

Jesus says... You are the Highpoint of My Day

January 13th, 2015 - Words from Jesus to Sister Clare

The Lord's precious blessing be with you all, Heartdwellers.

Oh, He gave me such a sweet message tonight. I had been having a little bit of a problem concentrating in prayer. Finally, with the help of His grace I was able to really enter in. And after a while, He told me, "I'd like to speak to you." So, I came and sat here at the computer and listened for His voice.

He said...

"When you come to listen to Me, don't you know that I long for you to listen even more than you long to hear? But you approach Me as if I am doing you a favor. Listen to Me, My Brides. I long for you with a Godly yearning which you will never comprehend."

"It is as though I am hunting for a very singular treasure. I look everywhere, every possible nook and cranny of the Earth for this treasure. I search the depths of the Earth and the oceans, the mountain tops, the valleys, the cities, the country hamlets, all the while looking for a twinkle breaking forth from this Earth so swathed in darkness."

"Then I see one...a soul hungering for Me, a soul on fire, a soul that burns in this darkness and its light is only perceived by Me. And I ask My Father, 'Please, Father, turn the heart of this precious one to Me, so I may speak with her. Cause her to reach out for Me.'

"And her heart is quickened, but never with the thought that I desire her company. No, she thinks only to herself, 'Wretched as I am, have Mercy, God, and send me a sign of Your presence in my life.' Never does she for one moment imagine that she may speak with Me, face to face. So, that long process begins. The process of convincing her that I am longing for her company."

"And as I press in to get her attention, she presses in seeking Me, and the devils come along and try every conceivable tactic to rob her of My reality. And their most successful one is 'You are not worthy, you are no prophet or priest. You have no royal blood, you are worthless.' And she believes it!"

"But then I break through and tell her, 'My Darling one, your worth is the blood I shed for you. Your worth is My very life given for you on Calvary. Do you understand? You, I died for.' And slowly, she turns her hope towards Me, daily gaining ground against the tormenting liars. With My grace, she encounters Me and receives Me into her heart and we dwell with one another."

"And I find My delight in the sound of her footsteps as she hurries to our trysting place, and there I pour out My heart to her and she drinks from the living waters of My very own soul and is refreshed. Daily we grow together. Daily I seek her out. She seeks Me out, despite every device of evil that seeks to quench our love for one another, through My grace our hearts and souls become united."

"And she becomes a diamond studding the Earth, breaking the dense darkness and shining out to all around her...but especially to Me. I savor her light and to be in her presence."

"Ah yes, this is My Love affair with the one they called 'not worthy.' She offers herself on the altar of Our Love and carries with Me the burdens of dying humanity. She refreshes my soul. She anoints My weary eyes in the salve of devotion. She washes My feet with her tears, tenderly heals My wounds with the earnestness of her heart."

"Oh children, children, do you not know how precious you each are to Me? You come begging Me to visit you - don't you see, I am the beggar? I am the One waiting for your attentions, hoping and waiting for you to believe that I desire your company."

"And what do the evil ones do? Everything in their power to discourage this relationship: from the jealousies of spouses, to lies about unworthiness, to lies about My nature that I am deaf to ordinary souls, to distractions, sickness and interruptions engineered just to cause you to forego your time with Me."

"But still I wait. Still I watch. Still I listen again for the footsteps of My Beloved to her trysting place, so once again we may exchange our tender expressions of love and bask in one another's presence."

"So, I am asking you, please get busy with Me. You are the high point of My day, you are the healing presence I so long for. You are My drink of goodness restoring My soul. Yes, I hear you ask, 'How can the creature restore anything to Her Creator?' The offering of your free will, praise and thanksgiving brings restorative delight to Me amongst a sea of disappointment and indifference."

"I have sought, I have called, I have waited. I have watered and waited even more, but the preoccupation with the world continues to grow and that fragile little vine shrivels into nothing.

"When it grows and blossoms and brings forth fruit, shall I not be moved to tears of gladness?? Shall I not dwell under its shade and nourish Myself on its fruit? So you see, I present the evidence to you. I long for your company more than you long for Mine. Cease your doubting, cease your evading and preoccupation with temporal pleasures..."

"Rather turn your whole heart and soul to dwelling with Me, and satisfying My thirsty soul for the living waters you give back to Me."