Painful part 4

8th May,2022

MY BROKEN HEART

"It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres." **1Co. 13:7**

The LORD is close to the broken-hearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit. Ps. 34:19

We cry out that this and the other creature-comfort are taken away, and we know not how to retrieve them, when indeed the removal of our temporal comforts, which we lament, is in order to the resurrection of our spiritual comforts, which we should rejoice in too.

(Matthew Henry's Complete Commentary on the Whole Bible John Ch.20)

The Importance of Giving Your Tears to the Lord

Please ask Him about it. Ask Him what He's doing in your life, so that you can be strengthened through it and get all the mileage out of it you can, rather than enduring the difficulty but not really gaining the prize.

(Jesus speaking:) I know that you love Me, My son, and I promise you that I will abundantly reward you for opening yourself to Me and asking Me these questions, for allowing Me to probe into the areas still smarting from the pain. I probe, I dig, I extract, and I lay bare before you what ails you in order to heal you.

I know that you have wept many tears, but you've allowed these same tears to work against you. But you say, "Lord, You know that I've wept till I felt my tear ducts had no more tears to yield, till I could weep no more! How can You say this, Lord?" Yes, you wept, and you bravely fought through the sea of emotions, of heartbreak. There were times when it was just you and I in the boat on the strong and surging sea and undercurrents of emotion.

You bravely fought on through the weeks of storm conditions, and I was always there with you, always beside you as a strong staff of support, a ballast to hold you up and see you through this time of heart wrenching. Much of the elements of these storms were fought in secret, in your heart and spirit, where only you and I knew the full depths. Yes, those were journeys and depths that only you and I and the strength of My Word could fully navigate together. We made it through that together.

But you forgot one thing, My love--you didn't give those tears to Me. Instead of letting them flow and allowing them to break you and soften and melt your heart, you allowed those tears to collect around your heart and stagnate.

And why did you allow those tears to collect? Why didn't you give those tears to Me? Because you knew that along with them being tears of heartbreak, they were also salty tears--tears tinged with bitterness and resentment toward Me, and thus you couldn't face Me and present Me with them. But alas, because you didn't humbly confess the salt in your tears--your twinges of bitterness and resentment toward Me and what I'd allowed to happen in your life--this same salt has built a strong, calloused, brittle, cynical, and impenetrable wall around your heart and spirit.

Instead of allowing your tears to freely fall and flow to the ground where they could bring forth fruit, where the quality "water" of your tears could nourish and water the ground of others' hearts and lives, you've chosen rather to retain your tears, to harden yourself. So the tears have collected, and have built this strong wall within you.

You feel that since I haven't given you what you personally desired and wanted, which would in your eyes make your service for Me easier, that you will in turn not go any further with Me. You feel that it's asking too much of you, when you've shed enough tears, been through enough, and I shouldn't expect more of you. After all, I've taken away your chance of happiness, your joy, your inspiration--why should you turn around and give more to Me, or others? The salt of your tears has hardened your ability to break and give and love. And, alas, this same salt has stifled and deadened some of your love for Me, your desire to grow and challenge yourself, your faith to again love, and your desire to be but a servant--a vessel of My love to others.

I don't say these things to hurt you further, for I only wish to free you from the past and all you experienced. Yes, you bravely fought through to victory. You “survived,” you lived through it. I know and feel your love for Me. I felt the heat of your hand, the strength of your grip within My palm as we navigated those seas together. Your love for Me is what has buoyed you and given you the faith to persevere, to fight on. You availed yourself of our strong connection. You sought always to hear My voice in order to safely see you to shore. Yes, you “survived,” My dear one, but you allowed the elements of adverse weather and storm conditions to harden you.

You proved yourself as a fighter, but what about love? What happened to the strength of brokenness, the strength of humility, the strength of one whose heart feels the pain of others and in turn seeks only to relieve the load and pain of others, to comfort others with the same comfort you have been comforted with? True shepherds go beyond the call of duty and what is required of them. Their ears are attuned to the call of love, the call that beckons them to go a step further, to show initiative, to seek out and actively pursue ways in which they can help lighten and relieve the load of others. This is a true shepherd. This goes way beyond the titles of leadership, the positions, opinions, and appearances of man.

You've fought and put on a good brave face for others; in this you've excelled. But, Honey, I can do little with this badge of having fought a strong battle well, if that badge bears not the shine of humility, the shine of tears, the shine of giving yourself to the utmost, the shine of love.

I have need of you, My love. I haven't given up on you, but I feel that in many ways you've given up on Me. You've gone on strike in spirit. You've allowed your faith in Me to flicker low--faith that I can make you happy once again, faith that joy can once again return to your life, that you can be used in an even greater way through serving others.

The days of the past and past relationships pale in comparison to what I can and want to do with you, if you're willing to allow your own desires, plans, and programs to break upon Me, your Savior, your Lover, your Rock. And one of the first steps is to lay yourself bare and naked before Me in total yieldedness. Give Me not lip service in yieldedness, but heart service in full yieldedness, having no plans or preconceived notions of your own of how you feel I should use you, how you feel you can and should be used, or even how or who I would lead you to love in the future. You still hold on to your own ideas of what type of love you would have Me lead you to. You must surrender even this. If you still hold these plans and ideas, then I can no longer use you as fully as I desire to use you.

Surely you haven't understood what being a shepherd means. You haven't fully understood the degree nor depth of My Word--that being a shepherd means laying down your own life for the brethren, giving all that is within you, just as I did for the love of My sheep.

It is a death, yes, but it is a death that is beautiful and glorious in My sight, bringing forth eternal and lasting fruit and the true beauties of spirit: sacrifice, humility, and love. No greater than these three walk among the children of men. When I asked you to step into these shoes, this was a gateway, a door to great growth for your spirit! But instead you turn away, feeling I've somehow cheated you, somehow I've given you a “raw deal,” that things have gone from bad to worse, and this new role as servant of all is just too much to expect of you. Now you hide your face from these three friends--sacrifice, humility, and love--these friends who beckon and call out to you to walk with them, that you may

learn of the joys, the growth, the depth of spirit and character, the great heights, the rewards, and, yes, the great happiness, joy, and true fulfillment that follows those who die to themselves in order to live for others.

I hold these shoes out to you, dear one. You're right; they're nothing glorious to look at. They're shabby, gray, and worn. And though they clearly wear the label of "shepherd," seen by all, yet when it comes to wearing them, the novelty and "show" of this label fades quickly, for they're threadbare and thin. You feel the ground beneath your feet, you feel the sacrifice, the giving, and, yes, the pain it is to wear them at times.

But will you trust Me, My love? Will you just as bravely take up this challenge to deny yourself and wear them well and cheerfully, as you bravely navigated those stormy seas with Me? This is no less of a taxing journey wearing these shoes than navigating those storms, but wearing these shoes is a journey that will take you much further, if you're willing to step into them. The great, great need is there, but the choice is up to you. I don't force you, I only offer you the choice, the opportunity.

You ask, "But how do I do this? What do You want me to do in order to be set free from the past and the pain of love, from bitterness or resentment?" You know the answer. It comes through humility and united prayer--through coming before the body in confession, humility, and desperation of spirit, asking Me to cleanse you and make you anew. With such a stand of humility, grace and faith I will abundantly pour into you!

Be not afraid of tears, My love. They're not a sign of weakness, but of strength. I want to take away the hard surface, the "I can take it" mask you've held bravely before all, and replace it with the simple transparent mask of love, humility, and brokenness.

The path of all true shepherds first begins by entering the gateway of brokenness. Only through this gateway will you have what it takes, what your Father David talked about in "Prayer for Love and Mercy," the kind of love and brokenness whereby you fall upon Me, your Rock, in humility and surrender, knowing you have not the love in yourself and are desperately in need of Me each step of the way. If you fall upon Me and upon the shoulders of your mates in united prayer, I promise to lift you up to heights you've only dreamed of! Truly your feet will be delivered from the miry clay of pride, hardness of heart and spirit, and up to the warmth and light of My love and Spirit!

Do you hear Her? She calls you. The Spirit calls out to you! She bids you come into Her warm and loving arms. Only there will your heart be truly healed and your spirit set free to become all that I've ordained you to become. Can you not hear Her calling you? Can you not see Her in the eyes of your brothers and sisters? Their spirits and eyes look expectantly to you, desiring to see one raised up from among them--one who has been bruised and broken, yet who is then raised from the ashes of tears and defeat to become a broken, humble, new vessel; a vessel that lives only to do His Master's bidding, that bears clearly the imprint of the Master's face upon its own shattered surface.

Are you willing to bear My imprint? Are you willing to take your place among My greats, My broken ones, in order to lead others? Are you willing to pour forth from your broken and beaten vessel, love without measure, love without reservation, love without fear or hesitation, love that thinks not of itself or what it has to gain or lose, but the kind of love that only lives for others? (End of message from Jesus.)

(Gems and Jewels, Part 1 [#3416])

Our afflictions are the health regimen of an infinitely wise Physician.

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Remember that I was a man of many sorrows and of a broken heart. Through it all, I learned the blessing of greater power--power of spirit. I suffered many afflictions, but through My afflictions I learned to have greater dependence on

My Father. I learned that His power, and His power alone, was enough to sustain Me. There was a purpose in each affliction, in each difficulty through which I had to pass.

Through it all, most importantly, I learned to look up, to keep My eyes on Heaven. It was in My very weakness and My afflictions that I learned to avail myself of My Father's great power! I had to call on Him, I had to lean hard on Him, and in leaning I found My strength. So I grew, and I learned, and I saw that in My very weakness was the greatest strength of all. (From Jesus with Love 2)

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HE HAS TO BREAK YOU & HUMBLE YOU & MELT YOU IN THE FIRE, PURGE YOU, PURIFY YOU, SIFT YOU, BEAT OUT THE CHAFF! He has to beat the hell out of you, till there's none of it left--crucify the flesh till it's dead as a doornail--mortify the mind till it's almost gone.--So that Jesus can live & think & move in you! Did God make a mistake?--Or is all this necessary to make us what we ought to be? ML#35:10 (Brokenness/Hardness; Breakings [#025])

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15. As it was with Job, so has it been with thee. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction, and I have taken all that thou hast, and yet thou hast not denied My Name nor turned back from serving Me, and thou hast become a testimony to many. And thou shalt yet be an encouragement and an inspiration to many, that though the battles are strong and the Devil fights hard, I will be with him that looks to Me in his hour of need, and I will carry him through. I will bring thee--and all of My dear children--through the battles that are ahead.

20. Come unto Me, thou who art weary and heavy laden, and I will give thee rest. Take My yoke upon thee and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and thou shalt find rest unto thy soul. I shall wipe all tears away from thine eyes and soothe thy broken heart and give thee peace of mind that passeth all understanding in just one moment. Trust in Me. Keep thy confidence, keep thy heart with all diligence. There hath not one thing been promised by Me that shall not come to pass. Hold on one step at a time.

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(Peter:) Behold the strength of the arm that holds the hammer that hits the anvil, and with what fury it smashes down upon the heated metal that layeth upon the anvil.--And how it beats and beats and beats again, and then throws it once again in the burning furnace. And again and again it beats and hits and smashes, and heats again and casts into the water to cool. And then again it heats and then again it bangs, and with real strength and almost anger.--But yet it is not in anger, for it is to fashion the metal into the vessel that I would make it.

The metal cannot tell the end result, it only feels the beating and the heat and the cold and the beating again. It does not see the way it is being formed, and the thing of beauty that I am making it into. It only feels the pain and the crushing and the blows and the heat and the cold. It does not see the end result.

But I am the Blacksmith, the One Who is forming and molding it into the useful tool which I will make thee into. It is not for the metal to question or to worry or to doubt. It must know that the Blacksmith is in control and knows exactly what He is doing--that each thrust of the hammer is measured, every amount of time in the heat is measured, every thrust into the cold water is measured, because I am bending and molding and making thee into a vessel for My use.

Therefore be not afraid, for thou knowest not the beauty that thou shalt have. These things do not weaken the metal, but they strengthen it and they form it into the tool that I make it--into a strong tool. For it is no longer just brittle metal, but it is metal that is molded into the shape I desire. And although it is painful and it is long and it hurts, yet in the end thou shalt know and thou shalt be strong and be useful and thou shalt be of benefit to others.

Therefore fear not, for thou art in the Master's hand, and I am molding thee and shaping thee for the purpose that I have for thee. Your part is to hold on, to trust in utter faith that I know what I am doing. I shall bring thee forth to great reward and thou shalt be strengthened, and through this thou shalt strengthen many, for thou shalt have been through the beating and the heat, and thou shalt know in the end that it is of Me and that I have created thee into what I will have thee to be. And thou wilt be able in turn to help others during their time on the anvil and through their time of beating. (Personal Letters! No.2 [#2944])

Just melt into His arms when you feel like fainting. Look into His eyes when you cannot look about you. Let Him touch your head when you find no relief. On His lips is the balm of healing, and as you lie in His arms, He'll kiss you. He knows the pain. He knows the hurt. He knows that this cross is heavy to bear, but He will not allow you to be tempted above what you are able to endure. He uses this affliction in your life to keep you close to Him. He uses this affliction in your life to bring out the sweetness.

I'm sorry for the pain My squeezes of love cause you, but these squeezes are only for a time. They shall soon pass, and then shall those about you eat of this delicious honey love that has come from My hand. (Comfort in Affliction-Part 2)

(Personal Prophecy) Darling I am teaching you. Little by little you are learning what I would have you to learn. Sometimes the steps forward cost you a lot and the fire burns; other times they are easier. As long as you keep walking forward even through blood and tears, the steps will be taken. You have looked deep into My face now; you have seen Me. I have granted you a special gift; although you do not see it so clearly because of your tendencies to be negative. But I have bestowed on you a great gift and it has helped you take those steps that others would have cowered from. It is not on account of your greatness, but simply your cries to Me alone. Your contrite heart I cannot despise. Your desperate, heartfelt praying has touched Me deep down and moved Me like nothing else could, thus I have given you some gift of the spirit. It is not visible to your carnal feelings or mind. It is perceived in the deep recesses of your spiritual man. And it is the ability to peer deep into My nature and there find the endurance to keep rising up every morning. Do not question as to why or what. Simply believe and never stop desperately crying to Me. Cry to Me! I love your tears that ascend to My throne. Pray My darling! Therein lies your strength. And praise Me that you are mightily blessed. Blessed are you, who believe without ever seeing. My Spirit is with you, no matter how destitute you may feel at times; know that it is impossible for Me to depart from you. Your cries are too desperate; too needing; I must stay by you. Your weakness melts My heart and I must stay by you. In your weakness you are growing stronger, because you force Me to work for you in your weakness and need, you do not leave it at that, but you cry and cry and this moves Me like nothing else can. I love you and I wish to enhance your gift and lift you higher, so that you actually see the power that has helped you rise above. Right now it is nebulous and you are still dragged around by the dark emotions of the enemy, but I wish to open the door wider for you to allow you to behold My beauty as no other can. This is not a carnal gift. And it will not satisfy your carnal emotions. But your soul and spirit are tremendously fed by it. What I expect from you is simple desperation in your weakness. That is why I have broken your heart thus, because I desire your desperate cries. Move My hand and release the keys to work for you and to break the chains of Satan. Rejoice in the breaking of your very own heart and let Me hear your beautiful voice crying to Me. Pray and praise in desperation and I will surely hear you. I know you desire Me ,that is why I open Myself to you. I desire to please you because you desire to please Me. And I know in giving Myself to you, you will truly be pleased. This I love! I love when My brides desire Me more than all else. When their daily desire is just to be closer to Me. When they cry and cry," Draw me closer! Take me deeper, let me discover You" That thrills Me and I come to you and I stay in you. I know this all sounds great, but how can it help you in your daily struggle to fight on? Beloved, I encourage you to stir up that desire to be Mine. Translate that longing into prayer,

and when those feelings are absent, I will use your prayers of before to pour down the strength of endurance to get you through the battles. My love, cry to Me. I desire you so much. You want Me. You can never understand how valuable your desperate desire for Me is. So many of My children do not have a desire for Me as pure as yours, even some children of David. Your desire for Me in all its purity washes you and causes you to shine and gives you supernatural strength to continue on. It's nothing of yourself, but this desperation draws Me nigh to you and I love you. That's why, in these days, I am breaking everything down and am pouring out everything you thought you had. I wish to enhance your beauty by clearing away all this rubble. I want to behold your desire in complete purity and in fullness. I want you. So I will crush everything else but only at your behest. You have loosed My hands to destroy anything that would dim your desire for Me. Thank you! Thank you! That is such a precious gift to give unto Me! For you to say those words," Take away anything that would come between us" is such a beautiful gift to give Me. For now I can work on you fully. People who say this and mean it go the furthest and are the closest to Me. Simply because they want Me. These words that you speak from the deepest parts of your heart take you down a painful, sometimes agonizing path, as you watch all other dreams, hopes and desire burn up and turn to ashes. I must remove from you any selfish desire or dream, that your desire for Me might be completely pure and untarnished. Praise Me that you don't have anything to hold onto, for that is the idea. I want to cut your every rope and self-made lifeline, so that you can fall helplessly into My arms, seemingly so wretched and weak and ugly and useless. Yet this is what I love! When you're broken and when you're nothing and when your cries for Me and need for My strength are the most desperate. Sing to Me darling; lift up your beautiful voice; do not lie down on the path, rise up and sing in the rain. Your song will be heard. And one day your song will teach others to sing also. Your voice raised to Me will encourage the forsaken and will enlighten their darkness. For what can you do, save cry to Me. You don't have any other place but My arms. That's what I am showing you, teaching you little by little, to cry and cry to Me ,so when you arrive in the Great Tribulation you will be very exercised in crying out to Me and trusting Me for the thick darkness you will see in that day. Others will be encouraged by your light. It is so simple. You must simply cry and you will find Me. I am with you! I am getting closer every day! Don't stop Me. Let go of those garments that keep Me from beholding you in your full beauty. Cast them now into the fire and I will come to you like never before. I love you I love you! (End of prophecy)

(Prayer)Jesus, my Lover, You are everything to me. My heart's desire is to please You to the greatest degree possible, to allow You to use me in the way that You know is the best. You've given me everything, held nothing back, laid down Your life for me. You've saved me forever, joined together with me as Husband to wife, made my life worth living. Everything that I value in this life came from Your hand.

Dear Love, I ask You to work in my life in whatever way You need to, to make me what You want me to be. Jesus, anything in my life that keeps me from You--and I know there are things that do--anything that keeps me from knowing You more, from loving You more, from serving You more, please take those things out of my life. Any change that You need or want to make in my heart, please do whatever it takes to make that change.

Jesus, please instill in my heart a desire to see You work in my life in a greater way, at whatever cost. Help me to love You more completely, more fully, more desperately. Help me to not hold back in the least. Do whatever You need to do, my Love, to get me out of the way so that You can shine through. When my pride gets in the way, humble me. When my selfishness gets in the way, help me to experience want. When my own will gets in the way, help me to fail. When my flesh and my carnality get in the way, crucify them so that Your excellent spirit can pour through.

Jesus, I don't want to pass from this life having given only what You required of me, having done the least I could do, or even half of what I could do. I want to be all for You that You want me to be. I want You to use me to the greatest extent that You possibly can. Please do whatever it takes to purge out the dross and the impurities and the hindrances that prevent that. If that takes a physical purging--sickness or weakness or ill health--then do whatever it takes in the flesh to

accomplish that. If it takes a spiritual purging--loss, distress, humiliation, trials or troubles--then I ask You to bring that into my life.

I know You'll give me the grace for anything that You know I need, to accomplish good things in my life, to make me more like You, more full of Your love, Your empathy, Your Spirit. Give me faith to endure any hardness, to face any test, to make any sacrifice, to accomplish Your will, to reach others with Your love, to do what You want me to do, to be what You want me to be. That's my sincere request, my heart's desire, my prayer. (Being Re-Created! [#3346])