

Fly Paper & The Best Laid Plans



August 24, 2015

Well, Heartdwellers, it's been an exciting two days, and I'm so sorry I didn't get a message out to you, but when you hear our little tale of woe, you'll understand why!

We finally got our guest up and going, our elderly homeless friend and found her a place to live. In any case, Jesus wanted me to tell you what happened yesterday.

He said, *"My Love, tell them what happened yesterday."*

I just knew that was coming...how did I know that? Hmmm...

Well, before I get into that, I just want to say it's August the 23rd, 2015.

You'd think there would be some things I wouldn't have to tell. Especially after my husband, Ezekiel said, 'Don't tell them all of that!' I thought for sure my covering would get me off the hook. But no, now he is agreeing that I should share it with you. Well, where to start... and be nice at the same time! Lord, help me...

I named this message "Flypaper and the Best Laid Plans". Have you ever walked into flypaper? I have long hair, and someone pinned some flypaper up in a kitchen, and it came down JUST about to the tip of my head. And, I walked by and and I tied into that flypaper - I went to take it off and it stuck more to my hand, and stuck to my other hand, and stuck more to my hair...it was a MESS! It took me a long time to get free of that fly paper, and to get all that sticky stuff off of me! So, that's why I named this episode "Flypaper and The Best Laid Plans."

For a week, we've been planning on moving Rae, and getting all the people together that would be necessary to complete this little project. And, we talked to her about it - but she was not very enthusiastic. But, finally, she did agree.

So, as I shared with you in our last video about Rae, with no social security income, and 4 tiny pee-and-poop- anywhere dogs, as well as her own serious hygiene issues...we had to have to move, since the owners wanted their house back. She pulled into our driveway five years ago and since then couldn't start her old Lincoln that had expired tags. We had attempted to move her for three different years, but every time, some string of events would shut us down. Now it was critical. The owners of the house told us she had to go.

We finally found the perfect place for her: an elderly man living out on the mesa, with his goats and all kinds of teen runaways. He told the Lord He would never turn anyone away, and in all these years he's taken care of hundreds that had no one and nowhere to go. We support Stanley with food every week. There's no running water - they haul their water in, and no electricity, but he's a decent, Christian man

that cares about others.

And, he cooks meals every day for whoever is staying there or comes on by. The mesa is a very interesting place. It's dry and windy and sagebrush...really, no trees. Very dusty and sandy - really, the poorest of the poor live out there, some of them in broken down in broken down, old cars. Some of them even stack the cars together to make a house. Any material that's out there is put together to use for something. The income level of the people who live out there is just...something not to be believed, it is so critical. And, that's mostly who we feed, that's where we send our food. (from the food bank.)

So, anyway, the mesa is a rough, rough place. And, Stanley is a good soul. He agreed to make a space for Ray on his land and dig her a potty hole under the camper that she was given.

Ray loves animals. She was raised on a farm and we thought this would be the place where she could live the way she wanted to, have her dogs and even have an elderly friend to talk to. Some very kind volunteers of the mission gave her the Yellowstone Camper Trailer we had once lived in when we came down from our high mountain retreat. We parked it on the far side of the house and nurtured trees that had grown around it. The unfortunate side of this was that all of those 15 foot trees would have to be removed before the camper could be pulled out.

Ray's old Lincoln was filled almost to the top, maybe 12 inches short of the ceiling with books, clothing, trash. But, we had had it fixed, finally - that was a funny story I put up before - and it was ready.

So, we were planning this move for the end of the week and had a volunteer crew set up with a backhoe tractor to come in and maneuver the camper out into the drive way.

Now comes the sticky part! Ray wants to go home to Texas and every time we've tried to get her what she needed to go, something would come up, and snafu the plans. This time, we fixed her car, got her a new battery, filled the car with gas and offered her travel money to go home to Texas.

Dear family, we were at the end of our end. I couldn't go another day with this woman on the property: the tiny ninja dogs, the horrible smell and the threat of the owners asking us to leave if we didn't move her out and have the house cleaned, was just stressing both of us to the max. And, I don't stress easily.

We were at our wits end to move her and the camper out before the owners returned. Really, my whole body was reacting to the pressures from all directions. So, when we finally got a solution for her, we HAD to make it work!

Ray had only three alternatives: take her dogs and start walking, drive her car out of the driveway and live in the Walmart parking lot, or graciously receive the camper and live on the Mesa until she got her paperwork in order. We promised to help her with food and everything else, she needed as long as we had the funds.

Just a little background on here - she's a charming and genteel woman from Texas, but doesn't live in the real world. All her time is spent in books with her little dogs, who are constantly fighting over who's gonna sit in her lap. That's her world. Everyone has tried to get us to put her in a nursing home, but I would never ever do that. Her heart would be broken without her dogs - that's just her life! We've talked to friends who have known here for...40, 50 years. And they've said that she has been the same way her

entire life. So, she wasn't about to change. We didn't want to separate her from her dogs, so we were trying to find an environment where she would fit in, and wouldn't stick out like a sore thumb. And...it was free!

She told us, actually, that she came here with 1.4 million dollars and everything she owned got stolen from her, including her house and her RV. She was a horse woman and used to living a nice lifestyle. One of the houses she owned she sold to RC Gorman, a very famous American artist who lives here in Taos. So, understanding her background - she was a wealthy and proud independent Texas woman who had no need for God, professed Buddhism, but didn't practice it and said I'll go to hell cause all my friends are there.

For five years we took care of her and witnessed God's love to her. She wouldn't have anything to do with Social Security, so she had no way to support herself. But, now it was time for her to go, for our sanity and I believe it was for her own good as well, 'cause the Lord kept giving us confirmations that it was really time.

The man who stole her house and RV from her was holding the title to her car. I went to look him up on the internet to find out what his phone number was, and he is still stealing from someone, because there was a court case on the internet, with some elderly people and a house. So, things hadn't changed, and he hadn't been stopped yet.

So, I had a little sit down with Rae. It went something like this: "Rae, Honey, we've found a place for you to go with a trailer to live in until you get your paperwork in order. And, we'll help you with the fees, but we can't do it for you."

The paperwork she had to get in order was basically her license and registration.

When she found out, in this conversation, that it was the mesa she said, "I don't want the trailer, I'm not going to live on the Mesa, I want to go back to Texas."

I told her, "You can go back to Texas anytime you want to, but this would give you time to get more work done on the car, get your driver's license and registration in order." So, I told her, "You can't stay here while you do that. You have to find another place to live."

Well, a stream of excuses longer than a strip of fly paper started streaming out of her mouth, "I won't live on the mesa, I need new tires, I need new brakes. I need new mufflers, my license and my plates, before I leave here!"

I told her "No, Sweetie, your time here is up. You can do that at Stanley's."

She answered me, "I know you don't want me here."

I said, "Ray, you were here when the owners came and took measurements. They have asked you to leave. This was not our decision, we are being forced."

"Well! I won't live on the Mesa, and I'm not going to Stanley's."

So, all week, that's what we had to look forward to. We went back and forth and back and forth. So, here we are on "D" day. The backhoe operator's in the yard uprooting trees, working his way to the camper.

I looked at Ray sitting on the porch holding one of her little dogs which we just noticed 2 days ago was pregnant and ready to burst. She was talking to it and I said, "Is everything OK?"

She said, "Well... no. All night long she's been trying to give birth to these puppies but they won't come through the birth canal." This is a situation, I guess, that's real common with Chihuahuas, and they often die trying to give birth.

At this point, I knew what had to be done, even though it was smack in the middle of moving her to Stanley's. It was Saturday, but I called the vet on duty and he said he would meet us, several miles out of town where the clinic was. The volunteer helping her to move her things from the house to the trailer was on standby until we returned. All was just about set to go. The house was a complete disaster, clothing, dog stuff, smelling to high heaven. But, we had to save this little dog's life in the midst of it all, so off we went. We rushed down there, left the dog with vet, and headed home to see if her car was ready.

I said, "OK, Ray. Let's go get your car." So, I called the mechanic and told him we were on the way.

He shared his great wisdom about our circumstance, adding another 12 inches of fly paper to the mix.

"Just how are you planning on getting it? It doesn't have any registration. She doesn't have a license and I can't guarantee that thing is safe."

I told him, "We'll take care of it."

He replied, "But, it's not registered. You can't drive this on the street!"

I thought to myself, 'She drove it to our house and parked it. Surely she can drive it off your property.' Even though we had emptied 14 bags of trash from it, still there were piles of magazines, clothing and books up to the shoulder of the seats. The mechanic wouldn't even get in it, to work on it. He was afraid of the Hunta Virus... which has killed people out here.

I opened the door of our truck for Ray to get in and she said, "I can't drive that car, it's not registered and I don't have a license."

I replied, "Do you want your car, Rae? You're not staying here another day. Benton is hauling the camper out to the Mesa for you and you have to follow him in your car if you want the camper."

"I'm going to Texas. I don't want the camper."

I said, "Ray, you have to have a place to stay while you're making your plans."

She was quiet. Then, I got a great idea: she could pull that camper back to Texas with her. I told her that and she sat there still brooding. A few moments later, "Did you say I could have the camper?"

"Yes, Ray, it's yours if you want it."

"Well... then, I accept." Not a word of gratitude, thank you ma'am or take a long walk off a short cliff....just, "Well. Then, I accept." (laughing at it all...)

I took a deep sigh of relief as we pulled into the mechanic's yard.

The first words out of his mouth were, "You can't drive that thing. It's not current. She'll get pulled over. It's not safe, I can't guarantee it..." On and on and on, right?

I put my hand up like a traffic cop and said, "That's enough, Brother. I don't want to hear another word from you." He started up again and I said, "ZIP IT!"

Ray got in the car, turned the ignition and nothing happened. Oh, boy... I looked at the mechanic and he looked at me.

"I just started it 5 minutes ago!" he protested.

He opened the hood, and found the cables were loose, so, made some excuse and walked off to get a wrench. Five minutes later, it started right up. But, I was thinking, 'It starts now... BUT will it start again????'

No matter, it just needs to GO!

Then, Ray started in, making all kinds of objections, "The dash lights won't come on!"

"You don't need them, Ray."

Then, another stream of things that were wrong kept coming up, as I walked over to the gate and she pulled towards it, talking the whole time with the door to the Lincoln wide open. I told her to close the door, and she wouldn't do it - she just kept giving me excuses. Finally, I shut the door and told her I'd follow her home.

Well, we made it to the gas station, filled it up, and arrived home just in time for Benton to be pulling out of the driveway with the camper. She parked on the street, opened the door and began another long string of protests: "The steering wheel wiggles, the brakes go to the floor, it smelled hot, my license and my registration aren't current, and the fluids haven't been changed...."

And, she wanted to park it in front of our house again. I HAD the fluids checked!

And, I said, "Ray, you have two choices...leave this car right here, get in the truck with Benton and I'll have it towed away in 20 minutes and impounded. Or, get behind him in your car and follow him out to the mesa where there's another mechanic and we can have it looked at again.

She just gave me a blank stare. I could tell a rebuttal was coming, so I repeated her options and walked away.

Now, in order for the camper to get out of the driveway we had to move our truck. It was rather a tight squeeze and all of a sudden one of our tires exploded and went flat. It had hit some kind of a stub, and it

went through the side of the wall and just penetrated, went all the way through. BID explosion!

Benton looked at us, thinking HIS tire went flat on the trailer. He looked at us and said, Well, I can't keep going with a flat tire..."

I said, smiling, because I knew it was good to go, No Benton you're good to go. It's OUR tire that just exploded." He finally got it turned and went down the street.

And, she followed quietly...

WHEW!!!! Boy, I'll tell you. If I were a drinker I'd have 3 martini's over this - I was SO exhausted.

Well, unfortunately, that's not quite the end of the story. She made it all the way out to the Mesa, and had just crossed the cattle guard when the car stopped and started steaming. Benton looked at it and figured out our world class mechanic didn't screw the radiator cap on all the way, and now...well, the car is toast.

The Lord whispered in my ear earlier that day to get her another car. I felt the Holy Spirit in that. So, I brought it to Ezekiel and the Lord confirmed it, and somehow she will have to find a used car and we have several volunteers that I'm sure will help her to pay for it.

Ezekiel and I spent a good hour soaking in the water after all of that. And, when we came back, there was another message on our phone, 'cause you know I was not going to answer any calls.

It was Stanley who had this 'good' report, "We have a problem with the propane, it seems to be leaking somewhere when I turn it on."

I thought to myself, 'Welcome to Fly Paper Central. Good luck, Brother.'

In the meantime, who's going to pick up the dog at the vet tomorrow??? I don't know. But, I DO know who WON'T be picking up the dog tomorrow.... We've done our 5 years, and we're out now. It's someone else's turn. And, that's the end of the Fly Paper and Best Laid Plans story.

Or... so, I hope.

So, needless to say I came into prayer last night...road kill. It was all I could do to sit up and worship our good God. Immediately, I saw Him holding me up, under the arms. He picked me up, put me on an operating table and opened me up and began repairing the damage. I think I was a mess. Taking things out and putting things back, swabbing out around my heart...because infection had set in: the infection of anger, bitterness and unforgiveness and frustration. When He was done He said, "*You'll have to be on antibiotics for a while.*"

The next scene, I was lying in a beautiful, palatial bed with a sheer canopy and curtains in a palace. The Lord was sitting on my right, on the edge of the bed. And, on my left were my lion, Judah, and my mountain lion Felix.

And, on the bed was a new kitty I'd never seen before, a beautiful muscular jaguar. Jesus said, "*Her name is Jasmine.*"

Awe, she is so sweet!

She was licking my hands and nuzzling under my arm with her cold nose. And, I was eating a delectable pastry that she was helping me with, bit by bit. Her massive paws were making kitty biscuits on the covers as she savored every bite of the pastry.

Thank you, Lord. Thank you so much! You are treating me like a queen and you know how I love jaguars and their beautiful rosettes. She is adorable! And, a bit massive...!

He replied, "*Don't you know it's because you did a queen size amount of work?*"

Awww...thank you, Lord.

"You are welcome, Dearest. Thank you for taking care of the one I want to make Mine." For You, Jesus.

Heart Dwellers
<http://heartdwellers.org/>
<https://www.youtube.com/user/claredubois>