

Jesus is Weeping, "Console Me."

6-14-15



The Lord's not speaking to me right now. But, I want to give you an update anyway. Two nights ago, when I didn't get a message, I saw the Lord sitting and weeping. I put my arms around Him and held Him, stroking His hair. When I awoke in the morning and came back into worship, it was the same thing - He was sitting and weeping.

In the meantime, Carol, our assistant was taking one of her classes with Inside/Out - the group that trains people in the spiritual gifts. This particular day she was practicing going to Heaven with the group. This was her seventh time. She relates what happened:

"Everything was different and strange today. Like He was there... but not there. He was trying to get my attention but I was thinking about myself and what new thing we could do together. And He seemed so quiet and sad. I finally said, "I'm sorry. We shall do whatever You want to do." So He took my hand and brought me to my balcony again and we sat on a beautiful wrought iron bench together. Buddy, my dog that went to heaven, came running and jumped up on Him and was licking His face. I didn't get it at the time, but then I realized that Buddy didn't come to see ME... he was jumping all over Jesus. And not "I'm so excited to see you" kind of jumping. Just "I love You and want to make whatever it is better for You" kind. It dawned on me finally that he was trying to comfort Him.

On the other side of the bench, Jesus' lion came to me and nuzzled me a bit. I petted his huge head and looked around for the other animals. But, the sadness pervaded everything. I finally realized how deeply Jesus is suffering right now. I looked over, and He was just sobbing, weeping.

He is about to unleash the final blow, the final thing that happens before we go Home.

I held Him, weeping, singing, "I Love You, Lord and I lift my voice; To worship You, oh my soul rejoice; Take Joy My King, in what You hear; may it be a sweet, sweet sound to Your ear." I looked up, and Abba Father came and together we came put our arms around Him to bring Him love and comfort. I knelt before Him and lay my head on His hands and just prayed for a way to comfort Him... then we were called back together in class.

Clare resumes for herself: During my worship, He was sitting on a bench with His head down and weeping. It was as though there was a puddle of tears on the ground beneath Him. I worshipped and sang to Him and very little seemed to move Him. I went through all My Terry McAlmon songs, but nothing really had an effect.

Then I thought to myself, 'I'll try one of my songs, Wedding Day' and as I played it He looked up at me and joined in singing the song to me. In this song, He sings to me and then I repeat it back to Him. In any case, that began to minister to Him for a short time... and then I lost sight of Him.

The other thing I want to share with you is the dream Ezekiel had around the same time I was in worship.

"I was out in a desert area where there was a single building, an open-air hanger for planes. It looked and felt like the southeastern California desert near El Centro. There were five of us standing inside the hanger to get out of the heat. We heard a noise and looked back to the west, and a large aircraft was coming towards us flying low. The plane began to nose up and we could see the undercarriage had a large torpedo-shaped bomb attached to it. It released the bomb and flew out of sight. And, suddenly over some sand hills, we heard an enormous explosion and saw a huge red fireball. As soon as that happened, we heard the sound of several planes coming towards us and they began to fire at the hanger. We could see the bullets hitting the ground, they were strafing rounds all in a line. We were desperately looking for some way to hide as the planes continued to circle and fire at us. Miraculously, no one was hit and the planes flew away.

In spite of all this, Jesus said that He's coming immediately. Not soon, but NOW!

And He also said, "*Linger, long and slow, dreamy and intoxicated in our Love for each other. You are My Beloved. You ARE MY BELOVED. YOU ARE SOOOOO MY BELOVED. And you have captured My Very Heart and Soul, My Very Being. You say that I am Your Regal Bridegroom and Your Majestic Heavenly Spouse. I say that You are the Heart of My Heart, and the Very Life that Flows inside of it. You are My Beloved, My Bride, My Bright and Shining One, in whom all of My Deep Devotion, Love, and Affections reside, and whom I am so Very, Very Pleased with. You in whom I find All My Delight. I am so Happy at last, to Bring You into the Home of My Father.*"

This is what I would have you to do, still and quiet your soul, like a child, like a child on its mother's knees, so should your soul be within you. Psalm 131