

What Kind of Truth?

You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free. John 8:32

Jesus is THE Truth. This was revealed to me forty-four years ago for the first time and has continued to be revealed to me through the years.

In these later years, Jesus has shown that He also wants to lovingly show me the truth about me too. Not just the truth about my sins. The truth about what blocks me – the broken places in me that hinder me from experiencing the freedom He wants for me. This freedom includes knowing the Father, Son and Spirit more as “They” truly are.

So, Truth knocks on the doors of our souls – when God knows we are ready. Our seeing is attached to knowing God’s goodness and love towards us. Without the foundation of love, it is too hard to open the door.

One of the ways the Spirit helps me open the door when Truth knocks is through the Welcoming Prayer (You can access this prayer practice on my website under Resources). Following is an experience of Truth knocking on my door, bringing revelation that holds the means of transformation and freedom. I encourage you to open the door to Truth when Truth knocks. You will not regret it.

I sat in the silence to see what was present. I knew there was emotion but what was it? After some time, I realized it was *dread*. This was the first time I actually saw the dread. I waited to see where I held it in my body. It was like a large, heavy bucket on ropes that hung on my chest bones and weighed down the whole front of my being. I listened for what this dread wanted to tell me. Dread said, “I dread what will happen. The bucket will be filled with hard things and I will be weighed down to the ground.”

I realized that this dread has been with me all my life. It is so familiar! All through my childhood – dreading the next thing.

Jesus came and spoke to dread. “You don’t have to be here this way, so big and weighing. I have made Debbie strong. She has come through many things, and she has come out transformed every time. I have never withheld my tender love from her through it all.”

I hung on every word. Listening to Jesus speak to dread about me in such a brotherly way, speaking so well of me, reached into the core of my being.

As Jesus spoke to dread, the bucket scrunched up like one of those accordion type bowls, the ropes disintegrated and the bucket became a gold bowl under my heart.

Jesus had loved me again and I loved him back.

“We’ve passed through fire and flood, yet in the end You always bring us out better than we were before...He (God) never once refused to show me His tender love.” Portions of Psalm 66-The Passion