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## **Prologue**

**Fabric Sheets:** as described in the prologue, the imprint of a hand as if imprinted behind a sheet of fabric.

## **Chapter 1**

**Melted Heart:** an icy heart, perhaps partially melted into a puddle.

## **Chapter 2**

**River of Tears:** a simple river illustration, meant to depict God's tears.

## **Chapter 3**

**Dagger:** a dagger representing the sting of adultery.

**Heart's Throne:** a throne, preferably empty, showing the place in man's heart where "#1" resides.

## **Chapter 4**

**Branch and Vine:** a straightforward depiction of a grapevine branch and vine.

## **Chapter 5**

**Marionette:** a marionette with strings, being made to contort in a possibly uncomfortable or unnatural position.

## **Chapter 6**

**Kangaroo:** A kangaroo with her baby (joey) kangaroo in its pouch.

**Twin Hearts:** open-ended illustration; a smaller heart within (on top of?) a larger heart, perhaps in Valentine's Day style.

**Father-Daughter:** a girl sitting on her father's shoulders, helping her reach an apple on a high tree branch.

## **Chapter 7**

**Mountain:** a mountain with a path winding up to its peak.

**Eagle:** an eagle, either in the top of a tree branch, or in another sky-high position.

## **Chapter 8**

**Serpent-Veil:** a somewhat difficult illustration; I envision a wire birdcage, with a veil or piece of fabric being draped over it, though relatively thin so you can still see the outline of the cage. Yet somehow, the fabric transitions into a snake's head and tail on each side of the cage.

**Overgrown Temple:** a temple, perhaps in ancient Roman/Greece style, almost completely overgrown and covered with plants/vegetation.

## **Chapter 9**

**Carved Tree:** an old tree, with the words OLD LIFE carved into the trunk.

## **Chapter 10**

**Train-tracks:** an overhead or panoramic view of some traintracks, with a Y shaped switch in the tracks.

## **Chapter 11**

**Cracked Desert:** a dry, barren, cracked desert landscape.

**Pearl:** a pearl of great price.

## **Chapter 12**

**Pond:** a view of a small pond, with circular ripples in the surface of the water.

## **Chapter 13**

**Compass:** a basic compass.

## **Chapter 14**

**Handprint:** a soft clay tablet, with a handprint impression left upon it.

## **Chapter 15**

**Decorations:** a view of a fictitious military uniform, with “awards” and word pairings hung upon it (according to chapter text), such as: ANGER-BROTHER, LUST-FRIEND, PRIDE-SUCCESS.

## **Chapter 16**

**Sink Drain:** perhaps a cross-sectional view of a partially clogged sink, with gunk and grime buildup collecting on the inside of the pipes.

## **Chapter 17**

**Window:** A window showing a spectacular nature view, as from a lake cabin.

## **Chapter 18**

**Weeds’ Roots:** perhaps a cross-sectional view beneath the soil of a primary plant or tree, with many weeds choking out the roots of the plant.

## **Chapter 19**

**Food and Drink:** heaps and heaps of food, and pools of drink, representing everything that a person has consumed in his/her entire life.

## **Chapter 20**

**Weathervane:** a weathervane mounted atop a roof, showing the N-E-S-W directions, and arrow pointing in the wind’s direction.

**Dandelion Spores:** a dandelion with some of its spores partially blowing away.

## **Chapter 21**

**Clay Pot:** a broken pot that has been repaired/glued back together.

## **Chapter 22**

**Orchard:** an orchard of fruit trees, arranged in rows.

## **Chapter 23**

**Tooth:** a tooth with some decay, or some other painful defect.

**Weak Bridges:** a somewhat difficult illustration; a pit or hole in the ground, partially covered with thin branches and leaves, as described in the text.

## **Chapter 24**

**Great Tree:** a grand, majestic tree, perhaps with birds nesting in it, etc.

## **Chapter 25**

**Sand Writing:** sandy seashore, with “SHAME” written upon the sand.

## **Chapter 26**

**Multi-Faceted Gem:** a diamond or other gem, with many facets.

**Snowflake:** an exquisite snowflake.

## **Chapter 27**

**Rose:** a beautiful rose, with some sharp and wicked looking thorns.

**Seeds of Light:** a somewhat difficult illustration; perhaps a cross-section view of a man's head, with plants taking root in his brain, and springing up into leaves and branches of "light."

## **Chapter 28**

**Leaking Cup:** a cup with some water leaking out and collecting into a puddle.

**Silhouette:** a dark silhouette of a man, with an outstretched arm toward the reader.

## **Epilogue**

**Mountain Range:** a mountain range; representing the highs and lows of life.

**Heavens Rolled:** a somewhat difficult illustration; a view of the daytime sky, with the sky being like a piece of paper that is literally being rolled up as a scroll, (no hand should be visible).

**Father and Son:** a father walking hand-in-hand with his young son.

Following is the text of the book, with the positioning of each illustration to help show the context:

## Prologue - From the writer

I would like to dedicate this book to you, the reader. Though the words and images printed on the page are the same for everyone, it is my hope and prayer that the Spirit of God would speak directly to your unique heart - that He would minister to your individual life in a loving, dynamic, and vibrantly new way. May this book be to you as that well-worn baseball glove, or as that trusty hairbrush: homely and personal to your hand, being shaped and fitted to your own specific needs.

I have penned the proceeding words in a fervent and arduous love for God's people. It is my belief that the Lord has both called me to write, and has also, in all faithfulness, shared with me the words and ideas that He wishes to communicate to His own children. He has pressed His holy hand upon the satin-cloth walls of my heart, and imposed His own mind and desires into my reins. In writing, I needed only to view the imprints shown upon the fabric sheets of my heart's walls, and report the shape made by His desirous hand.

### *[Fabric Sheets image]*

Before I began this work, it seemed as though there had been conceived in me a heavenly working from God: one that had many tossings and turnings in my heart. His words and parabolic images were tumbling within me all the day long, and even in the nighttime they burned within my teeth and bones as a celestial fire. I ached for its delivery, and through God's prompting, that finally came to bear when I pressed my pen to the paper.

I could seemingly feel what God felt, and I could see what He saw. And, if only in part, I thought with His mind, and I loved with His heart. My Savior dwelt in my very heart, (as He does unto this day), and I did not need to look very far for His own fountains of love and care. I could feel His own sorrows, and I knew His own desires, and, when looking upon His own children with longing, I cried with His own tears.

What follows on these pages is what I believe to be the best representation, in words and images, to what I have seen and felt. I am a writer, and not an author. For an author implies an entirely original creation, as one with **authority**. Yet I, as perhaps a sportswriter reporting an event or game that he has seen, do also report the imprints and impressions that I have seen and felt God make upon my heart and mind.

It is my hopeful prayer and my earnest desire that you would be uplifted from despair and lovingly drawn to God through this book. I truly hope that He would share with you the fullness that is in Jesus Christ, and that you would know the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of His love, which passes all knowledge. Amen.

## The First Teardrop - Seek My Face

I am your loving heavenly Father. Seek My face, and be a child after your Father's own heart. This I say to you: My voice is not My face, and My hand is not My heart.

Why is it that you seek only to hear commands, even when your heart is neither prepared nor willing to perform them? You listen for a cold, mechanical voice to speak of My divine will, and try to extract and draw out from Me a purpose for your life. My beloved, here is My will, and here is your purpose: come into My loving and personal flame. Yet, you will hardly suffer your icy heart to be melted, and you continue on in wretched indifference.

### *[Melted Heart image]*

Why is it that you seek only after the actions of My hands, and look only for what things I can perform before your eyes? Do you not consider that behind these works of grace is an everlasting God? A personality? A loving and desirous Father - one who longs and yearns after His children?

Beloved, have I not desired for you so much more? Would you be content to send away a very good friend - a spouse - and know them distantly by their doings only? Or by their voice only? Would you not rather long and mourn after them, to earnestly see their face, and to be always in their embrace?

Dear child, when will you seek Me simply for who I am? I quicken you with life, and put My Holy Spirit within you, yet you hardly know Me. And, for the love and passion that I had for you, I have even died for you, yet I am still as a stranger to you. You have called on My name for salvation, yet how is it that you still do not consider the one to whom you have called? You praise Me for My works, (and oh, how I love it!) but how will you give right praise when you scarcely know the one who has done such acts?

Here is the perversity of sin: for you would work and toil your entire life for My cause, yet you will not so much as **begin** to seek the very one for whom you labor. Does not My blood cry out to you, "*I love you!*" And how is it that you still have no desire to see Me?

Seek My face, and be a child after your Father's own heart. My voice is not My face, and My hand is not My heart. Truly, I have not called you to do the works of My hands, but the works of My heart. Could not sinners also mimic My hand-motions? And could not My angels do such labor? But rather, I have called you into a love relationship: this is your first calling. It is only from this place that you will testify of My goodness and perform the works of My heart.

Little one, why are you so evilly affectioned toward Me? Do you not know that from the abundance of My heart I will gladly and freely give you all things? Why then do you coldly seek to take from Me? Dearest, I am not a vending machine, where is your love? For I say, "*come to Me,*" and yet you do not, and you cannot: for sin, even in dormancy, darkens your mind, and turns your affections from Me. This is the working of iniquity within you, and it despicably shades your heart. Sin is the only obstacle, and the only hindrance - yet not in the hands, but within, on the heart.

*"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." -Matthew 5:8*

Child, have I not done a marvelous work within you? When you called on My name for salvation, did I not send an everlasting light into your heart? Yet beloved, a dark shroud of sin veils and covers the light of My Spirit - and this veil need not even be active with the movings of sin, for its mere presence over-top My light, (and your continued inaction and ignorance thereof), is enough to blind you into indifference towards Me.

Have you not heard? Do you not know? Child, you **are** sin. It has become the very fabric of your being. Why then do you attempt to sew My new salvation into this old, tattered garment? You must start anew, else when adding to this well-worn sin-fabric you simply make matters worse. I call you to put on the entire garment of My salvation. While you retain this life, and cling to the old garment, you are a lost cause.

Let go. The life you must now live, it is not your own, but it is Christ that shall live and dwell within you. You cannot cease from sin, no, not even in heart, not even at rest, so long as that rebel in you has free reign. You cannot love or even seek Me in a true and full measure, no matter how hard you try, so long as you have not yielded to Me your all. What good is the light of My Spirit's love and salvation so long as the sin of this life is draped over My glory?

My dear, the veil of your old life is total blackness: it cannot by any means be made transparent. My light will never shine through the opaque. Beloved, remove the veil: sin is sin. Do not try to rearrange it or decorate it, remove it. Why will you wait until heaven to uncover My glorious salvation? When will you stop and smell the delightful roses of My presence?

You ask, "*where should I go?*" and I say unto you: seek My face. You ask, "*what should I do?*" and I say unto you: be a child after your Father's own heart. I tell you first to **be**, and not to **do**. There is more to life than doing. I will call you to the work, and I will speak to you of My will, but won't you seek My face? Won't you be a child after your Father's own heart? My voice, with pangs of longing, says "*come,*" and My hand, with a soft tenderness, is beckoning you unto My heart.

My little one, I love you! Yet how will you know in full measure until you are lying in My arms? How will you know this brightness until you see it on My very face?

## The Second Teardrop - Lonely Arms

My child, I tell you, My arms are lonely for you. I am weeping: for I have so much to give unto you! Why will you not receive it? I long for you to know the depths of My love. I am shedding tears of longing and desire over you. Do you think it strange that I would cry for you? I am immutable, and yet My fury can burn, and My sorrow can flow.

### [*River of Tears image*]

Even My blood has been shed for you! How much more can I tell you of My love? "*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends*" (John 15:13). If My very own blood was shed for you, why do you marvel that I would shed tears also? How can you say, "*He does not care*"?

I long to be longed for. I love to be loved. My arms are very lonely for you. Do you think this is a longing to **get**? Rather, it is a longing to **give**. Do you think that I have any lack? Rather, you have a very great lacking in your heart, one that only I can fill - one that I **long** to fill.

I am lonely for you because I have a wonderful new life for you. I have a life for you to enter that is better than all you can think or imagine. My dear, you say that I am your Savior - you confess the name of Jesus Christ, and you do well - yet why is it that do you not seek Me with all your heart?

Did I not, in a time ago, bring the children of Israel out of Egypt's bondage so that I could give to them a much better land? I sought to be glorified in them. I sought to raise them up as a shining light before all nations. Did I free them only to wander the desert? They were free, yet they hardened their hearts, and chose out more bondage. They sought to return unto their safe-haven of Egyptian taskmasters: cruel slavery and sin had been their familiar habitation. Be not like them, for My promises were delayed and denied for an entire generation. Beloved, come into My promised land. Oh, how I call out to you! Come!

Why do you still cling to your old, sinful self-ways? Has not My blood cleansed you? Was not My body broken to make you whole? Why then do you desire always to return unto that Egypt of your soul? Why do you remain attached and loyal to your familiar safe-havens of sinfulness: your hometown, and your native country - your spiritual Sodom, and your spiritual Egypt: where Satan has in times past made you to serve with rigor? Why do you dig so deep and spread so wide your roots into the vile soil of this land?

*"[T]hey were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."* -Hebrews 11:13-16

Beloved, now is a great relocating in your heart. Now is a great moving day - an exodus of your soul. I call you to turn forever from that old land of sin, and, with all sincerity and desire, look unto My new promised land. I call you to carry not only your hands, but your heart also. Not only your leaves and branches, but your roots also. Come now, dear child, give Me your heart, and your hands will surely follow, for we are leaving this old land of bondage. It is moving day: be not anxious or fearful, but be of good courage, for I am with you to help you. Come, and I will take you to the city of God.

*"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."* -Matthew 16:24-25

Do you think that in asking for this sacrifice I **desire** your old heart and ways of sin? I long for you to give them up to Me so that I may rather give you a **new** heart to love Me! Your old life is as an appendix ready to burst: let Me have it at once, for the time is short, and I have much work to do both in and through you. Shall I cherish your heart-gift? Truly, I will take your old life, and cast it forth: lo, as far as the east is from the west, so far will I separate you from your old patterns of sin that your soul shall abhor the vain pigsties where you once

wallowed.

I must transplant your heart, for how can you do the works of My heart with only your hands? Have I not called you to an impossible love? For I have said, *“This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you”* (John 15:12). How then can you fulfill this without My very own love, and without My very own heart? You are affectionate toward many people, and while your earthly love is good, could not sinners do the same? Where is My true, abiding, heavenly love? For there is a testimony still that speaks against you: you do not love **Me**. And truly, being alone with your natural love, still planted in Egypt, how can you? How will you?

*“The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.” -Psalm 14:2-3*

I must transplant your heart, for how can you do the works of My heart with only your hands? Have I not called you to an impossible love? For again, I have said, *“thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might”* (Deuteronomy 6:5). How then can you fulfill this in your old self-heart? Your hands may reach toward My promised land, and your mouth may speak the same, but yet your heart abides in Egypt. All are gone aside, and there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Truly, it must be My own grace working and flowing through you as you are replanted into My heavenly country.

Beloved, I am the fulfillment of all your desires. Let Me wholly replant you into My good land, and you shall have access to the waters of My own Spirit. By Me you have life, and peace, and joy. By Me you love others as you ought. By Me you seek Me, and by Me you find Me. By Me you fulfill My greatest commandment: by Me you love Me. *“[T]he fruit of the Spirit is love”* (Galatians 5:22).

My arms are ever so lonely for you. Why will you not take My love? It is free. Have I not made you for Myself? Why will you not experience the fullness of your very Creator? It is only because your arms are filled with your own self, and your mind is encumbered with your own cares and worries.

Fear not, drop all before Me and I will catch your burdens. My love, it is too much for you. I will carry your weights. Drop your life, and give it up to Me. Walk away from that old land of Egypt, and turn not back: reckon it dead and lost. In losing you will find. In dying you will live. In hating you will love.

*“If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.” -Luke 14:26*

### The Third Teardrop - Your Faithful Spouse

My love, why do you cheat on Me? Have I not espoused you to Myself? Why then do you run to your old loves?

*“They say, If a man put away his wife, and she go from him, and become another man's, shall he return unto her again? shall not that land be greatly polluted? but thou hast played the harlot with many lovers; yet return again to me, saith the LORD.” -Jeremiah 3:1*

You say in the pride of your heart, “**but I have a life; let me live my own life.**” Such words grieve Me exceedingly, for who gave you life? Are you not dead to your own self? My love, you were dead in your trespasses and sins when I found you, and yet I loved you, and gave My life for you.

*“Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” -Colossians 3:2-3*

Will you use Me only for your gain? I love you more than you can possibly imagine, and I delight to give you My salvation - yet why do you purpose in your heart to use Me only for your own gain? Will you marry only for My inheritance?

Beloved, you called to Me and asked for mercy, and without fail I answered you, and I imparted unto you My salvation. Yet soon thereafter, you turned your face from Me, continuing in your old ways, and looking to your old loves. Why have you dealt so treacherously with Me when I have been so faithful to you? Do you not know that I can and will give you so much more than all others? I want only to give. I want only to bless. Yet when I come to embrace you, a knife of deceit is in your hand. I draw you near to Me, and a dagger of unfaithfulness proceeds from you.

### *[Dagger image]*

Your adulteries sting Me, and your cheatings are as bitterness to Me. In My embrace, I will only love, and only heal, and only bless - yet you only turn from Me. Your sayings are continually, “*forgive me,*” and “*I am sorry.*” Yet you turn to Me only half-heartedly. You are a faker. You leave behind nothing but a trail of shadows; there are nothing but broken pieces left in your paths. Such things grieve Me sorely, for you do not love Me as you ought.

Am I not to you as a faithful husband? Yet you join yourself to Me for but a moment; you join for My riches, and for My inheritance, and you run off and give your special love to the vilest of offenders. You have condemned and crucified the Lord of life, and have run off after that criminal Barabbas.

Truly, even those things which you call “good” are vile to Me, so long as they steal away your love from Me. Oh My love! I am jealous over you with a burning and fiery jealousy! Have I not bought you with a very great price? I have purchased you with My very own blood! Why then do you give your love to another? Why will you not trust Me with all your heart? I am your husband: your ever-faithful, ever-true, ever-patient, and ever-merciful husband. When will you see that in the very places where you have been in pain and confusion, it is there that you have turned away from Me?

*“I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts;” -Isaiah 65:2*

My precious one, when will you learn? Do you not know that that which is wholly surrendered to Me is free, but that which is kept back is bound? Whatsoever thing you keep to yourself, the same is bitterness to your soul. Whatsoever you will not yield, and whatsoever you will not give up to Me, the same is as a curse to you. And yet you ask, “*why does my God afflict me?*” Dear, do you not know that your own lusts and thoughts bring you into this affliction? I bring only freedom. I am only salvation. I am light, and in Me is no darkness at all.

My dear love, I will bear you through even hard times. My love will strengthen your life and make your pains bearable. You will have joy, even in the dry seasons; even in your times of agony you will rejoice. The strength of My hand shall uphold you, and with the care of My fingers I shall stop up the breaches and wounds of your heart. Have I not sent unto you the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, for your healing and help? But sadly I ask, why do you forsake Me? Why do you continually cheat on Me?

*“And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.” -Ephesians 4:30*

Does not a faithful and true husband deserve much better than this? I long to give you My love. I long to bless. I long to comfort you. I long to take away your deep sorrows. Yet how can I if you refuse Me? I offer you My heart, yet you refuse even My hand. Your mind is darkened, and your brow is hardened against Me. Your face is turned, and your steps are slanted from Me.

Beloved, have I not saved you from your sins? Why then do you not allow Me one hairsbreadth into your life, as if it were still your own? Did I not say, *“If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple”* (Luke 14:26)? Am I a God of hate, or a God of love? Have I not said these things because I **love** you? That which you cling to in your heart is that which will vex you, except it be that you cling to Me. How can you care for such ones if you first do not expel them from the high places of your heart? How can love and peace flow from your heart if the very Prince of peace - the King of love - is not sitting on His throne?

## *[Heart's Throne image]*

Truly, your heart is a special and dear throne to Me, and yet you cast Me down and out with your own selfishness, and with the ones you love. You cast Me out, and fill your beautiful temple with abominable and repulsive things. You cast down goodness itself, and set up within your heart vain idols. You cast down your very Creator, and set up in your heart the things of My creation - the things which you love - thinking to increase your love. But, My precious treasure, I **am** love.

Why do you seek only to steal away My salvation, and rob Me of My inheritance? Oh beloved, My salvation is inexhaustible, and My inheritance unto everlasting. My sweet one, My storehouses are infinite! I will give to you even more than you could ever need. Why will you steal?

*“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.” -Isaiah 55:1-2*

My rebellious yet ever-beloved spouse, how I **still** love you! How My heart still pulses for you! Would it not be much more pleasant to return unto Me in all faithfulness? So long as you abide with Me, I will give to you all that you desire. I will fulfill your deepest longings. Why do you run to My enemies? This is to Me a sharp slip of bitterness, and My jealousy burns as a consuming fire.

Return to Me, and I will heal you. Return, and turn to Me with your whole heart, and do not cling to your old ways, nor to your old loves. I will give to you all that you will ever need, lo, even more: your cup shall run over.

## The Fourth Teardrop - Open to Me

My child, discover yourself to Me. Show Me the hidden shadows of your heart. Let Me illuminate your dark treasures. Let Me touch your secret inward walls. You are My beloved temple: I love you, and I take utmost delight and joy in you.

*“Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.” - Psalm 24:7*

Beloved, you have been in darkness for too long, and you have been in hiding for too many a night. Come, open yourself to Me, and I will shine My light upon the secret recesses of your soul. I love you, and I long for you with the deepest of desirings. You are My special treasure, and I have made you for My very own pleasure. Let Me delight in you.

Come, My beautiful child - redeemed by My very own blood, and given life by My very own name: the name of Jesus - and spend some precious time with Me. Let the cares of the day pass away, and let not your mind wander unto others.

Come, open to Me, My fruitful field. My vineyard, let Me plant in you My choicest vine. If you would but surrender, if you would but give up yourself, I would tend to you as My special garden. For I shall remove all the voiding stones from your fertile soil. I shall, with My holy hand, plunge into your soil and take hold of the null spaces - the rocks that inhibit your roots and fruitfulness - and take and cast these sins far from you.

I long to come into My garden, and plant, and water, and give a blessed increase. My soul loves your fruit. I want to make of you a very fruitful branch. I want to share and impart to you the goodness and fatness of My vine.

## *[Branch and Vine image]*

*“I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.” -John 15:1, 5*

Join yourself unto Me, and abide in the true vine. I long to pass unto you My rapturous love and joy. In Me is total fulfillment, lo, even fruits of heavenly delight. Am I not the Master Gardener? Am I not the answering and fulfillment of all your deepest cries?

*“Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.” -Song of Solomon 4:16*

If you would but come, and allow Me to love, and allow Me to bless, no evil thing will I let invade your soul. Open to Me, make yourself vulnerable only to Me, and I will carefully and gently protect My delicate vine. I love your delicateness, and I will not bruise you. You are precious and soft, and I will protect you with My very own rugged walls. I will fence up My vineyard: My brazen walls shall encircle you, and My flinty and stony brow shall shield you from the enemy. Fear not, for I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.

*“My wellbeloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: And he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, ...and he looked that it should bring forth grapes,” -Isaiah 5:1-2*

My treasure, when you dim the lights of this world, in this darkness I will come upon you. I will come unto you with My light, and I will change you unto My likeness. Open now your secret doors, and let the Gardener of your soul come in, and let Me work My good work in you. For I am only good, and I will only bless. Think not that I will spoil, but I will rather flourish. The more you give over to Me, the more you will have, and the more you shall be prospered in soul. Yet the more you keep back, and the more you take, the more you shall suffer need, and have lack.

Beloved, I will bless you out of the riches of My storehouse. I will plant in you My good seed, springing forth into good fruit, only let Me into the secret garden of your heart, and shut not your door to Me. For the hidden parts of your heart, in your care, and under your watch, are corrupt.

Your garden's soil was brought forth with Adam's crooked seeds and stones already buried within. Your treasures have been brought forth already in decay. Your self-maintenance is but in vain while you do not allow Me access to restore. Can you not see this? You guard your heart so carefully, yet because it is kept in darkness you cannot see that it is defiled. Have you never lifted the latch to behold the treasures that you guard? Did you never pull back the rug and gaze upon the prizes you now keep?

*"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." -Proverbs 4:23*

My love, how will you keep your treasures without Me? You are in darkness, and you know not what it is that you even guard. For that which you keep for yourself is corrupted: you guard spoiled treasure. Let Me both protect, and restore. That which is guarded by your own self is not safe: the enemy has already spoiled. As David has said, so it is with you: *"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me"* (Psalm 51:5). Open only to Me, and trust not even your own self to such treasures. In your vulnerability to Me, I will beautify and illuminate your place, and purge out all iniquity.

I look upon your soil, and see the beauty of its potential. I look on your field, though now marred with rocks and weeds, and see a housing for My good seeds and roots. I see a wonderful place where I can abide and bless - where I can dwell and grow in you - shooting forth a fruitful vine unto My glory, and to your own joy. I will plant an incorruptible seed, and I will lovingly fence you with a fortified wall, a bulwark.

Again I say, open to Me, My beloved, for at My hand is a thousand blessings, and joys forevermore. Entrust your hidden treasures to Me. Only I can clear out the evils that bewitch. Only I can cast out the stones, and pull out the weeds. If only you could see My plans for you! If you only knew My vehement love and desire toward you!

You are wounded, and you guard your heart with utmost care, yet look at what you guard: it has been wasted away - have you never looked? Let Me return, and let Me flourish you, My secret treasure. Let My light shine within your inner treasure-chest. You are **My** treasure: to caution is good, but to keep back even from Me is a sore and sad sin. Let Me in, and I will both restore, and protect. In Me only is safety. Give up, oh My love, give up to Me.

## The Fifth Teardrop - The Marionette's Strings

Why do you insist on carrying life's burdens alone? Why do you place such confidence in your own strength? It is by My mercy and grace each day that you do not fall - that I keep you from calamity.

*“Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.” -Matthew 11:29-30*

My beloved, why do you hide your burdens, and keep your secrets from Me? Do you not know that I can see every thought, and I behold all inward parts?

I uphold you every step of your life, yet often you do not think on Me, nor do you give Me the honor. And when I let you walk in your own ways, and you fall, you blame Me for your misfortune. Can you not see that your own pride has led to these pains?

I love you, and I love to love. I want to carry your every burden, and heal your every wound. I want you to be filled with peace and joy in My Holy Spirit, but how can this be when you have turned your back to Me?

I send to you, as it were, bumps in the road, to turn you to Me - that you may consider your ways. Yet you wonder greatly at such things, and your confusion alone is a testimony against you: for you do not walk with Me as you should, and you do not consider the work of My hands. Is it not that I must always direct you with My rod, because you will not respond to My voice? Is it not that I must always use My hand, because you do not know My heart? Come now, My love, and I will have mercy on you. Repent, and turn to Me, and I will show you My wisdom.

Look, and I will uncover the hidden strings of the marionette. I say, “love,” and you do not. I say “*forgive*,” and you hold a grudge. I say “*give*,” and you only take. You cannot do the things that you should do, or even the things that you want to do, and you marvel at this, as if My workings in you were imperfect. Do you not see the hidden strings that bind your life?

I have planted a miraculous work in you, yet the lusts of your old life have dried up the outward branches. I have lit a burning light within you, yet the dark veil of your fleshy life shades it into obscurity. For since the day of your salvation, My sun within you has always burned as bright as ever, yet even to this day you have scarcely uncovered it. I have given you a remarkable salvation, and a deliverance from all wickedness, yet the corruption of this world has enticed you, and though you are free, you choose further imprisonment.

## *[Marionette image]*

Do you not see the hidden foe? Have you not uncovered, as it were, the invisible strings of the marionette, that can be tugged and pulled by the enemy whenever he pleases? You are your own worst enemy. You are all hindrance and stumbling. You are the weak link in the chain. Satan I can most easily overcome, if you will let Me: yet how shall I force Myself against My own child? I will give you all good things, and every victory, and every blessing, but you must first untie your strings. You must first sever yourself from your own sabotagous ways.

I tell you, you must repent: you must die to your old self. You repent of ones and twos, but why not of the sum? You repent of this or that, but why not of everything? You have tried to cut down all of the branches and growths on your tree of sin, yet you leave the inconspicuous stump. And, as dark, budding shoots that continually proceed from an evil tree stump, so too does your sin sprout anew - for a little leaven leavens the whole lump.

Leaven is as a living entity, and will spread, grow, and infest the entire lump of dough. So too will your sin regrow if it is not utterly dug out and uprooted. Can you see each part of yeast? Can you stop the branches from springing up from the old tree stump? How will you ever purge the lump unless you start afresh? How will you ever conquer that dark tree if you never uproot and plant anew?

*“For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.” -Job 14:7*

To replace half the lump, or even ninety nine of one hundred parts, is to allow sin to corrupt. To cut down every branch, every visible sin, and yet to retain the stump, is to allow sin to corrupt. Do you not know that the entire lump is defiled? Do you not know that the very roots are sin? Do you not know that it is not of branches, nor of leaven, but of entire trees, and of entire lumps that you must repent? Do you not know that it is not of actions, nor of hands, but of entire hearts, and complete lives that you must repent?

*“For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish. Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace. So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.” -Luke 14:28-33*

My blessings are innumerable, yet My price is steep. But is it? What is it that you cling to in this world? What is it that you hold to in this life of death? Behold, you cling to failure, and you make despair your companion. You befriend loneliness, and make emptiness your habitation. Away with it, for it is vanity.

Release yourself from the strings of the marionette, for they are severed through crucifixion. Have I not said, *“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me”* (Matthew 16:24)? And again I say to you, follow Me. Is the cross merely a weight to carry? Is it not meant for a specific purpose? My beloved, the cross is to crucify. For your very sins I was crucified, and I died. But what glory, I had also the power and glory of resurrection! Friend, so too will you if you follow after Me.

*“For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” -Romans 6:10-11*

You come at your old life, and your sins, with cudgels and bats, seeking to beat down your faults. Yet that persistent beast, evil always arises, the strings are always pulled, and sin rears again its ugly head. You inflict wound and injury upon your old life of sin, yet you hold back a string, a small twitch: just one scratching of sin. You keep leaven from that old lump, and you retain the root from that old tree. You come at your old life with cudgels and bats, when you should come at it rather with a hammer and nails.

Think not that I say these things to destroy your life, but rather, to restore it. Beloved, I care so sincerely for you, and I only seek your welfare. How can you experience the power of resurrection if you have not first died? Do you not afflict your own self by your indecision? You will neither live My new life, nor die to your old. You have neither the short pleasures of sin, nor the power of My resurrection. Will you wait until paradise to have abiding joy? Will you wait until heaven to get victory over the enemies' temptings? Do you not know that every man will receive his reward in heaven according to the deeds done in the body?

Come, for I am the Lord of life. At My right hand are joys forevermore. I died for you: do I not want to see you filled with overflowing joy? Was My sacrifice all in vain? Come, I will bless. Why go it alone? Come, I will bear all your burdens. Come.

## The Sixth Teardrop - Come into My Arms

My dear one, come near, come very near to Me. Rest. Let My very peace come upon you. My child, I want you close, I want you ever so close to Me.

Let Me draw you. Be sensitive to My callings. I whisper, I call out your name: “*come to Me... come here.*”

I want you so close that you can feel, as it were, My very heartbeat. Why should I yell? Why should I shout? I will whisper in your ear with even the faintest voice, and you will hear My words of love.

Come into My arms, let Me hold you ever so close. My child, the world has been very rough with you. You have been lost in confusion, and wounded by deceits. Come, let Me give you a gentle blessing to renew your soul. Why do you stand without? Come inside. Come in to My heavenly warmth, and bask in My soul-sunlight for your inmost healing.

Oh My dear one, why have you gone so far ahead of Me on life's path? I wait for you. Come, sit next to Me. Draw very near to Me, let Me put My arm around you and comfort you. Your mind is in chaos. Your thoughts are in continual upheaval. Your senses are ever engaged in seeing, in hearing, in touching, in doing. Yet for all this, your eyes are not satisfied with seeing, nor your ears full with hearing. When will you rest?

Come, rest in Me. Before you go, first stop. Before you speak, first listen. Before you love, let Me first love you.

I am your Creator, I have made you specially for Myself. You are My precious treasure. Why are you always in such a haste? Why do you always run? Where are you going? Let Me rather carry you. I have made you for Myself, and I will carry you in My everlasting arms.

The road is ever so rough. The true path that I have for your life - it is impossibly rough. How will I ever let you travel this road alone? How could I ever allow your feet to step on such jagged stones?

Come, rest in Me, and I will carry you. Only in My arms is life's true path traveled, for it is impossibly hard. Only My divine feet may tread the path: you are only My traveling companion. In My loving arms, instead of a sharp cut - a gentle tumble. Instead of a twist or a sprain - a bounce with abiding peace. My little kangaroo, let Me hold you in My pouch. Troubles will undoubtedly arise, yet why must you bear the brunt of them?

### *[Kangaroo image]*

Oh My love! Won't you come to Me? Why has life become so complicated? Why has everything become so difficult? It is so simple rather: beloved, ***I am***. For every wound, a balm. For every sickness, a remedy. For every darkness, a light. For every confusion, a clear mind. Love, joy, peace: beloved, ***I am***.

Here is My will for you: that we be as one. Have I not said that I would make My abode in your heart? Why are you so distant and cold? Let Me draw you to My very own heart, for how else will you ever know if we are in sync? Do I not desire for our hearts to beat as one? I long to see your heart conformed to Mine, beating in perfect synchronization.

### *[Twin Hearts image]*

When you are lying in My arms, words become superfluous. I shall feel your very heart, and you shall feel Mine. When our hearts are beating as one, there is a language spoken that is sweeter than all words.

Make Me the beat of your heart, for it is the only way to live this earthly life. Why should you wander away in a wilderness? You seek a safe place, yet you are many times alone. Why? No place is safe when you stray from your Shepherd. In My arms we will brave the hardest of times, and we will assuredly overcome.

My dear, it is the autumn and harvest-time of your soul. The time is now ripe, and My seeds are come to fruition. Let us walk, and reap the harvest. I have sown good seeds, now let us both go and enjoy the fruit of My labors.

Come, rest in My arms, for how can you ever walk My path standing on your feet of clay? You will be wearied greatly. Rest on My shoulders, and I will lift you to new heights, and cause you to reach that which was impossible to you alone.

### *[Father-Daughter image]*

*“Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb: And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.” -Isaiah 46:3-4*

## The Seventh Teardrop - Wings of My Grace

If I were to give wings to a dog, would he then fly through the sky, and make his nest in the heavens? Would he then eat as a bird, and conduct his manner of life as a bird? Nay, but wings for the fowls of the air, and My grace to the humble in mind. A nest for the birds, and My peace to the spiritual man that seeks Me with all his heart.

Behold, you walk the path of My will as a plain path, where no trouble awaits you. You tread an easy path, one that you have seemingly known your whole life. To the right hand, and to the left, are grassy plains, and if you wander from My will, the comfortable grass awaits you. You travel on for days, months, even years in this grass, carefully striding alongside the path, and it means little difference to you - for the comfort of the grass seems no different from that which you perceive to be My will.

When will you see My true path, and My true will for your life? For, I am calling you to higher ground. Why do you walk so earthly along the ground level?

Behold! I uncover before your eyes a mountain: a twisting, turning, steep, and jagged mountain: and My divine path runs directly into and up this mountain.

### [*Mountain image*]

Along this winding path, the dangers are great, yet the rewards are even greater. The joy of this path beckons you. In your heart, you know you ought to walk hereon: for the goodness at the summit is so eternally precious, you would give up all things in this present life to obtain it.

On the right side, and on the left side of this mountainous path, are gorges and thickets full of snares and thorns. Still higher on this path, there are steep cliffs, and jagged rocks, bringing certain destruction to those who would fall. It is an impossible path.

How will you dare set one foot off of your grassy plain and begin this ascent? How will you walk this path, seeing that you are of the earth? Beloved, are you not as a dog? And shall I now give you wings? You love the familiarity of the ground level: you love your grassy places. This is total comfort to you, but not **My** comfort. It is peace and safety to you, but not **My** peace, nor **My** safety. Will you now ascend My path with such canine wings? I tell you, you will not. You are altogether too carnal.

I have called you to dizzying new heights, and how will a dog fly to them? You are scared of My will, and terrified of My Spirit.

Beloved, let not this thing be so! You are called to the air. You are called to be spiritual. You are called into My bosom.

In your present state, if I were to call you to My heavenly mountaintop, would you not utterly fall on its path? I show you mercy and patience, but truly, I am full of sighing: for My true desire is for you to traverse this path in the power of My Spirit. I long for you to come to Me, to rest in Me, to be empowered by Me, and to glorify Me. If you would but humble yourself, if you would but seek Me with all your heart, you would find Me, and I would uphold you on your journey.

*“He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.” -Isaiah 40:29-31*

You are earthly, and I call you to be spiritual. You use and delight in only your senses: you are sensual, and carnal. You are as a dog, living on ground level, and all the while I am calling you to the eagle's sky.

## [Eagle image]

On the highest mountainside, or in the uppermost branch of a great tree, does the eagle fear falling? Truly, can he fall? But what of a dog? Even a winged dog would fear exceedingly: heights are simply not in his nature, for he is a beast of the ground.

How can I raise you to My calling when you are afraid of the very one who will send you? Can you hear My soft and gentle voice? Could you stand to hear Me speak to you of something new and wonderful? Would you not doubt My voice, and seek many signs? And unto whom is sign language spoken? Even unto the **deaf**. How can I send you by My Holy Spirit when you are afraid of My very workings?

Beloved, your old carnal life of sin weighs you down: it covers you and makes you dogged. Have I not called you to lose your life for My sake?

My grace and power are as wings, delivering from many pitfalls, and enabling you to reach My impossible heights. I will not give wings to dogs, for this is not at all befitting for them - surely they would spend them on vain and earthly pursuits.

*“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.” -Isaiah 55:8-9*

Behold, I say, put off this old dog, and be transformed by the laying down of your entire life. Why is your head in the clouds while your heart remains on the ground? Come, lay down your life, and the power of the Spirit of My resurrection will make you as an eagle.

Truly, the path you must now travel: it is not for dogs. The heights to ascend, the snares to resist, the crags to navigate: it is for My Spirit only. For, what will you do when you meet a fierce lion? Will not My Spirit deliver on swift wings? And what of the venomous serpent, as he waits for his prey? Will not My Spirit cut off and sever such from above with His sharp beak, as with the sword of the Spirit?

Have I not called you to higher ground? Is not your life meant for more than walking on ground level? Come to Me. Search and seek Me with all your heart, and forsake your old ways. I have a beautiful tapestry to weave of your life as it unfolds, yet how will you see it from where you now stand? Come up to Me, My beloved: fly with My wings, and see with My eyes; behold the awe and majesty that I Myself will interweave into your life.

## The Eighth Teardrop - Unshade My Light

*“Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” - Matthew 5:14-16*

My child, tell Me, were My words spoken of flesh, or of spirit? Will you position your body in a high place, or will you rather come in heart to My high heaven? Is it an earthly, visible light, or did I speak of another?

This I now say, I am light, and in Me is no darkness. I am purity, and in Me is no corruption. I am innocence, and in Me is no perverseness. I am that good and true vine, and in Me is no evil fruit. If this is so, why then are you so dark? Is not My light within you?

Dear child, you have confessed unto salvation that glorious name, the name of the Lord Jesus: within you is My beautiful shining light, for I love you to no end. My light does not fade, nor can it be corrupted. If this is so, then why is so little light shined from your heart? Will you change things in your mortal body? Will you look where you stand, or who you are with, according only to the flesh, to make this light more visible?

Beloved, why have you covered My light under a bushel? Why have you hid it under a bed? The words that I speak unto you are not of the flesh, but inwardly, of the heart.

My precious lamp, I have filled you with extraordinary glory. My Spirit - the very Spirit of the eternal God, the one who has formed heaven and earth and all things therein, and even your own body and soul - even this Spirit dwells within you. Who can fathom this? For I am as a burning sun, a fiery supernova, an exploding star of the utmost brilliance - all contained within your heart. My glory is from everlasting to everlasting, and none may corrupt or alter this. I burn within you always with a passionate and radiant love that can scarcely be comprehended.

If this is so, if My glory dwells within you, why are your thoughts and deeds so often dark? Why is it that the very mountains do not melt and tremble before My Spirit?

It is sin. My beloved, it is sin. Inside your heart, My love radiates and beams in all purity, yet just outside, draped over this wonderful new creation is a dark veil called SIN, and also called SELF.

When you called upon Me for salvation, I expelled the inner darkness in your heart: I thoroughly purged your old heart of sin, and filled you with a new thing - I filled you with the light of My love. Yet though I have done all this, that dark curtain of sin still remains draped over this new work of Mine.

Dearly beloved, do you not see the cause of your life's shadows? To shine your light before men, you must simply remove this old veil of self - the old veil of sin. Though it does not touch nor corrupt My eternal workings, in most every way in this life, this veil nullifies My manifestations of grace. You will always be My child, but why will you wait until the death of your mortal body before you finally uncover the light of My glory?

My child, I am full of sorrow and sighing. Why will you wait for heaven to uncover that which ought to be shown here on earth? How often would I have shown My glory unto men! Yet they would not suffer it. How often would I have anointed My children with gladness, and filled them with overflowing joy! Yet they would not allow it. How often would I have given My people victory over their adversaries! Yet they looked only to their own selves.

If you would but deny yourself, and take away this self-veil of sin, My light would shine through! This then is the only hindrance to My goodness. This then is the only kink in the hose. This then is also why you cannot love and desire Me as you should. Think on the boiling flames of hell, the lake of fire: if I deal thus so intensely with My enemies, what then shall I do to the ones that I love? If only you could see the light of My love, even within your very own heart! Truly, you would scarcely see life in the same light again.

Yet, as the serpent was most subtle, so too is this veil exceedingly treacherous. My dear, you know not what manner of evil dwells within you! If you could see it as it is, and if it were possible, you would leap out of your skin. For this veil, which covers the heart, is seemingly animated, and is alive with death. As an evil serpent, shifting and waving, it moves with dark stealth and disguises itself for good, and hides as loved ones and cherished things.

This snake is called IDOLATRY. It is that which you could never live without: that which you could never part with. It is the “unthinkable” - the things that, though they are utterly obvious and plain in sight, you would never consider or negotiate to release them unto My sovereignty. It is that which you set up for yourself in your heart and make into a god. For though it appears innocent, yet in truth it is utterly selfish, and dark as sin, stealing away your love and affection from Me.

## *[Serpent-Veil image]*

*“Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” -Exodus 20:3*

Your old life of sin, as a living entity - a living darkness - cannot be overcome with mere repeated injury or assault, nor can it be slain in parts: for a tear in this veil will be restored whole, and a hole will close up on itself. As a wild, evil vine that has overgrown My beautiful temple, so too is this veil upon your heart. Within, My Spirit perfectly fills the temple and is free from all corruption, yet outside, the suffocating vine covers every inch of the outer walls. My glory is undefiled on the inside, yet on the outside, you leave your own self-vine to grow rampant over all doors and windows - allowing yourself little access to the precious inward treasure.

## *[Overgrown Temple image]*

What will you do? Will you cut off only the most obvious branches? Will you take away only the most offensive leaves? To cut away at the branches may seem a transient relief, but in time, the vine regrows. So long as the vine is still planted, sin will continue its workings. Though it may not grow in the same manner and shape as before, your roots will still work incessantly to cover My Spirit's temple. Though your sins may be reduced in your own eye, yet will this root of bitterness remain, multiplying against Me.

Beloved, have I not made for you a way to overcome? I am your all in all! I say unto you: this stealthy, moving veil is only nailed down through crucifixion. This ravenous vine is only uprooted from the ground once you yourself have been buried with Christ in His death. For I cannot truly deal with your shaded heart so long as that self-sin veil is alive and lurking. You must end this inward life of self, else with one foot you walk to blessing, and the other to sabotage. You must destroy this veil, else tears will mend, and holes will close up again. You must uproot this vine of darkness, else branches will regrow, and leaves will cover anew.

Only once you have given up your own life and self to Me, and lo, even your “unthinkables” - only then will this self-veil be stopped. Only when your loved ones, and your good things - your idols - are relinquished to Me, then will this evil vine be slain.

Afterward, though the stiff and lifeless veil will still shade, and though the dead vine's carcass will still inhibit, truly, My beautiful one, I will begin a marvelous work! I will tear from the veil, and the sin will not regrow. I will cut from the vine, and the branch will not flourish. As more of the veil is removed, more of My heavenly light will shine through - and it will last! As more of the vine's evil branches are trimmed away, more of this inward temple, and My Holy Spirit which dwells within, will be accessible to you.

My child, uncover My love. I long to show Myself to you. Why will you see My sun only through the dark clouds? Is not My love of an incomprehensibly greater factor? Think on the flames of hell: for if I deal thus with My enemies, what shall I have in store for those that I love?

## The Ninth Teardrop - That Old Dark Tree

*“Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruit.” -Matthew 12:33*

Why are you split? From where did your evil fruits spring? If there is a root of disobedience within you, will you by plucking out the offensive fruit make the tree good? Or will you then bear good fruit on a branch that is still evil?

Can a good tree, with good roots, bear bad fruit? Have I not planted within you a salvation seed - springing up into a tree of eternal life? Why then do such fruits of sin show forth in your life? This I say to you: it is not of My tree, nor is it of My workings. Beloved, why do you allow two trees to be planted in your garden? For by your fruit you do show that there is another tree, old and dark, that remains in you to this day.

Behold, that which is called “fruit” is that which you perform with your hands and imagine in your heart - in this old tree, it is that which you do outwardly and consciously think inwardly: the movings and actions of disobedience. Yet hidden within your heart, and buried out-of-sight in your mind, there are deeply rooted seeds of lawlessness. Those things which are unseen within are called “roots.”

Beloved, I know you are not pleased when such evil fruits spring up, but truly, you are only reaping what has been sown into mankind since the first transgression of Adam. You reap what you sow, and if you only try to bury the seeds, surely they will yet spring forth. Be certain that your sin will find you out. Why is it that you look to only your hands? You are frantically pulling off the fruit - the misdeeds of life - from the tree branches, but from where have such things sprung up? You attempt that which is good, but there is something better that I have for you.

Suppose you rid yourself of every evil fruit from your life, or rather, each one that you can see: will the tree then be made good? Will you then bring forth good fruits? Little one, I see the under-ground: I look upon the heart of man, and I know his every thought before he thinks it. If he imagines evil in his heart, I see that it was only an upwelling of water from a spring that was already present. Do you not know that the very root of this old tree, even at rest, even when idle from trespasses, is still set against Me?

Child, try to see from My own eyes, for I look within. When you disobey Me, why do you fret that you have somehow fallen from grace? Was it not that such evil rootings were already abundantly present, and sin, taking an occasion against you, sprang forth into the things that your eyes and conscience could then see - into these evil fruits?

Again, little one, see from My eyes. Have I not said, “*make the tree good*”? The fruit of your doings from this old tree is not good, but do I not much rather care about the entire tree? As the fruit depends upon the roots’ work in order to develop, so too do your evil thoughts and actions require a perverseness to be first implanted and established in your heart. Truly, it is the deep, unseen, (and to you, largely unknown) roots within your mind that I am after. For, your mind is entrenched with lawlessness and disobedience, and as a battle, the flesh is always lusting and warring against My good and perfect Spirit within you.

*“For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.” -Galatians 5:17*

Your mind is encamped with hidden foes, and you are, many times, under their jurisdiction. If these soldiers, as the roots of sin, continually war against Me, why then do you wait until their weapons are drawn and used before you count them as enemies? If the enemy is always present, why then do you wait until you are cut by sin, and bear evil fruits, before taking notice? You are in a state of war: if the enemy is at rest, and does you presently no harm, has he then become your ally? Why is it that you make peace with that which should be destroyed? Why is it that you only take away the weapons - the outward sins - and yet leave the enemy alive and at liberty to rearm? For the roots, given time, will assuredly bring forth more fruit.

Do I care for your evil fruit? Do I care for the weapons that are brought against you in battle? My child, do I

not rather care for **you**, and for your peace? Do I not rather care for your sanctification? So long as that evil tree has a foothold in your life, you will scarcely come to taste of My good fruit. So long as that dark troop holds territory in your mind, you will be in frequent upheavals, and you will continually thrust the Prince of peace from His throne.

I tell you, there is a place that your conscience cannot see: a realm where the grotesque workings of sin go unchecked. Beloved, if it were not so, how then could you bear to live through the day? - for surely your evil thoughts and works have a source. It is by My mercy and grace that your dark roots are not all at once exposed. Yet for all this, I love you no less, and My hand is no less distant to help - though oft the leaves cover your eyes, and oft the branches entangle your arms.

In this hidden place, the roots of the tree take deep hold, and send forth their buds and branches bearing the dark fruit of your life. You sever the branches, and cast forth the fruit, but the seed remains, and in the fullness of time, the evil fruit returns.

Beloved, take courage. Will I not have mercy? Have I not formed you for Myself? I know every corner of your heart, for I am your Creator. If this is so, will I not then know the dark roots of your mind? And will I not know how to thoroughly purge My vessel and prepare you for My own use?

Come, My beloved, step away from this old tree! Why have you chained yourself to such an enemy? Come, step away, and take refuge under My new tree, planted in you at salvation. How is it that you give so little attention to My would-be fruitful tree, and yet you fret and obsess over the corrupt tree?

## *[Carved Tree image]*

Come, I admonish you, dear one, step away from the tree you now link yourself to: for it is in My heart to utterly uproot and demolish this entire tree. Come to Me, and step away, for etched and carved in this tree is the name: OLD LIFE.

Oh won't you rather come and rest under the tree of My love! Won't you come taste the sweetness of this beloved tree's fruit? Child, come now, and step away from that old tree: for I will release you, and replant you, if you will let Me, if you will but step away.

## The Tenth Teardrop - No Substitutes

*“Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men:” -Isaiah 29:13*

Why is it that your ears continually itch to hear some new thing? What is it that you wish to find out? Will your ear ever be satisfied with hearing?

My beloved, why do you not rather turn your ears, and your whole heart, to your Creator? Why is it that you cannot stand Me, and you will listen to anything, and anyone but Me? You must always be looking with your eyes and hearing with your ears: such teachers indulge your ears, and speak good words of My love, but why is it that you will not come and actually be loved by Me? Why is it that you will learn and hear of My love for an entire lifetime, yet you never seek after the very object of which you study? Why is it that you scarcely allow My love to be perfected and flourished in you?

You pray before Me with your lips, and offer up, as it were, your incense, but from what forest have you taken such wood? I tell you, your trees are hewn down, and you gather from another forest, and burn incense from the dark woods of SELF. It is a stink.

You drink the waters of wisdom, but from which well have you drawn? I tell you, your reservoirs are empty, and from the excess and bitter waters of man's own mind have you drawn your waters. It is foolishness.

Child, why will you force the matter? Your trees have fallen, and your waters are dried, and will you now seek out and offer a vain substitute? Shall I take pleasure in this? Why do you not rather say, *“Lord, refresh me, for I will go no further”*? Shall you, in your pride, uncover all My deep mysteries? Why do you force the matter? Why do you not rather say, *“feed me with food convenient for me”*?

Dearest child, what is it that you lack, that you search out such strange things? What hunger do you have, that you forsake My bread, and search for bizarre and unknown meats? What thirst do you have, that you would forsake My pure waters, and lust after the foulest concoctions?

My child, you grieve Me. Do you not know that the subtle workings of sin are in motion? Though you have a thirst, it is not for Me, and though you hunger, it is not after that which will satisfy.

Do you not see the similarities to wickedness? Do you not see the kinship to sin? For I have made man for Myself, yet he does not cease in seeking out many inventions. How long shall you be in heaping unto yourself vain teachers? Man's heart cannot cease from wanderlust: whether it be by blatant disobediences, or “godly” teachings, it is but a sinful distraction. Of this only will I ask you: where is your love and desire toward Me? Toward **Me**.

Your doctrines and teachings, imagined from your own lusts, are in your own heart as ugliness, yet I am beauty. Your prayers, spoken with no earnestness or charity, are as a stench, yet I am that delightful fragrance. Why do you look unceasingly to substitutes? What is it that you lack? What is it that you cannot find in Me?

Dear one, I tell you, your mind is alienated from Me through carnality. If My foes are burned with hellfire, what good sweetness shall I have in store for My own children? Do you not see that you have been distantly separated from your Maker?

Beloved, return to Me! I have made you for Myself. How I long to set your mind and soul, lo, even your very being aright.

How is it, that by taking thought on another creature, and on the things of creation, you can lust exceedingly, yet for My own glory you have no affection? Your mind lusts and spins in desire for that which you can see, and the wheels of sin begin to turn in your head. Yet to take thought of Me, you feel no love - not one spark of desire toward the very perfection of beauty, your Creator from everlasting to everlasting. Surely this is a dire perverseness!

*“[W]alk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind, Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart:”  
-Ephesians 4:17-18*

In your present mind-set, you look upon earthly beauty, and you are carnally drawn toward it. By taking thought, and by looking and lusting, the workings of sin activate and bring forth an evil bramble of corruption. Yet, if you forsake your ways, and turn from your self-life, and disentangle your nettled mind, will not My Spirit **vividly** draw you to Myself instead? Could you not then take thought on Me, and meditate on My love - turning and returning in your heart, and be changed, not unto corruption, but unto My likeness? Unto holiness?

Oh, why are you so passionate for evil only? You are altogether too carnal. Do you not see that I have stitched into you a remarkable desire? And yet, it twists and turns only to darkness. Let Me, as it were, switch the train-tracks of your heart. Let your desire be switched over from your carnal tracks unto spiritual, and let the locomotive of your desirous love come into My presence with all fervor and haste.

### *[Train-tracks image]*

Forsake your old ways, and your old life: forsake the flesh. Do you not know that I am Spirit? Why then are you so attached to that which will one day pass away? Turn to Me, and turn from vanity. Will not your desire, in all purity, be all the more greater for My eternal beauty? If mere man can bring such vehement desire in your heart, what shall the Almighty God stir up within you?

Come My child, and free yourself from the vain foods that do not satisfy, and from the strange drinks that do not quench, and commune rather with My own heart. You shall seek Me, and desire Me, and truly, you will find Me. You shall see the light of My glory, and be awakened with My likeness.

## The Eleventh Teardrop - Your Pearl of Great Price

*“Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.” -Matthew 13:44-46*

Beloved, can you afford My kingdom? Could it be that you have sought a treasure which you have not attained the funds to procure?

My blessing costs every last penny of your life: nothing more, and nothing less. Truly, blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven, and how hardly shall they that be rich enter into the kingdom of God.

Yet, you have indeed sought My hidden treasure: a field with priceless treasure, a pearl of great price. You have sought, and I have promised, but have you gathered your funds? I am the treasure that you seek, but can you afford Me? Why do you instead heap up for yourself the treasures of this world? My blessing costs every penny of your heart and soul: no more, and no less.

Child, could it be that you have sought a treasure which you have not attained the funds to procure?

A rich man, selling all that he has, and giving great sums of money, yet retaining one small thing, even that man has done foolishly. Do you think I will be satisfied with the abundance of his sacrifices? Ninety nines will not suffice - how I despise these nines!

Yet a poor man, giving almost nothing, (seeing that he has but few values), yet holding nothing back, even this man has done wisely. For he has sold himself unto Me, and though he had little, yet because he held nothing back, to him will come great riches, for he can afford the blessing of My kingdom.

Again I say, why is it that you have sought a treasure, yet you have not first acquired the funds? Your life is in a continual state of overdraft. I have promised you this treasure, yet if you will not sell all that you have in this life, it will be collected in the next. Either you give up your house of wood, and build with the gold that I will give you, or your house will be sold to the fire which shall try every man's work, and you shall purchase My treasure field with the ashes of this earthly life.

Beloved, why should this be so? Have I not given you a firm foundation of rock, through Jesus Christ, upon which to build your house? Why then do you build upon such an eternal foundation with the passing wood and hay of this life?

Release to Me your life, and sell to Me all things which you hold dear. My blessing costs every penny of your heart, and of your soul, and of your might: nothing more for the poor man, and nothing less for the rich. Truly, blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

*“For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron:” -Isaiah 60:17*

How will you be able to afford My gold if you have not first sold to Me your wood? How will you get My silver when your hands still cling to the common stones of the ground? Beloved, empty your hands. I take delight in empty hands, for I both long and love to fill them with good things.

My child, I love empty hands, and broken hearts, and humble minds. For I know how to fill the poor man's soul, and tenderly mend the broken heart, and enlighten the simple mind. Why is it that you cannot see that you are empty, and broken, and proudly darkened in mind? I will fill every crevice of your being with My goodness. As water poured into the dry cracks of a barren desert ground, so too will I fill you with the peace and joy of My Spirit.

## [Cracked Desert image]

Beloved, I am grieved at your seditions brought against Me. Why do you make yourself, (in your own eyes), rich, and proud, and wise? Why do you fill in the dry cracks of your soul with the oil-slicks of this world? You seek out the grime and grease of this world, and of your old carnal mind, and you clog up your heart with vanity.

My love, why is it that you resist Me? Why is it that you turn from Me? Are you truly rich? For all of your abundances, your wisdom, and your pride, have you any deliverance? Will your corruptible riches, or your loved ones, or your worldly wisdom deliver you in the day of calamity? Who has deceived you, that you lean onto this wicked staff? Surely it will come to pass, that the harder you lean upon it, the more it will pierce through your hand and cause you to stumble.

To be filled, you must be empty. I cannot mix My water with the grease of this world. Why will you wait until heaven to afford My kingdom? Why will you wait until your works are consumed with fire before attaining My incorruptible riches? Would it not be much better to give up all your old wood and hay for My gold? Would it not be much better to build a house that will endure? What else is befitting of My marvelous foundation to build thereupon, but the finest gold, and the choicest of stones and jewels?

Why will you build a house with the corruption and passing glory of this life? Why do you trust in the abundance of your hands, and in the beauty and splendor of those things which are now seen? Do you not know that the things which are seen have been created by a much greater glory, by that which is unseen? Either sell to Me now, or have such things burned, and you will sell to Me the ashes thereafter.

*"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." -Luke 9:62*

Beloved, let Me now reason with you. I love you more than you can think, and I long to bless. I long to make My love known, but how scarcely do you know of Me! How scarcely do you allow My love through! I am as water poured unto a cracked desert ground, yet how little do you soak in! How few of My blessings, and how little of My Spirit of peace and joy do you let seep into your heart!

My beautiful child, that which you do not give up to Me: your own riches, and your own loves - these are the very things which are poverty to you. And yet, how shall you ever afford Me, if you do not give Me **all**? My price is all: no more, no less. It is not a quantity, but a percentage - it is one hundred percent: nothing more, nothing less.

Dear child, why do you look back to that old land? Why do you turn back to that land of sin and bondage, lo, even in thought! For, Jesus Christ is the Bridge, and My kingdom is the promised land. Beloved, I have bridged you unto Myself in love. Beloved, I have taken you from that dark land of sin, and have redeemed you for My very own self. Beloved, My bridge only goes one way!

As I took the children of Israel through the parted Red Sea, so too have I redeemed you and brought you through. As they crossed the impossible, from death unto life, so too have I done with you. And as the sea closed back up, one thing did they know, and one thing must you now know: it is impossible for you to turn back by the same way you came! If this is so, then why do you often live as though it were not?

Jesus Christ is the Bridge, and His life was laid down for your sins; yes, My beloved, for **you**. He has laid His body down, even down to death, and has allowed you to walk over Him into life. But, is He not now lifted up? Is He not now raised from the dead? I tell you, the Bridge is now lifted up from the earth! So too likewise is He lifted from your old life, that you should not return to that land of sin.

My child, if this is so, why then do you seek to travel backwards? You grieve Me in thought, word, and deed. You grieve Me when you seek flight back to that old land of bondage. What is it that you seek? What is it that you think you lack? Rather, is it not that the sins and lusts of this present life have blinded your eyes, that you cannot see My blessed hand outstretched toward you? And is it not that you still cling to the things of this

world, that you cannot instead latch onto My blessings?

In every failing, in every defeat, in every pain, there I am, with arms outstretched, longing to comfort, longing to help, longing to heal. The things in this world ought not to be so: this world has gone terribly amiss, and is covered under a dark canopy of sin. Beloved, when you choose out your old ways, you cover yourself in darkness, and partake of this canopy.

Come out, and be My special treasure! Be not blinded by sin, but behold My arm to save. Be not entangled with lust, but freely reach out and take My hand to help. Be not half-hearted, but sell out to Me all of your own self. Empty out, as a purse, all that is within your heart, and I will be to you that pearl of great price.

### *[Pearl image]*

I will be your all-sufficient, your all-capable, your all-merciful, and ever-faithful God. Father to the fatherless; true riches to the bankrupt in soul; true wisdom to the humble in mind; true love to the brokenhearted; the all-in-all.

## The Twelfth Teardrop - Perfect Peace

*“As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.” -Proverbs 27:19*

Child, as the face of a man's own reflection is seen in the still waters, so too do I long for you to be enlivened by My countenance in the stillness of your heart. I have made My abode within you, lo, even within your very own heart, and in the tranquility of your soul, there will I approach in a gentle calmness.

But beloved, how I am grieved for you! - for you are ever-troubled, and ever-stirred in heart. Though you may rest your body, and though your eyelids may be at peace, yet your soul is dogged with the world: it is agitated with that ancient seed of lawlessness.

Let not this thing be so! Do I hide Myself from you, or is it that you distort My image in the turbulence of your heart? Do I withdraw My face, and seal away My heart of peace from you? Beloved, My face is set always before you, and My heart is ever-waiting to commune. Again I say, My face is always before you in these waters of your soul, yet you have deep stirrings continually within your heart. Is it any wonder that the surfaces of these waters are ever-troubled? Is it any wonder that we rarely have a heart-to-heart?

### [*Pond image*]

My little pond, to where has your stillness fled? Why is it that you are busy with an abundance of work in hand, and filled with a swiftness in foot to run to and fro, but you have overlooked that which is of a weightier matter? How is it that you have no rest, and no peace within your heart? Look and see. Beloved, you know what I speak of: how is it that you are continually ignorant of this? Why do you give such things little regard? You are very forgetful, My child.

Beloved, where is your peace? Why is it that you cannot, by taking thought, and by taking bodily rest, bring peace unto your spirit? You cannot see any disturbances around the top of the waters, yet there is no stillness on the surface. Beloved, I tell you somberly, you have very dark, very deep stirrings within your heart. I tell you, if this were not so, then you could most easily take of My rest.

Does not peace and rest come naturally to your earthly body? You can most easily acknowledge and give heed to your body's calls: lo, you must even resist these callings if you are to avoid such rest. But how is it then, that your soul works and grinds to the bone, and has no rest day or night, and yet you feel no fatigue? Surely your mind is darkened, that you cannot see your troubles, and surely your heart is vagabond, that you will not come to My peace.

Your ways and your doings are not always good. Though you may appear spiritual outwardly, your heart rejoices in agitation, and delights in continual motion, and in the restlessness of carnal things. From where do these things come, and from whom have you learned them? Beloved, I know you are My very own child, yet do you not see, that even in your good works, and even in your times of rest, you mimic and pattern yourself after your old father, even that evil one, the devil?

My child, why is your mind shadowed in disobedience? You cannot rest. You cannot, for the very life of you, come to a tranquility of soul. And yet you continue and increase in your ways day by day, and hour by hour. You increase with your hands your good works and efforts, and with your mouth you serve Me readily, yet your heart is in a quiet, secret, and deep rebellion. You can make the area around the top of the waters clear, yet there is no stillness at the surface - for there are deep upheavals, for which you give little thought or regard.

You seek good things, even spiritual things, but oft you seek them carnally. Your mind is cloaked, covered with carnality. Your conscience is clear, but oft your mind is not: if this were not so, then you could come to My peace, and enjoy My fellowship. Come now, if you can, into My rest. Bind your chaos as a belt around you, and your lawlessness as a garment. Take with you the dark veil of your carnal mind, and your ever-wandering eyes, and see what becomes of your rest.

Beloved, do I not care for you? You are precious in My sight, and I am grieved and sorrowed at your restlessness. You are ever-active: always looking, always listening, always speaking, always touching, always moving. Oh child, when will you sit still? Do you not know how carnal your mind truly is?

Child, this thing ought not to be so. *“Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied”* (Proverbs 27:20). When will you stop looking? What is it that you are looking for? Can I not satisfy you, or will you look again to the world? Will you look back to the pit that you have been rescued from? Beloved, I have taken you out of this world's corruption! In the world is death and carnality - as a bottomless pit: pleasing only and always the senses. Yet in Me is life and peace. I long to give you a spiritual mind, from which I may calm your inmost troubles. *“[T]he fruit of the Spirit is... peace”* (Galatians 5:22).

Beloved, your soul is wearied. Have you never been stilled enough to see your condition? How is it that you cannot see the state of your own heart? If you were to be stilled, you would see your heart's own reflection - that you are much wearied. Can you not see the dark, tiresome shadows that hang under your eyes? Can you not see the trembling and weakness - the frailty of your inner man? Lo, My love, you are even at the point of fainting! Can you not see this? Child, you are blind. My child, how I love you, yet you are blind.

You have no rest in spirit, day or night, yet you do not see it: are you not blind? When will you see that you are fundamentally severed from the effervescent spiritual life I have for you? When will you see that it is your mind, your darkened mind of sin, that separates you so far from even the most basic life-functions such as My rest? When will you awake to My rest?

I love you, and My will for you is this: that you would find rest in Me. That is My will. Abide in Me. When you find peace, when you partake of My heavenly rest, such a power and energizing life-force will refresh you that you will be prospered in all that you set your hand to do!

Reach down, reach deep down, and dive down very deep into the waters of your heart, and uproot the weeds. Uproot these dark, chaotic weeds that continually make a stirring in your heart. Your family is a weed; your friends are these weeds; your belongings and riches are weeds; your very own life is also a deep weed in this pond. I know you love them, but what are they doing in this sacred place of your heart? - it is My place. What are they doing here? - they do not belong. I know you love them, but within your inner-heart, they are stirrings, and distractions, and weeds.

You cannot see their currents, their waves, and their agitations in your heart - but they are there. You cannot see the link between your restlessness and worry, and the beloved things that you put in place of Me - but it is there. Beloved, when will you let go of your life? You are Mine, I have you safely in My hand. When will you let go of the cares of this world? Trust in Me. I say to you, why do you trust in your own self: are you not blind? Trust in the one that can see all, and has all things under His power. Again, I say, trust in Me.

*“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.” -Isaiah 26:3*

## The Thirteenth Teardrop - Show Forth My Glory

*"...their eyes received sight, and they followed him." -Matthew 20:34*

My precious possession, what was your previous state before I found you? Were you not blind, and deaf, and dumb, and lame, and wounded? And with love and joy brimming over, I have healed you. I am your Savior, and I have restored you from your desperate state.

Beloved, I gave you sight when you were blind. I gave you hearing when you were deaf. I opened your mouth and loosed your tongue when you were dumb. I gave you good legs and a strong back when you were lame. I poured heavenly waters on your sores when you were wounded.

My blood has purchased you, and you have humbled yourself to be washed in it. When you called upon Me, I was faithful to come and loose all the chains that bound you. Do I not both love and care for you? Have I not come to give you life, and that more abundantly? I love you, and I have done all these things so that your fullness might show forth My praise and glory.

Behold, I gave you sight so that you might see Him who is invisible! I gave you sight so that you might press on in all boldness, not taking thought for your own life, (for I take abundant thought over you), nor regarding this world's deceitful pleasures. I gave you sight so that you might be an amazement and an astonishment to the world, that they would earnestly wonder at what manner of person would endure life's hardships so gracefully, and all because you see Him who is invisible.

Beloved, do not be distracted by this world - for good or for evil. Be not choked by the cares of this world, and likewise, neither be utterly downcast from the evil doings of its inhabitants. Do not look with your old eyes, but look with the new vision that I have given you - walk by faith. It is with these eyes, and with this faith that you may behold My glory, and be uplifted by My joy.

*"[Jesus Christ:] Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." -1 Peter 1:8*

Behold, I gave you hearing, so that I might open your ears to the comforts and delights of My voice! My Spirit within you shall guide you into all truth. Others shall see your confidence, and your soul-compass, and know that you do not wander by the lusts of your heart, but that there is one greater which steers the helm.

## *[Compass image]*

Beloved, be deaf to the noisings of this world, for they are confusion, and wanderings. When you shut out the voices of the world, and those distractions in your very own heart, in such silence I will whisper to you. When you give no regard for your own life, and when you stop your ears from hearing vanity, My magnetic field, as it were, shall come upon you, and point your compass to My heavenly bearings.

*"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." -Matthew 11:15*

Behold, I have loosed your tongue, that you might sing My praise! I have opened your mouth, that you might give a word in season to him that is weary. I have given you a new mouth and tongue, so that you might speak My name: "Jesus" - the sweetest of all names. This is a most joyous word: JESUS.

Beloved, speak not with that old tongue. Give Me heart-praise. Else could not sinners speak the same? Yet what do they know inwardly of that wonderful name, Jesus? I say again, speak not from your old heart, and with those old lips, but draw up from that deep well of salvation a new song of praise, and spring up from that new heart adoration for that name above all names, Jesus.

*"Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises." -Psalm 47:6*

Behold, where you were lame and could not walk, I have made you leap for joy! I have given you hind's feet, that you may walk in high places and not stumble, nor be discouraged. I have given you feet to leap and dance in joy for the happy tidings that have been brought to you through the gospel of My salvation.

Beloved, walk not on those old legs of sin. Do you not know that beforetime you were paralyzed? Why then would you choose out those things which were poison in your old legs? Walk in newness of life. Walk in the Spirit. Be not bound by the things of this world, neither choose out bondage for yourself. As it is not fitting to put an acrobat in stocks, so too is it unbefitting for you to walk in the lusts of your flesh.

*"Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."* -1 Peter 2:11

Behold, you were sick and dying of sin, and there you lied, helpless in your many wounds. Sin had ravaged your soul, and you could not find medicines to remedy. There I found you: I called out your name - and you answered. My shimmering light entered your heart, and drove out the inner darkness. My waters were poured upon all wounds, and you recovered, lo, you revived to life.

But for all this, beloved, how I am downcast. For I love to give, and I have given you all these good things, even your very life, to receive praise and honor - and I await you eagerly. Yet how is it that you cover your face, and turn from Me your beautiful eyes? How is it that you stop up your ears, and even abuse them, that you should not be sensitive to My gentle, quiet voice? How is it that you speak with your old tongue, and draw out evil treasure from that old heart? How is it that you regress into those old legs of sin, and run swiftly to injury and fracture?

Beloved, how is it that I make you in My own image, and give you life to glorify Me, and you run to your own ways, and follow in the paths of your own heart? Do you not know that outside of Me, there is no life?

These words, and these parts - they are spirit. By My Spirit I have given you all good parts - that you may use them to the glory and praise of the selfsame Spirit. I gave you sight so that you may see. I gave you ears so that you may hear. I gave you a mouth so that you may speak. I gave you legs so that you may walk. I gave you life so that you may live.

All these things I have given you for the using. Think not that you could do any of these things in your old life of sin. What bondage you were in! - and glory, what redemption you now have! Live in My new life, and use those things that I have given you unto My glory. Let the world see that I have made you a wonderful new creation. Again I say, live in My new life.

## The Fourteenth Teardrop - A Beautiful Pair

My love, I am your Creator. I have made you in My image, and I have formed you after My likeness.

Look now upon your heart, and I will teach you these things: for your heart has been formed in the soft clay. I have laid My hand upon this earthen tablet, and pressed down deep, making an intimate, soul-defining impression. I have left, as it were, My handprint upon your heart.

### [*Handprint image*]

Beloved, I made you as My own home, as My own dwelling-place. Oh My child, how I love you! I have created you to be always filled with My presence. I have formed you to be always host to My outspread hand. You are My resting-place.

Beloved, you were **meant** for Me, for we are a beautiful pair. You were formed as an imprint of My very fullness; you were formed around My goodness. Your heart is called Lacking, and I am called Satisfaction. This imprinted lacking is not evil, for it was made around My satisfaction: you were formed in My image. I am as water, and I have made you as a thirsty throat - why not drink of Me? You are made whole, and perfect, and complete in Me. You were not made to be alone. I complete you. This is what I have created, and this is how I have formed you.

Do you not see how deeply My image is imprinted upon and excavated into your heart? When I formed you, how deeply My hand sunk into you! I have formed your heart, your very being, to be filled and completed by Me. Do you not see how intimate My words are when I say, "*I am your Creator*"? I am your Completer. "*For thy Maker is thine husband*" (Isaiah 54:5). I am that which you lack. You are called Lacking, and I am called Fullness.

I am your Creator, and I have made you for My very own self - yet, My love, how perverse many things have become! You look often to the flesh: you look to the body to fulfill that which is lacking in your heart. Do you not know that it is My Spirit which you lack? Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word of God. If you are starved in your heart, will eating earthly bread make you whole? You need My Spirit. Your body, and all of this earthly creation - they are meant to show of spiritual things: water to a thirsty tongue, bread to the hungry stomach, seeds to the soil, oxygen to the lungs, a husband to his wife, a bird to his nest. Do these not all, if but imperfectly, reflect My divine plan for your heart?

Beloved, if you see the beauty in such earthly fulfillments in the flesh, what then shall the fulfillment of your soul bring? If earthly water trickles down into your dry throat, and quenches every parched place of your body, what then shall My Spirit do in your heart? If delightful bread is eaten, which rejoices the tongue, and satisfies the stomach, what then shall I do for your soul? If I have sunk My hand down so deeply, and if I have pressed so intimately upon your inmost being, what then do you suppose the fulfilling and satisfaction of such will bring?

My love, look not to this world to satisfy that which ought to be filled by My very own Spirit. I have created the things of this world to be good, and beautiful; yet when put into this special impression in your heart, such things become ugliness. Such things are not as important as you think, for there is more to the life than the body.

Things that were meant to teach, and were meant for good - while in the world's use, and in man's heart - have become desperately perverted. Beloved, do not be carnally minded. For this world, from Adam's transgression, has fallen headlong into sinful substitutes. Unregenerate man, who has not My Spirit, nor My salvation, seeks always, in most restless fashion, earthly, carnal, sensual, and sinful substitutes. Remember that I have created the world good, yet, My dear one, when you put such things in your hidden imprints, and hope in such things for fulfillment, they only clog, bind, and sabotage the gears of your heart. Things are **good**, but they are not **God**.

Man cannot cease from sin: he cannot cease from searching. As My lost children, men follow after that old devil, their father below, the serpent that deceives the whole world - and they do not cease in their self-sabotage. They are ever-searching, ever-trying, ever-looking, ever-curious: putting all manner of abominations and earth's pleasing things within their hearts.

Beloved, I have spoken this to you that you be not like them. Such are blind, and cannot see their desperate state: how they need that touch from their invisible Creator. My love, have I not intended for you a much better life? I complete you. Why should you live as those that are blind? Why should you live as those that are empty? You are called Lacking, and I am called Satisfaction. I will fill you! Again I say, if you let Me, I will fill.

*“The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.” -Psalm 23:1*

Is man a beast? Will he live only by what he can see? Truly, something is missing from man deep down inside. I have made him more than an animal: why then should he live like one? Child, I have made you so much better than beasts! Why then should you live as one?

Thirst to thirst. Hunger to hunger. Loneliness to loneliness. All of life is spent only adding to despair. As a fugitive, man runs from his Creator, the **only** one that can truly satisfy. Such ones heap pain upon pain, and sorrow upon sorrow, while the imprints of their hearts are filled with jagged rocks and sharp points. Backbiters, traitors, slanderers, abusers, adulterers, pleasure-seekers, proud, arrogant, greedy, and selfish; daggers' points, swords' edges, and serpents' teeth; all will cut or poison with the most bitter of stings. Where is My gentle hand? Where is My healing touch?

Beloved, I have spoken these things to you that you be not like them. Take rest in Me, and I in you. Look on your heart, and on your hurts: the very areas where you are confused, where you have worry, and where you have pains: these are the areas where I am not. Where you lack is where I am not. I long to live in you. I long to fill you. This is what I have even made you for. Remove the substitutes of this world, and empty your heart.

Call out to Me, and cry to Me with all your heart, and without fail I will come. Without fail I will fill in your desolate places. Child, without fail I am your Creator. Lacking, without fail I am Satisfaction.

## The Fifteenth Teardrop - Armor of Light

*“The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.” -Romans 13:12*

My dearly beloved, no harm shall come to you, so long as you are covered with My light. No ill thing shall encroach or spoil, so long as you bear that armor of light.

Consider now this: what offends you? What maligns you? What worries you? Is it not the works of darkness? Is it not that shadow of sin? Though you may see with your eyes a physical enemy, what has corrupted and caused such evil? Is it not darkness? And what do you think: can darkness by itself overcome light? Can darkness at all stop light?

And yet, My beloved, I ask: if you wear of My light-armor, why then does darkness enter your heart? I have said that no trouble shall befall you, yet child, why are there holes in your armor?

For My armor was given with no hole, and no leak: sealed as a shingled roof, and fortified as the scales of a fish: you are untouchable before the wicked one. And yet, My little child, for all My provision, why are you so hurt? Why have you become so invaded, and overcome with evils? My little one, the world has been very rough with you.

My special one, why are there holes in your armor? Little one, look now on these blemishes: what are these adornments on your uniform that you now trust in? For on your light-armor, you hang decorations, and as holes, they shadow and darken your heart, leaving openings for the enemy.

On these self-awards, which hang defiantly on My divine armor, there are names written: LUST, PRIDE, ANGER, IDOLATRY, and FALSE TRUST. And below them, attached to such decorations are names, and relationships, and things: FATHER, MOTHER, SISTER, BROTHER, HUSBAND, WIFE, DAUGHTER, SON, FRIEND, RICHES, SUCCESS, WORLDLY WISDOM, and SELF.

### *[Decorations image]*

Oh child, do you not see that I have given you perfect provision, and perfect protection! It is only darkness that can damage you. It is only your own self, and that which you trust in that can shade My light. You create holes in your armor where darkness can, and if not for My grace each day, surely will, pierce through.

My love, how I am full of heaviness for you! I give you that which is perfect, and you choose out that which is flawed. Beloved, I know you are affrightened and you despair about many things, for this world is full of darkness. Yet is this not all the more reason to trust in Me? Child, the times are very dark! You must cling to Me! You must trust in Me, and look to Me alone for your protection.

The things that you trust, the things in the world, and the things in your heart: they are full of cursing and darkness, so long as you trust in them and wear them as part of your armor. That which is not My very own light is as a vacant hole, and a weakness. That which is not My very own light can allow darkness and cruel blackness to pierce through.

Beloved, let these weaknesses, and these shadowing things be forever gone from your armory. Can you not see the connection between your self-decor and your many worries and sorrows? How is it that you cannot see, that where there is something present in place of My light, in that very place hangs a dark shadow? In My armor there is only light, and your defense shall either be My light, or your own obstructions. Where My light dwells, there can be no failing - for all darkness is consumed and chased away by the light. Where your obstructions shade, in that very place, will be only pains while the enemy exploits.

Am I unjust? Am I cruel to you? Beloved, how I love you beyond words! I have given you all that you need to overcome your enemies. My love will heal every wound, and will stop every attack of the foe. Think not that I

leave you unclothed or unprotected, but your very own hand has torn for yourself holes, and made long rips.

Beloved, dear one, come here to Me. Let Me sew you back up. Let Me heal you, and let Me protect you. Why do you turn to vain comforts, and lean on that weak staff called SELF? My precious one, let Me sew you up, for you have torn to yourself holes by your mistrust, and made to yourself long rips by your unbelief. Oh child, when will you see how safe it is to trust in Me! Will you ever cease from carrying your own burdens, and bearing your own pains?

Unload your cargo upon Me. Unpack your heavy burdens before Me, for they are too heavy for you. This world is full of pain and darkness: it is impossible for you to bear such weights. This world is stained with sin and death: it is unthinkable for you to live unshielded.

Beloved, how can you continue on in your old trustings any longer? Will you bear the entire world upon your shoulders? Will you take upon yourself the cruel stings and sicknesses of sin? My dear friend, I have already done all of this for you! I took upon Myself all your sicknesses, all your sorrows, all your sins, and all your weights. I poured out My life unto death, even the death of the cross: all so that you would be delivered from the way of life that you now chose to live.

Friend, I do not wish to see you wearing such ragged and holey protection! Why are there holes in your armor of light? Have I not died, and exchanged My divine health for your illness? Did I not humble Myself under your dark cloud of sin so that you would no longer have to live life under this shadow? Why then will you live in further darkness?

My child, give Me those adornments on your armor. Let go of such things. Can you still not see? Where you have a misplace in trust, you will have a misstep in life. If only you could see as My eyes see, and behold your obstructions to My light. Pray earnestly therefore, that you may see, and turn from your idols - for they create voids within my light-wall, and through such will come darkness. That which you trust in may be loving, or caring, or wise, or good - yet it cannot be light. I alone am light.

Precious one, entrust yourself to Me, for I am taking you to higher ground. If you will follow Me, I am leading to hotter battles, and darker lands: yet no harm will come to you, so long as you trust in Me. A dangerous battle is to be fought, lo, an impossible battle! Yet I make the impossible easy, and the challenging simple - trust in Me.

Beloved, if you have been wounded while at rest, and if darkness, as a chance raindrop, has penetrated your scales, how shall I ever send you deeper? What shall you do when the enemy comes in like a flood? The world's dark poison-water will sap and drain you as venom - even through the smallest hole. Yet fear not, for I am He that tests and prepares you, and will not let you go forth unprotected. You must first remove your shadowing trusts, and only then will you be sent forth fitted for battle, wearing My armor of light in its fullness.

How I love you, and how marvelously I have provided for you! Trust in My all-covering light, and let no shadowing thing come near you. I am sending you to impossible battlefields, and through thick darknesses. At the onslaught of the enemy you shall stand, and before the fury of his might you shall laugh.

## The Sixteenth Teardrop - Spiritual Fingerprints

Beloved, think not that your present state is who you were created to be, for I will change the superficial face of your being and personality. I will not bend or force you into something different, but rather, I will uncover and strip away your sinful coverings, revealing My work in you.

Child, were you not created in My beautiful image? Yet sin, as grime in a clogged sink drain, has coated your very being and disfigured My special design in you. Do you know who I have created? You know only your sin. Do you know what lies under that thick layer of grease and grime?

Beloved, you may be surprised at yourself, and who I have made you to be: it may be that your worst weaknesses are actually your best strengths. Sin works in the most vile ways, and that which is most glorious can quickly and rapidly become buried and covered by the enemy - why else would he assail those areas?

My dear one, I have created you special, unique, and all My own. I have made you with certain special abilities and gifts that I long for you to uncover and use. As a happy and hopeful father beholding his young child, so too do I eagerly watch and delight to see who you will develop into. I long to uncover this hidden special person that I have created and intended you to be.

This is My will for you: that you would be yourself. Sin is not who you were meant to be; the characteristics that you have thought of as part of yourself, and those things about you that you have accepted as a part of yourself, are many times sinful self-substitutes for My fullness. Be yourself. Do you know who have I created? I have made you for Myself. I have made you to be completed only in Me. I am to be a part of you. I complete you. For this cause I say, be yourself.

My special child, how sin has changed, and encrusted you! As a pipe that is coated with all manner of grease and refuse in the world, so too has sin, down from Adam, been run and flushed through your heart, clogging your inward parts, and leaving upon you its disfiguring deposits. Dear, you have little idea of how special and unique I have made you!

### *[Sink Drain image]*

Under that gray layer of sin, I have created a beautiful tapestry of color. Beneath that feel of slime and slick are My wonderful, unique, finger-printed textures. As hands covered with mud and clay, so too do I long for you to wash, and view and feel the wonderful lines and prints I have put upon your hands and fingers. How little of your spiritual fingerprints you have uncovered!

Beloved, I have redeemed you and made you beautiful: through-and-through! Yet why have you allowed Me so little ingress upon your heart? You have but uncovered in yourself what are the thinnest layers of sin, and there yet remains areas of your heart that are still untouched, still coated in that film of sin.

To My special treasure, I say, let Me have your heart. Little one, how I long to uncover these rough areas of your heart! Why do you keep them from Me? Why do you trust them to your own keeping? Do you not know that your very weakest, lowest points may be the very best of the best? Your biggest failings may become glorious triumphs, if only you would let go of your own pride and fears. Who knows what I have created you to be! Only I know, and only I can look beneath the layer of sin and say, "*you are beautiful.*" Why then do you not seek to show this to others? Why do you let yourself remain covered?

Behold, My Spirit shall consume away all flaws and weaknesses in your heart! Allow My work. Do not hinder, and do not hide yourself from Me. I know you have areas in your heart that you feel are shameful, yet do not hide them: do you not know that I can unbind from you even these stubborn and thick layers of sin? That which was a shame to you can become a crowning glory. Let Me touch your heart, for who knows what I have created in you!

## The Seventeenth Teardrop - Sin of Misgiven Love

*“Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.” -John 16:13-14*

I have placed within you, My redeemed child, a flawless and brilliant looking-glass. It is hid within your heart, and no man's eye may see it. As a sparkling window showing a majestic and scenic view from a lake cabin, so too My Spirit is as clear glass, and reveals My own will and shows My own glory. Yet, My beloved, how clouded and marred this glass has become in your heart!

### [*Window image*]

Dear one, think not that My eternal Spirit, this glass, is corruptible. Think not that you have stained or defiled My gift. It is not that My Spirit itself, the glass, can become marred, but rather that it can become encrusted and covered over-top by filth - if you would but wipe the surface, and take away the things of your own caring, you would see anew My incorruptible clearness.

Again, My Spirit is as a radio, receiving the signals of My will and My words within your heart. My signals are always sent, and this radio never fails, yet My Spirit can become silenced within you through inattention, and buried under suffocating sin. Why do you gag and tie Me with the rags that you have found in this world? For I am ever able to speak and guide: My voice-box never fails or grows dim. Yet why have you silenced and muffled Me with your own speechless idols?

I am ever-willing, ever-loving, always able, and always ready. My child, it is sin that stops the blessing. It is sin that obstructs. Do you want to see Me? You can, for I am set always before you. Do you want to hear Me? You can, for I am ready always with a wise word to speak.

Oh child, if only you could see as I see! *“Where is my sin,”* you ask Me. *“Where is my guilt,”* you inquire of Me. You look after things that you have done, yet of this only will I ask of you: what of the things that you have left undone? You do not steal, but do you give? You do not hate, but do you love? You do not lie, but do you bear witness to My truth?

Yet beloved, think not on the things that are left undone with hands, and left unsaid in tongue; rather, the sins that I speak of are those things which are left undone upon the heart. For those good things that you leave undone with your hands are only as withered branches, yet I care deeply rather for the ailing roots: I care for your heart.

Do you want to see My glory? Beloved, you can: I am in your heart. Do you want to hear My secrets? You can: I dwell inwardly between and within your very own heart's ears. Yet My looking-glass, that incorruptible goodness, is covered in sin: your heart has left much undone - for what is My great heart-commandment? What have I said should be done in heart? Is it not **love**?

*“And thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.” - Deuteronomy 6:5*

Child, do not be discouraged, but rather, seek Me. Do that which pleases Me: love Me with all your heart. Will I not purge out all sins from amongst you, if you would but let Me? Yet with all of your un-doings, how can you see Me?

Beloved, there is a great splattering of mud and dirt on My window: a central patch that restricts many blessings. It is the soiling patch of misgiven love. It is your misplaced love and affection, and it is an unyielded heart before Me.

There is a great noising in your heart, and by it you deafen and deaden your ears to My holy and whispering

Spirit. Child, your carnality has mutilated your ears. Your hardness of heart has buried your ears in a world of silence away from your good Father. Your idols are earplugs.

Child, when you seek Me with all your heart, and would forsake and lose all for My sake, in this spirit of love, there you will find Me. I am all-sufficient. To clear this grimy patch of dirt and mud off your windowed heart is to begin to see Me, and to take away these idolatrous earplugs is to begin to hear Me.

## The Eighteenth Teardrop - My Special Garden

*“And that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection.” -Luke 8:14*

Weeds have sprung up in your heart. But why then do you go about in haste to pluck out the top-growths only? You pull out that which you can see, yet you leave the roots. Child, surely your weeds will regrow.

You may keep such thickets trimmed ever so short, and prune these bramble bushes with utmost diligence, yet the roots will still remain. Is this not a weariness of soul? Beloved, you keep a garden rampant and full of weeds, perfectly and systematically groomed, insomuch that one can hardly find a leaf or stem of fault within you, yet beneath the soil you are choked and overrun with sin's roots.

### *[Weeds' Roots image]*

This I say to you: I care for your soil. This is the principal thing that I long to purge. To repent of sin, and not to have seen its root, is to have failed in the learning and gaining of wisdom.

In the garden of your soul, I have planted My fruitful vine, yet many weeds choke out My manifestations of love and power. It is the root of the weed that I take thought to vanquish. I cause your thorns of sin to spring up and prosper so that I may draw attention to them.

Beloved, hear again My saying: it is the root that I am after. You grieve Me with your busyness, and your worryings - when you continually look after the state of the topsoil, after that which you can see. Do I care at all for these things? If the roots were taken away and dried up, would the weed by any means survive? Would it not rather wither and die in a short time? So ought you to seek to uproot the source of your sin, and purge out the bitter roots of lawlessness from your heart.

Consider that which I am trying to accomplish in your garden: My child, I am after your fruit. I want to give you abundant joy and love, and thereby bring glory to Myself. This is done through a fruitful vine. Let not the cares of this world choke out My good planting.

When I place My finger on these suffocating weeds, and cause them to shoot forth and grow, do not be dismayed, for I am seeking to purge you of your sin. Yea, though I may shoot forth your thistles and pricks of sin, know that it is intended to restore and prosper you.

*“Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, That this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.”  
-Matthew 26:34*

Do I cause your sins and pains? Rather, I put forth My hand and cause the inward parts of your heart to be made manifest. Was it My own weeds that I have planted within you? Rather, I simply reveal what is within - whether it be good or bad.

Beloved, do you not know or see how choked and strangled the garden of your soul truly is? Be thankful that I am showing you your sins, and uprooting the evils in your heart. For shortly after the pains of this purging, there will come a new purity in your walk. Soon after My hand has accomplished what I have set out to do, I will prosper My own vine in your heart, bringing forth the good fruits of love and joy.

Do not resist Me. Do not ignore My workings. I place My hand upon your soil, and I point My finger on the roots, and cause your sin to shoot forth into the light. Why do you then hide it from Me? Why then do you quickly pluck out your new developments and take no thought thereafter? Beloved, you know there is something wrong. I am after the roots.

Be My special garden, and let Me work to purge you. Do not turn your face from Me. When I show you a bitter root of sin, fear not, for I love you no less. Beloved, I can see **all** your thoughts, and I know **all** the things that

are within your heart. Fear not, nor be afraid when you fall into temptation: I am using such things to perfect you. Do not brush off the tuggings and callings of My Spirit: you know there are areas of your garden that need My cleansing touch. Let Me come into My garden: give Me access to your heart. I will uproot your evils, and make you a very fruitful vine.

## The Nineteenth Teardrop - Your Heart's Treasure

Why is it that you are so quick to doubt, yet so slow to believe? You believe that man can speak to God, yet you quickly doubt whether God, who has created man in His own image, can speak unto His own children.

Am I a dumb God, that I cannot speak? Shall I give speech unto others, while I Myself am incapable of such? Beloved, is it My voice, or your ears? Is it that I cannot, or will not speak, or is it that you cannot, or will not hear? Is it a problem with My flowing atonement, or with your hardened heart? Is it Christ's blood, or your clogged arteries?

You lust after man, and after creation, and yet you do not have but the smallest spark of desire toward the one who has made both man, and all of creation. Where is your treasure? What is truly your heart-treasure? *"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"* (Matthew 6:21). Is it any wonder that you cannot hear Me? Look to your heart: *"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal"* (Matthew 6:19-20).

Little one, your heart is forever wandering. Your heart harbors darkness against Me - is it any wonder that you cannot see My light? Darkness to darkness. Your heart is hardened, as an adamant stone, and you therefore seek to be planted in the stony places of the ground where you can get no rooting in Me - is it any wonder that you cannot feel the softness of My Spirit? Stone to stone.

Can you not see that you are deafened, lo, even carried away and wholly taken with carnality? Child, can you not see this? Where is your heart? What or whom do you desire? You lust and desire for creation, and give no regard to the Creator. What then is greater: the Creator, or His creation? The potter, or the clay? The painter, or his painting? Do you see beauty? Do you see goodness? Who has created such things? From whose mind has such things been brought forth?

My dear one, I will not answer you roughly, nor will I discourage you, yet I ask: where is your heart? When you store up for yourself treasures upon this earth, is it any wonder that you cannot taste My heaven? When you look and trust in that which is created, do you not lose a great blessing, even a deep and joyfully pleasant blessing from your Creator? You are lighting matches before a burning sun.

You seek to please your body, and give your soul no regard; you seek to please your soul's hunger with that which is done in the body. Oh daughter! I have made both body and soul, can I not take care of both? And son, if I have said that I would not only dwell within your heart, but have said also that your body is a temple for My very own Spirit, how much more ought you then to entrust both unto Me?

*"What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."* -1 Corinthians 6:19-20

Behold, I have created all things. Am I a God over spirits only? Am I not a Lord and God over all the earth? If the body without the spirit is dead, how much more shall I be Lord over all flesh? Beloved, rest in Me, and put your heart's trust in Me. Do not give your special affection to another. I have made both body and soul, let Me have blissful and free reign over both.

What? Am I not the eternal and infinite God? Can I not satisfy you? I have created every hair of your head, and every molecule of your body, and every inch of your soul: can I not give you abundant fulfillment? I can give you overflowing joys unto millions of millions in excess. I can pour out My ocean into your thimble. Verily, your cup shall run over.

Think upon your earthly appetite for food: think now upon all the foods and drinks that you have consumed in your lifetime: heaps upon heaps of food, and vats upon vats of drink. And child, for all this, you could not go on even one day longer without hungering.

## [*Food and Drink image*]

My special treasure, make not your heart's desires as earthly food: will you not thirst again after drinking from such a well? And truly, if your very food is sin, then what a sadness and desperation you will have! Yet I am a good well, and I give good waters, of such, that if a man drink, he shall never thirst again. I am those good waters that bring the true satisfaction you desire.

*“O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.” -Psalm 34:8-10*

Beloved, can you not see that your mind is darkened? Why should you look to another besides your Creator for your heart's food and drink? My child, how I pity you, and long to make you abundantly fulfilled! Can you not see the error of your ways, and the perversions and confusions of your thoughts? I know your thoughts, and I know your desires. My love, I know what things you have need of even more than you know yourself. You cannot think it, and you can hardly bear or stand it, but My ever-beloved child, you **need** Me. Come now, let us fall in love.

Little one, entrust your heart to Me. Store up treasures in heaven, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Make Me your heart's treasure, and without fail you will have the pleasant riches you have long sought for. In the world you will have heart-ache, yet in Me you will have heart-joy. Amen.

## The Twentieth Teardrop - Led by My Spirit

*“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” -John 3:8*

Can you at all see the wind? And yet it is no less present simply because you cannot behold such with your eyes. You know by the gentle breeze running through the trees' leaves that the wind is real.

Beloved, remind yourself of your salvation. Bring to remembrance whose name you have called upon, and by whose spirit you have been given life. My child, you know that My presence is real: for, the operation of My Spirit is your only hope for redemption.

*“But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.” -Romans 8:9*

Behold, I blow upon you with the divine gentleness of the Holy Ghost: be responsive to My movements. Why do you stiff Me? Harden not your heart to My wind. Let My breeze blow upon every branch of your heart, and stir every leaf of your soul.

Be led by My Spirit, and be not of a hardened heart. You are as a weathervane, and I seek to shift and reposition you toward My Spirit's callings. I seek to guide and move you with My ethereal hand: let not the wind-vane of your heart be rusted up in pride, nor bonded down with doubt. Yield your mind, body, and soul to My using.

### *[Weathervane image]*

Again I say, you are as a heavenly flag, set upon a flagpole within the world. Do not entangle yourself with the thrashings and tumults of this present life, else when My gentle wind blows, you will not be responsive to the callings that I send you. Should your flag be tossed about with the turbulence of carnality, you will in no way react to My breeze.

### *[Dandelion Spores image]*

You are as seeds of truth, and heavenly spores, resting patiently in My hand. Be not weighted down with the cares of this life, else in the hardness of your heart you will cast yourself down to a place that I have not intended for you. Yea, but rather, be lightened by My Spirit's grace, and I will lift My hand to the wind, and animate My seeds to the air, and send you to the place which pleases Me.

Beloved, I use many words to show you of your heart's condition: and know that it is sin that weighs you down, and makes your feet as lead. Know that I have called you to a weightlessness of heart, and to a feathersome flight with your Maker.

It is your heart that will weigh heavily: each finger you keep on it will weigh on you, and each finger you take off it will lift you. I desire your heart: I will keep it, and you will keep fit. I will ameliorate your load, you must only uncurl your fingers from off your life.

Will you spend all your days in the weight-room of your heart? Will you stay continually occupied with the weight-set of your life? Child, you can, but you will scarcely feel My wind in its uplifting and aerial delight. I am the soul's floatation: where do you want to go today?

Am I seeking for the strongest, or the wisest, or the noblest, or the richest of men? Such are irons of the direst weight! Beloved, I want only your precious heart. You need not be strong, or noble, or rich, or even wise; I just want your heart, minus your credentials. I just want **you**, however valueless you may think you are. Do you not know? *I* am all value and riches. *I* am all strength and wisdom.

If you would but forsake your prideful ways, and turn from your self-confidence, what things I could do! What places I could take you! If you would but empty yourself of all your cares, I would free you. If you would but set down all your load, I would fill you with My floatatious presence: lo, your feet would never touch the ground again.

Be led by My Spirit: I am an infinite ocean, and a beautiful, starry, and endless space. I have places for you to go, and faces for you to see. From My Spirit to yours: come, let us fly.

## The Twenty-First Teardrop - Brokenness

My child, you have been broken. You have been shattered with sin. The world has deceived you, and you have walked in the darkness of your own mind, and you have fallen down and have become deeply wounded.

My ever-beloved, I am always present to help. I am your eternal Counselor, and I will keep your stance from sliding, and deliver your feet from the sharp rocks. And little one, even when you fall, even after you have turned from Me, there I am still: with My arm stretched out to you.

Oh! - when will you return to Me? How long shall you be in a freefall before your senses return? Child, I am your forever-Father. I am all riches and happiness.

You have been broken in the world, My love. And is it any wonder? Dear, the world is a very dark place to traverse alone: how could I ever leave you? But you do not take My hand, nor do you turn to Me with your face.

Child, look at Me. My little one, look to Me this very day, and turn to Me. Fall back into My arms, and you will experience the healing that I have longed to give since your time began. You will feel the love that I have longed to give since I made you upon this earth.

You have been as a clay pot, and the deceits of this world have shattered you. Let Me care for you. I will bind you up with everlasting grace. Be not dismayed at your present affairs, nor be fearful for your own life: though you are in pieces, yet when you return to Me, I will bind you together even stronger than before. The cracks and breaks in your clay pot will be marks of joy, and banners of strength. Where I have bound you up with My fiery and passionate grace, there you will rejoice.

### *[Clay Pot image]*

*"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men." -1 Corinthians 1:25*

Look now upon your wounds: they shall be no more infirm. There shall be no more a tender spot, nor a bruise. My grace shall rest upon you for good, and you shall never be broken along these old fault-lines again. Though the clay pot of your heart be cracked and lined with defeats, know full well that My glory and power shall dwell in these very places.

This is My eternal working: that My divine and everlasting glue, as it were, shall seal up any fractures, and forever adhere your brokenness to be unbroken. For, the glue is stronger than the pot itself, and My grace is stronger than even your own heart's walls. This is the wonderful grace of God. Rest in My love, little one - My hand shall forever uphold you!

Behold, My love, how I care for you, and how I long to show forth My glorious power - even through your own mistakes and weaknesses! You shall have no areas of your heart that are off-limits. You shall have no fearful or dark corners. Beloved, show Me your pains, that I may heal you of them! That which has been a low point shall burst forth into a glorious mountain. That which has been a lonely desert shall be made a lively rainforest. That which was a weakness and a sore spot shall be turned into a source of unbounding strength and joy.

My child, how I never cease to wait for you! How I never cease to look to your well-being! If you would but turn, and behold, and draw near with a trusting heart, I would catch you in your fall, and restore you on your path. My eyes are ever upon you, and My heart is ever-ready and waiting to commune. Stretch forth your hand, and I will draw you to My heart.

## The Twenty-Second Teardrop - Orchards of Hope

*“Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.” -John 15:4-5*

Abide in Me. Let My goodness flow to you. Do you think that you may do anything at all without Me? Can you in any way do a good work without Me? Yea, though it may appear good outwardly, without Me you can do nothing as you ought. For behold, I have not called you to do **good** works, I have called you to do **My** works.

Where does fruit come from? How is it formed? I am a good and fruitful apple tree, and I call you therefore to abide as a branch upon this tree. Only My roots can pass the waters of My Spirit upward to you. It is My fruit, though you bear it on your own branch. It is My goodness, traveling up and through, and concentrating and materializing into fruit. It is My Spirit flowing through your branch into the fruit of good works. It is not so much the fruit itself, but what it is composed of: it must be by My Spirit. How else will the world see My love? It is not natural affection that I wish to manifest, but divine love. It is not your fruit, but Mine.

Beloved, you cannot pick an apple from another tree and present to Me as good fruit. I have called you to do **My** good works, and I have called you to bear **My** fruit. To make good the outward appearance only, and to leave the inward composition to your own power, and to draw energies from your own tree is to bear corrupt fruit.

Again I say, abide in Me. Without Me you can do nothing. Without Me you cannot bear the good fruits that I have called you to bear. It must be drawn from My roots, and travel in the power of My Spirit, and traverse finally into your abiding branch: only then will you truly do the works of your Father.

Dear child, likewise is this true for the fruits of sin: waters are drawn from the ground of that old land of sin - with the roots of your old life. Your iniquity travels up your branches, and lo, an evil work is brought forth from your own grounds. And just as you could not have imported a foreign apple into My orchard and called it good, so too is man unable to corrupt you through forcefulness of his own evil fruit; each man bears sin of his own roots, and these are not shared with another.

Where does sin and corruption come from? Is it not from that old tree of Adam? Murder, adultery, theft, lying: all these things are end-fruits from the same dark roots. For lo, the fruit of immorality has a traceable origin: for it draws first from the evil roots called LUST, and travels upward into a branch called OPPORTUNITY, and proceeds down the stem of TEMPTATION, where finally the dark waters and energies of sin materialize into that disgusting fruit called IMMORALITY.

My dearly beloved child, think not that one may throw into your blessed orchard an evil fruit without your consent. Man may not force you, from his own fruits of corruption, to be defiled: was such a thing grown from the roots of your own sin? Was it conceived and thought of in your own mind? Or shall he, as by forcefulness, take an apple picked from his own dark tree and attach it to your branch? Beloved, he cannot do this!

### *[Orchard image]*

*“There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man.” Mark 7:15*

My precious one, if you have borne bad fruit, then repent, and I will forgive. But if one has forced himself upon you, behold, it is not your fruit! Where did such a thing come from? My child, I cannot forgive you a sin that you have not committed, yet you may be continually weighted with guilt and shame from your own self. My dear child, you are every bit clean in this matter. Beloved, I do say again, I say with My arms firmly around you in tender love: you are every bit clean!

Little one, I have called you to bear good fruit. Come here into My arms, and I will protect you, and make you a

very fruitful branch. Do not let a few bad apples that have fallen unto your grounds ruin the whole orchard. When you esteem such as part of your own tree, and from your own branch, you sting yourself, and bring your mind into bondage. My love, these stray fruits are not your own, and they cannot and need not be forgiven - for they did not proceed from your own heart. Why do you integrate another's evil into your own beauty? Beloved, cast these things forth: I will make you whole! Let each man turn from his own sins.

Again, come to Me in all hope and faithfulness, and abide in Me. I will make you a fruitful branch. My Spirit shall flow goodness into your branches, and comfort you with an everlasting comfort. I shall bring forth in you the abiding fruits of love, peace, and joy. Take courage My love, and abide in Me, for I shall never be very far from you: lo, you are a branch on My very tree! I have joined you unto Myself in love - we are one.

*“And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the LORD. And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the LORD, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; ...And I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God.” -Hosea 2:19-21, 23*

### The Twenty-Third Teardrop - Soft Spots

Look on your heart, and think on your life. Show your doings to Me, and hide not your thoughts. Beloved, what do you see in your heart, and what will you find there? Do you have soft spots? Do you have areas of hurt? Do you have places in your own soul that are forbidden to you? Child, turn not away from such in ignorance. Oh dear one, do not cover your wounds with any covering but My Spirit.

Behold, the infirmities and wounds of your soul are as deep infections and diseases: there is no soundness nor health in them at all. As a decaying tooth, so too does this evil worm and corrupt its way down into your inner life.

You must show Me your pains. Child, I know it is not pleasant, yet you must bear this rottenness before Me, for only I can truly bring restoration. Again I say, look upon your heart: upon people, upon things, upon events, and upon pains and heartaches. No sidestepping.

Do you see forbidden areas? Do you see that there are pitfalls in your thoughts that you must avoid to keep your composure up? Do you see that there are places which, if you go to them, and dwell upon them, you will be taken and thrust through and pierced with many sorrows? Look at what is within you! Beloved, My precious and special creation, I tell you most solemnly: let Me in. Again, these things are not to be overlooked, for they have a poignant effect on your inner-life: do not continue on in a bitter and willful half-ignorance.

Show Me your secret and deep pains, My child. I know it hurts you, but I want only to heal. Let Me in. I want only to help. As the decay in a tooth must first be exposed and drilled away, so too do I now ask for you to show Me the hidden hurts of your heart. You cannot cover them, for your own self-coverings will only continue to decay and worm out your roots. You will only cover your toothaches with sugar.

### [Tooth image]

Beloved, come to Me in a full earnestness and a guileless trust. Tell Me exactly how you feel, and just what you think, and just what you see. Do not hide anything from Me. I know it is rottenness, but do not hold back or keep it from Me. Child, do not be afraid! I already know it is rottenness, and I know the corruptions that have entered your inward life. I love you. Let Me in. You may be surprised how I will not condemn or shame you for your admissions and confessions. I have already seen your every thought and move, and I want only for you to come clean. My anger shall not burn forever: I want only our reconciliation.

Why should your pains separate us any longer? Why should these weak spots remain soft for even another hour? Behold, I will purge out and remove all your hidden pains and sorrows, and I will, as a decayed tooth, drill out that which was ailing.

Yet beloved, take courage, for in this weakness I will fill you with My strength! In this cavity I will inlay pure gold. In your pains I will pour out the grace of My Spirit in abundant measure. I tell you plainly, you shall seek for your old areas of pain, and for your pitfalls, and you shall not find them. You shall behold the former places of desolation, and you shall see no ruin or shame. I will take away the stings, and I will consume away the pains. You shall look upon those places of old stabs and cuts, and you shall feel no sharpness, but rather, My gentle, abiding, and everlasting hand shall caress and hold you. Where the ugliness of sin once dwelt, instead My smile shall charm you.

*“To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the LORD, that he might be glorified.” -Isaiah 61:3*

Child, I want you every bit whole. Do not hide from Me. Can you not see the terrible weights that hang on you? Do not cover your pains with your own self-remedies. Do not be ignorant of your detestable and terrifying areas: I want to expel the evil. Precious, I want to take away your pains. Let Me in. To cover them with anything but My own Spirit is to add sin unto sin. To cover with self is to cover your deep pit with thin sticks

and dried leaves that will not uphold you. When you walk upon these deceitful bridges, they shall give way, and cast you back into that old, drudgerous pit of sorrow.

### [*Weak Bridges image*]

Come now, and show Me your pains. Have you forgotten that they are there? Look now, and you will understand your many troubles and difficulties. Do you not consider that when you harbor such rottenness and bitterness, you will have corruptions in many neighboring things? Come now, My beloved, and expose these sensitive areas to My eyes. Uncover these dark spots to My hands. Let Me see, and let Me work. I will bind you up whole, and I will restore.

I know it is more than you can think, but it is even My delight to take your wounds and turn them to joy. Your cavities shall be filled with **gold!** The places where you have been in pain and struggle, it is there that I will delight to make you smile. In the place where you have fallen, in this very indentation I will raise up a great building. I will replace your corrupted things with incorruption. How I love you, little one: let Me strengthen you with the might of My arm.

## The Twenty-Fourth Teardrop - Winds of Refreshing

The winds of My refreshing are blowing. You have sat idle in spirit for far too long. My love, I will have abundant mercy with you! Where you were fallen and downcast to the ground, there I will pick you up, and make a wheel of you, and roll you onward.

My winds of refreshment are blowing, and they shall drive away the dust and ashes that clog the pores of your soul. My winds are blowing, and they shall carry life and peace to you.

As a tree swaying in the forest's green breeze, so too do I send My winds upon you for good: I shall not break you with a strong gale, nor uproot you from My good placement, but rather, I shall blow a gentle, restorative wind upon your leaves. You shall no longer sit and wait idly, but you shall be moved by My Spirit. You shall no longer be utterly motionless, but you shall sway with a soft, life-affirming calmness. Henceforth you shall know surely that you are alive, and under My constant care and prosperous hand. I shall never take My eye off of you: I will continue to watch over you and cause you to flourish.

The rains of tranquillity are softly showering. I will rain My peaceful rain upon your soul: My dew and mist shall renew your leaves. The waters thereof shall flow down and moisten your branches, and stream down your trunk, and be drunk up by your inmost roots.

My winds shall brush off the debris and uncleanness from your leaves, and My rain shall wash away any remaining dust. I am working in your life, and watching for your good season to come to full fruition.

When I have purged and cleansed you, your clean and pure leaves shall soak up My sun like none other. I shall shine upon you, and you shall be fully lightened by My glow. No residue shall inhibit My rays, for they are lovingly sent forth unto your photo-receptive leaves.

In My pure and perfect sunlight, your branch shall shoot forth in all joy and rampancy. You shall be grown forth like none other. Who can fathom the goodness of My holy light?

You shall prosper in all that I have sent you forth to accomplish: not one good thing will I leave undone. Your branches shall shoot forth and blossom with delightful fruits and flowers. Your leaves' shadow shall be a sheltering for weary ones, and your uppermost branches shall be a resting-place for birds of migration and pilgrimage. Your flowers shall give a pleasant smell unto great distances, and your fruits and seeds shall bring forth life and abundance. You shall be multiplied greatly.

## *[Great Tree image]*

*"For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." -Psalm 84:11*

All this I will do, if you will but live in Me. All this is promised unto you, if you will but seek Me, and believe My words with all your heart. You must have faith as a grain of a mustard seed. Seek not to take for yourself such grandness, but rather, seek Me, and My small and humble seed shall miraculously spring forth in you unto all blessing.

To take is to lose - in taking you will suffer loss. Yet in giving, in relinquishing, you shall gain all riches. Child, things with Me are not as you naturally think they are: to take is to lose, and to give up is to gain. If you seek to take much, you will neither get that which you sought to take, nor will you gain My true riches. If you relinquish much, you shall receive much.

Yet I say, look on My abundant blessings! How could you not seek after them in all their fullness and glory? Relinquish all, even your secret, forbidden heart places, and you shall assuredly receive all. For this is what I long to see, and this is what I long to give. You show Me your heart, and I will show you Mine: I will trade you.

Beloved, relinquish all, and receive all. For how can you let such a priceless reward go to waste? How can you let such a glorious treasure slip away?

## The Twenty-Fifth Teardrop - Sands of the Soul

Come now to your beachhead, and look upon the sands of your soul. View My endless ocean, and see My waves of love for you. I seek to make your soul smooth and your sands flat by the waves of My charity. I seek to give you peace, and cause an end to all your strivings.

But beloved, look, and come now to this sandy ocean beach, and see the state of your soul. For against you is written in the sand grievous words, and sentences of condemnation. Against you is drawn and marked words and pictures: images of shame, and signs of sorrow and guilt.

### [*Sand Writing image*]

Oh child! Let My love bring you to peace, and restore your soul. There is nothing that My Spirit cannot erase. There is no sorrow that My Holy Spirit cannot undo. There is no pain too deep, nor circumstance too difficult for Me to bring victory and joy. I am God!

*“I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.” - Isaiah 43:25*

Dear one, I have made you, and I will heal you - yes, even your deepest cuts, and your lowest sorrows. All things are within My power. I can restore you, lo, I even **long** to restore you. I can do it - and if you will let Me, I **will** do it! No thing is too traumatic, no evil is too wicked. The worse the sin, the stronger My grace; the darker the night, the brighter My light. Oh My love, I groan and sorrow for you! How it is in My heart and mind to completely heal you, and utterly bind up your brokenness! I love you. Can you not feel My awesome and burning power that awaits to heal and restore? I would even **die** to make you whole! And I have.

*“Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross;” -Colossians 2:14*

Look on these grievous words that the enemy has etched into your soul; look on these bitter and pain-soaked pictures that the devil has indelled into your mind: it is only in sand! Beloved, it is **I** that holds the keys to your heart, and I will take away all your pain and sorrow. This is even My ministry to you. This is My hope and longing for you. I yearn and travail that you would come, and be healed.

Come child, and let these ugly things be washed forever away in the ocean tides of My love. Let these sandy disfigurements be flattened and smoothed into perfect peace, and lo, even joy.

I do always send My waves to you; I never grow weary to love. I wait, and I groan for you to come and experience My restoration and tranquillity. I am a beautiful island sanctuary: My waves are reaching out to you. My beloved, won't you let Me in? I am ever-present and ever-willing to heal, for My mercy endures **forever**. My waves are incessant.

Come again, sweet child, and see if there has been built in you any stronghold of Satan. Do not swallow his dark lies: My love can make you, even one such as yourself, yes, even **you** will I make perfectly whole, and perfectly strong. There shall not be found a weak one among any of My children - this is My will. Let My grace strengthen you.

Look now on this beachhead, and see if there be any strongholds of Satan: beloved, they are but **sand** castles! My ocean waves shall crash upon them, and level them to the ground. I shall utterly melt them with the water of My love, and with the salt of My wisdom. The enemies' lies shall not stand against My truth.

I will make you whole. Do not be deceived, neither be of a doubtful mind. According to your faith, so shall it be done unto you. Why doubt? I am God! Is anything too hard for Me? Why limit Me? When have I said, at any time, *“I cannot heal such a great sickness”*? Or have I ever said, *“I am unable to undo such a deep sorrow, or such a grievous sin”*? I am God! It is rather My delight to manifest My light into your dark places, and to show

My power and grace from your weaknesses.

My dear and beloved child, come to Me in faith. Trust in Me. Trust in My power to heal and deliver you. All you need is My Spirit. Why do you look to the blade that has cut to be made whole? Precious, let it be. Look unto Me, and be saved; for all you need is the burning love of My Spirit. Be reconciled unto **Me**. I am all-sufficient.

I can make you whole. I can renew you both in body and soul. I can restore you to grace and purity. No stain is able to mar your beauty forever. I have made, and I can also re-make. I can erase the pains of your soul. I can wash away the terrible words written and spoken against you. I can erase the terrible pictures that haunt your heart. I can do all these things, and you can be made whole. Do you believe Me? I am God! Do I not care for you and burn after you continually in My heart? Have faith. I am God. I love you.

*“Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more.”  
-Isaiah 54:4*

## The Twenty-Sixth Teardrop - My Beautiful Child

*“For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.” -Psalm 139:13-14*

Child, you are precious in My sight. You are extraordinarily beautiful. You are completely unique, and without a doubt you are special and one-of-a-kind. Do you know who I have created? Do you know what I have made?

### *[Multi-Faceted Gem image]*

You are made in My image. I am as a precious stone, a beautiful jewel. I am as a multi-faceted gem, lo, an infinitely-faceted gem! Each of My children show forth My glory as one special panel of My image. Each precious soul reflects a particular facet on the jewel of My beauty. There is no one else in all of creation that can show forth this unique glory of Mine: it had to be you.

You are as a crystal of ice and snow, for each snowflake that falls from the heavens is My artwork: not one is the same. Though they are exceedingly small, yet in each of them I have interwoven such intricate wonder and variation. I send forth My snow from above, and the earth is buried in My beauty and creativity. I send an incomprehensibly great volume of My gentle designs, yet how few give regard.

### *[Snowflake image]*

My little snowflake, you are not just another white speck - no ordinary dotting of ice that is fallen in a random place. Each crystal is designed and ordered for a specific image and glory, and destined to land aright - not one hairsbreadth to the left nor to the right - according to My perfect order. Likewise, I have made you in the wisdom and goodness of My mind, and I have placed you in My good pleasure. You are beautiful, My child.

But if these things are so, why then do you look so intently to others? Why count yourself the same as all the rest? Truly, all My people show forth My glory, and all are under My hand and power, yet each is a unique expression of My glory. How will you know what I have created you to be unless you look to the one who has formed you? Why look to those that bear a likeness or similarity to you? They may help and encourage, but remember that you were not created in **their** image. Do you not know that no two are created quite alike?

My beloved, I say to you, look to the facet of the jewel I have formed you after. Be conformed to **My** image. My grace, I say to you, look to the panel of the precious gem that I have created you after. Reflect My glory, and show forth My handiwork. I have a special plan for your life, and it is in this specialty that I wish for you to live.

*“If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body.” -1 Corinthians 12:17-20*

Verily, you all are members one of another, as parts of Christ's body. You all form and reflect the many-faceted jewel of My glory. Yet, to each is given a special piece, and a unique slice to this divine pie. For in your unity My love is shown, yet in your variability My glory is shown. Be members one of another, yet let each show the glory of My image in their own appointed way.

Remember child, you are precious in My sight. There is no one quite like you. Look to the Gem that you have been formed after. In Me is your unique identity. Look to Me. Live for Me. Live in Me. I have a special place for you in My heart: no one else can occupy it - it had to be you.

## The Twenty-Seventh Teardrop - Deceitful Roses

Little one, come into My light. You who are bound, arise. You who are deceived, awake. You who are in torments, be freed. Let not this darkness reign in your mind. Come, and see My truth: My light brings truth.

*“This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.” -1 John 1:5*

What has made you shun the good, and cling to the bad? What has made you refuse My joy, and continue in despair? Beloved, it is the darkness of lies. Dear one, you cannot discern good and evil, you cannot tell truth from error. Why? It is the work of the enemy to darken. It is the fruit of sin to cause bondage and confusion.

*“But all things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light.” -Ephesians 5:13*

For darkness only hides, and shades, and distorts. Yet My light only reveals, and brings things into the open. I am light. I am only good, and bring only truth. Carnality only cloaks, and blinds, and imprisons. The enemy hides that which I illuminate, and shows them in dimness and partiality.

My light will show, in completeness, a rose with its thorns - that you may avoid it. Yet the working of sin will cover and shade the thorns, and deceive you to pluck this cruel flower. You may see the flower's beauty, and truly, you may see that it is good. Yet it is in the nature of sin to blind and block out the thorns and show only the petals.

Consider Eve: for she took of that forbidden fruit, whereof it was said, *“thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die”* (Genesis 2:17). Yet the serpent, casting darkness and shade upon the words of My truth, showed only the good, and concealed the hideous and terrible consequences. She was blinded by a shaded and dimmed half-truth, and *“saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise”* (Genesis 3:6). And so, by this darkness, disobedience and curse passed upon all humanity.

## [Rose image]

And this same darkness is still at work today. For truly, your rose is sweet at first, and pleasant to the senses. Yet in time, you begin to feel the pricks of the thorns. It is in the nature of sin to have want of more and more, and get less and less. The beauty of the lovely flower fades, and you cannot find its charm. Soon, desperately, where your nose once delighted in the rose's scent, instead your face is torn and your veins are ruptured on thorns.

Oh dear one! Can you not see that it is the darkness of sin that has enslaved you? Why is it that you cannot see the thorns attached to this rose? It is the enemy's nature, and the nature of carnality to lead a man about in desires, and through hunger reduce him to husks of pigs' food. *“The full soul loatheth an honeycomb; but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet”* (Proverbs 27:7). Carnality will take a king's son and bring him lower than the beasts of the ground: wanting and needing more and more, with an insatiable appetite, and likewise receiving less and less.

For Satan lures you according to the lusts of your own mind, as a man casts a lure for a fish. And though you will see your desire, and even taste it on your tongue, yet will you not swallow it. His hook shall ensnare you, and prevent you, and the sweet and pleasant bait shall not enter your stomach to satisfy. You shall flail and thrash about, and taste the beginnings of your darkened desires, yet it shall not nourish you. Carnality fails. Sin disappoints.

My little child, come to Me. Little one, know that your mind is dark, and that you are helplessly lost without My light. Pray for My light. Your mind is a twisting, turning, entangled and dark labyrinth of carnality. It is as dark, shadowed soil where no light may shine. Pray therefore that My seeds of light may be planted within you

- that the illuminating roots may work their way down further and further into the soil of your mind. Pray for this luminous growth.

## [*Seeds of Light image*]

My special and beloved heart-treasure, fear not! Know that you are only one bright flash away from enlightenment. Know that you are only one good thought away from freedom. Know that you are only one divine sunrise away from a blessed day. Am I not good? - the tiniest spark can start your entire world alight! Do not be discouraged, for all is not lost. All is not without hope. You are one step away from liberty!

Be now encouraged by My words: for I can satisfy. I am all truth, and I do not distort. I am all light, and I do not conceal a deceptive device. I am not nine parts water, one part poison. I am not nine parts honey, one part hemlock. I do not mix bitter poison with My sweetness. I am the whole truth. In Me is all sweetness.

*“The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple. I opened my mouth, and panted: for I longed for thy commandments.” -Psalm 119:130-131*

He that drinks of the water that I give to him shall **never** thirst again. My precious child, let Me plant in you My endless fountain, that you may drink abundantly and never have thirst. It is in My heart to give more and more, and make My love abound unto overflowing fullness.

## The Twenty-Eighth Teardrop - A Perfect Fit

*“As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?” -Psalm 42:1-2*

I have made you as a cup, a container to hold My presence. You were fashioned for My Spirit, and you are My resting-place. I have made you as a hollow, and I am that only which can fill. But not only hollow, but **longing**. Not only barrenness, but **thirst**. Not only emptiness, but **hunger**.

Beloved, can't you see this? Why have you gone aside after others? Can't you see you are so hungry and so thirsty? You know your thirst, but you know not what will quench. You are filled with hunger, but you know not what will fulfill.

*“For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.” -Jeremiah 2:13*

Little one, come to Me, and let Me make you wholly satisfied. Why have you forsaken My fountain? I alone can satisfy. Was it not I that created you? Why would I design you any other way? You were **made** for Me, and I long for you. I long for you to be filled by Me.

*“I am the LORD: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.” -Isaiah 42:8*

Beloved, why have you run off to another besides Me? Why do you walk according to the flesh, and trust only the sight of your eyes? Rather, walk in the Spirit, and look according to faith. Dear one, do you not know that you are choosing out for yourself broken cisterns? The flesh is a leaky cup. If it came to pass that you had all that you ever desired and longed for in the flesh, yet without My Spirit, without **Me**, it would not satisfy. I alone am the real joy giver. “[T]he fruit of the Spirit is... joy” (Galatians 5:22).

## [Leaking Cup image]

Is not all of this earthly pilgrimage as vanity without your Creator? You have brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that you can bring nothing out. For all good gifts that I give unto you are to be received with thanksgiving, yet underneath it all, know assuredly that it is **Me**. I would have you to look unto Me.

Beloved, I am using the things of this world to teach you of Myself. It all comes back to Me in the end - have I not created all things for My pleasure? Though I may teach you of My wonderful love through others, know that it is only a shadow of My own love. They only show the shape, but it is not the very image of My glory. It is a mere outline, a silhouette.

## [Silhouette image]

I would have you to not only **learn** of Me, but to **know** Me. Beloved, how I am full of heaviness when I say: be not content with shadows. Why have your inward desires been cooled? Is it not because your heart is carnal, that you would be content with this world's passing delights? Is it not because your heart is darkened, that you would be content with shadows? Truly, they are reflections of good things, **very** good things, **divine** things - yet they are but reflections. They are not the very image of My glory. When will you turn to behold Me? When will you stir up to seek Me?

Beloved, I am preparing your eyes for glory. I am teaching you with parables and signs, yet I wish for you to behold My sun. Was not the veil of the temple rent at My crucifixion? Did not Moses shine so brilliantly after he talked with Me face to face? Was not his countenance so lightened by My presence that the children of Israel could not directly look upon his face? Beloved, I want to prepare your eyes for My sun.

*“But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” -2 Corinthians 3:18*

My little one, look at how I have shaped you: can you not see it? Poor child, how sin has darkened and blinded you, that you cannot so much as see the shape of your own heart! You cannot see the fashion of your soul. Beloved, I will have mercy, and I will tell you: you need Me. Trust Me when I say this: I have made all **things**, you do not need another **thing**. You need your Creator. You need **Me**.

Again, I liken you to a glove, and I am the ever-blessed hand that shall dwell in you. I have looked to My hand, and after My pattern, and after My shape I have created you. You are made after My image, and in My likeness. I made you as a perfect fit - won't you let Me come in and move you with intimate movings of love?

Let Me live in you, and do not obstruct My love. I long to manifest and shine My loving-kindness in your heart. I will move you, and animate this glove of your soul. Let Me into your beautiful and special places, and I will stretch forth My hand, and exercise in this glove every finger, and move every part, and corner of your soul. Let Me move you, for all of these places that are within you are made for My own self: this is how I have designed you. Be not afraid, for we are a perfect fit.

## Epilogue - A Soft Smile

Beloved, fear not, for I have redeemed you, and I will clasp you gently against My breast; I will shelter and warm you under My wings, even as a hen gathers her chicks. Your tears, and your toils: one day they shall vanish. Your pains, and your sorrows: they shall be chased away by My very smile. As others abused you, and mistreated you, I will make all troubles pass forever away. One day, the things of this world will pass, and will not be remembered at all for the goodness that I am bringing.

*“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.” -Revelation 21:4*

Behold, you are My everlasting child! I am returning in power and might; from the clouds will I come with glory and majesty. The light of My glory is coming, and all eyes shall see it. The darkness of this world shall be swallowed up in My eternal light. I Myself shall give the light: no sun, nor moon, nor star has ever shined quite as brightly as I will shine at that day.

My light shall be round about you - in, through, and under all things - in the very midst of you. In My kingdom, there will be no hidden darkness, and there will be no shadow, for I will be the very light in the midst of it. I will be under the rock, and in the cave, and lo, even beneath your eyelids. My light shall burn in its perfect brilliance, and all the darknesses of this world shall be consumed from out of their places.

*“The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” -Isaiah 60:19-20*

Beloved, be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world! Be not discouraged by your present sufferings: when you taste of My eternal rewards, your soul shall instantly remit your toils, and your heart shall laugh with everlasting joy. This I say to you: be not discouraged, for the glory that shall be revealed in you far outweighs your present struggles. I do say again: the worker is worthy of his reward.

Think it not strange that such trials have befallen you, for I do in this present world teach My light against a backdrop of darkness. My training-ground is as a blackboard, and I have covered My creation with darkness. With the brightness of My light, as white chalk seen on a dark blackboard, I do show forth My glory and power. I have woven blackness into the tapestry of your life that the splendor of My colors may be all the more vibrant. What is darkness to the light? And what is the low valley to the high peak? On the sierra, the depths of the ravines only magnify the height of the mountaintops.

## *[Mountain Range image]*

My child, think not that your life is as this darkness, for I am teaching you of My goodness through the blackness of night. I am teaching you of My fullness by the cold, voided emptiness of space. My light shines in the darkness, and gives warmth and joy to all those that are lighted by it.

*“I clothe the heavens with blackness, and I make sackcloth their covering.” -Isaiah 50:3*

Beloved, think not that your life is as this darkness, for I am coming, and such things will be stripped away. Think not that if heaven and earth and all of creation were passed away, that you would be left in darkness. Darkness is not the foundation, I will peel back My heavenly blanket, and the darkness thereof shall be no more. Think not that darkness is the foundation. I am the Foundation. I am light. Under all things, beneath all things, before all things, lo, I am He.

Just under your blackened sky is the radiant, boundless glory of My heavenly light. Just behind that dark curtain is the majesty of My heavenly throne. Just under that thin veneer of sackcloth is My soft, gentle smile. I am nearer than you think, and I am watching. I have not once taken My eyes from off of you. My beloved, be

not discouraged by this world's present darkness, for I am coming, and the heavens shall be stripped back, and I will give way to My everlasting kingdom.

### [*Heavens Rolled image*]

Fear not, I have sought you, and I have bought you, and before the foundation of the world was laid, I have known you. I have loved you. I have waited for you. I know the end from the beginning, and from ancient times I speak of things not yet come, and this I do now say: you are Mine. I will take you by the hand, and bring you safely home.

Fear not child, your sorrows shall one day pass, injustices inflicted upon you shall one day be healed up and forgotten, and your lonesome and bitter tears shall be wiped forever away. You will see Me as I am, and I will comfort you with an everlasting comfort that shall never pass away. From foundation to foundation I have known you, and unto all eternity I will love you. When you see My goodness, and enter My kingdom, all will be clear: confusion shall be wiped from your face, and distress shall be lifted from your heart. You will know that your life has been worth the living, and your struggles have been worth the reward.

Fear not, My child, for you are Mine. I will take you by the hand, and bring you safely home.

### [Father and Son image]