



10/26/08 - It's the last Sunday of October, a closing chapter. The culmination of a month. A month in which I have dwelled continuously, in the center a garden of unbroken intimacy with our Lover, such to the likes I have never witnessed before in my life. A place of constant peace, a place of continual rest. Here, every breath a soft kiss, every Word a warm hug. His presence is hope understood. His revelations, a Spirit conceived desire fulfilled. I am broken. Completely, in Him.

I began my previous day by finding a symptom, not of this love, developing on my physical body. Immediately, there was peace, and I laid upon my Love. As I showered, my mind was quickened to the Blessing in which I reside. Even though the evidence was staring straight at me in the flesh, in the Spirit, is the Truth.

Now, this lump which I had discovered several months before, after taking a low hit in a game of football, was trying to remove me from my place of rest. The place in which I had already given it over to our Father, not to remove it out of my mind by sheer neglect, but to establish myself in the full restoration and healing that is now mine, in the finished work of the One who bore it all for me.

Romans 5:5-8 And hope does not disappoint, because God has poured out His love into our hearts by the Holy Spirit, whom He has given us... at just the right time, while we were yet powerless, Christ died for all... God demonstrates His own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, He, Christ, died for us.

Sin cursed man to reside physically outside of this Hope, this Blessing, Daddy's love unrestrained. Yet, even before sin was realized, He had already restored us unto Him, by His Son.

The curse forced man into time. Suddenly, time could run out! Death was now a physical reality, for the body was not created to know the effects of sin. The flesh body was now vulnerable to any corruption death could deal it.

Daddy first poured out His love upon us in the garden, in that He clothed our now naked bodies just as He has clothed us in Christ (Genesis 3:21). Then He removed mankind from the Garden, so that they could not eat of the tree of life (Genesis 3:23-24), which would damn us physically to our bodies forever. We could never die physically, although the effects of sin would rage against our flesh for eternity.

Before His cross of redemption, Daddy showed man how to allow Him to live among them again. Twice He called us to build an Ark. First to save the human race and all the creatures within the earth (Genesis 6:14). Then, to give Himself a place to dwell upon the earth, in the presence of man (Exodus 25:8-16).

Today, thru that demonstration of love towards us, thru Jesus, we are that Ark, and The Most High God dwells within us. We are His offspring, we are His seed, no curse can dwell in or among us, for we are of His divine nature (Acts 17:28-29).

I am enveloped in this Love. I still live life, but He choose me to live it in Him. As I dwell inside of His revelation of intimacy, I find complete peace is mine, in the midst of all things.

That Sunday morning, as our time of worship began, not even a trace of a thought was awarded the situation. My spirit was again upheld, by the Word of Promise, which came to me that morning in the shower. The Word, of Who's I am.

Psalms 112 Blessed, Happy, Fortunate, to be envied, is the man who worships the Lord... The generation of the upright are continually blessed... surely, he will not be moved forever... the righteous are in everlasting remembrance of Him (Daddy)... he shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his heart is firmly fixed, trusting (leaning on and being confident) in the Lord... his heart is established... he will not be afraid while he waits to see his desire on his adversaries... his right standing with God, endures forever. Selah

As we worshiped, I cannot name the song, I cannot remember the tune. Suddenly, all at once, the presence of the Lord came into me, and I was standing in the presence of the King of Glory. My eyes were fixed, my legs fell from under me, and I lay, crying out uncontrollably, that I am in the presence of our Majesty.

This time of intimacy in His presence went on for several moments. I was worthless to the worship service, my only value being congregated with all the saints gathered together in the praises to Him.

As I lay there a while, both laughing and weeping uncontrollably, I heard the voice of the Holy Spirit draw me to my feet. Calling me to go behind the speakers (in essence, behind the veil in times of the High Priest), and see what He who became the curse for us, had begun to do with the lump on my body.

Without thought I followed thru, and I could tell that the growth, which just that morning was about the size of a golf ball, was now at the very least, half that size, more accurate to how it appeared when I first discovered it.

I do not recall any immediate thoughts or emotions, it was more like the Spirit held me in that place of rest, and I quietly walked back over to my microphone.

Several minutes later as my Pastor, Chris Longgear, was sharing a Word quickened to him by the Holy Spirit during worship, I heard the Spirit lead me to check again.

As I turned my back to the congregation, it was as if I was blanketed in complete certainty, that as I placed my hand upon my body, there would be no curse.

Following the Spirit, I placed my hand on my flesh, and I was made whole.

In the midst of Pastor's sharing, I was immediately overcome. I had no conscious thought! I could only focus on what Daddy had done.

Once he finished his word to the body, it was all I could do to share what He had done. I testified of Truth, of what He had already done. Not just that morning, but the Truth that I could rest assured continually until I saw my desire come upon my body because He had gifted it to me, before He ever formed me in His heart. I was beside myself for His glory, and forever there I shall be.

I have lived in His blessing thru each of the 31 years of my life. Never requiring physical aid, or support, for my body is established in the covenant that is His promise to all who are His. No matter what the circumstances say, His, is the only true reality.

Amen

by Tim Baer