

## Jesus and Holy Spirit, Blissful Night, Journals

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February 8, 2015

The Lord lavished graciousness on me tonight on a ballroom dance floor. I don't know why He has chosen this very formal and eloquent background as a starting point for being with me. He doesn't explain His reasons all the time, but this has been His approach lately and I always see myself in some kind of dress - and often it reflects what is going on in my life - trials or victories.

So, on this night we had an absolutely wonderful time together. It was around 1:00 am and I was feeling too tired to sit up and have worship in the chapel, so I took my Ipod to bed and played my favorite worship collection from Terry MacAlmon's albums.

The Lord soon came to invite me to dance and we were so effortlessly in unison. I noticed my dress - truly elegant and regal. It was of a slightly muted, dark wine taffeta bodice that flared out from above my waist and there was a slit in the very center that revealed bright pink fabric down to the floor. I guess it's called the empire style. Around my shoulders was a pink, ostrich-type scarf and silk butterflies in my hair.

Jesus was wearing white, as always. Except He didn't have a beard. But He quipped, *"Now you can truly see Me as My Holy Spirit, and I look just like your Jesus, when I have a beard. Except, without one, I look like Holy Spirit."*

When I dance with Holy Spirit, He's always wearing white, but feels a little different - perhaps just a bit more regal, or maybe I just feel more reserved since that happens only rarely.

Jesus said, *"Tonight I seem more approachable only because, truly - this IS My Holy Spirit I am presenting to you, as the appearance of Jesus withOUT a beard. I wanted you to really get it - the two are one and the same, so there is no need to be more reserved or hesitant with Me as Holy Spirit."*

I THINK I got it, Lord, but oh, so much more, I'm floating. One of my kitties, the one Jesus frequently sends to comfort me, came to me purring and snuggled up, bathing my cheek with his sandpaper tongue. Then he curled up, nose to nose with me on my pillow. I have never felt so loved, yet I could still see and feel us dancing, whirling and whirling around the dance floor. And I could still feel Your strong arms, Lord, holding and leading me.

I got up, feeling like I slept a whole night, refreshed and strong. Oh, Jesus, how wonderful to be with You, whether as Holy Spirit or Jesus. Thank You for two hours of absolute bliss.

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