

Meeting Love

March 1, 2008

I'm back at the hotel lobby entrance. Righteousness is standing on my right and says,

"You have learned your lessons well. Now I will introduce you to a more excellent way."

We walk to my right; beside a window is a beautiful woman - a strikingly beautiful woman. She seems both young and wise at the same time. She possesses both the beauty of youth and the wisdom of age. So much so, that I can't tell how old she might be. She's standing by an open window with a vacant chair, that I didn't notice yesterday, beside her.

Righteousness in a very formal, gentlemanly manner introduces me.

"Thomas it is my pleasure to introduce you to the more excellent way, this is Love." He says with a slight bow.

As I reach out to shake her hand, I stop and notice that Love is dressed in a grey business suit. As a matter of fact, everything about her is grey - her skin, her face, her arms, and hands. She suddenly looks frail, old, even brittle and she's shivering.

I look to Righteousness and ask, "What's wrong? What's happened? And he answers,

"Love has grown cold, it can happen very quickly."

I'm saddened by this sudden change and by the sight of her. It feels awkward and I'd like to find a gracious way to excuse myself.

Righteousness knowing my thoughts says,

"There is no excuse, talk to her!"

The authority in his voice made me realize that this wasn't a suggestion. With that Righteousness walks away leaving us alone together.

I offer Love the vacant chair and motion to close the window in the hope of making her more comfortable. She stops me and says with the sweetest most melodic tone of voice I have ever heard:

“This chair is for you and that window must stay open, it is also for you.”

Slowly I sit. How could I possibly resist her tender invitation? The combination of sitting in this chair and the sound of Love's voice reveals to me the truth that Love is a representation of the love in my heart. My love has grown cold. I weep and weep and weep. With my face in my hands, I sob uncontrollably.

Love on my left draws near. She bends over rests her left cheek on the back of my head and wraps her right arm around my shoulder and comforts me. She consoles me. I feel warm, I feel strengthened, I feel safe and I feel encouraged. We stay like this until my sobs subside. It feels like we have been here a long time.

Love stands up, strokes the back of my hair (it's grown out for a few days) and says, “Look.” I sit up and look out the open window in front of me. I see a ship on the seas, an old-fashioned sailing ship with many, many sails. The waters are relatively calm, but with a few swells. Now I see many other ships out at sea.

Suddenly and without warning a large, bright, constant beam of light shoots out of my mouth and out of the window. I'm a lighthouse!

I feel two hands on my shoulders. Love is to my left, no longer grey, but blond and beautiful and glowing. The wind from the open window is blowing her hair and her sparkling light blue, flowing gown. On my right is the Spirit of Truth. She so often stands behind me. Now for the first time, I see her. She could be Love's twin sister, both the same height and build, but Truth's hair is an auburn red and her gown is glittering white.

I understand! Light will only come out of my mouth offering wisdom and guidance to the ships at sea, when I speak truth with love!

I can't help but recognize similarities between Love and Truth, and Wisdom and Revelation. Love seems to be the feminine representation of Wisdom. Truth seems to be the feminine representation of Revelation.

I seem to know that they are like power leads in an electrical current, disconnect one and the light goes out.

At the same time, they both remove their hands from my shoulder and face me. They are both breathtakingly beautiful, stunning to behold. They represent the fullness of God's beauty!

Truth speaks to me clearly and succinctly:

“Wisdom and Revelation are always with you, but you can walk away from us. It will go well for you, if you never do.”

Love adds:

“You will know that you have walked away from me when you become brittle, cold, and ridged.”

Truth speaks again adding:

“You will not know that you have walked away from me until Love reveals it to you.”

With that Love takes my left hand and Truth takes my right helping me up. As I stand with (for) Love and Truth, I feel an impartation from them to me. My heart is filled with power and light, illuminating my head, torso and arms. This lasts a few minutes and stops when they let go.

Then Love says to me:

“There are others you need to meet here. Righteousness will show you the way.”

And with that this vision ends.