

A journey to teach me about righteousness, the highway to holiness.

This story is a testimony about my personal walk with Abba Father. I was taken on a journey to understand the real meaning of His grace, mercy, and lovingkindness. I was taught what it means to walk in the shadow of mercy and grace on my way to righteousness.

“Thank You Abba Father that, in each season of my life, You are always there to teach me everything I need to know in order to fulfil my calling.”

For longer than a month prior to this revelation I was experiencing an extremely quiet period in my walk with the Father. There was no wind in my sails to steer me forth; my boat was floating on still waters and the situation became demoralising. During this time I was pleading with Abba Father to please let me understand where I am going wrong, but even my best prayer-efforts did not seem very fruitful.

Until one morning, like a light breeze, I sensed a whispering in the spirit:

“It is time to move. Come, follow Me.”

I noticed him immediately; an adorable snow-white little lamb staring at me ... a soft glow brightening up his fluffy face and beautiful blue eyes. He did not allow me much time to properly meet, but came closer and invited straightaway: “Come, little lady, follow me. I will show you the way to still waters in My Garden in Eden.”

Bubbling with joy I spontaneously stretched my hands towards the beautiful pet but I was returned to the reality of my room before I could ask a single question.

However, the next morning I was back.

My companion was still there but this time he had a wide strip of thick white material draped across his back like a saddle. I noticed the two side pockets: one on each side.

“I carry my treasures in these pockets,” the lamb said before I could even find words to ask anything.

“May I please see what treasures you carry?” I eventually pleaded, but the lamb ignored me.

“Come, let’s move on. Time is running out,” was his only response.

“Where are we going, and who are you?” I asked more boldly this time.

“To the deeper hidden secrets of the Eden-Garden.”

I was listening carefully, but he never told me who he was. I decided to try again later although it left me stranded with even greater curiosity as before about this very strange lamb.

As we were in the process of crossing a small bridge, he encouraged me and said:

“I am leading you to still waters, to meadows of Light and Love inside my garden. There you will experience deeper Insight.”

Tiny decorations and a silver bell around his neck released the most beautiful tune.

Small birds appeared, followed by swarms of colourful bees. They tumbled and circled around us, adding more splendour to the fascinating scene.

A white dove landed on the head of the lamb, paused for a while, and then left again.

At that stage I never had any knowing about the roll that this white dove would fulfil in the second half of my journey.

While watching speechlessly, the command from my woolly-headed companion was to the point: “You need to be clothed with righteousness, your special gift in this season.”

I noticed how my clothes gradually started to change. I became dressed in a most beautiful lace garment, cream in color. On my head was a crown, decorated with matching pompom daisies.

Despite all this, I could not hold back the curiosity that was burning like a red amber inside me, any longer: “Please tell me who you are. What is your name?”

He looked me straight in the eyes and said: “Mercy, just call me Mercy.”

“But...”

Then again, Mercy mysteriously disappeared and I was left alone and dumbstruck. All I could do, was to touch the softness of my new garment in admiration and whisper his name ... “Mercy.”

It surfaced in my spirit: “This journey is indeed a walk in mercy, a gift from Abba Father.”

Mercy was waiting on me when I returned the next day.

Somebody was whistling a beautiful tune as I slowly walked closer. I looked around and to my surprise realised that it could only be Mercy. It must have been a wake-up call as the colourful bees immediately appeared from all over and joined the scene. The tiny chirping birds also followed and before long we were all together again. What a festive procession to watch, the lamb responsible for the heavenly melodies, entertained and accompanied by his humming bee- and twittering bird friends.

At a stage He suddenly stopped, turned around towards me, and said: "These are the songs of the new season, little lady."

His comment excited me and I immediately sensed that there must be much more to this unique journey than I could imagine.

We were back on the bridge where we started off on day one and were busy crossing to the other side. My companion, Mercy, was still whistling new tunes. This time eagles gathered from the four corners of the earth and formed a huge cloud in the shape of an eagle above us. Mercy cleared my vagueness and explained the meaning of this very extraordinary procession:

"In this season the cloud of witnesses will flock together searching for the signs of rising morning stars. At the same time true voices will be separated from those walking in fleshly desires."

From the circling eagles above, soft inner feathers rained like tiny snowflakes down upon us. I stretched out my arms and danced while the fine fluffy feathers kept spiraling down. Mercy looked deep into my eyes with an intensity that was different and I immediately experienced that I was moved to a deeper dimension. The unique and indescribable colors of his eyes deeply fascinated me. As if looking in a mirror, I could even follow the reflection of the swaying movements of the eagles.

I could hear him as he faintly explained: "It is time for the hidden voices of the apostolic, prophetic eagles to be heard. They will shine amongst the brightest stars during the darkest hours of the night."

A veil, gently draping from above, prevented us to see more. Although I was curious to observe the unknown, something blocked me from asking. Mercy, however, simply moved through the covering and disappeared behind it, leaving me on my own for quite a while.

From nowhere my faithful companion re-joined me later, adding even more secrecy to our relationship as his face was shining brighter than the rays of the sun and when he started speaking, there was no voice, only the most beautiful melodies without words filled the air. I instantly sensed a tangible anxiety, something I have often experienced during previous heavenly encounters.

“Come, walk with me. I will guide you and comfort you all the way. Remember that I deeply love you. Come closer and kneel before me. I have something to release over you,” Mercy said.

I went down on my knees, and He draped a new blue ribbon around my neck.

“Now, with this new mantle, the identity of the set apart bride, please follow Me.”

Again, I did not say anything because I had no words and clear understanding about the proceedings.

Mercy slowly turned around and moved on. Through the clear ringing of bells, I could hear his reassurance as I followed: “I will open doors, level mountains and remove obstacles on your way.”

In front of us, a red door became visible. When we moved closer, it gently opened.

“This door will allow us access to a deeper understanding. Wisdom and insight will increase. It is time for you to step up and step into the anointing on hand for this season.

The door slowly closed behind us, and Mercy continued: “Little lady, you need to be cautiously prepared for your journey and will be baptized into the anointing of the Solomon-wisdom. It is time to walk with Me the way Enoch did.”

Deeper inside the room was a set table.

Strangely, on the neatly arranged plates of clay were only books and no foodstuff at all. I was curious and wanted to have a look at the content but had no chance at all. Tongues of fire appeared, and the flames consumed every single letter on the various pages. Despite this, the sweetest fragrance one can ever imagine, vaped from the flames, and filled the entire place. I looked around for an explanation, but my woolly friend has once again disappeared and left me all on my own.

However, uncertainty was short-lived. At the head of the table my beloved Messiah

was sitting. Excitement overwhelmed me and for a moment I did not know what to do next.

He looked at me, opened one of the books, and said: "I want to equip you with deeper insight into undiscovered things you need to know in this hour. The time has come for prophets of the season to be nourished with fresh heavenly Insight and divine Wisdom in order to advance deeper."

Dewdrops started to trickle down over me until I was completely drenched.

"Be soaked under a fire anointing," He calmly encouraged me.

The dewdrops immediately changed into drops of fire. It did not burn me, but I could feel the penetrating heat thereof.

A red mantle was mysteriously draped around me. The hem was beautifully decorated with miniature glowing golden pomegranates. Like tiny bells they were ringing at the slightest movement I made.

"Take your seat," my dearest Messiah unexpectedly invited.

I obeyed and realized that I was alone at the table. I looked around in a daze while a long, rolled-up scroll in a clay jar was placed in front of me. My Messiah was still nowhere to be seen and I did not know what to expect. Luckily, all of a sudden Mercy appeared from nowhere and instructed me to unroll the scroll.

Cautiously and with uncertain fingers I continued and opened the sacred document like a map in front of me. As if propelled into an inexplicable, deeper dimension of heavenly mysteries for a moment, everything around me faded. I could only vaguely distinguish angel activities but could not make out what they were doing. After a while the eyes of my spirit got used to the new environment and I could clearly see an impressive golden crown, richly decorated with glowing rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The crown rotated gently with colorful rays of light from the precious stones flashing in all directions.

I could hardly utter a word. Two huge angels supported the treasurable crown to expose its divine splendor. They moved ahead, deeper into the indistinctness, and I watched until the procession became a mere spot of light in the belly of the unknown heavenly sphere.

Stunned to my very core for quite a while, I later became aware of the tender touch of

a cool velvet nose. I looked down at Mercy and tears flooded my eyes as I was going down on my knees and with my arms around my dearest beloved companion's neck I just hugged and hugged him.

"Please tell me more about this beautiful crown," I begged. "Who does it belong to?"

"Little one, this is the overcomers' crown. It was exposed to you to witness how deep and dearly the brave-hearted are valued by our Father. Only they are deemed worthy to receive the higher order...the order of the conquerors."

Mercy's voice suddenly silenced.

I noticed that he disappeared from my grasp of embrace, and I was all alone again.

Back in my room I was in deep meditation for the rest of the day about this exceptional revelation. The next morning I returned to the table where I had the short session with the Messiah. He was still there, waiting on me and was wearing His crown of overcoming.

I could feel the warmth as tears began to well up and whispered: "Dear Son of the Almighty, You are worthy to wear the martyr's crown, the crown of the highest Order."

He looked at me, with eyes wrapped in a bright sapphire glow: "Little lady, people must die in themselves before I can fully live in them. There is thus a price to be paid by those who long to wear the crown of overcomers. They will have to follow Me."

I knelt before Him and wanted to put my arms around His knees when I noticed a royal blue sash draped around His neck. The printed words "LOVE" glimmered from it and my beloved Messiah said: "My kingdom is based on pillars and a foundation of love. To die in self means to let Me become the Ruler in the lives of people. This will release a whole new authority in them. Nobody can receive the crown unless they are willing to follow the example of the Martyr Himself. Many desire the crown but are not willing to pay the price."

I closed my eyes and tried to wipe the tears from my cheeks. When I looked up again my precious Messiah was not there anymore. Facing me was the woollen figure of Mercy. His heaven-blue eyes were drenched in pools of blood. One by one the precious drops ran down the adorable face and stained the snow-white wool of my beloved lamb. The Lamb who was slain to save mankind over all the earth.

I cupped his dearest face in the palms of my hands. It was as if his eyes were piercing mine and reached the deepest innermost place of my heart. He then lifted His right leg and rested it over my shoulder. A love beyond description exploded deep in my spirit heart as I hugged my beloved companion. With the side of his head he tenderly brushed away untimely tears gathering on my face and whispered: "Little lady, I know your deepest desires. I hear the unspoken words in your mind and share every emotion. I know everything because your innermost is my dwelling place. I know what is best for you and will lead you to green pastures and still, clear waters. Come, let me restore your joy as we are one."

He slowly turned around.

"It is time to move deeper into My Father's domain."

A soft breeze gently stirred around us as I followed Mercy past the deserted seat at the head of the table where my Messiah was sitting a short while ago. However, the movement of mighty wings and an extremely pleasant aroma from somewhere, stimulated my expectations anew. I looked around but kept following my leader without asking questions. More uncertainties entered my mind.

Although nothing was visible in my spiritual eyesight, I could experience so much more in the nothingness. I even sensed an awareness of an overflowing fountain in my deepest innermost.

Mercy suddenly turned around and said: "Close your eyes, little lady."

I willingly obeyed but at the same time picked up the sound of choir activities ahead of me. Against instructions I instinctively opened my eyes. A breathtaking scene unfolded. An uncountable number of angels were gathering from all over. In an astonishing synchronized manner they softly hummed the most striking melodies one could imagine. I was stunned, trying to digest what I was witnessing.

The humming became louder as more angels joined and the vibrating sound waves around us crystalized into tiny dewdrops that showered all over us.

The soft woolly touch of my precious Mercy comforted me as he quietly moved closer. I had nothing to say but deep in my heart I knew that angels were waiting in anticipation on the Ruler of Heaven, the Lamb who was slain, to arrive and enter the hidden

Kingdom of Abba Father.

Immersed in a soft light and surrounded by the sweet aroma of various fragrances, I followed my Mercy deeper. I could sense a strong presence, a force that steered us forth. After a while when we unexpectedly broke through a dim membrane, I was once again completely bowled over. We were totally captured in a scenario of moving flower colors and enclosed by a cloud of sweet-scented aromas. I was not familiar with any of the beautiful flowers and what amazed me most, was the fact that the petals continuously opened and closed as if they were alive and breathing, bringing forth a humming sound like the angels did earlier. It was a live wave of color and odors and sound. I stretched out my hand as it was my utmost desire to feel the divine vibrations between my fingertips.

It was then when Mercy took my hand and looked at me. I was convinced that he could read my thoughts and that he was aware of the deepest intentions of my heart. A faint smile on my part served as an admission of guilt. It was for sure accepted by my mate as he immediately started to whistle. As if responding to my lamb-mate's call, great numbers of bees and birds flocked around us, using their wings to fan the sweet fragrances deeper into the hiddenness.

I just stared at Mercy, not knowing what to say.

He whispered: "When deep calls unto deep, we have to obey."

I was still trying to understand what He meant when I found myself in my prayer room back at home.

That entire day I was walking on a cloud of wonder, not even trying to understand what happened. I was at peace and felt wrapped in the beauty of what I was experiencing on my journey with Mercy. In anticipation I could just dream about the beauty of the supernatural domain.

During the afternoon of the following day events continued. Two huge transparent squares that looked like portals were moving up and down from the heavenlies. As the one was coming down the other one returned upwards.

The activity was ongoing, and as I was waiting on an explanation from Mercy who was with me, a strong awareness that we were actually spiraling deeper into the unseen,

surfaced.

After some time seven doors appeared ahead of us, each one in a different color. The doors had no frames, only small name plates above with the names clearly visible: 'Lovingkindness', 'Grace', 'Trust', 'Mercy', 'Truth', 'Obedience' and 'Righteousness'.

Without explanation Mercy led me through the door in the middle that had His name on the name plate and we ended up in a brightly lit channel-shaped tube.

A deep contentment filled my spirit as we continued inside the tube of light. I vaguely heard a choir singing and tried to identify where it was coming from when Mercy suddenly responded: "You will soon understand, dearest little one."

Excitement was overwhelming when we reached the end of our tunnel-journey and found ourselves amongst immeasurable bright glowing stars. I realized that we have reached a deeper hidden dimension of the heavenly domain.

Thousands upon thousands of stars, swaying on the rhythm of heavenly music, beamed out a brilliance, much brighter than the light of the stars we normally see from earth. Angel-choirs in the background worshipped uninterruptedly, making it simply impossible to leave this divine musical act.

I looked up and noticed how the brightest Star of all: our own Morning Star, appeared amongst the countless bright stars. Deep inside my spirit a voice clearly whispered the truth about these stars: "The righteous people will beam out their brightness like stars."

"Exactly, little lady. You are the witness of the expression of the Word," Mercy said and looked at me. "You needed to be kindled to fulfil your commission as an end time apostolic messenger in a time such as this."

I looked at myself and was amazed to note that I was also glowing in the likeness of a bright morning star.

"If people obey the Word and follow My light, a light that will brighten up, they will be ignited to shine like real stars in heaven."

Mercy's eyes were gleaming like sapphire gemstones when he explained.

"Light will always destroy and replace darkness. Let me position you today amongst the morning stars. Those who will always be enlightened by the rays of the rising sun."

I immediately found myself amongst the bright stars, peacefully drifting through the heavenlies and beaming out the light of the great Morning Star.

Inside me Mercy's gentle voice reassured me: "I am here, little lady. I am inside you."

It is my light that illuminated your spirit. You are indeed a vessel...I am the Light-giver of that light inside you.”

Back in my prayer room I could hardly stand in the presence of the heavy anointing. I felt sheltered in the presence of my Abba Father like never before and in the spirit I knelt alongside Mercy, lovingly putting my arms around his neck.

“I love you, Mercy. I really do.”

Two days later I was back among the stars. Mercy was moving swiftly from star to star and said: “We have entered the day of small mercies, but do not despise them because they are the beginning of bigger miracles.”

I did not understand and he explained more: “We entered a time of giving birth to miracles. It will be like the birth of a bridge baby; the delivery will be painful.”

After this explanation I was even more confused but left it there and just enjoyed the journey as we progressed deeper until we entered an out of the ordinary looking garden.

A lush green lawn surrounded by trees that were heavily laden with ripe fruit immediately caught the eye. Fruits I did not know at all. Mercy sounded excited when He promised: “I want to show you the fruit of the tree of the spirit that grows in the Garden in Eden.”

It was then that I noticed that each tree bore its own unique fruit, with its own exclusive color and shape.

“These are the fruit of the Spirit that Adam and Eve enjoyed when they dwelled in the Garden as spiritual beings,” Mercy explained.

I listened carefully and it came as a bit of a surprise when I also noticed a dead withered tree in the middle of the Garden with underdeveloped fruit. I immediately knew without doubt that this could only be the tree of deception.

Mercy looked up, stayed silent for a while, and then said: “Those who eat from the fruit of this tree will never enjoy eternal Garden-life.”

My dearest companion immediately realized that His last statement could have been upsetting, therefore he straightaway led me to a grassy patch under a big tree. There we relaxed with the calming sound of a nearby rippling water stream around us.

Mercy’s eyes were wrapped in a caressing softness when he looked at me and

whispered: "You need to rest more often, especially before you enter a new assignment."

For the first time I noticed that my white linen dress had two pockets, one on each side. Safely in the pocket on the left was a thin scroll.

"Hold on to this scroll until I give you permission to open it."

I was listening but quickly peeked into the other pocket as well. It was empty.

Later, when it was time to move on I was completely baffled by Mercy's response to my inquiry regarding our next destination. He calmly assured me: "We are going to the King's palace."

"But ... I am not dressed appropriately," I protested.

"The intentions of the heart are all that count. Your love for Him is more costly than a pretty dress, little lady. Come, He wants to heal your broken heart and give you peace."

"Where is the palace of the King?"

"In the city of our Father, on the Hill of Righteousness. He is clothed in royal robes of lovingkindness and crowned with the crown of righteousness."

I looked at Mercy hoping that He would later explain more. I was fascinated by the look in His eyes ... eyes glowing with love.

"Trust me," was all He said.

The shimmering glow on the horizon above far-off mountains were beyond belief. In hesitation I kept staring. Did I see correctly? Was I really looking at multicolored liquid light, I wondered?

Wave upon wave the liquid brilliancy was changing colors as it continuously rolled around like the waters of an ocean.

"Mercy, do we have to enter this wave of brightness?" I asked in a small voice and moved closer, looking for encouragement.

"Little lady, you might see Him in a distance but never eye to eye."

Surprisingly, as we were moving in the direction of the beautiful, illuminated scene, the distance between us and the waves of light did not become shorter at all. It seemed impossible to reach the destination of brilliancy. Only angel choirs could be heard in the distance, like before.

To my delight a voice became audible, a voice sweeter than what words could describe, and said: "Hephzibah, trust Me. Remember that grace will always be present and available to those who relentlessly follow Me."

The tangible presence of Mercy sealed the message spoken by the voice as he gently rubbed against my leg. A coat of wool, the same texture and color as Mercy's woolly body, was draped around me. This was a major surprise and I called out in delight: "Mercy, look! we almost look alike."

He responded immediately with more encouraging words:

"This is to bless you and to remind you that you always belong to my flock."

I did not know what to say and could only mumble: "I love You so much Mercy, my friend."

The spectacular colorful light waves slowly faded and a significant heavenly event was coming to an end. The angel's singing also became softer. However, once more the voice was loud and clear and revealed: "You cannot enter the domain of our King. He will always keep a distance. No eye can see Him, but everybody has the opportunity to know Him."

After nothingness eventually covered everything I felt drained and as usual looked at Mercy's face first for direction and inspiration. In his eyes one could see a greater form of empathy and I knew that he fully understood my fragile emotional situation. In an uplifting mood, without wasting time, he invited: "It is time to go deeper."

A beam of light, brighter than the glare of the sun, flashed towards me. It penetrated my innermost at a place where I always assumed my golden bowl, Abba's tabernacle inside my spirit, was positioned.

"This light-beam functioned like a key and unlocked a deeper hidden chamber within your spirit. It might be unfamiliar to you but will equip you with everything you need in a time such as this. Do not try to figure out what has been happening, but consent to everything as grace," Mercy faithfully explained.

The light beam changed into a blue flame and pierced even deeper to expose a human chest that immediately opened like a window. I then was at a point to start asking questions but Mercy cut me short: "Just let it be, little lady, let it be. The light of truth

and love will flood your soul and spirit until you are ready to beam out the deeper brightness of lovingkindness.”

Simultaneously a brilliant white cloud shifted into position and in a mysterious way absorbed Mercy and me in its bright softness. Although strange to me, I immediately felt comforted and secured. A set table, this time with ruby-red grapes, freshly baked bread, a jar filled to the brim with honey and a calabash with fresh water, appeared and Mercy invited: “Eat before we proceed to even bigger challenges. And, little lady, please remember that, after being taken upwards, you will have to descend again.”

I think I might have frowned and queried: “What do you mean, Mercy?”

“You will soon know. Eat and get ready for what is waiting.”

I enjoyed what were on the table and almost immediately felt nourished and strengthened. I found it a bit strange when I noticed that Mercy never ate anything but was waiting patiently for me to finish before he ordered: “Come, I have to show you the way.”

Our environment was somewhat rocky and like a deer Mercy jumped from one rock to the next. I followed and really enjoyed the playful way of moving around. We reached a huge rock and paused for a while. Pure golden honey was dripping continuously from a cleft on the side.

“Drink and get nourished from the inside out,” my woolly Guide invited while tasting some himself. Both of us really enjoyed the time at the rock and was also unexpectedly visited by a splendid eagle that dropped off a rod. Mercy looked at me after the eagle left and said: “Use the staff to lean on whenever you need rest. This commission is not easy at all, but always remember that our Father is with you and will strengthen you for your deeper walk.”

Mercy pressed the tip of the staff into the honey and held it out to me and said: “Little lady, taste that He is truthfully good.”

With trembling lips I admitted: “Yes, this honey honestly has a unique taste.”

A door opened in front of us, exposing a rainbow bridge and Mercy moved on.

“Follow me.”

An inner joy exploded inside me and I willingly followed my Leader along the rainbow route.

We reached a pool with shimmering-clear water but no conversation took place as

Mercy just pushed on and walked across the surface. At first I hesitated but remembered his request to follow him and in obedience proceeded with a first shaky step. The surface was stable and solid and confidence returned.

A glaring reflection on the mirror-smooth water made it impossible to identify what was concealed underneath the surface. A whirlwind also suddenly stirred up, wrapped like a skirt around us, and lifted us from the surface of the pool. Except for the comforting presence of the woollen body of my dearest Mercy I could not feel or see anything through the wind-covering. For the moment at least I had to live with the experience that the wind was our companion.

Nevertheless, I could hear Mercy clearly when he assured me: "This journey may feel strange to you, but a new day in the spirit has dawned upon you."

I looked at him and for a moment I became aware of an expression of deep care in his eyes. I knew I was right when in a soft and touching voice he reassured me: "I am with you all the time, little lady."

In the meantime we were propelled further into infinity by the wind that has since changed into a golden beam. Inside this wind-covering we came to a pond where we paused for a while to give me time to mirror myself in the clear water. Surprisingly it was Mercy's image that was reflected back to me when I looked into the clear pond and he was quick to explain: "I want you to understand that more and more of me is starting to manifest through you. The closer you walk with me, the more you would become kindhearted towards others. My image in you is growing every day; more of me and less of you."

His words made me feel humble and I did not know how to properly show respect to him when He carried on:

"The next pool will be the Pool of Righteousness."

Inside this pool was a square shape and I was dumbfounded by what was waiting on me. My dearest Messiah was looking at me from the very center of the square. Shocked and overjoyed at the same time I threw my arms around Mercy's neck. A deeper insight transpired in me, something I could not express in words. I was suddenly realizing that I was back in the school of life again. Mercy was teaching me the real value of being merciful towards others. Deep inside my innermost I knew:

“Yes, Mercy was exposing me to the very heart of the Lamb.”

I scooped up water from the pool and felt tempted to quench an incomprehensible thirst. The unmistakable sweetness of honey in the water was obvious, even sweeter than honey direct from a real honeycomb.

A gentle invitation by my companion to move on brought me back to reality. I followed Mercy to the next pool and was once more fascinated by the pomegranate-color of the water.

“This is the Pool of Lovingkindness,” he eagerly explained. “You need to learn the deeper meaning of love; to love those who hate you, bless those who curse you, forgive those who hurt you and be gracious to those who assault you. When you pursue these principles, mercy and goodness will walk with you and remain with you forever.”

“But Mercy, I do follow these principles. However, in today’s daily walk it is not easy, you know.”

I was trying to put forward a low-level excuse but my woolly friend was quick to respond.

“No, it is for sure not easy, but your heart will change, and lovingkindness is the proof and seal that will put you on the road to walking in righteousness. The water of these pools will change you and direct you to the center of the Pool of Righteousness, the center of it all.”

I had to drink from the Pool of Lovingkindness until it felt as if I was overflowing. A sweet fragrant taste remained on my tongue, the unmistakable and unique characteristics of lovingkindness. I truly wished that the unique taste would stay behind for the rest of the day.

“There are more. Next will be the Pool of Wisdom and understanding?” Mercy assured me as he began to move on.

“Yes, please I really need more wisdom and insight,” I gladly agreed.

Again I had to drink from the clear cool water of the Pool of Wisdom until I could no more.

“In me you have everything, little lady. I am Wisdom and Insight and Mercy and Grace, as well as Lovingkindness and Righteousness. It is time that you discover the true value of who I am in you.”

Deep in thought I hung my head for a while and as I looked up again I noticed a further pool in the distance, reflecting a silvery light in our direction. A closer inspection exposed a mirror at the bottom of the pool.

“This is the Pool of Forgiveness,” Mercy told.

“I have a lot to learn about forgiveness, Mercy. I hurt and judged many people in my lifetime. Help me to forgive myself for the wrong I have done. Will you please?”

My companion fully agreed and answered: “The purpose of us visiting the various pool-destinations is for you to be able to mirror yourself and come clean of any shortcomings and defilements of the past.”

I had to enter the pool and get soaked while the mirror uninterruptedly reflected my image back at me. Mercy eventually came to the rescue with a compliment as I reached a stage where it became too much and I could not take it any longer.

“Well done.”

When leaving the water the first I noticed was that my clothing has changed again. I was stripped of the clothes I was wearing and was now wrapped in an illuminated emerald-green garment.

Mercy looked at me and admitted: “It was necessary to remove whatever seemed to be too excessive and replaced it with a dress of humbleness. To enter the new dispensation you must understand that less is more and that you have to travel light.”

I was bowled over completely and the real meaning of what he explained only slowly shaped inside my limited comprehension. Afterwards I was very excited and felt blessed to have been able to lay down the heavy burden of extremeness.

When I was ready to give him my full attention again, Mercy explained more: “My precious little lady, the ultimate goal is to prepare you for a deeper baptism in the Pool of Righteousness. You have to grow into a deeper walk and understanding and the time is at hand for you to enter that very special pool.”

I did not fully understand the reason for deeper baptism and had no idea what to expect next but followed willingly.

The force of the whirlwind intensified as we decided to move on, but inside the white cloud that lifted us from the lake in the beginning we were quite safe. A pool, bigger than the previous ones and filled with a tinted bluish liquid, became visible inside our

white cloud.

“The water of this Pool of Righteousness, the center of creation, always tastes as sweet as nectar. Anyone who reach this point and taste the water will never again desire water from another source.”

It was quiet around us and I could not think of something to ask.

“Do you now understand the reason for this journey? Do you understand that it is a journey to teach you the ways of righteousness?” Mercy asked.

“Tell me more,” was all I could say and he added.

“The journey is to give prominence to abiding in our Father and walking in His statutes, by following the Light that leads... My light.”

I listened and watched him carefully while he was speaking. His eyes were the same sapphire blue color as the reflection of the water in the precious pool.

“Do you think I am worthy to drink of this water, Mercy?”

His response caught me somewhat off guard when he agreed: “Yes and feel free to enter the water and get baptized in the life-changing waters of righteousness. To walk with our Father, is to walk in righteousness and become His righteous right-hand child.”

I stepped into the pool. It did not feel like water but rather like lukewarm liquid. My entire body gradually became illuminated as I moved deeper and was later completely translucent. Mercy arranged an emerald-green shawl to wrap around me when I came out of the refreshing pool. To my surprise the cloak also became transparent but after a while a clear imprint of a purple tulip appeared on the front. A golden frame formed a small window around the tulip, big enough to peep through.

Before I could ask, Mercy was ready to explain: “This is to reveal your new identity and anointing in this exciting season of walking in righteousness.”

His words conveyed a touching message and I also enquired about the prophetic meaning of a mantle like this one.

Mercy was silent for a while before answering: “Little lady, those who have chosen to follow the way of righteousness should first distinguish the current dispensation inside the bigger framework of the Messiah dispensation.”

He continued: “Walking with Me is available to all who pursue to walk in radical obedience with me. The invitation is out, and the window period open.”

A window with a blue frame appeared. Curiosity took over and I quickly peeped through the window. A very interesting scene greeted me.

People all around the world formed small groups and were discussing the significance of the times we are going through.

Mercy concluded: "This is your main commission for this season. You need to equip people with this nugget of gold, teaching them how to hear and distinguish my voice amongst the many voices that is flooding our earth. Keep feeding the many with tiny drops of sweet honey. These droplets are like small mustard seeds that will become massive trees and bear huge crops. Soon you will identify with your purpose and commission in this new dispensation."

When my woolly friend had finished I knelt beside Him and put my arms around His neck again.

"I am so grateful that you showed me this picture, Mercy. Now I am at peace and know that I am on the right track," I whispered in his fluffy ear.

Days later we were back inside the harshness of the whirlwind. Despite demanding conditions the closeness of my dearest Mercy-friend put me at ease. Before I could ask him any of the many piled up questions I still wanted to ask, he jumped ahead of me and pointed out: "This is entire new territory, but you need to explore it."

Swiftly, before we could blink an eye, we arrived on top of a high hill. This time his remark made good sense as he said: "You need more of the Spirit of Insight. If you wish to look deeper into the unseen, you will perceive better from a higher height. I have to assist you on your journey to righteousness that will lead to holiness and freedom. Come, we cannot become stuck here."

Back inside the wind we have been travelling for quite some time when our whirl wind-vehicle suddenly came to a stop. I got the feeling that in one way or other we were unwrapped and went outside. To my utmost surprise we were back in a deserted landscape.

I looked at Mercy: "Why are we here again?"

"Little lady, our journey brought us back to this place, a journey of exclusive solar walk. I want to teach you the real meaning of the Enoch-walk with heavenly Father, Elohim, a journey to deeper intimacy and knowing the heart of our Father."

I did not have words to express the feelings emerging inside me, but I could recall my yearning: “Abba Father, please help me to walk with You like Enoch did.”

I experienced a deeper level of stillness inside me when I sensed the words: “Although it is a solar walk, you will never feel lonely or deserted and will always be aware of My hedge of protection around you. Your deeper walk with us will take you to places you have never been before.”

I saw the juniper tree with a rock seat underneath it.

“Take your place, Deborah. Take up your seat.”

This time it was my friend, Mercy, calling from where he was resting in the shade of the same tree.

“Mercy, will you stay with me please?”

“No doubt, I will always be close to you.”

A few days passed and when the walk continued, it took a turn in a new direction. We were on a small fishing boat on a wide, free-flowing river. I was entertained by the schools of tiny fish playing in the clear water. They regularly jumped out of the water into the boat and joyfully sang the most beautiful melody.

“Listen to their beautiful singing, Mercy.”

“I deeply love my small fish in the big river. It is the appointed time for them to surface in need for new life. Open your mouth and breathe new life over them,” he answered. I obeyed and my breath changed into fine dewdrops raining down upon the fish, that in return snatched the bubbles.

“Good,” Mercy said. “This will release new life into them.”

I watched excitedly as the small creatures kept on coming back for more.

“What does all this mean, Mercy?”

“That what you received from me will bring new life to those you share it with.”

I smiled. “What a pleasure to be able to share what you so generously taught me.”

Later we were out of the boat and walking across the same narrow wooden bridge where we had been before. Yet, this time the siderails of the bridge were missing.

“Why do we cross this same bridge again, Mercy?” I curiously asked.

“Whenever you have to walk along narrow and unsafe paths, you must trust in me and

follow me in faith, confident that I will never lead you astray. You were baptized into righteousness but now you need to learn to walk in righteousness.”

“But I know that I am falling short terribly and doubt if I will ever be able to fulfil a huge expectation like this,” I shared my concern.

He listened and immediately reassured me: “Stay in me and soon you will meet Grace. The two of us will lead you.”

I did not know how Grace would be of any assistance but Mercy has already told me that it was time to meet our fellow companion. Despite soft dew drops that sifted over us I keenly followed my little lamb. Like an innocent child I licked the water drops from the palms of my hands.

Mercy stopped and looked at me in silence. To me that was an opportunity to get to the bottom of something mysterious and I asked: “But Mercy, where does the dew come from?”

This is a fresh anointing, a fresh breath, a spoil from our Father. Just embrace the moment and enjoy His loving presence. He is about to sharpen your ability to better understand the things of the spirit.”

I started to dance and sing freely.

“You are such an excellent leader, Mercy.”

“Endurance is the key to unlock righteousness,” Mercy said and turned around.

In silence, I followed. To journey with him was wonderful.

Up a staircase and through a door our journey took us to a place where once again a set table waited on us.

Mercy’s explanation was to the point when He said: “I laid the table and we are going to celebrate the feast of passing over.”

Excitement filled my heart as I indeed noticed that the table was set for two. Cheesecake, a brass jar filled with honey dip, dates and almonds made up some of the treats. Mercy took His place at the head of the table. A flat wooden bench was standing at his right hand side.

“Well done, little lady. It is time to step up and step in,” he complimented me as I sat down.

“You were caved in for too long. It is now time to teach what I taught you.”

“What a true friend you are indeed, Mercy. You truly know all my needs and desires.”

I honestly enjoyed the delicious food so much that I became sleepy afterwards.

“I will guard over you while you snooze, because it is still a long walk to righteousness,” our leader kindly suggested.

I rested on a lush green grassland and was soon fast asleep.

I do not know how long I slept. The sound of gushing water woke me and I noticed a river with crystal clear water nearby.

“Little one, wash yourself in the river of life and be baptized into your new dispensation before you may possess your promised land.”

Without delay I immersed myself in the clear, cool water and when I came out, I was dressed in a mantle made from soft sheepskin. I knew that this was an indication of my new identity.

“You belong to My sheepfold, beloved, and you should always follow My voice.”

I thought that it was Mercy talking to me, but he was nowhere to be seen and then realized that it was the voice of my dearest Abba Father deep within me. Later Mercy came walking out of the water and I was so happy to join him again.

I pondered over the revelation for a long time and had to wait three days before I was back at the waterside. I was super excited about my sheepskin garment that was now decorated with tiny golden bells along the hem. The slightest movement by me affected the bells to release the most beautiful melody. It was wonderful to notice that my garment almost looked like the one Mercy had on when we originally met. It was even possible to identify the words of the song that was played by the bells as I have read them many times in the book of Psalms: *‘Protect me as the pupil of Your eye; hide me under the shadow of Your wings.’*

When a soft woollen body brushed against my legs, I joyfully looked up. Mercy was there and greeted with a precious direction: “You have to lead people out of Egypt and guide them on their journey.”

I hugged him and objected at the same time: “But I don’t feel up to such a task. I am just an ordinary old woman.”

It seemed as if my complaint never put him off as he continued: “Bring your pen and

book. You will just be a scribe in the hand of our Father, the Architect of this assignment.”

I was stunned. He made it sound so normal. It was as if the blue of His eyes changed into a shade of emerald gemstones and what amazed me was that the longer I stared at him, the more I could distinguish the precious face of my beloved Messiah. Emotions started to overflow and tears drenched my cheeks.

I wouldn't know but was it perhaps the Messiah's fingers that wiped the dampness from my face? When I tried to touch the hand, the vision faded, and I was completely on my own. I blinked a few times and looked again, but all I could make out was a snow-white woolly body wandering off in the distance.

Mercy turned around and looked at me in silence for a long time, and then slowly disappeared. I desperately stretched out my hand in the direction where I last saw him, my eyes piercing into the nothingness where he disappeared, but my companion for so long was gone!

A soft whisper escaped from my lips: "Please come back Mercy. Do not leave me alone with my assignment, please."

I stayed in my prayer room, for a moment not knowing what to do. So many things happened in such a short period of time and I needed space to work through the incomprehensible.

"Little one, this is not the end of your expedition yet. Soon you will meet with Grace and Lovingkindness. From there we will walk together," a soft whispering in my spirit convinced me that I was not alone at all.

For a long time, I pondered over this entire unique expedition. I agreed that Mercy the lamb willingly took time to teach me to walk in righteousness, but I was still in need of more quality guidance. I wondered if it perhaps could have been possible that my dearest Messiah became a humble, merciful lamb to patiently teach me the real meaning and value of righteousness?

Has He, the Lamb of God, perhaps become my lamb, my leading lamp!

In tears I prayed: "Abba Father, You are so good to me. I still have many lessons to learn, and my time is running out. Thank You that Your grace en mercy will see me through."

I had to wait a few days and then the invitation came:

“Come, the lamps are burning low. It is time to meet Grace and Lovingkindness.”

It felt like I was bursting with excitement. What more could I wish for?

From close by on a rock a lovely turtle dove, with feathers glowing in silvery white, was carefully watching me. The bright blue in the colour of its eyes immediately reminded me of Mercy’s eyes. We were still staring at each other when the bird casually took off from its resting place and landed on my shoulder. I immediately recognised this beautiful dove as the one that I saw in the beginning of this unique experience.

A warm and clear voice commanded: “Follow me.”

As with Mercy I first wanted to know: “Where are you taking me?”

“To righteousness and holiness.”

“But do you realize that I cannot fly?” I reacted instinctively.

“What is your name?” I carried on without first giving my new companion a chance to reply.

“Call me Grace.”

“Mercy told me about you Grace, but I always thought that you would be a lamb as well.”

Without answering me, Grace left my shoulder and started flying ahead of me.

“Where is my friend, Mercy?”

“Mercy is not far away but follow me.”

It was extremely weird and inexplicable that I was able to keep up with Grace and follow him. It was as if I was supported by arms that kept me in flight and safe. I followed my new feathered friend effortlessly in the direction of a huge mountain. Like ancient city-doors many entrances channelling into the mountain were visible. We headed for the entrance in the centre of the rocky mountain and Grace used his wing to knock on the door. I was quite keen to see what was inside while scanning the surrounding up and down the steep slopes.

The entrance door opened rapidly and we entered. Grace looked at me and swiftly returned to his safe landing spot on my right shoulder. I gently stroked his back. His feathers were smooth and soft.

The light was dim inside but I could still figure out the rock formation of a cave. My eyes gradually got used to the poor light and I could make out stacks of leather scrolls that were stored on rocky shelves.

The mystery of the place made me nervous and I asked: "Why are these scrolls hidden inside this mountain, Grace?"

"Unroll one and you will see."

I opened the one closest to me and kept on staring as words eluded me. In the middle of the scroll was the image of a scarlet cross.

Grace must have noticed my surprise and immediately explained: "The secret of the cross is hidden inside the cross. Look at the two wooden beams, one horizontal and the other vertical. Both proclaim the grace of the cross that extends from East to West and North to South; grace that includes everybody. This is the mystery of the cross."

As I was listening, the reality of the biggest love-offering of all captured my heart. I rested my hand on Grace's neck, touching the soft warm feathers, and something inside my spirit opened. I suddenly realised that I was a silent observer of an age-old hidden secret. Grace has just unveiled the ability to understand more. I suddenly missed Mercy. It would have been so special if He could have been present to share this sacred moment with us.

I understood that Yahushua Messiah was crucified on the intersection of these two lines, for the salvation of the whole world. Grace is a gift from our Father who is Grace Himself. His Son was the gift and manifestation of His grace.

I looked at Grace and whispered: "I need time to digest the magnitude of it all."

But Grace immediately took off and ordered: "Come, little lady, let us go deeper into the hidden treasures. We must destroy the gates and set the captives free. This is your commission."

"But how?"

Grace turned around and for a short while stared at me in silence, the bright sky-blue shimmer from his irresistible loving eyes washing over me.

Then he answered: "It is only through grace that we are able to enter deeper into the hiddenness of the Kingdom of Grace."

I tried to deal with the meaning of this explanation but my thoughts were disrupted by Grace's follow-up statement: "Nobody will ever have knowledge of the deepness of

our heavenly Father's grace. His grace reveals through the fullness of His lovingkindness. Come, walk with me and I will teach you more about His grace and mercy."

Inside our cave it suddenly became brightly illuminated and the entrance door closed behind us. At the same time my dove-friend moved to his favourite spot on my right shoulder. However, this time he repositioned himself comfortably and ended up on my right hand. As he started to softly peck my fingers each finger folded inwards and my hand eventually formed a fist.

At that stage an even deeper knowing of the love of Father exploded inside me, a knowing above words or explanation, confirming that His grace, the grace revealed at the cross, is sufficient for me and is the only walkway to liberty and salvation.

I tenderly run the fingertips of my left hand over the contour of Grace's head and touched the smoothness of the glowing feathers.

Grace vanished in a splash of brilliance and I knew that my life has changed to an even deeper extent.

When Grace later returned a new door inside our cave opened and allowed us access to an olive grove. In the dim light I recognized the kneeling figure of my beloved Messiah. For a moment I wondered if we could perhaps have been inside the Garden of Gethsemane but did not ask.

I knelt at the Messiah's side and listened to Him praying to our Father. The sadness in His words brought tears to my eyes and I longed to lovingly embrace Him, but the moment was holier than holy.

My beloved Messiah was pleading before our heavenly Father that the cup He had to drink should pass Him according to the will of the Father.

A cold breeze swept through the garden. Grace appeared on the shoulder of the Messiah and slowly rocked back and forth. I could see stains of blood on the silvery white feathers of his breast.

My body shuddered when our Messiah whispered in a hoarse voice: "Grace upon Grace. Only by Grace and in grace My beloved people can be saved when they stand before the throne of Grace."

Our Messiah battled to walk and stumbled deeper into the garden. This was holy

ground and we respectfully stayed behind.

After a while Grace said: "The cross is the solution, the evidence and receipt, that our Messiah suffered and gave His life to save the world. This is the biggest hidden treasure of all, the grace upon grace pearl above price. Grace is the key that can unlock the gates in the walls of Babylon."

A deep silence followed.

Then crystal-clear tears came rolling down the cheeks of my dove-companion. I held out my hand towards my brightly feathered friend.

He acknowledged and whispered passionately. "Come, this is holy ground, little lady."

The experience in the garden deeply touched me. It took two days of deep meditation before I was back with my companion. He was sitting on a branch of an ancient olive tree.

"Grace, I am so grateful that you are here."

Grace took his place on my shoulder, surrounded with a sweet fragrance of jasmine, and shared it graciously with me.

"Grace, when will Mercy be back?"

"Soon, little lady, very soon."

"Where are you taking me from here?"

Before I could get an answer, Grace swiftly disappeared into the emptiness again. His absence left a vacuum and I really missed the sweet companionship of my friend. I became so attached to him.

Later the same day when he returned he led me across a narrow foot bridge.

"Stay focused little lady, keep your eyes on the other side of the bridge. Our guide is waiting there," was his order and it filled me with new hope.

"Is it Mercy?" I hopefully asked.

"No, a stallion this time."

"A stallion? Really?"

My heart started to beat abnormally fast and I thought by myself: Perhaps it could be Sky, my companion of the year before.

Instead of Sky a brilliant white horse became noticeable. Grace flapped her wings: "It

is Lovingkindness, our brother. We always walk together in oneness.”

“Lovingkindness?”

“Yes, he will carry us on his back, and you must meet him.”

As we were moving across the narrow wooden bridge I could not take my eyes off the beautiful white stallion. Lovingkindness was all saddled to take us further.

“Lovingkindness, what a name!” I thought.

I mysteriously landed in the saddle on the back of Lovingkindness while Grace found a resting place on his head right between the ears.

Relaxed and totally at peace we moved swiftly and reached the side of a whirlpool. The water in the pool was shining like a mirror and was totally transparent. Before I could give any expression to my surprise, Grace informed:” This is the healing pool of Bethesda.”

He took to the sky and started circling, creating a radiant golden tube around us. Having done this, he casually returned to the head of the horse and explained: “I had to open a portal of healing above you, little lady. The time has come for you to step into your calling in the new dispensation. Lovingkindness is ready to transport you to wherever you are commissioned to go. The three of us, Mercy, Lovingkindness, and I will be your co-workers.”

I was still concentrating on what he just said when Grace continued: “Little lady, we will teach and guide you to walk in righteousness as we go along. This is important because when people try in their own human power to become righteous, they can easily end up in walking in self-righteousness. Self-righteousness is pride and an abomination to our Father. It is only by the grace of our King that people can grow into righteousness by walking with Him day by day. It is only by the power of the blood that one can walk in righteousness. Always remember that, in mercy and by grace it is possible to please our Father. He has a merciful heart and, in His lovingkindness, and grace anyone can triumph in righteousness.”

When Grace suddenly paused, I noticed that it was only Lovingkindness and I around. I got off the horse and he disappeared as well, leaving me completely on my own. I felt somewhat lost and upset as I waited, but they did not return. It was then when I turned to Abba Father and pleaded with Him to teach me more about righteousness

and the danger of self-righteousness?

Sound and clear I sensed in my spirit: "It is all in the Word. When people believe that they can achieve righteousness through works of the flesh, they deceive themselves and are indeed defiled and in self-righteousness. I am the answer. People need to walk in obedience with Me daily like Noah and Enoch, and like Hannah and Deborah did. They must dwell at My feet like Mary did and trust Me like David has. I will teach them myself to build an intimate relationship with Me and to walk in righteousness. I am willing to expose all their iniquities, transgressions and sin and help them to nail that to the cross. I am the way for everyone who pursue salvation and have a longing to grow in righteousness and in holiness.

Firstly, they must forgive themselves as they forgive others and trust Me with the heart of a child. They must listen to My voice and obey My commands and build a son and father relationships with Me. I have opened a new door and invite everyone to accept the opportunity to enter. Juist love Me and trust Me and the rest will be added."

In my prayer room I pondered over what my Abba Father taught me. A deep responsibility dropped in me to share His teaching because I realised that this was not just for me but for all who have a deep longing to pursue righteousness and who desires to one day walk in the New Jerusalem on the Highways of holiness.

The next day while Grace was happily riding on Lovingkindness' head, Mercy and I walked with them in the open with nothing visible around us. My hand rested softly on the back of my dearest friend, Mercy, feeling the softness of his woollen body close to me. I missed him so much and what an experience it was to be reunited again. In my heart I felt a compassion towards my three new friends and did not want to ever be separated from them hereafter.

In a slow moving procession, we moved forth until Grace pointed with the tip of its wing towards a star. Lovingkindness stopped and waited when Grace said: "This is our Morning Star arising."

Al four of us were in awe, admiring the star without finding words to express our thoughts. At first the star was dimly noticeable, but as we watched it grew in brightness until it became fully illuminated and aglow.

It was Mercy who reminded me: “Keep your eyes on the Morning Star, little lady, until it arises in your heart. Together we will conquer the darkness of this dispensation.”

For a while it was quiet before Mercy moved closer, looked up at me and said: “Walking in righteousness will always lead to the highway of holiness. Do what is rightful and blameless before the face of the King. A virtuous attitude and honest heart will always lead to a lifestyle of purity and serenity. To live kingdom morals will lead to liberty and freedom. Keep this in mind and you will not fail.”

Once again I looked into the bright blue eyes. Deep inside me I knew that Mercy would never lead me astray, and through the grace of my Father I will be able to walk in lovingkindness in my daily walk with Him. My hand rested on Mercy’s back, and I could feel the softness of the woollen body close to me while an even deeper compassion entered my heart... a honest gratitude to my Abba Father, my dearest Messiah and Guide, Holy Spirit.

I noticed that the morning star turned even brighter than before. In amazement I stared at Lovingkindness, Grace, and Mercy. All three of them became more radiant themselves. Then they promptly disappeared and I was alone. It happened so suddenly.

I kept looking at the bright star. Did my three precious companions perhaps join the Moring Star? I wondered.

For a short moment, I felt deserted, but then a deep gratefulness filled my heart. It felt as if everything in me could explode in admiration and appreciation. Bathed in a deep stillness I knew that I will never feel alone again and that the lovingkindness, grace, and mercy of my Father will always be my dearest companions on my journey on earth. In awe I whispered: “Who am I, Abba Father, that You favoured me? In Your mercy, grace, and lovingkindness, You allowed me to meet my precious friends who taught me and who will be my guides on my journey. The deep inside whispering was inaudible but clear: “My precious little lady, righteousness is a lifelong journey. To walk with Me means to do what is right in My eyes. To follow Me in radical obedience and to love one another please Me.”

I kept admiring the brightening morning star and realized that after this the significance of it will never be the same to me again. It will always remind me of my special companions, aglow in the glory of the light of righteousness and holiness.

I prayed: "Dearest Abba Father, let the light of Your Morning Star shine brighter in my heart and enlighten my paths and walk with You on my journey on earth.

Thank You, dearest Abba Father.

Amen.