

## The Library

March 19-20, 2008

I'm in a new place. It has a beautiful fireplace like the Lobby, but this isn't the Lobby. It's a private place, not a public place. There are two beautiful leather and dark wood chairs side by side basking in the glow of the fire's warmth. I sit down in the chair closest to me and instantly I feel peace begin to settle in. The warmth of the fire feels like the Presence of the Lord. The dancing flames with their flickering embers are mesmerizing. I easily lose myself in them.

In the flames, I see a map of United States, and the region surrounding North Carolina is glowing white. Charlotte seems to be at the epic center with all the neighboring states basking in its glow – including northern South Carolina, northern Georgia, eastern Tennessee, eastern Kentucky, southernmost tip of West Virginia, and most of Virginia.

I'm completely taken in by this image, with its central hot spot and radiating circles of light, when I hear the word "Go." I turn to my left and see the Father sitting in the chair next to me. Today he's revealing himself, not as the playful Dad in the park or the Glorious Lord of all on His Throne, but as a loving wise Father giving counsel to his adult son. With love in His eyes and seriousness on His face, he speaks to me...

"Follow Favor, the doors to this region are open to you right now, but they will close quickly. This is not the final step, but it is the next step. Go!"

The weight of these words hit my chest and are vibrating through my torso.

I see many heavenly beings standing behind and beside me. The Father has assigned them to me - they've got my back. I feel strength, I feel courage, I feel inspired, and I feel creative.

What else Lord?

The room lights up and I can now see that it is a library, a private library. The books shelves go from ceiling to floor and surround the room. The

shelves are filled with beautiful leather-bound volumes of various hues and tones. I love this place!

“You can find everything you need to know right here in this place. You are welcome to come back anytime you need to.”

The Father stands and walks over to a books shelf on his right. He removes a volume; it has a deep burgundy leather cover, he hands it to me saying, “Here this is for you, you’ll need this now.” I take the book from his hands and hold it in both of mine. It’s surprisingly heavy and has the aroma of anointing oil emanating from it, smells like myrrh. The cover is engraved with these words, “The Next Step.”

I instinctively embrace the Father thanking him.; He wraps both his arms around me and rests his head on top of mine. I begin to glow, it’s the light from his heart, His father’s heart. I feel loved, I feel safe, and I feel the fear of the Lord all at the same time. The light grows, and grows, and grows enveloping the entire room along with everything in it. The vision ends.

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Today I see myself again as the little boy sitting under the big tree with Dad. I have the “Next Step” book with me open on my lap but, it looks different. It looks very much a child’s first reader. Big hard bound cover, large pages with just a few simple words on each, the print is plain, large, bold, and easy to read.

I turn to the first page, it’s white with bright blue lettering. There’s only one word and Dad points to it with his finger. The word is “GO!”

The wind blows and turns the next page for us. On pages two and three are written “TRUST” and “BELIEVE.”

I feel Dad’s right hand on my back, near the base of my neck, he turns the next page with his left hand and it says, “Fly, Fly, FLY!” The page across has one word, “SOAR!”

With that, Dad closes the book. I can tell that there are more pages. I guess they're not for today.

The scene changes and I'm back in the Library with the Father. He looks at me and says, "This next step requires childlike faith. You can't get there by your soul, you'll have to keep in step with my Spirit."

I audibly hear someone whisper "hey" in my right ear. I turn and see in the natural, art supplies, colorful paints, brushes, clay, a few paintings, and then I notice the five figurines I have posed in a "Leap of Freedom" formation.

More childlikeness

Fun

Creativity

Risk

Faith

Yes Lord, yes.

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On page 134 in her book, "The Heavens Opened" Anna Roundtree had some interesting insights into myrrh...

Myrrh: Obedience unto Death

The spice myrrh comes from a thick gum that flows from the bark of a knotted thorny tree. The gum hardens into red drops called "tears". The word myrrh comes from a primary root in Hebrew meaning "bitter suffering." The Greek word denotes a spice used in burial. In the New Testament, the Magi brought gifts to the Christ child, including myrrh, a foreshadowing of his suffering and bitter death on the cross (Matt.2:11)

The original sense of the word is "distilling in drops" – a slow process of purification. Christ lived a life of distillation, for "although he was a son, he learned obedience from the things which he suffered" (Heb. 5:8) Jesus emptied himself of his own will, and this culminated in obedience to the

point of death on a cross (Phil.2:7-8). Likewise, each child of God is called to smell of the myrrh of distillation day after day, by denying his or her own self life and walking in obedience to the will of Christ alone (Matt. 16:24-25; 6:10).