

*Wow Lord You really got me wasted that time!*

*Wasted on Me? That's a good thing isn't it?*

*Sublime*

*Yes indeed, to dwell together with My Love is sublime. Never ending bliss, never ending. :*

*"My precious Clare, how precious you are to Me, words cannot express what I feel when I am with you.."*

*That sounds like what I should be saying.*

*"Because our love is mutual. Of course you feel the same way."*

*I don't think it would be safe for me to drive a car right now.*

*"Agreed."*

*Oh Lord, tell me what you have for your brides tonight.*

*"I love them with a love beyond imagining. So many are worried about their status with Me, as if I were a legalist with court documents listing every offense. No that is Satan's description. I am more like a lover reading every action of their day with great interest, as a love poem to Me. Everything they do out of pure love for Me and their brother, this is my consolation, even on the cross, these marks of affection comforted Me as I looked into the future and saw how much*

*they would love Me.*

*"And so I have accumulated these gifts, these marks of love and ponder them several times a day, that is , in what you would call a day. Yes, like the petals of dried roses, I contemplate their meaning for Me and I rejoice that I have such as these willing to give for Me, willing to deny themselves for Me and see to My needs first.*

*"You have much to ponder in your own life My Dove, there is much you have so totally forgotten, that I have kept as keepsakes, acts of love done for Me.*

*"If only MY Bride knew the great joy I derive from the little things she has done for Me out of pure love and no other motive. Most are motivated by what means the most to them, money, beauty, notoriety, acceptance, opportunity, these are the things that drive them but then there is My Bride, she is motivated by what she can do to please Me."*

*Oh Lord I fall so far short.*

*"You are learning. My Bride is so insecure about the Rapture because she equates me with men, yet I am not like any man she has ever met. I am not a vicious prosecuting attorney, rather I am a Lover counting My rose petals, watching the mailbox for more being sent to Me. Every day I anticipate the sweet fragrance of her love translated into action, acts of love, showered randomly on those she comes in contact with. I watch to see her heart, so much like Mine, wanting to bless and relieve burdens, yet honest and true with those who are in*

*need of correction.*

*"My Bride, if you have separated yourself from willful sin and are careful each day to love those I send you, you need not worry about being taken to Heaven with Me. I am looking forward to that day we celebrate our love with such great longing.*

*"Are you forgiving injuries and doing good to those who hurt you? Remember how excruciating was My pain on the cross? Yes, well even in that state, I was looking towards the welfare of the very men who crucified Me, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." And when the crowd gathered around the harlot caught in adultery, I did not join in condemning her, rather I lifted her up to her feet with the admonition to go and sin no more. When the pharisees took the last penny from the widow, I did not compliment the rich for their elaborate gifts, no, I exalted the little one that gave all she had while others gave from their excess. And when the disciples fought over who was greatest among them, I was quick to point out that it is the least, the servant who indeed has primacy. Why? Because this one serves the needs not of himself but of others, consistently, day in and day out. While the rich young ruler is preoccupied in increasing his worldly wealth and position, the servant is eager only to see others increase.*

*"Have you been living this way My Brides? If you have, then you need not fear being left behind. I cannot wait for that first dance at Our wedding reception. If you have lived the beatitudes, you need not be concerned about being left*

*behind."*