

The Parable of The Guarded Honeybees and the Pilgrim



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Well, my beloved Heartdwellers. The Lord is so rich in wisdom, and He's continually showing me new things. There is nothing boring about the Christian life!

And I want to share a parable with you today. The Parable of the Guarded Honeybees and the Pilgrim

Once there was a dear soul who had become restless with the dreary life she was living and longed to travel and find a way of living that was different from what she had known. The deep forests attracted her sense of adventure, but she was fascinated with the varieties of honeys from the bees all around the world. So she made it a point to visit the their hives in her journeys.

The pilgrimage proved long and little sustenance could be found along the way. When she came across a hive in the forest, desiring to be nourished on the sweet nectar, she devised many ways to get to the honey. She learned about smoking the bees out, speaking to them kindly, or calling them out with sweet strains from the flute. She even waited for the bears to despoil the hive so she could come and eat from the leftovers.

There were a few successes in obtaining the nectar...but it would always end in disappointment, when she would get stung several times and her encounter would end with sadness and bitterness, though the honey was at first sweet.

This caused her to have a great fear of the hives though the Lord had put a deep desire in her for the nectar.

So she went from forest to forest, far and wide through the mountains and plain and even found a hive in the remains of an elk. But as always, it ended in painful stings, and she began to have a great fear of hives.

One day, she met a fellow traveler who was more experienced and wiser than she and he told her of a faraway mountain where the bees were kept by the Master, who taught them to share their honey and keep very careful watch over the hive, so only the choicest pure honey from Heaven would be made.

Still, the bees had their own struggles, but they had learned that only the flowers the Master provided produced fine honey, not contaminated by molds and toxic fumes from the world.

So, she set off to this place and finally arriving there, found that it was very heavily guarded. Of course, the Master had seen many who came to steal the hives or destroy them, and they had all experienced heavy losses from careless people who came to take and not consider the needs of the bees. It had taken many years for them to recover from these losses, so the Master kept a close watch over the hives.

Well she, by this time, was quite afraid of beehives, because she had never visited a hive that would not end up hurting her. So, she assumed this hive was just like them all. She judged that this hive might have great honey, but no hive could be trusted. When she was allowed to enter the gates, she carried with her the fear of the bees, because in her mind they were just like all the others.

She tried to fight these feelings as she camped nearby, but one night after she had tasted some extraordinary honey, she became afraid that the Master would control her, too - so she purposed in her mind to leave quietly without anyone noticing.

Her fear had mastered her. Her desire for the honey the Master had made was great, but she wasn't in control of her own desire; rather the fear of being stung was in control.

So she left without getting a jar of the precious amber honey the Master had prepared just for her.

She continued to go from hive to hive on her pilgrimage, but she always balked when she got close to the honey, because the choicest, pure honeys from Heaven were guarded and that intimidated her. She might lose control...cause that's how she got stung before.

So she wandered the Earth, growing more hungry and frail with predators following her. And she went without the nourishment and protection of the guarded pure honeys for the rest of her days.

So, what is the moral of this story?

When we have a fear of anything, it's usually a survival instinct because we've been hurt before. So we cover up and protect ourselves. We avoid all situations where we could be hurt because we don't want to be controlled by anyone or anything. We don't trust anyone.

This is how Satan gets direction of our lives; this is how HE controls us. Because of our fear, he knows what to make us think so we will avoid something or some place. So when the soul gets close to something that is guarded, authentic and healthy - the enemy insinuates, "They will control you. You don't want to be controlled do you?" And they're scared away.

But in reality, Satan knows what he stands to lose where the honey is guarded. He knows that there is wisdom and nourishment in the ways of those guarded honeybees. And if that soul begins to trust and truly listen they will be armed against the assaults he wants to make on them until they are thoroughly despoiled of their gifts.

Satan has determined who could be a threat to his kingdom and so he teaches them the way of fear, so fear will easily steer them away from what could have saved them. He also has vowed to isolate them so they will have no further wisdom than their own. He plays on their pride and tells them, "You have no need to listen to them, you already know this. You know what's important. If you listen to them - they will control you."

When the soul is convinced of all those things, they are already full; there is no empty space to receive fresh, sweet, pure honey - though they languish for it. So they go on undernourished, making the same mistakes over and over again. Manipulated by fear, they avoid the guarded honey and any wisdom they might share, lest they be controlled by them.

Further, the enemy falsely accuses the innocent guarded bees and if the soul listens, she has opened yet another door for his workers of iniquity to weaken them.

Yet, the irony of it for the soul who is dreadfully afraid of being controlled, is that they are no longer in control of their own lives. All their actions are controlled by the fear of being controlled. And who inspires fear?

Satan.

There is good and bad everywhere. There is pure honey from Heaven and contaminated honey with mold from the world. There are nasty stinging bees, killer bees. And bees raised by the Master who swarm in a heart shape while you taste their honey.

The only remedy I see for a soul caught in such a pit is humility, which the devils have already destroyed by telling them they don't need to know anything further.

And a teachable spirit is needed as well. What is a teachable spirit? Some have said it means submitting to headship. That's a perversion meant to control people by yet another form of fear.

Obedience does not mean obeying something in your heart, that you don't feel is right. That's not obedience! If it violates the way the Lord has led you, and it violates your conscience, then you better not do it. And don't allow anyone to accuse you of being disobedient, because that's not the kind of obedience the Lord wants from us. The Lord wants us to be obedient to the Holy Spirit and to Him, and to the known will of God. That's obedience.

But there are times when we fall into error, and we don't always know which voice is the Lord and which voice is the enemy. Because many, many masquerade in the form of Jesus.

A teachable spirit is quick to listen, and slow to speak. A teachable spirit doesn't constantly defend their ideas. Rather, they listen and compare in silence and allow Holy Spirit to sort out truth from error. A teachable spirit looks for people wiser than themselves and is eager to learn from them. A teachable spirit is hungry for truth, and that hunger will lead them to abandon any way in their lives they discover is false. The truth and only the truth is their standard.

That's how I came to the Lord from the New Age. I explored all the "ism's" and none of them rang true, until Jesus met me in my darkness and revealed who He was in His brilliant light. Then I had to abandon all my New Age practices. I had to sort through truth and error. That took me YEARS. Years of humble failures and errors, and having to re-learn things that were not the right way.

When I was added to the church I had to sort out men's ways from God's ways. But I had been so humbled when the Lord saved me, I was eager to know the difference.

There is no such thing as a soul who cannot learn. There is only the soul who WILL not learn, because they are convinced they know it all. That's the saddest state a soul can be in. That's the state I was in in the New Age. That's why I missed Christianity. The Lord had to reveal Himself to me in a brilliant, life-changing event. Much like Saul of Tarsus experienced on the way to Damascus.

Not even in thousands of years will I know all the ways of God. My wisdom is like a grain of sand on the beach. God's wisdom is like the beaches and the stars of the universe. Woe to me if I ever think I know. God save me from my Pride! And He has - many times. But I still fall into it. I'm a work under construction.

I do not know, and everyday I learn that I know less and less. And that's the only safe place to be.

What I share with you on this channel and with those I correspond with, is simply what God has proven and taught to me. I know nothing independent of what He has shown me. And if I should have the misfortune of having a familiar spirit masquerading as a spirit of prophecy and truth, like was sent to Saul - when God deliberately sent lying spirits into the mouths of his prophets so he would be killed on the battlefield. Oh God, have mercy on my soul and do not turn me over to lying spirits and masquerading demons pretending to be Jesus.

It has happened before, it can happen again. But what saves me is a teachable spirit and the sure knowledge that I do not have the whole truth. And if God chooses to humble me, He can and will, so that I will once again see myself as nothing and Him as everything.

And here I thank Him for He has surrounded me with protection from true, proven, humble, genuinely loving, prophetic people that help me overcome my errors. And God reveals my errors and my faults to them. But without a teachable spirit, they would do me know good at all. Even if Elijah should appear to me, if I have not the retractable grace of humility and a teachable spirit, I would not listen to him but go my own way.

I say retractable grace of humility, because without the Lord's guarded intervention to keep us humble, I would quickly fall into a worse state of pride than I am presently in. God save us from that!!!

Lord, I appeal to Your mercy. We are all afraid of error and of being controlled. Help us to be humble and teachable, and to know the difference between truth and error. And especially to be willing to submit ourselves to Holy Spirit. Because our wisdom is useless. We need Your wisdom and Your mind every moment of the day, Lord.

So, reveal in us any false way. And help us to receive the Grace to listen to wisdom when it's brought to us, and sent to us from above.

Amen.

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