

TOUCHED BY

His Love



Gabrielle Gindra Wolmarans

Touched by His Love

*His Holy Presence
shall be my dwelling place.*

Amen

Gabrielle Gindra Wolmarans



*“Love Divine, all Loves excelling, Joy of Heaven,
to Earth come down, fix in us **THY** humble Dwelling...
Perfectly restored in **THEE**: changed from Glory unto
Glory, till in Heaven we take our place, till we cast our
crowns before **THEE**, lost in Wonder, Love and Praise.”*

Amen.

Quote Charles Wesley — Hymn — 1707 - 88.



*First and foremost,
a heartfelt tribute of gratitude & thanksgiving
to our Precious Most Holy LORD,
for all the content of “Touched by His Love” —
HE is the Author and Finisher of our faith,
in JESUS NAME.
Amen & Amen.*



May “Touched by His Love” awaken
every weary heart with a burning desire
for more of You,
our Dearest, most Precious Lord.
May they not find rest
until they find this Rest in You.

Table of Content


Introduction	1
Touched by His Love	9
I Come to the Garden Alone	12
The Audible Voice of God	13
Man at the Green Grocer	21
My Father's Earthly Departure	29
Kathryn Kulhman Books	45
Heavenly Visitation	49
Perfume of Roses	53
The Spirit of Christ	61
Audible Voice in Supermarket	66
Heavenly Visitation	71
Pink Light Vision	80
The Cross Made Up of White Doves	82
Confirmation of His Presence	87
I Am Your Friend	89
St. Mary's Cathedral, Cape Town	97
Hold Thine Hand	105
Easter	108
Clean Hands	109
Rhema: Bible Training Centre	111
Vision of Eye	129
Prophetic Word: Wolmarans Family	131
Prophetic Word: Sunday Morning Service	133
Diamond - Vision	135

Very Large Grapes - Vision	137
Windows of Heaven	140
Prophetic Word: Mrs Gabrielle Gindra Wolmarans	143
Open Grave - Vision	147
Prophetic Word: Mrs Gabrielle Gindra Wolmarans	151
Desert Experience - Vision	152
Stellenbosch	162
Valley of the Vines	171
Gentle Reminders	224
Blessed Assurance	226
Israel: Feast of Tabernacles	227
Boundaries of Israel	288
Prophetic Word: Israel Tour as a Family	291
Visible “White Bunnies” on Highway	295
Book - “A Yielded Heart”	301
Prophetic Word: Mrs Gabrielle Gindra Wolmarans	305
Vision of Casket (Mission)	307
Anointing Oil	327
France, Paris, Le Croix	334
The Way Out	337
Seasons: The Falling Leaves	342
Artesian Well	352
Beauty for Ashes	356
Treasure Chest	365
How to Know God’s Will for Your Life	369

Christmas Message	374
The Sound of Heaven	383
Radiance of the Strong Light	389
Scattered Bread Crumbs	393
Partial Fast	396
Light-fitting	398
Unannounced Visitors	400
Hearing of Heavy Rain	404
Eternity	409
The Little White Dove on a Mission	427
Rod & Staff	432
The Gift of Life	442
Prophetic Word: Over the Body of Christ	450
Epilogue	451
Closing Prayer	460

Introduction



s you browse through the following pages, may your heart be strangely warmed by ‘*His Tender Touch*’ as you experience **His** Holy Presence in your midst.

Our lives are like trees planted by our **LORD**, so that **HE** may be glorified, however, whichever tree has not been planted by **HIM** will eventually be uprooted.

As we experience all the changing *Seasons of Life* — *Seasons of Sunshine* and Blessings, *Seasons of Rain* to bring refreshing to our lives, then, those *Stormy Seasons*... At times, these *Seasons* can be very severe and yet, as we cry out unto our Precious Holy **LORD**, in these times of trouble, these stormy winds, strong, tossing high waves around us, remember:

*“**HE** calms the storm and stills the waves.”*

Psalm 107 v. 29 (The Living Bible)

*“What a blessing is that stillness as **HE** brings
them (us) safely into harbor!”*

Psalm 107 v. 30 (The Living Bible)

This is how our Precious Holy **LORD** and **SAVIOUR** brings beauty out of our brokenness, so don't hide the times of brokenness in your life... Remember, how our Precious **SAVIOUR** too, had to be broken during the *Passover week of Passion*, when **HE** was *Crucified* on the *Cross of Calvary*. **GOD** uses our broken lives as **HE** heals us and makes us into a 'holy vessel' for **HIS** Honour and Glory, also, as **HE** heals and enriches those lives around us. As read in Exodus chapter 33, verses 11, 12, 14, 17(b):

*“And the **LORD** spake unto Moses face to face,
as a man speaketh unto his friend...”*

Exodus 33 v. 11 (a) (KJV)

*“...**I** know thee by name, and thou hast also found
grace in **MY** sight.”*

Exodus 33 v. 12 (c) (KJV)

*“...**MY** presence shall go with thee,
and **I** will give thee rest.”*

Exodus 33 v. 14 (KJV)

“...*I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken:
for thou hast found grace in My sight, and I know
thee by name.*”

Exodus 33 v. 17 (b) (KJV)

I am able to humbly quote these above *Scriptures* which our dearest **LORD** had shared with me during past years. This happened during the early morning hours before daybreak in our special “*Little Prayer Room!*”

These Holy *Scriptures* were enlightened to me, visibly, as these *Scriptures* were literally lifted off the page of the *Bible* to me, at this crucial time. It is only through ‘*brokenness*’ that **His** Glory comes, that this “*River of God*” can flow through our lives and to all those around us, shedding **His** Glory wherever that “*River of Living Water*” flows, to whosoever’s life this “*River of God*” touches.

So, Dearest One, don’t despair if you have encountered ‘*brokenness*’ in your life, know this keeps us in a place of sincere humility and meekness, not weakness (*meekness - controlled authority*). This causes us to grow and mature in our walk with the **LORD**, as we begin to see through **His** Loving Eyes, have **His** understanding, compassionate Heart and to act in **His** kind ways, with mercy, as we walk in **His** Marvellous Light.

*“Then spake **JESUS** again unto them, saying, **I AM** the
Light of the world: he that followeth **ME** shall not
walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life.”*

John 8 v. 12 (KJV)



*What treasures ‘brokenness’ can bring
into our lives*



Dearest One, what treasures ‘brokenness’ can bring into our
lives as we come to know **Him** in this ‘beautiful intimacy’
— a precious preparation for now and into all *Eternity!*

We recall and remember all those ‘Heavenly Blessings’ in
such awe, humility and gratitude, as we stand in **His** Holy
Presence, lost in wonder, love and praise!

As we recall **His** ‘still small Voice,’ **His** Whisper:

“Peace be still...

***I AM** with you always,
even unto the end of the age.”*

Mark 4 v. 39 & Matthew 28 v. 20 (KJV)

*“What a friend we have in **JESUS**,
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to **GOD** in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
all because we do not carry
everything to **GOD** in prayer!”*

— *“What a Friend I Have in Jesus - Hymn
Joseph Scriven 1820 — 1886*

Oh, how these precious Hymns, memorised in Sunday School in early childhood days, just seem to resound in my ears over and over again in the years ahead, during a time of special need. Praise our Precious **HOLY SPIRIT** for bringing these ‘treasures’ to cheer the way ahead, as we face the future, filled with Hope!

How grateful I am for my childhood beginnings, ‘christened’ in those early days — April 1933, by *Dr. J. Webb*, Moderator of the ‘then’ Wesleyan Church, originally founded in the early 1700’s by *John and Charles Wesley* — these “boys” were blessed with a Godly mother! In the later years, the church became the *Methodist Church*, still to this present day.

I will never forget the beautiful *Wesleyan Church* in *Andries Street, Pretoria* — the Holy Atmosphere, known as our ‘*Mother Church*’ and where I learned, my family were always members.

Then, was the “*Little Methodist stone church*” in *Hatfield, Pretoria*, opposite the well-known *Springbok Park*, all within walking distance of our original family home. I was so privileged to grow up in this small church — a small congregation, mentored by God-fearing souls.

The beautiful memories of the *Holy Communion* services with soft organ/piano music being played in the background, while we quietly knelt on an upholstered cushion, at the little teak *Communion Rail*, with a special appropriate *Scripture*, while the soft organ music was playing in the background. Thereafter, returning quickly to our pews, a concise “*Word*” was shared and an appropriate, closing Hymn sung as we were dismissed, filled with all the fullness of **CHRIST**.

How I long for those holy times, the awesome respect for the House of **God**, **His** Holiness — **His** Holy Presence so evident, so tangible, so much part of another world, set apart, never to be forgotten!!

What a privilege to experience **His** Healing Touch in this special **CHRIST**-like Atmosphere, as we all depart in our separate ways, with a gentle, meek and quiet spirit, to radiate **His** Love and **His** Kingdom wherever we go...

In retrospect, I recall (*seventy plus years ago*) those precious *Good Friday Services* on that *Easter* morning, alone with **HIM**, as it were, “*while the dew is still on the roses,*” listening for the sound of **His** Sweet Voice as one is in absolute awe, lost in wonder, love and praise, kneeling in **His** Holy Presence — never to be forgotten, all so vivid, so real!!

What an awesome, precious **SAVIOUR**, our **LORD JESUS CHRIST** is!!!

There are no words to describe **HIM!!**

Thank **YOU**, Thank **YOU**, our Dearest, most Precious Holy **LORD JESUS CHRIST!!!**

— Amen & Amen



*“HE touched me,
Oh, HE touched me and
Oh, the joy that floods my soul.
Something really happened and now I know.
HE touched me and made me whole.”*

— *“He Touched Me”*
Bill Gaither

*“JESUS, JESUS, JESUS;
there’s just something about that Name.
Master, Savior, Jesus, like the fragrance after the rain;
JESUS, JESUS, JESUS,
let all Heaven and earth proclaim
Kings and kingdoms will all pass away,
But there’s something about that Name.
Kings and kingdoms will all pass away,
But there’s something about that Name
— “There’s Something about that Name”
Bill & Gloria Gaither*

The above are two of my favourite choruses
from yester year.



Touched by His Love

A TREASURY OF HIS AMAZING LOVE —
THE LOVE OF CHRIST



“God causes His servants to write what HE has communicated to them of His Divine and Hidden Truths, so that these “Truths” may remain.

In this way, many will profit by them.”

Madame Jeanne Guyon - (1648 — 1717)



his Title “*Touched by His Love*,” given to me by our LORD in 1977, was born out of much brokenness, intermingled with tears of deep gratitude and a heart of sincere appreciation to our Precious LORD and SAVIOUR, for all these “*Holy Treasures*” given over the preceding fifty plus years.

*“What is man, that **THOU** art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that **THOU** visitest him?”*

Psalm 8 v. 4 (KJV)

Every word has been written in deep humility and sincerity of heart before an awesome **GOD**, before Whom I stand accountable and to **WHOM** all Honour, Glory and Praise is due.

*“For unto whomsoever much is given,
of him shall much be required.”*

Luke 12 v. 48 (b) (KJV)

Therefore, a “*Book of Remembrance*” is written...
“*Touched by **His** Love.*”

*“Then they that feared the **LORD** spake often one to
another: And the **LORD** hearkened, and heard it, and a
book of remembrance was written before **HIM** for them
that feared the **LORD**, and that thought upon **HIS NAME.**”*

Malachi 3 v. 16 (KJV)

These are reflections upon life’s journey — retracing one’s steps over the years, remembering “*what has gone before...*” the changing seasons of life — precious moments of inexpressible joy, the glory and beauty of

life and then, seasons of searching, the challenges, disappointments and the tears...

Surely, every life has its own unique experiences, moments... but, oh, this is about giving — to give and to give again, what **God** has given to me...

The desire to draw all so close to **His** Precious Holy Heart, to experience **His** Intimacy, **His** Loving Compassion, **His** Mercy, **His** Grace and Forgiveness — all in preparation for our eternal destination. The *Divine Purpose* in obedience to **His** Call, to encourage ‘another traveller’ along life’s journey, reminding them **He** is the **God** of the individual.

“...Does he not leave the ninety-nine and go to the mountains to seek the one that is straying?”

Matthew 18 v. 12 (b) (NKJV)

Oh, how precious is a soul to **Him**!

May the **LOVER** of our soul draw and touch you with **His** cords of Love as you experience **His** infinite Love as you continue reading “*Touched by His Love*”

— Amen & Amen.



I Come to the Garden Alone

HYMN - BY: C. AUSTIN MILES (1913)



*“I come to the garden alone,
while the dew is still on the roses
And the Voice I hear falling on my ear,
The **SON OF GOD** discloses.
HE speaks and the sound of **HIS** Voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing.
And the melody that **HE** gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.
And **HE** walks with me and
HE talks to me and tells me I am **HIS** own:
And the Joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.”*

Such as treasured memory - this beautiful hymn of intimacy
with our Precious **SAVIOUR**.

The Audible Voice of God

“SURPRISED BY THE VOICE OF GOD”

QUOTES FROM BOOK (PAGES 131 - 133)
CO-AUTHORED BY THE LATE JACK HAYFORD



*“An important point about the Audible Voice: The clearer the revelation, the harder the task. When **God** speaks in an Audible Voice, you can be sure the powers of hell will rise up to challenge that Voice. When **God** speaks to you most clearly, it usually means that you are going to go through such a difficult experience that later you will need to be absolutely certain that **God** has spoken to you. In fact, the clarity of the Voice may be the main thing that gives you the power to endure subsequent testing.”*



In the New Testament, the Audible Voice becomes a PERSON, the **LORD JESUS CHRIST**.

First, the Audible Voice comes at a turning point in the lives of the saints (*believers*) and in the history of the Church.

Secondly, the Audible Voice comes when the **Divine Ministry** about to be performed is *extraordinarily difficult* to accept or believe, or when the task about to be undertaken is so hard that it will require the clarity and assurance of an Audible Voice in order to endure and complete the task.

Thirdly, the **Mercy of God** is the *thread binding* these experiences together. Each time **God** speaks Audibly, **His** Mercy is displayed and **His Son** is honoured.



Mercy of God is always the binding thread



You may ask;

“Does **God** still speak in an Audible Voice?”

Let me ask you, “Does **God** still assign impossible tasks?”

The Audible Voice is still the rarest way that **God** speaks. **God’s** Voice always agrees with the *Scriptures* - it may contradict what others are saying, their opinions. **God’s** Voice is consistent, **God’s** Voice bears good fruit. **God’s** Voice is different from our Voice, **God’s** Voice is easy to disobey and to reject. **Friendship is the key** to recognising **God’s** Voice - friends know friends.

Sentences, Fragments and Single Words

(e.g. Rapha)

Sometimes the **LORD** may speak to us by invading our minds with only part of a sentence or just a single word that we may not even understand at the time. It comes rather like an invasion. It gets our attention precisely because we recognise its foreign character, or sometimes because it makes no sense at all.

A Divine Impression is an immediate knowing in our spirit. It is a form of knowledge that does not come through logical reasoning or personal observation. ***Suddenly we just know that we know!*** Only those who are willing to try and fail will ever become proficient at understanding which impression came from **GOD** or which are merely from our own soul. You will need to pay the price at becoming skilled at hearing **GOD's** Voice, by appearing and feeling foolish many times. The fear of embarrassment of failure, and self-consciousness is a great hindrance to learning the Language of the **HOLY SPIRIT** - so too is pride!



Suddenly you just know that you know!



Dreams, Visions, Revelations or Impressions

Do not assume because you received a Dream, a Vision, a Revelation or an Impression from the Holy Spirit, that you now have permission to share it. Sometimes, God will not permit you to share it — **HE** may expect you to keep it secret until **HE** releases you to speak it out. Remember, **GOD** only reveals **HIS** secrets to those who keep **HIS** confidence — there is a *Divine Timing*. Whenever, you are led to share, do so with great humility, compassion, gentleness, love, tact and be non-manipulative! Do not try to be a man-pleaser, obey **GOD** — only and speak absolute truth!

If you tell a negative Dream / Vision / Impression etc. to someone other than for whom it is, you are committing a sin. If the Vision / Dream etc. is true, it is the sin of gossip. If the Vision / Dream etc. is false, the sin is slander.

Never get into the ‘**God-told-me-trap**’, do not get into calling out personal sin publicly regarding a person.

Dreams are given to warn us, to encourage, comfort, or guide us, or to reveal the future to us. Do not ignore them! **GOD** may also use a Dream to command us. Dreams can also warn us of potential events that can be averted by our

prayers or by repentance, especially negative dreams. A *Warning Dream* is an encouragement to pray to avert... Dreams show us things that our natural eyes can't see. There is a level of intimacy and communication with **God** that transcends other personal dreams and visions.

A '*faceless man*' in a dream, could be symbolic frequently of the **HOLY SPIRIT**.

You must record your Dreams as soon as you awake from the Dream, so that you remember every finest detail. Always review your Dreams. If you awake in the middle of the night, immediately after a Dream — this is an important Dream! — **Record it immediately, with all the details!**

Frequently, the most symbolic Dreams are the most meaningful Dreams.

Clean, nourishing water is symbolic of the **HOLY SPIRIT**.

Cars symbolise a '*particular ministry*'.

Trains symbolise *movements* or *denominations*.

Symbols have layers of meanings — e.g. they can mean different things in different contexts: e.g.

A *baby* — recurring dream of a baby can be symbolic of a ministry the **LORD** has given you or to another e.g.

A *baby* can be symbolic of *immaturity*.

We interpret Dreams by illustration from the **HOLY SPIRIT**. **GOD** can sometimes even use a dream to terrify us, to impact us, so as to help us to avoid getting into the trap of sin.

Dreams sometimes show us how to pray for a person / situation. **GOD** also sometimes gives us a Dream because we are about to go through an excruciatingly difficult time, it is an encouragement. Do not tell other people through pride of your special entrée to **GOD** — giving into pride, could very easily increase the difficulty of the trial, or even increase the pain in your life.



Do not dismiss a dream!



Pay attention to your Dream, **GOD** may use this to save you or your loved one's life — do not dismiss a dream! Do not have a pride-filled, superior attitude because of Dreams, Visions etc... Do not allow Dreams, Visions to become a desire to dominate or to take **GOD's** Place. Pride deafens you from hearing **GOD**.

Always use the **WORD OF GOD** to interpret your experiences **Do NOT** interpret the **WORD** by your experiences.

Visions

It must be stressed that a Vision does not only convey information, but carries with it the power of **God**, to bring the Vision to fulfilment.



Hidden Prophets & Apostles *Last Day Ministry*

Many of the most powerful Apostles and Prophets of **God** will **remain nameless** and faceless to the public. These have been quietly preparing themselves even as **Jesus** did for **His** first thirty years. While others have been building up, these have been digging down, trying to strengthen their foundations and deepen their roots. Though not in rebellion and often grieving over it, these are usually out of harmony with much of the Church. Some of the ‘*low ranks*’ in the people’s eyes, will be **God’s Top Generals**. Their authority in their wisdom. The entire *Host of Heaven* and hell will know them. The enemy fears nothing / no one like he does these selfless *Messengers of Power*.

This *Last Day Ministry* will be the marvel of men and angels — these will not be self-seeking or self-promoting. The most glorious time of the History of the Church will come upon us as **HE** certainly did “*save His best wine for last.*”

Between each great *Move of God*, there is a period of quietness — when little appears to be happening. So the **LORD** will protect the seeds you have planted even if you have not seen the results of your preaching / witnessing, **HE** will protect the growth. *Spiritual Seeds* that have been sown over the years require the same basic conditions as natural seeds, water, heat and light.

Water speaks of the **WORD OF GOD**, of which there must be an abundance,

Heat speaks of *circumstances* — most have to be in the fire of trials.

Light speaks of *Divine revelation*, which enables one to realise that it is **GOD** speaking through the **WORD** and through circumstances.



Man at the Green Grocer



– Summer 1971 –



It was a Saturday afternoon, I went to buy the week's vegetables and fruit from the vegetable shop in the arcade off *Fehrsen Street, Brooklyn*.

While I was waiting to be served, I noticed an unshaven, very neglected, dirty man walking around the vegetable shop — just lingering in this small arcade.

As I looked discretely at him, suddenly such compassion welled up within me. I felt as though my heart would break as I looked upon this poor soul. I actually felt the burning heat and the rawness of his tongue from the constant intake of strong alcohol. I just felt the tears welling up in my eyes as I glanced at him and wishing I could give him one of those beautiful, juicy, large pears

on display to ease his burning tongue. I was reasoning within myself “*How can I do it, there were so many people in this shop that I know, how will it look to them?*”

I just could not stand the situation a moment longer and I just felt the tears streaming down my face as I hurriedly made my way back to the car, without even buying my vegetables. On the way home, I just wept and repented to the **LORD** that I had not given this dear soul that soft, cool, juicy pear, to soothe his tongue. I realised that this was a test I had failed because of fear of man — “*What would the people say...!?*”

Just there and then I vowed to my **LORD**, I would never again grieve **HIM** by not obeying that inner prompting of the **HOLY SPIRIT**, I would not allow the ‘*fear of people’s opinions*’ to stop me from doing what I know I have to do. I was very sad for the rest of that day and also for a number of days thereafter.

So the years passed by and this incident it seemed, was wiped out of my memory until one day... Summer of 1975...

Even though I had ‘*forgotten*’ this experience at the vegetable shop, the **LORD** had not forgotten it! Another test, that I was completely unaware of, was ahead of me.

I was on my way to fetch my children from school. I normally leave well within the time so as I can rather wait for them, than be late. I always had some spiritual reading to do, so the waiting was never a waste of time.

As I approached *Hatfield bakery*, a little way down, I noticed a man some distance away, speaking to a few people. It seemed as though he was trying to sell his sports jacket to them. From what I could see, it appeared as though he was well-dressed, clean and he had a refined face. Immediately, I thought this man does not look neglected as people do who usually do this sort of thing i.e. trying to sell clothing off their backs to people. So I realised this man had only recently come into this situation, I felt the witness in my spirit.

It was midday, and there were many people around bustling in and out of the bakery. I quickly bought my bread so that I could see what was happening to this man. Whilst in the bakery, I just felt that Love and Compassion of **JESUS** well up within my heart, I could hardly contain myself.

As I came out of the bakery, I looked around anxiously but the man had disappeared, there is a slight curve in *Duncan Street* as the road winds. I got into my car and I just burst into tears and cried out to the **LORD**, “**LORD JESUS**, this is somebody’s Daddy! **LORD**, imagine the heartache in this little home and family — them not

knowing where their Daddy is! **LORD**, what is more, he was somebody's innocent little baby - and now, look what has happened to him! Oh **LORD JESUS**, what can we do?" I felt as though my heart was torn to shreds. I was crying so bitterly as I drove off in the direction of Lillian's school, which was still quite a way off.

Suddenly, the **LORD** said to me (*it was an Inner Voice in my Spirit*). "Go and tell him **I** love him and **I** do care about him but first go and buy him the book '**Prison to Praise**'. Then turn out your purse in front of him and give him all the money you have got!"

I answered "**JESUS**, you know, I will do anything **You** say but I only have a few rand in my purse and I do not know if it will be enough."

It was a week before my pay day and this was my bread money, etc. for the week.

Then I went on to say, "**LORD**, I do not know whether this little NG Bookshop down the road, will have this book!"

The **LORD** answered, "You have enough money and the book is there!"

Now usually this area where the bookshop centre is, *Hatfield Galleries*, is very busy around midday because it is near the *Pretoria University* and parking is a problem. Also my time to fetch the children, at Girls' High and Boys' High, was running low.

Needless to say, **He** provided — there was a parking place waiting for me right outside the bookshop. I rushed into the bookshop quite flustered and not knowing if there would be such an English book in this, mainly Afrikaans, bookshop.

Yes, there is was on the shelf, right in front of me — the only copy of this particular book on the shelf with a few other English books placed alongside. As I went up to the desk, I opened my purse and found, to my surprise, not only silver coins but also some notes which I was not aware of before. I am positive these notes were not there before but, I am not a person that is too particular about every cent, e.g. cash on hand.

I was very touched when I saw these notes but was so rushed, as I realised there was only 15 minutes left to fetch the children. I quickly drove back in the direction where I had last seen the man and then just carried on driving very slowly, looking in all directions to see if I could spot him. This all happened between tears. I did not doubt that I would find him but where and when because my time was running out, I felt such an urgency! (*Weeping!*)

Suddenly, there was the man, just crossing *Duxbury Road, Hillcrest*, on the left side of the road. I drove past him for a little way and then drove my car onto the pavement at

an angle and waited for him (*Hillcrest swimming pool area*). As he drew near, I beckoned to him and I opened my passenger window and said, “*Excuse me Sir, but I noticed you a little earlier on near the bakery and it seemed as though you were trying to sell your jacket to some people.*” — I went on, “*Please don’t do it! JESUS told me to come and tell you that HE loves you dearly and that HE really cares about you. JESUS also told me to go buy this book for you because HE will speak to you through this book. JESUS also said I must turn my purse out before you and give you all the money I have.*” As I said this, I turned my purse and money onto the passenger seat while this man was bending forward, leaning on the open window, looking at me while I was seated in the driver’s seat of my car. He just kept shaking his head from side to side as the tears were streaming down his face. All he could say, “*What can I say! What can I say!*” He was completely dumbfounded and so overwhelmed!

As he continued standing there, I just shared the Love of JESUS with him and then said, “*Please go back home to your family now. Make a new start with JESUS because HE loves you so dearly and HE really does care about you, that is why HE sent me to you today.*” I then handed him the book and all the money I had and bade him farewell. All this happened through tears and pleading with him.

As I drove off, I noticed that he was walking towards the bus-stop still just shaking his head as he walked. As for me, I was so overjoyed that I had found him — also that I was able to find the book as the **LORD** had instructed and also those extra notes in my purse, however, now I had no money left for bread for the rest of the week. I was so blessed and so happy that I did not even consider that at midday 1.25pm., while all the parents from *Lillian's* previous school, *St. Mary's*, were passing by, they were in fact, turning at that very corner, at the robot, *Duncan Street* and *Duxbury Road* intersections, to fetch their children from the school half a block away. As these parents had to slow down or even stop at the robot, they could have witnessed it all as I was sharing with this man, leaning on the open window of my car, weeping! However I never even gave this a thought, all that was important to me, was to obey **JESUS** fully no matter who saw or heard me!

Then, my thoughts went back to this man, what a shock this must have been for him. He was just quietly walking along, head bent down when suddenly, a young woman, in a relatively new Mercedes, drives up on the pavement in front of him and calls him, then comes out with all this... Surely, he realised, this is not normal — this must be a *Divine Appointment* especially for him! He could only be in absolute awe at the Greatness and Love of **GOD**!

You see, this money that I gave him, was the allowance for our daily bread — I had to give it all to him because I had to share the *Bread of Life* with him — **JESUS** is the *Bread of Life*.

*“For the **BREAD OF GOD** is **HE** which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life unto the world.”*

John 6 v. 33 (KJV)

*“And **JESUS** said unto them, **I AM** the **BREAD OF LIFE**: he that cometh to **ME** shall never hunger; and he that believeth on **ME** shall never thirst.”*

John 6 v. 35 (KJV)

*“**I AM** the **LIVING BREAD** which came down from Heaven: if any man eat of this **BREAD**, he shall live for ever...”*

John 6 v. 51 (a) (KJV)

This precious *Scripture* became such a revelation to me that day, hence my extreme urgency and compulsion to share with this dear confused soul who was now headed in the wrong direction for his life. I continued trusting our Precious Lord that this dear man had found the Path of Life through this unexpected experience!

Praise our Holy **LORD** for **HIS** Loving Care!


Amen.



My Father's Earthly Departure

- July 1972 -



y Father was a believer even though he did not attend Church on a regular basis. I remember him mentioning several years before his death, how he passed ‘*The Sacred Heart Cathedral*’ twice a day. He walked past this Cathedral (*from the bus terminus down to the Printing Works where he worked*) and each time he felt such an awareness of the Greatness of the **LORD** — this touched him deeply. As he spoke there was a quiet Peace and stillness all around us — it certainly was an anointing!

The last few years of his life he wore a small pin on his jacket lapel with the inscription ‘*Prayer Changes Things*’. He would transfer this pin to whichever jacket he was wearing

for that particular day. About 2 years before his passing, he was visiting us on a Sunday afternoon. He and I were walking out towards his car well ahead of the rest of the family. He showed me his little pin and remarked that *“Prayer really does change things.”*

Then he continued to say, *“Thank you, my child, for always praying for me — I know you do and it really does work.”*


*“Thank you, my child,
for always praying
for me...”*


Those days there was no television in *South Africa* but he always listened to the sermons preached on the radio. He often commented on the beauty of these sermons and what a blessing they were.



He had had emphysema since the age of 50 and it got progressively worse over the years. At age 64, during the winter of July 1972, he went down with bad flu and this I think turned into pneumonia and on the 14th July 1972, he went on to be with the **LORD**.

At this time, my Mother had also gone down with pneumonia. I was so fortunate to spend the previous evening and the whole night at my dearest Dad’s bedside,

giving him as much comfort physically and spiritually as I was able. The following morning the doctor insisted that he be taken to a nursing home so that he could receive the best available treatment. By midday he went into a coma and then passed on just after 1 am. that following morning.

My Mother was unable to attend the funeral service as she was still in bed with pneumonia. Two days after the funeral, a close relative came to visit my Mother. After the visit I walked her, ie. the relative, to her car and thanked her for visiting, when she suddenly remarked to me, “*Now your Dad is there resting in his grave, it is all over now!*” I was so shocked by these words because I had always believed that there is life beyond death! I was so saddened by these cruel words and quite tormented, however, I did not mention a word to my Mother. I had been so strong throughout his entire illness and also during the time of his death, due to the **LORD’S** Strength and Grace that carried me through it all. Now, why this sudden unbelief? The wicked one really tormented me constantly with “*How do you know that your Father is really in Heaven? He is lying there in that cold grave!*” It was the middle of July and a very cold, wet, windy winter.

That night I found myself faced with so many searching questions, I just wept and prayed: “*Please **LORD**, is my precious Dad in Heaven — where is he?*” Now as I have

mentioned, my Dad was not a church-goer — he could not stand crowds of people due to his chest and breathing problems but I know that he truly believed in the **LORD JESUS CHRIST**. I spent a very restless night as the tormenter attacked my mind when I was so vulnerable, I was so over-tired after all that I had gone through.



*“Please Lord, is my precious Dad
in Heaven?”*



My Aunt had come to spend the night with my Mother in her home so that I could spend the night in my own home with my family. My children were, at that stage, primary school age.

After my own family had left for work and school, I left my home at 8 am. that morning and drove from my home in *Waterkloof Ridge*, down *Rigel Avenue* into *Kloof Avenue*, turning right into *Main Street, Waterkloof*, proceeding into an easterly direction. Whilst driving, I thought what I would serve my Mother and Aunt for breakfast — maybe some grapefruit, I would cook some oats, when suddenly, right before my eyes — a screen just like the old movies’ white screen, was slowly being

let down, out of the sky right in front of my car, moving along in front of my car as I was driving, on the very bonnet of my car the screen rested.

On this white screen, written in black print, the following:

*“Peace I leave with you,
My Peace I give unto you:
not as the world giveth, give I unto you.
Let not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be afraid.”*
John 14 v. 27 (KJV)

Just as I was approaching the corner where I had to turn left in *Fehrsen Street*, proceeding towards *Brooklyn Circle*, the screen was slowly lifted back into the *Heavens*, the sky and with that, I simultaneously heard a very loud Audible Voice say: (*it sounded like a very loud speaker!*)

*“...You believe in GOD, believe also in ME.
In my FATHER’S House are many mansions;
if it were not so, I would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you...
That where I AM, there you may be also.”*
John 14 v. 1-3 (NKJV)

I was completely in awe — I could not believe my eyes having seen this screen nor my hearing this Loud Audible Voice and no visible human being present!

I could hardly concentrate on my driving — there had been no traffic in *Main Street* but now here in *Fehrsen Street* approaching the *Brooklyn Circle*, it was the usual 8 am. traffic rush. I was just doing my utmost to gather myself as I reached *Brooklyn Circle* and all seemed quiet for a moment, when suddenly, the Loud Audible Voice started again. This time repeating Audibly the whole *inscription* on the screen as well as the previous *audible verse* after the screen had been lifted up back into the sky above.

There was a moment's silence and then the Loud Audible Voice repeated it all again and again — it was just as though there was someone sitting beside me in my car. This Loud Audible Voice kept up this repetition until I arrived at my Mother's home in *Hatfield*, near the *Doll's House*. Even as I entered her home and greeted her and my Aunt, this Loud Audible Voice continued repeating these words... I thought, surely they can hear this Voice because it is so loud but there was no sign in their expression as they carried on speaking to one another. I checked their faces and their reaction but then I realised that they were not able to hear it. I was so amazed that they were unable to hear it because this Audible Voice was so very loud, one it seemed, could not miss hearing it.

After about 15 minutes, the Voice tapered off and stopped, I was still so stunned but tried to appear and act as normal as possible as I went about my duties.

It was a beautiful warm winter's day, with the extreme cold and rain having cleared, so at 10 am. I felt led to take my Mother and Aunty for a drive to the *Fountains Valley* for tea, as I thought the outing would be good for all of us.

After tea, the three of us went for a stroll slowly across the lawns, down along the bank of the large duck pond. The winter sun was beautifully warm and the sky was so blue and clear after the recent untimely winter rain in our area. As we passed along the bank of the pond to admire the graceful white swans gliding so very peacefully along in the water — there was such a serenity, just a calm tranquil atmosphere, possibly because we were the only people around, being a week day morning! The stillness in the air was tangible except for the song of the birds at intervals, when suddenly, there was that Loud Audible Voice again, repeating the entire *inscription*! I was quite startled as I looked at both my Mother and Aunt, whom, I thought would now surely hear this Voice in this quiet atmosphere but there they were, totally oblivious once again, chatting about their childhood picnics at the *Fountains Valley*.



“...can it be that You, the Lord of Heaven
& Earth, are comforting me...”



I just kept several paces behind them so completely overawed and stunned once again - now, it was hard for me to hold back my tears, but through the precious Grace of my Holy **LORD**, **HE** quickly dried my tears before they could notice anything. I just stood on the side of the bank of the pond, reflecting on all that had happened as my mind was flooded with the wonder of it all — I was completely dumbstruck as I thought “*My precious, most Holy **LORD**, can it be that **YOU**, the **LORD** of Heaven and Earth, are comforting me in my hour of sorrow and anxiety?*”

I just gazed at the beauty of Creation all around me, the warm sunshine, the clear blue sky, the beautiful swans and ducks swimming in the pond, the little waterfalls and stepping stones across the river, the shrubs, the first blooms on the winter bulbs, and then the backdrop of those tall trees, silhouetted against the hill behind. How amazing the structures are of those tall, barren trees, so majestic, yet they appeared dead to the eye as they had been stripped of their former beauty and glory, their fresh, green foliage! However, as I gazed at these bare, barren structures of the trees I realised, these trees are not dead, there's *Life* pulsating on the inside of these bare, brown trunks and branches. Yes, spring is just a breath away...

How symbolic these trees are of the *Resurrection Life* we have in **CHRIST JESUS**: (*the Scripture came to remembrance*)

*“...**I AM** the Resurrection, and the Life:
he that believeth in **ME**, though he were dead,
yet he shall live:
And whosoever liveth and believeth in **ME**,
shall never die...”*

John 11 v. 25 - 26 (KJV)

As I glanced back at those beautiful swans, so graceful and at all the multi-coloured ducks gliding ever so quietly across the water, those weathered rocks with crystal clear water cascading and spilling over into little waterfalls, how *Heavenly* it all is! It was just as though *Heaven* had touched Earth at that moment as I stood lost in thought, touched by His wonderful, unfailing Love! What a wonderful, Great **CREATOR**, Precious Holy **LORD HE** is — the magnitude of it all just seemed to boggle my mind, this Great, Eternal **GOD** of the Universe, the All in All:

*“What is man, that **THOU** art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that **THOU** visitest him?”*
Psalm 8 v. 4 (KJV)

How very deeply touched I was — no words could ever describe what I felt within — such humility — such love unfolding within me, that **HE**, our Most Holy, Precious **LORD**, should comfort me in such a way...!!

How very true the *Scripture* is, that the very hairs of our head are numbered — that **HE** puts all our tears into a bottle — that not a sparrow falls to the ground, but **HE**, Our Precious, Holy **LORD** knows it — and yet, **HE** still has time to hear our cry — to see our need — whatever that need may be, **HE** is not oblivious to it! What a Wonderful, Loving, Caring, Merciful, Holy **LORD** we have!

“As a father (ie. our earthly father) pities his children,

*So the **LORD** pities those who fear **HIM**.”*

Psalm 103 v. 13 (NKJV)

Oh, how very, very Gracious our Precious **LORD** is because **HE** is no respecter of persons — **HE** just meets each one of us on the level we are at!

Now, back to my Mother and Aunt, That afternoon, I had to take my Aunt back to her flat as she was only able to spend the one night with my Mom. However, she promised to be back in town within five days when she would then spend a few weeks with my Mother.

So once again, I was back to full time duty at my Mother’s home, as she was not yet ready to care for herself. There were so many visitors, hence there was much for me to do. I was also training a new helper for my Mother as her previous helper had left just before she became ill.

My Mother could not sleep due to the shock of my Father's sudden death, so I would sit up with her until the early hours when she would fall asleep. I would awake again at 5 am. to give my Mother her morning tea and make her comfortable and thereafter I would dash off home to see my own family at 6 am. I attended to the family, children, breakfast etc. and waved them all off to work and school. Thereafter, I gave my domestic staff their duties for the day and then I would be off to my Mother's home again. Somehow, I just seemed tireless — it was as though the **LORD** *Supernaturally* strengthened me and carried me through it all!

I was so grateful after five days when my dear Auntie phoned to say I could fetch her as she was now able to spend some weeks with my Mother. The new helper had settled in nicely, she had a lovely personality and seemed quite capable, so at last things seemed to stabilise.

How I looked forward to going home to my family late that afternoon. I was driving back home in the 5 pm. traffic along *Duncan Street*, past the *Hillcrest Swimming Pool*, when suddenly there was that Audible Voice again — so loud, repeating over and over again until I arrived home! I was completely oblivious to the heavy traffic as I was so overwhelmed and in absolute shock as I realised that somehow after the morning at *Fountains Valley*, it was as though all this was completely obliterated from my mind

— perhaps because of all the rushing about, the late nights, early mornings etc. attending to my Mom and her visitors.

Once again, I was so very deeply touched by **His** Great Love, I just burst into tears, I could hardly see out of my eyes, I was weeping so much. I did not even think about the people in the cars round about me! Now, I had the full realisation how our Precious, Holy **LORD**, was trying to get my attention! Once again, He was there to comfort me, to reassure me regarding my dearest Dad's Eternal Destination! I just cried out to **HIM**, *“Oh, my Most Holy **LORD**, please forgive me that I have been so hard of hearing — I am so ashamed my Dearest **LORD**, that I have not yet even looked in my Bible to find out where this ‘Inscription’ is written!”* — my time had been so limited. I was so very humbled, so heartbroken, yet so very touched by **His** Infinite Love! As I got home, I quickly greeted the children between tears and explained to them that I quickly had to check something in my *Bible* and thereafter I would share it all with them. I ran into my bedroom, sat upon my bed and grabbed my *Bible*. Between sobs and tears, I cried, “Dear



*“Dear Lord, where
is this in the Bible?”*

...

*Please help me find
it now Lord!”*



LORD, where is this in the Bible? — I know it must be somewhere but I have never seen nor heard this before — please help me find it now LORD!” I was crying so much I could hardly see out of my eyes.

I just opened by *Bible* at random as it were, I thought, and there it was, just as though the verse jumped out at me. There on the bottom righthand page, second column. It was shining, bright and it appeared as though raised up above the other printing on the page: (*this was the last verse on the page*)

*“Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you:
not as the world giveth, give I unto you.
Let not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be afraid.”*
John 14 v. 27 (KJV)

Immediately after I had finished reading it, recalling that those were the very words inscribed on the white screen and also spoken audibly, I was prompted to look to the left. In an instant this all happened, I was completely overcome with amazement. There on the lefthand page of my *Bible*, first column, the following verse again literally jumped out at me — very bright and again as though this was raised up above all the other verses:

*“Let not your heart be troubled:
ye believe in **GOD**, believe also in **ME**.
In my **FATHER’S HOUSE** are many mansions:
if it were not so, **I** would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you...
That where **I AM**, there ye may be also.”*
John 14 v. 1-3 (KJV)

I was simply stunned to see how the **LORD** had first shown me verse 27 of John chapter 14, as this was also the first verse given on the screen and also later spoken by the Audible Voice. Only thereafter, did **HE** give verses 1-3 of John chapter 14 — exactly as it had appeared on the screen and also exactly as it was spoken by the Loud Audible Voice. Just please note how aptly these verses follow on one another. How very loving and caring, **HE** truly is!

I read in the margin of my *Bible* that these were the very words spoken by the **LORD JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF**, to *His Disciples*, in order to comfort them just before *His Crucifixion*, all in preparation for what was to come. This was spoken at the *Last Supper*.

For the following two weeks, I felt as though I just wanted to hide myself, to be alone and meditate on all that had taken place. I felt so unworthy, so very humbled

by **His** Great, Wonderful Love. I just needed a quiet time to level out and dry my tears.

Just sharing this precious experience with you has been recorded in *Heaven*, in the **LAMB'S** *Book of Life*;

*“Then they that feared (ie. reverential and worshipful fear) the **LORD** spake often one to another: and the **LORD** hearkened, and heard it, and a Book of Remembrance was written before **HIM** for them that feared the **LORD**, and that thought upon **HIS NAME**.”*

Malachi 3 v. 16 (KJV)

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

Psalms 136 v. 5-6 (KJV)

‘Tears’ = often a form of intercessory prayer.

‘Tears’ = defined by one of the **LORD'S** Godly Saints, Charles Spurgeon, as “*the Ministry of Tears*” = “*Liquid Prayer*.”



Kathryn Kulhman Books

– January 1975 –



Mid-January of 1975, just before fetching the children from school, I would sometimes have a few moments to pop into the *van Schaik's* bookshop to look for art books for *Lillian* and *Jacques'* projects. I would also pop into the NG bookshop next-door, to perhaps buy the odd birthday card, as they used to keep such beautiful cards. This NG bookshop was the only Christian bookshop in our area — the next was in town, also the A.E.B. bookshop in town.

This particular day, there were no appropriate cards for my requirements, so I passed by the opposite bookshelf and suddenly, my eye caught a book “*I Believe in Miracles*” by *Kathryn Kulhman*. I took the book, a small uninteresting paperback with a lady on the cover in colour, in a long



Do miracles still happen today?



white dress. I was excited when I read the title regarding *Miracles* — “*What was this? Did Miracles still happen?*” I bought the book which was just over R1.00.

After I had given the children lunch and they had settled down to homework etc, I grabbed my new book — “*I must see what this is all about,*” I remember thinking. I started reading and had not covered many pages, when the tears just flowed. I wept so much throughout this entire book, I could hardly see out of my eyes at times. What a precious book — it told of such wonderful *Healings* and *Miracles* — of people’s desperation, their need — it was just too much for me.

The following week, I went by the NG bookshop once again, in search of more of *Kathryn Kulhman* books. There was one more “*God Can Do It Again.*” What a beautiful book — my tears just flowed uncontrollably as I read this book and later shared the contents with the family. It was so touching — all this was so new to us, as we had hardly even heard of a *Miracle of Healing* taking place.

My search was on for more of *Kathryn Kulhman's* precious books. These seemed to be unobtainable in those days, however, I enquired all over and eventually got several smaller books on individual healings. These books were all acquired over a period of time. Each book was such a blessing as it was building up of faith in one's life regarding *God's Miraculous Healing Power and Miracles*.

I wrote *Kathryn Kulhman* a long letter in January of 1976. At the end of February 1976, I received a reply from her foundation saying she had passed on to be with the **LORD** two weeks ago. I still have the letter. Her ministry awakened 'something' within me. So her library grew and after another year, I was so thrilled to get a copy of 'Daughter of Destiny.'



She has always been so dear to my heart



In 1992, *Benny Hinn*, held a crusade in *Cape Town*. I heard that he was bringing several videos of *Kathryn Kulhman* ministering. *Jacques* was in *Cape Town* at the time, so I flew down for the crusade. I was so blessed as I was able to purchase 5 sets of videos and audio tapes on


Kathryn Kulhman's teachings and healing ministry. They only had a limited number of these at the crusade, hence I queued for several hours before they opened the doors of the *Good Hope Centre* in *Cape Town*. It was such a scramble to get to the book table as there was quite a stampede, one nearly got knocked down in the process. I was so touched and blessed when I eventually had all the available material in my possession. I just wept in gratitude as I thanked **Him**.



Heavenly Visitation



– 21st December, 1975 –

he Fernie's, (dearest Norma, my sister, her husband Peter, and her daughters Julianne and Bridgette) were due to emigrate to Canada on Thursday, 26th December, 1975. There was so much sadness, terrible heartache and weeping experienced by one and all regarding their final departure including the circumstances surrounding this, over a period of time.

On Sunday, 21st December, 1975, after having a much needed little rest due to all the emotional strain and exhaustion, at 4 pm., we as a family, went into our stoep-room for afternoon tea. The four of us sat in the corner, now referred to as our '*Little Room*'.

I had poured our tea and we were all still in such shock and absolute silence regarding the situation and all the surrounding circumstances, suddenly, I could no longer control myself and I just started weeping uncontrollably. My husband and daughter were sitting on the antique couch in front of the painted wall mural, symbolically representing *Heavenly* peace and tranquility. I was sitting opposite them on their right near the north-facing French doors leading onto the front garden. My son sat directly opposite me, on my husband and daughter's left.

Suddenly, my daughter said, "*Mommy, there is someone behind you!*" I got such a fright, I immediately stopped crying because I thought it was visitors on the stoep in front of the

French doors, I felt so embarrassed if anyone should see me in such a state of weeping. Then my daughter added, "*Mommy, I see a Heavenly being, so exquisitely beautiful, standing sideways behind your chair, hands in prayer position.*" Then this very beautiful *Heavenly being*, glanced at my daughter, made eye-contact with her, smiled lovingly at her, then nodded her head and immediately bowed her head right towards me and placed her hands directly on my head and started praying over



*An exquisitely
beautiful
Heavenly being
praying over me...*



me. Instantaneously, such Peace and calm overtook me and in fact each one of us, as the entire atmosphere was filled with such a Heavenly Peace — so tranquil, as a very heavy Anointing filled the entire room and rested upon each one of us. We all remained very still as we sat, quietly drinking it all in. This *Heavenly Holy Presence* was tangible. Then after some time had elapsed, my son said, “*Mommy, there is a very big round Gold Light, like a ball, behind you and it is moving in past you between us all, around the coffee table and out towards the southern French doors in the liveable courtyard area.*”

As my daughter shared all she had seen, we just sat in absolute awe, listening whilst being lost in wonder, in love and praise. Somehow, I, together with my family, were *Supernaturally* strengthened, comforted and our tears were dried from that moment on, we were able to bear the situation.

How very precious and how very great is the Love of our Precious Holy **LORD** — to send this special *Heavenly Messenger* into our presence, into our home at a time when we were at breaking point, to comfort, strengthen and uplift us at this critical time in our lives as this family were always very close to us.

*“What is man, that **THOU** art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that **THOU** visitest him?”*
Psalm 8 v. 4 & Heb 2 v. 6 (b) (KJV)

How very great our Holy **LORD** is — such Mercy, such
Compassion and such Loving Kindness! We just stand in
Awe of **You**, Most Holy **GOD**, to Whom all praise is due,
we just stand in Awe of **YOU**!

Praise our Most Precious, Holy **LORD GOD**.
To whom all praise is due!

Amen



Perfume of Roses



— January 1976 —
(Beginning 2nd Week. Monday)



uring January 1976, I felt led to just go and sit in ‘*Our Little Room*’ and read the *Catholic Bible*, which was given to me by a friend. I was so interested to read the books that were not in our *King James Bible*.

I started reading at approximately 11 am. At about 12.30 noon, whilst reading (*Sirach chap 10*), I suddenly became aware of a beautiful perfume — that of *Roses*. The glass door on the west was open. I looked up and thought “*But there are no roses around here so possibly the wind brought the perfume into the ‘Little Room’, but then again, there was no wind,*” it was a beautiful hot sunny, quiet day. I was puzzled but then paid no further attention to finding the source, as it was just a strong whiff for a moment and then was gone.

I continued reading (*Sirach chap 10*), when suddenly, there the beautiful perfume was again, only this time it remained longer. Now I was even more puzzled than before and really wondered where this perfume could be coming from as I had never smelled roses here before, nor were there any roses in our ‘*Little Room*’ or even in our home at this time. Once again, the *Perfume* faded and I thought this must be coming from outside.



*A Heavenly
Perfume from Above...*



Again, I continued reading (*verses 3 and 4 of Sirach, chapter 11*), then the *Perfume* came again and this time it was so much stronger and concentrated and it just stayed... It did not fade and I suddenly realised that this perfume came from ‘*Above*’. The following *Scriptures* came to my remembrance:

*“I AM the Rose of Sharon,
and the Lily of the Valleys.”*

Song of Solomon 2 v. 1 (KJV)

*“The wilderness and the solitary place
shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice,
and blossom as the **ROSE**.
It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice
even with joy and singing:
the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it,
the excellency of Carmel and Sharon,
they shall see the Glory of the **LORD**,
and the excellency of our **GOD**.”*

Isaiah 35 v. 1-2 (KJV)

The atmosphere was so beautiful already in our home as the **LORD** had already started separating me and drawing me into seclusion. This particular morning, all was so quiet, so peaceful — only the singing and twittering of the birds was heard. I was so overwhelmed with the beauty, the Peace and the Glory present, I just started weeping uncontrollably, crying “**LORD**, I cannot leave You now! What must I do? I can't leave You now please stay with me, don't go, please my **LORD JESUS!**” I ran towards my bedroom as it was now time to fetch the children from school. As I ran down the passage to my bedroom, this exquisite *Perfume* just followed me as it were. Oh, I was so touched! Then I thought, “I never used any of my own perfume this morning — besides, it does not smell like this Heavenly Fragrance.” I quickly

grabbed my bottle of perfume even while this exquisite *Heavenly Fragrance* was all around me now even filling my bedroom. I realised, but of course, this is not at all like my own perfume, nothing that I have ever smelled before was as beautiful as this *Heavenly Perfume!*

To try and describe this *Perfume*, is humanly impossible — it is definitely roses — it is so soft and powdery, yet very, very concentrated. It is so beautiful, one just cannot get enough of it. Such a beautiful Peace is mingled with it and this soothing Peace just seems to flow into one, strengthening one spiritually, mentally and physically. One is so aware of **His** Holy Presence in this *Perfume*.

I cried out to the **LORD** and said, “*Oh, LORD, I must go and fetch the children now, but I do not want to leave now, while this beautiful, Heavenly Fragrance is here — it seems so disrespectful to YOU, my dearest LORD — just as though I don’t appreciate YOUR Wonderful Love.*” All this was said between constant weeping. I was prompted to take my bag and as I walked down the passage to the kitchen and out of the back door, this *Precious Heavenly Fragrance* was just following me even all the way into my car. The *Fragrance* was so beautiful in my car — so concentrated. Oh, I just wept all the way as I was driving, first down to *Hatfield Bakery*, to buy bread for lunch, before fetching the children.

I stopped at the bakery, but wept so much as I said “Dearest **LORD**, I am too scared to get out of the car for fear this beautiful *Perfume* will leave and I do so want both the children to experience it!” Just then, I was prompted to go and buy the bread. I jumped out of the car and ran down into the bakery, as quickly as I could. I grabbed the fresh bread and fortunately there was not a row of people, as there so often is. I literally ran back to the car with such trepidation, fearing that perhaps the *Perfume* would be gone.

However, as I opened the door, the *Perfume* literally overwhelmed me — it was so strong and so concentrated. I quickly jumped into the car and closed the door. I sat and wept as this beautiful *Fragrance* just overtook me. I was so very touched by our Precious **LORD’S** Love. I drove as quickly as possible to my daughter’s school (*Girl’s High*) because I did so want her to be blessed by it. I had been crying so much that I just kept my sunglasses on so that she would not see I had been crying and perhaps get a fright as she was approaching the car with her usual smile.

As she opened the door, the *Perfume* overwhelmed her too and she realised this was truly a *Fragrance from Heaven*. Between all our tears, I shared with her how it all began. Now, we were just believing that the **LORD** would please keep *His Fragrance* with us, so that my son could also

be blessed. As he opened the door with his usual bright “Hello...” He could not complete his usual greeting, he continued “*What’s this smell?*” He said that, as he opened the door, he immediately knew that this *Fragrance* was from the **LORD**, even before he could verbalise it. We were in tears all the way home — in absolute awe!

We were all so stunned as this *Fragrance* just stayed in the car with us until we got home. The three of us stood quietly in a circle in a prayer of awe and gratitude. We were so blessed that our dearest **LORD** had so graciously allowed us to experience **His Heavenly Fragrance** and **His Holy Presence**.

From this time on, this *Fragrance* kept coming at very regular intervals for the next 21 months — until the following year (*end September 1977*). Each time we experienced the *Perfume* — it was exactly the same — same *Fragrance*, same concentration, Holy awe and **His Precious Presence**, only it did not always last for the same amount of time. Sometimes it was just three strong, lingering wafts of *His Fragrance*, other times, it would stay a little longer. Every time it came, we would quickly gather together and just stand in silent awe and reverence, usually quietly weeping as **His Peace** and Holy *Fragrance* was just washing over our spirit, soul and body. This happened at very regular intervals during this time January 1976 to September 1977.

After this time, this *Heavenly Fragrance* has come on the odd occasion — just as beautiful, just as intense, over the years that followed, leaving us in such awe and wonder at **His** Amazing Love.

When this *Fragrance* came in September 1977, it was as the first time — it just filled our whole home — the children and I were all there and it seemed to stay forever! The **LORD** then prompted me that it would no longer be as it was during this particular period from January 1976 - September 1977. It actually came up in my spirit that this *Perfume* had come so often to strengthen us spiritually, mentally and physically for all that lay ahead. I did not know what was awaiting us. On looking back over the years, I understood the **LORD'S** Precious Loving Care because of all we had to go through in the following years, approximately 30 years. It so often came just before a crises, or just after — **His** assurance that **HE** was there, lest we forget!

Hallelujah — what a **SAVIOUR!**

This *Healing Balm of Heaven* comes “*within the veil*” as *His Fragrance* is poured upon us; as **HE** drops **His** Dew of Quietness — **His** Perfect Peace.

Amen, Amen.

Interpretation:

Rose: symbol of Love — **JESUS** is the *Rose of Sharon*
— hence this beautiful *Fragrance* is the *Fragrance*
of our Precious **SAVIOUR, JESUS; HIS** everlasting,
infinite Love always, lest we forget...
Flowers in *Scripture* usually conveys the message
of Praise and Worship to the **LORD** (e.g. *In the
Tabernacle — temple*)

*“I cannot breathe enough of **Thee**,
O gentle breeze of Love,
More fragrant than the myrtle tree
The Rose of Sharon is to me.
The balm of Heaven above.”*

- *A Communion Hymn by W. Spencer Walton.
(Redemption Hymnal)*

*“Like a watered garden,
Full of fragrance rare,
Lingering in **Thy** Presence.
Let my life appear.”*

- *E. Mary Grimes*



The Spirit of Christ



– February 1976 –



From February 1976 and the months that followed (approximately 7 months), when my daughter went to bed at night, she had the following experience:

*A beautiful White Dove, radiating such Light all around, would fly down from the ceiling towards her and then disappear. This Precious Dove would just keep coming and going in this way until she eventually fell asleep. We were all so touched by this and particularly, as we realised this was a symbol of our Precious **HOLY SPIRIT**, the **SPIRIT OF CHRIST**.*

While shopping at the *NG Boekhandel, Hatfield* — the only Christian Bookshop in our area, my eye fell upon a book entitled: “*The SPIRIT OF CHRIST*” by *Dr. Andrew Murray*. I immediately connected this book to the experiences my daughter was having each evening. I was prompted to buy this book but having been brought up in the Methodist church, I had never even heard of *Dr. Andrew Murray*. I confused him with a local minister then, *Dr. Murray Jansen*, from the Lynnwood NG church. I thought, “*Why must I read one of his books?*” and turned to walk away. Just then a strong prompting came within me and I took the book from the shelf — just to glance at it. As I held the book in my hand, I felt extreme heat coming from this book. I realised the **LORD** was trying to get my attention. I went and stood in a sheltered spot in the bookshop and held the book between my two hands and prayed and asked the **LORD** if **HE** really wanted me to buy and read this book. The heat between my hands and the book was tremendous. While I prayed, I just felt as though I was spiralling upwards — a most wonderful sensation, my shoulders and upper part of my body was in a spiralling movement. I thought, surely I must be imagining this, as I put the book down and took another book on the **HOLY SPIRIT** by *RA. Torrey*. I held it between my hands in the same manner and prayed again but nothing happened, hence I thought, “*So it was my imagination.*” As I turned to walk away, a very strong prompting came

to take “*The SPIRIT OF CHRIST*” book again and to hold it in the same way, again between my hands. Immediately, this heat returned and there I was spiralling upward again with my upper part of my body rocking to and fro. I then realised that the **LORD** definitely wanted me to buy this book.



“Pray that My Holy Spirit will help you and teach you as you read ...”



That night when I had settled down, I started reading this book but I found it to be very heavy reading, so much so, that I started crying and saying to the **LORD**, that I had felt **HE** had led me to buy this book but I am sure I could not have understood **HIM** properly — I cannot understand it and to make matters worse, the book was expensive, even in those early days. Then immediately, the prompting came: “*Pray that MY HOLY SPIRIT will help you and teach you as you read this book.*” I immediately prayed and instantaneously as I started to read again, such a Peace overtook me, I understood what I was reading and found this book so interesting that I just could not put the book down.

A few days later my husband enquired what I was reading as he was keen to know why I could not put the

book down. He looked at the book and said, he could not understand it at all — in fact, it is such heavy reading. So this taught me that the **LORD** always wants us to pray before reading any spiritual books, to ask the dearest **HOLY SPIRIT** to guide and teach us.

I then realised that as the **HOLY SPIRIT** was coming in the form of a Dove to my daughter every evening, the **LORD** wanted to teach me as the mother, regarding the **HOLY SPIRIT** so that I could in turn convey this to her and the family.

In the Methodist church, we had not been taught very much about the **HOLY SPIRIT**, so this precious book was a tremendous blessing and truly anointed of the **LORD**.

In this book too, *Dr. Andrew Murray*, a very anointed minister, referred to the **HOLY SPIRIT** as a Dove who wants **HIS** resting place, that is, our hearts, free from all intrusion. I was so touched by our Precious **LORD'S** Concern and Love in the way **HE** went about teaching us through this precious book.

This experience started my search for the *Dr. Andrew Murray* books, wherever I went, my quest was for these books, but they were out of print (*in those days — 1976*) except for the odd book here and there. Within the following three years I had collected well into the thirties.

These precious old paper-back books were found in the most unexpected places as the **LORD** alerted me. Several came from the *Cape — Stellenbosch* or wherever, hidden in little old bookshops. So our Precious **LORD**, taught me **HIS WORD** through these precious books which literally covered every subject. I was so blessed as I devoured these precious Holy Truths as I was growing in the things of **LORD**.

From February 1976, my daughter had a vision of this Precious Holy Dove every evening until late in 1977. This beautiful Dove would come down from her bedroom ceiling as she was lying in her bed at bedtime and **HE** would encircle the entire inside of her four-poster bed. **HE** just continued this for several minutes every evening — she even heard the flutter of **HIS** precious wings at times. This was all so very touching and beautiful... We were so blessed at this beautiful way our **LORD** was introducing us to the teaching of the **HOLY SPIRIT**, **HIS** precious communication and personality, all so very gentle.

So very precious!

Praise our Precious **LORD**!



Audible Voice in Supermarket



- *March 1976* -



uring March 1976, one Friday morning, when I went to do my usual weekly shopping in the supermarket, *Brooklyn Spar, Brooklyn Circle*, I collected my trolley and got my shopping list. The owners of this *Spar* were a middle-aged Jewish couple and every Friday they sold fresh fish, which they filleted so well.

As I started to push my trolley, I was suddenly brought to a halt! I looked ahead of me and saw all the people bustling about in the supermarket, simultaneously whilst looking at all the people, I heard this very loud Audible Voice speaking in my ear:

*“... Look at the fields,
they are already white to harvest...
but the laborers are few.”*

John 4 v. 35 (b) & Luke 10 v. 2 (b) (NKJV)

With this, such a compassion which I simply cannot describe, welled up within me and I just started crying uncontrollable in the store. I immediately returned my trolley to the starting point and rushed to my car crying. As I sat down in my car between such weeping, I said to the **LORD**, “**LORD**, what must I do for **YOU**? **YOU** know **LORD**, I am doing all I know how i.e. family, relatives, friends, Sunday school, Women’s Auxiliary etc. as and whenever opportunities arose. **LORD**, I am not qualified to do more, but please show me what more **YOU** would have me do?” This all happened as I was heading home as fast as I could, while tears were flowing uncontrollably!


*Lord,
what must I
do for You?*


When I arrived home, in such shock and so stunned at the experience. I wondered if anyone else had heard the loud Audible Voice in the store? I made myself some tea and sat quietly, reflecting on it all.

Then the longing came to be trained for the **LORD**'s Service, “*But where?*” I had always wanted to be a lay preacher in my church, the Methodist church, but those days there was not much scope for women in this kind of service.

The only course I could think of at that moment in time, was *Unisa* — making enquiries later, and after prayer, I realised that there would be so much doctrine, history, etc... This was not the way the **LORD** wanted me to go.

Some weeks later, I learned about the *Rosebank Bible College* in *Johannesburg*. They had a morning school, but after careful consideration I realised this was not for me either.

Then in 1981; we heard about the *Rhema Bible Training College*. We had started attending the *Rhema Church* in 1980. My daughter had now just completed her Matric, so the two of us felt led, after much prayer, this was where the **LORD** wanted us to go. We were so excited to be going off to Bible School together. As the year had already progressed to the end of the first term, we realised we would have to start in January 1982.

*“... look on the fields;
or they are white already to harvest.”*

John 4 v. 35 (b) (KJV)

“... but the labourers are few...”

Luke 10 v. 2 (KJV)

Interpretation:

Fields (*Chora 5561*): the world (*Kevin J. Conner*)

Space or a territory — including its inhabitants,
land, country, region.

Harvest (*Therimos 2326*): Reaping the crop in the summer
when harvest is due.

The gathering of men into the Kingdom of **GOD** —
the act of reaping in due season.

White (*Leukos 3022*): ripened grain — ‘Light’, bright
brilliant, shining, spoken of the whitening colour of
ripening grain. (*Grain/wheat often used a symbol of
the **WORD OF GOD** being proclaimed = sowing*)

— corresponds to the heart/spirit = a type
of revival from Heaven

Labourers: fellow-workers with **GOD** — acting together with
the Truth as an operating Power.

Fellow-workers = belonging to and serving **GOD**.

The work of salvation committed by **GOD** to **CHRIST**
— the work to be done by *Apostles* and other
Christian teachers etc...

Work committed to ... i.e. assigned by one and to be
done for **HIS** sake i.e. **CHRIST!**

Few (3641): denotes little, few, small, in extent = used of number and quantity.

Confirmation of God's Audible Voice

*“Out of Heaven **HE** made thee to hear **HIS** Voice,
that **HE** might instruct thee...”
Deuteronomy 4 v. 36 (a) (KJV)*

‘*Wesleyan church*’ — later became the ‘*Methodist church*’ — a tribute to my precious ‘*Godly-members in **CHRIST***’. The dearest ‘*Wesleyan brothers*’, *John and Charles Wesley*, founders of the church in the 1700’s

Quote

“The whole world is my parish”

Believers in the **HOLY TRINITY**, also operating in the **HOLY (PRECIOUS) SPIRIT** — (*often so overlooked*) but not in those early days — the Precious **HOLY SPIRIT OF CHRIST** was fully acknowledged by so many true reborn children of the **LORD** in the history of the true *Body of CHRIST*, in the early **GOD**-fearing years of the Church (*the Body of CHRIST*). This too, became my goal for life, because I know ‘this’ was my SAVIOUR’S Goal, (*the true harvest fields*). Glory to **GOD**. Amen & Amen.



Heavenly Visitation

3 am. - 5 am.



- 6th July, 1976 -



It was Tuesday morning, 3 am. 6th July 1976. I was awakened by *Lillian* calling me. She said she had a headache. I went and sat a bit by her and within half hour she was feeling better. Her and I were just chatting quietly.

Suddenly, *Lillian* said, “*Mommy there are two ‘Angels’ on your left — the one looks exactly like Oupa (my late Dad). They are both dressed alike in the most beautiful soft silk-like robe.*” The design on the robe is a very, very tiny diamond-shaped check — first deep blue, then a lighter blue, then a deep gold and then a lighter gold (*diamond-check effect — see sketch Diagram A*). The ‘Angel’ who

looked like *Oupa* wore a golden bib. It first of all looked as though these two ‘*Angels*’ had wings but it appeared that their arms were covered by the robe they wore.

DIAGRAM A:

Robes worn by two ‘*Angels*’



Then *Lillian* went on to explain that the other ‘*Angel*’ remained standing on my left while the ‘*angel*’ which looked like *Oupa* moved in-between *Lillian* and I and embraced us. The ‘*angel*’ who looked exactly like *Oupa* was smiling very happily and he looked so young. The whole atmosphere was so beautiful — so very peaceful and Heavenly!

Lillian suddenly noticed a very dark figure at the foot end of her 4-poster bed. He appeared batman-like, dressed in a brown cloak and had claw-like hands with a cap pulled over his head — he also wore a mask. Immediately *Lillian* said “*Don’t you dare spoil this — in the Name of JESUS CHRIST — get out of here as fast as you can and never come back!*” Before she even finished her sentence, he was gone. We realised this was an attack from the darkness to spoil such a very beautiful moment.

Then ‘*Angel*’ who looked like *Oupa* and the other ‘*Angel*’ who *Lillian* said looked so much like our family, left the room. After several minutes the two ‘*Angels*’ returned. The ‘*Angel*’ who looked like *Oupa* stood directly opposite us and he was blowing a golden trumpet. It came to *Lillian* that the two ‘*Angels*’ had been to *Jacques* in his room, and also to our *Little Prayer Room*, our *Prayer Room*. Such a wonderful feeling of Peace and Happiness flooded the room — this was now exactly eight days before *Oupa*’s earthly parting four years ago — 14th July, 1972. Then both ‘*Angels*’ left the room while the ‘*Angel*’ who looked like *Oupa*, was still blowing the trumpet.

Lillian and I were too excited to sleep now, so we just kept chatting and thanking our Precious **LORD** for this beautiful experience.

While we were chatting and I sitting beside *Lillian* on her bed — she was propped up on her pillows, she noticed a blue circle around my head and then a golden crown on my head. Then she noticed a very large blue and golden eye in the centre of my ‘forehead’, between my eyes. Behind this very large eye, in the centre of my ‘forehead’, was a very large golden cross from the top of my ‘forehead’ down to the end of my nose. From the ceiling, a golden light radiated down onto my head and it flowed right down into my entire body.

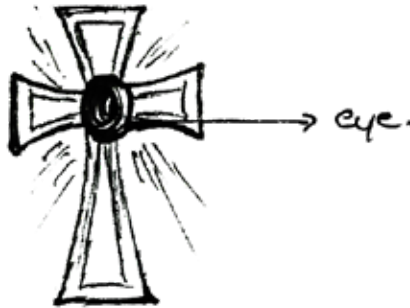
DIAGRAM B:

Crown of gold



DIAGRAM C:

Golden Cross and blue and gold eye



Oh, what Peace, what joy and calm filled the room — we were so happy and just sat smiling quietly. We just could not believe that all these blessings were taking place. We just sat there thanking and praising Our Precious **LORD** for giving us this Heavenly midnight feast. We were so very grateful to our **LORD** for all **HIS** Love and for all **HE** had always shared with us and also for **HIS** Love, Peace and Happiness in our little family and in our lovely home.

After this, *Lillian* saw two beautiful old world gates — Victorian design — in bright gold. Beyond the gates led a narrow golden path into a City — the light from the gates, the path and the City in the distance, was so very bright — all she saw was silhouettes here and there of different shaped domes between the strong radiating gold and white light. Then as she looked again, she saw above the large golden gates amidst the radiating gold and white light, a small plaque of praying hands.

How wonderfully kind our Precious **LORD** really is, to once again reassure us that our loved one (*Oupa*) is safe in **His** Keeping. You will note from notes regarding *Oupa's* passing, how he always wore the little pin “*Prayer Changes Things*” — hence the praying hands. We were so deeply touched by **His** Precious Loving Concern for us and after thanking **HIM**, felt that by now (*around 5 am.*) we should go back to sleep before morning.

As I walked through my bedroom door, on the right is a small upright antique chest of drawers — as I passed by, in front of this little chest, I suddenly heard a loud Audible Voice clearly say to me: “*Go tell the family first, then others.*”

I was so stunned and continued another few steps to my bed and just sat on the edge of my bed, when again

the same Audible Voice spoke clearly to me: “*Whoever believes in ME, Rivers of Living Water shall flow from his innermost being.*”

I was completely stunned and in awe — I want to stress that at this point in my life I had never ever seen or heard of this *Scripture*. I only discovered it very much later in my Bible in John 7 v. 38 (KJV).

“He that believeth on ME, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly (innermost being) shall flow rivers of living water.”

John 7 v. 38 (KJV)

“Whoever believes in ME... Streams of life-giving water will pour out from his side.”

John 7 v. 38 (The Good News Translation)

“Rivers of Living Water”: **JESUS CHRIST** becomes the River — the *Living Water* that flows from us = the **SPIRIT OF CHRIST**.

The mouth releases the many *rivers* by speaking the **WORD**, thus releasing **JESUS CHRIST** into the different situations in one’s life.

HE is the Anointed **CHRIST** and therefore the Anointing, the **SPIRIT OF CHRIST** is the ‘*Rivers of Living Water*’ within us.

All I can say is that one is so humbled and in such awe regarding this entire experience — we just praise and thank our Precious Holy **LORD** because we know to whom much has been given, much is expected. Oh, my Holy **LORD**, how great is this responsibility — this *Heavenly Visitation!!*

Interpretation

Forehead: Supreme part of the soul

Blue: Heaven, Heavenly, **HOLY SPIRIT**,

Gold: Glory

Eye: Searching, penetrating, insight

I:

Then I realised that the visions of this night were definitely a message to our family. Firstly, it was just eight days before *Oupa*’s earthly parting four years ago — 4th July 1972. When *Oupa* came with the ‘*Angel*’ this was a reassurance that all was well with our dearest *Oupa* — that he was happier than he could ever have been on earth — that our **LORD’S** Promise of having prepared a place for us in **HIS FATHER’S** House was so true — hence *Pa*’s extreme happiness. This

also bears witness to the vision the **LORD** gave me shortly after *Pa's* death, when I saw the screen descending from the sky “Peace, **MY** Peace I give unto you...” etc. (*John 14 v. 27, 1-3*) (*See Notes — “My Father’s Earthly Departure” p.29*)

Then *Pa's* returning and the blowing of the golden trumpet — a trumpet symbolises a message.

2:

Diagram C: Immediately hereafter, *Lillian* noticed a blue circle around my head and then a golden crown on my head — it came to *Lillian* that it was the *Crown of Life* — the **WORD** says:

*“Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer...
be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a
crown of life.”*

Rev 2 v. 10 (KJV)

It came to me as *Lillian* was telling me this as she was seeing it, that we must always continue in Faith, in Hope and in Love and above all to “*Pray without ceasing*” (*I Thessalonians 5 v. 17 KJV*), standing strong into Eternity. Amen.

3:

*“Let the beauty of **JESUS** be seen in me,
All **HIS** wondrous Compassion and Purity,
O **THOU SPIRIT** Divine, all my nature refine,
Till the beauty of **JESUS** be seen in me...*

*- “Let The Beauty Of **JESUS** Be Seen In Me”*

by Albert W. T. Orsborn

However, we were not quite sure regarding this part of the vision what the message really was. We now know this had to do with our calling.

Regarding the golden gates — this was surely the entrance to Heaven itself and the plaque above the gates with the praying hands — this was certainly another confirmation to us that *Oupa* was beyond those gates as we will all remember the little pin he always wore “*Prayer Changes Things*” and this inscription together with the praying hands are inscribed on his tombstone.

*“Farewell; in hope and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till **HE** whose Home is ours above
Unite us there.”*



Pink Light Vision



- July 1977 -



uring July 1977, I awoke at 3am. one morning to pray regarding certain situations — the children were due for a re-test of their eyes.

When I had finished praying, I opened my eyes and noticed that the whole bedroom was lit up with a beautiful soft ‘*Pink Light*’ — a Glow. I saw nothing in the bedroom — no furniture — nothing, I could not even see my hand in front of me, only this beautiful, soft, *Pink Glowing Light*. This *Pink Glowing Light* just stayed forever so long. After several minutes, I woke my husband and asked him if he could see this beautiful *Pink Light*, he answered “no”, he saw nothing. I asked him if he could see silhouettes of the furniture in the bedroom, he said “yes”, it all looked exactly as it always did at night. He said he could see me,



*I could only see a beautiful, soft
pink glowing light...*



but I could not see him, nor anything else in this soft,
Pink Glowing Light.

There was such a deep peace and tranquility in the room. My husband went off to sleep as I lay there enjoying this beautiful *Pink Glowing Light*, so humbled by our Precious **LORD'S** Love. I realised that this was truly a *Gift from Above* — that the **LORD** had heard my prayers — my concerns were in **HIS** Loving Hands. How I thanked **HIM** for **HIS** Love — I was so very excited and very gradually this beautiful pink glow just faded away as I fell into a deep sleep till morning.

Praise our Precious **LORD**!



The Cross Made Up of White Doves



- August 1977 -



uring August 1977, I was reading “*Holy in CHRIST*” by *Dr. Andrew Murray*. The **LORD** led me to start reading his books in 1976, after introducing me to the book “*The Spirit of CHRIST*.”

The family were sleeping and I was sitting up in bed reading this book — I could not put it down as I was so blessed by it. I suddenly realised I was now so tired, so I put my book down and turned onto my left side to go to sleep.

Just as I was drifting off to sleep, I suddenly heard an Audible Voice say: “*Look at the ceiling!*” Immediately I turned onto my back and looked up at the ceiling.

There, above me, was a large, full-blown *Pink Rose* approximately 3 ft. in diameter, coming down from the ceiling towards me.



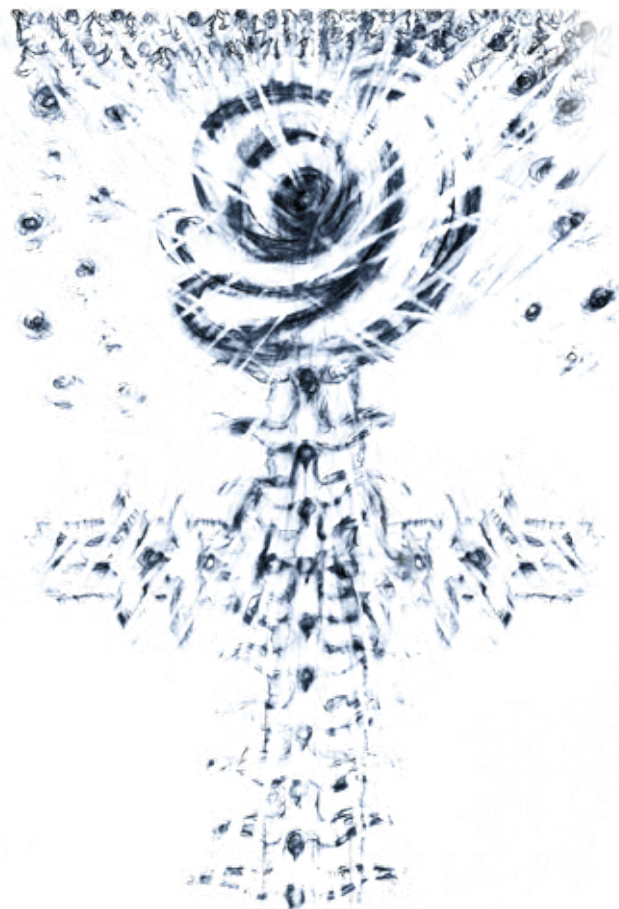
*The Rose faded into me,
into my spirit*



The *Rose* came down upon me (*my midriff*) and just faded into me as it were. It seemed to cover from my neck down, my chest, my heart. After this very large *Rose* faded into me, as it were, now many smaller *Pink Roses* came down upon me and faded away into me, exactly as the large *Pink Rose* had done. These *Pink Roses*, ie. the smaller ones now, just kept coming from above and fading into me, for several minutes — it seemed as though it was raining roses.

Thereafter, the whole ceiling was filled with a bright light and I saw crowds of angels packed closely together from the shoulders upwards. These angels were so full of gold and white light. After a little while, this faded away.

Then, a very large cross made up of *white doves*, in flight, placed at an angle from the top of the ceiling, started descending diagonally towards me and just faded into me as the *Roses* had done. It was a most beautiful sight!



Just then, I felt a very gentle Hand placed softly upon my 'forehead' — I even felt the individual fingers and the soft part of the palm of the Hand. This Hand remained upon my 'forehead' for at least a minute it seemed. Then the Hand lifted and I felt the inside of a gentle finger placed ever so gently upon the left side of my 'throat' — there were three soft touches, as it were, and then it was gone.

Thereafter, I noticed the side — the profile — head and shoulders of an Angel — male, very well built, big shoulders and very strong arms. He wore a white top with short sleeves, hence I saw the very strong arms. He had dark, curly hair not long, but not short! He passed before me and I heard a voice echoing in the background RHaphaaaaaaaaa in the distance, and then he was gone!



More *Pink Roses* start descending from the ceiling and faded into me, as before. Then it was over.

Interpretation

RAPHA:

(*Strong's Page 110 - 7495 - 7506*)

- To mend by stitching, to cure, cause to heal,
physician, repair, thoroughly made whole.

7495 (*page 775. Gesenius Lexicon*): To sew together, to mend,

- (1) This root imitates the sounds of a person sewing rapidly.
- (2) To heal — a wound, a wounded person which is

done by sewing up the wound.

Luther's joke: Called physicians the cobblers of the

LORD GOD = doctor

To cure: to console e.g. “**GOD** *pardoned us*” to be healed
whether a disease or a sick person.

Forehead: Represents the supreme part of the soul.

In reality; truth is borne upon the ‘*forehead*’.


Throat: Represents a person's will



Confirmation of His Presence



- August 1978 -

 I have been experiencing the sensation, the awareness of the “palms of two hands in a praying position” between my two shoulder blades, shoulders and around my upper arms. I have been aware of this sensation for some time now and I wondered what this could possibly mean.



*Two hands
in a praying position*



Today, just as *Jacques* was going to leave for his varsity classes, we always have a prayer together before he departs. Normally, I read a verse of *Scripture* just before our prayer. As I opened by *Bible* to read, I was alerted to the following *Scripture* which just seemed to pop up off the page:

*“... The beloved of the LORD shall dwell in safety by HIM;
and the LORD shall cover him all day long,
and HE shall dwell between his shoulders.”*
Deuteronomy 33 v. 12 (KJV)

Bible Margin:

“Security. Divine overshadowing.”

Jacques also experienced this same sensation at this time, we were both so amazed at this confirmation of this *Scripture* regarding this “*praying hands*” sensation. Again, we were so blessed as we were “*touched by His Love.*”

What a Precious, Loving, Caring **LORD HE** truly is!

Amen & Amen.



I Am Your Friend



- August 1978 -



I had my normal prayers and reading as I usually do early, but this morning at approximately 11 am., I just felt led to go to prayer again. There had been so much rejection and persecution by loved ones, relatives and old friends — such unkind behaviour towards me coming from all directions, I just could not understand it as I had tried to be as kind and loving as possible. So, I thought I would just ask the **LORD** about it. Suddenly, a strong prompting came! I quickly took my notepad and pen which was on my bedroom round table and immediately started jotting down what the **LORD** was saying to me, in answer:



Keep yourself unspotted from the world...



*“You must be obedient — very obedient.
When **I** say speak, you must speak.
When **I** say you must be silent,
then be so.
But you must be obedient.
Keep yourself unspotted from the world.”*

I was so anxious about all my relatives, so very burdened for my mother, my brother, his two special boys etc... as they had all become very distant towards me regarding all I had shared with them about the Vision, the screen, the *Loud Audible Voice* of the **LORD** etc... when our father, their grandfather, passed on to be with the **LORD**. I was being obedient to our **LORD’S** instruction to “*Go, tell the family first.*” My nephews were in very early high school and were perhaps not able to fully understand it all.

I was quietly reflecting on all this when I was prompted to take my *Bible* and was *Supernaturally* led to open to Ephesians 3, verses 14 - 21 (KJV).

*“For this cause I bow my knees unto the **FATHER**
of our **LORD JESUS CHRIST**,
Of whom the whole family in heaven
and earth is named,
That **HE** would grant you, according to the riches of*

HIS Glory, to be strengthened with might
by *HIS SPIRIT* in the inner man;
That *CHRIST* may dwell in your hearts by faith;
that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,
May be able to comprehend with all saints what is
the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;
And to know the love of *CHRIST*, which passeth
knowledge, that ye might be filled with
all the fullness of *GOD*.
Now unto *HIM* that is able to do exceeding abundantly
above all that we ask or think, according to
the Power that worketh in us,
unto *HIM* be Glory in the church by *CHRIST JESUS*
throughout all ages, world without end.

Amen.

Ephesians 3 v. 14 - 21 (KJV)

What a tremendous comfort this “*Prayer of St. Paul*” was to me regarding my whole family and all the anxiety I was experiencing, in this very situation. I had never seen nor understood this passage of *Scripture* at that time. I had laid each one of my relatives, by name, before the *Throne of GOD*, as I understood it then.

As I read each verse of Ephesians 3 from verse 14 to verse 21, there came this strong wafting of “*Our LORD’s special Fragrance of the Roses*” as **HE** had so lovingly started revealing this, *HIS Special Fragrance* to me in January 1976.

Now again, after reading Ephesians chapter 3 v. 14 - 21 this ‘*Special Fragrance*’ came after reading each of these verses — what a beautiful *Heavenly confirmation* of **HIS** Amazing Love!



Seven verses = hence, this ‘*Special Fragrance*’ came after each verse — “Seven” being a very special symbol in the *Holy Bible*.

“*Seven fold SPIRIT of the LORD, Perfection, Completeness, The Sacred Full ONE (number seven).*

The fullness of Time, Year of Release, Year of Rest,

Anointing of the HOLY SPIRIT,

Seven is used about 600 times in the Bible,

Sovereignty, purification, consecration,

Man’s number of Perfection”

- Quote - Copyright © 1980 Kevin J. Conner



*I do not want you to
have very close friends...
I am your Friend...
Thank you, My Child.*



As I sat quietly thinking about what I had just read,
another prompting came to me:

*“I do not want you to have very close friends —
I AM your Friend.
Keep yourself unspotted from the world.
If you have close friends, you will not have sufficient
time **FOR** Me.
Your family (your children) and **I** are your friends,
I have a lot for you to do.
Spend a lot of time in **MY** Presence so that **I** may
teach you.
You have so much to learn still.
You’re only on the brink.
Now go in Peace, **I** will be with you.
Do not fear for your children — all is well,
Take a book into your time with **ME** and note what **I**
have to say to you.
Thank **YOU**, My child.”*

What a Loving, Kind and Gracious **LORD** we all have!
Thank **YOU**, my Dearest **LORD** and **GOD**, for all **YOU** mean
to each one of us!

Then, I realised “***HIS Friendship***” requires sincere, loyal obedience, as it were, a burning intensity within the heart and soul, while remaining in **HIS** Presence, resting peacefully in **HIM**, without any conflicting thoughts, as all else must only be an echo of another world. To be still, to detect **HIS** Movements, while being hidden in the *cleft of the Rock*, **HIS** riven Side, quietly resting upon **HIS** Word, a soul safe in **HIS** pierced Hands, through Whom flows **HIS** fullness to every needy soul, including all “*my loved ones*” — that not one will drift beyond **HIS** Loving Care.

Amen.

What a Heavenly-sent Blessing the following *Scriptures* were, and always will be, as our Precious Holy **LORD** so kindly highlighted these to me in the stillness within **HIM** - during my times of intimacy whilst sharing ***HIS Divine Holy Friendship, HIS Divine Favour, HIS Holy Glory*** and experiencing ***HIS Divine Holy*** tangible manifest *Presence* continuously:

Special Verses

(also to me personally)

Divine Friendship:

*“And the **LORD** spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. And he turned again into the camp: but his servant Joshua, the son of Nun, a young man, departed not out of the tabernacle.”*

Exodus 33 v. 11 (KJV)

Saints known - Divine Favour:

*“Yet **THOU** hast said, **I** know thee by name, and thou hast also found Grace in **MY** Sight.”*

Exodus 33 v. 12 (b) (KJV)

Divine Ways:

*“Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in **THY** Sight, shew me now **THY** Way, that I may know **THEE**, that I may find grace in **THY** Sight...”*

Exodus 33 v. 13 (a) (KJV)

Divine Presence - His Glory, His Peace:

*“And HE said, MY Presence shall go with thee, and I
will give thee rest.”*

Exodus 33 v. 14 (KJV)

Prayers Answered - Divine Friendship:

*“And the LORD said unto Moses, I will do this thing
also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace
in MY Sight, and I know thee by name.”*

Exodus 33 v. 17 (KJV)



St. Mary's Cathedral, Cape Town



*- January 1979 -
(1st Saturday of the new year)*



Ve, as a family, had been to *Cape Town* for our annual holiday. We were staying at the *Town House Hotel*, in town, very near the *Parliament Buildings*.

It was the first Saturday after New Year and we had gone shopping at *Cavendish Square* and now, we were on our way back to the Hotel for lunch. It was just after 12 noon. We had planned to go to *Melkbosstrand* in the afternoon to greet an elderly friend living there. Sunday morning we had arranged to go to church with the elderly couple in *Kenilworth* and then also to say goodbye to them. Then Monday morning we planned to head back home.

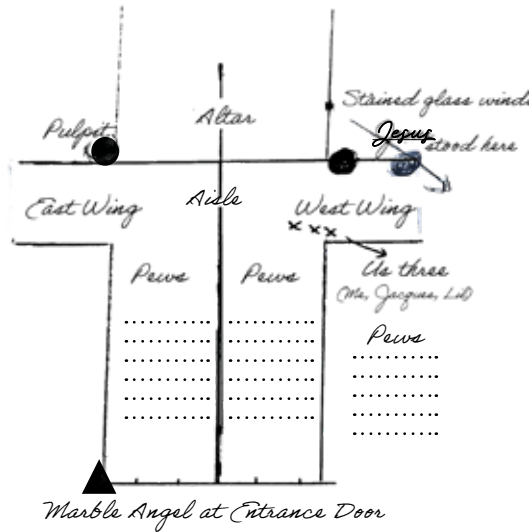
We had been staying at the *Town House Hotel* for the past few years because it was such a wonderful Hotel, excellent table, accommodation, reasonable etc. it was also a very good launching point to any direction in the *Cape*.

As we travelled daily on our various holiday excursions, we also passed ‘*The Gardens*’, the *House of Parliament* and *St. Mary’s Cathedral*, right opposite. Each time we passed this way I asked “*Can’t we please stop and go into this Cathedral because it has such beautiful stained glass windows — I would love to see it from the inside!*” The Cathedral was always open those days — from early mornings until evening. Every time, I wanted us to stop and go inside, I was told, “*There isn’t time now to do it, we will do it some other time.*”

On this particular Saturday (*noon*), the children and I decided to visit the Cathedral, we were so thrilled because we desperately wanted to see the stained glass windows, then we would walk down back to the Hotel.

There is quite a high, steep stairway (*stone*) leading up into the entrance of the Cathedral. As we entered the door, there was this enormous, marble Angel standing with a bowl of ‘*Holy Water*’ in his hands. He was well over 6’ — more like 6’ 6” — he literally filled the foyer of the entrance. Then to his left was an archway entering the Cathedral. The Cathedral’s inside was in the form/shape of a very large cross.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL INTERIOR LAYOUT



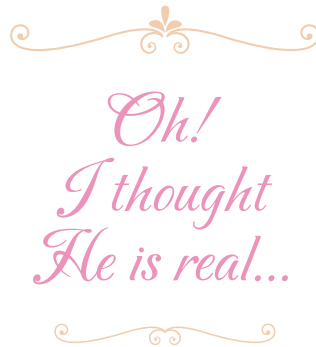
(Sabbath) Saturday, 2nd January 1979 — 7th day of the week. At 12 noon by the stained glass window of **JESUS' first Miracle** — Cana of Galilee — turning water into wine — Miracle of Provision.

As I glanced down the aisle of the Cathedral, I noticed the very high domed ceiling, the beautiful stained glass windows on either side. The light in the Cathedral was a very subdued light — the stained glass windows with their glorious, rich colours allowed the noon light of day to filter through. It gave such a wonderful ambience — one could see everything perfectly, but somehow there was this beautiful atmosphere of such Peace, such a quiet joy and love in this subdued glow of the filtered light. It was

so beautiful, one was in awe and we never uttered a word.

As I commenced to walk down the aisle, stopping to look at the first stained glass window, my eye fell on the ‘*Stations of the Cross*’ placed between the stained glass windows. The ‘*Stations of the Cross*’, **JESUS’** *Passion*, have always been so close to my heart, I have so desired to own a whole set because I felt it is so good to be reminded of what our **LORD** went through for us, lest we take it lightly and forget the terrible price **HE** had to pay for mankind’s redemption.

As I passed the first stained glass window, I could hardly look at it and do not even remember now what the scene was, because I had such a ‘*pull*’, such a ‘*drawing*’ in me, that



*Oh!
I thought
He is real...*



I literally ran tip-toed down to the cross — and stopped with a jolt. There, on the right (*west*) wing of the cross shape, was **JESUS** standing just several feet away from me. I exclaimed “*Oh, I thought HE is real.*” The Cathedral was so quiet — only the children and I in this large Cathedral and even though I just spoke in a very normal tone of voice to a loud whisper, the children heard and hurried quietly down. Not one word was spoken as the

three of us stood alongside one another in silent awe! **His** Face was so beautiful — **His** Eyes so penetrating — there was tremendous Compassion and Seriousness in **His** Face. **HE** never took **His** Eyes off us. **HE** seemed to be raised — standing on what appeared like a cloud.

His Hands were at **His** Side, **His** Eyes upon us. We could not speak, we just stood in silent worship and

holy awe in **His** Presence. We just stood there forever so long — unmoved in silent awe, as did **JESUS** too.



His Eyes...



After what seemed like a half hour or even more, we slowly moved around the altar and up the next aisle, but all the while our eyes were on **JESUS** and **His** Eyes were on us. It seemed as though **His** Eyes followed our every movement.

JESUS stood, (*as can be seen in the previous sketch*) next to the stained glass window on **His** Right — the *Wedding of Cana*, where **HE** turned the water into wine, this being the first of **JESUS'** *Miracles* (*this Miracle denotes Provision — His Provision*). How symbolic are these six water pots — six being the number of man. These, pots have been set aside — so too have we been set aside as it were, to be used in due season. These pots had to be filled with water — water being symbolic of the **WORD**

OF GOD — so too we had to be filled with the WORD OF GOD. Then the water was turned into wine — so too, as we are filled with the WORD, it is only JESUS that can turn this water of the WORD into the *New Wine* by the Power of the HOLY SPIRIT. We know the letter alone kills, but the SPIRIT gives life. This first *Miracle* was to reveal Who HE is — this *Miracle* was not a need — it was for a desire. HE gives us the desires of our hearts.

So eventually, we ended up at the entrance of the Cathedral, JESUS still standing there looking at us, as it were, and we so very, very sad that we now have to leave because the hour was late, my husband was waiting and we still had to go to *Melkbosstrand*.

The three of us were very upset and felt we just wanted to stay forever... and we would have, had the decision been ours, but... it was not to be.

We got back into the car, drove to the Hotel and had something to eat and left for *Melkbosstrand*. We did not get into any discussion further because somehow we were just silenced — it seemed as though the *Experience* was completely wiped out of our memory. Normally, we would have discussed the matter fully afterwards, but not so this time, we were silenced as though the *Experience* was too HOLY!

Then came the following December of 1979 — back to *Cape Town*, the *Town House Hotel*. Out of the blue, my husband took his camera the following morning and said we must go to the Cathedral to take a photo of the ‘*statue*’ of **JESUS**, as he was convinced we had only seen a statue of **JESUS**!

It was a Monday morning and we arrived at the Cathedral just after 9 am. there was a lady in the Cathedral cleaning. As we approached the place where the ‘*statue*’ was, there was no ‘*statue*’. My husband asked this cleaning lady if they had removed the ‘*statue*’, she said “*No*,” she had worked as a cleaner there for years but there had never been such a statue there. Then she said but we could also speak to the lady who was in the vestibule attending to the priests’ vestments etc. We went into the vestibule where we encountered this elderly lady. We asked her about the ‘*statue*’ and explained the whole situation to her, she was most emphatic that there never was a ‘*statue of JESUS*’ here and she would know because she had been working at this particular Cathedral for the past 40 years. She felt convinced that we were confused about the Cathedral — that it could possibly have been another Church, located in the *Cape*. She mentioned several other Cathedrals and their location, but of course, we knew that it was not so, hence we thanked her kindly and left.

Then the children and I realised that this had been a confirmation of the appearance — the Vision of JESUS — how deeply touched we were. We were in awe for days and quite stunned, in absolute awe!

On looking back over the years now, we realised that from that time forth we entered a period of very great trial for us — one only realises too well that if our Precious **LORD** was not with us each step of the way, we would never have been able to go through everything. Maybe, that was the reason for **HIS** Compassionate look mingled with such Seriousness. As we were allowed to gaze on **HIM** for that time, **HE** gave us the Spiritual, mental, emotion and physical strength to bear it all. We just wept to think that **HE** cared so much for us in ‘*all these things*’. What a Precious **LORD**, **HE** truly is — how Faithful and True —

“...a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

Proverbs 18 v. 24 (b) (KJV)

On reflection, this makes one realise how softly we need to tread in our everyday lives, because we are on *Holy Ground!*



Hold Thine Hand



– 5th October, 1980 –



uring June 1980, we as a family were all going through severe trials — there were so many insurmountable problems that just seemed impossible.

Every day, I had just cried to **JESUS** to please hold my hand and strengthen me as I felt I could not go on. Each day, I just placed my hand into **JESUS'** Hand.

On this particular day, there had been so many attacks, such persecution, such rejection, I felt quite desperate and so disappointed in just everything and in everybody — even in myself. I also felt that I was grieving the **LORD** and letting **HIM** down, because due to the circumstances, I was no longer able to spend all those hours with **HIM**

like I used to during the past few years.
I just felt so low physically too.

During the early hours of the morning, I awoke and all these thoughts of the past days came to mind. I immediately felt I needed to get up and go and pray about it — just talk to **HIM**. As I wanted to get up, I was so dizzy, I felt so weak and tired as my blood pressure was very low at that time due to tremendous strain and shock at that particular period.

I just started to weep as I turned on my right side and said to the **LORD**, *“Please, **LORD JESUS**, just come and sit beside me and hold my hand — I am so very tired **LORD**, I just cannot go on if you do not hold my hand!”* I had moved up on my bed so as to make a place for **JESUS** to come and sit beside me and I stretched out my hand as though **HE** sat there beside me. Within seconds, I felt a hand placed in mine — I could even feel fingers laid across the inside of my open palm. It was such a beautiful sensation — such Peace — such Comfort and even Joy. In this beautiful state, I drifted off into a calm, peaceful sleep till morning.



I felt a Hand placed in mine



When I awoke the next morning, I heard immediately upon waking “*Open your Bible!*”

I took my *Bible* and just opened it up at random as it were and my eye fell on:

*“**I** the **LORD** have called thee in righteousness,
And will hold thine hand, and will keep thee...”*

Isaiah 42 v. 6 (a) (KJV)

It just seemed as though this verse of *Scripture* was raised on the page and lit up.

How touched and comforted I was — what a Precious **JESUS** we have. “*Who am I **LORD**, that **THOU** shouldst care for me?*”

As I asked so **HE** had answered me, holding my hand.
Praise my Precious **JESUS**! I do love **HIM** so!



Easter



– April 1981 –

Iust before the start of *Easter*, I was awakened during the early hours of morning and whilst lying there, I just noticed how the pink roses just started descending down from the ceiling towards me.

Suddenly, a Hand with a fore-arm appeared, moving from right to left in front of me — just above me (*at arms length as it were*). The Hand was turned towards me so that I could see the inside of the palm. In the centre of the palm, was a perfect small circle of *Blood*, right in the very centre of the hollow of the Hand. The Hand moved very slowly from right to left and then disappeared.

I thought “*Could this also be symbolic of our Precious Lord’s suffering on Easter — the Crucifixion?*”



Clean Hands



– September 1981 –



ate Sunday evening, 6th September 1981, I went to pray in our *Little Room*. As I sat waiting on the **LORD** with my hands outstretched, in front of me, palms facing up, a sensation came into my hands which usually comes into my hands when I am waiting quietly on the **LORD** — it is a spiralling sensation in the centre of the palm — the *Anointing!*

This spiralling sensation stopped and suddenly I felt a sensation of my hands being washed — a feeling of a back and forth movement across the length of my hands from fingers to wrist. This carried on for several minutes it seemed. It came to me, whilst this sensation was going on as I sat quietly still, that all the events and the people concerned with all that had taken place over the past years it was all past now, therefore, my hands had to be washed.

The following *Scripture* came to my remembrance:

*“Who shall ascend into the hill of the **LORD**?
Or who shall stand in **His** Holy Place?
He that hath clean hands...”*

I quickly opened my *Bible* to look up the *Scripture* and read on:

*“Who shall ascend into the hill of the **Lord**?
Or who shall stand in **His** Holy Place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity
Nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the **Lord**,
And righteousness from the **God** of his salvation.”*
Psalm 24 v. 3-5 (KJV)

God will deliver those for whom you intercede because of the cleanness of your hands.

*“**HE** will even rescue the one [for whom you intercede]
who is not innocent;
And he will be rescued through the cleanness
of your hands.”*
Job 22 v. 30 (Amplified Bible Translation)



Rhema Bible Training Centre



– January 1982 –
(1st Saturday of the new year)



In the second half of 1981, we had started attending *Rhema Bible Church* on a regular basis. This came about when I saw an article in the *Pretoria News* about a *Faith Convention* that was to be held in the *Portuguese Hall* in *Johannesburg South*. *Dr. Kenneth E. Hagin* was to be the main speaker.

We attended all the meetings of the convention and were very blessed by the way the **WORD OF GOD** was expounded and taught us. Here we heard that the *Rhema Bible Church* were holding services in down town *Jan Smuts Avenue, Randburg*. It was during one of these church services that we heard about the Bible School —

1981 was the year of its inception. Immediately *Lillian* and I felt moved to seriously consider going the following year, 1982. I never mentioned a word at home about my going but I knew that *Lillian* must go because this was her heart's desire.

The classes were daily from Monday - Friday, from 4.50 - 8.35 pm. I thought that we must perhaps arrange boarding for *Lillian* with a private family in the vicinity, but I did not know where, as we did not know anyone in *Johannesburg*. Out of the blue, my husband said I must go with *Lillian* then we could drive daily, as it was not that far. I was very thrilled to hear this suggestion because I knew that this is what the **LORD** wanted me to do, but I felt I must not suggest it.

I just continued praying and asking the **LORD** to please confirm that this was **His** Divine and Perfect Will and Timing for me.

Somehow, I did feel quite uneasy about the home situation because over the years, I had always been home and ready at the push of a button, hence the peacefulness and unity in the home.

We collected the necessary application forms from the reception desk of the church before a Sunday service.

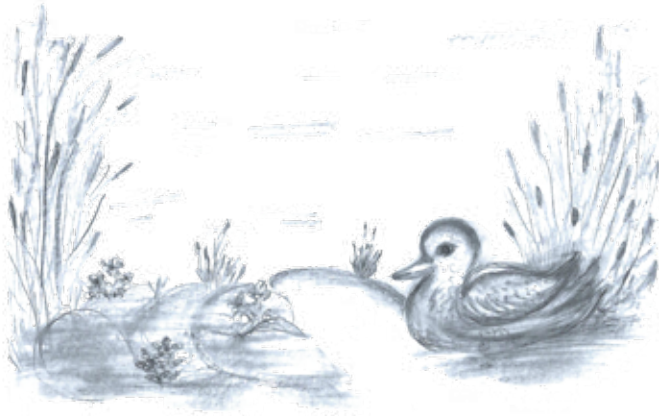
We completed these forms and kept these ready until the registration date, 11th January 1982. In the interim, I kept praying on this and checking the situation with my husband as to whether he was in fact in agreement that I should accompany *Lillian*. Each time I mentioned the matter he replied “*No, you go with Lillian and you are to drive daily.*”

The weeks seemed to fly past and just a few days before registration date, I was just sitting quietly by myself while the rest of the family were preparing for bed. A relative phoned and asked me if I really thought it wise to go to Bible School at my age (*she was a little older than me*). She asked me how I thought I would be able to cope with the volume of work, memorising *Scriptures*, writing tests etc. I just bypassed it all and we chatted about some other matters and then the conversation ended. Whilst sitting quietly by myself and pondering all she had said, I said “*LORD, will I really be able to manage the driving daily including all that Bible School entailed as well as keeping the home in order and the family happy?*” Then I continued and prayed that the Lord would please show me before Monday, the 11th January 1982 (*now only days away*) whether I should proceed with this. I also did not want to pay the fees for the year and then not complete the course...

Suddenly I saw in a vision, a fat, round duck sitting beside a very large pond, or lake. This duck was smiling and looking very contented and happy with itself. This duck's colouring was a light beige-brown with white speckles on the feathers.

SKETCH OF DUCK, AS SEEN IN THE VISION:

A happy duck with beige-brown & speckled feathers



You'll take to it like duck takes to water!

I was so startled at seeing this duck that I asked the **LORD**; “And now, this duck?” Immediately I heard a Voice say within my spirit “You will take to it like a duck takes to water!” Then I realised the duck had my colouring.

How very touched I was at our **LORD'S** sense of humour, **His** Love and **His** Reassurance. Suddenly, I felt all the tension had left me. Then I thought back to my early childhood days. When I was between 4 and 5 years of age, I was always very nervous of animals. I only felt comfortable with a duck and a bunny, as I considered these to be soft, gentle, safe pets. How very touched I was, realising that the **LORD** used a duck as confirmation to me that I need not be anxious. As a little child, my earthly father would always make me little sketches of a duck and a bunny — he always drew little sketches for us as children — we could ask him to draw our favourite pets.

Eventually Monday, 11th January 1982, had arrived. *Lillian* and I left home a little earlier for the registration because we wanted to get a gift and card for someone. We spent the way driving to *Sandton City* praying for the **LORD** to give us one more definite confirmation regarding the registration that afternoon at 4 pm. Our fees, per student for the year, had to be paid upon registration. We felt it was quite a large amount of money so we could not drop out.

After having bought the gift and card, we had a cup of tea and then drove out of *Sandton* at 3.30 pm. We turned into the road leading to *Rhema Church*, praying very fervently now as we should reach the church within about 10 - 15 minutes.

Suddenly, there in the bright blue sky, there was a cloud in the shape and form of a perfect duck, sitting so placidly, contented and peaceful. We were absolutely stunned — we could not believe that the duck in the clouds could be so perfectly formed, one could not mistake it. We felt so humbled and so very touched at our Precious **LORD's** goodness to us.

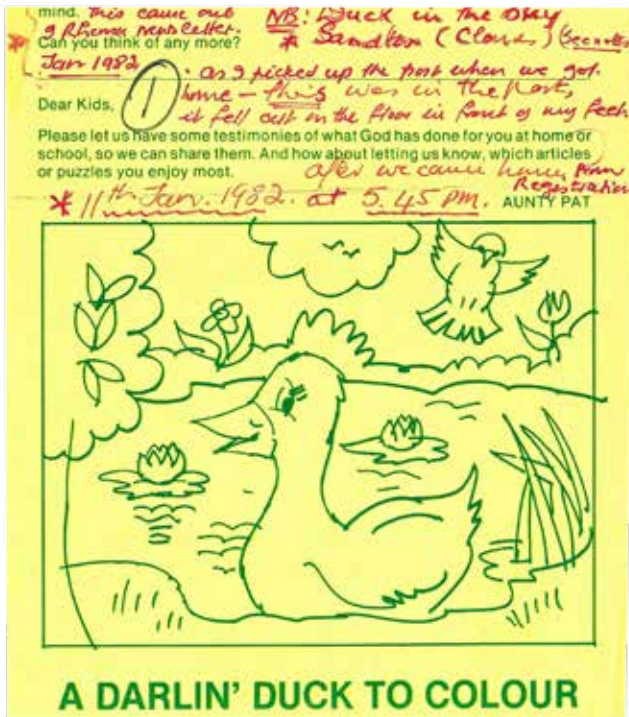
How confident we went along to register after this wonderful confirmation. There were a few hundred people registering for 1st year and now they were starting a 2nd year as well. However, we did not know a soul! Eventually it was all over and we could go home. Classes would commence the following day.

Whilst driving home we felt so relieved, but the closer we came to home, we started feeling nervous as we would now have to report that we had in fact registered. My husband was not yet home when *Lillian* and I arrived and *Jacques* was at Varsity.

On the desk in the family room, I noticed the post — I picked up the post and there was a newsletter from *Rhema Church* — their monthly newsletter. Just as I picked up the newsletter, the following picture fell out of the letters and landed at my feet:

RHEMA NEWSLETTER - DUCK 'CONFIRMATION':

- * This came out of the Rhema Newsletter — January 1982.
- * As I picked up the post when we got home from registration — this was in the post, it fell out on the floor in front of my feet (11th January 1982 at 5.45 pm.).
- * **NB:** Duck in the sky — Sandton clouds



I called Lillian to come and “see the Duck’ again!!!” We were both in such awe at the preciousness of our Holy **LORD** — “How good **HE** truly is...”

This was the first newsletter we had received from *Rhema Church*. They must have picked up our address from the faith convention some months ago when *Dr. Kenneth E. Hagin* was visiting *South Africa* for the first time. What a tremendous confirmation this was again of the vision the **LORD** had shown me that one night, of the duck sitting next to the large pond, only now you will note from the above picture, the duck is in the water — hence the registration... Praise our Precious, most Gracious **LORD**!

These wonderful experiences truly strengthened us in these first weeks of the new year to leave home at 3.45 pm. and return home at 9.15 pm. every evening. Our home was running smoothly as always. We only changed our main meal to midday. My husband then came home for the midday main meal at lunch time and fortunately it also fitted in with *Jacques'* Varsity schedule as his classes were either early morning or late afternoon going on into the evening. It was also decided that on three evenings a week, my husband and *Jacques* would go to the gym and be home at the same time we arrived back from Bible School. So we then all had a light supper together and spent some time chatting and sharing news of the day. All was actually going very well, as planned.

However, for *Lillian* and I, this was all very new — this *Faith Movement* was a whole new concept in the Church world and very isolated as a few people knew

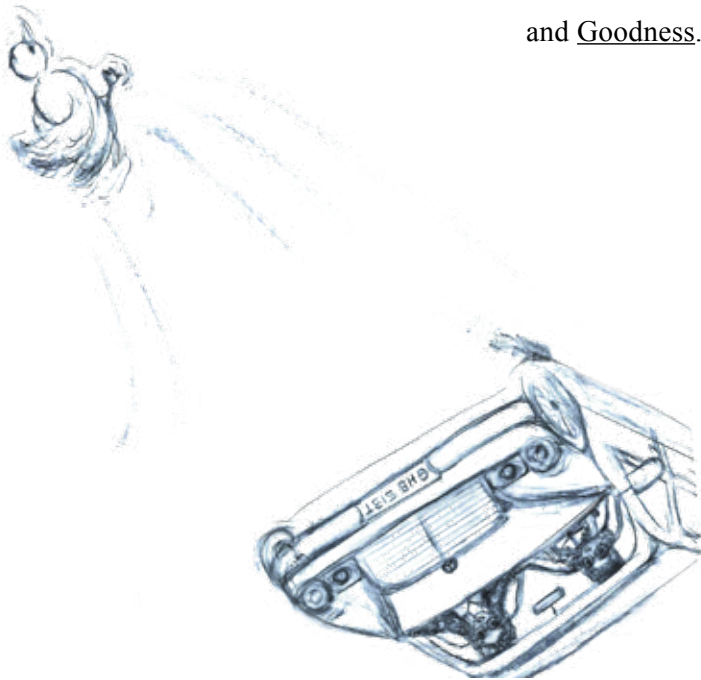
about it in *South Africa*. Even though we had always been very involved in Church etc... it was a whole new way of life — just everything was very new and different. Our whole thinking pattern had to be changed and adjusted in accordance with the **WORD OF GOD** as it was all **WORD** based. Because of all this, we spent all our time when we were not travelling, sleeping, eating, attending classes or preparing for bed, in the **WORD** — writing out every taped lecture, studying and memorising as much of it all as possible. There was no time for anything else. I must say we were so blessed by all this and we shared as much as possible with my husband and *Jacques* — hence all our handwritten notes, so that they would not miss out at this stage. However, both of them were so busy with their own schedules that they never got to even reading our notes, only what we verbally shared with them.

Things were very hectic with continual tests, assignments, travelling and many late nights. By the 30th March 1982, we were quite exhausted and felt unable to go on. There was also quite a lot of pressure and severe persecution from family relatives etc...

Whilst driving to Bible School on this particular day, 30th March 1982, we were just outside of the Randburg area. Those days we drove along the *Kyalami/Bryanston Road* to *Randburg*. We both felt pretty worn out, when

suddenly, there, in that beautiful blue sky, right in front of our windscreen, we noticed this pure white, feathery duck soaring in the sky!! As we gazed in awe upon that soaring duck, the *Joy of the LORD* just flowed through our bodies as *Supernatural* strength was imparted to us — we just burst out in a fit of laughter all the way to Bible School.

Needless to say, the laughter turned to tears of amazement and humility, at His Grace and Goodness.



YET ANOTHER 'CONFIRMATION':

Pure white duck soaring in the sky!

On Monday, 5th April 1982, we went to *Sandton City* on our way to Bible School to do some shopping for my husband's birthday. We were at the end of our first term and a week's holiday was ahead of us. We had quite a back log to catch up in that holiday week, we were not sure if we would be able to complete it all in the holiday week. Suddenly there, in front of us, in *Sandton City* was a large pen with several large ducks in the centre pen. On the one side of this centre pen were several white bunnies. On the other side of this centre pen, were several white chickens. It was the first time that such a display has been done in *Sandton City* and now, forty years later, I can truthfully say, it has never been repeated — it was an *Easter* display. As *Lillian* and I sat pondering all this over a cup of tea, we realised that the symbol for 1982, our 1st year, was the duck. The symbol for our 2nd year, which we realised the **LORD** was preparing our hearts for (*but we had not as yet breathed a word on this*) was the bunny = 1983. The chickens were symbolic of this *New Life* through the teachings of the *Word of Faith Movement*.

So our year progressed by faith each step of the way — nothing came easily — it was after all our *New Life in Faith*.

As the year grew to a close and graduation was just around the corner, we realised there was no way whatsoever that we could talk ourselves out of a 2nd year. We just knew that we knew this was **GOD'S** Perfect and Divine Will for us.

Whilst driving home with my husband and Jacques in the car, after our graduation dinner, we were about two-thirds of the way going home on the *Kyalami Road*, when suddenly, we all noticed a very large bunny sitting right on the side of the tarred road on our side, (*the passenger's side of the car*) this bunny sat upright and looked straight at us — the car, the bright lights, did not even frighten it, it did not budge or move, it just remained seated next to the road as we passed by. Immediately when *Lillian* and I saw this, we realised here was our bunny symbol for 2nd year 1983. We remembered how we had seen these ducks, bunnies and chickens in *Sandton City* several months ago and how it came up in our spirit that just as '*the duck*' had been our symbol for 1st year, so '*the bunny*' was our symbol for 2nd year, 1983. However, we just concealed this matter as we were too nervous to mention this.

The end of the year holidays passed and January 1983 was at hand.

The gym where my husband and *Jacques* go, belongs to a very good friend, *Nevil Norden*. *Nevil* mentioned that he was going to preach at a Baptist church in *Waterkloof Ridge* on the following Sunday morning and he would like us to come.

We attended the service and after the service, general prayers were going forth for people who wanted direction for 1983, as it was the new year. *Nevil* brought his neighbour along, as this neighbour moved in the prophetic office, this neighbour, an architect by profession. After the service when we were thanking *Nevil* for his message, he introduced us to his neighbour. His neighbour looked at me and brought forth the following: (*the neighbour had a Prophetic Gift*)

*“The LORD has a special task for you —
You are not yet through with your preparation.
HE has spoken about it to you already.
HE will still speak further to you about this later.”*



*The Lord has a special task for you.
You are not yet through with your preparation.*



Thereafter he spoke the following to *Lillian*:

*“Lillian has been given the Ministry of Love.
She will feel for other people with such compassion
and intensity — she will groan for other people. It
will be as though the Angel of Love has come into
your Home, so filled with Love, Lillian will be.”*

This happened on Sunday, 31st October, 1982.

In the foregoing as well as the following, when he returned to me:

*“I break the power of negativity and passiveness over your life. There is a problem at home - a man - do not allow any person to hold you back, you must be bold. The Ministry of Peace and Joy is now in your life flooding you — be bold!!
I cover you with the Blood of **JESUS**.
The miraculous is the everyday functioning of your **GOD**.
From now on you will have the Ministry of Power.”*

Thereafter, I asked the prophet regarding next year. He was quiet for a little and prayed. Then he said, “Yes, the **LORD** wants you to do the 2nd year.” Then, as he left he added: “Read Joel 2 v. 29 and Isaiah 6 v. 8, 9.” We were all present, including my husband, so that took care of having to ask him, he was now finally aware of the fact that Lillian and I would be returning to Bible School to complete the 2nd year.

*“And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out **MY SPIRIT**.”*

Joel 2 v. 29 (KJV)

*“Also I heard the Voice of the **LORD**, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for **US**?”*

Then said I, Here am I; send me.”

Isaiah 6 v. 8 (KJV)

*“And **HE** said, Go, and tell this people,
Hear ye indeed, but understand not;
and see ye indeed, but perceive not.”*

Isaiah 6 v. 9 (KJV)

On the 14th January, 1983, Friday, we were back at Bible School, having already had three days of classes. So much had come against us to discourage us and to show how that in the natural, it just seemed totally impossible to complete this 2nd year. On this particular day we were so distressed because of all the attacks against us from every side and especially in our home as my husband was not at all happy about the situation even though he knew we had to go. Life was extremely difficult and I just kept saying to the **LORD**;

*“**LORD**, there is simply no way I can do this in my own strength, please undertake for us and just please show us that we will be able to make it though this year.”*

That afternoon we left for Bible School, our usual time, 3.45 pm. and drove to Bible School. We had already covered two-thirds of the way, when we suddenly noticed a very large bunny formed in the cloud {**A**}. It was a perfect bunny. We even saw that his eye was tinted pink and there were his whiskers too. He was absolutely perfect. At first, it appeared as though he was lying very still.

But then as we looked again, his front paws became very prominent, ready for action, as though he was getting ready to take off {B}. How very blessed both *Lillian* and I were at the Loving Kindness and Graciousness of our Precious **LORD** — we knew 1983, was the year of the bunny!

BUNNY IN THE CLOUDS:

{A}. Pure white bunny lying quite still

{B}. Pure white bunny taking his mark to get set to go...



A:



B:

Wherever we went, in the most unexpected places during 1983, bunnies just seemed to jump out from nowhere — in pet shops, in stores even unusual bunny broaches. We were constantly so blessed by the **LORD's** Love and Reassurance regarding this year of 1983. It was a particularly difficult year because of all the opposition, persecution and attacks from loved ones. One close relative even accused us to all and sundry, of studying the occult.

Constantly so blessed by the Lord

When visiting another very close relative of mine on our usual Sunday visits, she said to me *“I know you will not listen to me, but I must tell you that it is very wrong for you to go to Bible School.”* I felt so sad as this person said this to me, intimating that I am a disobedient child.

When I came home after the visit, I said to the **LORD**, *“**LORD**, **YOU** know I have always honoured, respected and obeyed my parents, so I just cannot understand why this was said to me!”* Then the **LORD** showed me a vision of seven Egyptian gods, lined up in a row. Immediately a Voice came up within me, in my spirit, it was audible to me, *“Now, you know where that comes from!”* I then realised that these false gods of Egypt are a symbol of the world.

So this vision and message consoled me that I must only seek my **HEAVENLY FATHER’S** approval, as this was of utmost importance.



7 EGYPTIAN GODS (FALSE GODS):

The number “**7**” on the negative side, is symbolic of rebellion against **GOD’S** Will.



Only seek the Heavenly Father's Approval



I realised that I am answerable to **HIM** alone for what **HE** has called me to — that **HE** requires absolute obedience. I need to love the ‘*Praise of God*’ more than the ‘*praises of men*’. The **LORD** quickened John 12 v. 43 to me on Sunday, 2nd March 1980, whilst there was a continual flow of fragrance and *Perfume of the Roses*. Then and there I made a vow to the **LORD** that no matter what the cost, I would not be a man pleaser, my aim would be to obey **HIM**, to please and honour **HIM**.

*“For they loved the praise of men
more than the praise of **God**.”*

John 12 v. 43 (KJV)

So our Precious **LORD** undertook for us to complete our 2nd year at Bible School.

The following pages will reveal further *Supernatural* experiences given by our Precious **LORD** — also several prophetic words which came forth during the period 1982 — 1983.

Vision of Eye

VISION



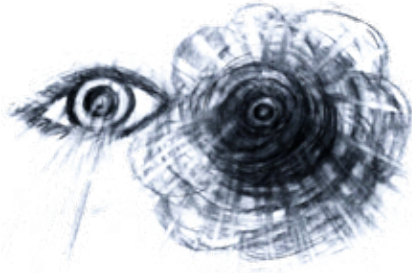
– June 1982 –



After going to bed, I lay there speaking in my heart to the **LORD** — my eyes were wide open and whilst I lay there in the dark, communing with **HIM**, I was looking up towards the ceiling.

Suddenly, a very large *Eye* appeared above me — this *Eye* was perfectly clear, staring straight down at me. Immediately, it came up in my spirit, that this is the *Eye of GOD*, the **FATHER**. Just then a shaft of light came streaming out of the pupil of *GOD's Eye*, right down towards me, at an angle. Whilst still looking at all this, the *Eye* suddenly changed into a *Red Rose* and then the *Rose* started coming down onto me...

Thereafter, the *Rose* changed back into the large *Eye* with the shaft of light coming down onto me. Then once again,



this happened, as before it changed into a *Red Rose* and the *Rose* came down upon me. This happened three times in all.


Jesus, my Divine Instructor


In May 1984 (*Sunday*) — the **LORD** gave me this *Scripture*:

*“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which
thou shalt go:*

*I will guide thee with **MINE** Eye.”*

Psalm 32 v. 8 (KJV)

HE would be my Divine Instructor and Guide and **HE** would do this in Love, hence the *Red Rose*. The *Red Rose* could also be symbolic of **JESUS** as the *Rose of Sharon*. What a beautiful confirmation this *Scripture* is to the vision. **HE** would be the Light (*shaft coming from **HIS** Eye*) onto my path!

PROPHETIC WORD FOR
Wolmarans Family



By: Pastor Ray McCauley
After "Gifts of the HOLY SPIRIT" Course
15th July, 1982



After this **HOLY SPIRIT** seminar, *Pastor Ray* was going to lay hands on all who had attended the seminar. When *Pastor Ray* came to our family, he gave forth:

"FATHER, I thank YOU that YOU have anointed this family — that YOU have called them and that YOU have separated them FATHER. I thank YOU right now in JESUS, in JESUS, in JESUS Name, (this was spoken "in JESUS" while he laid hands on each of our heads).

Thank YOU LORD — Thank YOU that it is done! Thank YOU that it is done! Praise YOU JESUS.

Yes, thank You JESUS THAT it is so!

Thank YOU that it is so!

Thank YOU that it is so!

Thank YOU that it is so!

After *Pastor Ray* had finished laying hands on *Jacques*, then tongues came forth and laid hands upon my (*Gabrielle*) head for quite a time!

“Thank YOU LORD! Thank YOU JESUS!”

Taking all our hands together, *Pastor Ray* repeated three times; *“Thank YOU JESUS! Thank YOU JESUS! Thank YOU JESUS!”*



PROPHETIC WORD

Sunday Morning Service



By: Pastor Ray McCauley

- 7th November, 1982 -



uring the Sunday Morning service, *Pastor Ray* kept looking in our direction. *Jacques* was not in church that morning as he was busy preparing for a very important exam — in fact, he had exams every day and the volume of the work was tremendous — the extra 1½ - 2 hours travelling over and above the service was just too much regarding the time.

Pastor Ray got up to preach and just before he started, he looked in our direction:

*“The **LORD** spoke to me three times this morning” —
(As he spoke he was pointing to us).*

*“That family in the third row — that mother and daughter — because of the love in your home and in your family and the **SPiRiT** in your home*

and the closeness of your family — the love that you have for one another, religious people will come into your home and leave totally set free because of the love in you — and they will see it and it will draw them!



*Do not fear...
Just be bold.*

Now don't fear and think

“Oo... how's it going to be?”

Just be bold.

Remember, the people will come to you.”



Diamond

VISION



– 15th November, 1982 –



I awoke quite early this Monday morning, when suddenly there was a ‘*flash*’ before my eyes. There I saw a very, very large diamond (*approximately 1 metre in size*) above me — radiating all around the darkness of the room. It was such a beautiful cut diamond — a radiant, brilliant, blue/white light all over, showing the different facets — so many facets! Then it disappeared.

For a diamond to reveal its many facets, it must go through intense heat and intense pressure during preparation in order to be presented as a diamond to reflect light like no other gem stone and also to reveal all the facets of its beauty, value and maturity.

Interpretation

Dreams & Visions (H. v. Niekerk) & *Symbols ...* (Kevin J. Conner)

A cut diamond: speaks of matured wisdom, also precious saints

The **LORD** wanted me to come forth as a polished and cut diamond with its many facets into a matured saint, full of **GODLY**-Wisdom.

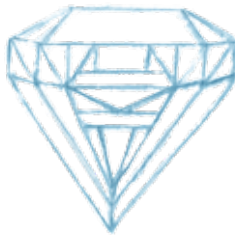
A Diamond: is also called a “stone of fire”

it is known for its hardness — it has an ability to grind everything down. It also has the ability to reflect the light like no other gem. Because of its ability to reflect light, truth is revealed. — *Dr. Gwen Shaw* in “*the Tribes of Israel.*”

Quote (Bible, Nelson's 1991)

Diamond: Spirit-life

Jasper: Purity and Holiness.



Very Large Grapes

VISION



– 15th February, 1983 –



After I went to bed at 12.30 am. we had been to Bible School and after that we did some studying, hence the late hour. I just lay down and could not sleep.

Suddenly, before my eyes, there was a ‘flash’ and thereafter, I saw a very, very, large bunch of enormous *grapes*. There were fresh dew drops on these beautiful purple *grapes*. Above the bunch of *grapes* was a large white *dove* with outstretched wings. It was the largest *grapes* I have ever seen. The bunch was in the shape of a heart.

*“Ye have not chosen **ME**, but **I** have chosen you,
And ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit,
and that your fruit should remain:
That whatsoever ye shall ask of the **FATHER** in **MY**
Name, **HE** may give it you.”*
John 15 v. 16 (KJV)



*Actual size
of grape*

*Fruit can only remain if it is
Holy Spirit Anointed fruit.*

Interpretation

Dreams & Visions (H. v. Niekerk) & *Symbols ...* (Kevin J. Conner)

Grapes: speak of the goodness of **GOD**.

At the *Last Supper*, the wine (*grape juice*) symbolised the *Blood* of **JESUS**, which washes away our sin.

Purple: speaks of reconciliation between man & **GOD**.

(*Purple is a combination of the colours red and blue*). **JESUS** is **GOD'S** revelation who came from Heaven (*blue*) to bring reconciliation between man and **GOD** by **HIS BLOOD** (*red*). Therefore, purple speaks about the Person and the **SPIRIT** of **JESUS**.

Dove: symbolic of **HOLY SPIRIT**.




Windows of Heaven

VISIONS



- May 1983 -

his morning when I woke, in a 'flash', the **LORD** showed me a certain book. It was an *Antique Collector's Guide* on our sofa table in the lounge. I quickly ran to this book and noticed an ungodly black false god on the outside flycover. It was just as though the **LORD** was alerting me to check out our home for any wrong items e.g. books, objects, etc. Anything that was not giving **HIM** Glory.

Lillian and I had so much work to catch up for Bible School on that day, but the fact that the **LORD** showed me this, meant that I must search our home and immediately obey and remove anything that did not Glorify **HIM**.

It was quite a task to quickly go through our entire home, cupboards etc. We checked through all our books. We had to get rid of a pair of lamps with a false god thereon, some *karate* books and several other books. This took up our entire day before we had to leave for Bible School. The house was cleaned and any ungodly books, objects etc. removed. There was not too much but it did take time to search through it all. It was a wonderful feeling to know our home was clean and we could experience the joy of obedience.

Two days later, on Sunday afternoon, while resting, in a ‘*flash*’ once more, the **LORD** showed me a vision of two large bright windows — arched windows, opening inwards into our *Family Room*. In the background was a very bright, blue sky shining through the glass of the windows. Then gold and white shafts of light were streaming into our *Family Room* through the opening of the windows, which as I said did not open outwardly like a window normally does, but inwardly towards the inside of the *Family Room*.

As this vision followed the ‘*clean up vision*’, we felt that this was the **LORD’S** response... The *Scripture* came to me that the **LORD** would open the ‘*Windows of Heaven*’, and pour out a blessing that there would not be room enough to receive it. I think it also had to do with *spiritual blessings*.

Interpretation

Window: symbolic of illumination

Blue: symbolic of revelation

Gold: symbolic of the characteristics of **God**. Also symbolic of faith purified by fire.

White: symbolic of victory, righteousness, faith and holiness

Light: **CHRIST** and the Church.

Two (*windows*): witness, testimony.



PROPHETIC WORD FOR

*Mrs Gabrielle Gindra
Wolmarans*



By: Dr. Rev. E. Hartley

*– Thursday, 25th August, 1983 –
During a lecture at Rhema Bible College (2nd Year)*



*r. Rev. E. Hartley was giving a lecture on
Biblical Counselling;*

*“I believe **GOD** wants the Church to be a healing
community — in our interaction with other brothers
and sisters. We should bring healing to them, not
hurt! Praise **GOD**! Isn't that wonderful! Bless the
LORD! Bless the **LORD**!”*

Then he gave a message in *Tongues*...

*“Praise You **LORD!** We just bless **YOU** this evening!
We just **thANK YOU!** We just thank **YOU!** Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise **YOU LORD!** Praise **YOU LORD!**
Praise **YOU LORD!**”*

Looking at me, he proceeded:

*“My sister, I just want to say something to you —
I have been looking at you, as I explained earlier
on, the **LORD** just sometimes shows me something in
people’s lives and I had something impressed upon
me and I would just like to share it with you this
evening. I really believe that **GOD** is going to use you
to bring healing to people, as never before!*

*I really believe that the Lord just wants to start
releasing a new sort of understanding and a new
kind of compassion in your life, that is really going
to start meeting the needs in the lives of people that
you come in contact with.*

I do not know if you can identify with this?”

I responded: *“I can — thank you!”*

Dr. Hartley:

*“I don’t know people, but Praise **GOD**, that I am just
able to share with them what I see in their lives.*

Praise **God!** Hallelujah!

*I do not always know what I am allowed to share. This is the sort of thing that I am hesitant about but, I see beautiful things in beautiful people! The **LORD** never shows me anything bad, so you can sit down and relax! I won't reveal any of your secret sins! (Laughter as this was just a joke to help the class relax as all was so quiet, you could hear a pin drop).*

*Very often when I start ministering this way, in the spirit, then people start avoiding me. So, I just want you to be at rest — it is just that sometimes I feel it on my heart just to share things. When I was speaking about that healing community, the **LORD** just laid it on my heart, just to share with our sister that, that is what the **LORD** wants to do — give her a new understanding and a new release and a new compassion in the people that she comes into contact with, to bring healing into their lives — I believe it is a total healing!”*

I responded further because he was focused on me: “My brother, I would just like to confirm that about 6 - 7 years ago, the **LORD** gave me that.” (I was thinking about the vision with the cross of doves and the Voice which spoke audibly “**RAPHAAA...**”)

Dr. Hartley:

*“Is that so! Praise **GOD**! Thank you **JESUS**! Isn’t the **LORD** Wonderful! **HE** is never wrong, I have faith and confidence in **HIM**!”*

NB:

During both *Dr. Hartley’s* lectures, I could hardly sit up — the *anointing* was so heavy upon me — it felt as though I was way out in the ***SPIRIT!!!***

(He lectured us on the Tuesday and Thursday, when Pastor Fred Brothers, from the U.S. was away.)



Open Grave

VISION



– Saturday, 27th August, 1983 –



Two days prior to this vision, during Bible School class on Thursday, 25th August 1983, *Dr. E. Hartley* had brought a prophecy over me.

It was around lunch time and I was sitting on my bed, wide awake, just meditation on this prophecy which *Dr. Hartley* had spoken. I thought back on the vision of August 1977, the vision of the ‘*cross made up of doves*’ and ending with the strong-looking angel and the loud echo “*RAPHAA...*”

“...I AM the LORD that healeth thee.

Exodus 15 v. 26 (KJV)

RAPHA = is the LORD (JESUS) that healeth.

One of the NAMES OF JESUS

Could this be the confirmation of this “*total healing*” spoken of in *Dr. Hartley’s* prophecy? It was now just into the 7th year after this vision of the cross with the doves. Also just 7 years after the Audible Voice, July 1976; “*Go tell the family first, then others... Whoever believes in ME, Rivers of Living Water will flow from his innermost being.*” (John 7 v. 37 - 38 KJV).

As I sat there on my bed just reflecting on all these things, suddenly, whilst I was wide awake, I saw in the spirit, the following vision; it was 12 noon, and we as a family were sitting together whilst just chatting casually, when suddenly, I saw this vision whilst the family were chatting together... It was dusk, partially dark and rather far away in the distance, I saw an open grave (*I was alone*), I walked towards this open grave and I saw only about 1 foot into it — I could not see more at this stage. The grave was neatly cut into the earth, like a normal oblong grave.

At the foot-end of the grave (*it was on the left, I presume it was the foot-end*) stood a very large Angel — it came to

me, this was an Archangel. On either side, in the middle of the outside of the grave stood two smaller Angels — one on each side. They appeared to be more like a human size. All three Angels were dressed in white with very large wings, and they seemed to be looking into this open grave, a freshly dug grave, deep in thought!



I was quite stunned, because I first thought the **LORD** is alerting me that there is going to be a death, but I did not know who. Then instantly, it dawned on me, “*No, this is my grave — it is my death — I had to die to self — be completely dead and buried, to all of self.*”

It was quite frightening! I stood there, several feet away from this open grave — only able to see approximately

1 foot into it, the Angels with their heads tilted looking down into the grave in that hour of dusk — it was so very quiet... as I realised this was pertaining to me — it seemed a very serious moment.

Then, I realised the fullness of this vision of the grave... Before the **LORD** could really use me, I would have to die completely — dead and buried to all of self, and then, at His Appointed Time, **HE** would raise me up... I would be resurrected!

JESUS speaking:

“...Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die,

It abideth alone:

but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

John 12 v. 24 (KJV)



PROPHETIC WORD FOR

*Mrs Gabrielle Gindra
Wolmarans*



By: Colin Snyman (Fellow student at Rhema Bible College)

Founder: Africa Ablaze Ministries

– 21st October, 1983 –



My sister, it is a privilege for me to be used of **God** to minister unto you.

*You have been faithful, you have dedicated yourself and set yourself apart — and that which **GOD** has placed within your heart during your quiet times with the **LORD**, has been like Moses with the Burning Bush and you are going to take that and speak that forth — I see Cabinet Ministers and women of authority in our country and you will be the key pin in our country to minister **CHRIST** to them.”*

Desert Experience

DREAM



– June 1984 –



rior to this dream, we had gone through great trials — we were so fired up after finishing Bible School, then suddenly in January 1984, we were faced with the unexpected caring of the family, two little boys ages 2 and 4 years, with all the heartache etc... After this situation was ‘sorted out’ as it were, and the necessary confirmation given by *Pastor Ray McCauley* during the children’s dedication service at *Rhema Church*, we felt more at peace. It was also in this year (*March 1984*) that I had to bring the Ezekiel 2 v. 4 - 10 — Ezekiel 3 v. 15 - 27 as the **LORD** had given me the year before whilst in Bible School as **He** directed me Supernaturally. So as to avoid unnecessary heartache, many tears and many unnerving experiences, hence the following dream in preparation:

I dreamt that suddenly, without any warning, I found myself in a very long cave which appeared like a very long, winding tunnel. It was so barren and dry inside this cave — all I could see was arid, dry desert-coloured sand/clay. It appeared like a desert — not one green stem or leaf — only so dry, bare and barren, parched!

I just stumbled along all alone in this cave/tunnel — it was very narrow and the ‘*roof*’ was very low — it felt so close to the top of my head. All I saw was this dry, clay-coloured sand — nothing else! I thought, “*How am I ever going to get out of here? How did I ever enter this terrible place?*” All these thoughts were going through my mind. However, I cannot even remember being fearful because at the time, I was in such close communion with my **LORD** as I was in constant touch with **HIM** and this was a tremendous comfort to know I was not alone.

As I kept stumbling along in this dimly-lit cave/tunnel, I thought “*How long will I be here?*” Suddenly, as I looked ahead, I saw a shaft of light way ahead in the distance — it was not a very thick shaft but it was there, hence I must keep walking, as I follow the light, I will get to the end of the tunnel. This light seemed to be day light.

Just when I saw the light, simultaneously I heard a Voice speak “*Your resurrection morn is coming!*” *This*

seemed to echo right throughout the cave. Thereafter, I awoke... This was fulfilled in “*Vision of Casket*” on 26th December, 1996.



Your resurrection morn is coming!



The **LORD** has prompted me to write out the complete warning as this is very serious and needs to be read by all because of the perilous times in which we are living, to save lives from destruction.

*“ [3] ...**They and their fathers have transgressed against ME, even unto this very day.***

*[4] For they are impudent children and stiffhearted. I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the **LORD GOD.***

[5] And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.

[6] And thou, son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions: be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house.

*[7] And thou shalt speak **My** words unto them,
whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear:
for they are most rebellious.*

*[8] But thou, son of man, hear what **I** say unto thee;
Be not thou rebellious like that rebellious house:
open thy mouth, and eat that **I** give thee.*

*[9] And when I looked, behold, an hand was sent unto
me; and, lo, a roll of a book was therein;*

*[10] and **HE** spread it before me; and it was written
within and without: and there was written therein
lamentations, and mourning, and woe.*

Ezekiel 2 v. 3(b) - 10 (KJV)



*Be not afraid of them,
neither be afraid of their words*

...

*Thou shalt speak **My** Words unto them,
whether they will hear, or
whether they will forbear...*



*“[1] Moreover **HE** said unto me,
Son of man, eat that thou findest; eat this roll,
and go speak unto the house of Israel.*

*[2] So I opened my mouth, and
HE caused me to eat that roll.*

*[3] And **HE** said unto me,
Son of man, cause thy belly to eat, and fill thy bowels
with this roll that **I** give thee. Then did I eat it; and it
was in my mouth as honey for sweetness.*

*[4] And **HE** said unto me, Son of man, go, get thee unto
the house of Israel, and speak with **MY** Words unto them.*

*[5] For thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech
and of an hard language, but to the house of Israel;*

*[6] not to many people of a strange speech
and of an hard language, whose words thou
canst not understand. Surely, had **I** sent thee to them,
they would have hearkened unto thee.*

*[7] But the house of Israel will not hearken unto thee;
for they will not hearken unto **ME**: for all the house of
Israel are impudent and hardhearted.*

*[8] Behold, **I** have made thy face strong against their
faces, and thy forehead strong against their foreheads.*

*[9] As an adamant harder than flint have **I** made thy forehead: fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house.*

*[10] Moreover **HE** said unto me, Son of man, all **MY** words that **I** shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears.*

*[11] And go, get thee to them of the captivity, unto the children of thy people, and speak unto them, and tell them, Thus saith the **LORD GOD**; whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.*

Ezekiel 3 v. 1 - 11 (KJV)



*All **My** words that **I** shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears.*



*“[17] Son of man, **I** have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the Word at **MY** Mouth, and give them warning from **ME**.”*

Ezekiel 3 v. 17 (KJV)

[18] When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Ezekiel 3 v. 18 (KJV)



*... Thou givest him not warning...
His blood I will require at thine hand*



"[19] Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.

[20] Again, When a righteous man doth turn from his righteousness, and commit iniquity, and I lay a stumblingblock before him, he shall die: because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done shall not be remembered; but his blood will I require at thine hand.

[21] Nevertheless if thou warn the righteous man, that the righteous sin not, and he doth not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul."

Ezekiel 3 v. 19 - 21 (KJV)

*“Then the **SPiRiT** entered into me,
and set me upon my feet, and spake with me,
and said unto me,
Go, shut thyself within thine house.”*

*“[25] But thou, O son of man, behold,
they shall put bands upon thee, and shall bind thee
with them, and thou shalt not go out among them:*

*[26] And **I** will make thy tongue cleave to the roof
of thy mouth, that thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be
to them a reprover: for they are a rebellious house.*

*[27] But when **I** speak with thee,
I will open thy mouth, and thou shalt say
unto them, Thus saith the **LORD GOD**;
He that heareth, let him hear; and he that
forbeareth, let him forbear: for they are a
rebellious house.”*

Ezekiel 3 v. 24 - 27 (KJV)



*In that day
thy mouth shall be opened...*



*“In that day shall thy mouth be opened
to him which is escaped, and thou shalt speak,
and be no more dumb:
and thou shalt be a sign unto them; and
they shall know that **I AM the LORD.**”*

Ezekiel 4 v. 27 (KJV)

After this “**WORD** of Ezekiel 3,” our Precious **LORD** gave me a very beautiful, comforting vision through a very close, dear, humble recipient, who so graciously received this “**WORD**” and experienced a true heart-felt, sorrowful repentance and a beautiful conversion. The vision revealed the person concerned, dressed in white apparel, kneeling before our Gracious, Loving **LORD** and **SAVIOUR**, whilst looking up, to **HIS** Glorious Face, in such gratitude! What an amazing sight to behold!

Yes, my Dearest One, as you read these heart-rendering words — it certainly was a ‘*wilderness experience*’ over the years, for all concerned, especially for those who know the Truth of **GOD’S** Holy **WORD**! But oh, the magnitude, the Joy and the *Eternal Peace* of obedience, which surpasses all understanding awaits us eternally.

Praise and thanksgiving to our most Precious **ABBA FATHER**, Whose Love drew *Salvation’s plan* and our

dearest **HOLY COMFORTER**, the **HOLY SPIRIT**, Who, so lovingly revealed this greath Truth, Mercy and Peace to each one of us through the sacrificial Life and Death of our **LORD JESUS CHRIST**, so that we may live with **HIM** as our **ETERNAL KING OF GLORY**, in the beauty of the '*Place*' **HE** has so lovingly prepared for us!

With hearts of thanksgiving, we praise **HIS** Precious **NAME** Always!

What a most Holy **LORD** and **SAVIOUR HE** is!



Stellenbosch



– *Early 1986* –

Beginning of the year to May



We were attending *Rhema Bible Church*, a very large **WORD Church** in *Johannesburg* — had been for the past five years, the Church had now implemented ‘*home fellowships*’ instead of the Wednesday evening Church Service. We attended a fellowship in *Sunnyside*, headed by a very young couple who were experiencing all sorts of problems — finances were very limited and misunderstanding between them in their marriage. They had a little girl of approximately two years of age. We did our best to fit into the this fellowship even though we found it very difficult. This young woman who headed up the fellowship was on the phone continually, expressing her needs. Things had become too much for her, i.e. her household duties etc., she was ready to give up. I encouraged her all I could —

went and did her ironing while she rested. Cooked her dinner at my home and drove it down to them. However, somehow, the problems did not cease, no matter how much one counselled and prayed with her.

The Church office phoned — in fact, a zone leader, and asked if we would not be prepared to take a fellowship in *Brooklyn* consisting of approximately eight people. Very reluctantly, we agreed as there was no way that one could refuse, especially due to the fact that we had a Bible School background. I knew a few of the people involved — one was another Bible School student who was in first year with us. I knew these people — their personalities and I was very hesitant that things would not work out because of a tremendous competitive spirit that was present amongst the people. However, there was no way we could refuse because the Head Pastor of the Church's wife made it very clear that unless one is part of the Home Fellowship Movement, you must leave the Church because then you are not one with the vision of the Church. This was repeated regularly whilst she was doing the weekly announcements.

We started our first meeting in February 1986 — everyone was enthusiastic and it went very well. I shared on the assurance of *Eternal Life, Heaven*. The weeks that followed grew tense as this competitive spirit rose up.

I suggested that those who felt led could have a turn to do a meeting because by now (*end of March*) the Head Pastor announced that there were problems in the home Churches, hence the subject had to be dealt with. For this reason, I felt it was pretty safe to give an invitation to all concerned who felt led of the **LORD** to take a meeting, hoping that this would abort that competitive spirit. No one was forthcoming or responded to taking a meeting. The warfare just grew in these meetings, no matter how kind one was and no matter how humbly one gave forth the teaching, it was met with animosity. Each week we took some delicious eats for tea afterwards to this home in *Brooklyn*. We had known this couple from the local Church and they had insisted that the meeting be held in their home because it was in close proximity for all involved, hence we agreed.

These home meetings took place on Wednesday evenings. On Wednesday, 19th March 1986, after having prepared the teaching for the evening at approximately 2.45 pm., I went to lie down to rest and pray for the evening meeting because I found these meetings such a challenge.

During my quiet time in prayer, just as I closed my eyes, suddenly I saw a *Red Rose*, thereafter a *Pink Rose*. Then a *Red Rose* appeared across my handwritten notes for the evening study “*The Names of God.*”

Then the *Red Rose* on the pages of handwritten notes turned to a *Pink Rose*. Then I lifted up my hands to praise **GOD** for the confirmation that **His** Seal, the *Rose*, — **His** Approval was on my notes. There was a strong Anointing and **His** Presence was very real.

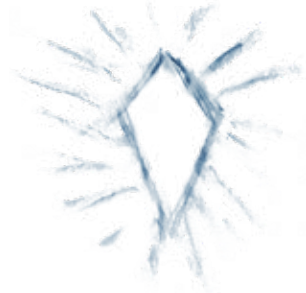


As I write these notes over, 17 years later (2003), I remembered having read in one of the books I had acquired on ‘*Dreams, Visions and their Interpretation*’ — “*A red flower speaks of the willingness of a person to praise the **LORD** in spite of conflict, sorrow and tears.*” How very appropriate this was in my situation at that time, as I had been so anxious as I felt that there would be more opposition again that evening as there had been in the weeks before. How I praised the **LORD** for **His** Confirmation, that **His** Blessing was on the teaching.

As my palms were uplifted in praise, I felt such activity in the centre of my palm — my *left palm* — perhaps

because of the pending attacks. Attacks usually come on one's left side (*according to the above mentioned book*) in a vision or dream — the position from where they are seen.

I was prompted to look at my *left palm* — there was an indent in the centre — as if a *small nail print*. Suddenly, a pink *Light* radiated there from and a diamond shape formed.



DIAMOND SHAPE:

Pink Light radiating from this.

Then suddenly this changed into a *silhouette of JESUS*.

SILHOUETTE OF JESUS:

Strong rays of Pink Light radiating from this silhouette.



There was extreme sensitivity (*Anointing*) of Power in the palm of my hand especially in the centre. Thereafter,

this *silhouette of JESUS* changed into a circle with a *Pink Light* radiating all around it.



CIRCLE WITH RADIATING LIGHT:

Pink Light radiating all around the circle.

A circle = unity in **CHRIST** — one in **CHRIST**
no beginning, no end.

Can also speak of Wisdom of **GOD**.

This all kept alternating for approximately one hour — all the while, this extreme sensitivity of Power (*Anointing*) in my hand — i.e. still my left hand.

Then I was prompted to look into my *right hand* — there in the centre of the palm was a large, open, full-blown, *White Rose* with a nail print in the centre. This stayed in the palm of my right hand for the entire duration of the vision — also the sensitivity of Power (*Anointing*) in the centre of the palm.



WHITE ROSE:

Red nail print in centre of White Rose

White = victory, righteousness, faith
and holiness, light and purity

After about half an hour, in the palm of the *left hand*, there appeared a *White Triangle*.



WHITE TRIANGLE:

Triangle = 3 = three different ministries
working together in harmony and
unity **FATHER**, **SON** and **HOLY SPIRIT**

*“[7] For there are three that bear witness in Heaven:
the **FATHER**, the **WORD (SON)**, and the **HOLY SPIRIT**:
and these three are **ONE**.*

*[8] And there are three that bear witness on earth:
The **SPRIT**, and the Water, and the Blood:
and these three agree in **ONE**.”*

I John 5 v. 7 - 8 (KJV)

At times, this triangle in the palm changed into **JESUS'**
Head and Shoulders.



SILHOUETTE OF JESUS:

Head and Shoulders
(Silhouette of **JESUS**)

At the fellowship that evening, the lady who had previously run a fellowship with this same group, attended our meeting. Apparently, I heard at a later stage that there had been a strife situation between her and this very group that I was now involved with. She was now attending the same Bible College which we attended.

As I started teaching on ‘*the Name of GOD as JEHOVAH RHAPHA or ROPHÉ*’ I noticed she was suddenly very alert and attentive — in fact, she was leaning forward in her chair, as she took each word in. I was alerted in my spirit but just kept going, trying not to be distracted in any way. Then, at church two weeks later, I was asked by an unknown person if I was the person in the home fellowship group in *Pretoria*. This person went on to say how a Bible School student had testified at Bible School that she was instantaneously set free, healed and delivered from all she had been going through and facing in her life at this time. I think she had been ill and also very upset due to strife, unforgiveness and bitterness, amongst this very group, in our fellowship. Apparently, she was so victorious and blessed and set totally free during the teaching of Jehovah Rapha.

I was so blessed at the **LORD’S** faithfulness because even amidst all the striving, competitive spirit that prevailed at this fellowship, it had nevertheless, blessed and helped

someone. This was the last meeting before the school holidays, hence the fellowship would be closing for the duration of the holidays.



*I was, and still am, so blessed by
the Lord's Faithfulness!*



We, as a family, had planned a holiday to the *Cape* for that May 1986. I felt led of the **LORD** to resign from this fellowship after prayer, as I realised that this was an unteachable group. The **LORD** gave me a beautiful letter of resignation, which I personally handed to our home-leader. He received it beautifully and I gathered from what he said, that he had had several problems with this particular group. However I was able to remain silent on the issue, thus not saying anything negative. We had a lovely chat in the **LORD** and he shared his future plans with me and all ended extremely well.



Valley of the Vines



– May 1986 –
Stellenbosch



hat excitement when we, as a family, departed from our home in *Pretoria*, en route to the beautiful *Cape*. We were driving down in *Jacques'* Ford Bronco 4x4. What a tremendous thrill it was, all perched high in the seats as we had a '*bird's eye view of all around*' even in these early dark hours, just before the break of day.

There was much tension in our country at the time — still the old regime, so we decided that we would pray in each little town or settlement that we would go through and ask the **LORD** to let **His Light** shine into the hearts of the people. We also decided we would wave at every person along the journey as a gesture of goodwill and blessing as we passed through.

As the first rays of light broke through, people were hurriedly bustling along to their various places of work; stations, bus stops etc. hence very few even noticed we were waving at them. This carried on until about mid-morning, when the people were more alert and there were a few responses — just a vacant stare and a feeble hand gesture.

When it got to noon that day, the response to our smiles and waves started growing. Eventually, the response was so overwhelming by all the passers-by, that *Jacques* clicked. Now *Jacques* also has such a time trying to control himself.

As we progressed along the way now, three passengers are smiling so friendly and waving to each passer-by, the response to our efforts was so overwhelming.

By this time, the three of us could no longer contain ourselves, we were hysterical! My Husband, driving looked back at us, so disgusted — “*What’s so funny?*” — why did he not hear the joke. Of course, this caused more laughter as we told him. We asked him if he had not seen how the people responded, waving and smiling. He, however, did not realise it was directed towards us in response to our efforts. However, it all ended on a happy note.

What entertainment this was, as we, during the course of the journey, looked at the different expressions on the

people's faces — such confusion, amazement, shaking of the heads, and even sometimes a warm response. This is something we will never forget! Some people were even highly irritated at our waving and smiling — thinking — “*Are they stupid, what's wrong with them?*”

Naturally, there were hardly prayers in each little town or settlement, as the hysteria was too much — we had to pray in-between, after gathering ourselves again.

This procedure carried on non-stop for the duration of our journey. With all the laughing etc. a wrong turn was taken just outside the *Cape Town* area and we ended up in a very dangerous settlement, where the people were extremely tense - ‘*Crossroads*’. So many cars were burnt out, as flaming tyres were placed across the roads. However, when we discovered we were right in the midst of ‘*Crossroads*’ we just decided to push through, as there was no way we could turn back. It was mid afternoon —the streets were full of people and all stopped to stare at us in the big Ford Bronco 4x4. We just continued smiling and waving wildly, in-between praying in the **SPiRiT**! Everyone just stood still and watched us pass through. There were so many burnt out car tyres, as this was now the main way to attack passers by — to ‘*necklace*’ them with a tyre and then set the tyre alight. Need I say, there were some anxious moments on our way through — approximately thirty minutes. The only way in which we

realised that we were in the middle of ‘*Crossroads*’ was because of the burnt out tyres lying all along the road. This was where “*the necklace murder*” originated some months before. The newspapers were full of all the horrors that was happening in ‘*Crossroads*’ and here we were, oblivious to it all, until we were two-thirds through it all! We could not really step on the gas, as this could spark off a problem and alert them that intruders were at hand, so we just carried on driving at our normal speed, continuing to smile, to be as friendly as ever and to wave vigorously!

As we gazed into our rearview mirror and saw the last of this dangerous settlement, we stepped on the gas, as we all just thanked and praised the **LORD** that **HE** took us safely through.



*Our beloved Lanzerac,
Stellenbosch (the Valley of the Vines)*



So eventually the **LORD** brought us safely to the *Valley of the Vines* — *Stellenbosch* (12 letters = *Divine Government*). We were so happy to be at our beloved *Lanzerac* (8 letters = *new beginning*).

The 300-year old *Lanzerac* is one of South Africa's foremost historic Cape Dutch wine estates, which at this time was privately owned by *David Rawdon*. It is situated at the foot hills of the *Jonkershoek Valley*, on the outskirts of picturesque *Stellenbosch*. The setting and atmosphere is so beautiful, so peaceful as you drive through the old Cape Dutch entrance, along the avenue of tall, towering oak trees, while their leaves are softly rustling in the gentle breeze. The warm winter sunshine highlights the rich, polished autumn leaves that speak of the maturity of the season. There is a certain '*stillness*' all around — such tranquility, such peace — only the soft echoes of nature can be heard!

How familiar is this precious scene to us as a family — this gracious, old '*haven of peace*', where we have been blessed to enjoy so many beautiful holidays over the years from 1975. It certainly has been a home from home, with all its beauty, its serenity, yet no responsibility, hence it became our refuge, our place of refreshing and restoration spiritually, mentally, emotionally and physically in the peace and solitude that prevailed in that tranquil atmosphere of our beloved *Cape*.

Each time spent here, was as it were, a '*first time*' for us — we could never take it for granted — it just became more beautiful and more precious as we matured along life's pathway.

Each of their stately suites (*bedrooms, bathroom, lounge*) are period décor with genuine antiques which complemented the authentic Cape Dutch architecture. Each suite was so comfortably and luxuriously maintained with an air of intimacy as each room opened onto a private patio.

Now in May 1986, we were unexpectedly booked into the overseas' visitors block — three beautiful rooms, en suite with private entrances (*Numbers 36, 37 & 38*). These rooms all overlook the large gardens, the beautiful old-world swimming pool and pergola area, such expanse of lawns edged with a variety of shrubs and annuals. At the end of the distant lawns was the beautiful *Jonkershoek mountain range*, which just seemed to complete the perfect picture.

When we stayed at *Lanzerac* in January 1980, we were in the pool suite and as we gazed from our window, we noticed that there was an excavation in this beautiful mountain. We were very sad to see that our mountain had been damaged in this way.

Now in 1986 (*May*) we noticed that this (*hole*) excavation of 1980 in the mountain had been filled in and now formed a beautiful large heart! We were quite alerted at this heart-shape on the mountain side, and realised this was symbolic of something...

Behind our suite (*number 38*), our bathroom window, we noticed a very old antique hearse — parked right up against our bathroom wall. I thought, “*This is very strange, I have never seen this here in all these years, parked right on the stoep up against our bathroom south wall.*” We were well acquainted with the entire property as we have gone for walks all around the property. I felt in my spirit that the **LORD** was speaking through these symbols — the heart-shape on the side of this mountain and now this black, old hearse behind our bathroom/bedroom wall, parked on this back patio.

I stared out at that heart-shape as I drew my armchair in front of the bedroom window and sat and stared at that mountain. “*What does this mean LORD — are you trying to say ‘something’ to us?*” I noticed that the ‘heart’ was planted with ‘something’ but I could not see what, as it was too far and besides, whatever was planted was too small. Then I counted there were 7 (*seven*) distinct rows between the planting. As I sat quietly meditating on all this, it came up in my spirit, this ‘heart’ was symbolic of our Precious **LORD’S** Heart, the 7 distinct rows were symbolic of the 7 *Churches of Revelation*. The hearse behind our bathroom was a symbol of complete death and burial of self. First the bathroom, symbolic of spiritual cleansing of our inner being.

The following morning the men went to *Theewaterskloof Dam* for fishing and *Lillian* and I went down to the town of *Stellenbosch*. We enjoyed the little town with all its old, familiar little shops, museums etc. We had some tea and then walked back to the old homestead, *Lanzerac* — about one hour's walk. All the way back, we prayed in the **SPiRiT** and everything seemed peaceful and quite normal.

Suddenly, on the corner of the street, just before entering the grounds of *Lanzerac*, on the lefthand side of the pavement, a cross about four foot in height had been planted on the pavement. The wood of the cross was rotted, but painted in white here and there — not very well done. The entire cross was covered with a white, plastic netting and steel wire used for cages. Upon this netting, the cross was covered in flowers — very wilted and quite patchy. Many of the flowers had fallen off. All symbolic of “*white-washed sepulchres*” as in Matthew Chapter 23 verse 27.

*“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!
for ye are like unto whited sepulchres,
which indeed appear beautiful outward,
but are within full of dead men's bones,
and of all uncleanness.”*

Matthew 23 v. 27 (KJV)

However, the cross stood erect and firmly planted on the pavement. We were totally amazed, “*Where did this come from?*” The street was deserted, it was as if we were at the end of the road, the next was the entrance to *Lanzerac*. It was real — we both saw it, it was not a vision. We immediately realised that the **LORD** was saying ‘*something*’ more, especially after the ‘*heart*’ and the ‘*hearse*’. This cross was symbolic of the condition of the Church at large — the dry-rot, covered with the white paint here and there. The plastic white netting — symbolic of the superficiality of the Church, the steel wire used for cages — symbolic of the bondage and captivity of the Church, the dry-rot of the cross — symbolic of the spiritual poverty covered with the wilted, feeble flowers only in patches - symbolic of the quality of the praise and worship prevalent in the Church at this time. What a shock to us, as the *Lord* gave us this revelation.

Is this the way the Church at large respects the *Cross of CHRIST* = symbolic of **CHRIST**, **HIS** *Death* and *Resurrection* — the very crux of our Christian Faith? The very beginning and end of all things? This *Cross* on which **HIS** sinless Body hung, on which **HIS** sinless *Blood* was spilt — **HIS** *Blood* which opened the *Portals of Heaven* itself so that all who would come to the foot of the *Cross* and bow their knee before the **KING** of kings would then become a part of **HIS** Precious Heart.



*Is this the way the Church respects
the Cross & Blood of Christ - that opened
the portals of Heaven itself?*



Why has the Church at large made light of **CHRIST** and **HIS** death on the *Cross*? Have we forgotten **HIS** agony in the *Garden of Gethsemane*? Have we forgotten the way of the *Via Dolorosa* and all that happened during that week of **HIS** Passion — those last dreadful, agonising hours of humiliation in **HIS** Precious Life so that we, **HIS** beloved, could enter the *Portals of Heaven* for *Eternity* and so be saved from eternal damnation?

How hardened are our hearts to this Precious Love that drew Salvation's Plan?

How can we treat this all so lightly when this is truly an Eternal issue?

*“And when **JESUS** face to face I see...
When at **HIS** lofty Throne I bow the knee,
Then of **HIS** Love, it's breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength
My soul shall sing.”*

*- Hymn: “It passeth knowledge, that dear love of THINE”
— Mary Shekleton, 1827 — 1883*

But, we need to remember, the time to Love **HIM** and reverence **HIM** is now — we need to prepare our hearts and lives now —otherwise we will not be able to sing and praise **HIM** when we meet **HIM** Face to face! We need to think on these things NOW...!!!

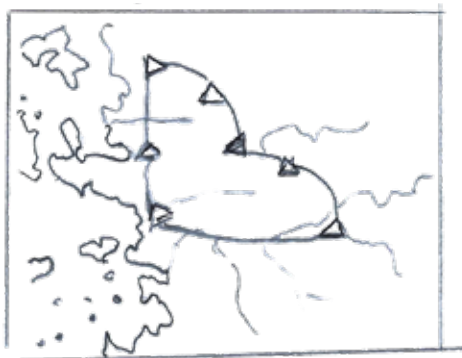
*“Behold, now is the accepted time;
behold, now is the day of Salvation.”*

II Corinthians 6 v. 2 (b) (KJV)

Several years prior to all this, I had seen a very old map showing the *Seven Churches of Revelation* — *Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea*. When the line between the *Seven Churches* were joined, it formed the shape of a heart — hence the symbol of the **LORD’S** Precious Heart.

SEVEN CHURCHES OF REVELATION:

Churches joined together, as shown on this diagram, forms
a heart = symbolic of the Sacred Heart of **Jesus**



Now the confirmation came of the realisation that the **LORD** was in fact speaking to us regarding **His** Church — the weakened state of **His** Church, **His** Body. We were so moved and so very touched as we continually prayed for a Revival in the Church — that the believers’ hearts would once again become tender towards the things of **GOD** — that the believers would once again walk in the reverential fear and awe of a Holy, Mighty **GOD**, a **GOD** who is our Loving **HEAVENLY FATHER** but who also is the Mighty Awesome **GOD** of the Universe!!

It was whilst we were on the holiday that I was waiting for a lift back to the Hotel *Lanzerac*, that I discovered this very sweet, very sparse little bookshop. I immediately went into the bookshop straight towards a small shelf of books on the right — there were some old books and some new. Instantly, I spotted a book “*Experiencing the Depth of **JESUS CHRIST***” by *Madame Jeanne Guyon*. I knew immediately that this was my book because of the witness on my inside. This book was written in the 1600’s. *Madame Jeanne Guyon* was born in 1648. Only one author from the 1600’s out-sold her books. He was *William Shakespeare*. By the age of thirty, she was one of the most influential Christians in *France*. What wonderful confirmations I received while reading her book regarding my own spiritual life, growth and experiences. I was so blessed!

Two days later, I returned to this little bookshop to see if there were any more of her books. Yes, there were a few — “*The Way Out*” (an exposition on Exodus), “*The Song of Songs*,” “*The Book of Job*,” “*CHRIST Our Revelation*,” “*Genesis*,” “*Union with GOD*” and “*Spiritual Letters*.”

I was so delighted with all my ‘treasures’! When the owner of the bookshop saw all the books which, incidentally were so reasonably priced and marked down, he said “*Take all you want because I am closing up tomorrow!*”

I was well-versed with all the Christian bookshops in Pretoria, Johannesburg, Cape Town and several of the surrounding areas, however, I had never ever seen or heard of this precious saint of GOD, *Madame Jeanne Guyon*, I was so touched by our Precious LORD’S Goodness in leading me to this little bookshop. So many of the wells that I had frequented, had run dry, hence whenever your well runs dry, the Precious LORD will always lead you to another well to quench the thirsting of your soul.

John Wesley spoke of *Madame Jeanne Guyon* as perhaps the greatest Christian since the *Age of the Apostles*. *Watchman Nee*, *Fénelon*, *Count Zinzendorf*, the early Quakers, *Jessie Penn-Lewis* and *Hudson Taylor* — *Madame Guyon* played a major part in the lives of these famous Christians.

The message of her writings seem to enlarge, the more you mature in **CHRIST** as **GOD** Desires to do a special work in the heart of **HIS** loved ones. In every age of Church History, there have always been ‘*those*’ few who have known **HIM** in the depths! These few precious saints have illustrated the deeper Christian life with a passionate torrential love for **JESUS CHRIST**. May we too experience such a depth in our Precious **LORD JESUS CHRIST** that our hearts would melt as we drink from **HIS** Fountain of *Living Water*. May **GOD** see fit to bless us by satisfying the hunger in our hearts in an age where there has been spiritual shallowness.

So my search was on for the remaining *Guyon* books, which I found in obscure places, including her autobiography. Twelve - Fifteen years later, one rarely sees an odd copy in a Christian bookshop — her books, are not readily available. The body of **CHRIST** in our day do not seem to know or request these books. In 1990, I listened to a tape series by *Benny Hinn*. “*Practicing the Presence of GOD.*” I was so blessed when he mentioned in this series that the three saints who has the most influence and impact upon his life was *Madame Jeanne Guyon*, *Dr. Andrew Murray* and *Kathryn Kulhman*. I remembered how graciously our Precious **LORD** had lead me to these three people, also who at the time were not well known or read in the body of **CHRIST**. The only one who was known was *Dr. Andrew*

Murray — his books were also not popular nor were they in demand. *Kathryn Kulhman* was also quite unknown in this country and we hardly ever saw her books in Christian bookshops, because those days ‘*healings*’ were unscriptural. Because *Dr. Andrew Murray* acknowledged a personal experience of the **HOLY SPIRIT**, he too was not well received, hence the scarcity of his books.

In May of 1987, I had such a compulsion to return to *Lanzerac* — it was just as if ‘*something*’ was driving me to go. I could not explain it to anyone, I just knew I had to go. The family were all involved in their different work situations, but I knew that this could not deter me, I had to go — I just had such a need to be alone with the **LORD**, I could not wait because somehow, I felt I might not have the usual opportunities which *Lillian* and I always had for prayer and fasting. Whenever *Jacques* and my Husband planned a fishing trip, normally twice a year, *Lillian* and I would have a time of complete separation. We would close ourselves up at home and spend the days quietly in **His** Presence, it was always such a time of blessing and Spiritual refreshing.

I departed on Tuesday, 19th May, 1987. The passenger next to me on the flight was a middle-aged Christian woman. She just started pouring out her heart to me saying she is estranged from her Husband — the children love him dearly and cannot choose between them. I spoke to her as the **HOLY**

SPiRiT led and I realised what was said was rather a shock to her! She concealed it, but I realised she received much to think about because she thanked me so much. She said she had never shared with with anyone because she is a very shy, private person, therefore, she could not believe here she was, just pouring it all out to me. We parted on beautiful terms when we landed and she thanked me again, saying she sees the situation so differently now.

The airport was cold, it was overcast weather and had just rained before we landed. The drive was not too pleasant from the airport to *Lanzerac* — it looked quite bleak and the old gentleman who drove the taxi tried to be talkative, but I seemed totally neutral to the usual beautiful surroundings.

When I arrived at *Lanzerac* in Room 38 at 12.45 pm. the beautiful room even looked unfriendly, it felt cold. I was overtaken with guilt for having left my dearest family.

I tried to open my suitcase pressing 24.5 instead of 25.4 (*my birth-date*). I battled for about 15 minutes, thinking the lock had jammed. I thought, this proves, I will just have to go back home now. Suddenly, I realised that the numbers were wrong. Just then *Lillian* phoned — this was just too much, I really longed to have my little friend there with me — I wanted my ray of warm sunshine around me to brighten this cold room. How I longed to have her

personal touch there to give everything the radiance, so badly lacking. I just longed to hear her pleasant little chatter and giggle... I thought, I will sleep over tonight and then return tomorrow, Wednesday, 20th May 1987.

It was now 2.30 pm. so I just walked down to the coffee shop for a cup of tea, but everything looked so different — in fact, I could not understand how we always enjoyed this all so much.

Then after organising my room, I phoned and spoke to the family, I felt so sad and really just wanted to go home.

Then I thought I had better go and have dinner as it started at 7 pm. seeing that I did not have lunch. I went into the dining room at 7.10 pm. and saw that there was no one in the dining room or lounge. So, I sat down and said, “**LORD**, *why did I come?*” Then the **LORD** answered in my spirit, that I did not come of my own accord, that **HE** was going to work this together for good — I would draw closer to **HIM**. Peace would once again reign in my heart. I must just trust **HIM** and not fear, because **HE** is always with me.

Suddenly, a tremendous peace overtook me and I felt quite at ease and at rest. Before going to sleep that evening, I read a chapter from *Jessie Penn-Lewis’ “Hidden Ones,”* “**THY** *Hidden ones.*” A friend from Bible School had given me this book for my birthday.

The Editor:

“*THY Hidden Ones*”

- First published in 1899

“The requests, which continually reach us for this book make us feel that another edition will be welcomed by the present generation of those, who ‘long to know the hidden life as the spring of practical duty.’”

Quote:

*“‘The hidden one’ has learnt to walk very silently with her **GOD**. The talkative disposition of early days has passed away. She has no desire now to blaze abroad the secrets of **HIS** Love.*

*The life hidden in the heart of **GOD** is a very deep, and very silent one. When **GOD** speaks, **HE** speaks with a purpose, and the soul is learning to partake of this Divine Silence.*

*She craves to be but a voice which passes away, leaving the Living **WORD** in the hearts around. **HE** will cause her to know the way wherein she should walk as she goes forth every moment ‘leaning upon her Beloved’.”*

The following morning, Wednesday, 20th May, 1987, I awoke at 5.45 am. I had my quiet time and thereafter, I put on the *Benny Hinn* instrumental music tape. I just lay there, quietly resting in my bed as it was rather cold.

After breakfast, I decided to take a walk down to the town (*Stellenbosch*). As I walked down the avenue of oak trees, through the entrance to *Lanzerac*, I was praying in the Spirit. I first prayed in the understanding for us as a family — naming each one — for a fresh anointing, to be endued with the Power from on High, to have the mantle of the **LORD JESUS** according to Luke 4 vs. 18-19 and also praying Isaiah 61 vs. 1-3 over us. Also for the *Fire of the HOLY SPIRIT* so that we, as a family, may be a vital part in this revival that we have been praying for to overtake our land, *South Africa*. Also, may the *River of Living Waters* that proceeds from the *Throne of GOD*, just gush out of every soul we touch. I just kept pleading with the **LORD** for this and that the Precious **HOLY SPIRIT** would please help me to pray this through. I just prayed all the way down to town — approximately one hour. Then I had a cup of tea and walked all the way back again and continued praying in the **SPRIT** for all of us.

“[18] The SPIRIT OF THE LORD is upon ME, because HE has anointed ME to preach the Gospel to the poor; HE hath sent ME to heal the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed,
[19] to proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD.”

Luke 4 v. 18 - 19 (NKJV)

*“[1] The **SP**IRIT OF THE **L**ORD **G**OD is upon **ME**;
because the **L**ORD hath anointed **ME** to preach good
tidings unto the meek; **HE** hath sent **ME** to bind up the
brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and
the opening of the prison to them that are bound;*

*[2] To proclaim the acceptable year of the **L**ORD, and the
day of vengeance of our **G**OD; to comfort all that mourn;*

*[3] To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give
unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning,
the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;
that they might be called trees of righteousness, the
planting of the **L**ORD, that **HE** might be glorified.”*

Isaiah 61 v. 1 - 3 (KJV)

It would be lunch time when I got back to *Lanzerac*. I would go to the old coffee shop and there have a *Lanzerac* home-baked, brown bread cheese sandwich and a cup of tea, so enjoyable! Thereafter, I would amble back to my room and rest for a half hour. Then I would sit in the comfortable armchair by the window and read. In-between I would talk to the **L**ORD regarding the book I was reading. I had brought two books with me, “**THY Hidden Ones**” and “*Power for Service*,” both books were authored by *Jessie Penn-Louis*.

At 5 pm. I would have a tray of tea to my room and thereafter go for a stroll around the gardens, glancing around in all directions. It is such a beautiful experience to watch the sun setting in the west, as the shadows lengthen across the spacious lawns, while a few remaining autumn leaves glisten in the last glorious rays of the setting sun. What a sight!! Even the bare structure of the trees appear as though polished in those moments of vanishing sunlight. The atmosphere is só beautiful at this time — everything seems to change colour at dusk. So many thoughts come to mind — there is so much to reflect upon... One feels so close to the **LORD** at this time of day because the atmosphere is so tranquil, so serene!

I read an article some years ago which intimated that this time of day is the quietest time in nature — just before the sun finally sets. Dusk — when everything just comes to rest, for then there is complete silence... There is a peacefulness which fills the air. It is só beautiful to experience this!

One remembers that awesome *Scripture*:

*“...There was silence in Heaven
about the space of half an hour.”*

Revelation 8 v. 1 (b) (KJV)

How precious it is at this ‘*quiet time of day*’ — to remember **HIM**:

“...Be still, and know that I AM GOD.”

Psalm 46 v. 10 (a) (KJV)

“Be silent in the Presence of the LORD GOD...”

Zephaniah 1 v. 7 (a) (NKJV)

What perfect peace: “*Peace — Perfect Peace,*” the Love of **JESUS** whispers “*My Peace within.*”

How great is the *Gift of Life* that **HE** has blessed us with? Can we ever thank **HIM** enough for the beauty of **HIS** Creation?

*“The day **THOU** gavest, **LORD**, has ended;*

The darkness falls at Thy behest;

To Thee our morning hymns ascended;

Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

- Hymnal : John Ellerton, 1826 - 1893

Still lost in wonder and thought, I suddenly realise darkness had fallen, the lights are flickering way down in the valley, it is time to head back to my room.

After the evening meal, there is a time of earnest prayer, then some beautiful, soft anointed music, while preparing for bed. The night air is crisp as a slight breeze gently

wafts into the room. Such gratitude fills my heart for the beauty of a fulfilling day and for the comfort and warmth of my bed, for the sweet sleep ahead of me.

Thursday, 21st May, 1987, was spent in the same way as the previous day (*Wednesday, 20th May, 1987*). Now Friday, 22nd May, 1987, I awoke early and spent the time praying. Thereafter, I went to breakfast. After breakfast, I read my normal daily readings — before starting these readings, the **LORD** intimated that **HE** would confirm all that I was praying for, that **HE** had heard my prayers — that **HE** wanted me without carefulness:

*“Peace **I** leave with you, **My** Peace **I** give unto you:
Not as the world giveth, give **I** unto you...”*
John 14 V. 27 (a) (KJV)

*“But **I** would have you without carefulness...”*
I Corinthians 7 v. 32 (a) (KJV)

*“These things **I** have spoken unto you, that in **ME**
ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have
tribulation: but be of good cheer;
I have overcome the world.”*
John 16 v. 33 (KJV)

*“The **LORD** of Peace **HIMSELF** give you peace always
by all means...”*

II Thessalonians 3 v. 16 (a) (KJV)

*“ [24] The **LORD** bless thee, and keep thee:*

*[25] The **LORD** make **HIS** Face shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee:*

*[26] The **LORD** lift up **HIS** Countenance upon thee
And give the Peace.”*

Numbers 6 v. 24 - 26 (KJV)

*“[26] Likewise the **SPIRIT** also helps in our weaknesses.*

*For we do not know what we should pray for
as we ought, but the **SPIRIT HIMSELF**
makes intercession for us
with groanings which cannot be uttered.*

*[27] Now **HE WHO** searches the hearts
knows what the mind of the **SPIRIT** is,
because **HE** makes intercession for the saints
according to the Will of **GOD.**”*

Romans 8 v. 26 - 27 (NKJV)

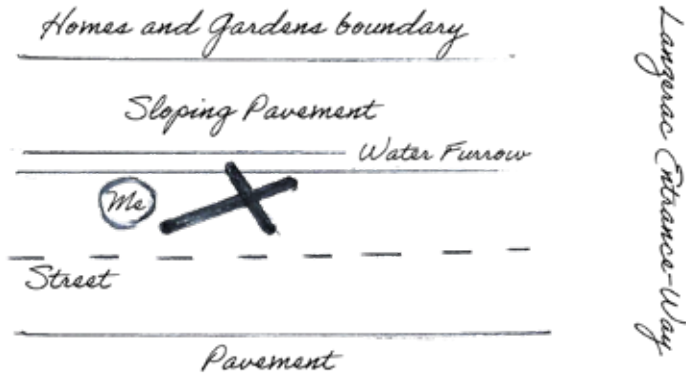
*“[1] The **LORD** is my Shepherd; I shall not want.*

*[2] **HE** maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
HE leadeth me beside the still waters.”*

Psalm 23 v. 1 - 2 (KJV)

I just praised and thanked the **LORD** for **HIS** Peace and also for the dearest **HOLY SPIRIT** who was assisting me with prayer for us in this way. I just felt a healing was taking place in my emotions — in my soul, also within my heart, the terrible ache of the past few years, that severe crushing, all the hurt, the sadness, the mourning and weeping — suddenly this just seemed to lift. I felt I could go on my walk to town (*Stellenbosch*) without these tears of intercession — that I could just pray normally.

After enjoying a hot cup of tea and a fresh pancake, I headed back on my walk to *Lanzerac*. The streets always seemed very quiet, especially along the banks of the *Eerste Rivier*. The gardens were always so lovely to behold and so refreshing to glance at in-between praying. When I was about half a block from *Lanzerac* — the very house next door to where the *white painted wooden cross* stood, last year (*May 1987*), I suddenly noticed as I was walking in the street beside the cement water furrows, lay a wooden cross right before me. The size of the cross - about 18' x 12'.



I was in absolute shock as I came to a halt. Not a soul was in sight as those suburban streets there are extremely quiet. I froze in my steps as I stood there looking at that cross placed on my pathway. I had to walk in the street because the pavement sloped at such a degree that one could not walk on it and besides hardly no cars or people really passed there — it was such a quiet area. The main road to the *Lanzerac* entrance was a block higher — the *Lanzerac* entrance was between the two streets, a little further on. I stood there quietly and said “*LORD, what does this mean?*” Immediately, I realised that this symbolised, confirmed the death of self that had to take place — the cross is the dividing line between life and death! As I stood looking at that cross, tears flowed from my eyes, I realised there was ‘much’ ahead of me and I wondered “*Am I ready for all this?*” So many thoughts flashed through my mind “*Who placed this cross here?*”

“This is not a normal thing — it must be completely Supernatural!” I was fully conscious — it certainly was no vision, it was there as I handled it! The only conclusion I came to, *“This must be very serious for our LORD to arrange it this way, I must face the reality of it all!”*

*“The Cross before me,
The world behind me,
No turning back,
Praise the LORD —
No turning back, no turning back &
Oh, give me JESUS,
Oh, give me JESUS,
The Cross before me,
The world behind me, no turning back —
Praise our precious LORD.”*

As I ambled my way back to *Lanzerac*, this beautiful chorus just kept welling up in my Spirit as I sang it softly, while glancing across the beautiful, peaceful atmosphere — the setting sun right before me, the soft green landscaped lawns, the tall towering oaks, so majestic, the many flowering Camelias and varied flowering shrubs, edged with blooming buds of the late Autumn garden, while the birds were swooping down to the many water fountains between such happy ‘*tweets*’. Surely Heaven came down and touched the Earth at that peaceful, quiet hour! What a wonderful encouragement, the way ahead,

even though very serious but amidst it all, there was a *Heavenly Beauty* filled with **His** Holy Presence and Perfect Peace. What strength and reassurance and hope for this beautiful future, knowing **HE** is there each step of the way — Hallelujah! As **HE** has equipped me and prepared the way ahead, what a *Heavenly Blessing* of **His** Perfect Peace because **HE** is my Shepherd, I shall not want (*Psalm 23*). He upholds me with His Right Hand of Righteousness (*Isaiah 41 v. 10*). Your Right Hand upholds me (*Psalm 63 v. 8*).

Amen & Amen.

*“The **LORD** is my Shepherd; I shall not want.”*

Psalm 23 v. 1 (KJV)

*“Fear not, for **I AM** with you; Be not dismayed, for **I AM** your **GOD**. **I** will strengthen you, Yes, **I** will help you, **I** will uphold you with **MY** righteous Right Hand.”*

Isaiah 41 v. 10 (KJV)

*“My soul follows close behind **You**;*

***YOUR** Right Hand upholds me.”*

Psalm 63 v. 8 (KJV)

After returning to *Lanzerac*, I enjoyed some tea and a sandwich and spent the afternoon finishing my book “*Face to Face*” by *Jessie Penn-Lewis*.

That evening, I prepared myself to receive the **HOLY COMMUNION** in gratitude and thankfulness for all that had happened. I fully realised that this time had truly been a *Divine Appointment*. Truly, life, the world, can never be the same again, once one has been drawn into the very Heart of **GOD**, hidden there in **His** wounded Side, **His** Imprint becomes our expression as we share **His SPIRIT** of Compassion for humanity. As we enter into such close fellowship through **His** Divine **SPIRIT** of Sacrifice, all self-seeking leaves us as we look through **His** Eyes, hear through **His** Ears as we listen to the cry of a lost and dying world. In the same proportion that we share **His** Life, will we be conformed to **His** Image — that gentle, meek and quiet spirit which is so precious in **His** Sight. Yet, there can be no close fellowship in this manner without separation, seclusion — to be still before **His** awesome Presence — surely **His** Presence will separate us, this blending of **SPIRIT** with spirit, of **HEART** with heart, where no words are needed because the two have become one. It is in this gentle stillness that **HE** reveals **HIMSELF** and **His** perfect Will, **His** Pattern for our lives. Perfect obedience brings perfect rest for **His** ambassador, who surrenders his all to his **LORD** in blind faith! Yes, life comes forth out of death!

“...Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

John 12 v. 24 (KJV)

The Cross was now before me once again and the world behind me, but now I realised that ‘*this*’ required even greater commitment after the experience earlier today. I realised afresh, as one progressed along this ‘*Path of life,*’ with the passing of time, a greater commitment is required of one — there continues to be a greater depth to be revealed in the spirit. This level, this depth depends upon one’s own depth of commitment, the depth of one’s own surrender. The fullness of this surrender then determines one’s blessing in the Spirit because this blessing is dependant on and according to our response in the natural.

As I continued to reflect on this amazing experience of this wooden brown cross, so strategically placed on the path before me, the words of that beautiful hymn of *Isaac Watts*, came to mind:

*“When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the **PRINCE OF GLORY** died,
My richest gain I could but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.*

*Forbid it **LORD**, that I should boast,
Save in the death of **CHRIST**, my **GOD**:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to **HIS** Blood.*

*See, from **His** Head, **His** Hands, **His** Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down:
Did ever such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?*

*Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so Amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”*

- Hymn: Isaac Watts (1674 - 1748)

How touched I am that the Precious **HOLY SPIRIT** brings these wonderful old hymns to my remembrance — these precious words sung so long ago in the days of my youth:

*“Upon that Cross of **JESUS**
Mine eye at times can see
the very dying form of **ONE**
who suffered there for me:
and from my stricken heart with tears
two wonders I confess,
the wonders of redeeming love
and my worthlessness.*

*I take, O cross, thy shadow
for my abiding place:
I ask no other sunshine than
the sunshine of **His** Face;*

*content to let the world go by,
to know no gain nor loss;
my sinful self my only shame,
my Glory all the Cross.*

- Hymn: E. C. Clephane (1830 -1869)



Saturday 23rd May, 1987

I awoke early and spent time in sweet communion with **HIM** — especially thanking **HIM** for those beautiful days I had **EXPERIENCED**. I said, “**LORD**, here is today — I commit it to **YOU**, use it in which ever way **YOU** choose!”

The breakfast room was so full, possibly because it was a Saturday morning. There were so many university students — just so many people seated all around in this otherwise quiet dining room. There I spotted an open table — a very large round table in the top corner of the room, I sat down.

Halfway through my breakfast a young man in his early thirties it seemed, asked if he could join me at the table as there was no other available place. I immediately agreed and we started chatting. He was a businessman from *Lynnwood Manor* in *Pretoria*.

The conversation seemed mostly to be centred around his little girl aged 2½ years. He then started expressing his fears about the future for this child, how she would grow up. I just shared with him that he need not fear if the **LORD** is in control of his little family and home. He mentioned that they did not have a Church because he did not like what was always given forth at Church. He was from an Afrikaans background but we spoke English as he was very well versed in English.

Suddenly, he spoke about the different levels of consciousness — that one could never live forever, one would just eventually disintegrate! The Precious **HOLY SPIRIT** just led me to speak very kindly to him but not to compromise the Truth. So I gave forth the Truth of the **WORD OF GOD**. He sat and listened quietly as I continued speaking as though in a normal conversation — I realised he was taking it all in. They were waiting to clear our table in the dining room, as ours was the last table. Then he asked me if I was busy as he would like to ask me some questions regarding what I had said. He went on to say he had done so much reading, so much studying in search of the *Truth* and he would like to discuss this with me. He was a real gentleman and seemed an upright man. We agreed to meet in the *Old Homestead Lounge* within 15 minutes. I ran to my room to fetch my *Bible* and my personal file. I shared with him non-stop for two hours. I had also shared on my

brother's life and death and on the vision that the **LORD** had given me two days later. He just sat there and cried through this whole time of sharing. I think so much of my brother's life was also evident in his life. He just hung his head as he was totally dumbfounded, he had no words...!

I remembered he had mentioned before the chat started that he still had to do a business report and buy some shells for the little one on his way to the airport. This was now 12.30 (noon) and I said *"I know you still have some things to do before your plane leaves at 7 pm. this evening, so I do not want to delay you and longer."* However, I wanted to pray with him but he said he was not ready for that even though I insisted. He said there was so much for him to think about because he realises that there is so much wrong in his life, but all he wanted to say to me, he had never heard such love and gentleness before. He asked for my phone number as he would like to contact me. I told him as we parted, while the tears were still flowing from his eyes, *"Never, ever forget **JESUS** because **JESUS** is the only Way, the only Truth and the Life and that no man comes to the **FATHER** except by **JESUS**. So he must remember that the only way he could become a citizen of Heaven was by accepting **JESUS CHRIST** as his **LORD**, into his heart!"* I went on, *"Just ask **HIM** to come into your heart and to walk the way with you — don't wait to understand — just be child-like, then He will reveal **HIS** Truth and **HIS** Peace to you!"*

He left a very humbled man, as he continued waving goodbye through tearstained eyes. I was so blessed by having had the opportunity to share **His** Holy Truths with this precious soul, as I ambled back to my room.

After a hot tray of tea and a sandwich, I settled in the comfortable armchair in front of the window overlooking the garden. All was so quiet and peaceful as the Hotel *Lanzerac* was relatively quiet except for the visitors at breakfast this morning. The peace was almost tangible...

I started reading “*Power for Service*” by *Jessie Penn-Lewis* — what a precious book this is! It is quite a thin book and after completing it, I could not arise from the chair — the anointing was so strong. I just remained in the chair as I thanked and praised the **LORD** for the blessings of all I had experienced this day. I just stayed in **His** Presence for some time and then eventually ended off with **HOLY COMMUNION**.



Sunday, 24th May, 1987

After breakfast I had a lovely walk alongside the *Eerste Rivier* and followed the river all the way to the foot of the *Jonkershoek mountain* where the “*Heart*” was cut out in the side of the mountain. I was so excited as I realised the “*Heart*” was planted up with seven rows of vineyards, symbolic again of the *Seven Churches of Revelation*.

I just spent this time in prayer during my two-hour walk. I wound my way back up the road where the small wooden cross lay in the road on Friday, on my way home. I had also been meditating upon the *Blood* — how **CHRIST’S** *Blood* was sinless because **HIS** *Blood* came straight from **FATHER GOD**, therefore, it was Perfect, Holy and without sin. Thus I concluded; sin in our lives affects our blood because the mind is connected to the blood, hence the mind can pollute the blood. Therefore, the *Cross of JESUS* has been made Holy because **HIS** Perfect, sinless, Holy *Blood* spilled onto the *Cross of CHRIST*.

After lunch, I once again settled into my armchair at the window and decided to reread “*Power for Service*” again, like yesterday, from the second half of the book, the anointing became so strong and increased and I became so dizzy after finishing the book — I felt quite way out in the **SPIRIT**. I lay back and asked the **LORD** for

His enduement for service — utterance — and power for aggressive warfare so that Luke 4 v. 18 and Isaiah 61 v. 1-3 (see *Scripture on pages 189 and 190*) could come about. I just remained in this position, hands up stretched while there was such a strong anointing for approximately a half hour or more, then it came from my Spirit “Look up Isaiah 49 v. 2:”

“... Mouth like a sharp sword...”

- utterance prayed for

“... In the shadow of HIS Hand hath HE hid me...”

- ‘hidden one’ for an appointed time

“... Made me a polished shaft...”

- “one of those shafts that strike home, winged by the Hand of **God**” — a quote from the book ‘Face to Face’, by Jessie Penn-Lewis.

Another confirmation given me from an unknown Church member, after Church.

I felt led to read from v. 1 - 6 of Isaiah 49, also Isaiah 60 v. 1 - 6, Isaiah 61 v. 1 - 6 (see *Scripture on page 190*).

Isaiah 49 v. 1 - 6

“[1] Listen, O isles, unto ME; and hearken, ye people, from far; The LORD hath called ME from the womb; from the bowels of MY mother hath HE made mention of MY NAME.”

[2] And HE hath made MY Mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of HIS Hand hath HE hid ME, and made ME a polished shaft; in HIS quiver hath HE hid ME;

[3] And said unto me, Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified.

[4] Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the LORD, and my work with my GOD.

[5] And now, saith the LORD that formed ME from the womb to be HIS Servant, to bring Jacob again to HIM, Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the Eyes of the LORD, and my GOD shall be MY strength.

[6] And HE said, It is a light thing that THOU shouldest be MY Servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give THEE for a Light to the Gentiles, that THOU mayest be MY Salvation unto the end of the earth.

Isaiah 49 v. 1 - 6 (KJV)

Isaiah 60 v. 1 - 6

“[1] Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.

*[2] For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the **LORD** shall arise upon thee, and **HIS** Glory shall be seen upon thee.*

[3] And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

[4] Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together; they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far; and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

[5] Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

*[6] The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the **LORD**.*”

Isaiah 60 v. 1 - 6 (KJV)

Before receiving the above, I felt as though I had something from my neck down over my chest — like a covering and this continued and thereafter, it felt as though a long veil came down from my head at the back and down my neck and back. Then the **LORD** reminded me of the *Scripture* **HE** had given me in May 1986, in Psalm 121 v. 5, 7 & 8.

*“The **LORD** is thy keeper;
The **LORD** is thy shade upon thy right hand.”*

*“The **LORD** shall preserve thee from all evil:
HE shall preserve thy soul.*

*“The **LORD** shall preserve thy going out and thy coming
in from this time forth, and even for evermore.”*

Psalm 121 v. 5, 7 & 8 (KJV)

After some time, I came across an exposition on Isaiah 49 v. 2:
(see above Scripture).

*“**GOD** is going to put within us a River that is going
to move us with the speed of Light that will put us in
a new dimension, where we will fly like the Arrows
of **GOD** — in the wind of the **HOLY SPIRIT** with fire in
our soul to bring life to those in need and destruction
to the evil one.”*

Thus *Lanzerac* — this visit, was first a thought, then an
action and thereafter, unforeseen results.



Cape: May — June 1988

Jacques was doing a six-month Parliamentary Duty session in *Cape Town*, staying at the *Town House Hotel* very near the *Parliament building*.

We had not seen *Jacques* for about two months and he had the flu, so *Lillian* and I went down to see him and to spend some time there. After a few days, *Jacques* was much better. He invited us to sit in on a Parliamentary meeting. We could sit up in the gallery, we were so blessed because it was a long, important meeting of the Cabinet, so we could use the time in praying in the **SPiRiT**, especially for the situation in the country, on site as it were! Important decisions were to be made at this meeting. The old regime were still in power. It was tremendous warfare but we got through it and were deeply grateful for the privilege of this opportunity. We also had a bird's eye view on all the important leaders of the nation, hence we could just zero in on them in prayer.

We had loads of fun and laughter with *Jacques* after hours. During the day *Lillian* and I spent much time in prayer, especially for the country. We walked all around the *Parliamentary buildings*, in the gardens just praying for the **LoRD's** Divine and Perfect plan for our country to

come into being — also that there would be no bloodshed with the elections etc...

We also went up to *Table Mountain* as we felt this was a perfect place to pray from the *Mother City* of our country. We had such a beautiful view of the *Houses of Parliament*, *Signal Hill* and *Table Bay* — we could see for miles because it was such a beautiful clear day. Our prayer was for peace, harmony and unity in our beloved country — this beautiful country which the **LORD** had so graciously allowed us to live in with all its diverse cultures.

We also spent the days visiting different Churches — those whose doors were not locked. It was so lovely to visit the few where the doors were open. We also prayed for revival in the *body of CHRIST* first and for unity and for revival in our entire nation so that each and every person, culture could be touched by the Hand of the **LORD**.

Just after lunch one afternoon, *Lillian* and I were in *Simons Town*. There we visited a beautiful little Church on top of the hill, a way above street level. It was a beautiful little Victorian Church so well presented and so very peaceful. There was such an atmosphere of peace — such a *Heavenly Peace* in this little chapel! We were completely alone and we just sat there quietly in the silence, communing with our Precious **LORD**. While sitting there

in the stillness, the **LORD** gave *Lillian* a beautiful vision of a revival being birthed in the *Cape* and then spreading across the whole of *Africa*. This gave us such hope for our country and nation. We continued sitting there — praying quietly, all alone in this beautiful little Church. The hours just ticked by quite unnoticed by us. Suddenly, we heard the roar of thunder and then a storm broke out, then the soaking, pouring rains came down heavily upon the green corrugated iron roof of the little Church. The rain just continued forever — we thought it would never let up — it just kept the same drenching pace with which it started. It was the month of June (1988) and it was getting quite cold as the afternoon wore on into dusk. The little Church became even more beautiful as dusk appeared and still the rain continued. We saw that it was now becoming dark and the reflections of the different lights in the street and town below had become visible through the arched stained glass windows.

Eventually it was dark and the rain subsided — we were not aware of another soul around us, hence we wondered if someone had perhaps locked the Church door from the outside. It was quite cold inside and we did not see a light switch. Slowly, we made our way down the aisle to the entrance and front door of the Church. It was closed as we had closed it upon entering the chapel earlier that afternoon. We wondered if it

was locked — it would be quite cold to spend the night here, even though we had our warm coats. Very slowly, we turned the handle in great anticipation — praise the **LORD**, the handle turned and the heavy arched wooden door opened, so we could escape quietly in the soft drizzle as we made our way to the hired car.

As we got into the car, we gave a sigh of relief that the Church door was not locked firstly because our family would not have known what happened to us. We drove down the little hillside into *Simons Town* and made our way back to *Lanzerac*. What a beautiful afternoon we had experienced in the presence of the **LORD** in that heavenly little Church!

As *Jacques* was working quite late in the evenings due to work, we did not want to distract him, hence we went off to *Lanzerac, Stellenbosch*, where he joined us at the weekends.

We had brought some beautiful *Benny Hinn* worship tapes with us and even had more copied at the University. These tapes we handed out to all the precious coloured people who worked at *Lanzerac*. We had built a beautiful relationship with these coloured folks — the gardeners, the groom maids and waitresses etc over the years. We often shared the Goodness of the **LORD** with them.

We ordered some cakes from the *Lanzerac* coffee shop and also some cold drinks and then invited them to our room for tea and a time of sharing. They also brought their little children with as they wanted to sing for us. It was such a beautiful time of fellowship — they as well as *Lillian* and I were so blessed and touched. This was something we would never forget — the natural love that flowed between us all as our spirits blended in **HIM**.

Lillian and I spent many days walking down from *Lanzerac* to the little town of *Stellenbosch* — as we walked, we prayed — we never spoke. When we arrived in the little town, we would enjoy a cup of tea and then have a little fellowship and thereafter, we would be back in the streets, walking and praying.

One day, we passed a little old lady who was out walking. She stopped us and asked us where we are from as she had seen us quite often during the past week or two. We shared with her all she wanted to know and then we told her we were praying for revival in our country and nation. She was so very blessed because she too had had this very burden upon her heart. She was resident in an old age home and also went out walking and praying for revival in our land. What a blessing this meeting was!

On an odd day when the weather was not too good, we would hire a car for the day and drive out to the surrounding country side eg. *Franshoek, Paarl* etc. as we drove, we just thanked our **LORD** for the tremendous beauty of our precious land — we were in awe as we admired **His** Handiwork again. In-between this and whilst driving, the prayers went forth... For our beloved country — we were trusting **GOD** for a *Miracle* amidst all the negative reports. Wherever we went, we found people were very negative but we soon gave them hope and told them to trust the **LORD** because **HE** was going to take our nation and our country through this *Supernaturally*. Suddenly, we saw the people's faces changing as the spark of hope was deposited into them.

Each time *Lillian* and I got back to Lanzerac, our eyes were on the 'Heart' in the *Jonkershoek Valley*, surrounding *Lanzerac*. Remember, the **LORD** had shared with us that this 'Heart' on the mountain was symbolic of **His** Heart —the *Remnant* of the *Seven Churches of Revelation* that make up **His** Heart. Yes, this *Valley of the Vines* — the masses of vines wherever you look — there are vines but only a very small number of these vines make up **His** Heart (*Remnant*). Those distinct divisions in the 'Heart' on the mountain show that this Remnant comes out of all the different Churches, denominations.

The vines just seem to hold our attentions — the continuation of vines... the **LORD** brought John 15 to my remembrance. Here in this *Stellenbosch* area are masses of vines — representing the Church at large doing the **LORD’S** Work in different parts of **HIS** great vineyard — so many, many workers in **HIS** vineyard!

Vines: are a symbol, of the grape — the fruit, then the wine...

The fruit symbolic of the life of the Christian,
the believer;

The wine: symbolic of the **HOLY SPIRIT** in the life of
the Christian...

Remember, so much wine-tasting takes place in this
Stellenbosch and surrounding areas...

“How beautiful is this bouquet of wine?

*How palatable is this wine to the taste — is it too
dry — too sweet?*

Is this wine mature?

*In order to produce good wines, you need good,
healthy fruit.*

Is the fruit under-nourished? Is it diseased?

Is it sour? Is it small?

Look at the Churches that bear the fruit — are these
heavy-laden or is the fruit sparse, feeble? Or are the

branches strong, alive, laden with beautiful fruit like the **LORD** showed me the enormous bunch of grapes with the beautiful, fresh green leaves in February 1983. This is the sort and quality of fruit **HE** desires us to bear. In order for the branch to be strong, bearing beautiful fruit, the branch needs to be well grafted into *the Vine*.

John 15: (JESUS speaking)

v. 4, 5:

*“[4] “Abide in **ME** and **I** in you.
As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself,
except it abide in the Vine, no more can ye,
except ye abide in **ME**.”*

*[5] **I AM** the **VINE**, ye are the branches:
he that abides in **ME**, and **I** in him,
The same bringeth forth much fruit:
For without **ME**, ye can do nothing.”*

v. 8:

*“Herein is **MY FATHER** glorified,
that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be
MY disciples.”*

v. 1:

*“**I AM** the True **VINE**, and **MY FATHER** is the
Husbandman.”*

v. 2:

*“Every branch in **ME** that beareth not fruit
HE taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit,
HE purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.”*

v. 16:

*“Ye have not chosen **ME**, but **I** have chosen you,
and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth
fruit, and that your fruit should remain:
that whatsoever ye shall ask of the **FATHER** in
MY NAME, **HE** may give it you.”*

John 15: 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 16 (KJV)

As we look at the masses of vines planted here in the *Stellenbosch* area, even here on the *Lanzerac* land, we see so many of the branches on the vines are withered, diseased, they need to be well-watered because they appear as dry-rot, so symbolic of the **WORD OF GOD** lacking — the Church not washed by the **WATER** of the **WORD OF GOD**. The branches need to be pruned and cleansed, the Church needs chastisement through the **WORD OF GOD**. There is rebellion in yielding to the **FATHER’S** (*the HUSBANDMAN’S*) Perfect and Divine Will. These branches want to go their own way — self-will. Hence the fruit becomes inferior, blemished, sour, bitter full of mildew. Where is the fruit the **LORD** so dearly desires?

Yet, wherever you look, there are masses and masses of vines so symbolic of all the masses of Christians throughout the world, but what is the quality of fruit? The fruit is not always sweet so the taste and the wine made from the fruit is superficial — the wine being symbolic of the **HOLY SPIRIT** in the lives of the Church.

Is this the reason the **LORD** showed *Lillian* and I that white-washed wooden cross — the dry-rot of the wood, the cross covered in the mesh symbolic of bondage and the wilted flowers symbolic of the quality of praise and worship in the Church. This was in May 1986, 2 years earlier. Then this “*Heart*” here in the *Jonkershoek Valley* at *Stellenbosch* — this “*Heart*” symbolic of our Precious **LORD’S** Heart and the *Seven Churches of Revelation*.

How the Church needs purification, cleansing and a true revival within itself because only as this has taken place can there be a revival in the land at large. The Church needs to come out of the world in order to come into the “*Heart*” of **JESUS**, to become part of **HIS** Holy Company of intimate ones, to be among the called, the chosen, the faithful...

One afternoon we drove out to *Banhoek* for tea, past *Pniel* over the *Helshoogte Mountain*. We had a lovely drive through the country lanes to *Banhoek* and then stopped for tea. After a delicious tea we headed back over the

mountain pass and as we approached *Pniel (the Face of God)*, we noticed a very large throng of coloured people marching. The people appeared in a very large block as it were from house to house across the street, hence no cars could pass through. We did not know what it was all about and there was no way we could pass through them at our normal speed as we could not stop as this could perhaps be dangerous for us. We decided to slow down and just smiled sweetly as we passed along. At this time in the country, there were many uprisings. There was no other road that we could take. It took us approximately ten minutes to drive through this throng of people. They all looked very serious. As we neared the end of the throng, we realised it was a funeral procession. We were so relieved!

Normally we had out breakfast in the little coffee shop near the entrance of the hotel buildings at *Lanzerac*. Here, these dear little coloured women had a roaring fire going for us and hot fresh scones were waiting to be served. We were usually the only guests in the coffee shop at 9 am. in the morning. Here we would enjoy cups of tea, coffee and scones and *Lanzerac* preserves and cheese. It was such fun as *Lillian* and I just sat and chatted endlessly — there always seemed so much to talk about.

The one morning, *Lillian* said she wanted to share something with me. I realised it was ‘*something*’ serious.

She went on to explain that the **LORD** had told her we were all going to *Israel* that *September (1988)* for the *Feast of Tabernacles*. My first thought was “*impossible — where would we get that kind of money to go!*” We had received a brochure from the *End-Time Handmaidens* (included in their newsletter) regarding a tour to *Israel* at the *Feast of Tabernacles*. We all felt it would be so wonderful, but we could not even expect this! However, *Lillian* was adamant that the **LORD** had definitely told her so. So we just tucked this ‘*secret*’ into our hearts and decided to wait and see the **LORD’S** Hand move on all our behalf.

So this ended our very happy stay in the *Cape* and *Jacques* completed his six-month session in the *Parliament*. We all flew home together.

The *Vine* speaks of the Christian’s Communion with the **LORD** and the *grape* is the fruit, which results from this Communion. The fruits of our lives should send forth their fragrance to all who pass by us.

We are also reminded of **His** soon Coming, when “*all the vines give a good smell.*” — when all things are ready for **His** Coming.

On Thursday, 9th June, 1988, at *Boschendal Farm*, just outside of the *Franschoek Valley*, as *Lillian* and I entered

the little gift shop on the morning as we were passing through, the female assistant behind the counter asked us “*What Perfume are you both wearing — it is so beautiful. As you walked into the shop through the arch, the fragrance — the perfume stayed in the front part of the shop for a long while — it came in behind you, with you?*” We remembered the **WORD** “*the knowledge of the LORD is as a fragrance that goes throughout the whole world.*” Lillian noted this as I was oblivious to all this, as I was in another corner of the gift shop — she only told me much later, and of course we knew **HE** was there with us as **HIS FRAGRANCE** came in too. **HE** is so faithful in **His** Promise to us: “**I** will never leave you, nor forsake you, **I AM** with you always...”

*“... lo, **I AM** with you always,
even unto the end of the world.*

Amen.”

Matthew 28 v. 20 (b) (KJV)

Amen.



Gentle Reminders



hen *Lillian* and I were visiting the *Cape*, we went to our beloved *Boschendal* farm, near *Franshoek*. We were on our way to the large *barn store* where they sold different works of art, including interesting handiworks of the nearby farmers.

Here is a small pottery bowl, depicting the *Boschendal* farm. They also have a beautiful restaurant available for special lunches etc...

Most importantly, on our way to the *barn store*, several groups of waddling ducks, quacking along, surrounded us and followed us around up to the entrance of the *barn store*.



...*As if giving us a warm welcome...*



‘*En route*’, we also noted several large cages filled with an array of bunnies, rushing to the gate whilst jumping up and down, so happily. It seemed as if they were giving us a warm welcome! — All tokens of being “*Touched by His Love*,” through the ‘*ducks*’ and ‘*bunnies*’! Then the Heavenly “*Perfume of Roses*” — all ‘*reminders*’ of His Holy Presence...



Our Precious LORD has lovingly orchestrated these ‘*gentle reminders*’ even over all the years in-between. So often when I would drive down from my home in *Waterkloof Ridge*, to do the weekly shopping at *Brooklyn Mall*, as I turned down to enter *Kloof Avenue*, I would see a very placid little bunny, sitting and surveying the odd passing traffic — so peaceful, so content!

Often only one bunny and yet at times even two, obviously little pets of the respective home owners — completely unaware of these little bunnies’ secret adventure!

How this warmed my heart, the Faithfulness of our Precious LORD and SAVIOUR — a ‘*reminder*’ as I am again “*Touched by His Love*”!

Amen & Amen.



Blessed Assurance

HYMN - BY: FANNY CROSBY



*Blessed assurance, **JESUS** is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of **GOD**,
born of **HIS SPIRIT**, washed in **HIS** blood.*

*This is my story, this is my song,
praising my **SAVIOUR** all the day long.*

*This is my story, this is my song,
praising my **SAVIOUR** all the day long.*

*Perfect communion, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.*

*Perfect submission, all is at rest.
I in my **SAVIOUR** am happy and bless'd,
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with **HIS** Goodness, lost in **HIS** Love.*

Israel

Feast of Tabernacles



– September / October, 1988 –



ver since the age of 10 years, I have had a burning desire to visit the *Land of Israel*. It was on my 10th Birthday (25th April 1933), that my favourite uncle brought me a little *Bible* from the *Holy Land*. This was the first *Bible* I owned. This little *Bible* had a fly cover with a picture (*in brown*) of the *Holy Land*. He had been posted “*Up North*” during World War II. I started paging through my little *Bible* and discovered so many glossy pictures of the *Holy Land* — also pictures of **JESUS**, **HIS** disciples, so many various characters and places of importance mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments. I was simply overawed with my precious gift, seeing many different scenes we had

learnt about in Sunday School. As I paged through my little *Bible*, there was such a deep, intense longing to experience this personally as it all became such a reality to me. I seemed to carry this little *Bible* with me wherever I went — to School, at play because it was such a treasured possession.

As the years passed by, I always felt “*One day...!*” (*It came.*) The **LORD** will make a way for me to go, I just had to be patient. So again, the years passed by until November 1984, when our family were all present in the morning service of *Rhema Bible Church*. Our pastor said “*Tomorrow, Monday, is the last day for the bookings of the Israel Tour.*” My husband and son felt that this was an opportune time for *Lillian* and I to go. We felt very hesitant to agree because we wanted this to be a *Family Blessing* — something we must all have! However, the men insisted that we phone on the Monday morning to enquire about the availability on the tour. I was informed that the tour had been cancelled. I was quite relieved as I felt this was our answer, the confirmation that this was not the **LORD’S** appointment for us at this time.



“Your deliverance will come in Israel.”



As I sat pondering the Sunday afternoon before whether or not to go, it was just as though the **LORD** spoke in my ear, “*Your deliverance will come in Israel.*” We had prior to this, been through much trials etc. with family and relatives and it had been years of hardship and heartache.

Again, the years continued to pass. In 1988 in the month of May, when *Lillian* and I were in *Stellenbosch* in the *Cape*, the **LORD** spoke to *Lillian* in her heart and said that we would be going to *Israel* in that September 1988, at the *Feast of Tabernacles*. At the beginning of 1988, we visited a Christian bookshop as we wanted to buy a particular book for a friend. While *Lillian* was attending to her purchase, I was just browsing — there were so many books — so many were familiar because of Bible School. Suddenly, I felt prompted to go to the other side of the bookshop. There were no books actually on display there it just seemed like a muddle of old discarded books. Instantaneously my eye fell on a few books stacked away. The book that literally came out at me was “*Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh*” by *Dr. Gwen Shaw*. I immediately took this book from the bundle because I knew the **LORD** wanted to speak to me through this book! **JESUS**, as the *Holy Bridegroom*, had always been very close to my heart, therefore I felt I just must have this book. As I took this book in my hand, I felt such a strong anointing upon this book.

I was so blessed by this book — it was such food for my parched soul. We had completed the Bible School five years ago and we had received wonderful teachings but some how, I just needed ‘*something*’ more my soul felt so parched — there was such an intense hunger and thirsting in my soul. How wonderful the **LORD** is — when one well runs dry, **HE** surely leads one to another well — this certainly was such a well...

I was so touched and so blessed by this book. What an anointed *handmaiden of the LORD* the author of this book is. I felt so drawn to her, knit together in the Spirit.

On the last page of the book, I noticed a contact address for a quarterly newsletter. I immediately wrote and requested this newsletter, also the book and topic list because I had never seen this author’s book in any known Christian bookshops.

When this newsletter arrived three months later via surface mail, it also included a brochure on a *Tour to Israel* in the September/October *Feast of Tabernacles*, of that year, 1988. I could not believe it! Oh, how we first longed to go but because of the cost involved, we felt we could not even suggest this, so we just rested in the **LORD**.

During May *Lillian* and I had to go to see *Jacques* in *Cape Town* where he was doing *Parliamentary Duty*. He had flu

so we felt we had not seen him for several months, hence it was decided that we should go and also care for him and then drive home with him when his term of office ended that year. We stayed at the *Town House Hotel* with him until he was fully recovered and thereafter we departed to *Stellenbosch* where *Jacques* spent the weekends with us.

It was at this time in *Stellenbosch* that the **LORD** shared so much with *Lillian* and I regarding the state of the Church as a whole, all so symbolic of the *7 Churches of Revelation*.



*The Lord intimated to Lil that we were
going to Israel, as a family, that year
Feast of Tabernacles*



It was such a beautiful Spiritual time for us as we just separated ourselves unto the **LORD**. Our days were spent in prayer, in communication and sweet fellowship with the **LORD**. It was during this time that the **LORD** intimated to *Lillian* that we were going to *Israel*, as a family, that year with *Sister Gwen Shaw's Tour, End-time Handmaidens*.

When *Lillian* mentioned this to me the following morning in the *Lanzerac coffee shop*, whilst sitting next to a cosy,

warm fire, enjoying hot scones and tea, I immediately pleaded with her not even to mention this at this stage. I went on to explain that this trip to the *Cape* was already quite an expense although we did not pay the normal tariff being winter season in the *Cape*, and they were busy revamping the hotel etc.

After we were home for about six weeks, we were just chatting and discussing *Dr. Gwen Shaw's* books etc including the Newsletter and just mentioned the brochure of the Israel Tour. This was only mentioned in passing without any ulterior motive. However, to our complete surprise, my husband showed a keen interest in the brochure on the Israel Tour. We could not believe our ears when he said he was expecting some extra money and this was possibly sufficient to cover costs for all four of us, for the tour! He said he could budget our plane tickets on our America Express Card. We were all beside ourselves with joy and excitement!

Just two days before we were due to leave, all had been duly booked, we just had to fetch the traveller's cheques etc... I became so ill, could not keep anything down. When we fetched our travellers' cheques, tickets etc. I was not in a fit state to walk to the office from our car hence, I sat in the car while one of the young assistants from Amex brought all my documentation etc to the car,

so that I could sign. I was so weak and faint that I could not even walk to the bank. I was so attacked in my body that I did not know how I could possibly pack, get my hair washed and leave within a day and a half. However, after much prayer and determination, I was completely restored physically within a day, ready to pack and attend to all that needed to be done and then be off! This certainly was *Supernatural* — our **LORD** really did undertake for me in a most *miraculous* way.

Our flight, *SAA.*, was quite a bumpy flight. Some problems were also experienced with one wing of the plane. Most of the passengers of the flight were different church groups all on tour to *Israel*. There were also many air pockets, a nasty storm when the problems with the wing arose. There was a certain amount of panic in the plane, several people jumped up out of their seats obviously quite fearful. The four of us just sat very quietly in our seats, appearing to be quite undisturbed but praying fervently in the **SPiRiT**. We bumped into a man some time later — in fact a stranger, he said “*Oh, you four sat so good on the plane while everyone else was making such a noise!*” We did not even remember ever having seen this man on the plane. Eventually things seemed to settle down, the elements quietened down and the rest of the flight was easier although the people generally were very tense.

When we landed at the *Ben Gurion Airport* and stepped onto the *Holy Land*, we felt such sense of home-coming — a sense of belonging, as it were. It certainly was good to be here! — *We were Home!*

We arrived four days before we would meet our tour group. We had booked to stay at *King Hussein's Inter Continental Hotel* on the *Mount of Olives* for these 4 days before the tour group arrived. We took a taxi from the airport and arrived at the hotel at 4 pm. in the afternoon.

What a glorious sight from the *Mount of Olives* as we beheld the beautiful *Old City of Jerusalem* so steeped in the history of the ages. As the day wore on, we beheld the silhouettes in the *Old City* against the backdrop of the beautiful sunset. It was simply amazing to think that here we were standing on the *Mount of Olives* — the *Bible* seemed to just come alive for us. Here on this *Mount of Olives* our precious Holy **LORD** had spent so much of **HIS** life. I could not believe that at last I had reached my long-desired destination — how good and precious our **LORD** really is!

As we gazed down on the winding *Valley of Kidron*, which separates the *Mount of Olives* from the *Old City*, the white, dusty, stonewalls which hemmed it in - this white limestone was so much a part of this *Kidron Valley*, also the scattered,

stumpy olive trees. In contrast to the *City of Jerusalem*, it is so very peaceful and even gracious in a strange way. We noticed that the whole length of the eastern wall surrounding *Jerusalem* overhangs a rocky gorge. The sloping ground outside of this wall is covered with Muslim graves, while on the opposite side, on the slopes of the *Mount of Olives*, are the white marble Jewish tombs — these tomb stones were shining as the last rays of the setting sun touched them.

Slowly we made our way down this *Kidron Valley* just drinking it all in. We made friends with a young Arab named *Khalid*, who insisted that he would show us around.

The *Kidron Valley* is also known by its Old Testament name, the *Valley of Jehoshaphat* as it neared the *Garden of Gethsemane* where the tombs of the prophets and kings were. In this valley it was believed that the dead would be resurrected on the *Day of Judgement* hence the sides of this Valley are densely covered with Christian, Jewish and Muslim cemeteries. The *Jebusites* dug tombs here as early as 2 400 BC. On the southern end of this valley, hewn out of rock are *Absalom's Tomb*, king *David's son*. This tomb appears like an inverted funnel. Then there is also the tomb of *Jehoshaphat*, king of *Judah* during the 9th Century. This tomb is carved with a frieze above the doorway. The tomb of *Zechariah* is topped with a pyramid.

This valley was often also referred to as the *Valley of the kings*. Rising on the eastern side of the *Mount of Olives*, magnificent views can be seen of the *Old City* and also of the *Dome of the Rock*, which is referred to as the crowning glory of *Jerusalem* on *Temple Mount*. This structure built in 688 - 91 AD. and is looked upon as a shrine more than a mosque. This enormous dome was originally made of copper but later during the reign of *king Hussein of Jordan*, was covered with gold leaf through his personal financial support.

This prominent *Mount of Olives* hill has always been acknowledged as a *Holy hill* to all the inhabitants of the city.

As we stood there gazing all around us, one could just imagine our precious Holy **LORD** ambling **HIS** way up the incline of the dusty *Kidron Valley* on **HIS** way to *Bethany* just behind the *Mount of Olives*, to the home of *Lazarus*, *Mary* and *Martha*, where **HE** so often took **HIS** rest. One could just picture **HIM** walking along this dusty valley tired, thirsty and hungry — perhaps even broken-hearted at the response **HE** had received to the *Holy Truths* **HE** so lovingly longed to share with those close to **HIM**. However, they were not able to perceive or understand... How refreshing it was to be treated by **HIS** beloved friends and to receive the warmth of their loving, kind hospitality! Yet, at other times, **HE** would spend the entire night alone on the *Mount of Olives* in prayer with

the Precious Heavenly **FATHER**, where **HE** had nowhere to lay **HIS** precious Head, just the presence of **HIS** Beloved **FATHER** to strengthen and comfort **HIM** for all that awaited **HIM**. What a gracious, self-sacrificial **LORD JESUS CHRIST** we have — what **HE** suffered and endured on our behalf! Will we ever be able to comprehend the length and breadth, the height and depth of **HIS** amazing Love... Yes, **HIS** wonderful Love is so amazing, so Divine, it demands my life, my soul, my all!!

How fast the sun seemed to be setting — dusk was already upon us and yet, there is so much more to see and experience on this *Mount of Olives* and the *Kidron Valley*. We gaze around hurriedly to catch a last glimpse for today — the rest will have to wait until tomorrow...

On our arrival back at the hotel, we asked the reception to please order 1 dozen red roses and 1 dozen pink roses from a florist in the morning, which was to be delivered by midday the following day. We also decided that due to the problems experienced on the *SAA* flight to *Israel*, our main priority was to change our returning flight tickets from *SAA* to *SwissAir* as at that time (1988) there were several problems experienced with the *SAA* aircraft due to age.

The following morning, just after breakfast, we took a taxi to the *Old City* in order to make the necessary

changes at the travel office. There was quite a hustle and bustle in *Jerusalem* — people everywhere, all the Jewish people were getting ready for two days holiday as it was *Rosh Hashanah*, the Jewish New Year.

It was so lovely to be back at our hotel by noon, in the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of the *Mount of Olives*. As we walked in, the receptionist said that because of the Jewish holidays, the businesses were closing early hence they could not deliver our order for the roses. She saw our terrible disappointment as I said that we simply must have these roses for a special reason. She kindly suggested that the hotel has a very large rose garden at the back and would gladly supply us with these if we would be satisfied. I thanked her kindly as she said they have all colours but they will pick the best 12 red roses and the best 12 pink roses for us and deliver these to our room within the hour, she said we did not have to pay for these as we could have these with compliments of the management. We were so blessed! With a great sigh of relief, we made our way back to our rooms to freshen up.

Before long, there was a knock on our door and there stood the dear Arab waiter beaming from ear to ear with all our roses, exactly as we requested including all the thorns! I immediately plunged all the roses into my bathroom basin filled to the brim with cold water and one by one, we

carefully removed most of the thorns from the long stems, as best we could. The red roses' stems were so much longer than the pink roses but their roses were so beautiful and so fresh — all mainly buds just opening!

One of our main priorities for staying on the *Mount of Olives* was the 'Church of the *PATER Noster*' — the 'Church of the Our *FATHER*'. This church was on the top of the *Mount of Olives* as you travel up on the *Jericho road* to the summit, and then you make a sharp turn to the left as you follow the road down to *Bethany*. Our hotel was right next to the enclosed, walled garden of the 'Church of the *PATER Noster*'.

The Church stands next to the partly restored ruins of one commissioned by *Emperor Constantine*, who authorised his mother, *St. Helena*, to supervise the construction in 326 AD. The church was built above a grotto where the *Ascension* was commemorated. It was called *Eleona*, in Greek meaning 'of olives'.

By the time of the *Crusaders*, the church had been rebuilt three times and the grotto was known as the place where *CHRIST* had taught *HIS* disciples the "*PATER Noster — the Our FATHER — The LORD'S Prayer.*" The present church today was built between 1868 and 1872 together with a Carmelite monastery by the *French Princess de la Tour*

d'Auvergne. The present day monastery is now used as a convent for nuns.

Excavations of a Byzantine church in 1910, unearthed a marble plaque engraved in Latin with the '*PATER Noster*'. In 1920, the Grotto was restored, but unfortunately plans to restore the old Byzantine church have never materialised due to lack of funds.

Today, this 19th Century church and its cloister are famous for the tiled panels inscribed with the '*PATER Noster*' in more than 60 different languages. These panels line the walls of this Church. Outside on the long colonnade surrounding the Church, the walls are also lined with the '*PATER Noster*', in every tongue you can imagine.

We were told that no tourists are allowed in this church as it actually belongs to the monastery. Our main purpose was to find the '*PATER Noster*' plaque for *South Africa*. We felt led of the **LORD** to go and pray at this plaque, as a contact point on the *Mount of Olives*, for our precious *South Africa* which at this time was going through a severe political crises. There were also the forth coming elections in 1990, now only about 15 months away. There had been so many prophets of gloom and doom, prophesying a blood bath for our beloved land and its precious people! I weep anew as I write this! People

in our country and abroad were so negative with only destruction in sight, as droves of our people left the shores of their beloved fatherland where the **LORD** had placed them. Our precious **LORD** who loves our beloved country and its people so much, laid it upon our hearts to go to the '*PATER Noster Church*', to find '*our plaque*' for *South Africa (Afrikaans)* and there, spend time in prayer before **HIM** to save our beloved land and its people. How would we ever be allowed into this church enclosed by those high surrounding walls of the monastery?

Then it came to us to take the roses, this would allow our entry!

Having prepared our roses, we left our hotel just after 2 pm. in the afternoon — *Lilian* carrying one bunch and me, the other. We were now ascending the *Old Jericho road* to the summit. As we were proceeding, a group of young Arabs were sitting by the roadside screaming at us "*You, South Africans?*" I immediately answered "*Yes.*" They responded, "*You don't like us, you South Africans!*" There was such a nasty tone in their voices. I quickly added — "*No, we love you all so much*" as we smiled. They were completely flawed and were silent as they sat watching us. When we



*"No, we love you
all so much."*



came to the bend to the left in the road, quite a bit further on, we noticed a large flock of sheep coming towards us, across the dusty road. There were also a few stray camels tended by a young herds boy. The Arab Shepard boy spoke in broken English, “*What are you doing here — it is so dangerous for you to be here, this is where the Arabs live!*” We explained to him that we were on our way to the ‘*PATER Noster Church*’. He said “*They will not allow you in but you can try,*” as he saw we were determined. He pointed at a large wooden gate which was surrounded by the high monastery walls. In his broken language he said, we will see that long rope hanging down the wall, beside the large wooden gate. We were to pull the rope and hopefully someone would come.



*Sure enough,
there was the long, thick, old, dirty rope...*



Yes, there was the long, thick, old, dirty rope sure enough. I pulled the rope quite gently and waited, then a little harder and to our surprise we heard the bell ringing. Just then, a sister, a nun, unlocked the gate with quite a noise, and opened the gate. She looked at us with surprise but also suspicion. She mumbled something which *Jacques*

and *Lilian* recognised to be German first and thereafter French. We showed her the roses and told her we wanted to bring these to our **LORD** and to **HIS** Mother. She looked very intently at us as we smiled sweetly and she showed us to follow her — not another word was uttered. We followed her on through the courtyard and then into the convent following her down several long corridors. Eventually, she stopped and pointed us to a door, which we discovered was the church door, then she disappeared without a word.

There was not a soul in sight — all was so quiet as we stood in the doorway in this beautiful chapel. To our left was the altar with an enormous cross with **CHRIST**. As we glanced to the extreme left in the corner, was a small statue of the *Virgin Mary*. On the right-hand side of the altar was a very large arch wing leading off from the main chapel. This arch was enclosed with a decorative wrought iron grill. In front of the altar were several arches with ornate pillars and rows of wooden pews between the pillars.

What are we going to do with the roses — they are so beautiful, so fresh looking with the drops of water from my bathroom basin! I said to quickly walk around the church and find the ‘**PATER** *Noster*’ for *South Africa*, seeing we do not know how long we will be allowed to

remain here. As the rest of the family searched for the plaque, Lillian and I would have to find some vases to place our roses in. Suddenly, we spotted a door at the bottom end of the chapel on the side, we slowly opened the door and were so fortunate to find a tiny little room with a basin and tap, also some shelves and a table. There were a few empty vases standing around. We chose two appropriate vases, filled these with water and arranged the red roses for our Beloved SAVIOUR — *red* being symbolic of *His Precious Blood*. We placed this at His Feet in the front of the large cross. The vase of smaller pink roses were placed at the feet of the *Virgin Mary* on the wooden pillar on which she was standing. We felt *pink* was so symbolic of *her love* and *obedience* in her lovely submission to the precious HOLY SPIRIT,

*“...Behold the handmaid of the LORD; be it unto me
according to thy word...”
Luke 1 v. 38 (KJV)*

What a fine example to the *body of CHRIST*, especially the woman of the *church of CHRIST*, to be so submissive in love and obedience!

There was such peace and awesome presence of CHRIST in this beautiful Chapel! We were all as quiet as mice.

By now the rest of the family had found our plaque — right next to a row of pews tucked away on the side of the Chapel close to the back. However, even from this place you have an excellent picture of the Chapel. Sure enough, there was the Afrikaans ‘*PATER Noster*’, right in front of us. We laid our hands on the plaque and prayed in agreement for our beloved *South Africa* and all its peoples for **GOD’S** Divine and Perfect Will and Peace, through tears of loving compassion. We wanted the Heart of our Precious **LORD** for our country and nation. All our tears flowed freely in these solemn moments before *The Throne of Grace*, because **HE** is a **GOD** who hears and answers prayer.

*“Call unto **ME**, and **I** will answer thee,
and show thee great and mighty things,
which thou knowest not.”*
Jeremiah 33 v. 3 (KJV)

Then the four of us sat down quietly, right next to the plaque, after having laid our hands on the plaque in prayer, just praying to our precious **LORD** to save our beloved land from destruction and bloodshed. As we were quietly communing with our previous Heavenly **FATHER** and our Blessed **SAVIOR**, in that awesome stillness of that beautiful Church, it felt as though *Heaven* had come down. There was such an awesome Peace and Presence

of our Precious **LORD** as we sat glued to our pews, absolutely in awe — not one of us even moved a finger for about one and a half hours or more.

Then suddenly, we heard soft, gentle footsteps and almost immediately the sound of the most beautiful choir singing so sweetly — it sounded like angel voices. We were absolutely stunned as we could not see who was singing, where it was coming from, but the praises were going forth. The singing was so beautiful, so sweet and so effortless, we felt as though we were in *Heaven*.



*The nuns had come to worship and praise
the Lord at the end of their day!*



Then we realised it must be a nuns' choir behind the open, ornate grill on the western side of the chapel. However, they could not see us and we in turn could not see them, because of the archways and pillars. We realised that the nuns had come to Chapel to worship and praise the **LORD** at the end of their day! This beautiful singing just seemed to be endless as the last rays of the sun flooded through the large arched stained glass window on the wall behind the decorative iron grill. Suddenly, it came

to our notice that the last rays of the sun had disappeared completely and it seemed as though dusk was falling. However, we were still not able to move. After about an hour, the singing just quietly subsided and once again the soft pitter-patter of their feet as they quietly left. We remained still in our seats and after a while, we decided that perhaps we had better make a move before we are locked in and not able to get out of this chapel.

It seemed as though time stood still for us that day, yet we were so happy with all we had experienced

*“... for I know WHOM I have believed,
and am persuaded that HE is able to keep that
which I have committed unto HIM against that day.”*

II Timothy 1 v. 12 (b) (KJV)

As we stood up from the pews, still in such wonder and amazement at the beauty of the afternoon, I was prompted to turn around. There, just about three feet away, in front of a closed door, was an enormous white marble statue of JESUS, with the most beautiful face — so kind and so compassionate. His Righthand was pointing toward His Heart which was carved in relief upon His Chest. A crown of thorns encircled His Heart and on top of His Heart were flames of fire. It was so beautiful — the folds in His Robe looked so soft and flowing. His Face

so soft, gentle and *Heavenly*. It just seemed as though He was there all the time to witness what had taken place in prayer and communion with the **GODHEAD** that afternoon. It seemed as though **His** Special Blessing was upon all that had been done — we were so very blessed, in our perfect peace regarding all concerning our beloved country! It seemed as though we were walking on higher ground as we proceeded to the door of the chapel where we originally entered.

Then it seemed as though we came back into the natural again... It was already quite dark in the passage way before us and we couldn't see any lights. There was not a soul in sight and no one to show us the way out of these many corridors in the convent. We kept having to go through closed doors — each time we held our breath in case that particular door was locked.

Eventually, we recognised the way out of the convent into the enclosed walled courtyard and saw the large wooden gate. It was quite dark already when we got to the wooden gate. It was locked but fortunately we noticed the largest iron key protruding from the lock. We turned the key softly and suddenly found ourselves in the street where we had seen the flock of sheep, their little Arab shepherd and the odd camels ambling along.

Fortunately there was no one around in the dimly-lit streets, only the lights flickered from a few homes along the way. As we made our way over the hill and around the corner, we saw the *Old City Jerusalem* lights down below in the distance. We made our way back to the hotel as quickly as possible. We were still so overjoyed by our experience that we were quite unaware of any danger which we could have encountered along the way back.

Even when we got back to the hotel we were not really able to converse — we just gazed at one another in awe. After a while, *Jacques* suddenly spoke up and said, “*If we had to go home now, I would not be disappointed because today was so wonderful, one could not believe we could have experienced this!*”

The following day we just felt led to go back again to the convent, the ‘*PATER Noster Church*’, because when we passed the high wall enclosing the convent the previous evening, we noticed a door in the wall with a notice ‘*Souvenir Shop*’. We wanted to see what this was all about.

When we got there, the door to the souvenir shop was slightly ajar. We went in and saw this shop was in a very small enclosed area. A nun was there selling some souvenirs and different brochures. We noticed a door leading off from the enclosed courtyard where the little shop was. I felt led

to turn the handle of the heavy wooden door, which slowly opened. The nun did not see us as she was busy, so the four of us went through this door unnoticed. We found ourselves in a large walled garden with several cedar trees, cypress trees and several other trees — in fact quite a wooded garden.

As we gazed to our left, through the trees we noticed a long L-shaped arched colonnade. We realised that this colonnade formed part of the '*PATER Noster Church*' because in the wall of the colonnade, we saw rows of the '*Our FATHER Prayer*' on tiled plaques, exactly as it was inside the church. Each plaque was in a different foreign language exactly as we had seen inside the church the previous day. In the centre wall of the colonnade we saw a closed door and above this door was a beautiful, large white marble dove perched on the top of the door frame. We then realised that this door led into the church and it was in fact in-front of this door where the marble statue of **JESUS** stood, where we were sitting in the church, praying. What a beautiful symbol that was to us, that there inside the church was the '*Our FATHER Prayer*', symbolic of the *Heavenly FATHER GOD*, then **JESUS** in the form of the large, white marble statue and now the precious **HOLY SPIRIT** in the form of the white marble dove above the door. All three of the precious **HOLY TRINITY** in such a close proximity where we sat praying in the church. We were so blessed and so touched by the Love of our precious **LORD**. As we

stood on that tiled colonnade, we were able to look over the valley, down onto the *Holy City* in the distance as this church is built on top of the *Mount of Olives*. I just felt led to go and walk in the garden remembering how our Holy **LORD** had spent so much time on this *Mount of Olives*. I noticed there were quite a few hidden corners behind shrubs, trees and large stones. Suddenly, I felt an inward tugging in my spirit as though I was being drawn in a certain direction. I followed this leading and then found myself at the opening of a cave. One could only enter in for a few feet as the rest of the cave was closed off with a rope and a ***note*** saying that no one was allowed past that point. There was such a strong anointing here, I realised that this must be “*that certain place*” where **JESUS** spent much time with **HIS** disciples. I just wanted to linger as long as possible to experience this *Blessing*.



St. Luke, places Jesus’ instruction in the ‘Lord’s Prayer’ (the Our Father) not just at any random spot, but “in a certain place.”



It seems as though this was a regular meeting place for **JESUS** with **HIS** Inner Circle on the *Mount of Olives*.

St. Luke, in his Gospel, places **JESUS'** instruction in the '**LORD'S** Prayer' (the Our **FATHER**) not just at any random spot, but "in a certain place." The *Jerusalem — Jericho* road leads along the western foot of the *Mount of Olives* even today, from here it is a short walk to the cave/grotto at '**PASTER** Noster Church', so this could well be that "certain place."

The '**PATER** Noster Church' on the *Mount of Olives* is the church of *Eleona*, meaning "*olives.*" The church and the cloister is run by French Carmelite nuns — it was built in 1868. The project was modelled after the **Camposanto Cathedral in Pisa, Italy*, on the *Field of Miracles*.

* *Confirmation of this information is given in "The Pilgrimage Heritage Tour Europe Page" of Singen Vision 26 December 1996. Pages 307 - 326*

* *Pisa — the "Meadow (Field) of Miracles," the splendid Cathedral Camposanto and Baptistry with marble spires decorated with mosaics and designs in solid marble and the incredible Leaning Tower of Pisa. Pisa — Land of Olives.*

It was initiated by widow, *Princess Aurélie de Bossi de La Tour d'Auvergne (1809 - 1889)*. The princess was buried at the '**PATER** Noster Church' in 1957, 68 years after her death. She now presides over the church and cloister in the form of a statue.

The princess, the daughter of an Italian nobleman who served as the chief minister to *king of Piedmont*, had two motives for building ‘*PATER Noster Church*’. Firstly, she wanted to build a burial place which she thought would reflect her royal status, but also her deep piety. Secondly, she hoped to locate the cave/grotto where **JESUS** repeatedly taught the disciples the ‘*LORD’S Prayer*’. This 4th Century church is said to be the third Church which *Queen Helena* (*St. Helena, Constantine’s Mother*) built in the *Holy Land* after the building of the *Holy Sepulcher* in *Jerusalem* and the *Nativity Church* on *Manger Square* in *Bethlehem*.

After reading this *note*, we see that this is that “*certain place*,” the sacred place where **JESUS** instructed **HIS** disciples, **HIS** Inner Circle, also in preparation of **HIS** forthcoming earthly departure. How very touched I was to read the notice at the entrance to this cave/grotto, that it was here too that *St. John’s Gospel Chapters 14, 15 & 16* were given to instruct and comfort them in this time of great intimacy with *Peter, James and John*. The *Gospel of John* is considered by many learned scholars of the **WORD**, that this is the deepest and most spiritual book of the *Bible*. Our **LORD** has spoken so personally and supernaturally to me through this precious Gospel, over the past fifty years - so often, audibly... hence my favourite Book of the *Bible*.

Thereafter, also on the *Mount of Olives*, we went to the *Dominus Flevit Chapel*, which means “*The LORD Wept.*” This Chapel was built upon a rock upon which **JESUS** sat upon when **HE** wept over the fate of *Jerusalem*. The Chapel was designed in a shape of a teardrop by the Italian architect, *Antonia Barluzzi* and built in 1955, over the 7th Century chapel. Part of the original apse is preserved in the new one. The mosaic floor is from a 5th Century monastery. The altar window is a breathtaking view over the *Old City*. The stained glass altar window depicts the sufferings of **CHRIST** — the chalice, the bread (*the Host*) and the crown of thorns. Beneath this, is the cross on the altar. Once again, a strong anointing in this Chapel.

A little further down the *Mount of Olives* is the Russian Orthodox Church of *St. Mary Magdalene*, built in 1885 by *Tsar Alexander III* in memory of his mother. The church beautifully set among tall fir trees and the seven gilded onion domes are the most striking features of *Jerusalem's skyline*. Still further down on the *Mount*, is the *Tomb of Virgin Mary* in the underground sanctuary in the *Valley of Jehoshaphat*: the facade, the impressive 47 steps and the royal cistern tombs inside niches dating from the 12th Century. The first tomb to be cut in the hillside in the 15th Century (*first*) AD. This Sanctuary is one of the most intimate and mystical Holy Places in *Jerusalem*.

The cruciform crypt as seen today is Byzantine and much of it cut with the solid rock. By the 5th Century, an upper chapel had also been built. The tomb of the *Virgin Mary* is in the eastern side of the crypt, which is decorated with icons and sacred ornaments, typical of Orthodox Christian tradition. Today religious services are held here by Greek, Armenian, Coptic and Syrian Christians.



Special Chapters in St. John's Gospel:

(given to me during my lifetime, thus far.)

- John 2 v. 6 - 11:

The wedding at *Cana of Galilee* — **JESUS'** first miracle.

Appearance of **JESUS**, seen on 2nd January, 1979 at 12 noon. at the stained glass window in the *St. Mary's Cathedral* on *Parliament Square, Cape Town* (window facing *Parliament* — west window) — seen by *Jacques, Lillian* and I.

(See notes — “St. Mary's Cathedral” p.97)

• John 4:

JESUS at the well (*Jacob's well*) in *Samaria*, when faced with the *Samaritan woman* drawing water.

Special painting — special anointing given on the day before *Ascension Day* as well as on the *Ascension Day*, May 1979.

(See notes — “*Beauty for Ashes*” p.356)

• John 4 v. 35 & Luke 10 v. 2:

- Audible Voice, heard at *Brooklyn Spar*, March 1976

- Audible Voice, heard at *Brooklyn Circle* 9.30 am.

(See notes — “*Audible Voice in Supermarket*” p.66 & “*My Father's Earthly Departure*” p.29)

• John 7 v. 37 - 39:

Audible Voice, heard at Home — July 1976, 4 am.

(See notes — “*Heavenly Visitation*” p.71)

• John 12 v. 24 - 26, 43:

Home, mid-morning, 23rd March, 1980 — Continual fragrance of the Roses

(See notes — “*Perfume of Roses*” p.53)

• John 14 v. 1 - 3, 27:

Main street *Waterkloof* 8 am. Audible Voice and screen on bonnet of car — July 1972.

(See notes — “*My Father's Earthly Departure*” p.29)

• John 15 v. 16

Vision of the large grapes — very large bunch with the **HOLY SPIRIT** dove — *Bedroom Home 7 am.*

(See notes — “*Very Large Grapes*” p.137)



Outside to the right of the facade, is the *Cave of Gethsemane*, or *Cave of Betrayal*, where *Judas*’ betrayal of **JESUS** took place. Inside, services are held. There are stars or what seemed like an 8-leafed, petal daisies painted all over the ‘*roof*’ of the vault. This 8-petal daisy was in white. The numerical value of **JESUS** is **888**. 8 is also denoted by a ‘*New Beginning*’. (This 8-leafed white petal daisy = symbolic of “**LAM**” as quoted throughout Scripture = **TRINITY, HOLY NAME OF GOD**).

There was a church service taking place when we visited here.



We were so pleased that we would be back again while on tour with the group to visit the *Mount of Olives* and the other places of interest covered by the tour.

The following day we proceeded to *Tel Aviv* to meet the tour group, which consisted of Americans mainly and a few from Europe. Our first evening together with the tour group was dining out at a famous waterfront restaurant

in *Jaffa*, a suburb of *Tel Aviv*. *Jaffa* is formerly known as *Joppa* in the *Bible*. Archeologists have unearthed remains dating back to the 20th Century BC. Therefore, *Jaffa* has been established as one of the world's oldest ports. The *Old Town of Jaffa* has revived and is a favourite place to dine as the old warehouses in this sea port have been revamped into restaurants. The restaurant where we dined was opposite the home of *Simon the Tanner*. The *Apostle Peter* stayed at this home and raised his mother-in-law, *Tabitha*, off her bed of affliction (*Acts 9 v. 36*). We enjoyed a delicious meal of *St. Peter's fish* as we gazed across the sea. Thereafter, the tour group watched a video on *Israel* and its surroundings in preparation for the trip.

The following morning we boarded the bus and made our way to the port of *Caesarea*. Since 1940, *Caesarea* is one of *Israel's* major archeological sites. The large Roman theatre in the south, is able to seat 4 000 spectators. To the west are half- submerged walls of *Herod's palace* and also the restored columns of the Roman and Byzantine street. On the north of this ancient city is the extraordinary Roman Aqueduct dating back to *Herod's* time. Water was carried from *Mount Carmel* to *Caesarea*. *Mount Carmel* is further up the *Mediterranean Coast*.

We proceeded on the trail to *Haifa*, which led further up on the *Mediterranean Coast* at the foot of *Mount Carmel*.

Haifa is a small trading port. Away from this busy port, steep, wooded slopes rise up the mountain, providing quiet and attractive suburbs for the city's wealthy people. On much of the upper slopes of *Mount Carmel* are wide stretches of vegetation, the remnants of an ancient forest. There is a beautiful Church built in the 1800's by the Carmelite order. The Carmelite monastery next to the church, can be reached by cable car or on foot and was founded by the Carmelite Order as a place of worship, which is frequented by many...

Just below the monastery is *Elijah's Cave* with its small altar where *Elijah* is said to have lived and mediated before defeating the prophets of *Baal* on *Mount Carmel*. There was such an amazing view that day as we gazed from the top of *Mount Carmel* over *Megiddo* in the *Jerusalem Valley*, where the battle between good and evil, *Armageddon*, will take place according to the *Book of Revelation*. Extensive excavation of the spectacular mount has, over the years, revealed 20 successive settlements, each built over the other. The visible remains include defensive walls, a fortified gate, a temple, an enormous silo and numerous foundations.

On *Mount Carmel* we experienced a very strong anointing as we personally, have only encountered in a few places — the cave of *Elijah* was certainly a wonderful experience.

Thereafter, we made our way to *Acre*. Outside of *Jerusalem*, *Acre* has the most complete and charming *Old Town* in all of the *Holy Land*. It dates back to the Canaanite times, but the form in which it survives today was set by the Arabs and their crusader foes. What can be seen today is largely an 18th Century Turkish town built on the site of the old. There is plenty of fresh fish, which is brought ashore at the town's picturesque harbour early each morning.

Hereafter, we were on our way to the *Kibbutz*, our stop over for the following two nights — *Ha-Goshrim Kibbutz*. This *Kibbutz* is a beautiful organic farm — everything from crops, dairy, meat etc. is all organically produced. The garden and grounds surrounding the main house and bedroom accommodation, which comprises of different quaint structures in keeping with the setting, are beautifully kept and laid out. There are large, well-established, old trees providing beautiful shade to the well-established old lawns. There is also a little river running through the garden and several benches placed in well-chosen spots, where one could sit in the quiet atmosphere and listen to the song of the many birds and the soft bubbling brook close by.

The main house of the *Kibbutz*, consists of a shop with very choice pieces of Israeli silver and different souvenirs of excellent quality, a lounge and a very large dining room and an enormous kitchen.

The food is só delicious and beautifully prepared — excellent home cooking of yesteryear! We were privileged to taste this a little later in the evening.

After off loading our luggage in our respective bedrooms, which were very pleasant and so clean and fresh looking, we were told to go back to the tour bus as we were going to the *Lebanon* border only 20 miles away, we even heard the sound of guns and warfare, so symbolic of the war situation in 1988 in *Beirut*, right on the *Lebanon border*.

When we arrived at the border, we noticed the very high electrified fences and large search lights placed all along the boundary.

After all the people got off the bus, we were the last to disembark. As I stepped onto the ground and stood back waiting for the rest of our family to descend from the bus, I suddenly became aware of the strong smell of the ‘*Perfume of Roses*’, *His Heavenly Fragrance*, which I had experienced so many times in earlier years. This perfume came in four strong waves. I was so blessed and so happy to know that **HE** was here too... Somehow, we had felt quite isolated on the tour, being the only South Africans except for a young girl, we learned later, who was a Yugoslav, lived in *South Africa*, but spent several months in the *United States*.

By now dusk was falling, the powerful search lights were blazing and *Sister Gwen Shaw* and her husband had been chatting to the guards, whom they knew, at the border post. They were discussing the war etc. There were several electric cables lying on the ground, connecting the search lights. The tour group started their way back to the bus and we followed on behind. It was quite dark by now and my husband took hold of my arm to steer me. I was just walking along normally. Just then, he tripped over cable wires lying on the ground and with a terrible jolt, pulled me down. I went down the one moment and literally jumped up the next moment. I felt a severe pain in my right foot and this pain extended up my right ankle. I tried my best to act quite unaffected so as not to cause a stir, but I realised that the pain was becoming more excruciating as time went by. There was a very cold icy wind blowing and as we got back into the tour bus, *Sister Gwen* said that she wanted to take us to this nearby hotel, where we could enjoy some hot Turkish coffee so that we could all warm up for the ride back to the *Kibbutz*. Apparently *Sister Gwen* knew the owner of this hotel very well, as he too was a minister of the **LORD**.

The hotel lounge was quite small, therefore, it was a squeeze to fit the Tour Group into the lounge, hence we stood alongside the one wall. I found it very difficult to stand, because of the severe pain in my foot. I took the weight off my foot and balanced on my left leg, whilst

trying to sip this very strong, black, Turkish coffee. Unfortunately, we could not enjoy it as so many of those around us were, as this was our first taste of Turkish coffee.

At last we were back on the bus, leading our way back to the *Kibbutz*. Eventually we arrived and I waited until the last to descend slowly from the bus. It was quite a long way to our bedrooms — *Lillian* and I were on the top floor, so that involved a flight of stairs too. By now my foot and ankle, including my leg, were very swollen and the pain quite unbearable from the cold. When I arrived in our bedroom, I took the very large tube of *Reparil Jelly*, which I had brought along in case needed. I nearly put the whole tube onto my foot and ankle, as this did seem to soothe it somehow. We tried to freshen up as quickly as possible, so that we could amble our way down to the dining room, which was in the main house, quite a distance away. On the way through to the dining room, we passed through the reception, which also posed as a little shop, displaying several beautiful Israeli Silver pieces. We all immediately spotted a beautiful small *Communion Cup* in Israeli Silver, which we felt would be ideal for us as a family. We had searched for one over the years, but never found a suitable one, as they were always too big. We also spotted a tiny, round, little tray, which matched the *Cup*, for the *Communion Bread* — it was perfect. We were so delighted with our purchases.

In the dining room, we realised it was a buffet supper and already there was a queue. I kept our table on one side, near the wall, while the rest of the family went to fetch our meal. I was so grateful that I could sit there quietly and unnoticed. The meal was absolutely delicious — a beautiful roast, with such a wonderful variety of home-grown, tasty vegetables — we enjoyed it thoroughly!

Most of the tour group knew several of the people present and it was a time of chatting and sharing. Fortunately, not too much was expected from us and being four, it seemed as though we too were a little group who knew one another and were catching up on news etc...

Eventually the evening was over and we waited until the very last, whilst still sipping our tea, so that I would not be noticed limping. By this time my leg and foot were stiff from sitting — also cold. I did not quite know how to get back to our bedroom.

By the time I eventually arrived in our bedroom, I just sat down on my bed and cried bitterly from this distressing pain. *Lillian* was so encouraging and tried to help me wash and prepare for bed. I cried so much, as I was so very disappointed. I said to the LORD, I had waited my whole life to visit the country of our LORD and now look, how am I going to move about and keep up with the tour and

not be a stumbling block to my family and the other tour members! Each member had a printed copy of our entire itinerary and it involved a lot of physical activity and each day was full, hence there could be no delays in any way.

However, amidst all this, I thought I am so exhausted, just let me get into bed and not even think about tomorrow. I slept through most of the night and *Lillian* and I decided to get up very early, so as to allow me sufficient time to have breakfast before any of the other tour members arrived and then I could slowly limp my way to the tour bus, parked some distance away from the main house.

As *Lillian* and I neared the bus, we realised the driver had not yet come, probably he was also only going to breakfast now. Fortunately, the bus was not locked, so we could make our way to our seat. At last we sank down onto our seat; I felt such relief, as this was my main goal last night, to get onto the tour bus in the morning, before anyone arrived and then no one would be any the wiser regarding my swollen leg, ankle and foot, I would hide the pain. Looking back, I realised I did not think further regarding how I would descend and ascend the bus the following days in all our various visits to the places of interest.

Eventually the rest of the family arrived, having had a very good Israeli breakfast and soon the bus was filling

up and we were on our way to the north, close to the *Lebanon border*; down to the *Jordan Valley*. Lying on the rise between the *Jordan Valley*, the road sweeps across the broad green *Plain of Israel* and climbs into the mountains in which the town of *Nazareth* is enthroned. *Nazareth* is approximately 75 miles from *Jerusalem*. The *Old Town* is inhabited by Christian and Muslim Palestinians. *Nazareth* has a colourful history. This little village suffered at the hands of the Romans during the Jewish Revolt of 66 AD. and thereafter, it flourished under the Byzantines. With the Crusader Conquest in 1099, *Nazareth* became an important Christian site.

In the 12th and 13th Centuries, Christians found it increasingly dangerous to visit. Eventually, in the 18th Century, the Franciscans were allowed to acquire the Basilica (*of the Annunciation*) and they have managed to maintain a Christian presence there ever since. *Nazareth* town is a maze of narrow alleys where one can find a wide range of unusual goods and delicious relics.

In 1969, the Greeks built a church over the ruins of the original Byzantine Church, and the successive Crusader church, the *Basilica of the Annunciation*, which is the major focal point of *Nazareth*. The Basilica's large dome towers over the town. The crypt includes the *Cave*

of *Annunciation*, where the *Angel Gabriel* appeared to *Mary*, telling her of her forthcoming Child, **JESUS**, hence the name given to the *Basilica St. Gabriel's Basilica of Annunciation*, which dominates the *Old Quarter*.

Our tour bus came to a halt on the rise above the Basilica. The tour group just rushed out of the bus and followed *Sister Gwen* down the steep little road to the entrance of the Basilica. We were the last to depart from the bus and slowly ambled downhill to the entrance. Another tour group was just on their way out of the Basilica, so our group waited outside to enter. Thereafter, we were all told to move along into the entrance and sit down wherever we could find a pew. I was so relieved to sit down and have the weight off my foot, ankle and leg. It took quite a while for the Basilica to be cleared and only our group was present.

I was in such awe to be present in this precious, Holy place, where our precious **SAVIOUR'S** Birth was announced to the *Virgin Mary*. It was here, the *Angel Gabriel* had descended from the very *Throne of GOD*. The position this Angel had, had been and still is assigned to, to deliver a greeting and message from the Eternal **FATHER GOD**, to *Mary*, the *Virgin* full of Grace — a sacred hour for *Heaven and Earth* — the Hour of Calling and Election, when *Mary* is chosen as the *Mother of the **SON OF GOD***.

*“... The **HOLY SPIRIT** will come upon you, and the Power of the **MOST HIGH** will overshadow you; therefore the **CHILD** to be born will be called **HOLY** - the **SON OF GOD.**”*
Luke 1 v. 35 (ESV)



Consider the purity of Mother Mary’s instant obedience and submission to her Lord, and at such a tender age...!



How would this come to pass? No one has ever experienced such a thing before! Will the *Virgin Mary* give her consent to such a *High and Holy Calling*? Will she agree to walk a pathway that every person would consider impossible to follow? But the incredible occurs! The *Virgin Mary* gives her gentle, humble consent — her entire being dedicated to her **God** — to **His** Will, in unconditional surrender, even though she could not fully understand it all:

*“And Mary said, Behold, the handmaid of the **LORD**; be it unto me according to thy word.*
And the angel departed from her.”
Luke 1 v. 38 (KJV)

Consider the purity of her instant obedience, her gentle, humble submission to her **LORD** and her **GOD** for one of such a tender age...!

Suddenly, I gathered myself as I skipped through time and became aware of my present circumstances; this intense heat in my feet! I thought possibly there had been a church service earlier before we came, hence the tangible anointing still so evident or possibly underfloor heating, due to the weather conditions. I realised this heat was becoming more intense as it was moving up from my feet, into my ankles and up into my entire being.



*A sensation of intensifying, yet comforting
heat surging through my body.*



My thoughts were interrupted as I heard *Sister Gwen's* voice close by, giving us a summary and history of *Nazareth* and also the *Basilica*. I listened intently to all she was saying, still aware of this intensifying, yet very comforting heat surging through me, the intense pain lifting from my foot, ankle and leg... Then the tour group was invited to go down the stairs into the crypt, to the *Virgin's Fountain*, to drink from the Well. This Well is and ever has been the only water supply

of *Nazareth*. The stream gushes out of the mountain and runs through a conduit to a public fountain, where the resident women of *Nazareth* fill their water pots all day long.

Once again, we remained seated until the entire tour group had finished at the Well and had hurriedly departed from the Basilica, in order to go up to the little store opposite our tour bus. This little store offered special Israeli delicacies and sweet treats e.g. *Halva* — a sweet-meal of Turkish origin, made of crushed sesame seeds and honey.

We felt we would rather spend the time in the Basilica and besides, I did not want to disturb the beautiful anointing, as I realised this was such a tremendous privilege to experience **His** Holy Presence in this way.

After some time, we made our way down the steps to the crypt to drink the water from the *Virgin's Well*. When you go down into this sanctuary, you can hear the water bubbling up from the rock.

What a precious moment of Truth this was, to go back in time, when *Heaven* touched Earth in this most miraculous way. How humbled one feels to stand in this Holy Place appointed by the **GODHEAD**. Oh, the Love that drew Salvation's plan and the Grace that brought it down to man... *Glory Hallelujah!!*



*Heaven touched Earth
in a most miraculous way!*



Here we were, the only people in this beautiful Basilica, surrounded by the most exquisite Byzantine artworks, depicting different scenes from the *Bible*, all in the quiet, Holy ambience of this wonderful Basilica. Somehow, time stood still for us! We were not even aware of the tour group — that we would surely have to get back to, rather we were just so aware of **His** Presence, we just wanted to remain forever!

As we stood there silently, lost in wonder, we suddenly noticed *Brother Jim*, *Sister Gwen*'s precious husband. He just stood there like an angel, smiling sweetly and saying ever so gently, "*When you are finished you can join us in the bus.*" He was so sensitive to the atmosphere that prevailed, as he quietly departed.

Suddenly it dawned on us that we had been there for some time, so we quickly made our way out of the Basilica, up the steep incline of the street, heading straight for our bus...

As we drew near, we heard the driver of the bus revving the engine and noticed all the tour group leaning out of the windows, trying to decide what delayed us. With that, we all started running uphill towards the bus and hurriedly mounted the steps exclaiming as we entered the bus that we were so very sorry that we delayed them. There were just a few grunts and general indifference of attitudes.

Eventually we all fell into our seats as softly as possible, heaving a soft sigh of relief, so as not to cause any further disturbance. Our bus sped steadily along. Suddenly, I realised my foot, ankle and leg were no longer in pain — I thought is it because I may be ran up the hill. I looked down onto my right foot, my ankle and leg and noticed it was absolutely normal — no swelling — the elephant leg, ankle & foot were gone, there was my normal foot, ankle and leg exactly like the left leg — perfectly normal! “*Am I dreaming?*” I was in absolute awe — no pain — all completely normal. Then I realised, I had been completely healed in the Basilica when that intense heat started up in my feet, and went up into my ankles and then up my legs and entire body. I sat in absolute amazement, I quickly whispered to the family what had happened and then I sat there so humbled at our Precious **LORD**, how **HE** had so wonderfully touched me and healed me, so that I would be able to continue with my tour, uninterrupted, enjoying the wonder and beauty of *His Holy Land*.



*My Precious Lord
had wonderfully touched and healed me...*



It was such a *miracle* as one of the other women had missed a step and was placed into hospital for a break... Hence she missed out on the trip. I thought in deep humility, “*Oh, my Gracious, Most Holy LORD. How good You are to me, to have blessed me so abundantly!*”

Our next stop — *Bethlehem* = the *House of Bread* = symbolic of **JESUS**, our Precious **LORD** and **SAVIOUR** = the *Bread of Life*.

*“I AM the LIVING BREAD
that came down from Heaven...”*

John 6 v. 51 (a) (NIV)

Hence *Bethlehem* is the birthplace of **JESUS CHRIST**, our **LORD** and **SAVIOUR**. *Bethlehem* is a five-mile walk from *Jerusalem*. *Bethlehem* is perched on a hill at the edge of the *Judaeen desert*. *Bethlehem* was also the childhood home of *king David*, where he tended his father’s sheep.

The major site of pilgrimage is the church of the *Nativity*, which was constructed in the 4TH Century AD on *Manger*

Square. The first evidence of a cave being venerated here as **CHRIST'S** Birthplace was found in the writings of *St. Justin Martyr* AD 160. In 326 AD. The Roman Emperor *Constantine* ordered a church to be built. In 530 AD, it was rebuilt by *Justinian*. The Crusaders later redecorated the interior and much of the marble used was looted in the Ottoman period.

In 1852, shared custody of this church was granted to the Roman Catholic, the Armenian and Greek Orthodox churches. The Greek Orthodox church was given the care of the *Grotto of the Nativity*. The grotto is the focal point of the church. A silver star is set in the marble floor, over the spot where **CHRIST** was born. In the centre of the large, ornate silver star, is a round opening, enabling one to look down onto the original spot where **JESUS CHRIST** was born.



Interpretation

This large, ornate silver star has fourteen points:

- The number 14 (fourteen) in *Scripture* symbolises:
- Passover, twice times 7 (seven) = 14 (fourteen)
- Number 7 in *Scripture* symbolises: The sacred full one of numbers, perfection, completeness, fullness of times, anointing, the Holy Spirit, the year of release, year of rest.

Opening in the centre (circle):

- No beginning and no end — eternal.
- It can also speak of the Wisdom of God.

Star: symbolic of light bearer,

- Spiritual *Seed of Abraham*,
- Spirit-filled ministry, Glory.

*“... I (JESUS) AM the Root and Offspring of David,
and the Bright and Morning Star”*

Rev 22 v. 16 (b) (KJV)



This sacred grotto is under the high altar. It is entered by flights of steps set on each side of the choir. There are fifty-three silver lamps, which hardly illuminate this underground cavern, 14 yards long and 4 yards wide. The walls are covered with tapestry.

53: Fifty + 3

- Fifty: *Pentecost*, liberty, freedom, Jubilee.

- Three: The **GODHEAD**,
DIVINE completeness.

Three feasts (*Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles*)
also *Heaven's Number*

Silver: is symbolic of *CHRIST'S Redemptive Ministry*,

- **HIS** Power and Atonement, Deliverance,
Refining purification

As we stood silently around this silver star, peeping into the depth of the opening, we stood in awe as we remembered from the Word that here

*“And the **WORD** became flesh
and dwelt among us...”*

John 1 v. 14 (a) (NKJV)

Here, the *LIGHT OF THE WORLD* was born -

*“For unto us a CHILD is born, unto us a SON is given:
and the government shall be upon HIS Shoulder:
and HIS NAME shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,
The MIGHTY GOD, The Everlasting FATHER,
The Prince of Peace.”*

Isaiah 9 v. 6 (KJV)

How humbled we were in that quiet, still atmosphere, while the Greek Orthodox Priest was swaying his incense burner in our direction and the sweet smell of the incense wafting in the air around us.

As we moved quietly out of the grotto allowing more tourists to take our place, we noticed the fragments of high quality mosaics decorating the walls of the nave. Trapdoors in the present floor to the left of the altar of *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Manger altar*, revealed mosaic flooring from the 4th Century Basilica. Wall mosaics made in the 1160s once decorated the whole church. Thirty of the 44 columns in the nave bear paintings done by the Crusaders of the different saints and also the *Virgin and Child*. These columns are of polished limestone, mainly reused from the 4th Century Basilica.

The original entrance to the Church was a single, long porch with three large doors leading into the church and three onto the street. The Crusader doorway was marked by a large, pointed arch. Above this arch was a massive lintel, indicating the door's even larger original size. In the Ottoman period, this doorway was reduced, lowering and narrowing it down to a tiny size, as to prevent carts being driven through by looters. This low, small door is referred to as the *Door of Humility*, as one is caused to bow low as you enter the door to this Church, in order to visit the Birthplace of the **KING** of kings, our **LORD** and **SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.**

As a note of interest next; to the *Grotto of Nativity*, is *St. Jerome's* study and tomb. *St. Jerome* was born in *Stridon*, not far from *Venice* in 342 AD. He was one of the most learned scholars of the early Christian Church and he is said to have travelled widely.



*St. Jerome's great work later became
known as the 'Vulgate'*



In 386 AD, he settled in *Bethlehem*, where he founded a monastery. Here he completed a new version of the *Bible*,

in 404 AD. He was inspired by the Pope's suggestion that one single book should replace the many different texts in circulation. His great work later became known as the *Vulgate*.

As a further note of interest regarding the scene of the *Nativity*, the old primitive houses built in *Bethlehem* are one-room houses built over caves. They are level with the road, but the room above them is reached by a flight of stairs. The caves are used this day even, as stables for the animals, which enter from the road level. In most of them (*i.e. the caves*) we find a stone trough, or manger, cut from the rock and iron rings, to which the animals are tied to at night. The family occupy the upper chamber, separated by the thickness of the rock floor from the cave, in which the animals sleep. Now, if *Joseph* and *Mary* had visited the "inn" at *Bethlehem* and found it full, there would have been no stable for them to go to, because the "inns" in the time of **CHRIST** were open spaces, surrounded by a high wall and a colonnade under whose arches were rooms for travellers. The animals were gathered together in the centre of the enclosure.

The Greek word for "inn" (*katalyma*) would be more exactly rendered as a "guest chamber." The "guest chamber" or *upper room*, which it was the Jewish custom to offer to travelling Jews, was evidently already occupied, therefore, the host did his best by offering

the *Holy Family* shelter in the downstairs cave. Earliest Church tradition was that **JESUS CHRIST** was not born in a stable nor in an “*inn*”, but in a cave.

Justin Martyr, who was born about 100 AD, repeats the tradition in his time, that as *Joseph* had no place to lodge in *Bethlehem*, he discovered this cave nearby. However, even before *Justin*’s time, it seems that the cave below the *Church of the Nativity* was venerated as the scene of **CHRIST’S** Birth.

The Church is one of the oldest surviving churches in existence today. This first Basilica was originally commissioned in 327 AD. by *Emperor Constantine I* and his mother *St. Helena*. The construction was completed in 333 AD.

Some proportions of the walls and the surrounding areas were destroyed during the Samaritan Rebellion in 529 AD. but the present Basilica was rebuilt in its present form by *Emperor Justin I* in 565 AD. This is when Christianity began to grow.


The Persian army invaded *Israel* and destroyed all churches and sacred places except this *Church of the Nativity*. This Church was built with magnificent pillars — the Byzantine mosaics have been kept in a pit alongside the left pillars for display to show that the mosaics are similar to the original octagonal mosaics used during *St. Helena*’s time — proof that this awesome Cathedral is keeping the original design in tact.

Separate worship times have been allocated for Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox and the Armenian Apostolic Church. The Church is cleansed before the commencement of each following worship service.


The place where the shepherds proclaimed the visitations of the *Heavenly angels' choir* announcing the birth of **JESUS** is known as the '*Shepherds' Field*'. This land was owned by *Boaz* and *Ruth*, also being the land where **JESUS** was born.

The shepherds who came to *Bethlehem* after the angels' appearance, went to see **JESUS CHRIST** and present this Holy Little Baby with lambs (*symbolic of JESUS' future ministry*). The wise men from the East presented **HIM** with gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Nazareth is a frontier post between north and south. As one proceeds in a northerly direction, towards the *Sea of Galilee*, where one leaves the rocky harshness of Judea — the rigid world of the Old Testament, to the centre of the New Testament world — the international *Galilee*. *Galilee* was crossed in the time of **CHRIST** by the great military roads from the north and by the ancient caravan routes from the east. This busy international corridor was the place in which **JESUS** sowed the seeds of **HIS** teachings on the receptive shores of *Galilee*, as **HE** deliberately separated **HIMSELF** from the theological stronghold of *Judea*.



*The three syllables in ‘Galilee’
suggest the sound of lake water lapping
softly and gently ashore*



So on this road that runs over the hill from *Nazareth* in the south, to the *Sea of Galilee* in the north, one detects the first promise of Christianity. *Galilee* is most clearly associated with **JESUS CHRIST**.

Whenever the word ‘*Galilee*’ is spoken, the three syllables suggest the sound of lake water lapping softly and gently ashore, bringing a picture of **HIM** to mind. However, this picture is not of the **CHRIST** whom *St. Paul* preached, but rather, the Precious **LORD JESUS** of our innermost hearts — our tender **SHEPHERD**, who called little children to **HIS** Knees and **HE** who preached loving-kindness, tender mercies and compassion to the humble, the simple and the heavy-laden.

This road to *Galilee* runs down toward a green, fertile valley enclosed by gentle hills. Tumbled rocks also line the slopes of the valley. The sound of running water after the thirsty highlands of *Judea*, is so soothing, even luxurious with the blue iris growing in wet places.

Suddenly, there, lying a thousand feet below, is a strip of bright blue — the first glimpse of the *Sea of Galilee* — one of the most sacred places of the *Holy Land*. This lake is heart-shaped, with the narrowest part to the south. It is 21 km long and the widest part is 9 km. Mountains rise all around the lake. On the western shore are green mountains. On the eastern shore are the barren, brown precipice of the desert that rises east of the *Jordan*, going south with the river, past the *Dead Sea*.

To the north is the magnificent ridge of a mountain covered with snow. This snow never melts in its depths, even in the height of summer. This is *Mount Hermon*, the *Mount of Transfiguration*.



*Snow is a type of
'revival from
Heaven'*



Spiritually, 'snow' is a type of revival from *Heaven* — snow corresponds to the heart, the Spirit. What a glorious sight to behold the shining wall of snow on *Mount Hermon* and the blue *Lake Galilee* below.

The *Sea of Galilee* is like a deserted lake with the exception of the flat-roofed houses of *Tiberias*. The lake is not uniform in colour — there are patches of dark and light blue and also touches of pale green. This lake

breathes such peace, tranquility and beauty. At times, it becomes like a sheet of blue glass, ripples widen on the still water where fish splash lightly, while the wings of pigeons clap in flight.

Peace lies like a benediction over the *Sea of Galilee* — the silence of solitude, of memory... The *Lake of Galilee* is of all places, the one in which, as the boat travelling across these still, calm water — the *Anointing*, still tangible as **His** Presence soaks the atmosphere.

The water of the *Sea of Galilee* is fresh, not salty and bitter like that of the *Dead Sea*. The characteristic fish of the *Lake of Galilee* is “*musht*” or ‘*comb-fish*’. It is a flat, deep-bodied fish generally about 6 inches long, with an enormous head and a comb-like dorsal-fin that stands up along its back. It is also called *St. Peter’s Fish*, for it is said to be the mouth of this fish from which *Peter* took the tribute money, the half-shekel levied on every male Jew of religious age.

We did so enjoy our luncheon — the tasty *St. Peter’s Fish* at a restaurant in *Tiberias*, on the shore of *Lake Galilee*. The lake is famous for its abundance of fish, since Biblical times.

Another peculiarity of the *Lake of Galilee* are the sudden

storms, which swoop swiftly over this low-lying sheet of water, whipping the surface of the lake and covering it with waves that often swamp the small little boats. The reason for the storms being the winds from the west, passing over the highlands come swirling down through the many gorges and narrow valleys, down into the lake. The water is smooth one moment and then suddenly becomes a raging sea which can and does endanger life.

The *Sea of Galilee* also known as *Tiberias/Kinneret* is *Israel's* chief water source. It lies 696 feet below sea level and is fed and drained by the *Jordan River*. *Capernaum*, the Roman town was one of the focal points of **CHRIST'S** teachings in the *Galilee*. There are many hills, mountains surrounding the lake.

Overlooking the *Sea of Galilee* is the *Mount of Beatitudes*, where **JESUS** gave **HIS** *Sermon on the Mount* — the call to *Kingdom Living* — Matthew chapter 5 v. 1 - 12.

In the 7th Century, a Franciscan Sister, built the modern church, replacing the Byzantine church of the 4th Century. The floor plan is octagonal — eight sides, representing the *Eight Beatitudes*. The *Eight Beatitudes* are found in seven words. The numerical scriptural meaning of eight = **888** = **JESUS**, Restoration, New Beginnings, Resurrection, New Birth = (*Hebrew*). Here, **JESUS** often ministered,

because of the large plains, shady street along the slopes and the peaceful atmosphere, as one overlooks the *Sea of Galilee*. *St. Jerome*, the saint responsible for the *Vulgate*, called this “*A place of solitude*.”

In conclusion, as for the four air return tickets on our American Express card, no trace could ever be found at the booking office. Even after 3 months of continual enquiries and continual requests in order to make payment for these tickets, the booking office were never able to trace a sign of this transaction. We left our information should they come across the transaction, but there never was any further response, even after repeated requests on our part. We were all so deeply touched to realise that our Gracious **LORD** had somehow taken care of it all, as we never ever heard another word regarding the trip from the booking office — they were all convinced we were confused.

This truly was a *miracle* of our Holy **LORD**!
Praise our Precious Holy **LORD**!



Boundaries of Israel



Promises to Abram (originally from Iraq)

*“[1] Now the **LORD** had said to Abram:*

*Get out of your country, from your family and from your father’s house, to a land that **I** will show you.*

*[2] **I** will make you a great nation; **I** will bless you and make your name great; and you shall be a blessing.*

*[3] **I** will bless those who bless you, and **I** will curse him who curses you; and in you all the families of the earth shall be blessed.”*

Genesis 12 v. 1 - 3 (NKJV)



It was to Canaan that **God** had called Abraham. Abraham knew that this was where the **LORD** wanted him to go into the Land of Canaan:

“Then Abram took Sarai his wife and Lot his brother’s son, and all their possessions that they had gathered, and the people whom they had acquired in Haran, and they departed to go to the land of Canaan. So they came to the land of Canaan.”

Genesis 12 v. 5 (NKJV)

“Then the **LORD** appeared to Abram and said, “To your descendants **I** will give this land.” And there he built an altar to the **LORD**, who had appeared to him.”

Genesis 12 v. 7 (NKJV)

“On the same day the **LORD** made a covenant with Abram, saying: “To your descendants **I** have given this land, from the river of Egypt to the great river, the River Euphrates”

Genesis 15 v. 18 (NKJV)

God gave (the descendants of Abraham through Isaac) the territory “from the great river of Egypt to the great river, the River Euphrates,” therefore:

- the western boundary is the Mediterranean Sea,
- the northern boundary is the Euphrates River,
- the southern boundary is the River of Egypt — which is the winter stream called “Wadi-el-Arish” — this forms the northern boundary of the Sinai Peninsula,
- the eastern boundary is “all the land of Gilead.”

In Deuteronomy 34 v. 1 (KJV) the **LORD** showed *Moses* the territory given in the *Abrahamic Covenant* and “*all the land of Gilead*” is included. Therefore, the eastern boundary is the area west of the *Jordan River* plus the *Trans Jordan Area* on the east of the *Jordan River*.

(*Tribes of Reuben, Gad, Manasseh — which equal — “all the land of Gilead.”*)

This land was given by **GOD** to *Abraham’s Seed*, without any strings attached! The unconditional nature of this gift is clearly declared in Genesis 17 v 7 - 8.

*“[7] And **I** will establish **MY** covenant between **ME** and you and your descendants after you in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be **GOD** to you and your descendants after you.*

*[8] Also **I** give to you and your descendants after you the land in which you are a stranger, all the land of Canaan, as an everlasting possession; and **I** will be their **GOD**.”*

Genesis 17 v. 7 - 8 (NKJV)



PROPHETIC WORD

Israel Tour as a Family



By: Dr. Gwen Shaw

– 24th September, 1988 –



As hands were laid on me (*Gabrielle*) — it was an evening for couples, our first meeting — Word given by *Dr Gwen Shaw*, Founder of *End-Times Handmaidens Int.*

*“I have seen your hunger and thirsting hearts and you have gone to many wells and found them dry. You have gone to cisterns that contain and had no water. And in your disappointments you have sought and the **LORD** says: “You have found — you have indeed found. And **I AM** going to fill your vessels in this land — yea, **I AM** going to fill them to overflowing,” saith the **LORD**.*



*I am going to
fill your vessels in this land...*



*“And you are going to take home to your land (SA) rivers of Living Water that will flow out from your innermost being, for have **I** not said, that even under Jerusalem there shall flow out, even from the **THRONE OF GOD**, that river of Living Water that would bring life in the desert in barren areas of the world.*

And you shall take that river of flowing water with you and it shall flow through you to the many thirsty, thirsty, thirsty, dying with thirst souls that are around you. Prepare your home, prepare your house to receive these who shall be watered even in your living room who shall drink of that Living Waters.

*Yea, open **MY BOOK** and teach out of it,” saith the **LORD**,*

*“And **I** will reveal truths to those who are hungry to hear the Truth.*

*You have sought for others and **I** have sought for you,” saith the **LORD**,*

*“You have looked for someone out there to do it and
I AM looking for you to do it.*

*Therefore, prepare your heart, for **I** say unto thee, as **I** cried out in that last Great Day of the Feast, that out of your belly shall flow rivers of Living Water and this **I** spake of those who would receive the **HOLY GHOST** and you have received the fullness of the **SPIRIT**.*

*Now release it from your life and let there be a double portion of that anointing of the **HOLY SPIRIT** from this time and even forever more, let the **SPIRIT** of the Living **GOD** flow into your life and go and give it out, give it out, give it out, give it out, give it out, for as fast as you give it out, it will be pumped into you,” saith the **LORD**.*

Hallelujah (*tongues and much weeping*), by Dr. Gwen Shaw, and laying on her hands.

This prophetic word was spoken over me
(*Gabrielle Gindra Wolmarans*).



Interpretation

Home: members of a family, collectively

House: dwelling — abode, habitation (*household*)

The three H's — House, Home, Heart

Heart — spirit: the mind, soul, the consciousness,

- the seat of affection,
- the seat of the will, inclination.
- Seat of good and ill
- The part nearest the centre
- Energy, courage
- One's most innermost feelings — sub-conscious, innermost, pre-determine, choose, willing, uncompelled, earnestly, voluntarily, spontaneously, virtue, hardihood, fortitude, courageous spirit,
- Make bold face, fearless, unalarmed, unflinching, enthusiastic, adoration, revere, devoted

Treasure: (*Strongs, Vines, Lexicon Hebrew*)

- What is laid up in store, in stock,
- Provision, especially of gold, silver and other precious things, from a place of safe keeping
= a storehouse.

*“The LORD will open the heavens,
the storehouse of His Bounty...”
Deuteronomy 28 v. 12 (NIV)*

Prevail: “die oorhand kry, heers” (reign)



Visible “White Bunnies” on Highway



– September 1990 –
Christian European Heritage Tour
Highway in Germany, Cologne



oming from *London*, the *White Cliffs of Dover*, crossing the stormy *English Channel*, into *Liege* and then entering *Cologne, Köblenz* — the cultural, administrative and business centres, barely yards away from the Great Cologne Cathedral.

Cologne is the capital of the *Rhineland* — the most powerful city north of the *Alps*, entering *Köblenz* on the west-bank of the *Rhine River*, we realise what a vibrant, bustling city *Cologne* is! *Cologne* is also world-renown for

its age-old scented water — *Eau de Cologne*. The ‘relics’ of the three kings, the *Magi* (*in Scripture*), were brought to *Cologne* from *Milan* in *Italy*, as this was seen to be “a fitting resting place” in 1248. *Cologne* was known by the Romans as “*Holy Cologne*” because of the “*Shrine of the Magi*.” These kings specially travelled to this original shrine which is older than the *Cologne Cathedral*, and is shaped like a three-naved *Basilica* with seven bays.

The *Great Cologne Cathedral* was only completed in 1880, and at that time seen as the tallest building in the world. *Cologne* was also acknowledged as an *Ecclesiastical Centre*.

Travelling in the flow of the late afternoon traffic, a six-long expressway, our tour bus was delayed between many little island divisions on this highway. Suddenly on my right, I noticed on one of these little lawned islands, between the heavy flow of traffic, “a row of pure white bunnies, sitting in an upright positions, so calm, unperturbed, surveying the noisy traffic on either side looking wistfully at it all, content to let the world go by.” I could not believe my eyes! I quickly wanted to count the number of bunnies in the row, but this was impossible due to the heavy flow of traffic. My estimate was 12 live bunnies, sitting in that upright position. So contented!

Suddenly, I was prompted — “*Remember, bunnies are one of your spiritual symbols,*” as our Precious **LORD** has so often used bunnies as a symbol of **His** “*alert*” to me. Then, our tour leader announced “*I have done this tour yearly for the past 20 years and never, ever have I seen this sight — let alone these pure white bunnies on this busy expressway amidst all this traffic, noise, etc.!*” The tour group all jumped up to see this sight — everyone was quite speechless! I just sat quietly, immediately knowing that our **LORD** was intimating “*something.*”

That night we met the tour group at our hotel, the *Köblenz Hotel*, for supper. After supper, we all proceeded to our bedrooms. Suddenly, I noticed a lady, a few doors away, unable to find her bedroom keys. She was from Australia and on her own. After some time, we were able to locate the manager and he immediately solved the problem.

This single lady on our tour group was a well-seasoned world traveller, however, she did not mingle with any of the tour group.

That night, I could not sleep. I had a very restless night.

The following morning, I felt as though my whole body had been beaten with a wooden bat. I was in such agony and so heavy in sadness of spirit, I could not understand

the reason why... Suddenly I recalled reading one of *GOD's Generals' books*, *Rick Joyner* — it was a prophetic book on the severe spiritual warfare in *Germany* and the surrounding countries. I now understood why restless night etc...

However, the following proposed tour route was all so interesting and exquisitely beautiful yet, this heavy burden of sadness and continual weeping on the inside, amidst all the surrounding beauty on the banks of the *Rhine*. The quaint little brick cottages with draped curtains, little aproned ladies sweeping the paved bricks around their homes, all so serene, so peaceful. How I longed to sit down beside these dear country folks, to share a cup of coffee together and some Holy moments: “*LORD*, have they ever been told about *Eternity* — all the beauty of *Heaven*?...” They seem so isolated even in these beautiful little country villages, so protected and peaceful and yet; “*Do they know the PRINCE OF PEACE, our Precious LORD and SAVIOUR?*” So many questions... so many thoughts... so many prayers in-between — some would undoubtedly know, while others may never have heard the stories of *JESUS*, of the scenes by the wayside, the tales of the sea, how *HE* blessed little children who stood around *HIS* knee, of those who received *HIS* Blessing as *HE* walked, talked, healed, restored along the way. Even now, as *HIS* Holy Presence envelopes us as

we share these gracious truths! Praise our Precious **LORD** and **SAVIOUR**!

Eventually the tour bus arrived in *France, Avignon*. Here again, we were given some free time to explore our surroundings but we were instructed not to wander off. At the appointed time, the lady from Australia was nowhere to be seen, hence “*a search*” was sent out into different directions but eventually all to no avail. The remaining tour group were uneasy and complaining. Being a Christian tour, prayer was suggested. All belonged to various traditional church backgrounds. Our **LORD** led us to hold hands, encircle and pray the “*Power of Agreement*” following with *prayer in the spirit*.

*“[19] Again I say unto you,
that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any
thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of
MY FATHER which is in Heaven.”*

*[20] For where two or three are gathered together in
MY NAME, there AM I in the midst of them.”*

Matthew 18 v. 19 & 20 (KJV)

Within minutes the search was over, having found the Australian lady, fit, well and completely unharmed, exactly where they had searched before without success.

Just to conclude, there was a beautiful, strong bond of friendship formed with several of these four group members, previously complete strangers.

Over the many years that followed thereafter, despite the fact that we were all in separate continents, there were continuous letters of communication, even visits and a warm friendship between us. We all continued sharing our different testimonies of our **LORD'S** faithfulness over the years, our spiritual growth and maturity as we shared **HIS** Goodness and Faithfulness until each of these dear souls departed peacefully into Eternity, having experienced **HIS** full Salvation, so rich and free.

Amen.

Interpretation

Interpreting Numbers, Symbols & Types (Kevin J. Conner)

12 (the number of white bunnies) = Divine Government,

- Divine Power, Apostolic fullness,
- Holy City of Jerusalem,
- Twelve stones, twelve apostles, twelve loaves of showbread.



Book - "A Yielded Heart"

DREAM



- December 1992 -



I dreamt we were on holiday in *Stellenbosch, Cape* in *Lanzerac Hotel*. We went into their lounge, where we so often sat. In my dream this lounge looked as it always did, beautiful, peaceful atmosphere with antique furniture. However, on the walls of this lounge, they did not have the paintings like before. There were no paintings now, only open *Bibles* placed on brackets in place of the pictures.

We were alone in the lounge seriously contemplating the meaning of these open *Bibles* on the walls. *Jacques* was reading from Psalm 121 in a low voice:

- “[1] I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.*
- [2] My help cometh from the LORD, which made Heaven and Earth.*
- [3] HE will not suffer thy foot to be moved: HE that keepeth thee will not slumber.*
- [4] Behold, HE that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*
- [5] The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.*
- [6] The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.*
- [7] The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: HE shall preserve thy soul.*
- [8] The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.”*

Psalm 121 v. 1 - 8 (KJV)

We all sat so quietly, just pondering all this — this *Scripture* and all the open *Bibles* on these walls. Suddenly, I noticed several piles of large books, stacked one, on top of another, under the very large library table in the centre of the lounge. I immediately knelt on the floor to see the title of these books. The first large book I laid

my hands on, was in high black gothic print “*A Yielded Heart.*” Immediately, I thought this book must have to do with Holiness.

Then, I awoke with this book in my hand. I realised in order to understand the magnitude of this book, I would have to go through a humbling experience.

While meditating on the dream, I thought — “*all these open Bibles everywhere in place of pictures, paintings, yet I never stopped to read where the Bibles were opened at!*” Could this mean all these *Scriptures* cannot help you unless you have “a Yielded Heart,” a submissive heart, open to the **WORD OF GOD! HIS WORD** must become heart knowledge and not head knowledge!

An obedient, submissive, yielded heart!

A heart like unto our Precious **SAVIOUR’S** Heart,

Our **LORD JESUS CHRIST,**



*God’s Word must become
heart knowledge, not head knowledge!*



Interpretation:

Bible: Book of Redemption, inspired **WORD OF GOD**.

Book: Instruction, knowledge, written inspired records, message

Psalm 121: The sleepless sentry — safety of the Godly, who put their trust in **GOD'S** Protection.

Down on my knees: posture of humility, spiritual declension, humbled.

Hand : the organisation, functioning and handling of the five-fold ministry or leadership.

Yielded heart (submissive heart): in the heart lies the motivation which guides one's life. The heart is the gate between the spiritual and the natural realm. The heart is subject to the choices of the will of a person. The attitude of the heart brings forth faith or unbelief. The heart that is yielded is not head knowledge, but true, sincere humility before our Most Holy **LORD** and **GOD**.



PROPHETIC WORD FOR

*Mrs Gabrielle Gindra
Wolmarans*



- February 1993 -



Christian acquaintance convinced us as a family to attend his Bible Study on behalf of a well-known church in the east of *Pretoria*, he was also a well-known prophetic voice in the body of **CHRIST**.

At the end of this first Bible Study he requested that all present stand in a circle as he felt led to speak a “*Word*” to whosoever **GOD** directed him to.

As he laid hands on me (*Gabrielle*) he said:

“**GOD** is preparing you for an *Apostolic Ministry*.

GOD is sending you on a *Mission*.”

Then he concluded “*Jy gaan baie lag.*” — the accent was on “*lag.*”

GOD’S WORD was fulfilled in a vision / open vision, given me on the 26th December 1996 = ***Singen***.

So often during these years there was an *oil film* on the inside of the palm of my hand — also tiny pin pricks of silver, golden light *sparkles* stippled (*over in the inside of the palms*) — this also seemed to be a common occurrence in the *body of CHRIST* at the time.

Then again, there was the constant “*white heart*” in the centre of my right hand palm, which has continued for several years now — all constant reminders of **HIS** continual Presence!

There was also much time spent in-between all the activity — *in seclusion* — time, spent in writing, updating my personal journal, the writing of Spiritual letters of comfort, encouragement and exhortation to whosoever the **LORD** directed me to — a record has been kept, but naturally the names deleted so that privacy is respected.


Praise our **LORD** for **HIS** Guidance Always!

Vision of Casket (Mission)

VISION



26th December, 1996

 It had been a very quiet *Christmas* — it was the *Day of Goodwill* and all was so peaceful, it was lovely. After our normal chores, we just spent the time resting, praying and reading our spiritual books. *Jacques* was away on a fishing holiday and therefore, we did not even get into too much festive food etc.

I had a little rest at about 3.45 pm. and then realised I had slept for approximately an hour. All was so quiet, so I just continued lying on my bed, resting — wide awake,

but my eyes were closed. The past several weeks had been very exhausting — there had been different people with so many needs, the little boys were up on holiday from *Natal*, there were the *Benny Hinn* meetings etc. and of course *Christmas* preparations. It had been so busy with very little thought about my own family.

I just lifted my hands in prayer to our **LORD** and just repented again on behalf of us all, for all known sin and also unknown sin in our lives. I just asked **HIM** to please wash us again, spirit, soul and body with **HIS** Precious *Blood* — also to wash and cleanse all who had wronged us. I just thanked our Precious **LORD** for **HIS** Holy cleansing *Blood*, **HIS** Forgiveness, **HIS** Divine Mercy and Grace upon our lives, so that we may stand before **HIM** on that *Great Day*, when we see **HIM** Face to face — that our hearts may be pure, holy — that our hands may be clean — that we could go into **HIS** Holy Presence with such peace and joy.

I was lying on my back with my hands folded across my chest, eyes closed, but wide awake, like I normally do whilst resting. Suddenly, I felt as though I was lying in a box — encased as it were — in fact, in an open casket! I lay very still and could actually feel the encasement all around me. It was not at all scary as there was no lid on the casket.

Suddenly, I noticed angels completely encircled round about this rectangular casket, in which I was lying. The angels were standing shoulder to shoulder all around, dressed in transparent, pure white, shining robes — long flowing, full robes with white wings. One could not distinguish between the arms and the wings — it appeared as though these were one. The angels were of normal, human stature.

CASKET VISION:



Angels encircled the entire casket - the picture has not been completed thus so as not to obscure the inside of the casket

All at once, the angels bent over the sides of the casket and started washing me with the movement of their wings/arms-hands. It made quite a fluttering sound. They started from my head and went right down my body to my feet. I just lay there ever so quietly, watching all

their busy activity, it was as though they were using their wings/arms/hands in stroking movements. It came to me that they were washing me with the Precious Holy *Blood* of **JESUS** — I just knew this in my spirit — however, I never smelt any blood. I did not move or make any effort to see, as there was so much activity and such busyness as they were so occupied and so very serious about what they were doing.

The angels' appearance was so much like the pictures/statues that one sees of old-fashioned angels — such beautiful soft faces, long curly hair, beautiful detailed feathered wings and those beautiful white, shining, full flowing robes — all so very beautiful, I thought as I lay there, ever so quiet, watching it all! I was so blessed to see it all!

Suddenly, I heard a Voice saying to me: “*You may now be resurrected.*”



*You may
now
be resurrected.*



I do not know where the Voice came from or who spoke. I did not see one of the angels next to me speaking, as my eyes were looking straight ahead. The Voice was not dramatic — just a good, normal speaking Voice, as in a conversation.

I found myself slowly sitting up, cautiously looking around. I was still in the casket whilst sitting up — the casket still upon my bed.

The next second, I saw myself ascending into the air at an angle — approximately 12 - 15 feet away from where I sat in the casket. As I sat there watching myself flying through the air, I could see my back from my head, down to my feet. My arms were outstretched and there was a large angel on either side of me, holding my hand, whilst flying next to me. The three of us were ascending into the air at quite an angle, in the direction of the bedroom/passage door, headed above the door in a Westerly direction, high up into the atmosphere.





There will be an interpreter there for you.



I was quite apprehensive and the thought flashed through my mind “*Where am I going?*” I thought “*Is my earthly life over now — but I have not yet completed all that I have been given to do...*” Just then, I heard the same Voice as before, saying to me, “*You are going on a Mission to Singep...*” I could not catch the second half of the name — to me, it sounded like ‘*Singapoll*’, it could have been ‘*Singepore*’. The ‘*Singe*’ was very clear and quite loudly spoken, but the last part just faded with the distance. It could have sounded like ‘*pwoll/swol*’ — I just can’t say exactly. It flashed in my mind, “*Could it be Singapore (the East)?*” I was so nervous always of the *East*.

I then immediately asked, “*Where is that?*” As I asked this question, I noticed very large snow-capped mountains with a valley and river below on my right, and a small village on my left, as we came to a halt in the atmosphere, whilst looking down onto the earth.

The village was on the side nearest to me (*left side*) and a high snow-capped mountain peak right opposite (*right-side*). The valley was green and lush. It all looked so beautiful, so peaceful.



The Voice answered my question — (“*Where is that?*”)
“In Switzerland, on the boundary of Germany!”

I then asked, “*What do they speak there — French or German, I won’t be able to understand the language!*”

Then the Voice answered me again, “*There will be an interpreter there for you.*”

During the entire conversation, this Voice, the tone, was very normal, rather quiet speaking Voice, as in a normal conversation. (*This Voice was not like the other times, when I had in the past heard the Loud Audible Voice of the **LORD**.*)

After some time, as I was still contemplating all this, suddenly, it was all over, I was back on my bed. I was completely stunned — “*Could there ever be a place called ‘Singepwol — Singeswol’?*” I was just going over it all — I was absolutely speechless!

I lay quietly for approximately another 40 minutes, as I did not want to disturb anything, in case there was more coming, then it came to me, in my spirit, within me, I could now get up.

As I got to my bedroom door, I noticed *Lillian* was awake. I was on my way to the *Family Room* book cupboard, to fetch our *Readers’ Digest World Atlas*. I asked *Lillian* if she had ever heard of a place ‘*Singepwol — Singeswol*’. She became quite irritated with me and answered “*There is no such place — where did you hear of it?*” I then told her what happened and immediately we both got the *Atlas* and looked at the map of *Switzerland*, (*Page 83 of the Readers’ Digest World Atlas*) — the latest *Atlas*, at that time.

We checked the map of *Switzerland/Germany* and found ‘*Singen*’ just above the boundary of *Switzerland/Germany*. Checking through our previous *Readers’ Digest World Atlas*, ‘*Singen*’ appeared right on the *Swiss/German* boundary. Maybe there could be a slight discrepancy with this boundary, seeing this now is our

previous World Atlas. ‘Singen’ is situated just off *Lake Constance*, 150km from *Zurich*, next to the province of *Schaffhausen* — (*house of sheep*). The name could also have been ‘*Singensel*’ (*Island*), which is pronounced/sounding like “*Singensol*.” ‘*Singen*’ means to sing. The *Alpine horn* was used to sing prayers across the valleys.



SKETCH OF MAP FOUND IN A BOOK:

Insight Guides - Germany

(*Discovery Channel*)

Ecuador Insight Guide,

Hyde Park. 98 14120367 SOS. 224.07/1

This map shows *Singen* exactly on the border between *Switzerland* and *Germany*. The border actually is shown as going right through the middle of *Singen*...

Maps on pages 325 & 326 show this exactly the same.

On our tour in September 1990, “*Christian Heritage Tour*” (of *Europe*) so much comes to mind. I recall the great sadness and really a ‘*spirit of mourning*’ that overtook me — such a heavy burden as we were entering *Calais*, (after crossing the *English Channel*), *Liege* onto *Cologne*, *Heidelberg*, all the way to and in the *Rhine Valley* and then onto *Switzerland* after the second day. We stayed over in *Lucerne* for two nights. In *Switzerland*, the sadness, mourning and weeping intensified to such a degree that I could not stop crying even amidst all the beauty of *Switzerland* with its surrounding snow-capped mountains, high peaks, blue lakes, green pastures and valleys. I just cried for three solid days. I never removed my sunglasses. Fortunately, we were at the back end of the tour bus and the tour group were all strangers, involved in their own chatter etc. hence there were no social obligations. I did, however, use self-control regarding the tears without causing alarm around me, but inwardly, this terrible burden of mourning was deep down on the inside of me — not something you could explain to anyone. There was so much beauty surrounding me — the wonderful old architecture, the quaint, old buildings, so beautifully painted — the heavenly countryside — such beauty, such peace, and yet amidst it all, I felt as though my heart was breaking — I did not feel as though I could ever recover again. I was not even able to really speak whilst in *Germany* and *Switzerland*. I have never ever experienced

anything like this before or after. I just looked so intently at all the extreme beauty that surrounded me, as though it was imprinted upon my heart, this appreciation of all the surrounding beauty was deep within me, experienced in a very quiet, serious manner, which I just was not able to share with another, except my Precious **LORD!**

From *Switzerland*, we proceeded to *Padua*, where I spotted a beautiful chow chow puppy walking down the street. This sight made me think of my own two dearest chow chows at home, so this did lift me somewhat. As we approached beautiful *Venice* with all its history etc., the burden seemed to lift, the weeping eased up and I felt I was becoming normal again, yet still very serious. No one noticed the sadness I was experiencing because somehow I was able to conceal it and not cause any stir — also the sunglasses were a great help, but the heartache within was at times most unbearable.

The following day we proceeded across the fertile valley of the *River Po*, after having bade farewell to Venice and continued on to *Pisa*. Here, the first sight of the baptistry, bristling with the marble spires — with its amazing echo, which we would experience and the colonnade bell tower behind the 11th Century *Cathedral Camposanto* and the world famous *Leaning Tower of Pisa* in ‘*the Meadow / Field of Miracles*’.

After we had completed and experienced the amazing beauty and history of the above, and as we were crossing ‘*the Field of Miracles*’, we noticed large crowds of people lining the street, i.e. the main street of *Pisa* on either side of the street, to watch the carnival procession — being the hallmark of ‘*Il Carnevale di Venezia*’. The processions were all very colourful, with beautiful facial masks and outfits, as they proceeded along this long main street of *Pisa*, past the *Leaning Tower*. There was a row of old buildings on the embankment on the opposite side of the ‘*Field of Miracles*’.

There were cloakrooms in one of these old buildings and I stood in front of this building on the embankment, overlooking the ‘*Field of Miracles*’. I was not really interested in this procession, as I was lost in my thoughts.

As I gazed across the ‘*Field of Miracles*’, the baptistry and the Cathedral, I noticed a ‘*Nun*’ coming from behind the baptistry and she proceeded at an angle, across the beautiful green lawns of ‘*Miracle Square*’, (or ‘*the Field of Miracles*’ or ‘*the Meadow of Miracles*’ as it was sometimes known), past the *Leaning Tower of Pisa*, as she made her way through the passing festival procession, across the street at quite an angle, headed in my direction.

I kept looking around to see if she was on her way to meet someone behind me, but there was no one — only a side street a little further on, past the old buildings behind me.

Suddenly, she stood right in front of me, upon the embankment, where I was standing. She stared most intently into my eyes, whilst taking my hands between hers and gently squeezed my hands as she so lovingly smiled at me — silently lingering a while and then she turned to my right and was off. She just seemed to disappear as I stood there motionless!



*She stared intently into my eyes, whilst
taking my hands between hers... she so
lovingly smiled at me*



Eventually, I gathered myself and turned to see in which direction she was headed, but somehow, she was nowhere to be seen — I had lost trace of her! Still so very stunned by the whole experience, I just wondered “*What could all this possibly mean?*”

Then it was time to board our bus and then on our way to our next destination. I realised as I sat quietly in the bus travelling along, reflecting on all the happenings

in *Germany, Switzerland* and now this experience with the unknown *nun* in *Pisa, Italy*. However, I realised that there was much more to this than I perhaps understood at the time... but, I just knew that the **LORD** would reveal it all at the appointed time — **His** Time!



*The Lord reveals it all
at His appointed time*



Then approximately seven years after this “*European Christian Heritage Tour*,” came this vision to *Singen* and the *Insel* on the 26th December, 1996.

Now, 17 years later, 22nd February, 2017, after the experience with the unknown ‘*Nun*’ from *Pisa, Italy*, in September 1990 — as I was busy researching and studying the *Mount of Olives* in *Jerusalem* — the history, also the *Cave/Grotto* where **JESUS** spent much time with **His** Inner Circle (*Peter, James and John*). There had been much controversy about the locations of the *Grotto/Cave* — that “*certain place*” as *St. Luke* records in his *Gospel chapter 11, verses 1 - 4*, where **JESUS** instructed the disciples on the *Our FATHER Prayer*:

“[1] And it came to pass, that, as HE was praying in a certain place, when HE ceased, one of HIS disciples said unto HIM, LORD, teach us to pray, as John (the Baptist) also taught his disciples.

[2] And HE said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our FATHER Which art in heaven, Hallowed be THY Name. THY Kingdom come. THY Will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

[3] Give us day by day our daily bread.

[4] And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.”

Luke 11 v. 1 - 4 (KJV)

The *Paternoster Church* (Our **FATHER**) here on the *Mount of Olives*, was modelled after the *Cathedral Camposanto* in *Pisa, Italy* on ‘*Miracle Square*’ (or ‘*the Field of Miracles*’ or the ‘*Meadow of Miracles*’) by the *Leaning Tower of Pisa* and the *Baptistry*.

This *Paternoster Church* and its *Cloister garden* are decorated with ceramic plaques reciting (*in script*) the **LORD’S Prayer** and displayed wherever possible in innumerable different languages and dialects including *Aramaic*, the language **JESUS** spoke. Some of *South Africa’s indigenous languages* are also represented here, as well as *Afrikaans*.

This *Paternoster Church* and its Cloister was built in 1868 and initiated by the widow, *Princess Aurélie de Bossi de La Tour d’Auvergne et de Basillon* in (1809 - 1889). She had two purposes in building the *Paternoster Church* — firstly, she wanted to build a burial place, which she thought would suitably reflect not only her lofty, noble status, but also her deep piety. Secondly, she hoped she had located the Grotto where **JESUS** had taught the disciples the **LORD’S Prayer**.

St. Luke, however, places **JESUS’** instruction in *The LORD’S Prayer* on route from *Jericho* to *Jerusalem* (*Chapter 11 vs. 1 - 4*) and not just at any random place, but “*in a certain place*” — a description in the *Lukcan code* always implies that it was important and known to **HIS** Inner Circle. The *Jerusalem* — *Jericho* road leads along the Western foot of the *Mount of Olives* even today — from there it is a short walk to the Cave/Grotto — so this may well be that “*certain place*.” (*We also walked this short walk to the Grotto/Cave on the Mount of Olives, Supernaturally prompted by the dearest HOLY SPIRIT* — see *Israel notes p. 227*).

It was now in February, 2017, I discovered that our Precious **JESUS** was again confirming “*a certain place*” — this to be the place where **JESUS** taught the *Our FATHER Prayer*, hence the ‘*Nun*’ coming from behind the *Camposanto Cathedral* on *Miracle Square, Pisa, Italy*, as the *Paternoster Church* was modelled after this Cathedral in *Pisa*.

This Grotto/Cave on the *Mount of Olives*, also bore an inscription that here **JESUS** instructed and comforted **His** Inner Circle, just before **His** Departure from this earth in *St. John* Chapters 14, 15, 16. — These are among the most comforting words in all of *Scripture*, from **JESUS'** own Lips — the words **He** spoke in **His** most intimate time with **His** disciples. Hence the tremendous anointing in this Grotto/Cave in the garden outside on the hillside of the '*Mount of Olives*'. Now I realise that the Israel tour and the European tour were connected spiritually, as well as the vision regarding *Singen* and the *Insel*. I was so touched by **His** Special Love! *Pisa* = Land of Olives = '*Mount of Olives*' in *Jerusalem* = **JESUS** *Mount*. The confirmation of the '*Nun*' from the Cathedral in *Pisa (Olives)* and my experience on *Mount of Olives*.

Interpretation:

Universal Dictionary - Readers' Digest

- Mission*: A Body of persons sent to a foreign country,
especially to conduct negotiations/establish relations.
- A Body of persons sent to do missionary work in a foreign land.
 - An establishment of missionaries abroad.
 - The district assigned to a missionary.
 - A journey undertaken to perform an assigned task.
 - Church welfare establishment especially in a large city.

- A church or congregation, especially of a Protestant church, without a resident minister.
- A series of special religious services to deepen or spread religious faith.
- Impelling task/duty, vocation: a woman with a mission.

Island: ‘Insel’ - pronounced “insol” (in German)

Could have sounded like ‘Singensol’

Island: region round about — region = area district, territory, country, canton, province, field

- region round-about = an indirect course.

Colin’s Dictionary. German

Insel: ‘inzall’ L-, -n) = island

Frommer’s Switzerland

(Exclusive Books, Brooklyn 12/04. (Page 133)

Stein-Am-Rhein — only bus connection to Stein-om-Rhein crosses the Swiss Border into a German Village named Singen. - Tel: 0900-300-300).

Parochial Folk: located in a parish, supported by,

- restricted to a narrow scope
- Provincial: parochial views

My earthly father, his father - my Grand-Father, roots came from Switzerland, France and Germany. Could there perhaps be a connection??



Anointing Oil

DREAM



– *Saturday, 8th March, 1997* –



In Saturday, 1st March 1997, *Lillian* and I went on a fast with a view to our family finances and above all, for a *new anointing* upon all of our lives — especially for the fulfilment of **God's** Calling upon us.

I really longed to go on a very long fast. I had wanted to be on my own with the **LORD**, to be separated from the normal daily activities of life, to be totally undivided — therefore, I felt quite hopeless and helpless in the natural, due to all the pressures of our surrounding circumstances. However, we would just do the best that we could at this time. The first four days of the fast, the **LORD** undertook so wonderfully, but on the 5th and 6th

day, a terrible sadness overtook me — I could not stop weeping. Nevertheless I continued praying all I was able to. On the 7th day, Friday, it seemed as though the severe heaviness eased up and I could carry on praying with more volume and power.

On the 8th day, Saturday, I continued along in powerful prayer, but when it came to Saturday night, I felt so very weak and then just sat quietly in the **LORD'S** Presence for approximately 1½ hours — I just communed with **HIM** in my heart. Whilst sitting quietly in **HIS** Presence, a very strong anointing came upon me — like a mantle, a cloak, tied at my neck, draped over my shoulders and arms, like a cape. I said to the **LORD**, “*How will I receive the anointing I needed from **HIM**, without a long fast?*”

HE seemed to answer within my spirit:

*“The amount of time you spend in **MY** Presence will determine the measure of your Anointing.”*

*“So then, **LORD**,” I said, “It is not what I can do — a long fast — that determines it?”*

HE answered in my Spirit, “*I have seen the consecration of your heart. Take **COMMUNION** and you will be completely healed, strengthened spirit, soul and body.*” (I had been experiencing quite a bit of pain in my bones and feet at this time — also because of osteoporosis).

I thanked **HIM** for **HIS** Broken Body, for **HIS** Holy *Blood* — for all **HE** had suffered and laid down at *Calvary* for me and all my loved ones. After having received the **HOLY COMMUNION**, I felt a new person, completely strengthened, free from the severe pain in my feet and lower back, which was especially severe. As the hour was late, I lay down and slept so peacefully, totally relaxed regarding the end of the fast. Then I awoke at 2.30 am. after the following *dream*:



*The amount of time you spend
in My Presence
will determine the measure of your Anointing*



The Dream:

I dreamt I was standing in my bedroom, in front of my built-in cupboard, which is my personal clothes cupboard. The one door (*left-hand door*) was open — the shelved side of the cupboard where all my underwear, sleepwear, stockings, jerseys, handbags etc are arranged upon the different shelves.

Suddenly, I noticed a large bottle of olive oil (*about the size of my 100 ml Arnica oil bottle in my bathroom*). This bottle of olive oil was standing in the centre of my underwear, my vests and spensers. As I looked at this bottle of olive oil, I thought “*I must watch this bottle because this olive oil could spill out onto all my clothing.*”

Just then *Lillian* came into my room to ask me something. Whilst I was still standing in front of the open door of my cupboard. As I turned away for a split second, in that split second of time, the 100 ml bottle of olive oil had spilled all onto my underwear etc, in fact, onto just about everything on the shelf. It just started pouring down onto each of the remaining shelves below, saturating each shelf.

1. Underwear shelf (*and stockings*)
2. Sleepwear shelf
3. Jerseys’ shelf
4. Handbags’ shelf
5. Shoe cupboard next to the last shelf.

This olive oil ran right down onto the carpet, running very profusely next to the front of my hanging cupboard space, where all my dresses were hanging and also onto my shoes on the floor level shelf.

Lillian and I quickly grabbed a towel, to try and wipe it up, but the more we wiped it up, the faster this oil ran, running now like a little riverlet next to my entire cupboard, on the

carpet in front of my cupboard. All our efforts of wiping it up did not make any difference — I thought, “*How will I ever clean my carpet from this oil?*” (I remembered, when I broke my arm in August 1989, we spilled some oil (blessed olive oil) on my bedroom carpet and it had really been an endless battle to remove this oil stain from my carpet).

But now, somehow, looking at this oil all over my carpet in front of my cupboard door, it had poured out onto the carpet with such a big splash and blob, which then formed this little riverlet (*between the skirting of my cupboard and the carpet*). Yet, how amazing, there was absolutely NO stain in the carpet where the oil had flowed. The strange thing was, I was not at all perturbed about the oil on all my clothes and shoes etc.

Thereafter, I awoke...



Interpretation

Interpreting the Symbols & Types in Scripture
(Kevin J. Conner) & Vol 1, 2 & 3, “*Dreams & Visions*”
(Prophet H. v. Niekerk)

Cupboard / Closet: secret place of prayer.

Olive: the anointing or oil tree

(*Natural Israel and the church*)

Olive also speaks of prosperity in the **WORD**.

Oil = a sign of the anointing of the **HOLY SPIRIT** on a person's life and ministry

The anointing of the **HOLY SPIRIT** is dependant on the measure of our consecration and commitment to **GOD**.

*“**THOU** preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: **THOU** anointest my head with Oil; my cup runneth over.”*
Psalm 23 v. 5 (KJV)

As I read these interpretations from the above books, I could not but wonder — was the **LORD** confirming in this *dream* what **HE** had said/intimated in my Spirit earlier, when taking **COMMUNION**?

*“The amount of time you spend in **My** Presence will determine the measure of your anointing. The Anointing will come onto you as you sit in **My** Presence.”*

This all confirms how **GOD** blesses obedience and not works alone!

Each time I come into **HIS** Holy Presence with thanksgiving and praise to our Blessed **FATHER**, our Precious **LORD JESUS** and the Dearest **HOLY SPIRIT** — we need to take time — then **HIS** *Mantle* will fall on me again and that ‘*Hat effect*’ (*that Crown of Glory / Anointing*)

will come again as in earlier years — **His** Perfect Peace, **His** endless Joy, because **His** Anointing will cause one to be so relaxed, so at Peace and so full of **His** quiet Joy and Happiness, **His** Holy Presence...

As I am faithful to do this continuously day by day, I will again walk each day fully aware of **His** Holy Covering upon my head as before — each minute of the day — there will be that constant sweet communion with **HIM** — **His** Holy Presence will overshadow me completely.

This precious dream confirms that the **LORD** has given me a new, fresh anointing when I received **COMMUNION** the night before.

Amen.



*As I faithfully take time to come into
His Presence with thanksgiving & praise,
I will again walk each day fully aware
of His Holy Presence*



France, Paris, Le Croix

DREAM



– 8th June, 1997 –



After going to bed of Friday, 7th June 1997, I awoke at 2 am. I made myself some tea and thereafter, I read *Sadhu Sundar's* book, '*Hidden Treasures*'.

Then after some time, I prayed and asked the **LORD** to please give me a dream or a vision regarding the future because as **HE** knows and has seen, my life at present, and it has been for some years now, so frustrating regarding circumstances. All I seem to be doing, and this included *Lillian* too, is fighting fires all the time, and all the needs etc...

I prayed "**LORD**, please speak to me!"

Thereafter, I went to sleep and had the following dream:

Dream

Early Saturday morning, 8th June, 1997, between 3 am. and 6 am.

I dreamt *Lillian* and I were sitting in a spiritual meeting, suddenly, the man who was addressing the meeting turned around and pointed his finger in our direction and said, “*I see in a Vision you are going on a Mission to France, Paris, Le Croix!*”

The “*Paris*” was stressed so loudly. “*France*” was softer but audible, and “*Le Croix*” was said with a French accent so I could not hear properly but as he spoke, I saw the spelling thereof in front of me “*Le Croix*” — “*Croix*” was stressed in the same way as “*Paris*” was stressed.

He then went on to say that as we ministered in a meeting, two-thirds of the people would be slain — out onto the floor! There would be more than one meeting. The meetings would be powerful.

In my dream, I told him how amazed I was and I also confirmed that, I had in fact, asked the **LORD** about the future — if **HE** (*the LORD*) would kindly give me a dream or a vision.

Then *Lillian* nudged me while all this was going on. Later she said, “*See, that is why you are always wanting to go to France, to Paris.*”

Then I awoke.

Interpretation

Croix: Cross

Mission: a body of person(s) just to do missionary work in

- A foreign land.
- A journey undertaken to perform as assigned task.
- A series of special religious services to deepen or spread the Faith.
- An impelling task or duty,
- A vocation,
- A woman with a mission.

France, Paris, Le Croix: the district assigned to a missionary

I need now, together with *Lillian*, to research on “*Le Croix*.”



The Way Out

DREAM



– 26th July, 1997 –



I dreamt *Lillian* and I were in a spiritual meeting, this meeting was held in a lecture room. Several ladies were in the meeting — all seated at their respective desks (*it appeared like school desks*). Others (*ladies*) were standing around and beside their desks chatting and in discussion whilst parcels were being handed out.

Lillian got up from her desk and went to chat to some of the other ladies. As I was sitting quietly at my desk, I noticed a lady to my right. She was standing at her desk, busy opening a parcel which had been handed to her. As she looked inside her parcel, she looked straight at me and said, “*I think this is your book.*” However, before she could complete her sentence, I said to her “*I think you*

have got my book!” I actually said it to her before she could speak as she held up the book to me. Just as she was about to speak, I noticed the title of the book held in her hand, “*The Way Out.*” I immediately remembered I had an exact book like that in my book cupboard — I recalled the picture of the cover — the author was *Madam Guyon*.

I had purchased this book many years ago in the mid-1980’s in a small — very small bookshop in *Stellenbosch*. They had very few books and were closing down within days. I was prompted and led to the *Madame Guyon* books — there were several — I had never, ever heard of or seen any of these books but I felt so strongly drawn to buy all that were available there. The book which drew my attention to the *Madame Guyon* books was “*Experiencing the Depths of JESUS CHRIST*” — my favourite subject!! However, I felt led to buy these books because I knew that some day, I would need to read them.

The night before I had this *dream*, I was very weepy — even for the past few days, I had said to the **LORD**, that night as I lay in bed, “*I feel so trapped by my present circumstances*” — just as though I was in captivity. I asked **HIM** to “*Please show me the way out*” — these were my exact words to the **LORD**, between my tears and prayers. Then came the *dream*, a few hours hence, that very night — the book — “*The Way Out.*”

I had never ever given this book a thought, I was not even sure I had it, though the picture on the cover did strike a note within me.

During those early morning hours, I went to my book cupboard in the *Family Room* and sure enough, there it was — the book “*The Way Out*” with the exact cover as I had seen it in my dream. Praise our Precious **LORD**!

Interpretation

Lecture Room / Spiritual Meeting: a symbol of learning

Righthand : the lady who handed me the book was on my righthand = future = positive deliverance = something moving out or leaving.

Book ‘The Way Out’: is a commentary on the book of Exodus as seen from the principles and dynamics of the deep *Christian Life*.

The precious, timeous book in my situation, did truly teach me — that there is a way out — “*there may be no sign of it, but HE is faithful. HE has not forgotten. HE is willing to deliver those people who are in captivity, those who are oppressed — those who are in covenant with HIM — those who are in a wilderness — those who are in total faith, in sacrifice and in abandonment Totally!!”...*

1. What is total faith — even naked faith? It is a faith which does not ask for a sign — it is a faith which does not seek support from reason, logic or any other sources which the mind of man can afford.

2. What is total sacrifice — not only is it laying down of all things which belong to us, all things which are in us BUT all that we are! You lay down all as **His** Grace has allowed you to lay down all!

3. What is total and perfect abandonment — an estate of complete destitution in **God's** Hand. "**LORD, YOU** may do all in me. Whatever is complete, **YOUR Will** — **YOUR Will** to be worked out in me by working within me to bring me to the full stature of **JESUS CHRIST**, my **LORD**."

As you follow this way, **HE** will be your 'Way Out'!



*Lord, may You do all in me.
Whatever is complete, Your Will...*



As you progress on your 'Way Out', under the mighty Hand of **God**, you will lay hold of strengths that are not your own — as you are made one with **His** Cross, knowing that the Cross is the beginning of your Rest!

There comes relief through the sweetness of the Cross because as the tree of the Cross is cast into the waters of bitterness, it has the power to sweeten that which is bitter.

So we enter our true rest only when we enter into **God**, where **He** dwells in a tranquil and lasting state where we are no longer at the mercy of life's changing fortunes, a soul entirely yielded to **HIM** as **He** protects us, provides for us and keeps us, as **His** Presence goes before us because those who put their trust in **HIM** will never be ashamed, nor disappointed — **He** will preserve our going out as **He** guides and directs us with **His** Eye.

*“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with **MINE** Eye.”*

Psalm 32 v. 8 (KJV)

*“Behold, the Eye of the **LORD** is upon them that fear **HIM**, upon them that hope in **HIS** Mercy.”*

Psalm 33 v. 18 (KJV)



Seasons: The Falling Leaves...

“...Like Autumn leaves we fade, wither, and fall...”

Isaiah 64 v. 6 (c) (The Living Bible)



– 9th July, 1998 –



h, the Splendour of Life — the Majesty of Creation — the beauty of all the changing Seasons — how glorious!! As we enter this life as babes in the Spring time of our life, it is a New Beginning.



*Our birth marks the Spring of our life,
a New Beginning*



A world filled with such Hope and expectation with so much to live for! There is a new life bursting forth around us — just everywhere — such beauty. As we gaze upon it, our hearts are lost in wonder and awe! The many different shades of green unfolding on the fresh, new leaves — so delicate, so symbolic of our birth and childhood years, so full of joy and fervour for all the challenges that fill our hearts in these tender, early years — what happiness lies ahead...



*The Summer of our life marks resilience,
growing responsibilities and pressures*



Then, as the years pass by, suddenly the fullness of Summer is upon us — the tender green foliage has now become more resilient, so too have we with the passing years. This being symbolic of the growing responsibilities and pressures in the different areas of our life as maturity comes forth.



*Oh, the vibrant richness & maturity
of our Autumn*



After all those precious years of the carefree beauty of Spring time and the fullness of Summer having now passed, the Autumn with all its richness and maturity is upon us.

All the many varied experiences, which we have gone through in our lives have certainly added to the depth and the riches of the various Autumn colours. As we reflect upon the years that have gone by, we remember how some experiences came through much joy and happiness — others came through pressure, the responsibilities, the hustle and bustle of our every day lives. While some came through much tears, heartache, suffering and pain, still others came through those times of quiet reflection. Yes, all these experiences which we have gone through in our lives, have certainly left their imprint, their depth of colour, not only on our character and our present life, but also upon our Spirit eternally. How appropriate and true the *Scripture* is:

“...Like Autumn leaves, we fade, wither and fall...”

Isa. 64 v. 6 (c) (The Living Bible)



The changes of Winter.

The brevity of our sojourn here on earth



Then comes the harsh, Winter Season when all the leaves have fallen — trees have been stripped of all their former beauty, glory and strength. All that remains is the bare structure of the trees. How very symbolic the changing seasons are of our own lives.

On looking back over the years that have passed by so quickly, we are only too aware of the brevity of our sojourn here on earth. Our time on this earth we spend as a tale that is told of an ambassador living in a foreign country. Ambassadors know that the country which they have been assigned to, is not their home, it is only a temporary base for as long as the durations of their assignment lasts. So too, we are only ambassadors on this earth on a temporary assignment, en route to our *Eternal Destination.*



*Where is your
Eternal Destination?*



Where is our *Destination?* The *choice is ours!*
Just as it is in this earthly life when we require permanent residency in a specific country, we need to have our documentation in order, signed and sealed by the particular government of the specific country permitting our entrance. So too, regarding our *Eternal Destination* — there is no difference in this regard to the *Spiritual* and *Natural Realms.*

If we desire to become citizens of the *New Jerusalem* — that beautiful city and *Heavenly Home*, which has been especially prepared for us, we need to meet the required conditions in order that our documentation may be signed and sealed by the **ONE** who has “*the Government upon His Shoulders,*” as only this will permit our entrance.

In order to become a registered citizen of this *Heavenly City*, **JESUS CHRIST** said:

*“... I AM the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
No one comes to the FATHER (i.e. GOD)
except through ME (JESUS CHRIST).”*

John 14 v. 6 (NKJV)

We are all in exactly the same position, therefore, no one can slip in unnoticed. We all need our *Heavenly Passports*, sealed with **HIS** (*JESUS CHRIST'S*) Precious *Blood* because we have all sinned and fallen short of the Glory of **GOD**. Not one of us is righteous because ALL our own righteousness is as filthy rags. It is not the **FATHER'S** Will (*i.e. GOD'S*) that any one of us should perish and not enter **HIS** beautiful *Heavenly City*, which has been prepared for us before the foundation of the world.

But you may ask, how can we be sure there is really such a *Heavenly City* and Home? The future is unknown to us — death is so frightening — we do not know where we are going!

For this reason, the **LORD JESUS CHRIST**, on the last night, before **HIS** *Crucifixion*, (*HE was crucified in order to take OUR sins upon HIMSELF, so that we may become citizens of HIS Heavenly Home and Kingdom*) comforted

His disciples because **HE** understood their fears regarding **His** earthly departure. **His** disciples were **His** close friends and devoted followers and **HE** did not want them anxious, **HE** wanted to set their minds and hearts at rest, therefore, **HE** gave them the following promise:

*“I AM leaving you with a gift —
Peace of mind and heart!*

*And the Peace I give, isn't fragile like the peace the
world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid.”*

John 14 v. 27 (The Living Bible)

“[1] Let not your heart be troubled.

You are trusting GOD, now trust in ME.

[2-3] There are many homes up there where

*MY FATHER (GOD) lives, and I am going to prepare
them for your coming...*

So that you can always be with ME where I AM.

If this weren't so, I would tell you plainly.”

John 14 v. 1 - 3 (The Living Bible)

“... GOD is not a man, that HE should lie...”

Numbers 23 v. 19 (The Living Bible)

So you see, *Dearest One*, we are all in the very same position — all of mankind. We have all fallen short in so many ways, in so many areas of our lives — some innocently, others purposely and wilfully. This causes us to feel so unworthy as the scales are removed from our eyes, we are now able to see ourselves as we really are, no longer through rose-coloured glasses. We have so much guilt, so much self-reproach. We feel so fragile, just as though we have come to the very end of ourselves. We feel as though we have been stripped of all we thought was ours!



“Like Autumn leaves, we fade, wither, & fall”
Isaiah 64 v. 6 (The Living Bible)



We have come to the reality of the cold, harsh *Winter season* of our lives. We feel as though there is nothing left — it is all over!

Dearest One, just let go and allow our Precious **LORD** to take over in your life. **HE** is so Merciful, so full of Compassion and Love. **HE** sees the deep regrets we have, the self-reproach, the hurts the scars, the pain and all the disappointments we have experienced during the difficult seasons of our life. **HE** understands our brokenness, our complete desperation, how we feel, we just cannot go on...

As **HE** stands beside each one of us, looking through such tender, loving eyes of Compassion, such understanding, such infinite Mercy and Forgiveness, as **HE** ever so gently and tenderly whispers:

“... Peace, be still!...”

Mark 4 v. 39 (NKJV)

“... Do not fear or be fainthearted....”

Isaiah 7 v. 4 (b) (NKJV)

“Come to ME and I will give your rest....”

Matthew 11 v. 28 (a) (The Living Bible)

“...I will never, never fail you nor forsake you....”

Hebrews 13 v. 5 (b) (The Living Bible)

*“...And be sure of this — that I AM with you always,
even to the end of the world....”*

Matt 28 v. 20 (b) (The Living Bible)

Come into **His** Banqueting House because **His** Banner over you, **His** Precious one, ‘is love’. There you may feast on **His** Divine Mercy and Grace and **His** Perfect Peace, as you pour out your heart before **HIM**, confessing all. Ask **HIM** to forgive you of all your sins, transgressions that

you have ever committed during your life time, either knowingly or unknowingly in thought, word or deed.

Ask the **LORD JESUS CHRIST** to wash and cleanse your spirit, soul and body with **HIS** Precious *Blood*.

“[18] Come, let’s talk this over, says the LORD;

No matter how deep the stain of your sins,

I can take it out and make you

as clean as freshly fallen snow.

Even if you are stained as red as crimson,

I can make you white as wool!

[19] If you will only let ME help you,

if you will only obey... ”

Isaiah 1 v. 18, 19 (a) (The Living Bible)

Ask the **LORD JESUS** to come and live in your heart and to take charge of your life now. Thank **GOD** that **HE** has forgiven you and accepted you in the Beloved. Also forgive everyone who has ever harmed you in any way, as this will set you free in your heart and mind, for all *Eternity*.

Your **HEAVENLY FATHER (GOD)** forgives you as you forgive all those who have sinned against you. Just surrender your will to **HIM**, so that **HIS** Divine and Perfect Will

may come about in your life because only then can you know true Peace, Joy and Happiness.

Now, *Dearest One*, your *Heavenly Passport* is in order — it has been signed and sealed by the Holy *Blood* of the **LORD JESUS CHRIST** and your name has been recorded in the *Book of Life*, therefore, your entrance into this *Heavenly City*, the *New Jerusalem*, will be permitted.

And now, *Dearest One*, as you glance back at that cold, Winter season — the bare structures of those trees, stripped of their beauty and former glory, the trees appeared life-less on the outside, yet on the inside of those trees, *Resurrection Life* is pulsating as it awaits the dawning of the forth coming Spring Time, when it will burst forth in all its glorious splendour, for *Eternity*.

Hallelujah! Praise our Precious **LORD**, Winter is NOT the final season.

It is only the beginning...

A New Eternal Beginning, in **HIM**.

Amen & Amen.



PROPHETIC WORD FOR MRS G. GINDRA WOLMARANS

Artesian Well



By: Sister D. Begemann (Assistant Pastor)

– 17th December, 2000 –

Evening Service — Little Falls Church West Rand



surely,” says the **SPIRIT OF GOD**,
“The enemy has tried to block this well —
he has tried to block up this well.

but tonight,” says the **SPIRIT OF GOD**,

“*I will remove these rocks.*

I will remove them and you will speak

*Oh daughter of Zion, and it will bring life to
wherever you go.*

For long enough you have been quiet

*because it has been blocked up but,
tonight there's a release and
you will speak life
and it will come to pass whatever you say —
whatever you say according to the Word of **GOD** —
it will bring life
and you will surely be a
Well of Living Water.
In faith daughter, rise up and sing to this Well,”
says the **SPIRIT OF GOD.***

“The **LORD** loves you very much.”



*In faith daughter,
Rise up and sing to this Well*



Interpretation:

Well: a deep hole or shaft dug or drilled to obtain water,
oil, gas or the like.
A spring or fountain

Release: To set free, to allow performance, to distribute,
to make available, to liberate.
An unfastening or letting go of something held fast,
or caught.

Surely: Firmly and with confidence,
Unhesitatingly, undoubtedly,
Without fail, certainly, of course.

Block: Something that hinders, obstructs.
To obscure from view, an obstruction.



Monday, 3rd February, 2003:

For several days now, I keep hearing in my right ear
“*artesian well*.” This happens at odd intervals continually.
This morning, I asked the **LORD**, “*What is the artesian
well that I keep hearing in my right ear?*” Then it came
to me that I am being likened to an artesian well...

I thought about this and remembered this prophetic word
by *Sister D. Begemann* and how this word confirms this.
GOD has so often dealt with me regarding wells.

The following Blessings of my Personal Experiences over past years:

1. the painting of the *Samaritan Woman at the Well*, in May 1979, (confirming John 4 v. 7 - 15)
2. Dr. Gwen Shaw's prophetic word in *Israel*, September 1988, at the *Feast of Tabernacles* — in fact, the last *Great Day of the Feast*, (confirming Luke 4.)
3. Audible Voice July 1976 — “*Rivers of Living Water...*” (John 7 v. 27 - 28)
4. The miraculous healing of my broken foot and sprained ankle in *Nazareth* at *Mary's Well* — where the *Angel Gabriel* announced the birth of **JESUS**. (*Israel tour, September 1988*).

Artesian Well: Perpendicular bore with a curved or slanting water-saturated stratum — a solid rock foundation, penetrating it at a lower level than the source of water, which rises spontaneously to the surface in a continues flow.



Beauty for Ashes



6th June, 2003

Friday before Pentecost

(The woman at Jacob's Well, Samaria) — painting and sketch



awoke this morning at 4.30 am. with the soft falling rain (6th June 2003). How very peaceful and quiet the atmosphere is — only the soothing, gentle sound of raindrops falling softly on the patio outside my bedroom. The curtains moved gently to let in the fresh, crisp air. What a beautiful moment — how I wished it could last forever!

Suddenly, my mind went back to Pentecost, 1979 — 24 years ago (*twenty four apparently symbolises Governmental perfection*). What a precious memory these years of the Seventies were — such years of *Heavenly Bliss*, such a closeness to my Precious **LORD**! It really felt as though one

was living in Heaven and only walking on earth! Yes, those precious days were certainly filled with **His** Glory...

Reflecting on that *Pentecost* and prior to that, *Ascension Day* in 1979, when my Precious Holy **LORD** anointed me to do the painting of “*the Woman at the Well*” (*the woman of Samaria*). This, originally was an assignment to help someone who was overburdened with a load of work, hence I offered to help with this assignment. Just after having made the offer, my courage failed — I reasoned, “*How on earth am I going to paint my Precious **LORD JESUS?***” I was quite beside myself! Just then, I recalled how the children and I had encountered **HIM** in the *St. Mary’s Cathedral* in *Cape Town*, in early January of 1979, when we popped into this Cathedral on a Saturday, just after noon, to view the beautiful stained glass windows. The Cathedral was completely deserted, so we were alone in that beautiful Cathedral.

How beautiful **HE** was as **HE** appeared to us — the depth of Love and Mercy in those kind, gentle Eyes as **HE** gazed upon us — as I recalled this beautiful experience, I wept before **HIM**, “*Oh my Precious **LORD**, how can I paint **YOU** — **YOU** are such Perfection, I will never be able to do this, will **YOU** please help, because I had offered with such excitement and now I could not go back on my word!*”

As I sat in my little work room, all alone at home, I just lifted my hands in prayer as I poured out my heart before **HIM**, asking **HIM** to please undertake for me in this situation that I found myself in. Instantaneously, such Peace overtook me and such Power came down upon me — in fact, I felt as though *Someone* had overtaken me, as though *Someone* was standing behind me, embracing me, hovering over me. Such heat enveloped me from my head, down into my arms, hands and right through my whole body. I immediately realised it was **HIM**, whom my soul loves, who so graciously had undertaken for me. I was so very blessed as I sat there weeping, overwhelmed at **His** immediate response. What gratitude and thankfulness, flowed from my heart, to know that **HE** was there to do it through me.

I prayed, “*Oh, my Dearest Precious **LORD**, may whoever looks upon this painting, have a heartfelt confrontation with **YOU**. Help me, Dearest **JESUS**, to paint **YOUR** Precious Eyes in such a way, that the tenderness of **YOU** Heart will flow to that person, as **YOUR** Eyes search each heart which looks upon **YOUR** Beautiful Face. May I paint **YOUR** Eyes, most Gracious **LORD**, so full of **YOUR** Loving Compassion and Divine Mercy, that each heart will be drawn to **YOU** in a most Supernatural way, that that person will never ever be able to forget **YOU** again.”*

What Joy, what Peace as I proceeded with this glorious *Heavenly assignment* — first there was a very large pencil sketch and thereafter the transfer of this sketch onto the actual backing to be used for the painting. As I sat there sketching, I was simply amazed, over-awed at that which came forth — so very humbled and touched — tears flowed freely — I could not believe what I saw happening before my eyes.

When my family came home several hours later, there was a holy silence as they gazed upon **HIM**, then shouts of exclamation!!! They could not believe it! We were all so touched by the gentleness of **HIS** Glorious Face, the depth of Compassion and Mercy which radiated from **HIS** *Heavenly Eyes* — they did not appear as human eyes! Yes, **HE** certainly had undertaken in every way!

Then began the choice of colour for **HIS** garments — **HIS** outer robe and **HIS** under garment. After praying and asking the **LORD** what **HE** wanted, **HE** led me to mix a beautiful Heavenly Blue with black — symbolic of the sin nature in man. Then came **HIS** beautiful robe — here the **LORD** led me to take a beautiful scarlet red, symbolic of **HIS** *Precious Blood*, and to mix it with black again, symbolic of man's sin. The end result of both these garments was so beautiful, so rich, so *Kingly* because **HE** is the **KING** of kings!

I was so delighted and so blessed with the finished work — which it seemed, to me, was done *Supernaturally*. The actual painting was 3½ feet by 2½ feet and completed within a day. The following day, *Ascension Day*, I just put the finishing touches to the *Samaritan Woman* and *Jacob's Well, Sychar — Samaria* background. Finally, that evening all was complete! No words could describe my joy and happiness — I even found myself humming praises to **HIM** whilst brushing my teeth that night! There was such tremendous gratitude and thanksgiving within my heart, I just could not praise and thank **HIM** enough, as I gazed in amazement and awe at what **HE** had accomplished!

The following day before handing the painting over to the person concerned, I was led of the **LORD** to have several colour photo copies made — postcard size. Then I framed these in a special way with the same material as the backing, in two different colours — a black surround with a beautiful edging of blue on the inside and outside of the frame. The little picture looked beautiful. I felt it could be kept in a *Bible* or wherever, as it was quite flat. Then the **LORD** led me to write the following *Scripture* on the back of the little postcard, which was white.

Before quoting the *Scripture*, I first had to address whoever I was going to send the postcard to, thus:

“Dearest

*“...But whosoever drinketh of the water
that **I** shall give him shall never thirst;
but the water that **I** shall give him
shall be in him a well of water
springing up into everlasting Life.”*

John 4 v. 14 (KJV)

*With my warmest love and prayers.
Signed my name as they know me.”*

I was to give one to each of my family and relatives who, at that stage, did not know the **LORD** and in fact were quite anti when I spoke along these lines. My precious younger sister, her husband and two little girls were miles away across the ocean, but praise the **LORD**, they know **HIM** and served **HIM** the best they knew how.

The person whom I had assisted with this painting required further help with several other paintings, both large and small. These would mainly include copies of famous artists from the ‘*Impressionism Period*’ e.g. *Renoir; Degas etc.* Here again, I felt so inadequate but felt I could not refuse, so agreed that I would help doing these copies. As I prayed over each piece of work, once again, each time, **His** Holy Presence, **His** Anointing was there as I called upon **HIM** for help.

Everyone who viewed these copies, could not believe it was in fact a copy — the technique, the colours in the different shades and toning was an exact replica of the original. It was truly a *Supernatural* task.

One woman who looked at the “*Woman at the Well*” painting remarked, she had never seen Eyes like these eyes of **JESUS** — “*I can never forget these Eyes...!*” These remarks were heard several times. There was such an anointing upon each piece of work, hence such light radiated from each piece of work — wherever these pieces were hung or displayed, such an atmosphere of peace and tranquility prevailed that people remarked on it. People at the varsity and elsewhere, who were knowledgeable could not comprehend or believe it. Even one particular woman, very well acquainted as an art lecturer recognised that there was a mission involved. She hung one of these works in her lecture room, around her desk and the *Light of CHRIST*, radiated from these paintings onto her and within a very short period of time, a great change was noticed in this lecturer. She became softer, more gentle, spoke quietly and she started endearing herself to all around her. All Honour and Glory to our Precious Holy **LORD** for this privilege of being used as **His** instrument to touch the lives of those in need.

And so, these precious works of the **LORD**, somehow slipped through my fingers and I lost them all. How deep

has been my regret that I did not have a copy of these to bear testimony to the Greatness and Faithfulness of our **LORD**! Oh, the tears I have wept and the heartache I have experienced, because how can one explain the wonder of it all without evidence? However, our Precious Holy **JESUS** bears testimony to this complete experience. As **JESUS**, my **LORD** and **SAVIOUR**, was there all the time - amidst it all! Praise our Precious **LORD, JESUS CHRIST**.

This morning once again, such tears welled up within me during the beautiful quiet of this early morning — the earth so refreshed by the gentle shower of rain just before the *Feast of Pentecost* of 2003. I just wept before the **LORD**, asking **HIS** forgiveness again, for not guarding and maintaining to guard the *Heavenly Treasures* **HE** had so lovingly and so abundantly blessed me with. It was not only the paintings but there were so many other *Heavenly Treasures* too, which came to mind this morning. Oh, the heartache, the tears of regret and sadness at my own foolishness — how I had given in to the pressures and fear of man! Only our Precious **LORD** knows how foolish I was in thinking I was pursuing the way of peace!

Oh the deception in this life which one goes through because of believing the “*lie*” that others in the ministry know better than you. But unfortunately, I learned and realised too late, that, that responsibility is not theirs, because what the **LORD**

gives you, belongs to you and therefore, you cannot expect others to understand or respect these Holy Treasures, unless they are sensitive to the **SPIRIT OF GOD**, hence **HIS** Perfect Peace always.

This morning, in the stillness of this quiet morning hour, it came up in my Spirit that as I have been to that Brazen Altar — all that is left of my life — Ashes — ashes in the different areas of my life which I brought before **HIM** this morning. It came up in my spirit “*Don’t despair — take these ashes from your life and give them to your **LORD** — **HE** will give you **Beauty** in exchange for these **Ashes**, **HE** will anoint you with the Oil of Joy for your mourning and **HE** will give you a mantle — the garment of praise for your spirit of heaviness. Then you will become a tree of Righteousness, planted by your **LORD** that **HE** may be glorified, as you shall be led forth in **HIS** Peace and Go out in **HIS** Joy, sharing the Fragrance of the Oil of **HIS** Healing Love and Restoration to whoever **HE** leads you to in the market-place, as you prepare the way for **HIM**.*”

Oh, what a blessed *Feast of Pentecost* 2003 will be as I experience **HIS** Perfect Peace which passes all understanding because **HIS** Precious **SPIRIT** has set me free and filled me with **HIS** Glory.

Hallelujah!

Amen.

Treasure Chest

VISION



– 14th August, 2003 –



he evening of the 14th August, 2003 (*Thursday*), I had been praying very earnestly to the **LORD** regarding our financial position... I had prayed about our financial position and laid it on the *Mercy Seat* beneath the wings of the *Cherubim*, asking the **LORD JESUS CHRIST** to please intervene on our behalf for more Grace, Mercy and Help in time of great need. I kept asking **HIM** to pour more of **His** Grace, more of **His** Mercy and more of **His** Help in our time great need. Many tears were shed between these prayers.

Suddenly, just about at the foot-end of my bed, in a ‘*flash*’, the **LORD JESUS** appeared. **HE** was dressed in

dazzling white, with a gold belt around **His** chest, looking intently down at something **HE** had in **His** outstretched Hands, **HE** was coming in my direction.

I never saw **His** Face as **His** Head was bent down, looking at what was in **His** Hands.

I then focussed on **His** Hands — **HE** was carrying a small, deep, square, golden casket, the lid slightly tilted. I noticed this casket was filled with golden coins and these coins were nearly spilling out as the casket was so full. So much golden *Light* radiated from this little golden casket and from the golden coins therein.

HE, the **LORD JESUS**, was coming towards me with this casket whilst **HE** was looking down intently at it, so as to draw my attention to it.

All I really noticed about **JESUS**, was **His** Pure white Robe and the broad golden belt around **His** Chest as in Revelation 1 v. 13:



“And in the midst of the seven lampstands **ONE** like the **SON OF MAN**, clothed with a garment down to the Feet and girded about the Chest with a golden band.”

Revelation 1 v. 13 (NKJV)

Then the ‘*flash*’ was gone. This came back to my remembrance twice during the following 24 hour period — just as in a ‘*flash*’ again — a very quick reminder. Once again, a ‘*Touch of **His Love***’.



Interpretation

Gold: symbolic of the characteristics of **GOD, HIS GLORY, NATURE** and **DEITY**

- e.g. Faith like gold purified by fire — a Godly Faith
- Gold was used in abundance in the *Tabernacle* where **JESUS CHRIST** is revealed as **OUR HIGH PRIEST**. This is the place where I laid our financial situation — on the *Mercy Seat*, asking the **LORD JESUS CHRIST** to please intercede on our behalf regarding this.

Gold coins: symbolic of the oracles or spoken **WORD OF GOD** that produces Faith.

White: victory, righteousness, faith and holiness.

Earthly riches can sometimes symbolise *spiritual riches*.
We only attain the true value of gold after it has been
processed and purified by fire.

Faith is one of the most precious spiritual riches, which
also needs to be purified.

Purified Gold: symbolic of steadfast faith.



Faith...

*One of the most precious spiritual treasures -
which also needs to be purified...*



How to Know God's Will for Your Life



– December, 2009 –

Pastor Benny Hinn

It is important to realise that **God's** Perfect Will is progressive — you have to look for it. If you push it, **God** is not in it. **God's** Will is always an open door!

God's Perfect Will, we find through *dreams, visions, circumstances*. Always step into the open door. Never knock down (*force*) a closed door. The open door may not be the right one but it will open up to another one. **God's** Will is always an open door. Circumstances will lead you. **God** leads through the *HOLY SPIRIT Gifts* but do not depend on it. The *gifts* work hand in hand with

circumstances — examine everyone — test it, judge it — does the circumstance work in your life — doors close, doors open = circumstances. **God** will always give you the *right door*.

“I have also spoken by the prophets, and I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes, by the ministry of the prophets.”

Hosea 12 v. 10 (KJV)

God speaks through prophets = similitudes = impressions = powerful images of the mind = you see it and you know it like you know your name. Suddenly, “*something*” hits you = it is more than a feeling = it is as though a picture takes hold of you. Similitudes are not in your mind but in your *Spirit* = the *Word of Knowledge*.

God speaks through **His** *Word* — it has to be in the *Bible* — find it in the *Bible*. If **God** deals with you in a certain way, **He** will lead you. The *Word* must guide you = a story in the *Word* will back up your act.

*“And let the peace of **God** rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.”*

Colossians 3 v. 15 (KJV)

7 Ways God Speaks

1. **Peace of God**:

If you loose the *Peace of God*, do NOT do it, it is NOT **God**. In the stillness, **God** leads you in Peace. I have a navigational system in my heart placed there by **God**. So if I loose the *Peace of God*, do NOT do it!

2. **Confusion**:

If confusion is there, do NOT do it.

3. **Fear**:

If there is fear, do NOT do it = Fear is NOT of God!

4. **Duration**:

If it is short-lived, do NOT do it!

5. **Blessings**:

If blessings are absent, do NOT do it!

6. **Haste**:

If it is hasty, do NOT do it.

7. **WORD OF God**:

If it is not 'line-upon-line', do NOT do it!

“For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little...”

Isaiah 28 v. 10 (KJV)

It comes in little pieces, the message is always a process.
You can only know it progressively, you cannot just know it!



God's Will is revealed in little pieces



If someone is pushing you, pressurising you, do NOT do it.

If it is without faith in God, do NOT do it! If it aims to please the flesh, do NOT do it — this is dangerous!

If you believe it is **God's** Will and you have been prayerless = do NOT do it!

God does NOT speak to the prayerless!



If someone is pressurising you...

Do not do it.



*“[12] Behold, in this thou art not just:
I will answer thee, that **GOD** is greater than man.*

*[13] Why dost thou strive against **HIM**?
For **HE** giveth not account of any of **HIS** matters.*

*[14] For **GOD** speaketh once, yea twice,
yet man perceiveth it not.*

*[15] In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep
sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed;*

*[16] Then **HE** openeth the ears of men,
and sealetH their instruction,*

*[17] That **HE** may withdraw man from his purpose,
and hide pride from man.*

*[18] **HE** keepeth back his soul from the pit,
and his life from perishing by the sword.”*

Job 33 v. 12 - 18 (KJV)

NB: when it is **GOD's** Will, **HE** repeats it over and over
= it is repetitious.

HE will speak through more than one avenue.



Christmas Message



Sunday, 23rd December, 2012



I had been lying down and from 6 pm. to approximately 9.30 pm. (3½ hours). The following visions came down from the ceiling above me. I had lost time completely as I called *Lillian* to please write down the main points for me, as it was happening one after the other within very short intervals in-between and I did not want to miss anything.

The room was already dark, the sun had set, as we had had a storm, so I asked *Lillian* not to put on the light, but to use my big torch at the dressing table so that she could see what she was writing, as I called out each ‘*picture*’ I saw:

It seemed as though it was ‘*gifts*’ coming down from the ceiling — there were beautiful shapes but like special ‘*light fittings*’ in various shapes in silver, then gold — sparkles all around and bows, then it came over my heart and whole body

like a chandelier over me. These ‘gifts’ were in cellophane paper — 12” in diameter, which moved continually over my spirit and body. It was spotted cellophane with *red rosebuds*, which then became full-blown *red roses*, moving all over me and ascending up to the ceiling and down again over me — this seemed for a few moments.



The Lord’s Presence was all over me and sparkles and bows, like Christmas gifts...



Thereafter, a large, white, transparent gossamer-like cloud settled over my body, from chin down past my elbow etc. The **LORD’S** Presence was all over me and numerous sparkles and fine red bows — like gifts — presents (*Christmas-like — it was the 23rd of December, 2012*).

Thereafter, a *Pink Rose* came down from Heaven (*ceiling*), wafted around and covered me, it appeared transparent as it floated, as it were, over me. Then this was repeated — only this time a *Red Rose* came in spotted silver and gold cellophane and tied with a gold and silver bow as was tied on all the presents before. Thereafter, came all the sparkles again and repeated the whole series again.

Then came round balls tied with gold and silver bows and some were with red bows — all very fine and so lovely! All these little parcels (*gifts*) showering all over and around me.

Then another round ball — very large, full-blown *Rose* with a very big flat bow (*3½ inches*) — it was even wider — with gold intertwined. In the centre of the bow was a full-blown *Rose* — very large. It kept coming swirling above my head, then it would move a little way up and swirl over my heart and over my spirit area — just as all the precious roses and presents had done.

Suddenly, a loud rattle — like a lot of '*pebbles*' were shaken out of my spirit area. The '*pebbles*' seemed to be inside a box or tin — it seemed quite violently at times (*could it be some sort of deliverance, I wondered?*)

Thereafter, very suddenly, a single *Red Rose*, then a *Pink Rose (single)* — each as they came from my left side, had a bow in gold, tied around the stem (*e.g. as one would give someone a gift of a single rose*).

Thereafter, came the large, white gossamer, transparent cloud over me again and repeated the whole sequence (*except for the pebbles' sound and scene*).

Then when the last of the whole sequence was repeated, came a large, gold, transparent ball — it seemed to be made of gold-like threads 15” - 20” in diameter.

From the right hand across the centre of my heart and spirit came a *rosebud* in cellophane — it had a stem and fresh green leaves etc. tied with a bow around the stem and inside this cellophane were spotted silver and gold sparkles.

All in all, this vision came at intervals for approximately, it seemed, $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour. Everything came in such detail and such beauty —it seemed like a *Christmas scene*.

Then, while all this was happening, on my right hand side came a strong, sharp, *White Light*... It appeared behind my right hand and in plain cellophane (*no sparkle*) — 9” each side a bouquet faced me. In the centre of this, was a bow with a large band of indigo blue — $\pm 3\frac{1}{2}$ ” in width, which became smaller and bigger.

Then came a round ball of *Light*, the size of the palm of my hand, it flashed from my right hand over my body, middle, heart, spirit and moved towards my bedroom door, into the passage.



*Such beauty,
like a
Christmas scene...*



Behind my right hand — two-thirds of the way up my fingers; pinkie, the ring finger and the middle finger — liquid gold — from there it also poured as it were into my palm and stayed there — it looked like gold-leafed paper.

Then this gold colour disappeared into my hand and scarlet red (*like red gold-leaf paper*) appeared from the knuckles of these same fingers and exactly the same position, into the palm, of my hand, down to the bottom of my hand and the lower part of my thumb — there was tremendous pulsating in my hand and then came a large white heart, right in the centre of my hand (*all this happened in my right hand*), this *heart* also covered my middle finger and fore finger, like a white gossamer cloud.

Whilst all this was happening, my whole body was very warm and under the arches of my feet there was heat — **hot**.



*There was tremendous pulsating in my hand
and then came a large white heart, right in
the centre of my hand...*



This same white gossamer *heart* came three times — the last time, white came over my fingers and a *Light* behind my hand and fingers and came down to my wrist, whilst the strong pulsation was happening in my hand (*all this was pertaining to my right hand*).

Then, on my right-hand side, the presents came again, with clusters of bows with a *rose* in the centre — like a ‘*gift*’. Pulsation — a strong pulsation in my right hand, going from my wrist up into my hand and into all five fingers.

Again, suddenly, there were little sparkles over the fingers — the thumb was very prominent with a throbbing in the thumb, whilst the pulsation in the palm and fingers became a little less.

Thereafter, a *Red Rose* appeared again with a big bow, with a lot of ribbons, streaming downwards towards my right (*linen cupboard in my bedroom*) — suddenly, a big parcel arriving from the right — it appeared like a big ‘*suitcase*’ and then, another one.

Then, woven-lace (*open work*), not closed woven into a big round shape with little red roses peeping through the openwork here and there.

Thereafter, came a square, small, white box — depth $\pm 0,7'' - 1''$ (*not very deep*) — it looked like a little white cardboard box.

Pulsation in my knuckles and fingers, quite strong, whilst also throbbing and circling in the palm of my hand. In my hand appeared a tiny little posy of silk (*a bouquet*), whilst the ‘*suitcase-like*’ object, resembling a carry bag, was hovering from my right hand to my left ear. There was a vibration coming from my fingers into my right wrist — right hand moving from east to west. The vibration kept coming up again but becoming less, whilst the pulsation became more.

Then, smudged — like *Impressionism roses* appeared in the palm of my hand.

Thereafter, a dark *red rose* again — smudged, *Impressionism-like*, disappeared up and towards my north bedroom window. Whilst the pulsation was still happening in the palm of my hand.

Then a silver antique-like case (*small*) was hovering around for a little while.

Next, came a large, sandblasted glass dome with a very old, antique design pattern — it came over my head —

dome-shaped, but it did not rest on my head — it was there for some time, then it slowly lifted.

Thereafter, on my pedestal next to my bed on my right-hand, appeared a large, what seemed like a bowl with a round shaped lid — most exquisite — like a special ‘*gift*’.

After some time, it changed into a box — quite stuffed and packed, it appeared and then alongside this box were two smaller ones, beautiful — oh so lovely! These other presents were placed alongside this round bowl — all so beautifully wrapped etc. this stayed for a long time and then it faded and suddenly, for the second time, this large round *Light circle* filled the palm of my hand (*right-hand*) — it was all so quick, like a flash of lightning.

When I thought it was all over and was repeated several times. Then the last time of the repetitions of all when the large round *circle of Light* flashed into my palm, there appeared some small patches here and there of silver and gold lights and then it seemed like a silver antique spectacle case —it was quite flat, like they wore in the early days.

I lay very still and quiet and waited, but it seemed to be over, the vision had been completed. I heard *Lillian* speaking to dearest *Peter*, my brother in-law. *Peter* was

on the phone and as I had also wanted to speak to him and thank him for the wonderful gift they both had again sent us, I jumped up not to miss the call. As I got up, I was quite dizzy and could not stand — I prayed “*Please LORD, help me to get to the phone, I want to thank Peter and Norma.*” I walked to the end of my bed while the beautiful wafting of the *Perfume of the Roses* came — this *Heavenly Fragrance* followed me out of my bedroom to where *Lillian* was speaking to *Peter*, two bedrooms down the passage.

Whilst speaking to *Peter*, this Fragrance came again to confirm to *Peter* and *Norma* — their faithful prayers for the entire family — all relatives — their breakthrough could come before the end of 2012. This word the **LORD** so graciously shared with *Peter* one Sunday evening at their church at the altar on the floor, whilst praying. I just wanted him and *Norma* to know that **GOD** had heard and answered them and us all 8 days before the closure of 2012 (*23rd December 2012*).



The Sound of Heaven



– October, 2014 — ... (to date) –
Heavenly Music



I moved into my new home (*Larmenier Village*) after living in our family home for approximately 45 - 47 years, by the Grace of the **LORD** and also *Jacques'* and *Peter's* loving kindness, our home was sold and I was the last one left.

First to leave was *Jacques*, due to his Governmental employment positions. Then after about 12 years my husband became terminally ill and *Lillian* and I were just starting to settle down as best we could after years of great trials. Then, *Lillian*, also became terminally ill... She also *passed on to Glory* in

August 2013. I, through the **LORD's** Grace, was able to see the home sold and was able to move in August 2014. The **LORD** so graciously provided a new home for me so timeously — the offer for our old home was signed at 3 pm. at the end of June 2014 and at 4 pm. on that day, I received a call from *Larmenier Village* to say that they have an available unit for me — I had five days in which to make a decision as to whether I wanted the unit. The last communication I had with the village was at least five years ago and the people there in the management office were unknown to me or my circumstances. I fully realise the **LORD's** Hand was in this as it all happened so timeously.

Whilst I had our home on the market for sale, I always thought “*Should the home be sold, I could rent somewhere? And then take six months to decide regarding the where and how!”*”

Then the offer came and *Jacques* and I decided to come and see the unit as we were very happy with the location. We were so familiar with the surroundings as all the necessary amenities were on hand and within reach. The buyer wanted occupation of the old home within six weeks, hence we moved at the beginning of August 2014. *Jacques* also came up for a few days to help with the move, storage of his goods, etc. I was so grateful for his help, as I could see to the loading of furniture etc. from the old home and he was at the new unit to receive it all. He helped with all the tasks that I had no knowledge of or ability for, including

helping me to place furniture, mirrors etc... hence it was a *Supernatural* move, as all went so smoothly and whatever was required just fitted perfectly.

How happy I was to be free of the burden of the expenses and responsibilities of the large, old home, garden, irrigation etc. Both *Jacques* and I were so grateful to the **LORD** for this new dwelling and I was especially grateful to *Jacques* for all his help and kind advice — never to be forgotten!!!

The third month, October 2014, I was having tea during a weekday morning, when I heard a choir singing so beautifully — it just seemed to carry on all day and evening, even up to the time I went to bed. I assumed it was possibly the monks from the monastery next to the *Waterkloof creek*, as this creek was between the monastery and my unit driveway. I reasoned they were getting ready for the *Christmas Season* as the singing included beautiful old Hymns and special *Christmas music*.

I awoke during the night and still the singing went on. I thought possibly they were getting ready and preparing for a special *Christmas programme*. I had looked out of my windows and went onto my balcony to see where the cars were parked in the monastery grounds. I only noticed two cars parked in the grounds in spite of the sound of so many voices. This choral singing

just continued night and day for October, November, December, January, until mid-February 2015. I heard later on there were very few monks at the monastery now.

Now this beautiful choral music had now come on at different times during the night and day. So often, when I awoke at night or in the early hours, I would hear this beautiful singing of old hymns.

This continued all through 2015 and still continues at unexpected times, since January 2016 — however, less frequently, but still when it happens it is day or night.

I had given this much thought and even some prayer because I realised what a wonderful blessing this is to hear ‘*the Sound of Heaven*’.

Just as I am writing now, I hear:

“Wonderful, wonderful **JESUS**
Who can compare with **THEE?**
Fairer than all the fairest,
JESUS, THOU are to me.”



The sound of Heaven... What a blessing!



Each hymn or chorus is repeated several times...

Suddenly, very old hymns come back — it is as though my *spirit* is singing along with them as the words of long ago are brought back to my remembrance of my early years...

This has continued throughout 2016 and is still continuing, but less frequently — also beautiful instrumental music, including flute — all so beautiful! One just stops to reflect on so many things as you hear this — including the future...

Then suddenly, you hear:

*“Softly and tenderly **JESUS** is calling —
Calling for you and for me:
See from the portals **HE’S** waiting and watching —
Watching for you and for me
Come, Home... Come, Home...”*

*‘Within the veil,’ **HIS** Hand shall tune the Heavenly Music, the Praises of the **LORD** — the sounds of which, can be heard on earth... Yes, Dearest One, even under the hairdryer at the hairdresser!*

Glory to our most Gracious, Precious **LORD**!

This is the Hymn I heard, when I first encountered the
Heavenly Music (under the hairdryer in the hairdresser).

Praise my soul, the King of Heaven

*“Praise, my soul, the **KING OF HEAVEN**;
To **HIS** Feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee **HIS** praises should sing?
Praise **HIM!** Praise **HIM!**
Praise the **EVERLASTING KING!***

*Praise **HIM** for **HIS** Grace and Favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise **HIM**, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise **HIM!** Praise **HIM!**
Glorious in **HIS** Faithfulness!*

*Father-like **HE** tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame **HE** knows;
In **HIS** Hands **HE** gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise **HIM!** Praise **HIM!**
Widely as **HIS** mercy flows.
...”*

- Hymn by Henry Francis Lyte (1793 - 1847)



Radiance of the Strong Light

VISION



– *Tuesday, 10th November, 2015* –



I awoke at 1.30 am. to go to the bathroom, and as I entered the passage, there was such a strong *Light* — it looked as if the lounge/dining room lights were switched on. I wondered if someone was on my front-stoep, perhaps flashing a strong light into my home — it even lit up the antique mirror above the consul hall chest. Usually my bedroom is dark as I close the curtains, but this strong light also lit up my bedroom entrance door and lit up my room. I thought perhaps this is a very full moon shining into my home, hence I went

back to bed and noticed there was an unusual atmosphere in the bedroom — a strong anointing. I lay on my back and stared up at the ceiling — suddenly, a *red Rose* appeared and the room was filled with sparkling lights — different colours. The original strong *Light* that had awoken me was no longer there — my bedroom was dark, as usual, except for the sparkling little lights and the *red Rose*, which came and went three times — very short intervals. I just lay quietly with my hands lifted and thanked our **LORD** for the strong anointing in the bedroom, on my arms, hands as it was as though a *Hand* was laid on the upper part of my chest — it just remained in this way until the end of the vision.



*Thank You Lord, for the strong
Anointing in the room and upon me...
As though a Hand was laid upon my chest*



After some time, I noticed a silver spoon (*bigger than a teaspoon — more like the size of a dessert-spoon*). This appeared in the top right-hand of my visionary field — it was placed slanted between layers, folds of what seemed like different mottled silks.

Then suddenly, I was prompted to look down to the bottom left-hand side of my visionary field — there lay a silver fork, like a large cake fork — the size of a dessert or fish fork. This fork was placed in exactly the same slanting position towards the top spoon — also placed between layers and folds which appeared like silk. This picture remained there for some time, while the anointing was very strong upon me and the *Hand* heavy upon my upper chest. It seemed like approximately a good half hour. Then the vision disappeared but the sparkling lights remained for some time thereafter. Then all disappeared.

I got up and went to the kitchen to make some tea and to investigate where this bright *Light* could possibly have come from — I thought perhaps a very strong full moon. When I got to my bedroom door, the passage and lounge/dining room area all seemed very normal outside — no moon visible, just normal night time darkness. I then went and fetched my dream books (for *interpretation*).



... *No moon visible,
just normal night time darkness...*



Interpretation

Rose: the church in **CHRIST**

Silver spoon:

silver: **CHRIST'S** Redemptive Ministry or Power =
the Atonement

Spoon: preparing, serving, feeding
(*Born with a silver spoon in mouth = born into wealth
or privileged circumstances*)

Fork: to loosen the soil to receive the seeds sown.

- Refers to the ministry of preparing people's hearts to receive the **WORD OF GOD**,
- ice-breaking ministry = very important in preparing congregation, people to receive the **WORD** to be preached.
- for eating or serving food

Light: **CHRIST** the *Light of the world*

- Church also the lights

Stars: light bearers = Spiritual seed of *Abraham*,

- **SPIRIT**-filled ministry,
- Glory of the **SPIRIT** in the saints.
- Right-hand corner of visionary field = future events,
- Left-hand corner of visionary field = past events.




Scattered Bread Crumbs

DREAM



Tuesday, 5th January, 2016

he following day I awoke from this dream about the hordes of ants upon my bed between scattered bread crumbs as I stood beside my bed and looked at the sheet on my bed, just covered in the shape of my body — ants and breadcrumbs — exactly as I would be lying on my bed. I felt quite helpless and did not know how to get rid of the ants. As I stood contemplating, suddenly, the ants and the breadcrumbs were swirled up completely into an upsurge about 3 feet

high — it was like liquid gold — not a sign of the ants or the breadcrumbs — this spurt of gold bubbling up from my sheet (*bed*) into a fountain bursting forth upward, like when one has drilled for water (*a borehole*) and suddenly, the water just spurts upward with a tremendous force!!



*A beautiful spurt of gold,
bubbling up into a fountain...*



Interpretation:

Bed: suggests a person is in a state of rest or inactivity — could apply to a period in a person's life.

- A bed from which one has risen suggests a person has come out to a time of resting or inactivity.

Ants: in the *Bible*, ants are associated with wisdom and activity, providing for the future.

Bread: **CHRIST** is our food — the *Bread of Life*, to be shared with all —whoever, wherever...

Gold: faith in our **LORD** = Divine Nature.

- Gold tried in the fire = liquid
- Gold symbolises the Divine Nature of **JESUS** — **HIS** Glory, Knowledge, Truth, Eternal Life, Kingship.
- Gold = the characteristics of **GOD**— like gold tried in the fire.
- **JESUS** wears a golden belt around **HIS** Chest.
- Purified gold symbolises steadfast faith.

Fountain: a **GOD**-given source — symbolises **GOD's** provision, spiritual or material — it comes from

- **GOD** and required no effort to obtain it

(John 7 v. 38 — *Living Water*).

*“He that believeth on **ME**, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.”*

John 7 v. 38 (KJV)

3 (3 feet high): *Heaven's Number*



Partial Fast



– Saturday, 9th January, 2016 –



At 8.30 pm. after prayer and this partial fast, I experienced such intense heat between my shoulders, upper back for approximately 45 min or more. Immediately, the following *Scripture* came to mind, which the **LORD** gave in our little *Prayer Room* just before *Jacques* left for varsity that morning — we both experienced it continuously over the years.

*“...The beloved of the **LORD** shall dwell in safety by **HIM**;
and the **LORD** shall cover him all the day long,
and he shall dwell between **HIS** Shoulders.”*

Deuteronomy 33 v. 12 (KJV)

*“...Let the beloved of the **LORD** rest secure in **HIM**,
for **HE** shields him all day long, and
the one the **LORD** loves rests between **HIS** shoulders.”*

Deuteronomy 33 v. 12 (NIV)

*“...He is beloved of **God** and lives in safety beside **HIM**.
God surrounds him with **His** loving care,
and preserves him from every harm.”*
Deuteronomy 33 v. 12 (The Living Bible)

And then I heard the rain coming after recalling this *Scripture*. The rain was most unexpected as we were experiencing a severe heat wave. It was soft drenching rain. I even heard it against the down pipes. I was so excited to hear the rain, I jumped up and ran to look outside. How disappointed I was when I saw there was not even a drop of rain. Then I realised, how thrilling to know this is in fact a *Spiritual Rain*!



*Oh, how thrilling it was to hear the
down-pour of Spiritual Rain...*



I was so blessed and so amazed as I listened to the continuous *Rain* falling.



Light-fitting

OPEN VISION



- *Sunday, 28th February, 2016* -



After waking up in the morning, I suddenly saw above my head — just beneath the ceiling, a beautiful silver ornament covered with little stars, at intervals. It looked like a type of birdcage light-fitting — all open work. Inside was a most exquisite long-stemmed *Red Rose* — partially opened bud with fresh green leaves along the stem. This was placed inside in the centre of this ornamentation (*light-fitting*). The Rosebud stem was facing North. It was so vivid, so clear, one could literally count the Rosebud Petals. It was such a magnificent red and the leaves so free, fresh and so beautiful.

It just lasted a few moments and then it was gone!

Interpretation:

Little stars: **SPIRIT**-filled ministry of the saints
Glory of the Spirit in the saints

Red (Rosebud): red, the **PERSON** or **SPIRIT OF JESUS**,
also **JESUS' LOVE**

Red flower: one's willingness to worship **JESUS**

Green: symbolic of the working of the **HOLY SPIRIT**
Also speaks of the soul = peace of mind

North: the city of **GOD**

Birdcage: could mean limitation
(with red Rosebud = limiting **JESUS** in one's life)

Silver: grace, redemption, refining process, salvation,
mercy, deliverance and purification of sins.



Unannounced Visitors

OPEN VISION



– *1st March, 2016* –

Between 7.15 - 7.30 am.



I awoke at 5.45 am. and remembered I had to switch the toilet flusher on in my bathroom, as the plumber switched it off the afternoon before, as they wanted to see if it leaked during the night, as I did not use the toilet during the night. I quickly sat up as I awoke at 5.45 am. and switched the flusher on. I thought it is still quite early, I would lie down a little longer as the plumber wanted me to phone by 8 am.

I must have fallen asleep — it appeared later to be, a very heavy, deep sleep. Suddenly, with a tremendous jolt I was woken up with the sound of voices speaking — standing

right next to my bed on the right hand side. As I looked in shock, it seems as though there were about 5 (*five*) people standing beside my bed — one appeared to be a little girl. However, I cannot remember one face, as I would certainly not be able to recognise one of them — I think I was too bewildered and overwhelmed, as they were all speaking loudly — I was completely wide awake and fully aware.

They all said simultaneously: “*We were sent to you — you are to show us who **God’s** people are!*” I was so shocked and asked them, “*Is this a church?*” They just ignored my question and repeated themselves: “*We were sent to you — you are to show us who **God’s** people are!*”

They were so adamant and ignored me. I jumped up and said, “*Wait, I will give you my son’s number and also my brother and sisters number!*” They just ignored me as I quickly jumped up, wide awake and ran to my dressing table to fetch an envelope from my bag to note the phone numbers of *Jacques* and *Peter* and *Norma*. But they took no notice of me, just watched what I was doing, and kept on repeating themselves again: “*We were sent to you - you are to show us who **God’s** people are!*” Each time they made their statement, they were pointing their fore-finger of their right hand at me!

After I had hurriedly written down the phone numbers, as I said, I was completely aware of all what was going on,

I took the envelope and turned to give it to them, but as I looked, they had suddenly disappeared — I was completely dumbfounded. I walked back to the side of my bed — all was quiet and I sat down on my bed in such shock.

This was NOT a dream — I was wide awake and fully aware of all that was going on — I heard every word in my ears — it was quite loud!!

I thought on all this and realised that they looked like us — perfectly normal people! All I could recall, I was in this deep sleep — I can't even remember having experienced such a deep, heavy sleep, then I was jolted awake as I heard these people speaking loudly, right next to my bed — I could touch them. I saw them looking at me — a definite stare, whilst pointing their fore-finger of their right hand at me and speaking loudly!

I immediately thought, "*Perhaps they are looking for a church and asking me about this,*" they just ignored me and just kept repeating their statement all over again, as I said before. I don't know how these people entered my home — and I also don't know how they left my home — they just seemed to disappear in the same way that they also just appeared!

I just don't know what to make of all this!!

Interpretation

Interpreting the Symbols & Types in Scripture (Kevin J. Conner)

Awake from sleeping: rest, refreshment, spiritual indifference

Jolt: to shake or cause to move with a sudden jerk or blow.

- To put into a specific condition — a jolt to one's complacency.
- An abrupt or unexpected shock or reversal.
- To bump into...

Right hand: blessing, positive

Pointing index finger: to point out certain aspects and to show direction

- can also be associated with the prophetic ministry

5 people (five): grace, favour, atonement, anointing,

- **CHRIST'S** Wounds — cross
- Armed or marshalled by five

Universal Dictionary: marshalled = to guide ceremoniously, to conduct or to usher.


- To arrange, place or set in methodical order.
- Marshalled facts — marshalled her thoughts.
- To take from or to order.



Hearing of Heavy Rain



– 21st April, 2016 –
Spiritual Rain

 It was April 2016, *Jacques* had been here in *Pretoria* because of an appointment on Tuesday, 18th April, 2016. He arrived on Sunday, 17th April and was due to leave on Thursday, 21st April, 2016, at 4.30 - 5 am., so that he would be home by 12 noon.

I went to sleep as usual, having said ‘*good-bye*’ to *Jacques*. Suddenly, I awoke at approximately 3.30 am. with the heaviest down-pour of rain I had heard. It sounded as though the *floodgates of the Heavens* were

opened. The noise of the rain was so distinct — the sound of it, even though it rains loudly, one never hears it so loud. I lay for a moment, listening to the tremendous down pour. My first thought was “*Is this happening in the Heavenlies?*” This was 3.30 am.

Then, next I thought about *Jacques* wanting to leave within the next hour. I thought he is probably up, so I thought perhaps I should alert him to this heavy rain which sounded like a river gushing by, down the driveway of the *Village* where I am living, next to the creek. I thought “*Maybe he hasn’t even got rain in Arcadia,*” this was like a flash flood. I thought “*Maybe this would alert him to check before he leaves.*”

Then I thought, “*Wait, don’t be hasty, it sounds very scary — get up and go to the window — open your curtains, look out on the balcony and see what is happening...*” I thought, “*This driveway next to my unit is like a fierce gushing river.*” I was expecting it to come through my front door. As I got to the window and looked out, I stood in absolute shock!!!

The moon was shining brightly in the sky and to crown it all — not one drop of rain — all was so quiet and peaceful!

I went to the kitchen, completely stunned — I thought, “*Make some tea and go again and check it all out from every possible window and balcony.*” Again, all was so quiet as I gazed out — not a drop of rain.

Just as *Jacques* would be leaving at 4.30am., I phoned him to tell him and enquire whether he had rain in his *Arcadia* area. He said he had already packed, all was dry and there was no rain. Then he commented, “*Funny you should ask me about a severe rain storm,*” he said, “*I also woke up and heard this heavy rain, but then afterwards he realised that he must have dreamt it.*”

I know I had not dreamt it, as I had set my alarm for 4.30 am. just to say ‘good-bye’ to *Jacques* again, but then, as I said by 3.30 am. I was awakened by the severe rain storm.

He popped in and had a quick cup of tea and as we discussed this, we realised it must have been *Spiritual Rain (a coming revival)* and he went off peacefully with a bright moonlit sky and no physical rain.

Praise our Precious **LORD!**



Interpretation

Rain: is a symbol of **God's** Blessings being poured out on all people.

- can represent both spiritual and physical blessings (*Deuteronomy 11 v. 10, 11*)
- Revival, refreshing, out-pouring of the **SPiRiT** and the **WORD**.

“[10] For the land you are about to enter and possess is not like the land of Egypt where you have come from, where irrigation is necessary.

[11] It is a land of hills and valleys with plenty of rain...”
Deuteronomy 11 v. 10, 11 (The Living Bible)

Revival:

“[1] Listen, O Heavens and Earth!
Listen to what I say!

[2] MY WORDS shall fall upon you like the gentle rain and dew, like rain upon the tender grass, like showers on the hillside.”

Deuteronomy 32 v. 1 - 2 (The Living Bible)

*“[28] After **I** have poured out **My** rains again, **I** will
pour out **My SPIRIT** upon all of you!*

*Your sons and daughters will prophesy; your old men
will dream dreams, and your young men see visions.*

*[29] And **I** will pour out **My SPIRIT** even on your
slaves, men and women alike,*

*[30] and put strange symbols in the earth and sky —
blood and fire and pillars of smoke.*

*[31] The sun will be turned into darkness and the
moon to blood before the great and terrible Day of
the **LORD** shall come.*

*[32] Everyone who calls upon the **NAME** of the **LORD**
will be saved; even in Jerusalem some will escape,
just as the **LORD** has promised,
for **HE** has chosen some to survive.”*

Joel 2 v. 28 - 32 (The Living Bible)

*“Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of
the **LORD**. Behold, the **HUSBANDMAN** waiteth for the
precious fruit of the Earth, and hath long patience for
it, until **HE** receive the early and latter rain.”*

James 5 v. 7 (KJV)

Eternity

OPEN VISION



– *Saturday, 25th June, 2016* –

(From midnight Friday, 24th June, to early Saturday, 25th June)



was in the *Zuid-Afrikaans Hospital* due to a fall. This was due to a dizzy spell from a middle ear infection. Thereafter, I was moved to the *Step Down* in *Groenkloof* as it was felt I should not go home and be alone until the infection was clear in the middle, inner ear.

On Friday evening, 24th June 2016, I was in the *Step Down Groenkloof*, and I had been feeling completely well. I was not at all sleepy as I had had some days' bed rest, hence I lay awake on my bed in the four-bedded ward.

I lay there late evening, not thinking about anything in particular, when I suddenly kept noticing some odd, strange, weird faces that appeared on the ceiling above me. These faces were so distorted and kept moving from one place to another. As I looked again, I thought maybe my eyes are perhaps out of focus. However, as I kept looking up at the ceiling above me, in a flash, one would disappear only for the next face to appear.

I thought maybe my vision could be a little disturbed because of the fall. After I had entered the *Zuid-Afrikaans Hospital*, they did a brain scan to ascertain that all was well, no breakages etc. I kept checking my vision in all directions in the ward, but it all seemed perfectly clear and normal in every way.

These distorted faces — one could not recognise the gender — kept coming and going from different angles — changing positions as the distorted faces too kept changing all the time — it seemed as though they were pulling ugly faces — moving around with many different faces — only head and shoulders showing — no particular gender as such. Now, I was awake more than ever as I watched all this closely — it seemed more than an hour. Suddenly, I found myself in a dark cavern — it seemed like a cave, a long tunnel, lined in a brown clay-like substance. Then I noticed some dark, cloaked figures standing huddled together discussing and turning to look suspiciously

around at me — it was quite scary! I was totally awake — totally and fully aware of all that was going on! They seemed to glare at me — gave me scary looks and then quickly turned their backs on me — some had cloaks on their head — others had peculiar hair cuts, it seemed not all the heads were covered. As I looked, their faces kept changing — becoming more distorted than ever — more scary like people who were mentally disturbed.

I was walking down the middle of this cavern — it was long — full of boulders of earth, but it seemed as if there was a valley in the middle for me to walk through — many ups and downs alongside this valley. Everywhere alongside this path on either side, and all around, were what seemed like clumps of people huddled together, glaring at me as I passed by — the most frightening faces, such distortion kept happening to each face — it did not remain the same for more than a second, so fast the faces were changing.

I gathered myself, full of the *Peace of God* and focused my eyes straight ahead as though I was prompted I would see the *Light* along the way. I immediately thought of Psalm 23 v. 4,

*“Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow death, I will fear no evil:
for **THOU** art with me!”*

Psalm 23 v. 4 (KJV)

I realised this was definitely *hell* I was in and passing through, I said to myself: “*Keep your eyes on JESUS — HE is the Light — look for the Light, HE will take you through.*”

This path that I was on was quite difficult in places between boulders of earth, so uneven — there were so many people standing around aimlessly in low conversation, only looking up at odd intervals to glare at me. I thought “*LORD, will this never end — it seems endless.*” Amidst all this, I thought “*What a blessing, I could never recognise anyone.*” All I saw were these skew faces, so deformed, so frightening I tried to avoid looking at them, but there was no way I could avoid this. “*LORD, it seems an endless path, when will it ever end?*” I thought “*Keep going, focus on your LORD and SAVIOUR in your mind’s eye.*”

I really thought I was busy passing from this life into the next... It all seemed so long, so endless... Eventually, it seemed as though there was a slight hint of blue, way in the distance, amidst all the surrounding dark, brown clay, earth atmosphere — I just kept going and suddenly, in the distant blue, I noticed a heart shape coming through large angel wings — what a beautiful sight — I was speechless, the darkness was gone — the *Light* had broken through!

Golden roses were scattered all round this heart amidst the angel wings — bright, white feathered wings formed. The *Heavenly blue* and *white Light* just kept expanding and overtook the whole scene — little children with angel wings filling the scene, scattered around, playing beautiful, different musical instruments — so beautiful — I could not believe it...!!! It was as though this *Heavenly blue Light* had parted to show this beautiful heart shape, outlined by the angel wings. The little children were seated on clouds.



The scene changed and there, in the centre, was a most beautiful crown — it was just this magnificent crown in the centre of this *Heavenly blue Light* — I immediately thought, “*LORD, is this the Crown of Life?*” I thought, “*It surely must be!*” It was such a dainty crown — it seemed so delicate and beautiful like, I thought, a lady’s crown — scalloped with diamonds everywhere.

This crown stayed for quite some time... I could not stop admiring the beauty of it all...

*I could not stop admiring the beauty of
the Crown of Life...*



*It is so hard to write this — I do not know how to...!!!
Due to the weight of **His** Glory, **His** Presence...*

After some time, in the centre of this beautiful *blue-white Light*, appeared the most exquisite diamond ring, displayed in such brilliance — resplendent white — it seemed like a square diamond and there were beautiful diamond baguettes (*oblong diamonds*) alongside the square — but the *Light* was so bright, so strong, so brilliant, so exquisite, it was difficult to see the complete detail. The ring was set in a round of white-gold and, I think, diamonds, but there was so much *Light* it was difficult to define the detail. It stayed a long time — I remembered the *Scripture* that **HE** would put a ring on

our finger — “*Is this the ring, your bride is going to be given — and this spectacular crown, LORD?*” It was all so overwhelming... It remained again for some time. It was as though our Dearest LORD especially paused over each new scene — I think HE realised that we as humans could not possibly absorb it all.



Diamond Ring

FOUR-SQUARE DIAMOND RING:

The description of the New, Great Holy City
- the Holy City of Jerusalem - her Light was like unto a stone
most precious... The City was four-square, hence this large
four-square diamond ring given to those who would be citizens
of the Great Holy City.

(Revelation 21 v. 10, 16)

Thereafter, three beautiful golden roses were placed
where the ring was — three, being the *Heaven's number!*
This again, like each new scene stayed for some time...

Now, the scene changed to what appeared as the ‘*Toile*’ *pastoral scenes*, sketched as it were in charcoal — the colour had now lifted from the previous scene. This *Toile pastoral scene* symbolised such gracious family people around their dwellings with little children, with bobbing beautiful hair and happy laughter, carrying little saucers of milk for their little kittens, which followed on behind them — the little puppies, wagging their tails, running happily around! What a beautiful picture with all the movement and happiness of life in quiet solitude — in all its beauty and innocence — what a picture to remember! It seemed to be an indication of the LORD’S Love and the importance of family life — even a few hens were tripping along with a brood of chickens following on... What beauty, what peace — a scene of long, long ago — as I noticed on the style of clothing, the hair and their peaceful, innocent faces...

And then, the next scene appeared — also in the charcoal sketches’ colour — animals emerged — every conceivable animal, except the snake! These were such beautiful big, large animals, all moving slowly around, so calm, so gentle, so quietly — treading so softly as it were...

First, after the scene with the exquisite ring, I saw the head of the most beautiful lion — smiling, as it were — so contented, so happy, so peaceful... I immediately

thought, “*LORD, the LION OF JUDAH...*” Then the little cubs appeared frolicking around — then the most beautiful large elephants and their babies — every conceivable animals one could imagine, large and small — such order, such perfections, such peace! These animals were all moving about through a growth of tall green shrubs, trees, soft growth in different greens. The animals were chewing some of the growth. The vegetation was so lush, chewing so quietly and leisurely — I just felt, how I would love to stroke all those beautiful animals — all so clean — all so calm and gentle!

Thereafter, this animal scene which stayed a considerably long time as there were also all different little woodland creatures — just everything — it was a picture to remember, the perfection of these animals large and small — such detail eg, as in the zebra with its beautiful stripes, the little deer, the buck — just everything we see in nature as **HE** created them, large and small...!!

Now, the scene changed to *Biblical Days* — men, women and children as they appeared in those days — they were moving around normally in the normal course of life. Suddenly, I saw what appeared similar to the *Nativity Scene* and there sat *Mother Mary*, so very beautiful, so peaceful, holding *Baby JESUS* — cradled in her left arm and stroking **HIM** with her gentle righthand fingers as she looked down

upon **HIM** in such wonder and admiration!!! Round about there were people strolling around, talking in groups, while little children were playing alongside. There were hills and valleys — just as in *Biblical scenes*, as we know them to be.

Then suddenly, there was the *Carpenter's shop* — there was our **LORD JESUS** — **HE** was so busy examining something carved out of wood — **HE** held this in **HIS** Hands, deep in thought — **HIS** Hands appeared strong, but gentle Hands.



*I saw our Precious Lord Jesus
walking along with people...*



Then, further along the way, I would see **JESUS** walking along with groups of people — some times larger groups, some times more intimate groups — always in discussion as they walked along the hillside in the course of their direction in which they were headed. At times, I would see **JESUS** stretch out **HIS** Hand towards someone along the way — possibly to heal them. At other times, **HE** would bend over towards the people intimating to heal or speak to them. Little children were always around too. Then they would sit down quietly, eating, chatting etc... It was all so beautiful and peaceful.

Suddenly, in a '*flash*' — there was the *Garden of Gethsemane* — it seemed as though in an instant there were soldiers to arrest **HIM** — **HE** remained calm, peaceful and co-operative. Then a terrible revolt started — they started attacking **HIM**, beating **HIM**, making loud accusations — I never heard a word as such, but one could sense the tense atmosphere as the people were rough, clamouring to hit and attack **HIM** as **HE** was led away. There seemed to be such confusion and anger amongst the people as they were assaulting **HIM**. It seemed as the scene was moving to the *Via Dolorosa* — people falling over one another to strike **HIM**, to antagonise **HIM**. At times, **HE** stumbled along the way, one could see **HE** was in agony as they trampled upon **HIM**, across **HIM**, all like untamed, wild animals on a rampage — such confusion, such disorder, one could not believe the barbaric acts taking place against our **SAVIOUR!!** This just seemed to continue for some time...

Then, all of a sudden, the scene changed there were masses and masses of *scarlet red Roses* in full bloom, packed together into a very large square, several meters in extent. Everything else was gone, only these exquisite red *Rose Blooms*, now brilliant in scarlet colour — these *Roses* just remained and remained — immediately I realised these *red Roses* were symbolic of **HIS** unfailing Love — **HIS** immense Love for mankind. These *Roses* just stayed for ever so long, closely packed together, nothing else visible... Even between these petals of *Roses* — they were just so neatly pressed together — just the petals of these full-blown *Roses*.

Next, I noticed as the scene changed, **JESUS** being placed on the *Cross*, hoisted on that wooden, rough cross and the process of the nails being driven into **HIM**. I noticed these long, sharp steel nails being driven into the Hands and Feet of **JESUS** — I saw as it were our **SAVIOUR** was in severe pain as the nails, one after the other were being driven into **HIM** — **HE** seemed to cringe — one could see **HE** felt every blow. **HE** was so bloodied, so disfigured, it was hard to realise this was our **JESUS** — I was so overcome... I was in tears as I beheld this!

All of a sudden, I felt a painful sensation in the left side of my heart, as though one of those sharp steel nails are being driven into me. It was **so** painful — I just started to cry — it felt as though five nails were driven into my heart — I just cried and said “*Please LORD JESUS, I just can’t anymore...*” it was such a stinging pain — so painful — one could feel it was a steel nail...!!

I was so relieved, after my crying out - it stopped and then as I managed to look up again at the scene above — on top of this large massed square of full-blown *Roses* lay one long, sharp steel nail, then another then another placed at random across the *Roses* lay five steel, long nails — I could not believe how solid and sharp these looked!

Now, I fully realise how our Precious **LORD JESUS** cringed in pain as the hammer blow was felt — **HIS** dear Head

was turned to the one side as **His** Head rested on **His** upper chest, shoulder area.

As I looked upon our Holy **SAVIOUR**, I noticed that on **His** Heart was the following:



SACRED HEART OF JESUS:

The Fire of the Holy Spirit.
His Precious Heart was pierced
as He wore the Crown of Thorns.

This was a symbol of **His** *Sacred Heart* with the *Fire of the HOLY SPIRIT* and the *Crown of Thorns* that **HE** wore upon **His** Head.

After some time, I noticed this very same symbol placed on the place where the spear wounded the side of **His** Body — when the *Blood* and the *Water* poured out of this wound on the *Cross*. It was identical to the symbol placed on **His** *Holy Heart*.

The scene with these steel sharp nails upon the beautiful bed of *red, scarlet Roses* remained for ever so long...

After some time, the nails were removed and there lay a rugged brown cross in-between the full-blown *red Roses*. Now, the *Roses* changed into swirls of scarlet *Blood* — in the same colour as the *Roses* — the swirls of *Blood* covering the exact extent of the square of *red Roses* — the *Blood* seemed alive as it was swirling around in swirls like roses — this scene remained a long time until the next scene —the rugged, discarded cross was empty and lay between the *red Roses* — the cross was partially covered by the *Roses* at different intervals of the cross.

I also noticed as our SAVIOUR hung on that *Cross* that HE was a man of tall stature and a strong physique — one could understand how HE was able to chase those *money changers* out of the *Temple courts* single-handedly — Praise HIS Holy Name!

These *rose petals* partially covered the wooden cross. The empty wooden cross was symbolic of HIS Resurrection — that HE had triumphed over death and the grave, hence the empty cross thrown into HIS Love — the fullness of HIS Love for mankind had overcome the cross and death through HIS shed Holy *Blood* also...

This picture of the wooden cross amidst the *scarlet red Roses* — symbolic of HIS infinite Love and all fulfilling *Blood*. How appropriate, JESUS' last Words on the cross "*It is Finished!*"



It is Finished



Now, it was daybreak at the *Step Down* — the usual exit to the bathroom procedure, which I tried to delay as long as possible, but as I went quietly, crying softly and asking our Dear **LORD** to please forgive me for interrupting — I hurriedly did what was necessary and back to bed.

As I lay down and looked up to the ceiling, I noticed the ceiling covered in full-blown *white Roses*, massed together exactly as the *red Roses* had been.

Then, a little later on, I noticed little families in groups like in our present day, assembled together — spread out together on top of the family large bed in such love and unity, chatting together quietly — all so happy and peaceful and in-between this picture came the masses of white full-blown *Roses* and then the family again in-between — all ages together — quiet laughter and unity, such love and peace — all so *Heavenly* — our **LORD's** picture of a happy family, so contented and peaceful as the *white Roses* kept appearing, wafting in-between, bringing back many happy memories... It was as though our Precious **LORD** smiled as **HE** looked — the family **HE** had created — with these *white Roses* enfolding each one as a whole.



*Archangel Michael came
through the portals of Heaven,
he was dressed as a warrior, with a very
large sword, the full length of his stature*



Then I looked up again at the ceiling, the scene suddenly changed as I looked, into the clear distant blue of Heaven came *Archangel Michael* from way beyond, through the *portals of Heaven* — he had a very large steel, shiny sword, the full length of his stature — he was dressed as a warrior... There was a very quiet atmosphere — not a sound — and then I heard the sound of a large clock ticking and as I looked up this clock was just on 12 O'clock, the loudest chime broke the silence — three consecutive chimes — a silence — then another three chimes — silence and again another three chimes...



*The clock is ticking....
Has your Eternal destination been secured?*





*Another very large angel came flying
across the Heavens — he was about
to blow the trumpet...*



It was such a loud sound of *Heaven's bell tower* (3 being the number of *Heaven*). It was very startling and then from the distance of the *portals of Heaven*, from where *Archangel Michael* had come, a very large Angel came flying across the Heavens with a very long trumpet to his mouth, proceeding towards the end of the earth — he was about to blow the trumpet.

And then, as I looked towards the earth where I had come through that cavern, such chaos broke loose — people in a state of severe panic, falling and trampling over one another, trying to escape — people were assaulting one another — such brutality, bewilderment as one had never seen — people seemed to be streaming towards the large square opening in the earth towards the cavern. It was like a dark hole — “*A bottomless pit,*” I thought. It all seemed so abrupt — so final and then, just as I was about to weep, suddenly, the *white Roses* filled the ceiling — beautiful, pure *white Roses* — full blown — and then little

families, all huddled together happily in peace and unity, surrounded by the masses of white *Roses*, interchanging with these beautiful scenes of happy families together in such peace and tranquillity — surely the **LORD'S** Joy!

Then *white Roses* just kept coming and remaining for quite some time and then — life, back to normal — the ceiling was just the ceiling — everything normal, with sisters bustling about the ward, bringing our necessities etc...

It was all over.

I was shaking like a leaf — my jaw was going, I had cold shivers and just cried softly — completely overcome!!

Praise our Holy **LORD JESUS!**



The Little White Dove on a Mission



– *Beginning March, 2017* –



It was 9.30 am. as I was sitting at the little chest in my bedroom, in front of the window — suddenly, there was this little gentle dove sitting on the outside of the window sill on my left and it kept peering into my window up against the glass (*the window was closed*). This window is not able to open, the little dove came right up to the glass, peering in while literally pushing its little head against the glass. The distance between the little dove and I was approximately 12” away from me — it was quite bold and it kept moving about in a circle, walking up and down, as if to get my attention. This continued for some time — I realised it was wanting to convey ‘*something*’ to me.

After some time, it left a little ‘*dropping*’ on the outside of the window sill — just as a reminder that it had been there.

While I was sitting there, I was praying for *Jacques* who was on his way to a meeting in *Richard’s Bay* (*not an easy road to travel*) so, I was a little anxious. So, I then realised



the little dove had come to reassure me “*All is well*” (*the little dove — as we know, is often symbolic of the **HOLY SPIRIT** in Scripture*), hence I was more at peace, as there was heavy rain, storms, untarred road etc...

At about 12 noon — I had not yet received a call from *Jacques* to say he had arrived safely, so I was wondering if he had found the place, because it was somewhere in the country around *Richard’s Bay*. I was sitting in my kitchen, busy preparing veggies for lunch, when I heard the most unusual ‘*tweet sounds of a bird*’ just outside my front door, which was slightly ajar. I looked up as I thought this is so loud, it sounds as if it is right here in my home, but I saw nothing. This ‘*tweet*’ was repeated several times, so I thought I have never heard a bird with such a ‘*tweet*’ and so I went to the door to investigate... I peeped outside the front door and there sat my little dove again, on the mat, right in front of my door — it did not

fly away — it just looked at me, so I realised this was a *special message* via the little dove, regarding *Jacques*, so I quietly reversed and went back to the kitchen.

Then I peeped out after about 5 minutes and saw it sitting on the boundary wall, next to my flower pot as it was staring towards my front door. It sat there for a while and then flew off — (*mission accomplished!*)

I peeped outside and found a little ‘*dropping*’ just off the front-door mat onto the tiles as a reminder that it had been there. What comfort this brought, as I realised “*All is well!*”

As the day progressed into dusk and I went to see if my glass sliding door was locked, suddenly, I noticed the little dove sitting on the roof of my neighbour’s garage (*this is right opposite the one side of my stoep*) and the little dove was there peering at me again. I thought “*Here is the little dove with a message again.*” As I turned my back to walk back into the lounge, I heard the little dove against the sliding glass door (*which was now closed*) and it started circling all around the ceiling of my stoep three times, making a noise with the flutter of its wings — I realised this was to draw my attention. By this time, it was heavy dusk, I stood still and watched the circling around the stoep ceiling and after the third time, it flew onto the tiles (*of the neighbour’s garage roof*) and sat there and just

stared peacefully at me. Then I realised “*All was well,*” and I saw the little dove fly off.

Shortly after this, *Jacques* phoned to say he was safely home after quite a hectic day. I realised the **LORD** had sent this little dove to comfort me and reassure me all was well.

I have never seen any doves around my unit since I have lived here — one has seen them at a distance, flying or elsewhere, but never quite like this...

I realised the little dove was sent on a *mission* by the **LORD** to fill me with **HIS** Peace because I was so anxious about the trip and I did not know if *Jacques* had some men travelling with him, hence the silence.



*Little dove,
sent on a mission
by the Lord.*



I was so touched by **HIS** Wonderful Loving Care for me, especially on that day and also for taking *Jacques* etc. to the meeting in the country with no direct instruction (*quite a storm also and trucks*). Praise our Precious **LORD** for using this little dove as a symbol of the Dearest **HOLY SPIRIT!**

Interpretation

*Interpretation from “The King’s Messenger”
(King Ministries) — Dove & olive branch*

Dove: symbolic of Peace

most exalted of all animal life, symbolic of **HOLY SPIRIT**.

The meekness, purity and splendour of righteousness.

Dove used as sacrifice.

Olive branch: symbol of peace, beauty, strength
and prosperity.



Rod & Staff

VISION



12th August, 2017

40 days before Rosh Hashanah (20th September 2017)



I awoke at 6.30 am. — quiet meditation until 8 am. Then I started experiencing an extreme flushing, intense heat — redness in my face and this intense heat going throughout my body. I had never experienced such intense heat, being completely fit and well, I was amazed. I then realised this had a spiritual symbol — like the *Fire of God*! This continued for approximately 30 minutes from my face, down throughout my body. I said, “Dearest *LORD*, if this is *YOUR Fire*, please purge me from all of self — purge me with *hyssop... that springeth out of the wall!!*” The ‘*hyssop*’ always relates to sacrifice, and therefore, humility and

meekness and contrition of heart. **GOD** considers the meek to be strong because the meek are prepared to commit their course into the Hands of **GOD**, our Loving Heavenly **FATHER**, who always judgeth righteously — the sacrifice of a broken spirit and a contrite heart.

When **JESUS** cried out on the *Cross*, “*I thirst*,” a soldier gathered some ‘*hyssop*’ and lifted it to **JESUS**’ mouth with a sponge of sour wine. ‘*Hyssop*’ was even used to fulfil the *Scriptures* hence **GOD** provided ‘*hyssop*’ even on *Mount Calvary*, the incense of *Calvary*; this lovely shrub!

Even at *Passover*, when this ‘*hyssop*’ was dipped into the blood and applied to the side posts of the door, so that “*When I see the blood, I will pass over you.*”

The ‘*hyssop*’, that humiliation and abasement of the will of man before **GOD** — a bitter medicine as a sickly human heart is concerned, but fragrant and beautiful in the Sight of **GOD** as **HE** stoops down to heal the broken, contrite heart. “*Dearest LORD, that I may be cleansed of whatever is not YOUR Divine and Perfect Will for my life.*”

After about 30 minutes, this intense heat started easing off my reddened face and body. I was just lying very quietly on my back, facing the ceiling. Looking upwards,

I noticed soft, grey-like smoke — grey etchings above me on this pure white ceiling above me. These cloud-like formations were moving from side to side, above me. Then after some time these cloud-like formations started taking shapes, which became shapes ‘*like little Rosebuds*’, but not yet in full detail, moving between the light grey etchings — all moving from side to side above me. Then the *little Rosebuds* became distinct, still in the grey colour, as though an etching.

Thereafter, appeared quite a large, solid *cloud* upon a long *sturdy stick / Rod of GOD*, this came down upon me while the *little Rosebuds / Love* appeared to be ‘*raining down*’, moving from right to left over me. The *Rod of GOD* had become a *shepherd’s crook* and the *cloud* became a *beautiful bouquet (posy-like) of flowers* where the *shepherd’s (JESUS) crook* had been. Flowers are said to symbolise Praise and Worship through the **HOLY SPIRIT**.

Thereafter, the *crook* became a very *large Rosebud (Love of JESUS)* attached to the *Rod of GOD*, which now resembled a *single stemmed rose*, then, at intervals the *Rose* became the *cloud (His overshadowing over all)* — the above process kept repeating itself...

I kept speaking to our **LORD**; “*Please, Dearest LORD, show me the meaning of this Rod of GOD, the cloud (HOLY*

*SPiRiT overshadows all) attached to the top end with the Rose (Love of JESUS)...” Suddenly I heard clearly within my Spirit; “Do not forget the word ‘stave’” (symbolically meaning ‘Protector’, thus also representing Precious *HOLY SPiRiT*).*

The foregoing was repeated several times.

Then all started disappearing and the ceiling above me was completely clear. The time, 12 noon.

I quickly checked my *Webster’s English Dictionary*...



Interpretation

Stave: a long ‘*thick stick*’ especially one used as a weapon, cudgel, a staff = through the influence of the plural = staves.

Also used for protection = *JESUS* our Mighty Awesome Protector:

Rod: a baton used for testing, or measuring, a support, or used in defence of a participant.

- Moses’ rod was the ‘Rod of GOD’ = the Authority and Power of *GOD*.

Staff: the *shepherd's protection*. JESUS, our *Shepherd*.

Rose: known symbol of *love* = JESUS = *Rose of Sharon*

Cloud: overshadows

Rod & Staff: Psalm 23 v. 4

*“Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for THOU art with me;
THY rod and THY staff they comfort me.”*
Psalm 23 v. 4 (KJV)

I checked the *Scriptures* regarding ‘rod’, ‘staff’ and ‘stave’

Rod:

*“What do you have there in your hand?”
the LORD asked him. And he replied, “A shepherd's rod.”
“Throw it down on the ground,” the LORD told him.
So he threw it down — and it became a serpent,
and Moses ran from it!
Then the LORD told him, “Grab it by the tail!”
He did, and it became a rod in his hand again!”*
Exodus 4 v. 2 - 4 (The Living Bible)

“So Moses took his wife and sons and put them on a donkey, and returned to the land of Egypt, holding tightly to the **“rod of God”!**”

Exodus 4 v. 20 (The Living Bible)

“And be sure to take your **rod** along so that you can perform the miracles **I** have shown you.”

(**God** speaking to Moses in verse 15, 16 - chapter 4)

Exodus 4 v. 17 (The Living Bible)

“...I will fear no evil;
For **You** are with me;
Your rod and **Your staff**, they comfort me.”

Psalms 23 v. 4 (b) (NKJV)

“And the **LORD** said to Moses,
“Go on before the people, and take with you some of the elders of Israel. Also take in your hand your **rod** with which you struck the river, and go.”

Exodus 17 v. 5 (NKJV)

“Behold, **I** will stand before you there on the rock in Horeb; and you shall strike the rock, and water will come out of it, that the people may drink...”

Exodus 17 v. 6 (NKJV)

“And Moses said to Joshua, “Choose us some men and go out, fight with Amalek. Tomorrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the **rod of God** in my hand.””

Exodus 17 v. 9 (NKJV)

“But lift up your rod, and stretch out your hand over the sea and divide it. And the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea.”

(The Lord spoke unto Moses and Aaron)

Exodus 14 v. 16 (NKJV)

“Then he (David) took his **staff** in his hand; and he chose for himself five smooth stones from the brook, and put them in a shepherd’s bag, in a pouch which he had, and his sling was in his hand. And he drew near to the Philistine.”

I Samuel 17 v. 40 (NKJV)

*“... for with my staff I passed over this Jordan;
and now I am become two bands.”*

Genesis 32 v. 10 (b) (NKJV)

*“And (**JESUS**) commanded them that they should take
nothing for their journey, save a **staff** only;
no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse:”*

Mark 6 v. 8 (KJV)

Moses’ **rod** was the ‘Rod of **GOD**’ — **GOD’s** Power and **GOD’s** Authority.

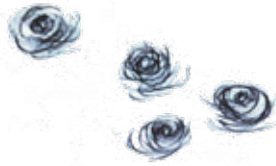
Shepherd’s Crook, Staff, Stave = **JESUS CHRIST** —
Protection, safety — Precious **HOLY SPIRIT** our Comforter.



Single like little Roses

(Jesus' Love) moving

across from top to bottom, from ceiling — right to left above me = symbolic of the Presence of Jesus = He is everywhere present, always!



The stick now appeared quite sturdy, then a cloud at the top of the stick. This featured for some time — the

stick seemed strong, moving sideways.

Then suddenly, this stick became a shepherd's crook placed at an angle...



Then again it seemed as though there was now a large bouquet of flowers attached to the crook, in place of the crook. Now the

sturdy stick

was moving in different directions,

the bouquet of flowers

still on top of the stick, moving at different angles, back into a cloud and then the stick again, as before... (Holy Spirit).



Thereafter, this cloud on top of the stick (Rod of God) became a very large Rosebud. Where the crook has been, it now appeared like a single stemmed large Rosebud as the sturdy stemmed Rod and then, after some time, the Rosebud became a crook again, while the little Rosebuds appeared all around, like 'raindrops' falling around it.



Jesus is the 'Rose of Sharon', and the Rod represents the Authority and Power of God.



HE lives, **HE** lives, **HE** lives —

CHRIST JESUS lives today!

HE walks with me and **HE** talks with me...

Salvation to impart... — **HE** lives, **HE** lives,

HE lives within my heart...



The Gift of Life



*“For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and **I** have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.”*

Leviticus 17 v. 11 (KJV)

*“And, having made peace through the Blood of **HIS** Cross, by **HIM** to reconcile all things unto **HIMSELF**, by **HIM**, I say, whether they be in earth, or things in Heaven.”*

Colossians 1 v. 20 (KJV)



ow precious is the Gift of Life which **HE** has given us and yet, how often we take it for granted. We see life as a time span — a very

short period of day, seventy to eighty years, perhaps even longer, yet just temporary. Yet how precious is each day that **HE** has given to us, especially as our eyes are opened to the *Resurrection Life*, knowing that the same Power which raised **HIM** from the dead, is alive and at work in each one of us who believe and receive this precious *Holy Truth!* It belongs to us!

So often we just seem to take this life for granted, overlooking the preciousness of it. Yes, it is precious because every day is a New Beginning, every morning is a world made new, which **HE**, the *Author of Life*, the *Giver of the Spirit*, has given to us, **HIS** Creation. How we dishonour our own life and the lives of others just because we do not value or appreciate this gift. We *fritter* away our time, thinking “*Oh, tomorrow is another day...*” forgetting that only the present belongs to us.

*“So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”*

Psalm 90 v. 12 (KJV)

*“Teach us to number our days
and recognise how few they are;
help us to spend them as we should.”*

Psalm 90 v. 12 (The Living Bible)

We need to realise that:

*“To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die...”*
Ecclesiastes 3 v. 1 - 2 (a) (KJV)

Hence we realise as we read on in Ecclesiastes chapter 3 from vs 1 - 8, that there is only a particular season for the different tasks, aspects of life. When that particular season is over or past, it is over, we may not be given another season to complete that particular task that has now been left undone. Did this occur through our procrastination or was it caused through busyness beyond our control, through the pressures of life? Or, were we too fearful to say an anointed, gentle but firm “No” that we are not able...?

So much of our busyness is **NOT** commissioned by our **LORD** — **HE** knows the Divine Destiny **HE** has for us — **HE** also knows our frame, our ability, circumstances etc., **HE** will not expect of us more than we are able to... We need to be fully persuaded that, that which we undertake, spend precious hours on, is commissioned by **HIM** and not man, whoever that may be, including ourselves.

Human compassion can be so gracious but no matter how gracious and beautiful it may be, it is only anointed and

truly gracious if our **LORD** orders it. We need to be very watchful that we are not overlooking, neglecting **His** instructions and giving priority to man's instructions. We need to be aware of this full time, otherwise we could be building 'wood, hay & stubble' that will not stand when tried in the fire.

The answer is to be totally surrendered, controlled and led by the **PRECIOUS HOLY SPIRIT OF CHRIST**, for only then will we bear fruit that prevails.

It is so beautiful to bring joy and happiness to people — to receive their approval and praise, **BUT** how much more joyful it is to receive **His** Blessing, **His** Approval as we walk in total, loving obedience to **HIM**. Oh, how much pleasure we give **HIM** when we honour **HIM** by putting Him first, above all else and above everyone else. As we walk in this way of total submission to **HIM**, all else in our lives fall into their rightful place. Yet, how often we grieve **HIM** by dishonouring **HIM** in so many ways that we are not always aware of. Yes, we dishonour the very life **HE** has given us — the life **HE** paid for and bled for, so that **HE** could make an atonement for our souls, that we may have and experience this peace which **HE** gives through **His Blood** on the *Cross*.



*Never make light of the time which
the Lord has so graciously allotted to you...*



We must never make light of the hours, the days, weeks, months and years which **HE** has so graciously allotted to us — we must never dishonour **HIS** *Gift of Life*. Not only must we not dishonour our own lives but lives of all around us — our loved ones, our friends, acquaintances, in fact no one. We need to show respect and honour for their time, as they will also have to give an account of the way their time has been used in just the same way we have to. Therefore, never be guilty of abuse of those precious lives in your home just because they are your family — thinking they will understand. Yes, they will probably understand, but do be watchful that they are not hurt in the process. Always show sincere appreciation and thankfulness for people's time, their ability and efforts to help you, as one can never really pay for people's time. Time is such a precious commodity in this context because one can only do so much if you have the time at your disposal and only if you have the mental and physical ability to do so.



Time is a precious commodity



So be watchful not to be completely drained with unnecessary selfish pressures that have been placed upon us through intimidation, manipulation and fear of what ‘*people*’ may say or think. Rather than give heed to these ungodly pressures, spend those precious moments, hours in **His** Holy Presence — just sitting, quietly listening to **HIM** so that you may know **His** Heart’s desire for you. In this way all confusion will go, as you shut out your own ideas and others’ ideas or desires for you.

As you build that sweet communion and fellowship with **HIM**, you will know that you know, what **His** Heart’s desire is for your life. You are then able to enjoy **His** Perfect Peace as **His** Holy Presence rests upon you and abides in you as you go about your daily life. Unruffled by the pressures of people, situations etc... You know the *Truth of Life* and **HE** has set you free to be **ALL** that **HE** desires for you, hence you have entered your *Sabbath Rest*, ceasing from your own works, set free to follow at **His** Pace in accordance with **His** *Divine Plan and Destiny* for you, which is eternal. You are no longer perturbed by that which is not *Eternal value*.

Also, do not allow your precious hours to be shattered by people’s ‘*idle talk*’ — such unnecessary chatter — just to say something. This does not profit you, even if it is not negative. ‘*Idle talk*’ breaks you down and drains your

spirit, soul and body — it draws you away from **HIM**. Rather seek the **LORD** and find out who **HE** wants you to spend time with, who to fellowship with.

Ministry is one aspect — yes minister to whoever the **LORD** leads you to, for however long it takes to get the task done.

BUT fellowship is a very different aspect — be very circumspect who you fellowship with, otherwise it becomes unfruitful and you become frustrated and disillusioned as you are robbed of your peace and joy, and then your strength is affected.

The *Gift of Life* is so very precious and the splendour of life so beautiful with all its seasons. The **LORD JESUS** came to give us this *Life* in all its fullness and abundance. *Life* is a choice, therefore, we must make the most of each day **HE** has given us so that we may be greeted with *“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your **LORD**.”*

GOD bless you and keep you as you continue your *Earthly Journey — Dear One — May you be strengthened by **HIS** Sweet Holy Presence each step of the way.*

Amen & Amen.

Thank **YOU** our Dearest **LORD** and **SAVIOUR** as **YOU** Bless,
Keep and Protect our beloved land, South Africa.

May **YOUR** Revival Fires once again sweep over the shores
of our precious **GOD**-ordained, Holy Blood-washed Land
— including all the inhabitants, as we stand lost in
Wonder, Love and Praise!

Glory Hallelujah —

Praise our Precious Holy **KING, JESUS CHRIST!**
LORD of All...

Amen & Amen.



PROPHETIC WORD

*Over the
Body of Christ*



*By: Jodie Hughes
(The King's Prophetic Voice)*

- Mid 2022 -

*“In the **new era** that is coming to the **body of CHRIST**.
The **LORD** is going to speak prophetically
(to the body)
In child-like ways...”*


This prophetic word was given on a Faith programme on the Television, in mid to late 2022 (*Jodie Hughes*).



EPILOGUE

Touched by His Love



 Thank you Dearest One, that you have journeyed with me, sharing with me *times of reflections* in **His** Presence, that we, together, have experienced the words of the *Psalmist*:

*“Oh, taste and see that the **LORD** is good;
Blessed is the man who trusts in **HIM!**”*

Psalm 34 v. 8 (NKJV)

(Margin: discern, perceive, evaluate)

*“**You** will show me the path of **Life**:
In **YOUR** Presence is fullness of **Joy**:
At **YOUR** Right Hand are pleasures forevermore.”*

Psalm 16 v. 11 (NKJV)

“Weeping may endure for a night,

But Joy comes in the morning.”

Psalm 30 v. 5 (c) (NKJV)

Dearest One,

As we have walked this *Path of Life* together, may I ask, “*Have you secured your Heavenly Passport?*” As we know, there is no entry into another country without a passport! If not, please do it now, do not defer, for you, Dearest One, know not if you will pass this way again!

“JESUS, is seeking the wanderers,

yet why do they roam?

Love only waits to forgive and forget,

Home, weary wanderer, Home:

*Love streams out of the Heart of the FATHER above,
to you and to me.*

Home, weary wanderer, Home!”

- Robert Walmsley 1851 — 1906

Oh, how HE, our Precious LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, just longs to hold you so close to HIS Sacred Heart, tucked into HIS riven Side, washed and cleansed by HIS Holy Blood, so that you, Dearest One, can experience the beauty of *Heaven, Eternity, HIS Everlasting Love, HIS Mercy and Perfect Peace*, forever and ever.

Amen & Amen.

My Prayer for you, beloved:

(Aaronic Blessing)

“The LORD bless you and keep you; (watch & guard)

The LORD make HIS Face shine upon you, (enlighten)

And be gracious to you; (kind & merciful)

The LORD lift up HIS Countenance upon you, (favour; approval)

And give you Peace. (Shalom, tranquility of heart, mind & life)

So they shall put MY NAME on the children of Israel,

and I will bless them.”

Numbers 6 v. 24 — 27 (NKJV)

This is the only “Prayer” written by the *Hand of GOD, ALMIGHTY.*

Amen, Amen.

*May our Holy LORD and our GOD bless you abundantly
with HIS Holy Presence always.*

Amen & Amen

*My Warmest Love in HIM,
Gabrielle Gindra Wolmarans*



Special Tribute

TO MY DEAREST CHILDREN



- November 2022 -

*A very Special Tribute to my Dearest Children. **Jacques**
and **Lillian-Rose**:*

My Precious Children that our Dearest **LORD**, blessed
and gifted me with — my very closest, Eternal friends!!

A very special, heartfelt

*“Thank you, my dearest, precious Jacques, for always
being “**there**” for me, especially during the past
15 years, during Lillian’s terminal illness and her
passing on to be with the **LORD**. May our Dearest **LORD**
reward you, dearest Jacques, for your faithfulness,
my dearest Child!!*

With all my love to you!!”

From the depth of my heart — you have been and still are “a Treasure & Gift straight from the Heart of GOD.” A true friend indeed!!!

*May our **LORD** continue to Bless you abundantly, my Precious Jacques!*

What golden memories those happy years of rearing these Children were — fellowship, encouragement along the way, including much fun and laughter and even tears — all building blocks along life’s pathway for *Eternity!*

Then how we, as parents, in our latter years, enjoy the loving care, honour and respect these, now adult Children, even amidst their responsibilities and changing scenes of life, share with us in this close bond of friendship even into all *Eternity*.

*“Give the best to **JESUS**, childhood’s golden prime.
Precious buds unfolding fruit for after time.”*



Also for the beautiful memories of my Precious *Lillian Rose*, now in **His** Holy Presence and in **His** Perfect Peace.

Amen & Amen

Letter Received

FROM CHANÉ



- April 2022 -

Dearest Aunty Gay

I cannot thank you enough!

*Thank you for sharing with me your precious encounters with **God**.*

*We have only just started, but already I can say that your notes have changed my life. It is as if my spiritual eyes have been opened to a new level. Suddenly, I seem to be even more aware of **God's** Precious, Wonderful Presence and Workings, and I am somehow more sensitive to noticing **His** Glorious Hand in my life. Newly attentive...*

*Even just seeing how you went about creating your notes and capturing every detail has guided me and helped me to be able to do the same with the lessons that **God** is busy teaching me as I type my way through your notes.*

Aunty Gay, the experiences that you have had... Wow!!!

*Aunty Gay my eyes have been opened. My expectations and hunger for more of our Wonderful **GOD** have been tremendously increased. You are helping me to better see and realise and understand just how Sweet and Kind and Loving our Precious **LORD** is, how indescribable our **GOD** is, and how **HE** loves us and that **HE wants to** spend time with us.*

*A whole new world has been opened for me. I had no idea that such experiences with **GOD** were possible. (But of course, I should have known, for I know **GOD cannot be limited** or boxed in, and that **GOD's ways are Higher...** but I just had no idea...) my heart yearns to be able to experience the **LORD** the way you do, to have such a special and intimate relationship with **GOD** and to be used by **GOD**, like you.*

I cannot wait to learn more about your wonderful experiences and for the experiences & encounters that await me and to then share them with you too.

Thank you so much for the light that you are in my life.

I could never explain to you how special you are to me, how much you mean to me and how incredibly much I love you Aunty Gay!

*You are a **GOD**-sent blessing to me.*

*Love you,
Chané
Xxx*

Special Tribute

TO THEO AND CHANÉ



- November 2022 -

A very Special Tribute to my Dearest Theo and Chané Haarhoff (father and daughter):

For all their love, consideration, consecration and encouragement in the printing and the beautiful presentation of “*Touched by **His** Love*”!

*Dearest Chané, what a “treasure” you have been! As you and I were having tea at my home and in fellowship together, I suggested that one must keep a journal of all the **LORD’S** Goodness as an encouragement in your life’s journey. You enquired; what I would suggest, and so, I showed you one of my handwritten notes in a file. You glanced at the notes in the file and quite unknowingly, you very kindly suggested that you would compile these handwritten notes into a book for me. I was completely unaware of the nature of the detail of your profession. I just gazed at you in silence, when you answered, “But, this is my work — this is what I do!” I was unable to*

answer you and the reality of it all only penetrated a week later, as I realised this was your earnest intention!

*I explained to you that there were three large files of notes. Hence, I then realised that our Precious **LORD'S** Hand was on this!*

Chané, this was the furthest thought in both of our imaginations!

As I spoke to Jacques the following day, he said, "This is an answer to prayer." — I did not know this, as it was never really discussed between Jacques and I, for some years now.

*May our Precious Holy **LORD** reward you both, dearest Theo and my dearest Chané, for all your lovingkindness and help in assisting me to complete this **GOD**-given task!*

*Thank you beloved ones, in prayer and gratitude, in **HIS** Holy **NAME**, **JESUS CHRIST**, our **KING** of kings and **LORD** of lords, as you experience **HIS** Perfect Peace and live each day in **HIS** Sweet Holy Presence each step of the way!*

*Our **LORD JESUS CHRIST** Bless and Keep you always for Time & Eternity.*

Amen & Amen.

x x x



In Closing Worship

“Come let us sing of a Wonderful **LOVE**,
Tender and True,
Out of the Heart of the **FATHER** above,
Streaming to me and to you:
Wonderful **LOVE**
Dwells int he Heart of the **FATHER** Above.”

— Hymn: R. Walmsley 1881 - 1905

Closing Prayer

“O **Master**, let me walk with **Thee**
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me **Thy** secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning Word of Love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way”

Amen & Amen.

— Hymn: W. Gladden 1834 - 1919



*May you too, Dearest One, continue to be Blessed as you
pass through this Royal Path of Life.*



*Thanks to our Precious Holy Lord
Jesus Christ!*

Amen & Amen

