

The Mighty "O", now in my hands!

9/17/07

In church Sunday night, while worshipping (with full concentration on Him and not others)

I sensed a hot pressure in both palms ~ as if the hot coal from Isaiah 6:6 was placed in the center of my outstretched hands... burning through them...

And He said, **"Cover your eyes."**

So I did.

Then He said, **"Lift up your hands!"**

And I did.

I could feel air moving through my palms but the hot weight of burning coals was still there.

"Cover your eyes." He said again.

A perfect round hole through each palm gave me tunnel vision as I lifted them over my eyes.

I laughed at His idea... YES! To have my vision narrowed to Him is what I long for!

He laughed at my delight and grew mischievous.

"Try holding this," He teased. It was a grudge ~ an offense!

I tried my best, I really did; but each one fell painlessly and rapidly through the hole in my palm.

My joy got enormous... I struggled to keep quiet... to not interrupt others who were also worshipping...

"Again now ~ cover your eyes," He laughed, **"Then again lift your hands to Me."**

"Ha Ha! Now... try holding this!" It was a challenge born in glee!

Soft, warm fluid.. comforting and fragrant and peaceful.. touched the tip of my outstretched hands. I instinctively formed a cup with each hand, to hold it. I was a tad frantic as I fought the desire to not spill a drop... to not let one iota of this precious balm be wasted. But no matter how hard I tried, this most priceless ointment slipped through each hole, through each palm. My heart grew heavy... I sweat apprehension, as somehow without knowing what the fluid was ~ I knew it had immense value.

My increased concern sent Him into gales of laughter!

"This is My Love! My liquid Love!" He spoke in between roars of joy.

"There is no way to waste it, even if you wanted to ~ understand that it LIVES!

Let it flow from your hands just as it flows from Mine. Freely you have received, freely give! Let this liquid saturate ~ let this part of Me

penetrate everything around you. From the created ground you stand on, to the designed person you talk with, to the very air you breathe ~ let this liquid become the element, the very atmosphere, you operate in." So I let it flow. Indeed, I could not have done otherwise.

I smelled it, tasted it, embraced it and even gave some back to Him. Unending, constant, encouraging, edifying, empowering, magnifying ~ the love of God ~ literally "flowing through me".

I grew giddy. I flung my hands out in an attempt to rejoice with restraint. (still being aware that I was in the midst of a church service and not wanting to disrupt it.) As I flung out my hands I could literally hear Love splatter playfully on the walls! And I knew this ~ this deep thought ~ that His Love is never, ever wasted! What mirth! What joy! I lost all fear of guarding it, of protecting it, of hoarding it. How absurd that I should think His love had need of my protection! Strongholds trembled through my veins and then shattered in my head like glass walls being demolished. It happened instantly, as soon as I recognized that His Love cannot, absolutely and positively cannot, be wasted. The shattering was silent, complete, with no mess, no sharp edges, no explosions or repercussions; just quietly disintegrated and gone from my life.

The Mighty "O", now in my hands!

9/17/07

page 2

Oh, how powerful is His Love!!

In this outstretched position, with my hands flung out wide ~ He showed me the cross. I grew very big and my hands rested in each of His. I saw them pound the nail through us (I did not experience any blows or pain. No nail ever touched me ~ His grace in my life ~ for the holes already existed in my palms.)

I felt His heart quicken as I rested against His chest. They hoisted us upon that cross and dropped the post end into a prepared hole. The whole world reverberated! He breathed quietly into my ear, **"Even this hole was prepared in advance for us. It is a Glory Hole that will ever release My Glory until the entire earth has understanding and is filled with Glory."**

He shielded me from every pain and torment. I was completely with Him yet completely protected from all He experienced. I heard no voice, saw no face, save His own. Almost I knew that He would allow me to experience only what I could carry and no more. So many deeper things in the cross that I think I am not ready yet to know. I reflect this until, suddenly, I felt it!

His Blood! Seeping through the back of my hands and dripping onto and over my palms! Searing; nearly paralyzing me ~ is the knowledge of His power! The power of His Blood! Immense.. too big a thought! I am too small to hold this...

the weight of it.. the evidence of His Love and His Glory and His Blood... it crashes over me in waves, causing me to bow under it's mighty masses.

Then just as suddenly, I am back in the sanctuary. Still bowing, it is hard to breathe and I long to cry out loud ~ to sob, to weep, to wail or laugh! I am consumed with searing delight ~ for the hugeness of these ~ holes in my palms....

He is great and His mercy endures forever....

I sit helpless; frozen, stunned, overwhelmed and helpless; plumped into the closest chair.

He sits beside me, wrapping His great muscled arms around my trembling shoulders.

He talks simple love talk in my ear until I relax and breath deeply again.

"Little, little Laurie," He croons and strokes my curls.. (I am amazed that no one else appears to see Him. His Presence is so magnificent, so overpowering.. but then I realize that I am not noticing anyone else but Him, and therefore cannot begin to know what others see or sense.)

"Little love of My heart.. What do you see?"

He takes me by the right hand (Psalm 16!) and holds it on His lap, nestling it between His own.

"I see a... hole," is my stilted reply. He kneels in front of me, taking both my hands in His. He places my hands over my eyes and asks again.

"Sweet one..." He whispers... **"What do you see?"**

Through the freshly burned holes in my palms I can see His face, His kind and most gentle eyes ~ the love He holds for me is nestled there in permanence. (My language is stripped at times like these. No adjectives, no adverbs... for sure no run-on sentences blur my speech. I am as simple and direct as a child.) I grin at Him and simply say what I see.

"They are holey." And I break into wails of laughter ~ I don't know why. These holes seem so silly, so pointless, and they make me giggle.

The Mighty "O", now in my hands!

9/17/07

page 3

His pleasure fills my space so completely that I would fall off the chair if He hadn't a grip on my hands. His pleasure is full ~ immense ~ enormous ~ powerful, just like He is ~ but when He gazed at me once more His eyes were watery with love.

"Do you want to know what I see?"

I nod like an eager 2 year old; my eyes, big with wonder, glued to His.

He leans forward and I lean forward also to hear Him. Instead He shouts!

"What I see..... is.... HOLY!"

His Immediate Presence vanishes at His word and a rush of atmosphere tumbles into the void!

Hit with a tsunami of Holiness, I am crushed then released ~ each atom of my being ~ shook, shaking, quaking.. still surrounded by His Presence.. so very grateful for His Presence.. I think I will literally die of withdrawal without it. Eventually, other worldliness begins to enter my mind. Thoughts of where I am, of what others are doing... thoughts of a distant life swirl slowly through my head. It is ok and I begin to recover the functions needed to operate in this other worldliness. Yet, in my spirit there is a playground of new thoughts, new "lights" ~ new revelation deposits ~ see-sawing and teeter-tottering and merry-go-rounding within me.

I am changed! Ho! He has come and held me ~ beheld me ~ and left me changed once more!

I want to laugh, or to cry, about this! Signs, wonders and miracles!
And am I not a sign? Am I not His wonder? And are we not His miracle??
The depth of His womb is amazingly rich and I get to live there!

Utterly amazing. This beholding.

I am bigger than I was one hour ago. Broader, deeper, wider, longer!

My hands ~ I look at them and laugh ~ the holes are still there!

Oh dear God!! You have left me with holey hands! HOLY HOLY HOLY HANDS!!

My hands.. will never be the same.

I am indeed a sign, a wonder, a miracle. How I love You, Holder of my hands ~ my NEW hands.

.....

The morning after ~ I research the word "sign". In Hebrew it is "OT", meaning a sign or a mark.

A flood of "O" peeks in my Secret Place and I seriously am losing physical functions once more...

Exodus 4:21 is the first occurrence of "OT". I struggle to turn the pages...

When you return to Egypt... see that you do all those wonders (OTs) before Pharaoh,

which I have put in your hands to do... !

I unravel now at a rapid rate ~ my hands, my joy, explode in nuclear fashion!

In Greek, the word "wonder" is "teras". It means something strange. Ha ha! I can relate!

My name is Ot Teras. Marked by Him, I am something strange to those who know Him not!

I ~ AM ~ a sign ~ a wonder ~ and a miracle!

A sign ~ appeals to our understanding.

A wonder ~ appeals to our imagination.

The miraculous ~ points at the supernatural source.

How great is my God?

The One who lovingly placed HOLY in my hands.

-