

Jesus says... Bring Me your Lowliness

September 11th, 2016 - Words from Jesus to Sister Clare

How gracious is Our Lord Jesus, Heartdwellers. He spares nothing to bring His Bride into the fullness of her calling. He is truthful yet tender, in all His ways, which are perfect.

Today, I received a very special grace as I came into prayer. I began to see myself as I truly am: terribly poor before the Lord, lacking in every grace and virtue. It was a crushing experience, yet so sweet - because I felt that I was being given the grace to see myself as I truly am: in heart-wrenching poverty. It cut me to the very core of my being.

All I could do is weep before the Lord, because He is pure glory. So magnificent and beyond human imagining, and I feel so little in my misery. I just couldn't stop weeping. I just had to ask, 'How in the world can You love me the way You do? How can I possibly approach You anyway other than on my knees? And how do I dare to look at You?

And yet I understood, even while I was thinking that. When Jesus came to Earth, He walked with man as a man and He interacted with people as a normal person. This grace of being able to see Him and talk to Him is another side of His Divinity, the reason He came to Earth. An invitation to pure intimacy, an invitation to become like Him, meek and humble of heart. How can we become like Him if we don't experience His human side?

Some people think it is blasphemous to be in His presence as His Bride. But this has never been about us being worthy. Rather, it is all about His love, which longs to fellowship with His creation. I can never get close enough to You, Lord, unless I live in Your Heart!

He began... "That's the whole idea...be a walking 'Me.' Yet still the little 'you.'" Oh, Jesus, how can I even approach you? I am such a low creature."

He answered... "I don't know, but I'm glad you do. Maybe because you know how much I love and need you, Clare. I need your affection, your worship, your company. Poor as you are, it is a comfort to Me. You may be only a tiny drop in a great ocean, but you're My drop. And I would miss you if you didn't come to Me, though you see yourself so clearly."

"Still, even as the king permitted Esther to approach - I am so in love with you in your poverty, your lack and littleness. I can't stay away and I even long for the time we spend together."

Oh, Jesus, is this You? (It certainly felt and sounded like Him.) But it was so sweet, it was hard to believe.

He became visible at that moment.

"What do you think...?"

A tear drop came rolling down His cheek... "Don't hurt Me with your unbelief. I know how you see yourself and it is good; it is indeed accurate. But it doesn't matter to Me, Clare. All that matters to Me is that you want to be Mine as much as I want to be yours."

"Who do you think is richer: the queen in all her splendor? Or the little Cinderella crying out from among the ashes for Mercy? Recognizing your extreme poverty of virtue qualifies you for My most tender affections and raising you to the appropriate stature of My Bride, because I know you will not presume."

"This is what I truly wish to discuss with all My Heartdwellers tonight. By the way, if you do not know what a Heartdweller is, it is one whose joy it is to live and breath in My Heart, capturing My thoughts, feelings and desires. That's all it is."

"I have taken great pains in the last two years to make it very, very clear that I love littleness. I love hiddenness. I love those who long for My company above any one else's in this world. I love the rag lady, the poor and lowly plumber, the carpenter, the street cleaner, the shepherd... What can I say to convince you?"

"You cannot earn My affections. It is Who I Am. And I look upon each of you with the greatest tenderness. I especially delight in those souls who are little in their own eyes. Did I not live that example before you? I could have resurrected right before their very eyes, even calling legions and legions of angels to accompany Me as I freed Myself from the Cross in glory."

"But no, I chose instead to die an ignominious death between two thieves, to be taken down by mere men, bathed, anointed and laid in a tomb. Oh, the heart-wrenching finality they felt when the stone was rolled into place!"

"The darkest moment in the history of the Earth, when all the hope of mankind had left, was snuffed out, sealed in a dismal tomb behind a cold stone. Nothing notable, just cold and barren rock, snuffing out the Light of the world."

"Those who were without faith did not understand I would rise again. Rather, they fell into despair that their hope for the Messiah was in vain, that truly if anyone were ever the Messiah, it was Me. But now, I was 'dead' and what was left? Shock, dismay, confusion, agony, hopelessness."

"So, you see, these men were no different than you, Clare, or any other Heartdweller. They all had their doubts, fears, confusions proposed to them by lying demons. They all fell short in perfect faith, perfect fidelity, perfection as I lived it. Yet still they clung to the hope that perhaps what I told them could be true, incredulous as it was."

"I am not looking for those who are qualified in their own eyes. I am looking for those who know they are nothing -and I shall crown them with My Glory. Those of you who doubt that you are fit for Me, stop. Stop trying to qualify, stop waiting to be worthy, stop trying to accomplish something fit for the King. Only rend your hearts open with great poverty in your being. This is the place where My Glory bursts into your hearts and heals you, raising you to the appropriate stature of My soon-to-be wed Bride."

"Oh, how sublime is your poverty and lack! Do you not see how perfect your littleness is for Me? Can you take the credit for anything? Do you lack worldly qualifications? So much the better! Those who were great in the eyes of the world take more time to realize how truly pitiful they are before Me, but nonetheless, their value to Me is not diminished, not even an iota."

"Don't you see? Your substance, who you are, your spirit, came from Me. Yes, you were made in My image: spirit, soul and body. Not only in physical appearance, but in components, each expressing a different side of your nature. How lovely is My dwelling place! Not the courts of elaborate palaces, but the heart who has left behind all significance to embrace only Me."

"Yes, your hearts must be cleansed of the world: its values, ever-present opinions, condemnations, judgements - that hold such sway over your every action. All of that must be emptied; then we can begin to work on humility. Such an arduous journey, attaining humility! How treacherous and fearful is this work of removing the facade of self-worth from your souls. It seems like it takes forever for you to see yourself as you appear in My mirror. How dangerous to see yourself as nothing, headed for oblivion, but saved by grace. How difficult to understand that the world has it upside down, backwards and even inside out, as it teaches souls error from their very earliest years."

"Removing this elaborate interior structure and replacing it with your infinite value to Me takes many years of maturing and coming to know Me. Your safest posture, My precious loves, is that of a very little child about to cross a rush hour freeway. Your only recourse, "Daddy, help me." Do you know how pleasing that posture is before Me?"

"The snow-capped peaks are magnificent to behold, but as the snow melts, water flows downwards until it comes to rest in the lowliest places, producing much fruit. And so the lofty heights are barren, but the lowly valleys are fruitful. And so the more lowly you are, the more fruitful you will become."

"I say this to you, because many of you have reservations about how I can use you. What I am saying to you now is that the more worthless you are in your own eyes, and truly believing you are the least of all, the more precious the gift of yourself is to Me. No one will assign you as the author of your deeds, but they will clearly see it is Me."

"So, My beloved ones, do not be dismayed at your lack of talent, intellect, experience, status before men - for all those things are useless to Me."

"Heaven is My throne, and Earth is My footstool. What house could you possibly build for Me? And what place could be My home? My hand made all these things, and so they all came into being. This is My declaration, I will look favorably on this kind of person: one who is humble, submissive in spirit, and trembles at My word. Isaiah 66:1-2