

Pitching a Pout (My Bad Temper and Pride)

August 6, 2015



The Lord's Blessing be with you, Youtube family. Tonight I have a confession to make about my anger and pride. The Lord was very sweet – but firm! - with me when dealing with this.

Something came up a week ago, a request, and at face value I did not want to deal with it. I thought it was a distraction and would take a substantial part of my day and exhaust me, leaving nothing for the message. People do not understand how tight our schedule is and this was out of the blue.

Just as an aside, I am working very hard to get the message out for the morning, because I know how much you guys like to get up in the morning and listen to it. That seems to continue to allude me, getting it out in the morning, so my apologies. I haven't given up on that yet.

Anyway...Ezekiel is a very dear soul, he wants to make everyone happy, and so he is always ready to help and say yes to people who ask for things. But, I carry the greatest burden of the work load because he is oftentimes sick, and sometimes I can get my ire up and feel put upon when someone makes a request out of the ordinary that I feel is going to be the last straw to the poor camel's back! Every day I am running to catch up with yesterday! And I think you all know what that feels like...

In any case, I didn't feel that he understood what a sacrifice fulfilling this request would be and how it would prevent me from having a message that day. So, when I went into prayer I was angry with him, angry with the poor people, and angry at the Lord because He was confirming that He wanted us to do this. Well, I believe all anger stems from Pride, so I was angry at me, too, for being prideful! Oh, NO Lord, not more pride!!! ANYTHING but that, please!

SIGH! So, when I was busy pitching my hissy fit, even during worship...thinking 'This is an absolute fiasco, I can't worship when I'm furious like this!' Jesus came to me all bloody, with the crown of thorns and placed a crown on my head, too. As I told Him I was sorry, His wounds began to heal and soon He was looking normal again.

Oh, Lord I'm so sorry, it's just not something I want to do.

"Obviously."

But, I'm willing to be made willing?

"Well, that's a start."

I was so angry I couldn't listen to Him. I felt so frustrated and ashamed to be listening to Him in this condition and I needed a distraction, so I set to work on an image from the last video that just didn't meet my standards. Poor Jesus...I'm in Protools having all kinds of fun and still angry...and when I finished, He was still there!

You mean You still want to talk with Me, Lord??

"I waited didn't I? While you pitched your little fit."

I should be ashamed, but I'm still struggling with feeling put upon.

*"Don't you know that if you obey Me you'll always have time to do whatever is necessary? The problem is when you want to do what you want to do and something crosses your path. That's when I need Ezekiel to pray for **Me**."*

Pray for YOU, Lord? (Well, He always says that when I'm in a dither...that Ezekiel needs to pray for the Lord...)

You're funny.

"Well, we have to get a little levity in here somewhere - you're just as dark and stormy as an incoming Hurricane, My Love."

Am I that bad?

"That bad? You can't see what you're holding down?"

Oh, Jesus, what do I do when I feel this way??? Go to bed?

"Consider that you're not pleasing to Me..."

Oh, that's really going to help. Now, I'm going to hate myself as well!

"You asked..."

OK, I'll try that... Well I do remember when we first came together tonight, You were all bloody with the crown of thorns and You put a crown of thorns on my head, too. And, then you held me and as I said I was sorry, Your wounds began to heal. Did I cause your wounds to open, Lord?

"What do you think?"

Well, I would say yes, except you gave me a crown of thorns, too. And that just doesn't fit.

"That bears repeating"

'That doesn't fit?'

"Exactly. I want you to resemble Me by doing My will. When you receive My will with humility and cooperation, you resemble and comfort Me, the crown fits. But, when you throw it back in My Face, with ingratitude and rebellion, well, I have to wear that crown and those stripes all over again. I know that you know this...did you forget already? It hurts Me, Clare."

"I need you to be very flexible and know without doubt that whatever I give you to do is important to Me."

Your resentment was more against your husband for telling you it was something I was confirming to him. You didn't have a chance to discern, so you felt put upon. I understand that, but respect is still lacking here. None-the-less these are things you need to work out in your heart. I understand how you feel, but maybe out of deference to him you should have stopped the 'important' work you were doing and discerned as well."

Lord, I felt pressure building up on me. I felt like I needed more space and time.

"Yes, I know well what you were thinking. I just ask that you think about how your moods affect other people. And, it is an act of charity, obedience and humility to lay down your very important work to take time out and discern when others are hanging."

I understand what you are saying, Lord. I'm going to need more grace to put it into practice.

"Self-will Clare, self-will. It always boils down to self-will, which is only a layer above pride - which is the foundation. What you're doing is MORE important than stopping to discern. Basically, that's what you're saying. But, I am showing you what is more important to Me: yielding to My will, being flexible from a heart of charity. That's what I value the most. Do you think you can move in that direction?"

With Your grace, I know I can. Intellectually, I want to say I'm sorry. Emotionally? The waves are still rolling in...

"You've got to learn how to walk on water, My Love."

Or...how about dive down into the depths, so no one can see me in this state?

And when I said that, it came to mind: If I take the wings of the dawn, If I dwell in the remotest part of the sea, Even there Your hand will lead me, and Your right hand will lay hold of me....Psalm 139:9

"Clare, I adore you Sweetheart, even when you're angry. I will never brush the dust of your sins off and walk away from you. Rather, I will give you the grace to reason things through and repent, because I am forever at your right hand guiding you. Never shall I forsake you, even when your presumption and temerity suggest that I do.

"You know it well: I am all about Love, and I will never forsake you in your weaknesses."

Thank you, Lord, I think I need to sleep on this. Will you speak to me in the morning?

"I will. I love you. We will finish this conversation in the morning. By the way, thank you for downing the panther this morning - he rose up pretty strong."

Thank you for revealing to me what was going on.

I had a communion service that morning and my readings were about the 10 commandments and repentance. It was a series of readings from an old liturgical missal that I like to use, because they have coordinated readings from the Old Testament, the Psalms, the Gospels and the Letters.

Even in the framework of the communion service, I knew what the Lord was saying: I was beginning to

get the itch again...to bolt out the door before prayer and take care of what I considered to be urgent necessities. But, I could feel the demon behind that push and the Lord gave me the grace to stay bound and determined to stay and pray.

But, my intellect and self-will were reasoning with the check in my conscience. Back and forth, back and forth.

'You need to get this done, you need to go'

'No, you need to stay and put the Lord first.'

'But, you've gotta get this done, you better go.'

I needed a back-up word, so I used my Bible Promises to discern what I should be doing and I opened to Prayer. The panther loses, this time. Thank you, Lord.

Family, can you see how important that reading was to me? The Lord confirmed what I felt in my conscience so I couldn't rationalize my way out of it. Oh, the things of the world are so unimportant to God.

Jesus continued, *"Thank you for listening to Me very carefully. That pleases Me so much."*