

Jesus says... True Contrition is a Gift

November 24, 2017 - Words from Jesus to Sister Clare

(Clare) Father, please give us tender hearts for Your Son, that we never stand Him up for frivolous and empty pleasures, but rather honor that time set aside for Him without compromising. Amen

Well, I got lax and lazy today and allowed my mind to wander into a couple of YouTubes - one about Cern and one about Nibiru, then another stop, Ukraine's Got Talent. I don't know about you, but when I think about the obstacles some of those contestants overcome to make it to that stage, I am really inspired to be more dedicated to the Lord. Nevertheless, it was NOT the proper use of time and I allowed myself to get into a deaf lull... and not heed the voice of the Lord. When I get into those deaf places, I don't hear anything. Really, most of the time my ears are open to the Lord. When I get in those places, I kind of go into my own world. So, I came to the Lord after communion, and I said, 'How can I say I am sorry when I feel so dry. So terribly dry?'

(Jesus) "Even when you are dry, still I am with you. I love you and hold you by your right hand—and sometime, beyond all your expectations, I will take you into Glory. But recently I've told you not to be so hard on yourself and now I must tell you to be a little harder on yourself. Need I go into explanations?"

(Clare) No, Lord, I get it.

(Jesus) "At the first sign of distraction and departing from what you know to be My perfect will, stop yourself, Clare. Do not allow yourself to play deaf and do it anyway, please. You have wasted time tonight and you've lost graces. It is so important to Us that you keep your focus on Our Will, not the things that catch your fancy."

(Clare) Lord, I feel like what you once told Ezekiel and I—You can bend a bow until it breaks. I feel like I needed some inspiration or distraction. Something a little different.

(Jesus) "Yes, I know, Beloved. But I would rather pick your distractions than have you led away blindly by the enemy, where he can plant things in your head and direct you off course. Do you understand that?"

(Clare) Yes, and I feel convicted. I was tired and curious and gave into it, even though I knew better. And now I feel so dry. I don't feel the repentance I should for having done that.

(Jesus) "The kind of repentance you are wanting to feel is a gift for true contrition. True contrition means that you are sorry for hurting Me. You haven't reached that point yet."

"What's lacking is your understanding of how I wait for you and how you put Me off for a curiosity... and just how disrespectful that is. The very moment you know I am waiting for you, drop what you are doing and come to Me, Clare. Don't put it off. I will not wait forever..."

"Like the Beloved in the Song of Songs, will you to say to Me, 'I have washed my feet, shall I dirty them again to open the door for you?' She, that night," Jesus continued, "was not worthy of My visitation but rather merited a beating for her presumption."

And that's in the Song of Songs, Chapter 5:1-8

The Beloved said, "I slept but my heart was awake. Listen! My beloved is knocking: 'Open to me, my sister, my darling, my dove, my flawless one. My head is drenched with dew, my hair with the dampness of the night.' I have taken off my robe — must I put it on again? I have washed my feet — must I soil them again? My beloved thrust his hand through the latch-opening; my heart began to pound for him. I arose to open for my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers with flowing myrrh, on the handles of the bolt. I opened for my beloved, but my beloved had left; he was gone. My heart sank at his departure. I looked for him but did not find him. I called him but he did not answer. The watchmen found me as they made their rounds in the city. They beat me, they bruised me, they took away my cloak, those watchmen of the walls! Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you—if you find my beloved, what will you tell him? Tell him I am faint with love."

That's a beautiful description of a visitation from the Lord.

Jesus continued... "That truly is the state of the church. Many look at what they've done, so that they can rest and find their ease, but forget just how holy I am and how much respect they should have for our prayer times together. Familiarity can cultivate contempt. And for such as these I will not come to the door again."

"My Bride. Can you be more attentive, Clare? Less curious, less sluggish? Truly these are long-standing shortcomings of yours, My Love, and I will celebrate the day you lay them down never to return to them again."

(Clare) Lord, in my zeal to please You and get underway with the portrait and songs, truly I have not spent the time we both need together. As a result, I've become luke-warm and need to return to my First Love.

(Jesus) "This is a universal problem with most of My ministers. They become so excited with the beauty of the work and a feeling of being used, they slowly cut their time with Me shorter and shorter to accommodate their need to produce. This need not be with you, My Clare. You know better and I'm happy that you are nipping it in the bud."

(Clare) Jesus, without the Living Waters of Your heart, I die inside... Then my works become dead works. Thank You, eternally, for your patience with me.'

My face had been downcast, during this entire conversation, but He lifted my chin until our eyes met. They were so vulnerable, I began to feel deep remorse, and tears welled up. I realized, 'He waited, but I didn't come until late. Really late. He didn't give me what I deserved, rather He tenderly admonished me. How could I do this to Him?'

You see, Heartdwellers, when I tell you He chose me because I was so unsuited and so inferior for this job, you think I'm just trying to be humble. But I'm not. I see this clearly: I am not worthy.

So, if you feel unworthy, do not be afraid, do not stand far off from Him. Rather, seek Him until you find Him, break your heart like a vial of costly Myrrh and pour it over His aching Heart. Comfort Him, Heartdwellers, comfort Him in the depths of His heart for all of those who will ignore the even the celebration of His birth.

(Jesus) "Now I can forgive you, Clare. You have felt the pain in your own heart and I forgive you."

(Clare) Thank you, Jesus.