someone who had been active in proclaiming the Lord's love and Salvation.

As Sam indicated, the circle of people then moved places a bit to form more of a crescent shape, making room for a speaker to be seen in front. Somehow Sam did it in such a way that everyone was moved, but Walter. He stayed sitting right where he was, but suddenly found that everyone had moved over to be looking at him. Where he was sitting was now 'front stage'. That made it easy for him. He had no choice. He couldn't slip away, he was already sitting in front of a eager looking group of people.

Walter was just to tell his story of how he came to Christ, the change that it produced in his life, and what He'd done to inspire faith in others. It was a simple story, but everyone cheered him for his good decisions, and most of all for those he was faithful to reach, even though it took some time to get through to them.

Then the mysterious person, the authentic Bible-dressed character, that a few knew Who He was, came to the front. He took off his cloth hood, and everyone gasp. He was revealed. Then they laughed. How Jesus had managed to mingle with them all the whole time and not be detected, amazed them. They knew there were to be some 'visitors' at that gathering, such as Walter. Perhaps most people thought this was another visitor coming for the first time. I don't know, but it was fun to take people by surprise, at least it seemed Jesus enjoyed it.

After all, His second coming to the world is going to be something of that nature for many folks, a grand surprise arrival for those who haven't kept track of the days, or didn't know that He would be coming to take things over.

Jesus greeted and hugged Walter. This wasn't their first meeting of course, but he didn't know this other man was His Saviour, eating and talking among them, in secret. Heaven's got so many secrets that pop up at all the best times. Jesus thanked Walter, publicly and personally, for his love and loyalty to Him. Walter was beaming a smile, and kept saying, "Thank you Sir, Thank you." He was a bit overwhelmed.

Walter then happily took his place among the sitting "audience", and was very happy to leave the full stage to Jesus, who was just as happy to be there. He just loved those that loved Him, so very much. It meant so much to Him to know that each one who was there was there for one purpose primarily—to get to know Him, their King and Redeemer, better. He enjoyed the companionship of those who cherished Him, not just what they could get from Him.

There was heaps of fun and really awesome, wild, amazing things to be enjoy all around Heaven, but these ones would rather be in this little humble abode with Him, so they could learn more about Him, and show Him their love. That touched the heart of Jesus very much.

Jesus said, "I wanted to dress in much the way I dressed while on Earth, and the setting tonight and the way the dinner was conducted wasn't too unlike the way things were for many living there. But the food was far better here, I'd say! Much better."

Everyone had a good cheer and applause for Sam, who did a splendid job of it.

Jesus liked encouraging people for doing their part—even while in Heaven—to help others come to know Him better. Wherever the souls of people are, they are on, or should be on, a journey to know the Master's heart and thoughts more and more. And people who can help each other on this journey of love and learning of life, were appreciated—by Jesus and those they were trying to "lift up Jesus" to.

Jesus talked about a time they'd met with rogues and thieves, and how they had been spared life. He told of the taxes and the different ways that his disciples had to make the Roman's happy and please their rulers, while still serving God all the way. Times were tough, and many miracles and intervention was needed.

He told of His work, hard work, physically very tiring work, as a carpenter's son. He had to learn the trade, do well with it, and then carry it on for years to support His family—His mother and younger siblings—until they were old

enough to either be married, or to care for themselves, or to be provided for in some way. All the while, giving up any hopes and dreams that others around Him might be getting to do. He had to stick with His calling, day after day, year after year, until the time was right—the short time—to “preach the Gospel and heal the sick.”

These manly stories were just what Walter loved hearing about. Jesus hadn't lived a posh and comfortable life. Even in some of the roughest situations on Earth, there probably is something that is far easier than what Jesus had. It's always good to do some positive comparing with those who have a tougher lot, and to praise God for how much easier it is for you, in some respects.

Walter was remembering the stories of the prophets and men of old who had suffered so much in their lives, yet for the love of God and the faith in their redeemer, had been faithful. Now they could enjoy their rest; as well as service for the Lord in the Spirit, with all their needs provided, and all physical pain passed away.

Everyone was eager for more stories, so Jesus told one last one.

“One night in My home in Galilee, we were sleeping when I heard a sound. We were being broken into. A thief was stealing in. I decided to just watch for a bit. I didn't want anyone getting hurt. If he found something he needed, to most likely help feed his starving family, perhaps we could spare it and not take up a charge against him. It was winter and food wasn't abundant or cheap. As I watched, he seemed to stop. He sensed something. There wasn't much of value around. He suddenly felt a pain of conviction in his heart. Why would he do to others, what had been done to him—and that is why he was in such a straight, trying to provided for his family. Maybe a thief hadn't broken in to his house, but taxes and those collecting them who added more than the cost had bit by bit taken everything of value. No, he chose, he wouldn't be a taker. There must be a better way.

“Later on, in the daytime, I saw him milling about looking and hoping for something discarded that he could use to help feed his family. At that time I did have half a loaf in My bag. That was to be part of My lunch. It was My turn to feel the urge, the pull on My heart, telling Me what the right thing to do was. I went up to him and placed My half loaf in his hand. ‘Brother, it's not much, but it's all I have now. Please take it.’

“This man looked much surprised, and tears began to form in his eyes. He wasn't sure there was hope for charity around. But this bit of bread did more than curb a child's hunger, it gave a man hope. Soon after that he started up a trade, and God blessed it so much that he became well off, with plenty for his family, and more to spare. He had chosen not to take from the poor, and God had given him more than he needed, so that he could turn around and help others who lived in poverty. If he had always been rich, he would not have used his wealth in the right way—sharing it. But he had to be touched by the feelings and the needs of others first, then God could give more to him.”

After the stories, everyone shared a round of hugs and greetings with each other, and with their Beloved Master.

While Sam tidied things up, Walter sat with Jesus for a bit more personal talk time. Then I saw the three of them walk away—Sam and Walter, with Jesus walking in the midst of them, their arms around each other, like good friends for life.

I smiled, and was preparing to leave. I'd vanish in an instant. But, since surprise visits were the theme of the event, I suddenly found arms being placed around me. Someone was behind me, holding me warmly.

“We're always with you...” they whispered in my ear. Then I was away, but the feeling of the embrace still lingered. Whoever it was, a guardian sent to be with me, was and is still here with me. Maybe one day I'll get to chat with the ones Jesus gave me to get me through life and to my own journey's end. Jesus' love extended in angelic arms, comforts me, as He ‘bears me on angel's wings’.

### Secrets with Jesus 13—

I was laughing and squealing with delight as I leaned over and let my hair get wet in the fountain of light that was in the centre of the room we were meeting in. It sent tingles and flashes of light, like light-filled buzzing shocks of energy that felt good, all through my being.

It seemed whatever part of myself I got “light” (not “wet”, as it wasn’t really a wet sensation) had a different feeling and reaction. Just as when on Earth, different parts of your body feel different, and different feelings are experienced depending on the temperature and texture of what you were being touched with. So it was with this light. Depending on what you touched it with, you felt some new sensation.

The fountain of light was decorated specially for today. It was flowing up, spraying up with other jewels and pearls, diamonds and gold dust flowing and sparkling beautifully up and over, down and around. It was a marvellous, delightful sight to behold.

“This is just a mini version of the really, large, spectacular one that is in the city centre,” someone told me, while I was laughing and enjoying a little sample of its pleasure and beauty.

They continued to explain, “The big one, that you’ll get to see one day, is so huge that crowds of people can be in the pool at the base of it, all laughing and bathing and having a great time. And the sensation you get there is even more powerful than this little taste.”

I was imagining it.

Just then I saw Jesus, dressed in Heavenly attire—white silky, loose pants, “girt with a golden girdle” as one vision of someone on Earth said He had, and white hair, beaming out light.

He looked like light--flowing and beautiful energy--Himself. I think if I touched Him at that moment, it would have felt like a thousand Heavenly zaps of fun from the little “toy” fountain in the centre of the room, when comparing it with the God of light, “in whom is no darkness at all”.

All eyes were on Him, and I for one, wanted to go for a swim in the love His eyes were beaming out.

“Ready to have some fun?” He said, with a smile of bliss and joy.

Eager replies, including words of wishing to, and some giggles, wondering just what to expect, were heard, as the unanimous wave of desire for Jesus’ kind of fun to get started.

Then He went around and touched the tops of people’s heads, as if blessing, but also reading something on their mind. After a few people He stopped on one, then snapped His fingers and then pointed to the fountain of light. At that instant, displayed in this light, was some special wish, dream, or desire that the person sitting there had. Something that they might have not told others, before.

“Oh!” they squealed. It was rather surprising to see this shown for all. She laughed. Jesus looked at her, squatting down and looking in her eyes. “It’s what you’d like, wouldn’t you?”

Tears welled up in the lady’s eyes, while she nodded. Her secret was known by Jesus, and He cared too, about these things. Sometimes dreams do take a while to be realised, but He knows them, and when and if they are good for the person, it will work out in the right time.

Then He whispered something in her ear, in a language that none of us could understand, but she knew perfectly what He’d said. A look of great delight came across her face, as she burst into joyful tears and hugged her beloved Jesus.

“Just a moment please,” He said to everyone, while escorting her out of the room. “She’s got something to tend to,” He said with a smile.



We knew, at that moment, something special was being done for her or with her—something to do with the part of the vision, the glimpse we got in the fountain of light.

Jesus then continued going around, touching the heads of each one. What I didn't know at the time was that as He looked into the deepest desires of their soul, before passing on to the next person, He communicated to their heart a message. He was reassuring each one that their heart's wishes were known, and had given them some sort of an instant answer or hope or counsel about these things—or gave the peace and faith to keep waiting.

When He came to someone's wish that would be joy for others to see fulfilled then, and it was time for it to also be given to them soon, He would snap and point at the fountain of light and this desire of that person would be displayed. It wasn't long before they too, were escorted out of the room, to go and at last receive some joy of their heart, or to do what was needed to bring this wish into reality.

It was fun for others getting to know what sorts of things were deep in the hearts of those people they thought they knew. Their love and camaraderie was so strong, that these would have done whatever they could have to help fulfil the earnest desires of one another, if it was something they could do. But not every wish was that easy. Most took the supernatural intervention of the Lord Himself.

One of the heart's desires that Jesus chose to display was a wish of a young couple, who were fairly new in this place. They had been faithful to stand up for their love and belief in Jesus, even though their worldly family had turned against them. It was their time to come home to their rewards. Everything had been like one big reward, it seemed, so far. Everything was so lovely. But there were wishes of unfinished business left on Earth. They wished for more of their friends to find out about the love of Jesus.

This desire that was displayed, showed each one of their loved ones, one by one, receiving the light of Heaven into their soul, and their lives being transformed. They both nodded, half crying. Yes, this is what would mean so much to them.

Jesus knelt down, and said to them in a language that all there could understand,

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Because of your faithfulness to Me, and because of your prayers for them, while in this realm of peace and beauty, I've got a team of rescue angels to help out. They will be commissioned to go to each of your loved ones. I've already told them who and where, and they will work very hard to help your loved ones be brought to a decision. They will make it as easy as possible for them to know the truth, and to say yes to accepting Me in to their heart and life."

This couple was so overjoyed and deeply touched, they just thanked Jesus again and again.

A man for a friend, with this kind of power at the snap of His fingers, was a worthwhile one to know. This couple then was escorted out to go and meet the team of angelic assistants, in person, and to thank them for what they were about to go and do.

By the time Jesus had made it all the way around the circle of people, He'd showed about half a dozen 'dreams and wishes', displayed in the fountain of light. What was shown wasn't just the visions and hopes of those people, but a pre-enactment of what was going to happen, in the various places on Earth, or somewhere in the spiritual realm.

It was very engaging and like taking a trip to so many places. They could see places they had never seen before, and even know the thoughts of the ones in the vision being displayed in the mini-fountain of light.

When it was over, it was like we'd all just come back from an amazing journey with far-out happenings.

Jesus then sat in the centre where the fountain was. He was light enough. The fountain gave way to the King of kings, and instead of flowing up and around and down again, it dispersed straight outward from the pool of the fountain, as if the room was the surface of a lake of golden light, and Jesus was in the middle of this 'sea of glass' or something of that sort.

I remembered the scriptures about the voice of the Lord being like water. For when He talked then, His Heavenly sounding voice being amplified and modified by the surface of light water, it did have “water sound” effect. Not only was it refreshing as it washed into our souls, but the very sound of it rippled through us, as if gentle waves of a beach could enter all the way through you and touch every part of you, tickling, moving, buoying you up and a down a bit, twirling, and bubbling.

Jesus said:

“I have a book, a special diary book, of secret hopes and dreams, that I keep about each one of you. And to this book I add My notes and My special desires to fulfil for you. When your dreams and My desires match, that is when some really good things come into play. So stay a tuned to My thoughts about you. Pray for your desires to be that which pleases Me, then I can fulfil those in the most spectacular ways.

“Some little wishes are nice, as they help you to learn about Me, or to be encouraged in life. But when you do something that is particularly satisfying for Me, and I make a note of My wish to reward you, and it goes right along with something I’ve put in you, trying to inspire you to crave and to long for, when these wishes meet, it’s a big and huge energy of fun.

“When you desire after that which is good, and then you do something that makes My heart rejoice, this is when a great desire of your heart can be fulfilled.

“But not everything happens at the very instant you wish for it, for sometimes the build-up in waiting makes the joy all that much better. And sometimes I have to wait until others are ready too, if the desire includes their participation.”

We were all pepped up, energised, and feeling very inspired. Mostly we just felt like if Jesus had asked any of us to help fulfil a heart’s wish for someone that had pleased Him, we’d jump at the chance. There wouldn’t have been even the tiniest hesitation with self-involved thought, giving place to selfishness, as is so often the case in the old world.

Just then the lady who left first, to receive a heart’s desire, re-entered the room all smiling. She hugged and hugged her beloved Lord in thanks. We didn’t know everything that had happened, and were content just to know that she was really happy.

As He had walked over to greet her, the fountain of light resumed its normal course again, and continued as it had been at the beginning. Soon the others filed back in the room again too, or most of them, just as happy and grateful for Jesus’ special granting of a heart’s desire, while in this land of paradise where at His right hand are “pleasures for ever more.”

“Now,” He said to everyone. “I want each of you to reach your hand into the fountain. A message that is just for you is in there. Pull it out and read quietly what it says. You are about to help Me fulfil someone’s heart’s wish; someone that dwells here, or that lives on Earth. Whatever it is, I will enable you to assist Me in doing what is necessary to see that it comes into reality, for they have pleased Me well. And I don’t say that none of your names are not included. There could be someone here that I want you to bless with a token of Heaven’s love—and who may receive it from someone here. You just never know!”

Fascinated and eager to dip our hands into the fountain of light, we each did quickly as Jesus bid us. It was a secret message that was between us and Jesus, and the people or person that we were being invited to fulfil a dream for. After each one read their message, they’d look up at Jesus, who gave them a knowing nod. He knew what they were being asked, out of love to do, and He encouraged them with a look, whatever message He wanted to say to them about it.

I don’t know what anyone else’s said, but I was rather surprised to see what my message said. I actually wondered if mine would just be a blank, since it didn’t apply to me—I wasn’t living in Heaven, and I couldn’t be sent on a mission to Earth with angels or something; at least I didn’t think so, since I’m still an Earth resident. But

the request given to me, or rather the invitation extended was just perfect. I felt my heart melting with love, and jumping a mile high, all at the same time. I think Jesus matched the requests just right to each one.

I looked over, rather shyly into Jesus' eyes. His gaze is always steady and strong and piercing in a loving good way.

With that look I accepted the request to spend time with someone who really loved me, and in the most agreeable circumstances that Heaven could provide.

"Yes, Jesus, I'd sure love to be with You," my thoughts said to Him. "I can't think of a request I'd rather fulfill."

"The pleasure is Mine," He responded to me, silently. I was surprised He put His own name on the list of wishes to fulfill. I didn't expect that. But it was perfect for me. I want to pull out that invitation card every day and keep giving Him the gift of My time, as He earnestly desires.

### **Secrets with Jesus 14—**

We were told to come in a spirit of prayer to get together today. Our King, our beloved, was going to hold a meeting of prayer. We wore the plainest garments, fit for that time in history, that the common and poor folks would have worn. We knew there wasn't to be food and refreshments served. This was a time when we'd partake of a special part of the heart of Jesus.

In silence we entered, and knelt, waiting to be led in what was to happen next. We had heard about some earthshaking and terrible events about to fall. Though the Earth was to continue careening to its own fate, and evil ones needed to see the results of their wickedness, there were many stuck in the valley of no knowledge, who needed to find their way out to the light of truth.

We were spared knowing all the awful details of every bit of wrong that was going on in the planet, too horrible to describe. Yet, our Saviour paid for the sins of everyone, if only they would leave their evil ways and choose to be forgiven. Yes, it might mean they would also suffer for His Name, and as a child of God who would learn lessons too, and get correction from the hand of the Lord, so they could learn of His Heavenly ways.

Who would be willing to be a child of God? There were so many lying spirits sent out all across the world, sent to deceive the masses into believing a lie and turning away from the God of their lives, the only one who was keeping them yet alive, as the destroyer wanted nothing else but to extinguish the lives of those who might yet believe on Jesus and thus live eternally.

Our eyes were shut, our heads were bowed, but we could strongly feel the presence of the Lord Jesus when He entered the room for prayer. He prayed in the language of Heaven, in a tongue I knew not. We all joined Him, all together, quietly, in the tongues of the Spirit, each one praying as the Spirit moved them. Each one had a different speech; one I'd never heard them use. It was as if each one had a personal language that they alone spoke to their Heavenly Father in, that He alone could understand. This was used at times for strong and deep, very personal communication.

God knows all the languages in the world, for He created them. And He knows what each heart is thinking.

When one who knows and loves Him, entered in the communication method of using their personal hotline to the ear of God, it perks His ears up like nothing else. Like a mother knows the sound of her child's voice, the only one in the world who has just that sound, so does each of us have a spiritual voice and method of communication that our Father in Heaven knows. It's a secret way to communicate; no one on Earth or in Heaven can understand, but the Lord of all who had created this personal link with us, as an individual.

I actually didn't know anything about this before. It was very heart touching to find this out. That everyone has a unique language and hotline to the Father, and He will listen with most rapt attention when we speak from the

depths of our heart. Only when in the Spirit can we utter prayers in this way, for only by the Spirit is it carried to His throne; and only those words and prayers that do please the Lord will be transmitted.

Ah, now I see that prayers said, that are not according to His will, or are vain repetitions, don't do much if anything to move God to do anything—unless to move Him to teach us something, something that will make us more desperate to know His will and to pray according to His will, with a heart of reverence and love.

My heart was being stirred to pray for a few relatives of mine. I knew they had had a troubled life, and I don't know where they stand with God—but one day, maybe soon, they will stand to give account to Him. Did they get a proper chance to know the love of Jesus? I could pray, that now before it's too late, they will.

Humbly and somewhat timidly I began to speak in the language that God's spirit gave to me, the moment I became a spirit filled child of God. I say timidly, because it's pretty awesome to realise that one tiny whisper is like a booming speaker in the throne room of the almighty. It moves Him, stirs Him, and gets Him in to action one way or the other. He loves it.

“Speak up!” is all I seemed to hear coming back from the throne room.

What? He heard? He wants me to “come boldly before the throne of grace” (Hebrews 4:16). I plucked up some more courage, and said with more power as I allowed God's Spirit of prayer and intercession to move through me. I pled for their salvation. I asked that their hearts know the truth, be healed of their hurts, and establish a loving, strong connection with their Father in Heaven.

Though I could do nothing for them, prayer is the best I can do. These were His sons-to-be, and He was very interested in anyone else who cared if they came home to His Heavenly home. Just thinking of the joy of their return, into His arms, was very moving for the God of love. He would throw an absolute party if they were to make their Heavenly Father, their Lord and Saviour.

I don't know what or who everyone else was praying for, but I'm sure it was being directed by the loving Spirit of God that was moving all men and women to repentance, and matched certain praying souls there with the souls on Earth that needed to take the steps back to their Heavenly Father's home.

I don't know who or what Jesus Christ was praying for specifically, but I do know He was very moved, and wept deeply in prayer. He was not casual about whatever it was. Perhaps He was praying for everyone on Earth, His darling ones, to make it safely home, and to hold fast to their faith until He came to get them. His tears flowed on and on, as He knelt, cried, praying for His lost sheep. His heart goes out to each one He created, but I realised that people—just like angels—have to choose Him, and not despise Him and turn away.

We all continued in prayer for some time, until Jesus indicated it was enough. I heard then, in a language I understood, Jesus leading us in a prayer. Everyone joined together praying the prayer He taught His disciples to pray, with a few adaptations and additions.

Then He lifted His arms, as if declaring victory—over satan, over evil, over all the wrongs that have ever been committed. It was the most radiant, beaming smile on His face that I've ever seen. He was beaming with light. And thus began the session of praise and glorified worship. It wasn't just a time to weep and pray, but to show our joy that our prayers had been heard and would be answered. Each of us had received this assurance in our heart. Now we could all lift up our arms in praiseful worship. We could sing! We could even dance. For though the troubles still existed in the present time—at least in the zone or realm where I came from, in the spirit, it had all and would all be happening just as was best. The good would win and the evil was crushed.

What a marvellous time of praise and glorifying God, who was and who is and who is yet to come.

Then as we praised the Lord for the victories, our loving Jesus—the image or sample of the Godhead, began to glow brighter and grow taller and stronger. Taller and taller He stood. We knew that there really wasn't anything impossible with God. The Jesus being who fellowshiped with us, was just a little tiny small sample of the full God

He belonged to. He was there to teach us to pray. But if we were to see Him in all His glory, I don't know if we could stand before Him! I'm glad He shows Himself according to what we can comprehend, so we can step by step, learn to love Him and get to know Him more.

When He left, or vanished from view, there was on the floor where He had been sitting, a box, a very royal looking box.

The host of this event went up and held it. When all eyes were on him, he opened it. The contents were a single scroll.

I saw the eyes of the host open wide as he saw what was written on it. Tears came into his eyes, and he attempted to speak.

We all sat down in quietness, waiting.

"Jesus prayed, and said..." he began. Apparently some of the prayers He said while with us at this time, were recorded and done so in a way we could understand. We were ready to listen and hear a bit of what our Saviour, Lord and King had prayed.

No one stirred. Every heart gave full attention.

"Beloved Father, I come to You with a heart that is broken. I cry, I cry tears that would fill all the seas on Earth. I weep for those who have yet to know the way, the truth, and the life. I was sent, fashioned as a man, to bring the lost and wondering souls back home, here to us. I finished the job I was sent there to do. I gave My blood. I gave My life. And because I have been obedient in all things, I can request that all power be given now to bring the lost home. Though I finished the job, it is not finished yet, for it requires the hearts and lives of those who have now been given the job and the responsibility of telling the way, the truth, and the way to life to those around them.

"They are weak, they are weary, they are being deceived and thrashed at, every day. They are under constant attack. Please, My Father, give the Spirit of Almighty empowerment, so that each one who is called can yet call others. So that each one who You have healed, can go and 'heal the sick' and be anointed by Your power. So that each one who has found the way out of the mess of the world and knows the way home will extend the invitation to others. So that each one that has been embraced by the Light of God will embrace others with the arms of God's love and show them what is the true light.

"I can't do this alone. Just as I needed help with My cross when on My way to die, so does the cross of Christ yet need carrying. Send those who will yet assist Me, to both carry the cross and to lay down their life, giving their life for the cause of the Gospel. This will please You, Father, for it is the ultimate sacrifice; the deepest treasure; the most abandoned forsaking. For when one only has one life, one chance to live, yet they give it all up in order to bring others to You, this is well pleasing. Just as My life gift pleased You, though it hurt, yet it pleased You that I would give My all for those You love; so does it please the heart of the living God when those who could be living what seems to them a plentiful life, give it all up in order to win others for the Kingdom of God.

"For those whose hearts ache without the light of God touching them, I cry. I cry more tears than the lost, for I ache along with them. I cry for the light of Heaven to be very near to them. Reach them in whatever way seems best to You, dear Father. I will do, or not do, take action, or wait, according to Your Highest will, that the Kingdom of Your loving rule will take over, and all evil will be silenced.

"I belong to You, and My heart is married to those who are yet to know and love You. I am committed to doing whatever it takes to bring each one in. Amen."

The written prayer was finished being read. I think we all cried a bit, and most of all saw what the depth of the compassion and commitment of Jesus Christ, God's physical representative, the sample of Him to mankind, had. I think it made us all want to pray that prayer too. Not just to ask God to do this or that, but to be willing to join

forces with the Lord of all, doing whatever it takes, in tasks big or small, to bring the harvest of souls for the Master in, before the storm has to hit. For evil will not be allowed to go on scourging the planet endlessly.

We left the room in quietness, though our hearts were stirred, and there was nothing more important to us than to do our Master's will. For this was something He was most passionate about, and we were moved by His passion and swept away and up in the Spirit, to likewise fulfil the will of our Father, with everything that is within us.

As I walked out, wondering how many steps I would take before I was suddenly back to Earthly duties again, someone was there by my side, placing their arms around me. They gave a smile, and showed they cared. I was intrigued about who it was. "Thank you for coming," he said. And then he vanished, and so did I.

Somehow I was under the impression that he was one who had been sent to Earth to see to it that I knelt at the feet of Jesus, and received God's gift of Salvation. My personal salvation ministrations angelic being. Maybe as we pray for the lost in the world, they will listen better and give into the ideas that their own salvation ministrations angels give to them, and yield more readily to the Gospel, when they have a chance to read it.

I don't think he only helped me, but many others too. But still, each one that he fought to help bring to salvation, was special to him. It's the same with those who work in the physical side of things to help bring people into a deep relationship with a living and loving God. They feel a love for their spiritual children, the sons of God they helped to minister to and bring to a saving knowledge of Jesus.

I wondered if this was one way to live the verse, "Obey your parents in the Lord" (Ephesians 6:1). Those who are helping to bring to God new children for His Kingdom—those working in the spiritual realm and in the physical, are as counselling parents. We can pray that those of this Earth who have yet to learn the ways of the Lord, can yield, can give up rebelliousness, can submit, and learn about Jesus. It takes a yielding and giving up—not just initially, but for the rest of their life they must give their all, time and again, and endure whatever it takes in this life to belong to the winning team of Jesus God's Son.

So here I am today. What am I willing to give up? To go without. To obey, in order that "I might win some." Jesus gave His all. I hope to do no less, so help me, Lord. By Your grace alone can I do it.

### **Secrets with Jesus 15—**

When I walked into the room for a time of Secrets with our Saviour, I didn't know if I had the right place. Did I get transported to somewhere else? Well, I was always up for a good bit of fun. In Heaven it was bound to be a joy.

The outside of the humble abode looked much the same as it usually had, except for the greenery that seemed to be growing out of the open windows. And when I walked into the door it almost looked jungle-like. All types of plants and small trees, flowering bushes, and the like, filled the room. I could hardly see a spot of wall!

But that wasn't all. Animal life filled these bushes, vines, plants, and trees. One tree was really tall and reached right up through the ceiling and above the house. Birds were coming and going. Other creatures were zipping around here and there. Some were lazing around, peacefully resting, and others of the more friendly type were eager to greet each person as they entered, and lead them to their spot to sit.

Our team of host and hostess for the event were minding the animals and telling them who to bring to what spot, as well as preparing the foods for the event.

I laughed as a squirrel seemed to think I was a good place to run down, and hopped off the tree branch right on to my shoulders, ran down my arm and over onto some other plant. Then it stopped and tried to talk to me. I got the message somehow. My place to sit was up in the tree on a branch it wanted to share with me. I happily made my way up, stepping on this branch or low knot in the tree, and sat out on the wide tree branch overhanging a flower garden. Some others were sitting in the grassy area down below, playfully entertained by a team of butterflies,

and a kitten that wanted to play hide and seek in the tall flowers with a racoon—sometimes taking a ride on its back. The racoon didn't mind. It was here for the fun of it all anyway.

The friendly squirrel hustled back up to me carrying a little cloth bag with a red tie on it. I thanked it and opened this surprise bag. "Nuts! Of course!" I thanked it, and it squealed a little "Your welcome." I saw it scurrying off to bring other bags of nuts to those who were joining me in the tree too, on various branches. It seemed where you sat, you were waited on by different animal "waiters", and of course the menu varied. Not all the animals could bring what was being offered, and the host and hostess helped in this. For example, in the kitten and flower garden there was being offered glasses of chilled coconut milk with strawberries as ice cubes floating in them. The kitten and butterflies could serve them, but helped to decorate the tray. The butterflies landed on the edges of the glasses, adding a decorative touch.

Over in the corner of the room where a climbing vine covered the wall and ceiling, a few small monkeys were playing around, going up and down the thick vine branches, some trickling water could be heard from a small waterfall that ran out from the wall and down in to a pool of water. It never seemed to get too full, but was one of those special decorations that could be added to a festive time in Heaven. A few young people were gathered there, eating fruit—sharing it with the moneys who seemed to make a game of swinging over, scrambling down and grabbing a piece to then toss up and over to another friendly monkey high up on the vine. If you wanted a relaxing meal, this was not the place to do it. But if you wanted a good laugh, this was the corner for it.

When the next team of guests arrived, I did rather wonder where they were going to fit in. But I didn't need to wait for long, for I saw their welcoming animals ready to call them. In the doorway that led to the back rooms was a mama bear and a couple of cubs. With their friendly faces and paws they greeted and waved for the guests to come and follow them. I didn't know there was more animal displays there was well. I went to have a look before returning to my tree branch.

The bears had a feast of berries, honey, and fruit ready for the team that had just arrived to enjoy in this "lair" they had taken over for the event. In another back room—that I went to peek in briefly also—held a very relaxed pair of lions.

"I wonder who gets to eat in here..." I wondered. For a moment I forgot that in Heaven, the menu is very different. I wondered what was to be served.

"Cake and ice cream," one lion seemed to answer in his Heavenly way of talking.

I laughed. I was surprised. But this was Heaven after all.

I heard the sound of little children coming in, while I made my way to my tree branch. Entering the room was beloved Jesus, holding one small little girl in His one arm, and leading a slightly bigger boy with His hand. A mother with another child was there by His side.

The childish chatter and pointing began, and squirming to go and explore. The children, together with Jesus and their mother, made a visit to every place around, touching, seeing, and talking with all the creatures around. People were inviting them to sit with them, being friendly, and offering a bite of snack, before the children moved on to their animal-filled nook.

I understood why the lions didn't yet have their guests, and why the menu that they were to offer was cake and ice cream. When all the other animals and guests had been visited, this family, along with Jesus, and a couple of others that just arrived then too, made their way pasts the bears room and into the one with the lions.

Immediately the lions stood up to attention and gave a greeting roar as their Master and Creator entered the room. They then positioned themselves so that the little ones could have a ride on their backs. Around the room and down and out the hall they went, slowly walking. Then they returned for a snack in the lion's room.

After everyone had enjoyed such a lively and playful time in this room, it was announced that there was to be a talk, by the Creator of all. Jesus would sit in the middle and share some things with them. The animals were told to settled down very still and quiet, so as not to disturb too much—or if they'd rather go out and romp through the field, they were more than welcome to. No one chose to leave, that I could tell, and those in the back room came and found a place to sit in the main room.

“Why did I make animals?” Jesus asked, more as a starting point to His talk, then to get an answer.

“Ask lonely child who has befriended a stray cat on Earth, they might have a reason of their own. – Companionship. Ask a farmer who needs the strength of his animals in order to grow the food for his family, and he might say for ‘sustenance’.

Ask the trees and the flowers and plants, that which both decorates the world and provides food for the living creatures, and they might say, ‘To spread the seeds around, to keep the world beautiful, and producing plants in continuance.’ Ask a fisher man and he might say, “To feed men, so we can provide for our families.’ Ask a horse trainer, and he might say, ‘To keep us busy, and provide transportation, and entertainment.’ Ask a shepherd and he might say, ‘To keep us warm through the wool provided.’ Ask a gardener, and they might say, ‘To keep the pests down, that try to eat the growing foods.’

“On Earth there are countless services and special jobs that each animal can help with. Much of the time they are busy living their lives and caring for their young ones. But each of them also have a role to play.

“One of the reasons that wasn’t listed here would be to teach people things. They are teachers in many ways, if one takes the time to observe and to think about what they do and why they do it. They make excellent allegories, teaching all kinds of lessons—what to be like, what not to be like, and so forth.

“They show care for their young, or lack of it in some creatures. This teaches that the God who made them can care for them, even when parents cannot, or they are on their own. The types of coverings they each have varies in pattern and design and texture—and some varies according to the place they live and what season they are in. This teaches the need for change, and acceptance of it.

“Animals help people learn about time, and schedules, and doing what you are meant to do at the right season for it, or it will be too late to do it later. Food availability and weather conditions will hinder the creature from reproducing or providing for their young, if they just were to do what they wanted, whenever they thought of it. Animals have to keep precisely to what they are meant to do. Things won’t go well if they have a haphazard life style.

“Animals were chosen to reflect the spirit of the world in which they live, in order to teach humans that it’s best to obey the Lord God of all, or it won’t go well. The lack of peace in the animals of the world shows the lack of peace in the hearts of humans on Earth, all due to the sins of the wayward. Yet, when I do rule the world, I will make things a peace again. This will teach the people the benefits of obedience. Obedience gives more freedom and joy. The lack of friendliness in animals now on Earth hinders a lot of things that people were once able to do. Disobedience brings disaster and less options for fun.

“The struggle for food that now exists with the pests and parasites and raiding creatures, making it hard for humans to grow food without disruption, is another way to teach this lesson. If you want to have all you need, and don’t want your work wasted, you need to do things in the way of the Creator, or everything you put your hand to will be a struggle.

“Animals teach love. They love their families and care for them. They can show love to humans with loyalty and companionship. They can show friendship to other creatures that aren’t like them in anyway. Some animals teamwork to help each other, designed to be a team, though of very different features. They can provide the need for affection and cuddles, for those who don’t have it—like a bunny in the arms of a child who needs a



friend, or a puppy that gets so happy for a pat and wishes to play games and run, eager for attention. The feeling of mattering to others, even to an animal, is something each person needs to be happy.

“Of course, there are some animals that are just for the fun of it, and keep you laughing with their antics—such as that friendly bunch over there.”

Jesus looked over at the monkeys, who were trying to be ever so calm. They gave big monkey smiles when they knew they were being talked about, and leapt over to Jesus, attempting to give a hug. Everyone laughed, especially the children who were watching. Then they settled down again, holding a piece of fruit in each hand, they eat bites of one piece and then the other. They tried to be calm, but just about no matter what they did, they were funny. It’s just the way they were made.

“Some animals are made for punishments, to bring the fear of God, and the dread of Him on to people, who would otherwise be too wicked and straying away. The fear of the animals, and the disruption keeps people knowing that they can’t just do as they wish. They need to learn about the God who made and can control all the beasts and bugs.

“Some things are so amazing that animals and bugs and tiny creatures can do, that it just baffles mankind. ‘How do they do that?’ This makes them wish to find out and to study, and this helps to point the way to a Creator. Features were built into each thing that I Created that help to defy the foolish notion that everything was made of itself. This feeble lie that has knocked down the beliefs of a feeble and foolish generation can easily be knocked away just by a thorough study of creation, nature, and how it all ties together like a well-designed plan with the living creatures.

“So, animals. They provide help, support, protection, warmth, intelligence and intrigue, friendship and companionship. They teach responsibility, punctuality and hard work. They add to the beauty and artistic expressions of humans, teaching them about music and patterns, and colour. They teach there is a time for everything—a time to be still and a time to be up and about; a time to change colours and coats for seasons or health; a time to wake and a time sleep; a time to care for others and a time to be cared for. They teach the importance of training and teaching—parents have to teach their young how to live and survive, and to obey them as well; and people who need the domestic creatures, often have to train them. This makes people open to the idea that they too need training, so they also can live happy and productive lives. All creation is one big school of learning—from the tiniest known item, to the largest.

“There are many things they do to help protect Earth and to keep it working right. So many things people often don’t even think about. In this they teach humility. If it weren’t for the humble working creatures, mankind wouldn’t have what they needed, or the bugs would take over the land also. Yet they don’t demand recognition. They are here today and gone tomorrow without a word of thanks, yet this in no way diminishes their fervour to do what they each were created to do.”

Jesus had finished saying what He wanted to at this time, about animals.

What a fascinating talk. It gave lots to think about—for clearly, a lot of thinking had gone into the creation of even the smallest creature. And I got the impression, that there was a universe of knowledge I had yet to find out, why not only the animals, bugs, birds, fish and all creatures were made, but why specifically each type was created, and why each one needed each other.

There was much I didn’t know, but I was content to know that the One who was clever and wise enough to make the world and all its living creatures, was watching over His creation with great interest and care. I knew I was in safe hands, belonging to Him.

## Secrets with Jesus 16—

The special time of fellowship together and with Jesus today was to be as a “Prayer Date”.

The hostess of the gathering led people where to sit, two by two, for a meal and time of prayer. Each one here had loved ones still on Earth, and their hearts went out to them, and cared for them very deeply. So since they couldn't each be with the ones they loved, just yet, today was a special day to acknowledge this love, and to do something that would benefit their loved ones very much.

Like the saying goes, “If you can't be with the one you love, love the one you are with.”

There was a rotational plan, where each one got to take turns with many different prayer partners, while sitting together, two by two. They could eat a some of the snack provided, chat and get to know each other a bit, and hear about some loved one that was special to the person, and then take time praying for them. Loved ones on Earth would receive special help as a result of today's gathering.

A line of 12 people were stationary, with Jesus at the far end of this line. 12 others rotated, moving down one seat at a time, taking time to pray and talk with each one that was stationary, and then of course each getting to sit with and talk with Jesus for a bit, when they reached the end of the line. The prayer dinner date time stopped when each one of the rotating prayer partners had sat with each one of the stationary prayer team mates, and with Jesus.

This was a special time of committing to the Lord the needs of those they loved on Earth, and also getting to have a friend to share thoughts and feelings with. Each one could know better how to love and encourage each other, after knowing more what their heart was feeling, and who they were yearning to be with one day.

Before leaving, while in the arms of my beloved Jesus, I said I wanted to learn more about how they pray in Heaven. I had thought it was just something we on Earth were to do, and that once in the realm above there was little that could be done to make requests to move the hand of God. But I was wrong. There was much I could learn.

I closed my eyes, and had the following vision and insight was given to me. It was as if I was taken to a prayer meeting, held in heaven. I'll type here what was revealed to me as it was happening; what was explained to me; what I learned, the wisdom and knowledge that was imparted to me. I pray I can learn from it how better to connect with Jesus in prayer, while I am yet still on Earth.

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A group of beings are meeting for prayer. An angelic being stands up, light is shining from her and a gentle breeze blows her flowing clothes. She tells about the situation to be brought before God in prayer.

“Amen's” and “Yes” agreement is coming from those there while she states the miracle or victory that is needed.

Then comes the praise-ers. They are in the spirit of deep prayer and communion and praise. It's not light hearted sing-a-ling praise, but as a pathway, an opening of a door, to get connected and on the channel or to the place where prayers are heard. This puts everyone on the right linked up channel.

While they are singing and praising and reaching out from the depth of their soul, the others in the room are quietly letting go of other things on their minds, speaking quietly in tongues, getting in the in the spirit and calling for the Spirit of God to fall on them, and the link-up to happen in each of their hearts. It's like dialling up to get on line. Without this close connection it's hard to make contact and pray for the things that God's Spirit wants to have happen—things He wants to wait for the confirmation that others wish for it too. He's waiting for a request to be made.

God is not an arbitrary dictatorial ruler, though He has complete and absolute power, He does wait to see if there are any other opinions and votes for something to happen. This way everyone is happier—He likes to see love in

action, working in people's hearts as they pray for their loved ones and other human beings; and people feel God's love for them when prayers are answered. It's all about connecting, because that then brings growth in love and in our relationship with Him—which brings more growth. Being hooked up to the source of power makes one grow.

God could do the job without any of our help—everything that is; if He could make the world out of nothing, He certainly can merely keep it going, and tend to the needs and do away with all and every problem. There isn't a lack in His power and thus He is handicapped without our prayers. But when we pray it's for the purpose of connecting and us getting to see His power in action. That then causes greater love, and results in a stronger and greater connection with Him.

On with what is happening in the prayer meeting:

Those in the room have placed everything out of their minds and have linked up and dialled up, and have surrendered their all to the God of all—who needs us. It's not that He needs us in order to perform His will, yet He won't do it unless we surrender to His will and comply with His conditions and pray, as He asked. He asks this of us because He likes to talk with His children. If we didn't need to pray and talk with Him, His children might be too inclined to run off and enjoy the gifts He gives, without so much as thanking the Father. So, sometimes the gifts have to break to make them return; or the batteries run out and we need more power to finish what we were doing. In other words, there are always lacks in life that make us turn to the Lord. To fill that need, He sets up a communication system so that we'll always be wishing to connect and be in tune and stay on His channel and talking with Him.

Now is the time to pray, from full hearts.

Different ones in the prayer meeting take turns praying aloud, as God's Spirit leads them—like waves of air flowing, and their mind is on that channel, they catch the breeze of where God is leading. They breathe it in, in understanding and comprehension, and then breathe it out in a prayer. To God the breath of a praying soul is like sweet smelling perfume. He inhales it and then breathes out an answer. You can't inhale without breathing out again, at least eventually. So every prayer that is prayed in God's spirit that is lovely for Him to inhale, He does. And when He does so, after savouring it for long enough and enjoying the aroma of it, turns and breathes out again the answer, blowing it in the direction needed. Like wind on pinwheels that turn when breathed on, so are the angels then moved by the breath of His mouth—the breath and words that made the Heavens—and action is then taken on the prayer request, in the time and way that His mouth breathed out.

He loves our prayers like we like and need to breathe fresh and clean air.

Prayers that are of the baser sort don't make it up to God's "lungs". One little whiff and He doesn't want to do much with them but wave them away, trying to clear the air, the stuffy, proud, pretentious air that some carry when merely going through the motions, or trying to use God's power for their own selfish means.

We all want to please the God of all. No one wants their prayers to be foul smelling, but go in deeply. The sweeter the smell, the deeper He breathes it in, the fuller His lungs are, and the more He's going to breathe out—more wind of God equals more action; more action means more love for and to God. And as a result of a beautiful answer to prayer people love and worship Him all the more, then this is like music to His ears. The praises of the saints declaring the good that God does, delights Him. When God smiles, so does all that He has created.

You should see when God dances! He dances when there is a great rejoicing because of His mighty acts. Like Moses' sister and the women led many to dance after the great deliverance through the flood, and all glorified Him heartily with dance and music, God danced likewise too. It's an honour to see the most High descend from the heavenly and high throne and dance with the ones giving Him praise and honour. The musicians He has there for cheering when earthlings are praising for some great and wonderful answer to prayer, thoroughly enjoy their

mission. They know all the right tunes and notes, and put their whole heart into their ministry of praising with music.

But how sad it is to us all, that even when there is a great and mighty work of God in the Earth, and He has breathed out His answers to prayer, yet the song of praise is not ringing out in all parts of Earth that know of this event. God wants to descend and to dwell in the praises of His people. He wants to let loose and dance along with those who whole heartedly are praising and singing and dancing to glorify Him. Why does He want to be where there is praise? Because that is the spiritual element that He lives in.

Why don't you have your birthday party on the bottom of the ocean? Because it's not your element. Spirit dwells in spirit. The element of spirit that is placed in the souls of mankind and that they have access to while they are on Earth—the pure realm, the full, real and uncorrupted realm of the Spirit—only is accessed when they glorify and praise their great Creator. So with less praise, the world gets more and more carnal, and less Heavenly. Why did more miracles occur in the days of old—because there was more of the recognition that things happened because God did them. This is praise in a way, seeing the handiwork of the God of all.

When you truly enter the spirit, through the portal of praise, that is stating that God is King and You belong to Him, and your allegiance is to Him. Then, you are allowed entrance to His throne room. Only those with full allegiance and properly placed loyalties are allowed to go to this freedom land, God's land. It is here that He can sing and dance and join you in praise when victories are won. When you praise, that is the password that you belong to God and are thus allowed entrance into His realm. Here He loves with You, dances for you and with you, rejoices, and gives gifts. Delight yourself in Him, and He will give you the desires of your heart.

So prayers that are breathed out from the air of His Holy Spirit, the perfume of the Wife of God in heaven, are those that He loves to breathe in. Getting close to and taking in God's precious Holy Spirit will make the prayers you pray be filled with the scent God likes to breathe in—and that's when miracles happen. If they are not happening for you, either it's not His will for the current time, or you need to get deeper in the Spirit, breathe in more of His spirit, and truly and deeply connect.

Why don't people have praise days! –Instead of only prayer days. These will rock Heaven loose in the spirit. If people spend whole days of worshiping in song and in gratitude, and seeking out the stories of the great things God has done for others, and giving God His due reward and credit for making it happen, this would make all heaven rejoice—for when God rejoices, we all are glad, like never before. If God seems a bit stern to you, and there seem to be more corrections than compliments coming your way, maybe it's been a while since someone has really made Him smile.

That someone could be you! All you need to do is get real still and quiet. Quiet down your heart and mind and soul, place all your own agendas out of the way, and get on the right connection upstairs. You can then see the sights God's Spirit shows you, and you can breathe in the right air, and then breathe out a prayer. But before you do that—praise Him for all the many things He has done and will yet do; and end your time of deep communion with more praise—for there is always more that He does than we little humans can manage to keep up with praising Him for. He does millions of things for all creation; you'll never get through praising for all that He has done, for while you were yet speaking, He did so much more. So praise! And let His spirit pray through you.

When the group has each prayed and breathed out their on-target and Holy Spirit breathed prayers, then follows more praise for the goodness of God. There is dancing and singing and glorifying the one that loves us all so much that He will humble Himself to even listen to what we say. It really is amazing—too amazing to think about it, really—that the God of all would listen, and then do something about what one of us has said. Doesn't that just stun you? Thrill you? Make you weep? –Or you can be like a child, who expects and cherishes being heard, and responds with hugging their father and being the happiest person in the world being allowed to sit on His lap, safe in His embrace, ready to hear whatever He wants to say to them. The love of a child and a father, a real Godly

type of father-child relationship, one that is free of pretence, pride, and hurt feelings, is a great example of how we can be with our Father in Heaven.

Speak to Him with simplicity and honour, and He will respond with wisdom and equity, knowing just what is best and at what time. A child can trust in a loving Father's response to his requests, for they know the father's response will be in line with what is truly best for the child and his wellbeing.

Then after praise, you can do this, rest in His arms, showing that you trust Him to do all things well, in the right time and way, and just cuddle him as a little child, showing your love in the simple little childish ways we can, compared to His big and loving arms.

He might then take us by the hand and walk us out to see something He wants to show us, or walk and tell us secrets, or read a special book to us, or get angels to feed us angel food. Whatever is best for our next step of learning, and for our relationship with Him, He'll give us, after we have taken good time in communing with Him. Love Him, and He'll rejoice.

### **Secrets with Jesus 17—**

I was wearing an old fashioned fluffy, long dress and carrying a picnic basket. Most others were in costume for fun. I didn't know what each basket held, but it was fun making our way over to where fruits were ripe on the Tree of Life.

The team going for our Secrets with the Saviour fellowship, seemed larger than usual. Perhaps other family and friends wanted to join in with the picnic too. It was nice getting to see a bit more of this place. Such a beautiful location to sit in. The sparkling, shimmering, flowing water, the trees, the grass, the lighting, everything was so beautiful, so perfect, so utterly Heavenly.

I'm sure, however, that I had some filters on my Earthly eyes, and that I wasn't seeing the full view that fulltime citizens were getting to see. But it was good enough for me. Blankets were being spread out, to make it be as 'authentic and old fashioned' as it could be, just for the fun of it. Chequered cloths covered woven baskets, that when opened revealed things like grapes, coconuts, freshly baked bread, nut spreads, fruit, pickled foods, fresh veggies with dips to dip them into, and fresh juice.

The plan was to have each main family host a picnic area—those attending the gatherings that had families here—and then the others who didn't have other family members with them, right now in Heaven, would team up or rotate around. After all, we all were one big loving family, all brothers and sisters. But just for the sake of 'old times' this is the way it was conducted.

Jesus would take turns sitting with each group, or walking around chatting, or playing active games with the children and a few others.

The light from Heaven made each bit of greenery have a special shine to it. Heaven's light radiated in a way that only Heaven's light could do.

There were fish jumping out of the water, hoping to be noticed and a part of the fun. They were noticed, and a child dove in to the water to say hello for a bit. Birds came to perch at times on the round handles of the picnic baskets, to sing a cheery song, before flitting off again. A few other animals came by to pay a visit, including a family of ducks, before waddling off to swim and play in the water.

Then as if on cue, a symphony of the birds started. I didn't see the hostess giving the cue, but I knew it was all planned—perhaps even practiced. All kinds of singing birds in the trees started their lovely, musical contribution to the event. We relaxed on the grass and enjoyed it.

More food was then passed around as new families were gathering to join us, and they added to the treats.

I looked up over the large and far reaching grassy area, and to my amazement, there was a large amount of people all sitting, as far as I could see, on the grass, all enjoying a picnic too. I didn't get to see the others very close up, and they didn't all crowd around to where we were sitting. It must have been a special day for many others. A Heavenly day to enjoy the delights of God's Paradise.

Fruit bowls were being brought to each of our picnic areas, filled with fresh fruits from the Tree of Life. I tried one—though I know in reality, I'd have to wait until I got up there to have it in actuality. This simulated enjoyment was a nice refreshing break from a very different existence I'm normally engaged in.

I was scanning the scene. I was missing the one I was here for. I wondered where He was. The fruit was nice, the happy fellowship was pleasant, but I just wanted to be with my beloved Saviour and Redeemer; the One who I knew loved me more than anyone ever could or ever will. I didn't see Him, and looked down. But that is the moment I felt Him, as He made Himself comfortable on the blanket spot, lying down behind me, resting on His arm to the side of me.

My eyes lit up as I looked at His face. I leaned back and rested on the support He was offering on my back.

He bit into a fresh piece of fruit and offered a taste to me.

"Wanna bite?"

"If He liked it, it must be good," I thought.

It was funny, but it seemed no one else there noticed Him being there, talking with me; but just for a moment. It was nice having that sweet personal time. Then He appeared for all on our blanket to see. They showered Him with love, and thanks, and all the things one does when they see the person they love the most.

He held in His hands some leaves from the Tree of Life, and began to explain to us about the healing qualities imbedded in them, for the healing of people—people that will one day get to see this city on Earth, with their own eyes.

Jesus knew that I, a current Earthling, had a question on my mind. His eyes and mind seemed to register it, and showed an answer ready to give.

The question was, "Is there something that could be done now about the ills of the world's people, the decaying of the human bodies that are weakening by the decade? Was there some of Heaven's medicines that could be given, in some way, to people? What could people on Earth tap into to make their lives be lived out as full as they could, while waiting for their new bodies to be given?"

Jesus responded by taking the leaf, and letting my face feel the silky, softness of it on my cheek, while wiping it down, as if it was a tissue wiping a tear. Then He moved it down to be placed on my heart. The feeling in my heart when the leaf touched it was immense. I'd never felt such a feeling in my heart. I thought it was about to pop right out of my chest, it was buzzing with Heaven's vibrancy. Then He moved the leaf away, and my heart, feeling very "quickenened" and alive, was able to rest.

"Heaven has ways of bringing healing to the hurts of mankind, but for now we focus primarily on bringing healing to the hearts of people. Healing that can only come from the Spirit of God," Jesus said.

"First we start with that. When the heart has found the love of God, and is starting to absorb the Words of Heaven, this means strength can then be imparted. Healing of body often follows the healing of a heart, because the person has connected with the Spirit of God, the creative and regenerative power, and with God all things are possible.

"So for a healing of mind and body and soul to occur, one needs to take time getting to know their Creator, connect with their Saviour, and touch the Almighty Spirit of God.

“However, practically speaking, once people have given their heart to the Lord of love, and have placed their heart in His hands, and given their life to Him, there are some plans and instructions in place that they can follow. It’s not hard and fast, across the board, do this and do that. But generally when one needs healing and they are searching the scriptures for things they should change in and do differently, or for some ‘user manual’ tips from the God who made them, they can learn some great advice that can save them and others a whole lot of trouble. –Just as reading the instructions before using an expensive piece of machinery can save a lot of time and money wasted, and can help the job get done much faster, than if they just tried to do it by feel or ‘instinct’.

“See, that’s different about humans and the beasts of the Earth. Although there are some instincts given to mankind—such as the skill and desire to nurse and suck milk right after they are born—most of the things that humans are meant to do need to be learned. This is meant to make sure they have times of learning from their Heavenly Father, like Adam did, and like everyone should. I can teach them what is best for their particular frame of a body, living in that particular part of the world, at that particular time in history, and doing the certain job they were sent to do and need to do right then.

“Though the Bible is the basic manual for basic operation, I have personalised instructions for each one to follow, so they can live the life they are meant to live, in the way that is best for them and those they live with.

“Take for example the instruction to eat primarily fruit and veggies. Yet, if you are living in the North pole, this won’t work out so well for you. But if that is where you are meant to be, then the instruction of what types of fish are clean and which ones aren’t, is a help to you. Not everyone has a Bible in their language, and may not even know how to read, and they have to go by what works for their body, and have to learn to take care of themselves. So built in sensors are given too, and it’s good for people to stay attuned to what works and doesn’t work for them.”

Jesus then lay back and rested, looking up at the gorgeous leaves filled with light that were spread above. I wondered if He was thinking about a time when all those who He had made would be healthy at last, the pains that now afflict people, would be removed, and everyone could partake of the joy of Heavenly bliss.

There was lots to do yet, to help bring Heaven’s healing to the hearts of people below. That would be the first step. But people had to want to receive the healing that only the love of Jesus could offer. I think we all looked forward to the day when all tears would be wiped away, and we could use the leaves of life that would give healing to everyone.

I vanished from that lovely scene, arriving back on Earth, ready to do whatever I could to bring Heaven’s healing to some broken hearts. Maybe I could do it by keeping myself from saying hurtful words to those around me. Maybe I could do it by praying for the salvation of someone who didn’t know what to believe. Maybe I could do it by keeping thoughts of bitterness away from my own heart. Maybe I could do it by being kind to a child and their mother.

There are lots of ways to bring healing, or to prevent new hurts and reasons for poor health. And maybe I could search the Bible for any tips and “user instructions” to help us all live happier and healthier and God pleasing lives.

### **Secrets with Jesus 18—**

Our hostess for the cosy event this time was there at the doorway warmly greeting each of us as we entered the room. She had a towel draped over her arm, and was indicating for people to have a seat on the benches provided close to the door. Her sister was visiting us for this event, to assist in serving. Her sister normally worked in the Heavenly Beverages and Dining out department. She loved to help people enjoy times of fellowship. Tonight she was passing out a new drink that she had learned how to make, that blended the juices of some new

fruits of Heaven that I didn't even know existed. Some Heavenly zest and bubble added to it to make it more delightful.

As people sat and waited briefly for their traditional foot wash and oil of anointing, they were trying out this new flavour and enjoying it. When one had been "properly greeted", that is with a washing and show of warm acceptance, then they took their place around the large, set table. Today all the tables were joined together, with a huge, sparkling white table cloth, and clear crystal and golden jugs set on. Though the humble house setting and Biblical traditions were being kept, the table setting was certainly up at a higher quality than those in Nazareth experienced in everyday life.

When everyone was seated around the large circle, or rather clover-like table, somewhat like a white cloud, the guest of honour suddenly appeared at the table's head. All eyes lit up with joy, and smiled at the Lord of lords, our beloved Jesus.

"Cheers!" He said holding up a glass.

"Cheers to You!" everyone replied.

At Jesus' side were the two sisters helping to host.

"Is everyone thankful for these lovely women here tonight, making such a splendid event?" He asked.

To respond to that, everyone looked their way and sent loving thanks through a look, a smile, a kiss blown, or a gesture of some sort.

Jesus then led everyone in a praise and prayer for the time of fellowship, thanking His Father for the beauty of love and companionship of Heaven. He then said:

"Did you notice the golden design that goes all along the edge of the cloth, in one big circle? That's what I meant, when prayed near the end of My mission in the temporal Earth, for all of us to be one. One long line, all joined together. More than a chain all linked together, but like a line that goes on and on and circles back again, all one, without a break in friendship and in unity; without a gap for the enemy to get in.

"I still pray for that. I want the unity of believers to be like a golden circle that is all one, one and part of each other. Can a place in the circle say that it's the head? All parts are needed. If any part of the circle is missing, it wouldn't be a circle, it would start to resemble a crescent or some other shape—like a bent line. But that's no good when it's a circle you need.

"Like the wall of a city that needs to go all around it. All the other parts that are strong and well-built can't do any good if there is a big gaping hole and a break in the wall of protection. All the parts need to be joined together. All parts are equally important. You need it all. Just like I need each one that I have made, and those that I have given various responsibilities to. No one can step off and say they aren't needed, or tell others the same."

Everyone then held hands together all around, forming a living circle of camaraderie, demonstrating that they wished to be the strong and linked together circle of love, with no gap; the kind Jesus wants all those who believe in Him to be.

"We are one," Jesus said.

It was an amazing feeling. He wasn't just saying, "You are one," staying separate from us. But "We" He said, and His hands were joined in the circle of friendship and teamwork. He wanted to be one with us, forever, and know that each one of us are important to Him. If even one person at the table didn't join in the circle, it wouldn't be one.

"That we all may be one..." He quoted the words we know so well, and are dear to us. (John 17)



“Let us eat then. Together. Partaking of this one feast; all in unity; all at this one time, all around this one table, all of one mind and Spirit, partaking of the Spirit of God’s love.”

At that we all did begin to help serve one another the dishes of the delightful spread of the meal. We passed bowls and trays around, and served ourselves from them. Pleasant chatter with each other was heard, in between bites of this and that; or sometimes looks across the table, using thoughts, was a way communication was enjoyed in a silent way.

Jesus was chatting with those beside Him, politely, quietly, though every now and then He gazed at someone else, transmitting a thought or receiving one in return. Everyone knew He loved and appreciated them, and did not hesitate to remind them; He was keenly aware of each one there, and kept in touch in His special ways.

When dinner was over, we were invited to enjoy the second part of the activity—up on the roof.

Everyone transported themselves in some way up to the flat top of the humble house. There they found mats to lie on placed all around, complete with pillows. And once again, as before, a special starry covering had been placed above.

“Star gazing!” some exclaimed. It brought happy memories to mind. But this time they would be able to talk directly with the person who had designed and created that vast universe. Any questions could be answered, and all kinds of new things could be learned.

“Once everyone is settled,” Jesus began, “I’ll tell you the story of Earth’s stars.”

Only a moment later, snuggled and ready for a special time gazing at what even Earth dwellers rarely get to see, they were ready to listen. Rare, I say, because for this setting here there was nothing to keep them from seeing the full amount of stars that really were in the night sky of Earth. There was no artificial city light to make some stars shy away from a human’s view, and of course the eyes of each one here could see exceptionally well, and zoom in to any spot they wished to.

“The Heavens declare the glory of God,” Jesus’ full sounding voice boomed out over the stillness of what seemed to be a dark starry night.

A thrill rippled through our whole being. Just the sound of the voice of God stirred us; the sound of the Word spoken by the very one who was and is the Word of God was the most powerful, soul captivating thing around! He had our full attention, our full heart on Him, and our mind with only one thought—to know God and to feed on His Words, so we could grow thereby.

Jesus then continued:

“Beauty and glory. These are the traits of God-created things. Aaron’s garments, who was to serve in the court of the Lord God day and night, were designed to show beauty and glory.

“When the disciples saw Me on the mount, transfigured before their eyes, they said later, ‘We beheld His glory’, while Isaiah said of the time I was dying for the sins of the world, “There is no beauty that we should desire Him”, because the beauty was stripped away. The beauty that is part of Me.

“I like to show forth glory and beauty, so people will desire God. It’s an in-built thing of those whose hearts are seeking the good, to be attracted by what God has touched with ‘glory and beauty’.

“In every part of nature, the parts still containing traces of original creation, you can see glory and beauty—something that makes it desirable to have or to see, to hear, or to be around.

“And so these stars that you see here, they too were made to declare the glory and beauty of God.

“The angels created were also to declare the glory of God, and were made to show His beauty, among other things—like His strength and wisdom, might and power, knowledge, and care. They are emblems of many things that God wants to show, and are the ways He imparts so much to the people He made.

“Through the stars above God gets the point across that there are some things that a human mind can’t fathom, and that helps to give the sense of wonder. It puts them in awe thinking about the God that can comprehend big numbers, big spaces—and not only comprehend, but who has made it all.

“To worship the Lord your God, you need to realise how big and wonderful He really is. Many people think of God as something a whole lot less powerful and able than He really is. They don’t know that if they ask Me to help them, and pray in Jesus name, that there really isn’t anything I can’t do. The biggest and the toughest of the hardest things to them, the hugely, seemingly impossible things with man, are a simple snap to Me.”

Jesus paused, while we gazed out in the simulated night sky above.

Those there in Heaven, living there, had a better idea of just how immense was the power of God, while we on Earth, it seemed, were often limited to understanding Him just by the physical things we could see and experience that He would do to show us His power. But opportunities for Him displaying Himself were getting slimmer in some societies, yet in other, darker regions, it seemed His faith-filled believers were able to demonstrate the reality of His all-powerful nature in greater ways. But it seemed those in more “civilised nations” were missing out on hearing about or experiencing firsthand a bit more of what God is really capable of doing, for those in need who really believed.

Jesus continued,

“The stars declare and give mankind many messages, but foolish ones get all the wrong and mixed up signals. They don’t look to the one who made the stars and placed them all in place for a reason. But if those on Earth are open to My Spirit, like the wise men of old who knew of My birth on Earth and travelled far to see Me, a simple one on Earth can see something special that I wish to tell them. You don’t need to be knowledgeable about the stars in man’s foolish way. You just need to send out a signal to your Creator, your Lord, that you want to be taught something.

“A person could then just look up, talk to Me, and get quiet and see what I have to tell them. And they can find out a secret from their Creator, if they will just look up. They’d find out that all creation is crying out a message—in the day and in the night, without pause. Everything God made is trying to say something to everyone on Earth, at all hours of the day or night. Who will listen? There are many mysteries yet to be revealed, that mankind has no idea yet, regarding the stars in the sky. But those who look up and listen to the One who created that sky filled with lights of all kinds, might get a secret whispered to them.

“There are too many artificial lights now in the world—I speak of the physical ones, as well as people who proclaim what they say is right, but will not truly enlighten the hearts of mankind. Too many substitute and make-belief, or stand-in lights, so people are having a hard time seeing the real thing. They can’t see the stars well anymore in many places, nor can they hear the voice of God speaking. There’s too many little gadgets that shine light out, giving information that is leading people down a dark path.

“Begin deceived is like a person holding their electronic device that tells them ‘Go here; now go that way; turn this other way’. This device is lit up, and gives the impression that it’s light-filled, but if the path it’s taking them down is dark and leads to their destruction, where thieves are lurking, and a pit will catch them, then it’s a false sense of light.

“‘We know where to go,’ they might say, ‘This tells me.’ But what if it was the ring leader of the thieves who created a map device, sold it, and made it show all the wrong places to go that would lead people into a trap?

“The only light that can be trusted has to come from above, not the world. The Words that I speak shine with the light of God, and can help you to shine.

“And as some dear ones, on the dark world have found out, in times of need when trying to go and tell others about Me, and there wasn’t natural light to use, that by My Spirit I provided them with supernatural light to lead them.

“God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.”

Jesus ended His talk on stars and light, and most of all being led by the light of His truth in this dark world, that I still have the privilege and responsibility to live on and be a light.

And now as I have returned from that special event, I see the golden sunlight beautifully lighting up the room. It does declare God’s glory. And how much more beautiful will it be to see the Son of God in all His majesty and glory.

### **Secrets with Jesus 19—**

I had put on a fun, frilly dress that spun out when I’d spin. Together with a partner, we were going to put on a show. And not just us, but each one attending this ‘Secrets with the Saviour’ get together, were going to participate. It was to be a talent show for the Lord God who had made us.

He was sitting in a throne-like seat in the home of the humble abode. We were each to come before Him in teams of one or two or three or more, presenting something special in a demonstration of love to Him. Everyone else would watch on as well.

When our turn came, Cantal and I were going to do a song and dance. He’d sing and I’d dance along with him or alone, acting it out, and some parts I’d join in singing the song with him too. This was a song about two lovers who finally met after years of just missing each other, just missing meeting up.

At last they happened to meet, and were surprised they hadn’t met before, though they were living so near to each other for quite some time. Their love began to grow and flourish, and at last they shared a home, a house, a bed, and a family. Their joy in life was doubled, because they not only had their own joy, but they felt the joy of their mate.

Of course the meaning of this parable-like song was clear. It was a story of someone wanting to find real love, and not knowing that it could only come from the God of love. They thought they needed to see something, feel something, in the physical to make it real. Finally, they find the love of Jesus, and begin to get to know Him. They give their life and heart to Him and wish to abide with Him forever. He was there all the time in their life, but they kept looking the other way, missing Him. But how great the joy when hearts were joined, and together forever with Jesus the believer could be. He would take them to His home and share all the best things with them.

At the end of this song and dance, we both went to give Jesus some affection and gratitude for allowing us the privilege of belonging to Him, forever. He thanked us for our heartfelt show, and we moved on to being once again in the audience, while another team began their special presentation.

Some told with pathos and dramatic expression a story in poetic rhyme, one that stirred hearts to engage in a more fulfilling, passionate experience with their God, going deeper into His love, and longing to find out just how much He did love them.

One lady wore a ballerina outfit and did the cutest, fairy dance ever. It was as if she really did take on butterfly wings and was flitting around, lighting here and there, touching people with bit of special Heavenly light. The music was being played live by a few musicians who were also dressed the part, to fit in with the show, in golden shiny clothing, or otherwise.

A young person stood up and read from a special book. It was a book she was given as a child, a book that helped lead her to Christ. Then there was the enactment of just how that book found its way to her in the first place—all the things the Lord and His angels did to make sure it got into her hands. It was a fun skit.

She then knelt before the Lord of lords, and said thank you to Him for ensuring that she made it here to Heaven. He smiled and was pleased. It took more than just a book in her hands and a time reading it, it took a believing heart, and she had made the right choice. He was grateful that she'd accepted Him into her life. She wiped a little tear away, while moving to join the onlookers.

Then came some dramatic, Russian type style men dancers. With deep voices they sang and displayed with the moves of their feet and choreographed performance, in full costume, the glorious conquering of the world by King Jesus. The song and show declared how all nations will be His, and all people will be in submission, in the day when God shakes the world. They acted out the end of the world, the rise of the saints into Heaven, the takeover of the Kingdom by King Jesus, and the binding and subduing of the evil usurpers. And at last the full takeover in the end, by the Kingdom of God, when all opposition is quelled at last.

Everyone was cheering, and feeling it, as the story built up and ended in the great crescendo of glorious victory and peace, with the beauty of God reigning over all.

Some people did a comedy show, demonstrating how clever Jesus and the angels are, as they help protect and get God's children out of messes on Earth, or keep them from their persecutors. They showed in a humorous way some real accounts of tactics used by those in the hidden realm of God's forces, to keep some of His children while on their struggled way through life. It was as an appreciation for the "cloud of witnesses" and Heavenly host that help to "keep us in all our ways and bear us up in their hands."

They made it as humorous as they could, bringing out the funny side of what was rather serious situations that required full focused attention and the intervention of the Lord. They had persecutors running in circles, getting all mixed up, for example, when giving God's children time to make their escape, or a sudden confusion of tongues and two could no longer communicate in an understood language. Or sometimes making a delay happen, when trying to keep some of the Lord's people away from a possible accident, or to help them meet up with someone important. The tactics used could appear quite funny when all was fine and it could be looked at in retrospect, and the funny side could be enjoyed now.

When all the shows were complete, Jesus stood and congratulated everyone. Sometimes He cried, sometimes he laughed, sometimes He looked on with that knowing, amused, twinkle in His eyes, when He knows just what you are thinking and doing, yet is enjoying the moment.

We all then sat at His feet, like children gathering around our Father, and He began to speak.

"Thank you dear ones, for your engaging, energetic, and fascinating displays of creativity, joy and love. I loved each one of them. You put thought and heart into it, and most of all considered Me and what you thought would be pleasing to Me."

Jesus hugged and kissed and thanked each one.

Then we got settled down again, and heard Him speak:

"I too had a varied family while on Earth. Each of My brothers and sisters and parents had different traits and personalities, things that added, and some that subtracted from a good family team. We all had to learn to get along and use what we could do best to make things the best we could in our circumstances.

"But it really can be trying and tiring at times when you come up with differences in thinking and in ways of problems solving—and in the variety of problems, or challenges that each individual family member adds to the equation. Sometimes you just aren't prepared for the way someone might react, or what they suddenly blurt out, or what they unexpectedly get angry about.

“So, those on Earth have got to learn all kinds of ‘survival’ skills, like how to be understanding, how to predict what someone might feel so as not to offend needlessly, and how to communicate diplomatically, and so forth. You have to learn to put aside your wishes many a time, in order that someone else can get a turn at having their needs and wishes granted—after waiting for a long time, while giving others a chance.

“Besides the personality challenges and varied reactions, and varied needs, there’s the good stuff too, like the skills and gifts and talents that are really needed, and without them your family might not be able to last. For a family to stick together, all the important needs have to be met. If not, then help is sought elsewhere. Gifts of God are given to each one to help provide what a family needs.

“Sometimes it’s hardest when a new couple is starting off having children. Right from the start there are more needs and blanks than there are skills and the ability to fill it. That’s where it’s best to have other people around to fill in the gaps and fill in the needs. This helps to protect a new family from breaking apart just to meet the needs of the heart, and mind, and body. If a family has grown strong, and they have plenty of well-trained children, the growing up children can then begin to fill in some of the needs.

“When parents see that their maturing children have skills that are a benefit to the whole family, that is a good way to bond them all together. When everyone realises that they are needed, this makes everyone happier. That’s why it’s so important to build up each other in confidence and appreciate what they add to the team. There is always the destroyer who is trying to tear things down and break apart what God has joined. So people have to watch out for that.

“A lot of help goes to those forming new families, and keeping them together when new children come along and people are stretched to the limit in health, strength, time, and are not getting enough time to do what they usually need to. Though it’s different for those here in Heaven, it’s good for all to keep a heart of compassion for those who are meant to be married, have children, and stay as family units while on Earth. It’s hard work, and takes a whole lot of the grace and love of God. When there are a thousand voices saying, in evil tones, “Depart, break apart, make a new start.” It’s hard to drown it out, unless they turn on to the one strongest voice of God who tells them, ‘Love, live, learn, and keep on going till the end; hold fast what you have, don’t let someone steal your crown’.

“The varied creativity skills and expressive talents that each one of the people I have formed have, is very entertaining for Me. I love to see the ingenuity and creative variety that comes out as people live and learn and discover. Every individually created being I’ve made differs in so many ways from others. I’ve set it up so that no two beings could possibly be just the same. No matter how much someone might look alike or even have grown up in the same situation, their personal life experiences might have a vastly different effect on their growing and maturing soul, and the forming of their wills and interests.

“People aren’t like fruits all on the same tree, that basically turn out all the same—with just some maybe being bigger and some smaller, but all with the same basic taste and texture. No, it’s like a tree that grows all sorts of fruits; and no two fruits are just the same. Even if two might look the same, or be of the same basic colour scheme or skin type, this tree of human character makes the interior of each one very different than the rest, depending on where they are in the tree, and how much access they have to the light, and how much nourishment and water they were able to draw in. And each ‘fruit’ on the tree of humanity is programmed by its Creator to grow in a certain unique way.”

When Jesus ended his insightful talk, the host of today’s gathering, passed around a big fruit bowl, filled with all kinds of fruits from Heaven. There were no two fruits the same in the bowl. Each person got to have a completely different one than anyone else had. And while these were being passed around, words of appreciation were being spoken for the special way the Lord had made each person.

The person who received the bowl of fruit would say something unique and wonderful that they noticed and appreciated about someone in the room, and would hand the fruit bowl to them. They would pick out a piece to

eat, and pick out a person to appreciate, and pass on both the compliment and the bowl. On it went until everyone had heard something lovingly said about them, as a praise directed to the Lord for the way He had chosen to make them.

Everyone hugged and walked gracefully out of the house feeling very inspired, cherished by the Lord of love, their Creator, and they felt needed by those around them as well.

### Secrets with Jesus 20—

When I came into the room, I thought I'd missed something. It was still, so still and quiet. I wasn't sure whether to leave and look around, or to go in and wait. I was just about to go and see if they were meeting in the garden, or around there, but I felt a whisper through the air beckoning me to have a seat.

I could feel the presence of the Spirit of God, but I couldn't see anything with my eyes, or hear anything with my ears. "I wonder where everyone is?" I thought.

Then the Spirit spoke a question to me. "Do you always have to have a crowd to enjoy just sitting and learning from the Spirit of God?" Well, normally I most prefer to be alone, but I guess I had grown accustomed to there being lots of others around for these get togethers. Would I leave, go back to Earth, go and do something else, just because there wasn't some show and tell, song and dance, or even friends there to greet me? Who was I really there for anyway?

Since I knew God's Spirit was there, I knew I needed to just sit still, to quiet myself for a while; to be there for the right reasons.

"Jesus I'm here. I'm here to learn from You. I want to hear You speaking to me. I want our hearts to beat closely together. I don't need a room full of darling, loveable, friendly souls that I can happily interact with. I'll forsake that aspect of this get together if you'd rather have me here, alone, to Yourself—and not even You in a visible form. I'm forsaking all—both the things in the world that I set aside to come, and the frill side of things here. Even Your visible, tangible, awesome human-like form that you kindly put on for us, as marvellous as it is. Let us just meet in heart and in Spirit. I long for Your refreshing and for the touch of Your Spirit."

After saying this, I sat very still and quiet, until words began to form in my mind.

"Because you have chosen Me above friends—earthly or Heavenly, please, open your eyes."

I felt at that moment the touch of a hand on mine, and I did as bidden. When I opened to see, there was Jesus sitting by me, and not Him only but a roomful of teammates. "Surprise!" their eyes seemed to say. Ha! They had been here all along, but had chosen to hide from my view, to see if I would make the choice to be there for the Lord, or merely for the fun. It seemed they had done this with others too. It was a bit of a game. Each one that came in thought they were alone, and there were no snacks or fun or celebrations and so forth. But they knew it was the time and place when Jesus was supposed to show up. So as they each decided, like me, to sit quietly and wait for the Master, even if it was just to be the two of them alone, then whoever else was in the room suddenly revealed themselves. Then the newest comer joined in the game, as the next one entered.

The only way this could work is if it was planned out well in advance. See they often showed up in teams of two or three or more. But there were those on the planning committee that hung around outside the house to talk with or to delay in some way some of those coming in, so that only one could enter the room at a time and feel the "I'm alone" feeling, and choose to be there or to leave because there wasn't something 'wild and fun' happening.

I was one of the last ones to enter, and I was glad to see that everyone attending had made the choice, in their heart and mind, that it was Jesus and His secrets they were there for. And even if it seemed no one else showed up, they wanted to be there.

When all were present, the Master began to speak.

“Thank you all for coming. I was very honoured to see that each one loves to be with Me, so much, you were willing to forgo the ‘fun and games’ that often are had, the meal, and such, and to wait in stillness. I had to do that too, when on Earth. I was sure I was missing out on all kinds of things when on Earth. I missed so much fun and planning and preparing going on in Heaven. And I missed all kinds of things on Earth too, by having My life cut short, and staying very diligent in what I was meant to do. But you never really miss out when you do God’s will. He always makes it up to you in the end. Sometimes it’s a test so you’ll re evaluate what your heart’s priorities are, and to see if you love God more than a fleeting bit of fun.

“Mothers have to do that all the time, caring for children. Every day a good mother gives up something, many things, she wants and needs and would prefer, in order to lovingly care for her young children. Father’s often give up being personally with their families, so that they can earn the bread needed to provided for them.

“Maybe I understand the Father’s roll pretty well, as I can’t be in the flesh, in person, right now with each person down on Earth. I have a job to do, and I must do it in the spirit. Of course I can see and hear each one, loud and clear, but it’s very different from having the joyful satisfaction of holding My children in My arms, and having them know that I am there. So I have to wait, for a long time.

“I’m glad I have each of you here, and I sure love to make the best of it. I want to hold you, play games with you, teach you things, go on explorations with you, help you make wise choices, counsel you, tell you stories, and do all I can with you now that you are here. I’m going to make up for all the time lost while you and I were separate, or so it seemed. I just love being with you all.”

Jesus then motioned to the host, Arnold, to get the basins ready. He was going to do a ceremony much like that of the last supper. Arnold was to bring out food on little plates to the guests, while Jesus our loving Lord, knelt down in love, to wash each one’s feet. While doing so, He was asking, privately in His mind, if that person had something they’d heard or read of that He had done for or with someone while on Earth, that they wished He could have had done with them—but couldn’t, because they had been born at a different time in world history.

Sometimes people compare, He knows. “Why did He be, in person, with just those people there? Why couldn’t I have been there at the time? They could go by sight and feel, but I have to go by faith.”

So, when people come to Heaven, those who have believed by faith, He likes to reward them with special ‘re-enactments’ of events, with the person as the character. He lets it seem like they have gone back in time, and really are there at those moments. Anyone has access to this special feature of Heaven when they get there; those who have believed and loved Him by faith, and who crave this treat trip and touch of what it was like being with our Saviour while He was on Earth.

It’s not like they wanted to announce to all their private wishes, and most probably wouldn’t have had the boldness to make an official request to the King of something that they thought might seem rather childish or silly. But Jesus asked each one, and they needed to answer. And if they didn’t, He could prod anyway into their thoughts, or perhaps give a few options that they might like to try.

I don’t know what people thought or what Jesus offered them. I don’t imagine many, if any of them, wanted to see what it felt like to be a Pharisee or Scribe when Jesus was blasting them with the truth. Maybe someone wanted to be the condemned woman on the ground, getting to look into Jesus loving, forgiving face, all alone with all the accusers gone, I don’t know. Maybe most wanted to be on a mountain with Him and hear Him speaking the sermon or hear what His voice sounded like. It’s possible.

I don’t even know how the request was fulfilled. But it did seem that right after Jesus finished washing someone’s feet and their time of communication was complete, that they got very still and quiet. I think they were, in spirit, being transported to the time and place of their choice, for a special time of interaction with their Saviour, in the setting of Earth, when He walked among us here. By the tears on some people’s faces, that were silently falling

from their closed eyes, I did wonder if they had chosen to be there at the foot of the cross, and get to see the empty grave, and meet with Jesus in the garden, like the women did. Not everyone chose this, I think, as some faces were beaming with light-filled radiant smiles. I was trying to imagine what they were experiencing, but it was all very private and hidden from the view of anyone in the room. It was a time that was very personal, just between them and their Lord.

As for me, I chose something beach related. We were on the beach near the boat of Peter that was in the water, on an early morning. The smell of fish wasn't the most pleasant. The chill of the air wasn't the cosiest. But it didn't matter. I was there with the Master. He held me in His arms.

"I wished you could have been here," He said to me, as we were in the simulated experience. "If you could have been here, I wouldn't have been so cold. I wouldn't have missed you so much, waiting for when the time was right."

"Shall we go for a little sail on the lake?" He asked. The others were already stirring. I sensed an urgency to get out in to the lake soon, as there was work to be done on the others side. He had a timetable to be kept, and a short amount of time to do His work in.

He talked to me about some of their experiences while sailing, as well as in their travels, while we made good headway over. He showed me where He lay to rest when He was sleeping in the boat on that very stormy night. I curled up with Him while we travelled on. I knew it was kind of like hologram being shown to me, only that I could be a part, interact, see and smell and taste and hear.

What marvellous entertainments were available for those who hold on in faith for the Heaven hereafter, and don't waste time on the world's frothy and foolish idols of distraction and destruction. Otherwise, instead of a lot of fun, some work will be laid out, and serious study time, to unlearn and fix some of the problems that satan's tricks and evil knowledge caused. It will be so much healthier and more fulfilling to wait, even alone, for the best.

Before my trip back in time to the simulated life-with-Jesus had come to a close, Jesus looked at me and said,

"You know, you on Earth don't have to wait for Heaven and the afterlife, for some of the treats prepared for those who love and follow Me closely. You can take a trip in heart and in spirit, anytime that you need some spiritual refreshing, or Heavenly company. Just get alone with Me, loving to be with Me, earnestly desiring personal fellowship, and I'll open a door of paradise to you, something that will be just perfect for what your heart and mind needs. I love you darling."

With that I opened my eyes. I found that everyone was starting to gather at a table that was set with much of the food that was served at the 'last supper', plus other dishes.

But rather than this meal being a time of sombre and solemn mood, it was a victory feast, for Jesus had already given His life on Earth, paid the ultimate gift, and had risen, and was alive forever.

Everyone was feeling very joyful and personally touched by their experiences that they'd just had, and were ready for a praise-filled meal. We all ended on a very upbeat note, and feeling so much closer and deeply loved by our wonderful Creator, Saviour, King and Lord.

### **Secrets with Jesus 21—**

The lighting was low in the special Heavenly room. People were sitting on the floor on the mats and cushions. Jesus was there sharing some secrets with this team of people that had chosen to meet for a special time of fellowship and learning. He was lying down, propped up on some cushions. I was sitting at His feet. It was so lovely to be there with Him, I couldn't help but touch His feet and ankles affectionately every now and then, or place a little pillow on them and rest, as close as I could be.



Jesus spoke:

“I was lonely, but learned to draw My companionship from Heaven. I had to speak with My Father day and night, for in this would I have the support I needed. It’s hard to go it alone, I know, that’s why I also needed dear friends and companions to be with Me—for protection, for companionship, and to help Me get the job done.

“Remember when Elijah was very discouraged, feeling like he was one of the last, if not the very last one who still worshipped and believed in Me, the only true God? I allowed Him then to get a companion, who would wash his feet, cook the food, listen to his words, travel with him, sleep near him, and be a friend. This person he had the commission to train in the ways of being a prophet, and to teach all about the country, and who was who and what was really going on. He had the responsibility of teaching this new companion the thoughts of God, what the Lord God thought about what was going on in the country; he was to pass on to him the right attitudes and such. In some ways Elisha became as a mate and son, a help meet to minister, as well as someone from the next generation to teach to carry on his work.

“Sometimes you are to feel very alone, and that’s to test your resolve. Will you stick with the Lord’s call to you, even if you have no one on Earth supporting you? Then often times, once you have proven yourself true, and shown that God is enough for you, He’ll give you someone else to help you out. Not always, but often. Though the help given, the person chosen to teamwork with you, might be very different than what you wished for or thought you needed.

“But in the end, no matter who you have with you to walk this path of life, you have to always keep your most strong connection and friendship with the Lord who made you, who loves you, and who will always be with you. For people come and people go. Situations change. Things that you depended on are removed. Rules in the world change, to allow or disallow certain things that you depended on being there, or not being there. There is so much that changes. So you have to keep strongly connected with the only thing, the only One who stays constant. I stay constantly involved. With those of you who have chosen to make Me a part of your life, and wish to be with Me forever, and have taken the step to ensure this long-term relationship, I am with you forever, on and on throughout all ages.

“God will always be in charge of every one who has ever lived. There are so many things that won’t change, about your God of love. But just about everything to do with this world, and even the people you know, will change in some way, and it’s all to make things better.”

At this point, the hostess was bringing some cups of water for us to sip from and pass around, refilling when they got empty. She then knelt by Jesus, offered Him a cup of water, which He politely took. Of course neither He nor I were really thirsty, but it was more the gesture of kindness and for the mood setting that we had this feature as part of the event.

She stroked his face and looked lovingly into His eyes, thanking Him with a look, for being there with us, in a way that we could understand—as a person. It took Him going through the loneliness at so many times while He walked the world, and the feeling of separation from His Heavenly Father, as well, when He gave His life for us. But, boy were we glad. He took her hand and held it for a second, and then kissed it, as if to reassure her that it was worth it all, all that He went through, for He loved her.

With a happy heart, she continued going around serving others in love—either with water, or bringing more cushions, or a blanket, or whatever was needed and wished for, for this charade or acted out event and setting.

Jesus continued sharing secrets from His heart.

“I had to forsake the one house in Nazareth, so that I could be invited to stay in the homes of many, many, around the world. I had to give up the idea of having a female partner and companion on Earth, and now I can be the companion of everyone who has ever lived, who wants Me to be close to them. I gave up the chance to have

children of My own while I walked this world, all so that through My life sacrifice, all could become the children of God, and be part of the family of God. I had to move on from city after city and have no certain dwelling place, being hounded and persecuted, yet one day I will rule and be King of all and over all; every knee shall bow.

“I had to give up time with My personal family, with a life cut short, all to make a way for My true family, those who love the Word of God, to live with Me forever. I had to give up the temporal, to give you the eternal.

“Was it worth it? I hope you think so. I sure do. It’s been more than worth it for Me. And the best is coming yet.

“I’ll spend personal time with each of you, now, one on one, while the meal is served. Would you like that?” Jesus offered.

He’d go into the back room, and people cued by the hostess, could take turns having a private chat time, or time of prayer, or some heart to heart time of communion.

The meal was brought out on these big round trays and placed here and there on the floor mats, while people gathered around them in a few different teams.

I looked over at Jesus, as He began to walk down the little hall to the room. I so wanted to run to be with Him. The hostess saw that I wasn’t paying any attention to the food just yet, for my eyes and hungry heart were longing after the Master. She then went to the room to ask Him who to call first, and came out and tapped someone on the shoulder.

When they found out they had been called, personally, they nearly flew up and down the hall to be with Jesus. So beautiful. I wish everyone were this way while on Earth, that they could all, instantly, leave their “meat that perishes” to cherish the “bread that came from Heaven” and truly enjoy their time talking with Jesus, even if they couldn’t see Him just yet. (John 6:27-35)

I was glad for the young one getting to go. It was lovely seeing their love for Jesus and love for Him far above anything else. I prayed to have my heart be the same.

Next, the hostess stroked my upper arm, and with a smile said, “The Master calls for you.”

I knew why the last person nearly flew up. Something just goes through your whole being when you know you are being summoned by name, by God. I can see why Mary, sister of Martha and Lazarus, did the same when her sister said the Master was calling for her. For a heart that loves Him, you want nothing to stand in the way of time with Him, or of obedience to quickly do as bidden.

After nearly flying to the room, I then paused and hesitated at the door. I was trying to quiet myself, and prepare my heart to receive whatever it was that Jesus wished to tell me or do with me. Of, course I didn’t want to keep Him waiting, and I knew that He knew I was there, so I took the step to enter into His presence.

He was sitting up on the bed, and I knelt down at the foot of the bed for a moment, out of respect. He reached out His hand to me and bid me to come sit on the bed, so He could look at me and talk with Me.

I think the most precious thing about being around Jesus, is that He really makes you feel like He loves you. Just one look into your eyes and you know He has a million thoughts and feelings about you, and you are a big part of Him. It’s easy to forget this as we go about our little busy life, but time connected, personally, one on one, helps one to remember how dear we are to His heart. For Him, it’s all about love—love for the Father, love for the Spirit, and His love for us.

Jesus held my hand on to His chest while He asked me,

“Is it hard for you to keep waiting—waiting until you are home at last?”

I had to nod.

“It’s lonely?”

I nodded again, this time with a few tears.

“Come” His arms called me to rest my head on His chest, while He stroked my hair.

“Remember, it won’t be a second more than is best, okay? You are not forgotten. I’m just giving you as much time as I can, so you can do what I need you to do. Aren’t you glad for time? It’s a gift not everyone has. Use it wisely. Use it circumspectly. Use it courageously. Use it gratefully. Use it all for Me. Then you will be so glad in the end, when I pass out the rewards, for I will plentifully reward the wise doer.”

He then kissed my hand, and I slipped away to make room for the next guest who He would call.

But before I left the room, the next person had shown up already. I was trying to leave, so they could be alone, but this one stopped me, and looked over at Jesus, indicating to me that He was trying to tell me something.

So I looked up and Jesus said,

“I’m sending him with you, to keep you company. Learn from him what you can, and know that you are not alone. I’ve given him for a companion of soul, so that you may know that I love you.”

I was taken by surprise. I looked over to this angelic helper, and then over again at Jesus. What a gift!

I rushed over and held the hand of Jesus, kissing it and thanking Him.

“But I have You, and You are always with me...” I said.

“And indeed I am always with you. But this is some of the ways that I can show you My care—through others, either those who walk this world, or through the care and company of those who you cannot see. You are going into a new stage of life, and for this you need new gifts and talents, new strengths to endure, and there are new places in your heart that need comfort. This one fits the bill perfectly. He has been trained and ready and will go with you now. Be ready to listen, for I have given this one the wisdom needed.”

I stood up, so longing to just stay on and on with Jesus, in this wonderful face to face way, but there was a job to be done, people to teach the ways of Heaven to. I must go, weeping as it may be.

My heavenly assistant held me as I cried. He quoted, ‘She that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her.’”

It was as if I was given a bag of Heavenly grain or seeds, and I was to plant them and grow them and let them bear fruit for the Lord, and bring the increase back with me, having been faithful to do the job.

Jesus wasn’t sending me empty handed. He’d given me the seeds, His seeds, the Words of God, to do the job of planting them. I had my job to do, and needed to get on with it, while there still remained any light left on Earth to work by. Things were darkening and there was lots still to do.

With a brave heart I held the bag of seeds, His precious gift to me, and went to return to my field of service.

“Love her for Me, will you?” I heard Jesus say to the one who also had a job, not an easy one, to do.

“Yes, My Lord. We will complete the tasks You have given us. I will do whatever it takes to see to it that she does not give up and fail in her mission,” the Heaven-sent partner of strength replied.

It wasn’t to be a cosy time of friendship, but I was under the impression, that this one would ensure, using whatever methods and means, that I would do what I was meant to do, and not get side tracked or weary. He would prod me, push me, move me, and make things most uncomfortable, until I would do what I was meant to. Then we could all rejoice with the Lord in the end, for jobs well done.

I looked forward to the day when I could bring the “sheaves” with me, bringing home to Jesus the fruits of my labours of love, and present them as my gift for Him.

So now I sit, pondering the seeds He has given me to plant, and seeing how late the season is.

I must work the works of Him that sent me, while I yet can work. Nothing else matters but fervently getting done the job He has commissioned me to do. Play time and full relaxation can come later. For now, I must give my all, all heart and mind, spirit and body, to the cause of Christ my redeemer. All for Jesus; all for Him who gave His all for me.

### Secrets with Jesus 22—

It was a moving and happening place to be, when I got to the room of fellowship and secrets this time. A doorway I didn't know yet existed just was there. Teams of two seemed to be returning from some exhilarating trip, while others with a bit of anticipation and excitement, urgency, and prayerful desperation were likewise departing through that door, at various intervals.

I guess things happen differently in the realm of God's Spirit. Though things on Earth might have taken time, those ones sent and returning, seemed to do so all within the space of our regular get together. It's nice to care about those on Earth finding their way to Heaven, and to even take time to beseech the Lord of all to intervene, but when we who love and serve Jesus are willing to be 'sent' to do our Master's will, it shows we mean what we are saying and praying.

I was sitting there, looking at the faces of those as they returned from their mission. I wasn't being sent, but I was partaking of the joy and excitement of victories won, in the name of Jesus.

Some of us would gather to hear what those who returned, had to say. It was especially emotional if those returning had been sent on a mission to help the loved ones of someone else here in the room. News would spread fast and energy would be on high volume when it was told about how someone was helped closer into the Kingdom—someone related to or loved dearly by one of those here. It was as if everyone felt the same joy the person felt at hearing the good news. We were all connected and each felt the joy of each other. We could all celebrate with just as much enthusiasm as the one who was closely linked in heart with a loved one yet on Earth.

I was sitting near getting to hear one of the accounts of a couple who had just returned. They could hardly wait to tell their friend of the victory.

They said:

"When we arrived in his room, at what to him was last night, he was just getting ready for sleep. This was the time we could best influence his thoughts. The angels guarding him, in response to prayers for his soul, had banished, for that time, any and all hindering influences and ugly spirits that might try to trouble his thoughts in the night. We were there to have full control over his thoughts and dreams. Boy did we have fun working with him. It took hours of course, and all kinds of scenarios and situations leading him to different feelings and decisions, until he was ready for the final ending dream, the one he would remember best, right before we woke him suddenly. We wanted him to remember it all day.

"'Oh. What? It was just a dream.' He said, in a bit of a sweat. The last thing he knew he was in a propeller plane that was half dangling over a cliff with a very steep ravine below. A cold icy wind had blown in the broken window of the plane, and there seemed no way out of this predicament. It was too precarious to move lest the plane fall to the depths, but to stay would bring a long and final end.

"He rose to take a shower, but found that the hot water system had broken. So a very quick and cold shower was had. He needed a chill of reality. Shivering slightly he went to warm up something up for breakfast. However, his rather shaky electricity was tripped and not only could he not warm up the food, but there was no light at all on this dark morning, before dawn.

“So with a blanket wrapped around him, he sat with nothing more to do but to ponder his dream. Then like replaying a movie it all came back to him. Only this time, as he reviewed the images of his dream, we also brought to mind realities of his life that were going to put him into a very precarious situation, and bring his sorry life to a pointless end, if he didn’t get some heat; some reason to live. Some joy, Some spark. Something solid to place his wavering trust in.

“‘God, what is truth?’ at last he blurted out. ‘I’m falling for this and that, and it’s messed me up badly. Just like the plane about to fall even further down, I worry about what is around the bend.’

“Then a whisper came to him, from these ones that were taking their mission trip to help this young man. ‘Why don’t you pray and ask Jesus if He is real. Ask Him. He’ll answer if He is real. If not, then don’t worry about it.’”

They continued with their story:

“It seemed simple enough and he was about to do something with that thought, when mysteriously, nearly miraculously, yet diabolically so, the lights turned on, and everything started to hum to life, partly stalling the progress in his thoughts. But due to the prayers of those who were fighting for his salvation, those guarding him deactivated the power again, just long enough for him to realise that something was going on, and that it was high time to tap into the right power source.

“ ‘God... I mean... Jesus, the one I’ve heard about before, and people are talking about; the Jesus of the Bible. I want to know if You are real. If You really exist. And if I matter to You. If so, then I want to know for sure. I want to know that You really care. I want and need a change for the better in my sorry existence. I’m crashed. I’m falling. I’m getting dangerously close to the end. Help me, if you are there and can hear prayers of someone like me.’”

“Ah, the glorious moment of a searching prayer like this,” said one of those telling of their trip.

The eager loved one listening couldn’t wait for what was to be told next.

I looked up and saw others come, and still others waiting to walk through the door, as if about to board a plane to an exciting destination. I wanted to speak with them all. But I choose to finish hearing this account first.

“Well, when a prayer like that is uttered, there are a number of plans that have been made that can go into play. Or sometimes all of them at once, if that’s what it takes to bring the light to a searching child of God to be.

“On this occasion we were granted the permission for a certain special occurrence, for the Lord deemed it best, when taking into account his personality, his needs, his wishes, and his future.

“All of a sudden, in the darkness of the room, a light began to shine, in the form of a man. Jesus Himself was giving an appearance, in a form the young man could receive.

“‘Son’ the light form said, ‘Won’t you come home to your Father?’

“‘Who are you?’ the man said, though hardly believing what was happening.

“ ‘I am Jesus. And I am here to tell you that you are very special to Me. Will you allow Me to guide you through life?’”

“The light then faded, but not after the form of Jesus had reached over and touched the man. The light had embraced him all over, melted his cold heart, even his body was sweating now with heat. The light from Jesus had seemed to melt and burn away the old misconceptions and lies. He knew what truth was. He knew the way to really live life to the full. He knew what to do.

“When this short encounter was over, the lights of the house came back on, revealing something he hadn’t seen before. There in front of him was a Bible, opened up to the verse, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.’

“Maybe a friend visiting him had left it last night. He tried to reason how it got there and how it was opened to the very page that was what he needed to hear.

“He didn’t need breakfast, for he had found something more satisfying for a hunger that had been gnawing at his soul for a whole long longer.

“It wasn’t long before, after reading, he had given his heart in prayer to Jesus. He’d heard some of this before, but not in this way, and his heart had never really opened properly to it. Then all the lies and contradictions in the world had rubbed up what little bit of a pathway he once had that could have led to the light.

“‘It’s my fault really’ he thought. ‘I should have known better. It all makes so much clear sense now.’

“We whispered to him, ‘Sometimes it takes sitting in the dark for a bit in order to see the light the clearest, and to love it.’

We helped him turn to a few verses that talked about Jesus being the light, and these stood out to him so clearly. He received the most shocking and life changing moment he’d ever experienced, and cried tears of joy at the remembrance of the moment ‘light came into his world’. He hated the darkness, and loved the light that was starting to make his way clear.”

The story ended. That’s when they left him and returned here. It was like being there at the birth of a baby. There was lots of work and growth that led up to it, and there would be even more years of growth and learning and care afterwards, but the moment of birth was a special dramatic and fulfilling time, and these ones got to be there assisting in it.

The one who they were telling this to, hugged and hugged them with joy. They could all rejoice in this wonderful victory for the Master.

Just then Jesus Himself came over and gave the two of them hugs and thanked them heartily for going to Earth to help a soul find his way. Of, course, the joy was theirs and they were so glad for the opportunity.

I wandered over to briefly talk to the ones who were about to leave, like at a starting gate of a sprint.

Jesus gave them a hug and prayed for them. “I’ll be with you always. You’ve got all the help you need. It will be a learning experience. Some things might look like failures, due to the choices of humans, but keep trying, and know that you are on the winning side.”

With this they felt more confident and a light glowed on their faces.

Jesus moved over to greet the latest returning team, while I asked these one’s about their mission.

“Where are you going?”

“To a person dwelling in the all-consuming land of its own, the land of electronic society. Borders don’t matter anymore, for everyone uses the internet to mingle and meet, and mental virus and plagues of the heart are spread around faster than the flu can fly,” they replied.

“These people live in a world all of their own. It’s very hard to get through to them. They process everything as being outside of them; that everything is a kind of simulation. There is little that can break through. But we are going to try to get someone’s attention. The Lord has prepared for him a mission that will make his whole world come into colour and transform him into a giving and caring person. But he’s got to break out into a new world first—the very real world of the realm of God’s Spirit.

“These people have in some ways given up the world around them. They are looking for something better. If we can get them to know that cyber world is just a counterfeit to the real one that exists all around them, and help them make the break into the good world around them, the spiritual realm, they can be really fulfilled, and things will at last make sense for them. They know there is more to life than what they can smell and taste in front of them. But they are fishing in the wrong pond. We want to help them see the vast ocean of discovery that could be theirs, if they would get on the super channel of God and step into His world. They can get touches of it now, even while living on Earth.”

Oh, the mission field was broadening, deepening, and was vastly different in some places than in days of old. But God's skilled team of help was ready to assist anyone, in any walk of life, no matter what wavelength they were on.

I smiled at them, and we all waved to them as they walked through the mysterious portal or doorway that took them where they had been sent.

"Well," I thought. "I'm not being sent on a mission, a short one, for I am stationed long term—well at least long in temporal world terms. It won't be long until things change. But I better get back to my duties on Earth, helping to lead as many to Jesus as I can. I want to be found a faithful doer when He returns to get me."

### **Secrets with Jesus 23—**

This was the second to the last time of our special Secrets with the Saviour fellowships. It was to be a special time, enjoying each other. After this, different people had different missions and new things to learn, places to be sent, and so forth. It would be nice to have a cosy time of really appreciating one another.

When I entered the room I seated myself on the floor on one of the main cushions that were placed around in a circle. There was low chatting and talking while waiting for everyone to arrive. As people began to relax, there was a bit of laughing, hugs, and engaging conversations.

The nearest one to me was the teen boy, and I made conversation with him. I asked him what sorts of things he does for fun. An amused look and smile came to his face. It was as if he was trying to think of what he could say, in terms that I would understand, being a non-resident.

"Well, I go surfing..." he said, knowing it would somewhat surprise me. "Yes. You should see the waves I can catch here. And the water is spectacular! Refreshing, enlivening, and only good. Nothing dangerous about it, or painful. No sun to make us feel ill and burnt."

"I'll have to come see it one day," I replied. Though I never had an interested in taking myself surfing while on Earth, I was curious to see what a beach in Heaven might look like.

He kind of read my mind and said, "Yes, I thought that too, initially, that that was something being left behind on Earth, and nothing but cloud play was on the entertainment options. But I was so wrong."

"And you, how about what you do for fun?" he asked. I was taken by surprise. I hadn't thought I'd be asked it. However, after just a moment's thought, my eyes gave away the answer.

"I thought so," he replied, knowing what I said. "Yes, having trips into this realm of Heaven, and time with Jesus, certainly has gotta be the best. I'm glad you could come."

I think that was true, that the thing I most enjoyed on Earth was, well, time away from it, and time in the arms of Jesus, learning and laughing with Him. I couldn't think of anything else I really thoroughly enjoyed.

Before I could express my next thought, he said,

"I know what you mean about not feeling so in touch with the world around you, and not wishing to get your gratification by it. I never really did that great trying to get joys on the pretend stuff. What God can give to His children, even when on Earth, is way better than something humans can invent or cook up. Maybe some things can seem a bit wild or fun or entertaining for a while, but that's just until it wears off and they are back to being sad or confused again. It's a temporal pleasure. But when someone taps into the joys that come from the Lord—or the sweet miracles He does for them, or the precious souls He sends to them to minister to, the messages that come from His heart to theirs, and the love of those who love Jesus, then it makes their whole life brighter."

I nodded, thankful we could talk on something we both had discovered and found to be true.

The last team of people entered the room, along with Jesus who was walking with them—the host and hostess of this time of gathering.

“Welcome to the Encouragement Celebration!” the hostess announced, then took her place in the circle, while the host went to the kitchen area to bring in the first course of snacks and delights.

Jesus stood standing at the door, waiting for whatever it was that was to happen next. How like that verse that He waits to be invited in.

The hostess said, I’d like to invite the one and only, beloved Lord, the Son of God, in to our midst.

Everyone cheered and clapped, and humbly, brimming over with joy at being so loved by all there, He took his place—right in the centre of the circle.

The hostess then said,

“The first round of praiseful appreciation belongs to the Lord!” Everyone loudly and merrily agreed and cheered. When that settled down, the hostess continued:

“We all took time while on Earth to show Him our loving appreciation in words, without being able to see Him there. Let’s all enjoy this special time, while our eyes can at last see the One we love more than any, and tell him our words of thanks and praise!”

Again everyone went wild with cheers and praises.

Attempting to proceed, the hostess concluded. “Let’s all take turns saying something that you most appreciate about our loving Lord, our all, our joy!”

Thus began a hearty round of appreciation, words of endearment, specific things that different ones there love about Him, and how He shows His love—and while they said these things, they would approach Him, speak their words of praise, and give Jesus a hug. When the last person approached, they were so very surprised when Jesus then said to them, before they went to sit down,

“Now you and I will trade places. Your turn in the middle to be shown appreciation to!”

A gasp was let out! But she had to yield, for it’s what Jesus asked her to do. And so she sat, feeling rather on the spot. But Jesus started it off, to make her feel at peace. Then others followed, saying this and that word of kindness to her and about her. When she’d had all she could manage and was desperate to get back into being in the audience, she heard the hostess say,

“Choose someone, anyone, and trade places with them, now!”

She ran over, and picked the nearest person, and said, “May I please have your seat. I believe it’s your turn now!”

Everyone laughed, and the chosen person was now sitting in the circle’s centre. It was his turn to be told and shown the love of each one there. He was a quieter one, and there was much yet to get to know about him, but Jesus once again started off the round by saying something He appreciated about this man, and everyone then followed doing so.

This game went on until everyone had had a turn. It was fun because no one knew who was going to be chosen next. It was done so spontaneously. There was a lot of laughter and fun.

When this was complete, Jesus returned to the center and held His arms out as if to draw His children in closer to Him. He gave a little talk on the importance of appreciation.

“It’s one of the forces and laws of the Spiritual realm, that the more you praise the good, see the good, and speak the good that God is moving and doing through others, the better things will be for you. Just as much as gravity



holds things down on Earth, or the fact that light travels, so do the laws of God's love and the benefits of praising work wonders. When you work with the Spirit of God, and let it flow through you in praiseful words, then things start going better for you. But when you try to fight against it, it's going to make things very tiring for you.

"Even here in Heaven, there are rules of the Spirit, and when you learn them and do them, you enjoy Heaven so much more. Those who have learned the basics of how powerful praising God is, and how uplifting words of praise and appreciation to others are, have a much smoother time when transitioning from one realm to the next, from the physical to the real world, God's realm. It's important to uplift and praise the good in others—it's good for them, and it's good for you; it's just good all around.

"When I was on Earth I tried to notice and point out the right choices people made. It wasn't always easy, for there was always someone ready to voice criticism. Take for example the woman giving her two little coins, as a gift to God. I made sure to let it be known that her unselfish choice was noticed, and would be remembered by many, throughout the rest of the world's history. Or, another example, when Mary was putting her very costly ointment on Me, that got the critics stirred up, but I commended her, and said she would always be remembered for her kind and unselfish deed.

Jesus ended with saying:

"In the 'sermon on the mount' I said a string of words of appreciation, saying the people I want to reward: Blessed are the meek, the poor in spirit, the persecuted, the peacemakers, the pure in heart, the merciful, and those that hunger after righteousness. (Matthew 5)

"I liked to show in my stories too, the type of people I reward, who I appreciate. There is the story of the King coming back and rewarding those who were faithful and hard working." (Matthew 25, Luke 19)

Speaking of which, I'd need to go soon and get back to being faithful on what He's asked me to do, but I wanted to stay for as long as I could. We were having such a nice time.

The host then came in with another round of edible pleasures, while the hostess gave one last announcement.

"Have you all enjoyed these times of getting together?" Of course all exclaimed that they had, with enthusiasm.

"If you'd like to write a note to say some things that you've especially liked, you could send them in to the one who has been organising them. We'll read them together when we have our final gathering, next time. I think that would be a great way to practice showing appreciation, and bringing to a close these very special times."

Jesus had vanished for a bit, while these things were being announced, and food was being passed around. I was sure that was the end, and was about to leave, when the host said,

"And don't go away just yet, there is more still in store!"

I was glad to hear that, and even gladder when I saw the lighting change, the music turning on, and Jesus coming in with a lovely lady in His arms, beginning to dance.

A dance is what had been planned to end this "Appreciation Celebration!" What a great way to show our love to each other, by letting loose and having some fun, and holding each other while dancing, looking into their eyes and letting them know we've enjoyed getting to know them.

It wasn't long before I felt the loving arms of Jesus, inviting me to join Him on the floor for a spectacular dance, with just the two of us. I wasn't thinking about anyone else at that moment. I had eyes only for Him. I think we must have danced our way back to Earth. I'm sure the dancing went on and on, as these things often go, when love is powering the air, and God's Spirit is leading.

I'd see everyone next time; and one day I'll catch up on the dancing, when I'm there, all the way, at last. For now I have a job that I want to be faithful to do. I sure want to hear the "Well done" of my king, when my time is up.

## Secrets with Jesus 24—

I almost felt like knocking when I entered the “Room of Secrets” as I was beginning to call it. There was but a single person in the room, and the one I would love to spend eternity with. He seemed to be in a thoughtful moment of reverie. I didn’t want to disturb. There was no one else. I could have easily run up and kissed Him a thousand times, showing my overwhelming enthusiasm for being with Him, without having anyone watching my carefree and blissful interaction of appreciation. Yet, I stopped myself. I lingered at the doorway, as if waiting for an invitation to an unheard knock my heart had made.

At the right time, as if on cue, my beloved looked up to search my eyes. Was I there out of duty, or love? Was I there for the fun, or for personal fellowship? And how was I feeling. What did I need? These were things His eyes searched me out, straight to the heart of my soul, in an instant. There is no hope of coverings of real feelings and desires or motives whatsoever. He sees all, right away, instantaneously. It’s very disarming and puts you right at the most humble place. All is bare open in His sight. Then you think, if after seeing all that is in me, He still says, “come in”, there’s certainly something more to Him than meets the eye. He’s got more substance than is detected, and far more to Him than I’ll probably ever find out.

“Come” He did say. It’s not that I passed the boarder inspection, but His desire to be near to me was far greater than anything impure and imperfect in me. In fact, like a doctor is drawn to a patient in need, or a rescue worker is pressed on to help someone in danger, so does Jesus say to me, “Come in.”

It’s because everything about me needs His help and attention, care and training—and I know it more by the day—thus He wants me real close to Him.

“How are you?” He asked as I sat down beside Him and He took my hand in His warmly. Those deep searching eyes scanned me to the core for the answer to His more than formal greeting—He really meant it. I guess He got the answer, because He kind of nodded and smiled. I think that was more to let me know that He knew, and the answer was in His mind. I didn’t have to fumble through with words, as mind to mind and heart to heart communication was far more efficient.

It’s funny how at this point I was much too enthralled by this connecting moment with Him to even think about where the others were, or even really remember that it was the get together. All I could think about were the eyes and thoughts and love and acceptance of my Saviour. I didn’t remember the world. I couldn’t care less what my own name was, I was totally engaged in this marvellous moment, together, alone.

“I knocked on your door, while you were on Earth, and you let Me in. And now I let you in, and we’ll sup together. Would you like a special time eating together and enjoying each other’s company?” He said.

I nearly cried tears of joy. I couldn’t want anything better. I couldn’t even think of anything now. I was blank to all thoughts—past, present, or future. All I could think of was, “Yes, I want to be with You.”

So He placed me up on His big lap. Even an adult seems childlike in God’s lap—and that’s when He makes Himself real small, way down more to our size.

He cuddled me and then we had a tray of food to share, suspended somehow. He offered different things for me to try and showed me how to eat them.

Next, as if for a little child, a fun video was put on. It seemed to be projected right in front. He was making it work with just His thoughts, of course. I was being shown different scenes of my life on Earth, and the ways that He helped me through my difficult times; or lonely times. He showed me many things of my early childhood that I have long forgotten—when He showed His love to me, angels He sent to guard and guide me and keep me safe. I learned why certain accidents and hurts were allowed, and what they helped to prevent from happening in the future, or what they trained me in.

A compiled video all about me—much more than that. It was Jesus and me, and that is what made it particularly heart warming.

When our time of special eating and talking came to a close, I realised, or He told me, that mysteriously, each and everyone that had come to today's get together, was having something similar. Each one was having a lunch with Jesus, just the two of them, in whatever way or menu or talk time discussions were most meaningful and fulfilling for them, individually.

When it was over, all of a sudden, everyone found themselves seated in the room, on cushions, holding hands with someone beside them in a circle.

"Oh!" some of them laughed. It did surprise them indeed. Everyone look refreshed, and some looked deep in thought, or with the look of just having found out a secret, or discovered that someone you loved actually was in love with you as well. All kinds of looks were on people's faces, amusement, far-away dreamy looks, focused and determined with a mission on their mind, and so forth. I didn't know what Jesus had said or communicated with each one, but whatever it was, it had been perfectly suited to their heart's needs, and they were pleased with their time alone.

It was a bit hard coming back to "reality" of this more casual gathering, after such focused time with Jesus.

But everyone gave each other's hands a kiss, as they held them. Feeling love from a loved one always helped you to move on to new things, even if your heart was still in another dimension, having been shown or given something special.

Then the hostess, dressed in a really lovely dress of Grecian style, came out with tray after tray of goodies for the dessert to enjoy. Ice cream cups topped with cherries; fancy drink glasses and crispy nibbles; bowls of pudding and cream; cake type squares of the richest recipe. It was nice not getting full in Heaven, so one could enjoy whatever the food was that was being served—and nice not having physical troubles that came as a result of eating different foods. It was all good, it was all Heavenly, and all could partake.

Then I saw some musicians, a band of sorts, came in and set up in the corner. Some instruments were old fashioned—really olden day. Others were newly invented. A set of cheery songs were shared. The Heavenly joy of loving one another and belonging to Jesus pervaded through the air. It was a happy and fulfilling time.

It was a special way to bring to a close these very special get togethers, of secrets with Jesus, learning of Him, and getting to know one another more as well.

As we went to leave, Jesus Himself, appeared at the door to bid each one goodbye. I thanked Him for the special time He took with me. I didn't want to walk out of that room. I wanted to stay in His arms, though I didn't want to keep the others waiting. But I remembered how He could talk with Me, just me, while at the same time being with another, just them, somehow, in the Spirit World where all things are possible with God. As He held me in an embrace, He was taking me back down to my place of service. It wasn't a flight or taxi, but the arms of Jesus' transportation service. How very lovely. I love Him. So, here I am again.

What will please you, Jesus? What do you wish for me to do? I'm ready. I'm just so pleased to be with You, every step of my life. I'm glad to always belong to You. Where should I go first? What should I do now? Who should I help care for? What ministry should I tend to? It can all get overwhelming, and that is why I just have to ask You about it, because I really haven't a clue what is truly the most important to do in the very little amount of time that is called, 'today'.

Please lead me and guide me, precious Saviour.

P.S. Here are some notes that were written to those who organised these special times of fellowship and learning, showing their appreciation, and what they enjoyed about it.

## **Letters to the Administrator, in appreciation for the “Secrets and special times with the Saviour.”**

\*I wanted to thank you for all you put into making these classes so Heaven-filled. I don't know how to say a heartfelt thanks. Priceless. Fully enjoyable.

\*It's been such a treasure, having all these secrets from the Saviour stored in my heart now. I feel we all became closer to each other as we drew closer to Him. I feel a well-spring of love welling up in me, of new joy and fervency to do my part, as ardently as I can, for the Master.

\*I loved all the special thrills and frills that went along with them—the joyful times, the food and snacks, the ambiance; there was a whole lot of fun packed into such meaningful, precious times. It made it so well rounded, and extraordinarily pleasant.

\*It was very nice. It kept me wanting to come again and again. So many surprises. I liked the guessing part, of just finding out what was going to happen when it happened. It kept me on edge in a good way; curious as could be.

\*I thought I'd lived a while and had lots of wisdom tucked away, but when I started to go, right from the start I felt I was at the bottom of a new learning ladder, starting from scratch in a whole new area of spiritual growth that was all fresh and new for me. It keeps you young, learning new fields of inspiration and maturation. The more I learn the younger I get. The more time I spend learning the Heavenly way, the more vibrant I get. The world's knowledge brings you down, but Heaven's secrets lift you up and lightens you, transports you to new realms of faith, as you dive in deeper to the secrets of God. The more I learn, the younger I feel.

\*Loved being a part, and being able to do things in the style that I love. It wasn't strictly this or that, but each one hosting was able to put their touch, their bit of divine empowerment and joyful interest to flavour the activity. This kept things very varied, fully interesting, and refreshingly expressive. No stifled joys. Though it all pointed in the right direction, I personally enjoyed expressing my individual loves and interests and using them to help others get to know our Lord and Heavenly king better. I didn't have to be perfect, but had the freedom to try new inspirations.

\*Jesus was / is extremely flexible. No matter what the setting, He just fits in right and can bring everything around to the right point of the activity, having His heart and ours beat closer, and our minds think more in unison. He's anything but stuffy. I'm even surprised He stooped to do some of the more human joy things that we wanted to enjoy at these times. He didn't make us feel we were lower down, but got right in at the same place as we, and then used the situation to lift us all up to a higher level of Heavenly inspiration, and drew us all, each of us, in closer to His heart of love, endearing us to Him forever.

\*(Could you describe a moment when you were taken by surprise and why it surprised you?) I can honestly say, I didn't have a clue, each time, just what the setting or talk was going to be like. I wasn't in any of the planning meetings or set up crew. I think I liked that, because I do love being surprised. So I guess you could say that it all came as a fun surprise. And the times when it was more “down to Earth” without big scenery changes and the unexpected happening, that was likewise a surprise, because it was more “normal” and I didn't know it would be that way either. But it certainly was all very enjoyable.

\*(Do you have a favourite setting, one that lived in your memories for a long time afterwards, and still does? One that you particularly appreciated what went into it?) I loved the indoor “fountain of light”, where dreams and visions were displayed. It was like we went to so many new places, just from that one spot. I do love travelling and learning about the thoughts people have. And when I've had a chance to help someone's heart's desires be fulfilled, it was a joy for me. I can understand how the Lord Himself loves to give “desires of people's hearts” as they delight themselves in Him.

\*(Was there a moment with the Master that was particularly heart moving and stirring for you?) When He knelt down and cried, and cried while praying for His lost sheep, His darling ones, to make it home. I can't stop thinking about how much His heart goes out to each one He created. But He can't do anything if they choose to despise

Him or turn away. All He can do is reach out, call out, send out love, and hope He'll get love in return, and can give life eternally to those who believe. He is a God who has a God-sized heart filled with love. That's a lot of love, and love means hurting for those who you long to have return love back to you. He could have made it not be that way, but He chose to feel, to love, and to hurt, so He could win our love not through hard force, but by humility and great tenderness. Of course when that doesn't work, He'll try something harder. But that doesn't mean it hurts any less when He has to go without the love in return from the ones that He made. It's all love, in His mysterious ways that He has chosen to work.

\*(To me: ) I like that you came. It took faith to stretch and visit. It took bravery to reach out to the Spirit, not knowing exactly what was going to happen. I've missed you. Thank you for being here with me. I loved your company. I invited you, and was glad our paths could cross. Peace be with you, as you bravely run the race in the heat of the sun, and through the storm clouds that are going to come. There is always a rest for the people of God, a place in the bosom of Heaven, where you can come to revive, if you are hungry and thirsty. The water of life is available for those who need it.