

Gaze Upon Me, My Bride (Bride of Christ) (Seeing Jesus)

August 27, 2015



The Lord has blessed us, Heartdwellers, with a very precious, healing message tonight.

Before I get into the message, I want to share with you that, tonight, I was very aware of following the same protocols, or the same format that Mark Virkler talks about. And, of course, this is a tradition that, golly, dates all the way back to the very beginning – was journaling and listening for the Lord. That was the very first way that I heard from Him. That, and receiving rhemas through the Bible.

And, what I wanted to say is, I just poured my heart out to the Lord tonight. I came and sat down, and rather than listening for Him immediately, I poured out my heart to Him about what was going on inside of me, because it was troubling me. And, He was so quick to answer, and the anointing was so smooth and so beautiful. And, that happened again last night, I noticed. You know, normally He speaks to me in worship and then I come and I sit and listen for the message. But, it seems like He's really blessing the old way that I used to do it, thirty years ago, where I would pour out my heart to Him, and He would communicate back with me.

So, I was doing this on the computer. For all of you who have learned how to type with your eyes closed, it's a really nice thing to do. Or, with eyes open.

So, I'll go ahead and begin by saying that, there's just been this...I'd say, kind of curtain or pall of condemnation around me. A feeling of unworthiness. And, I haven't been able to really enter in the joy of the Lord with Him, because I've been kind of self-conscious – and this is a technique the enemy uses against us. He gets us to focus on our faults and what's wrong with ourselves, and that takes our eyes off of Jesus. I've talked about this in other places.

But, let me go ahead and share my dialogue with Him:

Lord, I don't understand why I come to You so crumpled up in condemnation, feeling so guilty, so dirty and unacceptable. You have to coax me out of myself, and into You. Though I do run to Your heart, still I feel so badly about myself. I fear to look at You. And yet, You freely look at me with eyes of Love. And, I hear You sigh. Why are You feeling this way? I don't feel this way about You. What IS it with me, Lord??

"When you take your eyes off of Me and onto yourself, you lose your focus. You stare into blank space, instead of My smiling face. I accompany you during the day, as your approving and loving companion. All day long! I wish you would notice Me, yet your mind disengages from Me to deal

with the world. Then, in this freed-up state, the demons begin to pelt you with handfuls of gravel like pellets of condemnation.

"They say, 'Look! She's gotten busy with other things, and taken her eyes off of Him – let's get her now!'

"See, when you are thoroughly engrossed in Me, they have no entrance. But, when you lose that, you're an open door to their oppressions and lies."

But, Lord, how do I keep my eyes and heart on You, when I'm dealing with the world?

"You accompany Me. Or, to put it more properly, I am accompanying you, My Love. And, you needn't feel guilty over every little thing you do. It is your lack of focus on Me that opens the door to this oppression."

Lord, is this a new teaching?

"Yes. In a manner of speaking, it is. Although you've heard this before, you've never quite learned how to acquire the habit."

Oh, Jesus. How can I acquire the habit? You know how I am... (at that point I started crying.) I know I have wanted this, but I have been so frustrated and convinced it was impossible for me. I've given up – much to my sorrow. I count on these times to truly connect with You – but other times, I feel so distant.

"When you have ties to the world, the traps to entangle you lie everywhere. It takes a real Grace to avoid them. This is something you must pray for, My Love. You cannot acquire this with self-discipline on your own. When you fall so in love with Me that you can't stand to be away from Me for a moment, you will see Me right here. By your side."

He smiled, *"Yes, My Love. Right here by your side, smiling. Not scowling – pondering your beauty. Not focusing on your human imperfections. Do you know how much you mean to Me? Of course not. You're still stuck on what I will call your perception of yourself. Your "ugly" you. A little girl cringing in a hole in the ground: dirty, unkempt, lonely and abandoned. Yes, these are the things you're so quick to look at about yourself. That's why you see Me crying many times when I behold you – because I know it's nearly impossible for you to accept My Love, and see yourself as I see you."*

I thought about what He was saying and I said, 'Oh, Lord. What you're saying is true. That is the way I feel.'

He replied, *"I know! This is you in the past, not you robed in My salvation and righteousness. I will not say it's easy to see yourself as I see you. No, I agree. It is VERY hard for you, a mere mortal, to see the Glory bestowed on you and emanating from you. Very hard, indeed. I do show you in dreams, sometimes. When you can fly, and have emerged from the masses who are still*

under the effects of the law of sin and death. That is the meaning of those dreams – you are no longer a part of that which is perishing. But, now a citizen of Heaven, and able to fly freely about, delivered from the bondage of the flesh. That is TRULY who you are.”

Just as an aside here, I've had many dreams about flying above crowds, and not being subject to any of the things they are subject to with gravity. It was so freeing, it was just amazing to be able to fly everywhere! And, maybe this was the message for me. And, I know a lot of you have had dreams like that. It could very well be that the Lord is showing you that you are a citizen of Heaven, and not under the law of sin and death anymore. You know, that's grounded to the Earth, grounded to the flesh.

So, I asked the Lord – ‘How do you hold on to this on a daily basis?’

“Simple.” he said. “Stay focused on Me. You look at Me. I smile. That should tell you everything you need to know about who you are to Me.”

At that point, I heard a line from one of Ezekiel's songs – the first song we did together, The Song of Solomon. I heard a line from the Song of Songs. It said, “You are beautiful, My Beloved. Oh, you are beautiful.” I'm going to play that at the end of this message.

The Lord continued: *“Yes, I live in the Song of Songs when I'm with you. Yes, that IS My heart. Full of expectation of the day of your liberation from Earth. For, what you have already attained to in the spirit, by the same power that raised Me from the dead, shall be accomplished for you in the physical, and we shall be united as One, in this magnificent space of Divine Union. Then, no longer will the past cast shadows across your path. No, it will be annihilated in Mercy and Love. With just a drop of My Blood, it will have totally dissolved away your awful past, no more, ever to be found again. ‘Under the Blood’, as you are fond of saying.*

“Well, I see you cannot even receive that now. How sad... Come on, Clare. Please take hold of My words. Hold them to your heart. Let them revise that miserable vision of yourself. Look at the transformation! No longer rotten and corrupt, but alive and soaring! Yes, that is who I see YOU as, My stunningly beautiful Bride. Not that pitiful wretch of the past.

“So, here we are again – full circle. And, when you see Me dancing with you, are you all ugly and dirty?”

I answered, ‘No.’

“Well then, when you see Me dancing with you, you are seeing the REAL you.”

Oh, Lord – somehow I KNOW that. I just wish I could hold on to it.

“Practice makes perfect!” He quipped. “Come now, My Beloved. Enter into Your Master's joy. I am perfectly happy and satisfied with ALL your efforts. I will crown them with success, and you

will see that I am the One doing the doings FOR you. And, it IS good, for truly you have abided in Me. You just haven't quite mastered the art of focusing on Us."

Yes, Lord. I want that. May I please have that Grace?

"That's what I was waiting for. Now I will impart to you a few little secrets about maintaining this Gift. Come to Me, first thing in the morning. Establish My presence with you and within you. Look on My smiling countenance as I greet you, in your first hour of consciousness with Me. Cherish that smile. Hide it in your heart, as My mother did. Clasp it to your bosom and allow it to penetrate. Then, ask Me to live through you this day, as you sometimes do. And, go about your necessities, until we can have a trysting time.

"Now, as your day progresses, there will be ups and downs. There will be those sent to destroy your peace and rob you of this precious Treasure. When they succeed – come back to Me. Look upon My smile again. Reach for My hand, Clare – and walk with Me. Oh, I so desire you to see how very present I am with you. Not for a moment do I depart from you. Not even for a second. Okay?"

Lord, would You remind me?

"Make yourself a note, My Love. You know how you are.

"And, for all of you, My Brides. Follow these same instructions. Try Me in these things, and see if I don't anoint you with a new awareness of Me, and My approval of YOU. Embrace these ways, and I will penetrate that thick cocoon of condemnation you have allowed the enemy to spin around you.

"I kiss each of you tenderly on the forehead. Go now, and do My will.

"Remember: I am with you. Return My gaze, My Brides."

Song: Song of Songs

Ezekiel duBois

How beautiful is your heart, my sister, my bride.

How much more delightful is your love than wine.

And the fragrance of your ointments.

Your lips drip honey, my bride. Sweetmeats and milk are under your tongue.

And the fragrance of your garments is the fragrance of love, my love.

You are a hidden garden, ooh, my sister, my bride. A hidden garden, a fountain sealed.

You are a pot that pots for pomegranates, all choice fruits. Nard and Saffron, Calamus and Cinnamon.

Myrrh and Aloes, all fine spices.

You are a garden fountain, well of water flowing fresh from Lebanon.

Rise up, North wind,

Come, South wind, look upon my garden

That spreads its perfume forth.

Let my lover come to his garden and eat its choice fruits.