



Secrets with Jesus 9-16

(Book 2 of 3)

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 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 in fused 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 enjoyed 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 were 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 the 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.

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.