

*Oh How You Comfort My Heart
May 2, 2015*

Tonight as I came into worship playing Jesus, Holy Jesus, I beheld the Lord in the crown of thorns, suffering. I know that Angel Wings has had a rough surgery and I was praying for her and lifting up to the Lord all of your requests, lifting you up and placing you into His heart for resolutions and answers. Truly He was suffering, even to tears running down His cheeks.

Letting the song run over and over again, I drifted off into a sweet reverie with the Lord, my forehead nuzzled under His beard. Every once and a while our eyes would meet and all was calm and peaceful. As the song repeated itself, I began to see that His suffering was alleviated and the pain surrounding His Head was beginning to dissipate and a twinkle of joy was seen in His eyes.

I told Ezekiel what was going on and he said, "I don't think we know how much the Lord suffers with us, how many times He cries with us." And then Jesus began to inspire me with this message.

"Never underestimate the power behind consoling your God. Do you know the heartbreaks I must suffer everyday, and when I come into the throne room of your heart and find you waiting there for Me, just longing to be with Me. Oh you cannot imagine how you brighten My Heart.

"My Brides, just because you are not yet perfected on this earth does not mean I can't receive consolation from you. Your tender affection to Me soothes the burning of My Heart for souls that are suffering sheer torture, and for souls that have totally turned their backs on Me. Both extremes I encounter day by day, both extremes rend My sensitive heart.

"And when I come home to My waiting Bride, who has nothing but comfort for Me, slowly but surely the pains of the day begin to disappear and I find My joy in Her arms. Clare is right, I long for My Bride to come to Me with nothing on her agenda but to hear Me speak, and be in My presence, to worship Me and sit quietly beside Me. The refreshing waters of her heart are like a flowing brook surrounded by gardens gently perfuming the air with rivulets of water singing out to me...her praises and love thoughts...dance in the air around Me, the sweet aroma of praise.

"And there we sit together beside gentle waters, washing away the frets of the day from one another's lives. She soothes Me, and I reciprocate by soothing her. Her countenance comforts Me and mine comforts her. Together we drift in this stress free zone heavily laden with the aroma of love.

"Oh how I wish for My Brides to enter this place this comfort zone, this garden of gentle delights where all the business and ugliness of the day is left far behind and a gentle caress of My cheek says more than even a symphony could express.

"I am deeply touched My Brides by your devotion to Me, your desire for Me, and your

exclusion of the world and all its allurements. In a world so taken up with the doings of men, you are a rare garden on an exotic planet, somewhere yet untouched by man.

"This is what I longed for and sought after with Adam and Eve, but alas the Spoiler of everything good found an inroad to corrupt them. But in eternity there will no longer be any vestige of evil and I will have before Me My victorious creation, those who chose Me above all else, even life itself.

"Please, My sons and daughters, do not hesitate to come into My presence this way. Offer Me your heart as My resting place. Offer Me the tender gaze of concern that I might forget the callous indifference of men. Give Me a place of repose that all My Creation should have afforded Me. Bring Me into the garden of your hearts and tend to My wounds. Never will you know the power of your love to heal My aching Heart, until you are able to see what I must see on earth. Then you will understand the immense difference you made with your widow's mite. Until then, please remember to come into My presence with worship and the consoling fragrance of your heart. You are Mine and I Am Yours. And that is forever. I bless you now with eyes to see the difference you made in My world."