

My Distracted Bride & My Compassion for Her



August 30, 2015

The Lord's blessings are with us, dear Family. And...I got to be a Guinea pig again! (chuckle)

It looks like the Lord is digging deeper into my faults. Not that He ever gives me a rest...'cause I don't give Him any rest with my own shenanigans.

Going on with our little story about moving Rae off the property, after we finally got that massive camper out of its location, destroying

everything in its path including our rock garden and sapling trees, we had a young volunteer come and help us put things back together in the garden.

Well, I think I should give you a little history on the garden. When we moved into this abandoned house being used for a squat, it was filled with refuse, cans and bottles, and needles, potty, diapers, you name it. The big back yard had an old junker car, a huge cottonwood and mud everywhere. My husband wanted to use it for a parking lot. That was quite a confrontation...

I had other plans. Once that car was out, I tried to create the feeling of the wilderness with rocks from the mountains, in fact where our mountain retreat is, I went up and brought back beautiful rocks from the mountain. And some o-cote, which are those beautiful, weathered silver logs, and planted it with native plants. Water had rushed down the street and for some reason made a turn onto this property and brought layers of mud with it. So we made a meandering stream, lined with rocks to channel the waters with two small arched bridges crossing over it. The gardens were rounded and free shaped, so nothing was square or monotonous. It truly looked and felt like a place deep in the forest, a hidden garden.

Now, returning to our volunteer and putting the rocks back...if you are married to an artist... well, you know what a pain they can be. Picky, picky, picky. I had him bring back all the rocks for the borders of the garden and replace them. Of course, he did what any 22 year old would do, made it nice, square, neat and sterile garden.

The first time I walked by it, I thought to myself, 'I'll fix that later. That can wait.'

Two hours later, I had to walk by it again, and I thought, 'I've got to fix that! Ok, you have to fix it but next week, not now!'

Then I would come by it again...another argument ensued. Every time I walked by it, a struggle to dive in and fix that garden just jumped on me, like white on rice!

That was yesterday. How I made it through the night, I have no idea. Mind you, with Fibromyalgia, you do any hard work like moving rocks and you're toast for at least a day or two.

So, I began this argument with myself. 'You can't do that it - will mess you up'.

But, then I had to walk by it again, and I said to myself, 'Self-control, you can do it this week.'

But it gnawed at me, and refused to stop. I was on the edge of diving into that project and restoring my nice meandering garden every time I walked by it.

As usual, I was a little dopey this morning when I woke up. And, after my coffee, I was headed in to pray and exchange morning smiles with the Lord and I thought to myself, 'If I just move *two* rocks, I'll feel better about it

and leave it alone.' That hit me when I went to take the laundry off the line.

Right. Those two rocks were the beginning of a 30 minute project that left me limping into the house as I forced myself to put it down until Monday... and I'd finish it then. But at least *now*, it was like it used to be. Sort of. I can finally REST. Right? You'd think...

I made it into prayer, and as I sat before the Lord, as usual when I allow my compulsions to control me, I felt guilty. I couldn't even look at Him. Then, I remembered what I counsel all of you to do: when you feel like you've blown it, don't run *from* Him, run *to* Him. As I looked up, and focused my eyes in the spirit realm, there was My sweet Jesus smiling at me and He pulled me to Himself and hugged me tightly.

'Oh thank you, Lord. Now I can really enter into prayer. I don't feel so badly anymore.' He wasn't angry or condemning me, He was just glad to see me.

Well, you know how it is when you begin to pray, a million things start to bring themselves up from out of nowhere. But in my case, I had a garden hounding me and I'd relish the Sweet Presence of our Lord, but a few minutes later I'd find myself up to my ankles in pretty rocks, arranging things in the garden - in my own head, that is. Still in prayer with the Lord - part of me. But the other part was out in that garden!

Oh No! I thought I was done with this!!

I chided myself and refocused on the Lord, He was holding me and smiling.

"I thought I'd never get you back," He said as I clung to Him.

Again, I savored His presence and told Him how much I loved Him. And...a good ten minutes or so later I was in my own head sorting pretty rocks in the garden. A g a i n!

I refocused and there was the Lord smiling still. *"Welcome back."*

I said, 'Oh, Lord, I'm so sorry that I can't stay here with You. My mind keeps wandering back to that unfinished business in the garden.'

"I know, tell them."

Oh, no, Lord! I don't have to tell them, do I?

"Yes...I want you to tell them."

I thought 'Oh, this can't be the Lord, this is not that important to tell anybody about, is it? Really?' So, I went and checked with the Bible Promises, and I opened to Holy Spirit. Hmm...OK. No sliding around this one.

So, now that I've shared my weakness Lord, is there anything else YOU want to say?

"When you take a stimulant like caffeine or coffee, or any strong drink to help you pray, you are much more likely to get drawn off into a project that's been bothering you, before you make it to prayer. So, just a heads up. I understand many of you need something to wake you up at different times of the day, especially when you come to pray with Me, and I love to share in that ritual of having coffee together. It is a sweet time as your mind focuses more and more on Me.

"However, beware of your thoughts beginning to bounce off the walls. If something comes to mind, write it down and leave it for later. That will help you dispatch it from your consciousness. If you don't write it down, it

tends to continue bothering you.

"My Children, I want you to know that I do not condemn you for a wandering mind. I understand your weaknesses. I am so happy when you return to Me and embrace Me with your love. It makes Me forget that you ever drifted away.

"Don't you know what a great honor it is for Me to receive praise from My Creation and especially My crowning glory, My Bride. I am so touched by your devotion, I can't help but smile. In spite of your appetite for things of the world, you continue to put them in their place. And for this, I am so grateful. How can I be angry or scold you when you come to Me in your weakness and uncover your fault.

"Do you know, it is the ones who act perfect, like they don't have any faults, that grieve Me. It is the ones who take the time to point out the flaws of others that strike at My Heart. Yes, to find fault with your sister, your brother, is to strike at My very own heart. This hurts me much more than your lack of focus or flightiness.

"Do you know, My Brides, in your efforts to get closer to Me, I also am paying attention to what goes through your minds and out of your mouths. If you want to be closer to Me, if you want to please Me, know that the most off putting thing you can do is find fault with each other.

"In marriage, it is an easy thing to do, especially because the enemy is wanting to build a wall of alienation over time. Very slowly, so you will not notice it is being done, until you wake up one morning and feel the coldness between you and your spouse. A coldness that has built up over months and months as you found fault with the little irritations and drove him away from you.

"Little by little you downgrade one another. I want you to little by little build one another up. Please, My Bride, there has been enough condemnation; picking, fault finding, in the world. I want you to be beacons of hope, encouragement - building one another up, affirming one another, with not a hint of censorship.

"This is what drives people away and causes Me to find fault in you. But when I see your childlike innocence, declaring your faults openly, and not finding anything negative in your brother and sister, it makes Me embrace you ever more fondly and totally discount your shortcomings.

"It is a truth: Judge not and you will not be judged. It is a truth that judgment brings judgment, praise brings praise. These are the dynamics of life. These are the rules to happiness and certainly the shortest way to My favor.

"I love you all so very dearly. Happy you will be if you hearken to My counsel.

"I bless you now with the grace to recognize where you have been critical with others. My Spirit is with you to help you make this change. And remember to uncover your faults before Me. I am ever so happy to encourage and assist you to overcome them.

"I am always waiting for you with a smile. Come to Me each day and let us smile upon one another, Then, be aware that I am accompanying you through your day, and I am smiling at you. This will cut off the accusations of the enemy that I am a strict and censoring God, finding fault with you, scowling at you.

"Let My gentle smile infuse you with Joy, My Bride. Someday soon you are going to embrace My smiling presence as we ascend into Heaven.

"Someday very soon."

Heart Dwellers

<http://heartdwellers.org/>

<https://www.bitchute.com/channel/still-small-voice/>