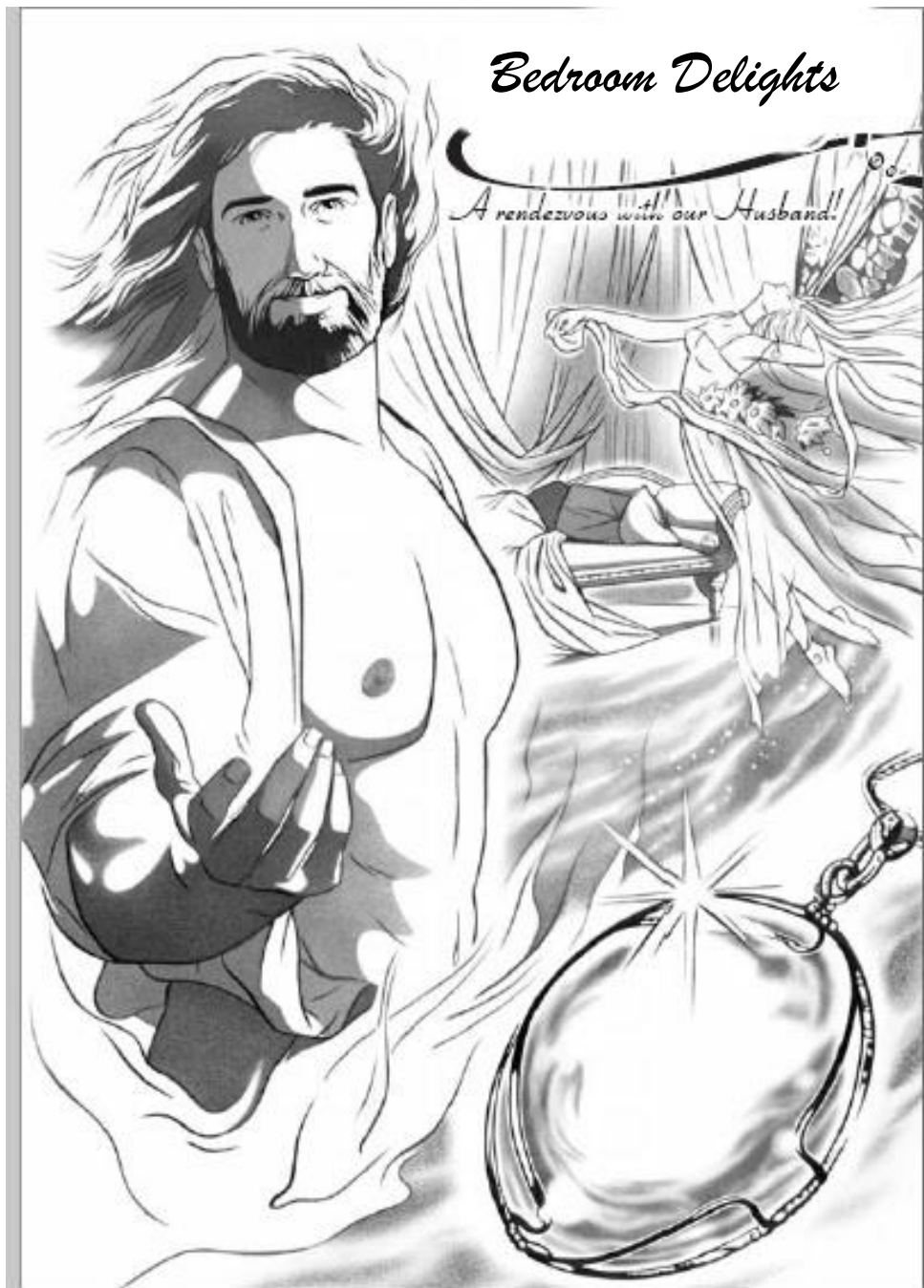


Bedroom Delights

A rendezvous with our Husband.



Part 3

THE BEDROOM DELIGHTS SERIES (NOV 2020)

Setting 9:

(Jesus speaking:) I've got a candy cane just right for you. It tastes delicious in your mouth and gives you the energy buzz of excitement in your heart and mind.

You can sit up here on the tall bar stool in My Heavenly café, and practically drool over all the treats that I have for those who come and sit here with Me. I've got all kinds of tastes and styles, shapes and sizes. But only those who come out on a date with Me get to have access to them.

“Let's try this lolly pop.”

You suck and suck on it, until juicy liquid is all over your lips. I smile. You like the treats of Heaven.

Now we can share a tall milk shake. We share the cup; we each partake. It's good, isn't it?

How about a chocolate cake slice filled with delectable creams and syrup? It's far too sweet for your earthly body to manage, but here in the spirit you can partake of delights that are just right for you.

Put aside the luring attractions of this world that are not fit for a human body, and that only run you down, but take in, take in with gusto and pleasure the sweet meats and sweet treats that I can give you here and now, straight to your heart and mind. It will feel like you have had something better than your most enjoyed treat to eat.

Ah, now comes the next one, served on the table counter here for you. You love how you just feel better and better with the delicious dainties that I give; rather than feeling awful like you would on earth

if you took in the sugar distractions and mind-and-body-weakening delectables.

You look up with a smile at Me. How did I know you'd really like this next dessert? I know you. I made you, remember? Those things on Earth are just to give you a sample of an idea of what is to come.

With your most favourite dessert in front of you, you can't wait to get right into tasting it. You say, "Thank you," and with just about every bite you say it again, in some way.

I hold your hand and smile. I really like treating you to all your favourite things.

So why did I take you to this place? To show you that you don't need to be confined to thinking of and dreaming of things only in the way you do in the carnal world you live in. For you can explore new things in the realm of My Spirit. Or the same kinds of things, but just the Spirit's version of them.

You may have never drooled over a lolly pop, and you can't stand candies. But some people like them, and I want them to know that I have far better things than this for them to partake of. And I want you to reach beyond your comfort zone when seeing things in the Spirit. There are things that I wish for you to partake of that might go beyond what you are normally comfortable with or even that go against your grain of personal desires.

I'm not here to please you for the sake of it, but for the sake of the Kingdom of God. And like a child at a fancy restaurant, I might offer you new things, teach you new manners, and get you to try things that you never have tasted and tried for yourself.

Be open to letting Me show and teach you new things. Don't be linked to what you have been so far.

For example, is there something you actually have a human fear about, or a great dislike for? Or maybe something that hurt you in the past? Maybe one way I have of bringing healing to you or changing your past and making a new creation out of you is to take you right into that zone, and living it--but in the Spirit.

Is there someone who hurt you or you greatly disliked what they did to you? Maybe it's time to have a spirit adventure with them. They didn't mean to cause you anguish or heartache. Maybe you can ask Me to put you two together in a vision or a dream, and get to do something far-out—even reliving the thing you didn't like, but with the perspective of Heaven. I can make you see it all in new eyes.

It's time to burn free and burn the past through new memories. You need to look at everything through a Heavenly perspective. I want to take the distasteful filters away from your retrospect. I want you to enjoy more what I have done with you in your life.

Got a painful memory? Ditch it, and relive it with My new eyeglasses, and My new inbuilt feelings. Did you learn something from it? Probably not, or not much, as it was too painful to go through. But think about it now, as you take a spirit trip in mind to that place and time and person. You can even up the intensity of the situation mentally, the actual circumstances, and then ask me to build new feelings and paint over new memories. I want you to get rid of the bad and foul taste in your mouth and mind, and relive things with My feelings and thoughts now over-riding it.

This is a strong cleaning method. For when the past—the ugly view of it—lingers in your mind and thoughts, you'll never really be clean. The yuckiness of your feeling of a past situation will still pop up in your thoughts and reactions and cause a break in the flow of My spirit, and cause sinful behaviour.

So think about it now. Take a trip back in the past with Me. Let's live that again, yes, with those same fault-filled persons, but I'll give a new spin on it if you listen and look and let Me love away the hurts and negativity.

And then, to save you time later on, what is hard for you now? Did something painful just happen, or is happening to you right now? Let Me put on the right spin, and walk you through it, and love you with My spirit, no matter what is happening.

Disintegrate the negative, rather than adding that dark rock to your bag of "bad things that happened to me". Let Me make it vanish right at the start. You'll certainly have a lighter bag of life to carry around if you learn to do this.

I'm not telling to you to deceive yourself, and lie about wrongs, but just to get a new point of view, something outside of the way you see it. Maybe it wasn't altogether bad; maybe I can work with it to help bring good in your life, even now.

This is one way to "milk" each experience you "enjoyed" or lived through, and make them all work in your favour and give you some supplies for your ministry and life here and now today.

Let's work through it, let's live through it, and let's let it go.

Setting 10:

(Jesus speaking:) Let's say, I'm a cowboy, complete with boots and Stetson hat, spurs, lasso and all. I'm a tough dude, and have been riding long and hard with the cattle. I've got my steed to travel on, and my skin is tanned from the months I've been working in the open.

You, dainty you, stand there in your flimsy little gown. I've still got the horse whip in one hand, and a canteen of water in the other, but I fold you into an embrace and place a firm kiss on your lips.

"Wanna go for a ride?" I offer.

You really don't feel prepared. You aren't toned and weathered like Me. But up I place you on the horse.

"Got some cattle to check on, and a storm's coming in," I explain, as I hop up behind you.

Something about holding you begins to make Me melt. It brings out the tenderness about Me, and there's only one thing on My mind—you.

"Let's get this job done quick," I say. Though you know it's not just because of the threatening storm that is approaching. I have other things pressing Me onward, and I really don't want to wait any longer than I have to, to take you off the horse and whisk you into the little cabin we'll be spending the night in.

When the cattle have been rounded up—and you got to see and even help Me a bit—then we gallop with a speed you didn't know I could ride with, practically flying through the air, over to that long-awaited cabin.

I tie up the horse to a stump, and lift you down. Well, not all the way down, for as you slide off the saddle and into My arms, you wrap your legs around My waist and your arms around My neck.

"I've never seen you look so good," your eyes seem to say to Me. For the most part you had to see Me in working gear and mode. But now that it's time to focus on us, I have a new glow and gentleness about Me.

“Let’s go inside,” I manage to say, in almost a whisper, for I feel My breath is nearly taken away, feeling your fervency and passion as you wrap yourself around Me.

You nod and in we go.

I stoke up a fire, and lay you down on the hard surface that is used as a bed or table, or work space, or whatever the need it. For today it’s going to be all of the above.

“It’s a bit hard,” I say, almost apologising for the humble bed I offer you.

“I don’t mind hard things,” you reply.

“It’s been hard to wait,” I say. “But I’m going to fix that right now.”

You reach down and pull up your dress, all the way up, revealing your naked and hungry body.

“What is that saying,” you say, with a twinkle, “The hard we do right away... the impossible takes longer.”

I haven’t even waited for you to finish your quip, and it causes you to gasp with My strong entrance in to your delicate waiting frame. I can’t even talk. It’s been building up for so long. I scarcely can contain Myself. Though I could, as I have been for so long, I choose not to.

You really don’t mind.

When the main thrust of the moment is past, you say with a teasing smile, “What’s on the menu? I heard this is the table for satisfying meals for hard working men.”

I look at you with the unmistakable look that says, “You—and more of you”.

“I’ve spread the table, and it’s been delicious so far,” I then say.

You reply with, “Care for some dessert?”

“Maybe,” I answer, unrolling the sleeping bag to snuggle with you in, on the table that is also now our bed.

It’s hard to sleep, but we try.

“If you get hungry in the night, let me know, and I’ll spread something tasty on the table for You,” you said to Me in a whisper, partly through the night of attempted sleep. “You have been working so hard, and haven’t had all that much to eat.”

I whisper, “I think I just got hungry...”

“What do you want your meal dressed with?” you ask.

The look in My eye tells you the answer, “Nothing; nothing at all.”

You then sit up, straddling a certain cowboy, ready to ride, and whisk off the thin garment you are wearing.

I reach into my pocket and pull out a lighter that is used to start up the campfires. I flick it a few times so I can get a better look at you.

“Trying to light my fire?” you ask, and add “I’m already burning hot.”

Setting 11:

(Jesus speaking:) The ice cream parlour is where I will take you next. There are literally zillions of flavours to choose from—so you are going to have to come back many more times, to get to sample at least some of them.

We’ll sit on this nice comfortable couch seat in the corner of the room. It kind of curves around, so we can be side by side, or we can scoot aside more separately and face each other, as we wish. The

waitresses and waiters come by with a few sample tastes so you can get an idea of what types you might like full servings of.

Then we look over the menu of all the ideas of types of toppings and side orders you can have along with your choices of ice cream. There's berries and jams, crunchy sprinkles, creams and puddings, coconut shreds, sauces, pancakes, cookies and on goes the delectable choices.

I help you decide, and we place our order. Now while we wait we have time to talk. Of course, I could make the food instantly appear, but the reason for being here was to have personal time. That really is the main course.

"Tell me how it's being going," I ask, looking right into your eyes. There is no escaping My gaze, and it tells Me right away what sorts of things you have been feeling lately. You'd like to cover up all trials or battles or secret faults, and just be able to tell Me of all the great things you thought and did. But that really isn't possible. You are human and will have trials and tests of various sorts—and I am a God who both loves you lots, and knows all things.

"You weren't able to get over that jab made by that person," I probe. We talk about it, since it's still fresh in your mind. Then I share My thoughts on the subject. You see that there are reasons, reasons you are unaware of, why it made you feel that way. I help you see where the real problem or fear or source of hurt lies, and help you to untangle the issues. I give you some new ideas of sides of the situation to consider, and this helps you greatly.

You see that I am not thinking negatively about you and going to send you away from the table just because you weren't able to be perfectly upbeat about each occurrence this week. But you see that in telling Me about it and in getting My thoughts it's like a magic wand that erases much of the trouble. We just needed time to talk

things out. And it's best we do so before seeds of hurt feelings turn into weeds and hurtful words towards others.

Ah, now our ice cream has arrived. And what a sumptuous delight it is! These servers have done a tremendous job. I can see the delight on your face. –Mostly because your heart feels so much lighter. That's why I had the treat be delayed a bit, so we could talk. I knew that you would enjoy it so much better then, once your heart was set free of the most resent things that were troubling you.

You take a big bite, and again another. Instead of the coldness of this dessert numbing and freezing your mouth and taste buds, it seems to do the opposite. The more you eat, the more you can taste and smell, and enjoy. The treats of Heaven heighten your senses and make experiences that follow be all the more enjoyed.

I pour a bit more chocolate sauce on this dish we are sharing, and you scoop on a bit more whipped cream. I then sprinkle a hand full of crushed mixed nuts, and you add a few cherries. It's a together experience that just get's better.

You look at Me, wondering if you dare to ask the question. Since I have gotten you to express the thoughts that were on your heart and mind, you are wondering if I'd like to share a few things that are on My mind. You don't know if it's right to, or also, if it's right not to—not to give Me a chance.

I read your mind and help make it easy for you.

“I'll tell you more about that, a bit later,” I say.

This really intrigues you: How I knew what you were thinking, and the fact that I would confide something personal to you—and the fact that there even is something personal I want to say. You find it hard to wait, so you turn your attention to the delicious treat and keep enjoying it.

When it is done and the dishes are cleared away, the lighting is lowered and we sit back facing each other.

“Now, let me tell you a story...” I begin.

I like to use stories as they help to describe and pass on feelings and ideas. The keen ones will get the points that I am making.

“Once when I was very small—when I lived on earth—an idea popped into My head: *‘Why don’t I pretend to be one of the little wild creatures, to walk like them, or try to imitate their sounds. Then they won’t be so afraid of Me’* I thought.”

You sit there listening, trying to see the point I am making. Right away you get it.

“Of course this didn’t work, because no matter how much I would try, the creatures all still could sense who and what I was—not one of them; and they’d scurry off.”

I added more to the story, and explained this and that. But you got the point.

You voice it: “Be what You, Jesus, have made me to be—or I’ll look pretty silly in Your eyes, imitating the actions of those I am not one of.”

I nod with a smile twinkling in My eyes.

“Shall we go?” I say, taking your hand and leaving the ice cream parlour.

We’ve had such a nice time; you really don’t want it to end.

“Come, stop by My place,” I say. “The fun doesn’t have to end yet. Wanna stay the night with Me? I’ve got films we can see of true events; I’ve got drinks and joys you haven’t even tasted yet. And I’ve got the silkiest, softest bed you ever slept in.”

You nod, and then are whisked into a warm embrace. You are so happy that it seems the fun just began, and that it can go on now for quite a while more.

When you are at My place and on My couch, and I'm serving you a drink in the soft and pleasant lighting, you look up to thank Me--but instead you are met with My eyes thanking you.

"This really means a lot to Me, that you'd spend all this time with Me. I feel that even if I didn't have all these 'fun things' to do, you'd still be here with Me," I say to you, "And I love you for that."

Setting 12:

A poem from Jesus, and His Bride

(15-DEC-1996)

(Jesus speaking:)

I have called you away

On the bed of sickness to lie

Though you hurt and understand not why.

But, My love,

Through your toil and your tears,

Can you see how I've carried you all these years?

You fuss and you sigh,

And say life's joys you are missing,

That there are things your heart is wishing.

Do know that I care,
Every prayer, thought and part
Of your life is dear to My heart.

I will answer your prayers,
Every broken piece mend,
Fear not, this isn't the end.

For joys you will see
As you have before.
I have so many things in store.

But come now, My dear,
My love, to Me,
By My side is where I want thee.

You love Me, 'tis true,
And you want to be near,
So I've brought you, for a while, right here.

So give Me your heart,
Love Me like no other,
And I'll be your greatest Lover.

I'll tenderly care,
Love gifts I'll bestow,

Thrills and joys you can know.

(Bride speaking:)

Just think, Dear Lord,

It's just You and me,

We can love so passionately.

How much fun we can have,

Like a honeymoon,

We can praise and kiss and spoon.

As I receive Your Word seeds

May they be part of me,

And change me to be more like Thee.

Messages from Jesus to His Bride

(10-FEB-2020)

Come with Me to Heaven's door to get a little peek at what is inside. You can't come in, and you don't have all the features in order to see and feel and experience it yet. But what I do show you will be satisfying a plenty.

(AUG-2018)

...It's a little glimpse into the days and life to come when with your eyes you see and serve Me in the reality of the realm beyond. Be not amazed that I can use a little tiny one as you. Your love for Me is big and passionate and that makes you one that I crave.

Just as you need Me fervently and don't wish to go a day without knowing and experiencing and declaring your love, so do I feel. I don't want a day to go by without being one, together, in some way. We can love and unite in many ways—I in you and you in Me.

(1-NOV-2018)

Like the grapes you deliciously tasted from Me, so is the fruit born from being near to Me. Your life will flourish and you are free to love Me yet more. I am free and I know you, and together we can love in a wide variety of settings. Feed on Me, nourish yourself very close to Me. I'll wrap you in My arms and rock you and hold you very close. I care so much about you.

My tears water your garden; they become your tears—and yours, Mine. We cry together and bear fruit together. Then one day when the grapes of your works for Me are all ripe and they are turned to wine, we shall laugh and love in yet more free abandon than ever before, with the liberty of the Spirit.

(17-SEP-2018)

I am your husband. I am your husband. There is no one on earth that you belong to like you belong to Me. I might let you live with and dwell with people here and there, in this or that situation, but I alone hold the rights to your life.

Setting 13:

(Jesus speaking:) Baby, I've been waiting for you all night. I've let you sleep and rest, but now I want to take time with you. Come, sit on My lap, and look into My eyes. I know, you've never seen anything more beautiful or more mysterious, or more interesting than the looks I can put forth in My eyes. You feel you could just sit and stare into them day after day.

Right now I'm going to put on a show for you. I'll display something else for you to see. Look over here. Do you see these people reading the Bible, some people praying, some helping others in sacrificial ways, some lovingly caring for children, others teaching new believers how to read, and teaching them what the verses of the Bible might mean for them in their situations?

There is so much good going on right now, all over the world, you have no idea. This is good news to Me. And there's a lot of this that you, little you, are partly responsible for. And for that, I'm going to thank you, right now. So if you don't mind, I'll make My entrance right into your Spirit. I can enter you in so many ways.

I come into your mind and thoughts, and into your body in special ways. I come into your heart and feelings. I meld and become one with your spirit. But I do like to do all of the above, all at once, when I want you to get a good time of loving.

I just want to thank you for all you have done in your life that has made it possible for the Gospel of truth to continue to be preached.

You didn't know your little bit could keep going on and affect so many people. But I keep tabs of it. I know who is walking My way because of what you have done some years back. Most of the time I don't let you see it; that's reserved for a time much later. Because it might seem like a whole lot to you, so much that you might just settle down and take a nap, spiritually, and not keep fighting new battles for the new souls that still need reaching.

I'm not here to say it's time for vacation, but for appreciation. So, lie down now and let Me thank you with My Spirit entering you, and loving and warming you, and satisfying you. You are going to need the stamina for the next part of the job. I both satisfy and I blow your mind with thrills of Paradise yet to come. And what it does is help you to keep going. And because you keep going, more souls make it to Heaven. And the more you are responsible for bringing to Me, the more "Thank You's" I will be dishing out to you.

Letting Me love you is helping to expand your rewards manifold. Why? Because it keeps you pressing in to the goal of helping others press into the Kingdom. And then great can be your reward for doing your part—with the wind of the Love of your Saviour that moved you along and upheld you.

Open your eyes and look into Mine, and let Me "undo you", like Isaiah felt.

Setting 14:

(Jesus speaking:) Honey, I can't wait until we get out of this coach we are riding in to our stay for the night. So, I'm going to lock the door, pull down the blinds, and feel My way right into your heart. You can't see Me, but you are going to feel Me real good real soon.

I want you completely naked, every last bit of clothing and coat and so forth removed. I don't even want a hat to be on you. I just want My fingers to feel you, the real you and nothing else. If anyone tries to peek in, well, they'll get a good lesson on love. But I'm keeping us private here as the horses trot along. Soon we'll be at our destination, so we better make quick work now of this unique setting for some wild passion and loving.

I want you all over Me. There is nothing about you that I don't like. There's nowhere on Me that isn't hungry for your kisses of all types, your passionate moving and writhing with love. Oh, you are a wild lover. You quickly throw your clothes to the floor of this closed in coach. What a nice bed they'll make for us. We don't need them to cover us, but to support our wild naked passionate love. We only use them to bring us wild freedom.

You kneel down on the fluff of your discarded garments, while I sit on the seat. I let your hands reach and remove the pants that I am wearing. But you can't wait even until they are all the way off before your lips excite Me and before long you are sitting astride Me and going for it.

I love the wild love we can share.

From your vantage point you can see a peek out of the window. There is a light up ahead. Our stay for the night is a moment away. It's time to put at least something on as we'll need to get out quite soon. I pick up your coat and say in your ear, "Put this on... we won't need the rest for quite some time."

And so you obediently do. The rest of your clothes we leave where they are. The coach will be waiting for us in the morning. If people have questions when seeing what you have removed when in the closed quarters with Me, then let them wonder. I don't mind them knowing how desirable I am that someone near Me discards all else

to know full love with Me. I don't mind people realising how you couldn't wait until later to have Me. It's really a good thing. I want the world to know how great I make you feel.

And so into the place we go, directly from the coach into the welcoming door. Good thing we don't need to go up the stairs, but our room is right beside the entrance. I don't think I could have waited that long. And with only your coat on, there really is little time that was wasted before continuing on what we started.

I see the fire in the room has already been prepared—just like the fires of love have also been. I kiss you in the golden glow of the fire, slipping My hands around your back, while your coat is still on. Then I bring you over to what you thought would be the bed, but no, there's more fun to be had on the way.

I've backed you over and sat you down on a couch. Now it's My turn to remove all that I am wearing, in the light of the fire you see Me, with pleasure and anticipation I am revealing My full self to you. This is a very special moment. You know it's not just with anyone and anywhere that I do this. You feel very privileged indeed.

But that's not all.

I then kneel, and take your hand in Mine, and place on it a golden wedding band.

I only love with those I am married to—and those I want to be with forever and ever.

This is not like those rings that people wear on Earth, as they keep flipping partners almost as casually as a man flips channels on television.

When God does something, He means it. And when He says "forever", that's what it is.

You feel a lump forming in your throat, a cry trying to get out, but you are too mesmerised to cry. You just take it all in, and love Me a million times more by the second.

Then I stand and take your hand, causing you to stand. I gently remove your coat and let it fall to the ground.

“We are now man and wife,” I say, and walk you over to the marital bed to consummate our wedding vows.

“Do you take Me, as your Husband forever?” I say, and ask you to demonstrate your response.

And the rest of the night we confirm in our wedding vows, making them more secure by the moment and with a passion only a Saviour could inspire.

When the coach came to take us to the next place, in the wee hours of the morning, I help you gather your strands of wild hair that told that little sleep was had the whole night long. I pick up your coat and help to cover you with it, and give you a drink of water. We had little time to think of such trivial things. A night was too short to show the fullness of our passion. But after all, it was just the start of a very long time of love—forever.

“Shall we go?” I say, as we then exit the room and the building.

Out we walk together.

A new type of smile is on your face.

Then a twinkle is in your eyes, when you see the clothes still on the floor of the coach. You wonder if I’ll make you put them back on for decency.

I won’t.

“When we are together alone in this place, as we travel onward, please don’t. I just want to see you, and feel you too, when you are ready. I want to feel the warmth of your body holding and hugging Me closely,” I whisper.

Setting 15:

(Jesus speaking:) “Everything is loaded and ready, then let’s be going,” I say, as you and I are getting ready to go. We are in the dusty outback, and our vehicle is loaded—our flatbed truck, with all sorts of supplies. We are going to help set up a new farm elsewhere.

With the droughts and the meagre supplies available out in the wilderness places, a new station is needed so people can have what they need as they settle out here.

I sit in the driver’s seat and you and your little one beside Me.

“Let’s go,” I say with determination.

You nod.

It’s not going to be an easy trip—with the sun and the heat, the dry dusty air and the possibilities of car trouble and all. But when you think of those who are hungry and struggling far worse, we know we need to go.

About eight hours later we at last reach the well. That’s what’s here as far as set up goes. But that’s a start. Right away you get pulling up water and I get building a fire. I set up something to cook with, and you pour some grains into a pot.

Our little one is resting in a fold-out cot beside the fire, while I set up a two-room tent for us all to sleep in.

The next morning I'm early at work hauling small logs and stones, and getting to work on making a very small lodging—something to keep the wild creatures away, and a place to put our food supplies.

After a month has past, the place we have set up and stayed in, is ready for others to move in to. It's time for us to go. It's a start. Those living here can then gather supplies, start a store to make needed items for survival available, and start growing crops and raising sheep.

Our next mission is to find a certain farm that needs fixing up. The inhabitants have left and the place is in disrepair. With the little one on your back, and a big pack of needed items on Mine, we hike from where we left the vehicle, over the little stream and deep into the bush to find the forsaken and forgotten farm house and grounds.

The little one is asleep at midday when we at last reach the place. You lie him in a hammock you strung between two gum trees, and cover him with a thin sheet to keep the bugs and sun off him.

We sit in the shade to rest. This job will take some months to finish, but we know it's worth our time.

Some months later, we sit beside the open fire we are using to roast some lamb. We are sipping homemade wine from the fruits of the farm.

"This lamb reminds Me of another one who gave that you might be saved," I say to you.

You nod, knowing just who I am taking about, and take another swig of the natural wine.

"It cost Me My life, and I shed My blood for you, so you could make it home to Me. And just like we have been here, working on fixing things up at this farm place, giving up our home for this time, so was I sent from My home to come to Earth to make things right again."

I then hand you a piece of damper that has been fire-roasted—some bread dough that was wrapped on a stick that was cooked over the fire.

You take it and eat it and sip the wine. With this you are remembering what I did for you, and for everyone. It is a simple communion.

“Thank you,” you say. “And not just for then, but for working with me still now, being a team. I love how our little one looks just like You. Just looking at him reminds me of the loving times we have shared,” you added.

To that I say, “And will yet. There is still so much else to learn and add into your life, My dear wife—like gathering all the needed ingredients for a meal. And like a meal that needs heat to be cooked, so will the heat of My love be in your life, making all things right.”

You feel tired and weary, and you feel you need Me more than ever. You kneel down in front of Me and thank Me once again, for always being with you, day after day. My love is shown to you not just in the bed, but in being there, helping you, one weary day after the next, and patiently helping you to learn the skills needed for the jobs we are working on together.

A Message from Jesus to His Bride (3-May-2020)

“Come darling. I can’t wait any longer.” ...Your burning desire stirs Me up. Do you want Me? How much? How deep? And to what percentage compared to other things? Oh how I love those who make Me their first and long term Love. It’s to those I give My secrets.

I can't wait, but will love deeply with you, fervently, and without restraint, until you know how real I am, and how I will not tolerate any indifference. That is what I hate. When I am treated as a side line order, a can-do-without personage.

But when you are naked before Me, simply say you have no one else you are desiring, nothing else you long for, just Me, Me, and more of Me please, then I get interested.

How do you show your utter love and desire for Me?

Let Me show you how I do it for you, and then you can get a little idea of what I like in My wife, My bride, the one I am too passionate about to let you wait for too much longer.

First I whisper words of loving desire in your ear. Then I run My hands down your back side, first one hand and then the other. You are before Me and in My hands, and in many ways at My mercy, yet you yield. Then I slowly begin to kiss you as you taste Me. I press into you and you melt. This is how I say I love you. But it's just one of the ways, of course.

Now, your turn. Will you start with words of desire? Will you lift your arms in praise, and grasp Me with your hands in earnest prayer? Will you kiss Me as you use your fingers to draw words of My mouth? Will you open yourself up to Me and ask for Me to fill you?

These are one way you can draw Me to your side.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The LORD is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

I love the LORD ...

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD...

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

He maketh me to lie down ...

Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.... thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

(Psalm 65:4; Psalm 145:16-17; Psalm 116:1; Psalm 42:2; Psalm 84:2; Psalm 27:4; Psalm 23:6; Psalm 107:9; Psalm 23:2,4-6.)

A Message from Jesus to His Bride (22-Sept-2020)

I let down your hair and run my fingers through it. My soft touch is igniting. I massage your shoulders, and run my fingers down your back. It's nice that we can meet this way. Love the Lord with your mind.

Then I face you, with a look you can never erase. You know I want you badly enough to have gone through all it's taken to get us to this point, in time, in history. I simply crave you, more than you'll ever know. I have to have you and will stop at nothing to get it.

Do you know what I mean when I say these words? No, you don't, but you accept them. Like lovers speaking in another language. they know they love each other and wish to express it in word, but the other one doesn't quite hear what they are saying, just the love felt and the actions that follow. They know they can trust one another.

So lay back and let Me show My love to you. You are hearing My words, but one day You'll get to know what I actually mean in full. You can't expect to know it just yet. We just have to wait.

We've loved long through the spirit of My written words, the guide linking scripture to mind and taking you through the pathways and links.

Now it's time I show you a bit more of My presence. Can I come into the room there? Can you lie down and see the visions I show you? I'll come into you in secret ways, so still you won't know it. But you'll feel the change, the good change in your spirit. For the more of Me that you take in, the more like Me you become. The more like Me you are, the more fun we can have, because we can catch each other's jokes, speak on the same terms, and know what each other is thinking without having to ask.

Let Me meld with you and embrace you. I'll take off your outer garments and fit you out with a robe of Heavenly protection.

(6-MAY-2020)

(Jesus speaking:) You don't have to take off into a fantasy on your own when at last we make love together; we can take off together. That way we'll always be together.

I can love your mind, I can love your soul, your heart, your body, your whole being. Every part of you I can be with and be nourishing. It's not like on earth where it's just body contact. But we can go and do the most incredible things, all while having a time of loving. It's truly being one.

You don't know how long I've been waiting for this moment. Now just lay back and let Me love you, come into you, take over your mind, your whole being. I love making out with you.

Setting 16:

(Jesus speaking:) I want to take you to the stars, My darling one, and let you lie back on the light of a star. I can make you any size I wish to. There is so much I can show you out here. Come. Leave all that is in the world, and even in your mind and busy thoughts, behind. Let's go up, up and away.

Ah, the stillness, yet the harmony you hear. You can hear the gentle singing and hum of the stars, but you can't hear any clatter and clamour, roaring and the din of mobs, or sounds of traffic. Here you can hear Me whisper sweet words to you, and you can hear it all so clearly.

Speak words of love to Me, and I'll tell you things that are so far-out you'll wonder who on Earth can bear to hear them from you. And most of the times, those really far-out things might be for you and I alone to share, at least until I tell and teach you more and you can have confidence that it really was Me speaking it. That's sometimes why I tell you to wait and not share something just yet with another, as it's for your sake. For if you do, the birds of mistrust might try to steal away your gentle faith in those words. I wait until more layers of faith on that matter have been built up, and then you are ready to share that message of truth with others.

Just as you now are more sure than ever about the amazing words I have given to you all about the mysteries of the Spirit, the Keys of the Kingdom, and the workings of My Spirit realm. You have had time to build up a working knowledge and put it to the test. And now you have more confidence to speak it out and share it out with others.

A Message from Jesus to His Bride (30-NOV-2019)

I'm always keen to "expressions of interest". I notice them right way. Some show it this way and some another way. But when I detect someone's expressions of interest for Me, any part of Me, anything that I can offer them, I take notice right away. It's like when a child comes into the kitchen and smells the cookies that are baking. He can tell right away what it is, and knows how much he likes it. I can smell desire, keener than the best smelling dog can detect where someone walked in the grass days ago. I can notice a person's desire faster than keen ears can hear a coin fall to the ground in a crowded noisy market place. I can sense it faster than you can tell it's about to rain.

Oh, darling, My senses perk up. I respond, for it's what I've been longing for. Sometimes you don't always see this desire side of Me. I keep it pretty well hidden, giving you lots of time to make sure you want Me, and want to abide with Me forever. But when any of the ones I have created start to show real interest in Me, in having Me near, in wishing for Me to satisfy them in some way, it gets My motor buzzing, My craving responds to the waves and signals they send out to Me, and I fly to them.

All you have to do is want Me, and you can be sure, no matter what you see or feel or experience, that I will be wanting your spirit near to Me a thousand times more. Sometimes when at last we make

contact—I'm sure of your interest in Me, and you are sure that I love you—a few tears are shared between us. It's a highly charged emotional event, like seeing a loved one again after a long while. The tears of waiting and hope, fall, and we begin to enjoy each other's company, almost too good to be true.

We start slowly by getting to know each other—you baring your heart to Me, and Me reassuring you of My great love. Once the foundations are laid, we can take the next little step. I don't want to blow you away, for I'm loving the closeness more than I can express, and I wish for it to go on for as long as possible, before pride or fear or doubt or the opinions of others, or business and thoughts steer you away to things of lesser value.

But how immense is the joy when our relationship is firmly established with all we have put into it over the years, and at last I can explode with some of My raw emotions, and it won't faze you or make you fall away. We can then have deeper times of communion, and greater thrills. I like a lass that I can yell around out of deep concern, and she won't flitter away, but holds Me yet tighter. Then once the enemy has been blown away with the breath of My mouth and roar of God, we can enjoy a spectacular time.

I can't wait until the time when I can seriously let loose all that I do feel for you, and can show you My full emotions. I long for that time. Keep getting to know Me, and then we'll reach that next higher level, and both will find deeper and greater satisfaction.

I still cry sometimes, to think about how you have accepted Me, as little as you know of Me, as small as you have seen, yet you choose to love whatever I am, and forsake all else. You are betting all on Me. You won't be disappointed, for I will give all to you, all that is good and beautiful and right for you.

Toughen up when the tough times come, and just let Me show My hard and firm loving, until you get feeling all “normal” again and can enjoy a time of reprieve. I know it’s not always easy to get away, but that makes it all the more special.

Darling I really really love you. And though I can’t show it all to you yet, I can’t fully expose My bosom, for it’s not the time yet, please know I’m really counting on the time that is coming, when we can unite and you can see more just how much, how passionately, how fervently I love you, crave you, need you. These words hardly say the feeling, the need. I’ll have to express it all in person when “the perfect day” comes.

To know the love of God, in its full, is something you have yet to experience, in all the ways I have stored up to show you. But I have to have someone I really trust before I bare My heart to them, and expose My deep emotions. I want to be sure to only share it with one who is committed to loving Me forever. These I can share My secrets with.

Setting 17:

A glimpse of steamy love in Heaven—and how Jesus loves our times of loving with Him (30-Sep-2020)

(Jesus speaking:) I’m glad you like this wine of love, the flavour I poured out to you.

But never forget who it’s coming from. Look into My eyes, yea into My very soul. Did you know that one look into you, when I see an echo of likeminded passion in you, sends ME reeling? I can’t get enough.

I even send those to be there and catch the feelings of your body when you desire Me passionately, those feelings are transported

and carried to Me. I taste them. I drink them in to My thirsty soul. You are in a far country now, and sweet waters brought to Me, quench My thirst.

Now lie back and tell Me, yea show Me Your undying love. I will feel it, you know. It can all be assimilated in ways I can very much benefit from. Are you ready? And so can I do things for you; I can give you My feelings and thoughts and joys and such sweet special things.

I love drinking you in. I watch you for My pure pleasure and entertainment. Sometimes I love with others and watch special love videos from my Brides. This sure gets Me hot and horny, and exploding in extasy. When I suggest “Shall we watch a video of love?” to one of my Brides, they know they are in for a very hot and wild, passionate-like-crazy time. For the love of those who have yet to meet Me, their love—that is like an advertisement calling for Me to be an intricate and intimate part of them—makes Me want them like you’ve never known.

I take someone to My private chambers. But this can only be one who is well acquainted with sharing My affections with another, and finds pleasure in seeing Me love and be loved by others. Deep brides who care more about My feelings than their own private enjoyment, get these special love feasts.

Sometimes I surround the room with images of many of My Brides making love to me, and have them play all at the same time, showing each in the special way they each are expressing the love to me. Even videos of the prayers of salvation [people are praying] are really moving for Me. But usually those are for times with someone I want to send down to help a needed soul get to know Me more.

But for the wild and more intimate times, I choose a Bride who can be as a person I can love in place of the one we are watching. And I

do to them what I'd love to be doing to and with the one we are watching showing love to Me.

Sometimes we rewind and see it again and again, just so I can get out more of what I am feeling, as it takes time. I have so much love to give; I feel pretty strongly. What might take you a moment to say and express, some little hungry words calling for Me, might stir in Me something that takes a very long time to express.

So, willing Brides stand in the gap here, and help take the edge off, while we wait. But let me tell you, when they get filled with these seeds of My passion, and then I send them out to love a loved one for Me, they do a really good job of it. ... They are filled with so much potent seeds of passion, they are bursting to love and love you, in all the ways you need it. And it comes out in many forms and ways. Just whatever is needed. And all you have to do is ask and it shall be given you. For when you give your all to Me, a thousand-fold to I give My all to you in return.

So back to the steamy session. A Bride comes to Me—and there are many that line up for these “infilling of the passion of Christ” sessions. She enters and kneels in utter surrender. She doesn't know what will transpire then or after as a result. It has to be a total yielding. She doesn't know what she might be asked to do after seeing My wild love.

I generally put on what pleases this one, and make Myself comely, so as to make them feel comfortable and at ease. I summon extra help, the “chamberlains”, the assistants who wait on us hand-and-foot and tend to our every whim. We have a time of deep communion, for it's not just about showing My love to others, but to them also as a person.

But when that is done, and I start reaching for the “on button” to partake of the intimate love from a Bride who has loved Me by faith,

the Bride beside Me starts to tremble just a little. And so do I. There is electric energy that starts to go through the room. It's a mixture of excitement, and anticipation, and just, plain, God-waves hitting the room.

We watch, and things get, you could say, crazy. There is no limit or boundaries of what you think of in your physical realm. It's nothing that can rightly be put into words.

But you know, you don't have to wait till heaven to be filled with My passionate and earnest love for another of My faithful Brides. I can come and, wop into you, fill you, lay you flat dizzy, as all you can think of is loving someone who loves Me. You'll then want to be My hands and ears, to wipe their tears and hear their heart cry.

When you get that blast from Heaven, that zap from paradise, and you just want to pass on My healing elixirs, and you ache until the heartache of another is soothed, and you feel so powerless to do anything but love and love someone good for Me, that is My Holy Spirit moving in you. I love you so you can love someone for Me. And I'll love them too, and then they will return the gift of loving pleasure and intimacy to you. Such sweet circles of loving sharing we have in My realm above.

Setting 18:

Where, what, when? --Today, or any day that you feel like a mess spiritually and physically, and really need Jesus' passionate love to make all else be forgotten.

(30-NOV-2019)

(Invitation from Jesus:) I'm so glad we can make love in the night or in the day. I just want to be your constant mate. You can't imagine how it hurts to see you getting all mucked up with trashy ideas and

wounds of the ol' boy; when you let yourself. When all it takes is some good serious, wild, love-play.

You don't have to be all perfect and pure and have it all right, to approach Me. If that is what is keeping you, then realise I came to save that which is lost. I have no problem dealing with messes. Mess and all, muddy and all, come to Me and I'll fix you up.

You can tell you are in for some good loving when it seems your eyes can't see anything but details and dirt, and you have that feeling-sorry-for-yourself attitude. That's when you need some serious 'forgetfulness' time. Fucked into forgetfulness.

Then once you have been poured into, you have the wherewith to pour out again to others. It's like exercise of the Spirit, it gets the bad cleared out, and you are invigorated and ready to do new things with inspiration.

A note from a Bride to Jesus:

(30-NOV-2019)

It's not enough that I sort of want You, Jesus. It's not even enough that I crave you with all my heart.

The desire that You crave [for me to have] only starts to be satisfied when my craving extends to wanting to make others desire you; only when I beg them, plead with them, do whatever it takes to inspire in them an earnest and deep longing for you.

And even then, I'm not fully satisfied until they in turn begin to light the passion of desire for You in the hearts of others, who will do the same for others.

(5-NOV-2020)

(Jesus speaking:) I can make you want Me so intensely that you can scarcely think of anything else.

July 14, 2019

You wanted me that much.

You bore gaping, torn scars, imprinted in
Your transformed, Heavenly radiant
body, all to show me that You wanted
me that much.

I wasn't just a thought, a wistful wish, a
passing fantasy; something, someone You could
take or leave, without an eternal consequence on Your supreme heart.
You desperately, fervently, wanted me always with You.

In days of old, one who wished to promise forever to be a part of a family
he served, he bore in his ear the mark of a golden earring. A gold-filled
hole showed his pledge of devotion and loyalty, out of love, for the one he
served, and for his family.

But You, Who are the Lord, no servant, took the role of a servant and went
much farther than that. You put aside Your ruling robes, and let Your
enemies bore holes—not one, but many, in your flesh. Because you
wanted me that much.

You let Your body show proof of the eternal love and devotion You had for
me, Your humble servant—and yet for even those who cruelly wounded
You...

In one hand, then the other; in one foot, then the other; smiting you on
one cheek, then the other. They wounded Your side near Your heart.
Wound where on Your back, on Your head and on Your knees as they
collapsed, fell, and were crushed with the weight of bearing the
consequences of my waywardness.

Now as You gaze into my heart, You tell me: “I wanted you this much.”

And now my Lord, I kneel before You and look into Your eyes and cry out a prayer:

“Lord make me as brave as my love for You is. Brave enough to also endure the marks that will come as a consequence of loyalty to You. Gird me with strength and let the fire of love purge all cowardice from my feeble and shallow soul. Deepen my devotion so that when it comes my time to bear the wounds, as You said all who follow You would, I will not flinch, but rather rejoice in heart, anticipating the moment when I can at last look into Your heart and say, with love in my eyes, ‘Lord, I wanted You this much.’”

Though my heart and mind and body be bruised, broken and scarred, I will find my perfect match in Your arms; held warmly with Your scarred hands. You will kiss away the hurts, and wash them with Your tears of gratitude; this display of my own wounds showing unfeigned evidence of my whole hearted and eternal devotion to You.

I will then kiss with grateful tears, each place You too, have borne a mark, a wound for me—all so You could say, so You could show me, that You wanted me that much! How much? Forever. And I am never to forget it.

Your Spirit became flesh so I could unite in flesh and spirit with You, in our new and wonderful transformed state.

Lord, I want You this much. How much? Whatever it takes; whatever it costs, to show You my love in the greatest way possible. We’ll have eternity to heal, to meld, and to hold one other.

Our fervent love—that we have demonstrated to each other in these ways—will be the healing balm.

