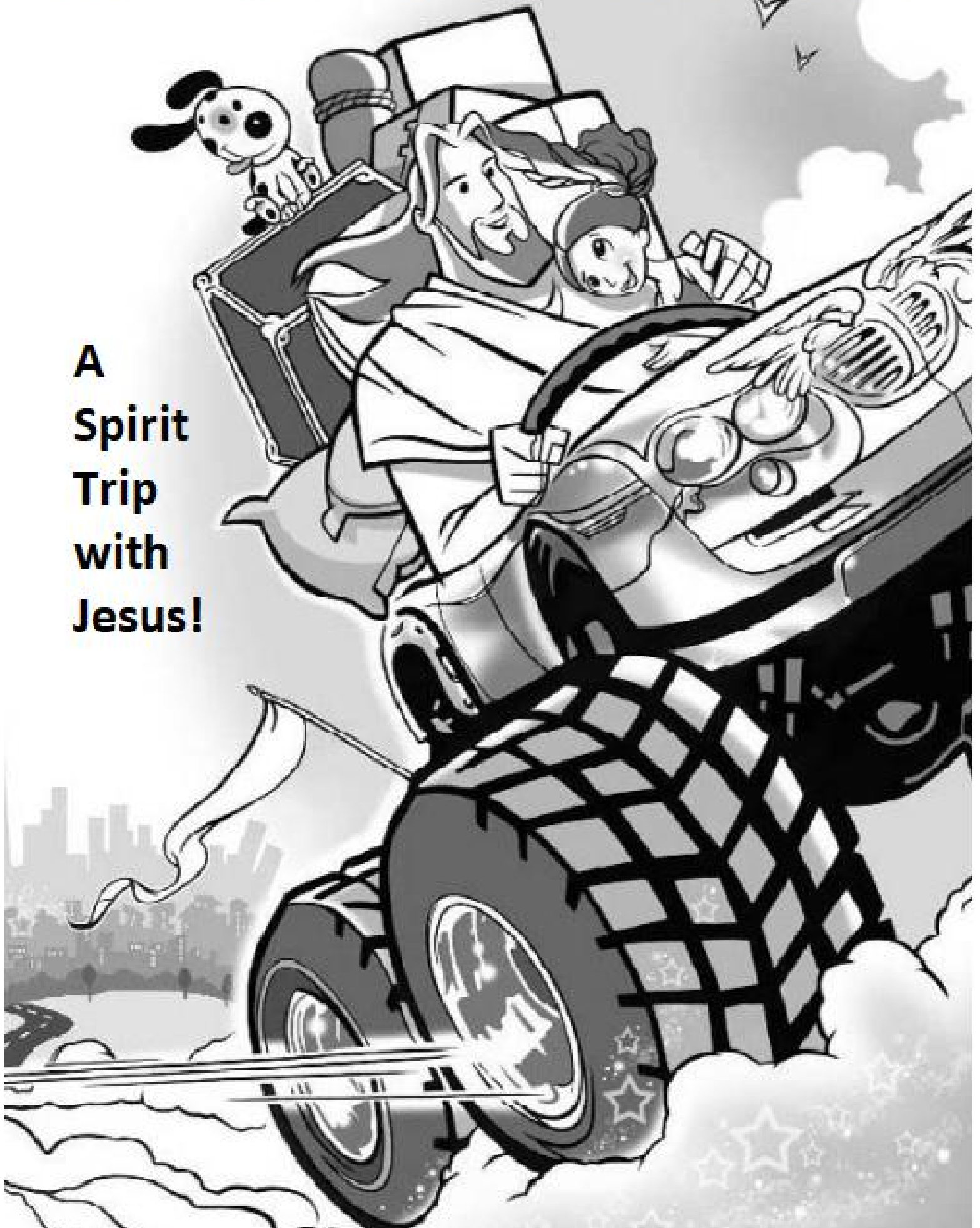


THE ART OF DEPENDENCE

**A
Spirit
Trip
with
Jesus!**



The Art of Dependence

--A Spirit Trip

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(Jesus:) I want you to come with Me. I know you have much to do and I can see that you're wondering if you can possibly afford to take this time off with Me. Just trust Me. I could give you a long explanation of where we're going, what we need to do, and how it's all going to work, but if you just trust Me, that'll take care of it all.

Very good. I can see you laying down your burdens. Let Me help you take that load off your back. Yes, that's right, let Me lift it off your back. We're going to leave that here for a while. In fact, we're leaving this here permanently. When you return from where I'm taking you, you won't need this anymore. Say goodbye to it. Say goodbye to the weight and press of the cares of this life--the troubles, the daily problems and challenges, the hurdles and obstacles that need to be overcome, your workload and the responsibilities and duties that are daily on your doorstep. So yes, that heavy burden that you've been carrying, we're dropping it for good!

Okay, take My hand, close your eyes, and take a deep breath. Can you feel the heavenly elixir pouring over you? (*Deep breaths in [pause], then out.*) And again, breathe deeply, taking in the fragrance of My Spirit.

(Vision:) I see Jesus and a beautiful girl. She's wearing a light see-through top with flared sleeves, which flow in the breeze. Jesus is standing there beside her, holding her hand. He's wearing a comfortable white shirt, and actually looks like a gypsy. Around His waist is a thick leather belt, and He's wearing loose-fitting brown pants and black boots.

They're standing before a door, and I see a purple sparkling mist begin to descend, almost as though there were a vent above them. At first it appears as a light mist, with little sparkles glistening within the cloud. Together they breathe in the mist, and as they do so, more begins to flow down upon them. I'm looking at their clasped hands, and I begin to see a glow forming between their fingers. The glow is getting brighter, creeping up their arms toward their shoulders. As this glow spreads over their bodies, the sparkles and mist swirl around them, covering them completely, filling them inside and out.

(Jesus:) Do you sense it? The earthly life is diminishing around us, and now with

our eyes closed we can't be distracted by anything in our surroundings. Just continue to take in this gentle mist, because it's changing you and preparing you for this trip I want to take you on.

The sensations are rising within us and you begin to feel lighter with every breath. With each breath, you're becoming increasingly detached from yourself and the world that surrounds you. I'm freeing you from your physical boundaries.

(Vision:) My attention is drawn to their feet. It appears as if they're both standing in shallow, moving "waters" of some kind, which envelop their feet. It almost appears as a foot bath of sorts, except there is no encasement, no physical container. These "waters" don't appear to need it. Now Jesus and the girl are starting to lift off the ground. They're floating upwards. I see Jesus squeeze her hand affectionately and they are drawn effortlessly upwards, then disappear.

Jesus and His beautiful companion are now gone. The mist has gone, and everything is just as it was when we entered the scene. Now I'm noticing that the burden that was placed on the ground is glowing, surrounded by that same sparkling mist. It's becoming lighter and lighter until it too begins to float above the ground. Then I see a hand appear, which reaches out and zaps the burden with a bolt of energy, and then it's gone, vanished before my eyes.

(Jesus:) Come, My love. This journey is one you don't want to miss. Follow us into the spirit world, into the realm of eternal wonder and enjoyment.

Before us is a curtain of light; gently it blows in the wind as we watch it. A breeze flows out from the entrance--it's a warm and sweet-smelling breeze of the spirit. It beckons to us. Can you feel it calling you? It's as a chorus of a thousand voices, and yet those voices blend into one magnetic call and one alluring scent. You feel yourself surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses, and their call to you is being carried on the breath of My Spirit. Are we ready? Are you ready to answer the call of My Spirit? When we pass through this curtain, all the cares of this life are left behind, as if they cease to even exist. Where we are going, nothing of Earth can be taken with you--your body is cleansed from any worries or concerns, and every burden on your heart is removed.

This is the dimension I call Heavenly Rest. On Earth you have rest and relaxation, but what you will experience now is unlike any form of earthly rest you're familiar with. That's because I have reserved the revelation of this layer of Heaven until now.

(Channel:) At this point, my mind and senses seem to be taken elsewhere in the

spirit, but it happens so quickly--like a moment in time--almost like an "interlude" of sorts. I'm standing before steps--thin, shining, supernatural platforms or "layers"--which stretch farther than my eye can see. I feel a strong, almost overwhelming eagerness and desire to climb; it's as if I'm being drawn upwards, because I know something wonderful awaits me with each step and level up. I step onto the first layer before me, and as quickly as I'd been taken to experience this, I'm back again; the interlude is over...

(Jesus:) I'm opening the heavens to you one revelation at a time. Slowly I am introducing to you the wonders you will experience when you come home to Heaven. Some of these wonders are available to you now, and it is My pleasure to transport you to this realm of My majestic mansion.

As we are about to enter this curtain you suddenly feel heavy, so heavy that you nearly fall to the ground. You grab hold of Me and I quickly place My arm around your waist, drawing you back up to My side again. You've now discovered that there is a requirement for entering this realm--that is, complete dependence on Me. You can't even take a step on your own, for within this curtain is a realm which can only be experienced when you are in My arms.

I pick you up in both arms and step forward. The curtain envelops us and draws us near to the entrance of this realm. I watch your face as your eyelids grow heavy, until sleep finally overtakes you as you lie in My embrace. That's right, just rest; trust that My arms are strong enough to carry you and hold you up. That's because you have to completely let go of your own strength, surrendering yourself to Me, choosing to only lean on the strength that I have for you.

I'm walking into a room with you in My arms. As we enter, you drowsily open your eyes. Before you are many pieces of exercise equipment--it appears to you like a weight room. You playfully squirm in My arms, wanting to quickly get over to one piece of equipment that interests you.

I can see you thinking, "Let me show You what I can do!" I knowingly shake My head. "My love, you can't lift anything in this realm; you have no strength at all." But I can see you don't quite believe Me yet, so I'm going to place you on a bench on your back, then put your arms on the bars beside you so that you can try to lift something.

You press up with all your might, but nothing happens. Then you notice that the weights are gigantic!--Each one is taller than you and at least your width. I see the enthusiasm and faith visibly drain from your face as the reality sets in that there is no

way that you can lift this in your own strength. It's way beyond your ability. I sense your disappointment; you wanted so much to prove your strength to Me and show Me that you could do something for Me. You work hard, you give it all you've got, you strive to live the life of a professional disciple, you want to be efficient, together, strong ... and you were all inspired to at least wholeheartedly **try** to lift the weights. Tracing your thoughts, I see your attempts are in part prompted by your feeling a little bad that you fell asleep on Me. "How could I have fallen asleep?!--Especially at a time like this?" you scold yourself. "I so want to **be** here for Him." Your pride took a little scuffing when you fell asleep, and now you feel you need to do something to regain your "image."

It's okay, My dear. I know how you feel, but you don't have to do anything for Me right now; rather I want to do something for you. Now, stay where you are--on the bench--in the same position on your back. Now, watch this. I walk over and slip Myself underneath you. How's that for a cool maneuver? Then I place My hands over your hands, but not before I witness the wonder that lights up your face as you catch sight of the palms of My hands. "Oh!" you exclaim, as your fingers trace the inside of one of My palms. "I always wondered if Your hands still bore the marks of the nails, but instead of scars or holes from the nails, there's an imprint of a beautiful key on each palm!" You smile as you conclude, "Of course, yes, of course, I should have known."

Yes, My darling, just as I invited dear Thomas to put his fingers inside the wounds of My hands so that his doubts would be allayed, so I invite you to run your fingers over the imprint of the keys on each of My palms. You see, there is no need for you to see the nail imprints anymore, for you have accepted My forgiveness and salvation, and as My bride, you know of My deep, unconditional, intimate love for you. Instead of scars you will find the imprint of the keys on My hands, for **they** are the **entrance** whereby we become as one body.

I place My hands securely over yours. A beautiful glowing pulse begins to emanate from the palms of My hands--an energy that moves within Me--causing an aura of power to surround My hands. As My hands overlay yours, that power is translated first through your hands, then up your wrists until our entire arms begin to merge as one. I easily lift the weight and I show you how strong I am.

You let out a gasp of delight as you experience the rush of power flowing through your arms, and the amount of weight I'm lifting. How strong I am! Inside, your confidence begins to grow and you begin to press as hard as you can. I chuckle, and humoring you, I whisper in your ear, "Just relax, honey. Let Me do it. Remember how you couldn't even lift it?" Then you remember that you're not actually doing anything

more than lying on My chest and letting **Me** lift the weight.

Okay, My love, let's move on. Picking you up once again, I carry you over to the next bench. I lay you on the bench on your tummy this time, placing your hands into two grips below you. You hesitate for a second, then habit kicks in and you arch and lift your body upwards with all your might. You haven't yet seen what you are lifting--nor its weight--but now I will open your eyes to see. Gently closing your eyelids, I kiss each of your eyes--first one, then the other. Now, open your eyes again, My love. Whoa! Below you, hanging from a chain attached to your hand grips, a gigantic piece of metal is suspended! It's so heavy, in fact, that you jerk your hands out of the grips in fear that this weight will somehow pull your arms out of their sockets, or else pull you completely down from the bench to meet a nasty fate below.

Exhausted, you limply lie on the bench, struggling with the impossibility of the situation and your failure--again--to meet it. Gently, I lie on top of you, pressing My body against yours. There is no "weight" involved when I lie on top of you; you only feel the wonderful assurance and comfort of My presence--that intimate, sexy feel of the heat of My body meeting yours. I run My hands down both your arms and again our hands and arms merge. I direct your hands back to the grips and I take hold of them. This time I pull up with My superior strength, and the massive weight lifts up toward us with effortless ease. Each lift brings us closer together, pressing My spirit into yours, till soon we merge completely into each other, our movements becoming as one. There, just like that.

I get up and begin to walk around to the different equipment in the room. Immediately you sit up on the bench, and watch with anticipation. I'm about to show My prowess and skill, you can tell. You certainly don't want to miss this! Thoughtfully, pausing at each piece of equipment, I make My decision on which one I'll use. I begin to lift a bar which has two gigantic balls on either end. There's no doubt in your mind that this is definitely the heaviest weight in the room! With perfect ease and poise, I twirl it around and throw it above My head. Check that out! Now I'm dancing around the room like a passionate lover in the throes of the tango, swinging his partner--this weighty bar--as though it were a parade baton. Being the king of dance and acrobatics that I am, I jump in the air, spin around, and land back on My feet, ending My performance with a ceremonious bow and playful wink in your direction.

The feeling you now have is one of exhilaration as you feel Me move about. You feel a pounding excitement and joy at My strength and the far-out maneuvers I can pull off with this heavy weight. At the same time, as you sit there watching Me, you receive

a measure of strength and faith--as if some of My strength being displayed before you is being absorbed into your body.

Having finished with the weights, now I turn My attention toward a rock-climbing wall. I motion your way. "Are you game?" Revitalized from watching My dazzling weight performance, you eagerly join Me at the base of the wall. Steadying yourself, you place your hands on the first grips above you, but before placing your foot on the first foothold, you look up into My face. Ah, I love that look!--That look that says, "I need You, dear Love. I can't do this without You! I need Your everlasting arms underneath me, dear Love. I can't climb this wall without being one with You." My heart warmed by your dependence, I step in front of you, then place My hands under yours, and we are one!--Ready to scale the wall.

You discover, to your encouragement, there are many handholds to grasp, and as we're racing up this wall, you notice that it stretches farther than the eye can see. As you look down you see that around our waist is a belt which is attached to a long chain which has that same huge weight you tried to lift earlier attached to it. *So we're not done with the weights*, you think to yourself. But the fact of the matter is that it really makes little difference whether there are weights attached to us or not, because we're climbing this wall so fast and with so little effort that you wonder if it's even possible.

Then you suddenly sense that we're not alone. Yes, there are others--guides--those who seem proficient in the art of rock-climbing who are climbing beside us, offering their advice and help. With each handhold another one appears, offering help and counsel. They seem to know which handholds are the best to grab onto next. There is a definite **best** way to get to the top. You notice that I appear to know them well, judging by My running communication with them and the intimacy with which I talk to them.

Encouraged, enlightened and spurred on by these guides, we leap gracefully from one handhold to the next, all of which thrust us upwards and doing what you figure--and what all your natural senses tell you--is impossible. As we reach the top of the wall, we dive without hesitation off the top, the wind rushing through our hair as we race toward the ground beneath us.

As we approach ground level, I sense your worried expression, and in a playful tease, I laugh. You immediately join Me in laughter as the realization dawns on you that nothing can hurt us here. After all, I'm in perfect control and I know what I'm doing, so you relax again and just enjoy the thrill of the dive.

Then, as we're about to hit ground level, I make a quick turn and we glide along above the ground so fast that what lies below us is merely a blur. It's then that you begin to become aware of some sort of harness on your shoulders. I allow you to see that what is on your back is yet another weight, but this one is peculiarly heavy and seems to oppressively grab hold of every part of you. You start to feel yourself fainting in your mind. You feel yourself unraveling. You are almost certain that with this particular weight on top of us--even with Me supporting you--we'll be plastered to the ground beneath us at any moment. You panic at the realization. "We're going to crash and burn for sure!" you scream out, automatically attempting to throw your arms out to catch yourself. But I don't let you. I immediately pull you into Myself, and you are enveloped in My strong arms. The panic of the moment is over. There is no cause for alarm. You relax, allowing My body to fully support yours. Again we laugh together as you realize how silly it is to think that your tiny weak arms could somehow save you. Heaving a sigh of relief, you surrender yourself to Me, placing your trust in Me fully.

Still in flight, another challenge awaits us. I tell you to reach out your hands and grab the two handles that are coming up ahead of us. You instinctively fling your arms out, then you retract them quickly, as you realize that at this speed there is no way **you** would survive grabbing ahold of a stationary object.--**You** alone, that is, not **us** merged as one. I smile. You're getting the point.

Intently you fix your gaze on the glow of the keys emanating from My palms. You begin to move your arms inside of Mine and you reach out with **My** arms this time. We grab hold of the handles, which swings us upwards, and upwards, you know not where. Slowly we come to a stop. Our motion has ended; we have touched ground. You catch your breath.

"Now it's time to start climbing again," I tell you. You impulsively fling your arms out and grab hold of climbing bars which appear on either side of us. Instantly we begin to slide down rapidly, as you feel the weight on our backs pulling us straight down.

In your mind I hear you say, "Silly me!" as you retract your hands again and instead push My arms out to grab hold. My grip is firm, and instantly we stop falling and again begin climbing. As you gaze up, you see that we are climbing toward a bright light.

This is the next wonder I want to show you, My darling, but only I can take you there. You see, in your own strength you'd never make it. You have to use My strength to get there.

As we approach the light you begin to feel heat, such intense heat bearing down on you that you shrink from it and stop climbing. It begins to burn you and you're afraid for your life. But then you realize that you've somehow moved outside of My body again, and you quickly retreat back inside Me.

"We can make it, My dear, don't worry," I beam into your mind. You beam back, "But it's impossible! I'll be burned alive!" We pause and once again burst into laughter at how silly that thought is. Then My thoughts meet yours, as I gesture upwards, "Shall we?" You relax again, letting yourself fall into My strength, as together we climb up onto a ledge above us. Before us is the same burning light--a light so bright it makes the sun look like a distant star in the sky at night.

I convey My thoughts to you: "Walk through it." You instantly flash back, "What? Walk through it!? You've got to be kidding me!" You don't even dare move; the heat is so intense that you're a little hesitant to place any part of you outside of Me to even try. Scared, you opt for inactivity.

Again I relay to you, "Walk through it," and you realize that you don't have to come in contact with this heat at all; I seem to somehow be able to take it and it doesn't bother Me in the least. You begin to push My leg out in front of us. My body is one with yours, and you begin to place one foot in front of the other hesitantly, almost as though testing each step forward. Will we make it? Will the next step forward be our last?

Gaining confidence with each successful step forward, you move us faster and faster till we're **running** through the white-hot heat of the sun before us, without so much as getting a tan. We dive into the core of its heat and suddenly everything around us is calm and cool.--We're at the center of a fiery energy, a power base, a supernatural vehicle.

The bright light remains, but we're at this vehicle's control station. I tell you to fly it, and you instinctively reach your hands out to grab the controls, when suddenly you feel intense heat and draw them back inside Me. Focusing once again on My hands--and the key power they possess--you press My hands out and we grab the controls. Good, I can see you're getting the point.

You confidently place My hands on the controls, but in a hasty spirit, you jerk My hands and we begin to tumble down uncontrollably. Somehow, I'm not sure how, you think you **know** how to fly this heavenly craft which you've never seen before. Patiently

I let you work us into a dizzy downspin and I let you keep trying, until finally you think to yourself, "What am I doing? I don't have a clue how to fly this. Jesus, You'd better take over here."

You pull back, allowing Me to take control of the levers in front of us. Instantly we level out and the ride becomes pleasant. Can you see how you thought you could do it? Even using My strength you still thought **you** could control **My** strength and do it on your own.

When push came to shove, though, you didn't know what to do, and only complete surrender to Me regained control of our descent. Sometimes, My love, you may have My power and be doing things in My Spirit, but still think that **you** know how to do it. This is when you've got to link your brain to Mine and let **Me** take over if you want to use the power I've given you effectively.

This scene vanishes from us. We're now standing atop a precipice. Before us is a ghastly, hideous beast snarling and rushing toward us, swinging a huge battle-axe in his hands. You panic. You're terrified that you don't know what to do and you're going to be easy prey any moment.

Then reality kicks in, "Hey, wait a minute. I'm not alone. I'm inside Jesus and He must have an idea of what to do in this situation." You calm down, letting Me sidestep the oncoming rush; the enemy falls off the edge into the abyss below us.

See how easy that was? We hardly had to do anything, and in fact you only had to look to Me and let Me size up the situation and take control fully. If you had yielded to your own mind, you probably would have started swinging My arms and trying to fight this battle without finding out **how** I wanted to fight this battle. But when you let Me take over completely, giving Me the freedom to do what I know is best in this particular battle, we didn't even have to face this beast head-on. I had a better, wiser maneuver, and this attack just passed us by harmlessly.

Do you understand what I'm talking about here? In your service for Me sometimes you're going to be faced with some pretty big monster problems, and they can be pretty scary, but if you let Me take control of the situation fully--and seek to put on **My** mind and My thoughts--you'll see that only I know how to best handle a situation, which may even be contrary to your natural inclinations or leadings. Have you learned something today, My love?

Now, let's separate again. You feel a little sad as you feel Me step outside of you.

You've grown to love the strength and assurance and peace that comes with being one with Me. Sensing your feeling of loss, I take your hand, kissing it gently, and the scene around us begins to fade. I explain to you that we're going back to the weight room, now that our little time together in field training has come to a close. Now it's time to do a little practice repeat session back in the weight room.

The last words have barely left My lips before we are again back in the weight room side by side. This time, instead of taking a step forward, you take a step sideways and enter My body. Yes, My love, that's right! You've got it! Don't even try to enter a situation or tackle a problem on your own. When you allow Me to take the lead and you lean on My strength, you have no idea how happy this makes Me, because as you learn to do this in **every** situation you're faced with, you'll find that I always pull you through and do the needed miracles. It's all about Me and **My** strength. You don't have to feel up to the challenges or problems; all you have to do is jump into Me--your vehicle and key to success--and **we** take it from there.

Now that you've passed that test, we'll go back even further: Let's return to your real life now. We near the curtain again. You know that you don't have the strength to pass through it, so you grab Me by the waist and slip into My side. You've got it! Together we walk through the curtain, and sure enough, you don't feel a thing--no weight, no heaviness of spirit.

Wafting around us again is the fragrance of the mist. The sparkles dance around us. You close your eyes, savoring the moment. And then as you open your eyes again, you realize that you're still inside Me, and instead of there being two of us, we are as one.

Looking around, you see that you're definitely back in the familiar surroundings of real life, but you're seeing things with new eyes--My eyes.

As we're sitting in your room together, someone in the Home bursts through the door. "Come quick! Little Johnny has had an accident and it looks pretty bad!" You jump up, freezing in midair. "Wait," your mind signals to you. "My Love is still sitting there, so there must be a reason why.--Better sit down again with Him." You sit back down inside our union again, and you're instantly rewarded with My peace. Now we get up together peacefully.--You're one with Me and My mind again, trusting Me that I'm in control.

Finding Johnny, it appears that he's broken his leg and his arm is pretty badly cut. You panic for a second--but only for a second--as you feel Me nudging you that, yes, I've

got this one under control too. Your spirit yields to My peace, letting it overwhelm your own natural inclinations. In a spirit of faith and trust, you lay My hands on Johnny's leg and arm and begin to pray for him desperately, claiming My key power in a spirit of praise and confidence in My ability to heal and restore.

You finish praying. Johnny has stopped crying, there isn't so much as a scratch on his arm, and his leg has stopped swelling and is returning to normal! You are amazed for a moment--your natural senses awed in the presence of My supernatural intervention--then you break out in praise, because deep down inside your heart of hearts you **knew** I could do it and I did.

And that's just the start! Next you find yourself out witnessing in a city which has had a recent spate of bad publicity. Someone approaches you, yelling in your ear for being "some weird sex cult of abusers." You're in the middle of winning a soul to Me and you know this to be a definite attack of the Enemy.

Without even thinking, you let Me speak through you, calling out, "By the power of the keys, I rebuke you in the name of Jesus!" A silence falls over the person; they are suddenly unable to speak. Helplessly, their mouth hanging open, all they can do is stand there listening as you return to your witness. You ask the sheep if they'd like to receive Me, and you hear a voice beside you say meekly, "I'll take Him too!"--Your adversary has been changed into a desperate and hungry sheep before your eyes. Pretty cool, huh?

Now, let's leave the present and leap forward in time a bit--oh, you can't do that? Well, guess Who can? Bingo! And so into the future we go!

"Boy, this city has gone to hell," you think to yourself as you look around. You discover you're in the middle of an anti-Christian rally. But, wait!--They're chanting against **you!**

One with Me, you focus on Me and My key power, lifting your voice in a spirit of praise. You instinctively avail yourself of the help of My Activation Angel of Witnessing. With the infusion of his discerning abilities and power, you are able to miraculously see right into the hearts and spirits of each one. The mob is possessed by the Devil and being driven by his evil spirits. Calmly, you pass right through the crowd, walking away untouched and unfazed by the encounter. You realize that I've blinded the frenzied crowd, making a way for you and those with you to escape.

Fast forward again! Time blurs past us, and now you find yourself in a military court. You catch the last words of the judgment: "I therefore condemn them to death;

sentence to be carried out immediately. Guards, take them away!"

Ushered out by the guards and taken to the execution site, you feel My peace flood your soul, to the point that you don't even notice the bullet that strikes you.

Rising with Me in spirit, we separate, but only for a moment, just long enough for Me, as your Husband, to hold your face in My hands and say the words I long to say to each one of My darling loves: "Well done, My good and faithful bride, enter into the joy of your Husband and Lord." That's your cue again, and without a moment's hesitation, you dive back into Me--into My **full** joy--and we walk through the heavenly gates as one, your mission on Earth completed, and your eternal safekeeping guaranteed.

The courtroom is stunned by your peaceful and praiseful exit, trusting Me in the face of death. *"How do they do that? Singing? Praising their God? There has to be something to this."* More souls are snatched from Satan's control; the witness marches on until they, too, are called Home.

Leaping forward again, you find yourself on a horse, a beautiful white stallion with such power it sends shivers down your spine. But it's not just you; you realize that you are part of a great army, the greatest army that ever was and ever will be--the army of Heaven! The awesomeness of what surrounds you and meets your eyes takes your breath away!--Such power, such majesty!

Then, like a single brilliant shining light, the sound of a majestic trumpet pierces the air, and you hear the one voice that you know so well and which never ceases to stir your heart: You hear Me call the sound to charge! Responding to My call, you instantly find yourself riding within Me, one with Me and My Spirit, dashing out of the clouds of Heaven, ready to retake the world for My Father forever! You have become so accustomed to doing everything in My strength and depending on Me that you wouldn't even dream of taking part in this final moment in Earth's history without Me. Possessed by Me and so used to My strength coursing through your veins, you have truly become part of Me, and together--as one--we descend to conquer the Earth.

This is what the future holds, and this is the future. This is why you must learn these things today, My love, for today is the day of salvation. Today is the day when dependence on Me has become a **requirement** because of what is coming. You must learn to truly lean on My strength in order to be able to not only face the future, but face today--the present. Again I say that you need to actively, practically and spiritually use all the new weapons I've given you. That means wielding the keys and allowing them to become part of you. It means putting on My mind and allowing My Spirit to

become one with your mind. It means working with your spirit helpers and allowing them to help and guide you and become an integral part of your life. And it means actively engaging and driving back the Enemy with praise warfare.

These are the days which will decide your future, My love, for I am raising up My army of the End. I have revealed to you your destiny. Will you grab hold of that destiny with **My** strength and power and not your own? In your own strength you won't make it, but I've shown you that by working in My strength and anointing you **can** and **will!**

My love, I have immensely enjoyed our time together. Haven't you? Showing you this level and realm of Heavenly Rest was My pleasure. Having you inside of Me has thrilled me. In fact, there is no greater assurance of your love and need for Me than when you choose to become one with Me. After all, what greater compliment can a woman give a man than choosing to lose herself in her great desire and need to be with the man she loves? Letting Me possess you and do the work for you is something I look forward to! In fact, I want it to become a habit--an automatic reaction--to the point that you wouldn't think of doing otherwise.

And so we return now to your dimension. But remember the things you have seen and heard, and always, in everything you do, depend entirely on My strength, for now you know its great value and potential power. As you return to your bodies--as the mist of Heaven recedes--you'll find within you a new desire to spring forward into this era of dependence. In fact, you'll find yourself wanting to **leap** into My arms and there abide. Let this special time we've had together inspire your spirit, your body, and your imagination. Let the knowledge of this power cause you to dive into Me and let Me do it through you.

I am with you always, My loves. And now through this gift of dependence begin the days of Me not only walking alongside you, not only carrying you, but the days of us walking as one, merged in heart, mind, and spirit.