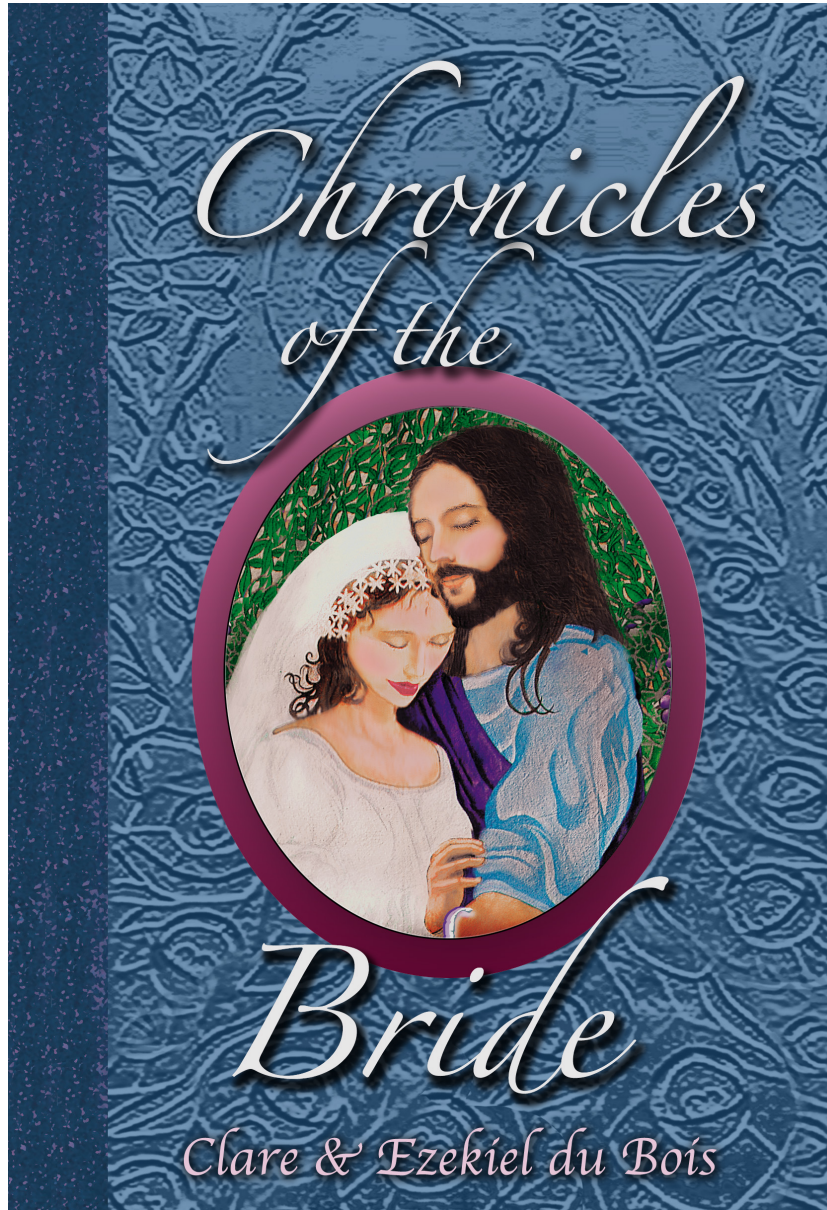


Clare & Ezekiel du Bois



Chronicles of the Bride



Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

*Chronicles
of
The Bride*

Experiences in Heaven

narrated by

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Chronicles of the Bride

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the Beautiful Bride of Christ, the men,
women, and children that make up His Body on Earth.
May they find what is the height and depth, length and breadth of His
love for them, and see themselves in His mirror, as beautiful,
desirable, and precious.

Chronicles of the Bride

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&

Especially to Our Lord Jesus Christ who gave us the very blessed privilege of experiencing Heaven along with the mandate to share it with His Bride.

Chronicles of the Bride

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Table of Contents

Copyright © 2010 Clare du Bois.....	iv
Prologue.....	xi
Author’s Preface:	
“I Go To Prepare A Place For You”.....	xv
Part 1: Clare’s Chronicles.....	1
The Wedding & The Palace	3
The Magnificent Palace & Simba.....	8
The Second Waterfall.....	11
Song Writing.....	12
“Obedience and Faith Will Accomplish All”.....	17
The Third Waterfall.....	20
“I Find Comfort Here”.....	24
Love Sick	26
The Heart Shaped Lake.....	28
“Happy Valentine’s Day”	34
The Savannah, The Jungle & Angels Dispatched.....	38
The Savannah.....	38
The Jungle.....	40
Angels Dispatched	43
Graces Dispensed On Your Behalf	45
Virgins for the Kingdom.....	49
“I Will Carry You”.....	52
Felix the Mountain Lion.....	58
A New Kind of Recollection.....	61
Worshipping On The Ice.....	63
My Curiosity and Pride.....	67
The Fifth Waterfall.....	71
Part II: Ezekiel’s Chronicles.....	78
The Palace.....	80
Meet Me in the Ballroom.....	86

Chronicles of the Bride

I Want Your Whole Heart.....	89
The Third Heaven.....	92
The Celestial Wedding.....	94
The Faithful Wife.....	98
Loving “Citizens”	100
The Communion Feast.....	105
Your New Homeland.....	109
Forfeiting the Honor	111
How I Long for You My Groom.....	113
The Symphony.....	116
Your Day of Deliverance is Near.....	118
Your True Home.....	120
The Love of the Human Heart.....	122
The New Earth.....	124
Very Near One Another	126
The Adventure.....	130
Child of the Most High.....	136
Let All Who Hear Say, “Come!”	139
About the Authors.....	142

Prologue

In December of 2008, we got a call that my mother had only three months to live. Immediately we made arrangements to join her during this time of preparation. My mother had always been a bit sketchy about what would happen to her after death. She knew the soul was not flesh and blood, because she felt her husband's soul depart from his body. She envisioned that departed loved ones and animals would be there too. During a soaking prayer time we shared together, ten years before her passing, she saw her Father walking towards her as a young man, behind him was her mother. She sensed her departed husband's hand on her shoulder and joy of all joys, her kitty, Muffins, sporting little wings, flew onto her shoulder and comforted her.

This was not any kind of necromancy or calling up the dead. This was a time of worship and prayer to Our Lord Jesus Christ. But God in His tender mercy, knew the state of my mother's soul and understanding about eternity, and He was beginning to prepare her for her last days on Earth. This experience changed her preconceived perceptions about death and the after life, but did not totally convince her of what lay ahead.

Chronicles of the Bride

So arriving in Wisconsin where she was staying at a nursing home, her very first words to me were, “Why has God done this to me.” I could only answer her, “Mom, He loves you very much, and you've accomplished all you came to do, now it's time to go home.” Given radical changes in world events, she was apprehensive about what was to come. Her dream home in Wisconsin became a burden during the winters when it was necessary for her to pay \$100 every time the drive way was plowed...at least six times a month. Her taxes had shot up to \$11,000 a year and she was tired, so very tired of it all.

In prayer I distinctly heard the Lord say, “She's tired of suffering and I'm tired of seeing her suffer.”

During one of our talks she said, “You know, I really don't mind dying, I am tired. I just don't know what to expect after that.” I had sent her extensive writings about our Heavenly experiences, but she was still, understandably afraid. So we set out to reassure her that she had an eternity of joy to look forward to, complete with grasses, flowers, loved ones, pets and rivers.

Each day my husband or I would sit with her and take her on a journey into heaven through her imagination...and Jesus always met us half way...with the real thing. She became acquainted with the gardens, fields, skies and animals, but especially the River of Life. She especially loved the water. After about two months, her time was drawing near. I climbed into bed with her and cradled her in my arms and as I was doing so I caught sight of Jesus on the other side of the

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

bed. He extended His hand to her and I saw in the spirit that she sat up, took hold of it and was gone with Him. Jesus was preparing me in a vision of what was soon to come. A few moments later as I lay by her side my husband sat next to the bed and said, “Linda, look for the River. Remember the River of Life, look for it!”

My mother had not moved or for two days. She only responded by opening her eyes. At that very moment, she turned her head, opened her eyes, sat up in bed and extended her right hand to where I had seen Jesus standing. Then, her vacant body fell back down on the pillows. She was gone, finally free of her ninety year occupation of a body that got progressively more feeble and burdensome.

I was so happy for her. I just wanted to jump and shout and dance and celebrate her happy entrance into eternity. An hour later, as I sat quietly with the Lord, I saw Jesus in the spirit, walking towards me and beside him was my beautiful mother, young, attractive and full of life. She said only one thing to me, “**You were right.**” I suppose that all mother's have a little trouble believing their children especially when such unique experiences as ours are shared with them. She knew I would never lie or deceive her, but what if I was deceived and hearing from a familiar spirit?

Not trusting completely that what we experienced was the real thing, I believe she struggled until the last moment, questioning, “Is it really true?” When she looked and saw Jesus reaching over to her, she

Chronicles of the Bride

knew it *was* true and was finally ready with all her heart to let go of that shriveled body to enter Paradise with Him.

Later that night, my husband saw her happy in Heaven having a picnic with her mother and father under a tree by the River of Life. And oh yes, Muffins was right there by her side rubbing up against her, back and forth, so happy to see his ‘mom’, reunited with him forever.

I have shared this wonderful experience with you just to give you hope and perspective on what is possible on this earth, to have a knowledge of Heaven that takes all of the darkness out of this scary experience. “Death has lost its sting.” We can go from life in Christ to life in Heaven. What we call death, for those who love God, is truly only a matter of a little spiritual house cleaning and stepping into an eternal vacation in Paradise. And wait until you see your new home...

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Author's Preface:

"I Go To Prepare A Place For You"

The entries in this chronicle are not about us, our reward, what we did to deserve this, and if they were, the pages would be blank. These entries are about the profound and extravagant love of Jesus, my Lord. He was solemnly serious when He said, "I go to prepare a place for you...that where I am you also shall be." He didn't take any short cuts creating a space where one size fits all. As the Master of a creation that is infinite in variety, He took my life history, secret desires, secret loves and preferences down to the tiniest details and built a place, tailor made for my unique needs and ultimate joy. If you happen to love a house in the tropics on the beach, or an antebellum mansion, or Japanese gardens, that is precisely what He is preparing for you. Why? Just because you love and obey Him, He wishes to demonstrate His appreciation and love for every little thing you did, every selfless act of love and charity. Looking back on our lives, I don't believe we have done very much for Him, but we have obeyed what He asked of us to the best of our understanding. So when you read these narratives with palaces and the like, please understand we

Chronicles of the Bride

are very common people and we ourselves were utterly shocked when He revealed His gifts to us in Heaven. How much more do you who have labored tirelessly for Him have to expect? When you fed the poor, you fed Him. When you clothed the naked, visited the sick, all these things you did for Him, and He remembers them all down to the very last detail, **every** kindness, not one deed is missing in the annals of Heaven, nor is your reward.

These specific experiences began for my husband Ezekiel and I, in January of 2007, in a soaking prayer meeting and spanned over the entire year in our private prayers. They continue to this day, although we have found it increasingly difficult to spend this time with Him as we record music and prepare to go on the road sharing our experiences and facilitating prayer groups which long to enter into His rest and receive all that He has for them in what is known as contemplative or soaking prayer. We have edited and discerned each episode extensively, in an attempt to bring you the purest, unadulterated form of what we experienced. Our prayer is that these narratives will bring you joy and hope and dispel any fears you may have about the nature of Heaven and what is waiting for those who faithfully serve Him. Eye has truly not seen. Ear has truly not heard. Nor has it entered into the heart of man, what God has prepared for those who love Him.

As we begin our journey and adventure into the wonderful, and very real lands of Paradise, Heaven and Eternity, you will most

certainly ask, “How could such a thing be possible in real life, here on this earth?” Others will doubtless say, “But where is that in Scripture?”

Obviously you were led to this book for a reason. Along with the Lord himself leading you by His providential hand, because He loves you so much, and wills that, “you be where I am.” You have probably wondered many times throughout your life, “Is there really a literal heaven?” and “What is it like there? Will I find my beloved pets there too?” As most of us have been very curious, if not preoccupied at times with these and other questions about Eternity. It is our hope that these pages will open the door to new and beautiful possibilities in your heart and mind, as well as giving you a real and practical experience of what can, and will be one day for you, as He gives you, “the desires of your heart.”

You will notice many references to Jesus as our husband, and the writers as His spouse. This is not unusual, as the early church considered the soul as ultimately being created, first and foremost, for an intimate relationship and union with God, who is all loving, and all love itself. The soul is many times referred to in the feminine for that reason. Love by its nature gives itself, and also receives reciprocally, sharing affection and devotion faithfully between two souls in a very special way, truly causing the two to become one heart, one mind, one body and spirit together. This was a very common and normal occurrence with Christians of the first through twelfth centuries and

Chronicles of the Bride

even to our present times. Many of the writings from journals and diaries from those periods have come down to us through such persons as Francis of Assisi and Theresa of Avila, as well as John of the Cross, her Spanish contemporary, and Therese' of Lisieux in France. In the Scriptures, the book "Song of Songs" and "Isaiah" show clear evidences of God's passionate desire to be completely, as well as individually, united with souls that He has created out of this love, and to see that same love returned from them as well.

In order that there is no confusion about the nature of the intimacy Our Lord is calling us to, I would like to mention here that it is entirely a spiritual, emotional and mental intimacy and in no way involves human sexuality. In one of our messages this is explained more fully. It is true that any degree of intimacy can at times stimulate those kinds of feelings. But in every single encounter we have had there has never been a even a hint of that. We worship God in spirit and in truth, in spotless purity and integrity, which we believe is a grace imparted to us as we draw ever closer to His heart. As for the vivid and imaginative sequences recorded here, let the reader prayerfully consider, that if a group of men and women can get together and create something as spectacular and original as Disneyland and Epcot Center, how much more can the Creator of All, create for those who love Him, a world beyond our wildest dreams? For Jesus it is but a little thing to keep the Earth in orbit around the sun, so is it any wonder given the knowledge He has about us, that

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Divine ingenuity should far exceed our most outlandish imaginings? God is the creator of all things, and at times for His own purposes, He allows us to see beyond the veil that separates us from Heaven. Usually this is done during times of prayer, where the soul is drawn into a very special place whereby her faculties are fully aware of all that is going on around her in the Heavenly realms, while still being fully cognizant of everything surrounding her in the physical world as well. As one is taken into this abode, the things of this world tend to fade away, while the things of eternity begin to show themselves ever more clearly. This benevolent and desirable gift is not intended only for the few, but it is a grace that is given quite freely from the heart of God, to anyone who will make the space for sincere and quality time spent with Him alone, ‘forsaking all others’, for this “Pearl of Great Price.” and believe that “God is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him.”

You may notice that there are many similarities in our individual experiences. It was amazing to us that we would each have a similar experience in Heaven on the very same day. When we came together at the end of the evening to share our prayers and Scriptures we would discover that God had taken us both to the same areas. This served as a confirmation to us that we were not just ‘imagining’ these things but they were actually happening to us simultaneously.

The dialogues in bold print are the Lord's words to us. As with all prophetic or spiritual writings, only the words of Scripture can be

Chronicles of the Bride

taken to be inerrant. Our perceptions, what we hear, how we filter it according to our language skills and understanding, are very individualistic and can never be compared with the accuracy of Scripture, which we believe is the inerrant Word of God.

We sincerely hope that these chronicles will strengthen your faith and understanding of the mercy and faithfulness of God. We pray that you will find the courage to press in, reaching out to Him, Who longs for your company.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Part 1



Clare's Chronicles

Chronicles of the Bride

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

The Wedding & The Palace

January 2nd, 2007

Transported during prayer, I found myself in a castle courtyard on a cloudy day, surrounded by Irish Christians from the sixth century. I recognized them from familiar Celtic icons. Ita brought me a fine bay horse fully saddled and helped me astride. I turned briskly and rode out of the castle walls, into an ancient oak forest at a full canter, having no idea where I was going, just knowing I must go. The medieval lane was densely overgrown and foreboding on either side, yet I told myself, ‘This is no time for fear. Just keep riding.’

After a very short while, I arrived at a clearing with yet another castle, the draw bridge was down, and before I knew it my mount passed without hesitation, over the bridge and inside the walls where she came to a halt. As I looked for some sign of life, the drawbridge mysteriously went up and its massive doors closed behind me. Strangely, I felt safe even though the courtyard and balconies were completely deserted. I dismounted and began to explore a lengthy stone corridor ending at two massive doors. Without hesitation I opened one and stepped into a small Gothic chapel with graceful

Chronicles of the Bride

pillars supporting filigreed arches. High above the altar was a spectacular rosette window, showering gently diffused colors all throughout the lofty chamber.

There was not a soul in the whole place. It seemed like a secret chapel in a fairy tale land. I wondered, “Why am I here?” Before I could even consider the answer, the rosette window exploded with color and the Lord Jesus descended into the room amidst a golden shaft of light. He was dressed in a festive white bridal garment and stood in the front of the church as if waiting for His Bride. A wave of sweetness rushed into me when our eyes met and I realized it was our wedding day, and He was waiting for *me*.

In the next moment, I was taken out of my body looking down on this whole scene from the choir loft high in the back of the church. I saw myself standing in the very center of the church, dressed in an exquisite wedding gown adorned with pearlescent folded dove wings from the back of my neck to my waist, and from there down shimmery white satin embroidered with pearls sweeping three feet on either side onto the marble floor. A glorious rosette of angels surrounded me, they were plaiting my hair with pearls and working beneath my veil to put the finishing touches in my hair, preparing me for my Heavenly Spouse.

Finally they were finished and an angel stepped forward, after a moment's consideration I realized, “You are my guardian angel...” I had never seen him with such clarity before. He was tall, light haired

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

and had a bearing of stately dignity, formidable power, yet emanating a gentleness wrapped in a soft platinum light. He took one last look at me, his sparkling eyes betraying a hint of bittersweet joy. This was his last day with me, the day we had all been waiting for, the day he would deliver me safe and sound to my heavenly spouse, his assignment successfully accomplished.

A lightening swift thought pierced my heart, “How can I thank you my angel? How can I **ever** thank you for faithfully standing by me and rarely getting an acknowledgment from me? How can I ever...?” He kissed my cheek and lifted my arm onto his as we processed up the isle to Jesus who was beaming with anticipation. It was a fairy tale wedding beyond my comprehension. It was as if my own actions were completely suspended and I was riding an invisible escalator moving me along to the inevitable destiny of joy I had looked forward to all my Christian life.

As I stood before the Lord, the love of my life, the One who had forgiven me failure after failure, the One who never tired of giving me another chance, the one who upheld me and had to live with my darkest side; as I stood before Him, that old life disappeared like a muddy river flowing into a pristine ocean of mercy....completely cleansing it of every impurity. He took a golden ring with three sparkling marquis diamonds and placed it on my finger saying, “**With this ring, I thee wed.**” and kissed me tenderly. Then, grasping my right hand, we began to lift off the cathedral floor into the air until we

Chronicles of the Bride

had ascended through the rosette window heavenward. I felt enveloped in a sacred wonder that carried me aloft with the spouse of my immortal soul.

We arrived at a palace that appeared to be one giant room open at the entrance, with a grand fountain that sprayed delicate curtains of water high into the air, reminiscent of the childhood wonder I experienced visiting Buckingham Fountain, in Chicago. Inside the floors were polished marble and the roof was domed and open in the center, letting in a gentle diffused light. There was no darkness or shadow anywhere, just bright soft light. The interior was perhaps one hundred feet deep and sixty feet wide, with seven grand waterfalls almost reaching the ceiling. There were three on the left and three on the right approximately twenty-five feet wide that had rock outcroppings with spruce trees, various ferns and flowers in between them. At the end of the room stood a massive fifty foot wide waterfall but in spite of the volume of flowing water, it was quiet enough to hear the echoing dove wings as they passed joyfully back and forth. I sensed that all of this water flowed from beneath the throne of God the Father and were the headwaters of the River of Life.

My right arm was on the Lord's left as He walked with me and I could see my long and ornately pearled bridal train as it swept across the floor. A golden eagle descended from a rocky crag above the first waterfall and landed on my left arm, his talons gently gripping like human fingers. He was radiant as burnished bronze, intensely focused

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

and regal as a warrior in battle, yet completely at ease on my arm. I sensed he had a special significance, and wondered what it was. Jesus brought me to the first waterfall on the left side. A reclining white willow love seat, woven with hearts was waiting invitingly for us. We sat there together appreciating this architectural wonder. I could hardly believe my eyes as the pearlescent water danced and flashed lovely iridescent peacock shades, my very favorites. Magnificent to behold were cascades of water tumbling down, some in gentle sprays, some with great volume. Lavender, aquamarine, periwinkle blue, delicate rose and satiny white ribbons of color gracefully flowed through the water. Doves flew back and forth, their wings echoing throughout this place of wonder.

The Lord turned and looked deeply into my eyes,

“All of this is yours.”

Not being able to control my thoughts, I said, “But I have not yet overcome.”

He replied, **“I have overcome for you. All of this is for you.”**

*...there is now no condemnation for those
who are in Christ Jesus,
because through Christ Jesus the law of the Spirit of life
set me free from the law of sin and death...
He who has begun a good work in me has completed it.*

The Magnificent Palace & Simba

January 3rd, 2007

The following day when I returned to prayer, I immediately found myself back on the wicker love seat, this time reclining on the Lord's heart. I sense that He is thoroughly enjoying my childlike wonderment. Every few minutes I discover yet another precious detail. I have done so very little to deserve this, it speaks more of His extravagant love than anything I gave Him in my life. All the boundaries of my heart are bursting with joy and appreciation....as I struggle to enfold these gifts. 'For me? Really, this is mine? You created this dwelling place for me... in Heaven?' Only He could have known my secret preferences down to tiny indigo prisms sparkling off droplets of water.

The pristine atmosphere echos with rustling wings mingled with the gentle rush of cascading water, the peaceful sounds encircled with the sweet scent of lilies nestled in spruce. These delights are indeed wonderful to my senses, but nothing can compare to the knowledge that He is happy with me and I am in His presence, in His arms. I simply turn to jelly inside, liquid joy melting away all my

preconceived ideas about God, Heaven and what He has in store for those who love Him.

A robin has nested in the fragrant spruce and from where we are I can see three vibrant blue eggs. A large Blue Morpho butterfly skimmed the tips of lilies around the pool formed below the falls, its wings flashing like iridescent sapphires. My eyes followed these dancing gems to the right side of the falls where the rocks opened into some kind of crevasse. This delightful sight changed suddenly when a very large black and white furry face emerged and nonchalantly padded his way over to us, a rare white tiger. He went straight to the foot of the recliner I was stretched out on and began licking my feet. Fully satisfied that he made his majestic presence known, he began pacing back and forth rubbing against us, purring. What a delightfully loud sound! Jesus knew well my fantasies about these creatures and that someday, I would meet one in heaven, one I could cuddle and pet and play with.

I was overwhelmed with these wedding gifts and said in a broken voice, “But I haven't done **anything** to deserve this Lord.”

With a gentle air of finality He said, “**You obeyed.**”

Then kitty came up to my face, nose to nose. A fleeting ripple of fear crossed my mind until I considered that I was in Heaven.

My heavenly spouse answered me even though I had not spoken, “**There is no hurt or wounding here, and his name is Simba.**” His voice betrayed the delight He felt as I recovered my composure.

Chronicles of the Bride

I also noticed there was no odor associated with him as is usual with big cats, just kind of a sweet mushroomy smell, that reminded me of a kitten's feet, another one of my favorite things. Simba seemed completely unaffected by my changing thoughts and just rested his massive head on my lap. I gently stroked his eyebrows, running my fingers along the bones, discovering how big he really was. I had never been quite this close to a large cat, even though it had been my lifelong fantasy...what an amazing wedding present. O My God, you are so gloriously generous to me.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

The Second Waterfall

Continued from January 3rd, 2007

As we sat together at the first waterfall, I looked to the right and noticed the second. There was a family of otters frolicking down the slippery rock face and plunging into a crystal pool of aquamarine. Terraced stairs descended to the front of pool which had a clear window through which I could see them gracefully summersaulting, diving, and gliding in a furry blur of perpetual motion. I have always been fascinated with these frolicsome creatures who are among my favorites. Not being able to resist the temptation, I stood up from the love seat, followed the terraced steps down to the water's edge and put my hand in, fully expecting them to instantly disappear. What a surprise I got! They flocked towards me, competing with each other to slide their smooth wet heads under my palm and pushing it up as if demanding, "Pet me!" This is a place of wonder!

Song Writing

January 4th, 2007

Tonight during prayer I was transported into Heaven where I found myself in the presence of an angelic soul I recognized as Ita, a sixth century Christian nun in Killeedy, Ireland. She took me by the hand into a scene from a North Side Chicago neighborhood. (the kind of architecture popular during the 50's.) We entered the house, which felt like "home," and ascended a staircase into a small bedroom painted a very pale soft pink. Immediately as I opened the door, the keyboard I have now, was against the wall as it is here in my room. The bedroom was small, like a little girl or young teen would have, but very pure, very private and quiet. The sense I had at the keyboard was one of creativity. I saw my name on printed sheet music that was set before me on the piano. The whole sense of the room was innocence and purity, focused on creating music. I sat down to the keyboard and began playing and singing fluently (a skill I had not yet mastered), I heard the chorus from "Great is Thy Faithfulness Oh God..."

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

I asked to Ita who was over my shoulder, “Am I playing the piano?”

She answered me, “You are playing fluently. This is about writing songs.” She repeated herself, saying this again so that I would be sure to get it. “All His promises are true. This is about an unfulfilled childhood and life. You have just enough time to finish it all, to catch up, to finish and complete the work. There is work for you to do. There are songs waiting for you to create, play and sing.” She continued, “You were sent for this purpose, your perspective is important. You have a message to leave behind for this generation.” I heard this classic chorus, “Great is thy faithfulness...”

“You have asked to complete the mission for which you were destined. This is underway now. This is the mission. You are to bring new life, new hope, new understanding through song; songs given by Heaven for the edification and spiritual growth of your brothers and sisters.”

“I am so tense over time!” I said.

She replied, “There is time, but not to waste. Apply yourself. Grace will accelerate the process. Do not concern yourself with what others are doing or what others sound like. Do what is yours to do. This will be original, pure and a gift from Heaven. Nothing will be lacking to you. All that is required is that you apply yourself and have faith that God is a rewarder of those who are diligent and obedient. There will be breakthroughs, many layers of breakthroughs, grace will not be

Chronicles of the Bride

lacking, neither will inspiration or talent. God will supply all according to His riches in glory. Nothing is impossible to those who believe. ***Believe.***”

She handed me a little silver box with a silver string around it, inside was a gold Claddagh ring with a little diamond in the center. “We will be helping you.” she assured me.

(Note: *Claddagh* ring, is a traditional Irish ring with two hands holding a heart with a crown. It has always symbolized friendship and commitment. “*We*” referring to the great cloud of witnesses cheering us on, but in my particular case, the Celtic Christians in glory. “*Helping you,*” as prayer partners in Heaven.

We believe that there is only One Head of the Body of Christ, and that is Jesus Christ. We also believe that there is only One Body of Christ, whether the Body be in Heaven or on Earth, it is still His One Body, under His Headship. As such, the Holy Spirit flows through the Body of Christ like blood flows through our earthly bodies. It is by the power of the Holy Spirit that we become aware of one another's needs and “pray without ceasing” for one another. Many have experienced an urgency to pray for someone in particular and later found that at that hour they really needed someone to intercede because of a dangerous or difficult circumstance. We believe this is the intervention of the Holy Spirit bringing us a request to pray. This is a supernatural impartation of the Holy Spirit of God, and it makes our prayers highly effective if we heed it.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

As the Lord Jesus is Our Great High Priest and Intercessor before the throne, we also believe that our hearts will be completely one with His, and His concerns will be our concerns especially as the Holy Spirit makes us aware of the trials of our loved ones on the earth and the unsaved. As we observe Him praying without ceasing for our brothers and sisters, on Earth, because we love Him, and are one with Him heart and soul, we will find it impossible not to join our prayers to His, along with worship and adoration of the Trinity.)

As of March 3, 2007, two months have passed and there have been many, many breakthroughs. The ability to sing and play simultaneously has become easier, almost completely natural to me.

Here I will jump ahead to last night's message (March 26, 2007) I have been very discouraged at the sound of my voice. It is weak and off key because I have not labored enough to cultivate it. I must struggle every day just to keep my perspective and all the gifts I have been given. Last night I wept before the Lord and He most graciously lifted me back up on my feet with this message. And although it is clear, by the power of His grace, I still must persevere and stay close to His heart applying myself to this work.

Chronicles of the Bride

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

“Obedience and Faith Will Accomplish All”

March 26th, 2007

I cried and asked for help with my voice. I saw the rosette of angels come around my head as they had on our wedding day and Jesus stood before me, placed His right hand on my throat and prayed for me. Then He said, **“It will be better.”**

I snuggled up close to the Lord as we sat on a free standing swing overlooking the heart shaped lake He created with crystal clear water and an abundance of friendly multicolored fish. (See February 15th episode) He held me tenderly, kissed my hair and sang to me. He wept over me for this painful trial and I sensed that He was weeping for the world as well. I felt that our hearts were One, joined, superimposed, and transfixed by some invisible spear that passed through them both and joined them solidly as One. This feeling was sweet as the burden of the Lord permeated my soul, I could have lingered there all night.

“My Bride, My Beloved, My Precious one, sing. Sing. Sing. Like a flower opens its petals in the presence of the sun, so shall your voice open My Bride, your petals shall spread wide and

Chronicles of the Bride

pollenate other souls with the essence of my tender intimate love for them. Gently spread the perfume of this love abroad in your songs, Our songs.”

I remembered a wonderful album called “For the Bride” and asked the Lord, “Like this soul did?”

Jesus answered me, “**Yes. That is beautiful.**”

“But what I have for you to do is uniquely yours to contribute. You hear and are touched by the work of many beautiful musicians. What is most beautiful and anointed about them, is their sincerity and uniqueness. Each flower is different My Love, each fragrance, each pollen made unique by Me to produce like kind, to nourish the ‘birds and the bees’ of My Creation. And what I have given to you, what I have done in your life, the life we share and all this, is but a unique drop of the Divine Fragrance I wish to impart through your voice.

“Patience, you have need of so much patience as the petals open. It cannot be forced or done all at once. It is a process. And there is time. Please apply yourself and be not alarmed at what you perceive to be the shortness of time. Obedience in faith will accomplish all I intend for it to do. So be at peace. Sing, Pray, Serve. All will be well in My good time.”

I asked Him, “How do I deal with this anxiety over the shortness of time in the world?”

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

He answered, **“Trust. I am not constrained by time and neither are My miracles.”**

“Jesus, I trust in You.”

The Third Waterfall

February 13th, 2007

Tonight I returned to the palace where I found the Lord waiting for me. As I stood before Him, our eyes gazing upon one another, I melted like a vapor and disappeared into His Heart. Later it was revealed to me that in a different room around the same time, my husband had the very same experience.

We were standing in front of the third waterfall on the left side of the palace where shooting pastel fireworks were flashing through the water. I wondered what it would look like if the room were dark and immediately He dimmed the interior of the palace above us. I thought to myself, “But there are no shadows in Heaven...” and instantly I understood that He was not constrained by anyone's preconceptions, if He wanted to create a shadow, for His own reasons He could. Yet nothing in Heaven is oppressive, rather all is ecstatically joyful.

Now the lights were intensely vibrant with fuschias, purples, oranges, yellows and greens contrasted against slate blue cascades of water. They were coming from deep within the falls, bursting jubilantly towards the surface. Jesus was on my right with His arm

around me, as we took in this lavish light show. I felt a furry presence on my left, it was Simba as he parked himself beside me. I couldn't help but think that Heaven would not be complete without my favorite kitty, Toes, from Earth (he has eight toes on each foot). I looked down and saw him rubbing against Simba's chest, pacing back and forth. This particular cat loves dogs, and rubs against them all the time, so it wasn't unusual to see him with Simba. But this was a bit much for me and just in case the Lord had done something special for me again, I didn't want to offend Him with unbelief. But I thought to myself, I must be deluded, is any of this real? Then I reprimanded myself for not believing and also for adding things on to what God had given me, thinking, "You have quite an imagination!"

Just then, Jesus turned and looked me in the eye, and smiling He said, "**So do I.**"

I had to laugh, I didn't understand this at all, but nonetheless, it was funny and obviously not *my* imagination. I knew that He would explain it to me in time so I let it go. Moments later our garments changed instantaneously from formal wedding clothes to simple white satin tunics and without a word, the Lord dove into the pool beneath the third waterfall, I followed. It was a wonderland, an underwater garden of rainbow corrals unlike anything I'd ever seen. We swam down further into a cave that was lined with beautiful aquamarine crystals that gave off twinkling light. I was holding my breath, but soon realized that was not at all necessary as I could breathe normally.

Chronicles of the Bride

We swam through shimmering waves of light and over silver white sands with lovely shells and conches decorating the ocean floor.

Soon we had passed through the cave and were surfacing. In the distance I saw a palace that looked like the Taj Mahal. Jesus said to me, **“Your husband's palace.”** We started to swim towards it as dolphins jumped playfully around us. I thought to myself, “That looks like fun, I wish I could do it.” No sooner had I thought it than the Lord, at my right was already skipping and diving over the water like the Dolphins, so I tried, and it came perfectly naturally to me. Is there anything impossible to a soul in Heaven?

Soon we arrived within forty feet of the shore and I saw that the dome of his palace was beautifully filigreed with ornate designs in gold. No sooner had I taken in this awesome sight than Jesus turned to me and said, **“We must return.”** So we made our way back, eventually arriving at the cave and up into the great palace of waterfalls. We sat on the edge of the pool with our feet dangling in the water. I saw that I was wet from head to toe, but not cold. Jesus pulled out a lovely closed shell from beneath his wet tunic. He opened it and inside was an exquisite gold ring with three large pearls set into a mass of tiny diamonds.

He handed it to me, **“Do you like it?”**

“It's beautiful.” I replied, trying to hold back my emotions... I was absolutely awestruck over this tender gesture of love.

Then with a look of profound sincerity he said, **“All of this is yours. Everything I have is yours.”**

I looked up at Him speechless and motioned over my heart thinking, “All I want Jesus, is Your Heart.” I understood that He had already given me His Heart, and He understood that nothing else really mattered to me, but nevertheless, He enjoyed lavishing this creative masterpiece on me as a small token of His love.

Nothing could surpass the agony He suffered when He shouldered the cross and suffered for me. That was the most extravagant gesture of love anyone can give, yet this was so very tender and personal.

He spoke to me again, **“All of this is yours...because you obeyed.”**

With profound gratitude I returned to myself and got up to go to work. Just then two precious souls showed up on our doorstep unexpectedly and I was able to minister to them out of the abundance of love and mercy God had shed in my heart. I also understood why the Lord had said to me, **“We must return.”** He knew they were coming and wanted me to be there for them when they arrived.

“I Find Comfort Here”

February 4th 2007

Jesus has come to me, **“You are my wife. We began as one, we are going to be one in Heaven, let us have that perspective now.”** (I was repenting in my heart for spending too much money on books to help with health issues.)

He put His head over my heart. I picked an index card from my little holy quotes file, *“Let the earth be silent, You alone speak to me... in the dwelling of my heart...where no other creature has access.”* (A quote from Faustina Kowalska's diary, Divine Mercy in My Soul)

“I find comfort here.” He said.

“But I have been so bad...”

“A little misplaced zeal. Your heart is for Me alone, and I find rest and comfort here.”

“I love you so much Lord, but so poorly do I show it.”

“Nevertheless, I find peace and comfort here. Times are coming soon that will be very difficult for you and all who inhabit

the earth. I ask of you, 'heroic generosity, detachment, commitment.

"Comfort Me."

"That is why I am asking of you, 'heroic generosity.' You will always be provided for. Try, my beloved wife...to manage a little better. Bridle your compulsions or at the very least cry out to Me for self control that you may not be deceived by them. There are far worse things you could do...nevertheless it is a vice, and must be overcome through your tender affection for Me and desire not to offend Me. If you reflect on your love for me and that doing something will hurt me, you will stop sinning.

"Trust that I know best, and let the compulsion go. Follow Me into the depths of your heart where we are One. Act from this place."

"Oh How I love you! Sweet spouse of My Heart."

"If only you knew the comfort I find in you. If only you knew the consolation I receive from the thoughts and opinions I hear in your heart during the course of a day. If only you knew..."

"Hold me close my Beloved...comfort me."

"Jesus, I have come to understand that even your unfathomed mercy must at times express itself through difficult world conditions. I weep with you."

Love Sick

February 10th, 2007

Tonight I was given a most beautiful grace as I was looking into the Lord's eyes, I came to understand how captivated He was with me... my whole being melted as tears of joy streamed from my cheeks. I became completely lost in the thought that I could be united with Him in Heaven for eternity. "Oh Lord, please, I want to be with you. When can I be with you forever?"

He said, "**Soon. Very Soon.**"

"I am love sick for You, my heart faints away because of our separation."

Just then my attention shifted to my wedding dress which I could see more clearly. The sleeves were embroidered intricately with tiny iridescent pearls on a sheer white fabric.

There was a small crown on top of my head and underneath it was my veil, also embroidered with pearls in two layers yet light and airy. Beneath the veil could be seen the back of the dress which from the neck to the waist was covered with dove wings, interlaced in the form of a 'V' going down by back. The skirting was full. My train also

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

shimmered with iridescent light coming from exquisite and elaborate pearl embroidery. It was in the shape of a long wide oval (about 7' long by 6' wide) as it swept along the polished white marble.

Jesus took my right hand and placed it on his left arm and walked with me deeper into the room of waterfalls.

The Heart Shaped Lake

February 15th, 2007

Today we are at the far end of the palace by the giant waterfall which spans about fifty feet wide and thirty feet tall. Despite the huge volume of rushing water, it is not loud. Rainbows flicker in its midst, salmon and trout jump gleefully through them. Something white, furry and very large caught my eye tucked away in a rocky outcropping to the left of the falls. Soon a head emerged. A hefty mother polar bear lumbered up to me until I was nose to nose with this giant white fur ball. Greeting me affectionately, she licked my face. Amazingly there was no yucky smell so I licked her right back! Then she turned around, ran to the left side of the large falls and bounded back to me again, she repeated these playful circles until the Lord said, **“She wants you to follow her.”**

I got up and followed. The waterfall was draped in a delicate curtain of multicolored icicles. She broke one off with her paw, it stuck to her fur as she extended it in an offering gesture. Before I could enjoy it, two little rollie pollie cubs bounced into my lap demanding that I share. Suddenly, forgetting about our treat, the

mamma bear bolted through a hidden passageway between the rocks and ice. I followed her cautiously discovering that it opened into another world, a majestic vista like Alaska with snow capped peaks and a mountain meadow descending into a valley with a small lake. There was snow on the ground and now the baby polar bears were sliding down the hill and across the frozen lake, only to romp back up the hill to do it again. I said to them, “But aren’t you supposed to be hibernating?” They both turned and looked at me and giggled, sliding back down the hill again. (And I pondered...how does a bear cub giggle? I *know* I heard them giggle....)

The Lord was close behind me, “**There's no need for them to hibernate.**” The words had hardly left His mouth when the winter landscape turned to late spring and the meadow was carpeted with grasses and blooming flowers. The lake was now a translucent gem of aquamarine in the shape of a perfect heart.

The Lord turned to me with deep satisfaction and joy,

“For My Bride.”

“Lord, I am overwhelmed. You have spared not even one detail!” Blue green spires of spruce and fir cradled the sparkling heart shaped gem with a lyrical beauty. Lavender mist draped the deep forest, all was calm yet wildly beautiful. Snow capped peaks punctuated the distant sky reflected in the waters that were teeming with muskie, pike, different kinds trout, bass and other fish I didn't recognize. I walked down the flowery slope to the edge of the lake and touched

Chronicles of the Bride

the water, which to my surprise was warm. Rather than running *from* me all the fish swam up *to* me. I asked the Lord, “Can I swim with them?”

He replied, “**Go ahead.**”

The water was silky and warm as I swam effortlessly all around the lake (everything in Heaven is done effortlessly). As I approached the tip of the heart, a venerable sea turtle came out from beneath a ledge and greeted me. I took hold of his shell and he took me for a joyful underwater cruise. The bottom of the lake was pristine white sand with layered sandstone ledges gracefully skirting the perimeter.

In mere seconds, I found myself completely dry and back on the hillside overlooking the lake, standing beside Jesus. He took my hand as we walked into the deep forest on the left side of the lake. He said, “**The forest is teeming with life.**” But before we entered the dark canopy of trees, we passed by giant raspberry bushes, and on them were ripe red raspberries the size of apricots. He picked one and gave it to me, as I held it in my fingers it was vibrant with life, and almost too beautiful to eat! Taking a bite, I found it mildly sweet without the biting tartness raspberries sometimes have. Its flavor was perfect.

Once inside the still fragrant cathedral of spruce, an elusive snowy owl landed silently on a tall rock not an arms distance from me. I approached him carefully and he let me pet him and actually rubbed against my hand, then he spread his wings and folded them, then opened them again and hopped into my arms, tucking next to my

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

heart. What a joy to hold this creature which has always been one of my favorites. I was transfixed with the sweetness of this place, the response of all creation was gracious and embracing. How I love the wild mountain forests, I could live here forever.

Jesus walked me over to a large bee hive hanging low in a tree. As we approached, the bees swarmed out in the shape of a heart and hovered above and to the right of the hive, the Lord put his fingers in and brought them out dripping with a kind of perfumed honey, which He shared with me. Afterwards there was no unpleasant stickiness on my fingers or lips. Everything in this paradise was full of love, in perfect harmony and cooperation with Divine order.

A moment later a Great Horned Owl, landed on the same rock. He blinked his eyes and bobbed his head as I ran my fingers across his downy chest. Jesus took me around to the opposite side of the lake, going back the way we came and as we entered the forest, a graceful stag approached us. His nose was shiny black and he was totally unafraid, a moment later a stately bull moose came quietly up to us, and then my favorite, a majestic bull elk. I extended my hand out to him and he licked it as if it were a salt block. Becoming a little braver, I ran my hand through his coat as sparks of copper light danced and glimmered. I slipped my arms around his neck and hugged him, he in turn lowered his head and tucked his nose close to my head mouthing my hair. We walked deeper into the forest and directly before me was a flat sandstone ledge, about five feet off the ground draped with a

Chronicles of the Bride

sleek young cougar. His expressive eyes were relaxed yet seemed to be watching us with great interest. This is close to my favorite creature of all creation. I have been blessed to see two of them in the wilderness hermitage where we lived for five years, but to be this close, knowing he is tame, was a complete wonder to me. I could hardly process it in my mind.

Perhaps it was just too good to be true, even as I write this I cannot for the life of me understand why I didn't go up and embrace him. But I didn't. Swiftly my focus shifted and I wondered where the shore birds were. When I looked in that direction, I saw them through the trees their necks bent gracefully as they fed in the shallow waters of this high mountain paradise. It struck me as odd, the moment I wondered about something, there it was. Fear gripped me as I thought I might be inventing it all.

I said, "Lord, please, you know my mind is racing, am I inventing any part of this?"

He replied, "**Your mind is racing with Me. Your mind is not merely racing, you are in a sense, creating with Me. What you visualize in your mind, is what I give you, what shall be done unto you. You are a co-creator, because I dwell fully in you and you fully in Me. The two become One.**"

At this point, I would like to clarify that this does not underplay the creation that He who is the consummate artist created. What I understand Him to be saying is that by simple desire such as thinking,

“I hope I see a cougar.” I am suggesting something that I would like to see and My Creator is graciously answering my unintentional petition. I am reminded of how He responded to His mother at the wedding in Cana when she said, “Son, they have no wine.” And He graciously turned the water into wine for them, His first recorded miracle.

My mind turned to the different possibilities and I said, “But what about evil? What is to stop man from creating evil here in Heaven?”

He answered me, **“It cannot happen here. It is of death and death cannot manifest here. Only joy.”**

So I asked again, “But how can this be since you have endowed us with free will?”

He answered, **“Because you have chosen My will and with that comes everlasting life. You have been translated, by your own free will decision and choice into the kingdom of light, into Heaven, which is eternally protected from the influences of evil. There is no death or darkness here, only eternal life and eternal happiness and with it comes the exclusion of all evil. Death is no more. This is the reward of my servants. They denied Me nothing, I deny them nothing. The desire of their hearts shall manifest. It is My perfect will corresponding to their obedience.”**

“It is a mystery My Spouse, just enjoy it. It *will* last forever.”

“Happy Valentine's Day”

My Unbelief And Fear of Deception

February 14th, 2007

The Lord Jesus is very present before Me. **“Why do you avoid Me?”** He said. I had been busying myself with many things and finding excuses not to get into prayer. I believe this was a result of false guilt. Many times I have felt guilt for doing things that were God’s will but I was unsure of that at the time, so I just did the best I could to discern what would please Him the most. But the enemy sends in lying spirits that accuse when we are innocent so that we will avoid the presence of God.

Before I had a chance to answer in reply to His question, **“Why do you avoid Me?”** He said, **“Fear. You are afraid. You have gotten into this habit through disobedience because you were afraid of what I would say. But now that you are making every effort to be obedient, there is no reason to fear. I want to speak to you face to face, this way, everyday.”**

I had begun to fear deception. He responded to my unspoken thought as He always does, **“I know you fear deception but as long**

as you remain humble you need not fear that I will allow you to be misled.” (I can only pray that His grace will warn me when I am not humble and am entering into the sin of Pride, the most difficult sin to recognize in ourselves.)

I was listening but not writing because I wasn't sure that it was Jesus yet. He said, **“I want you to be writing this conversation down. About this fear of reprimand; I am not a man who says unjust things and puts unjust judgments on you. I am God..remember? You are My Bride.”**

I felt so unworthy, so ashamed I could not even look at Him even though He was holding my face in His hands and I sensed, tenderly looking into my eyes.

“You still don't know how I feel about you...what you mean to Me...do you? You still don't know, do you? We are One flesh* My Beloved, I want you walking with Me everyday, talking and walking together hand in hand. We are One.”**

I had been asking Him earlier, “Since we have to be on this Earth couldn't You talk to me all the time?” And I realized as I began to pray tonight that I have been nervous around Him in these experiences, even though I have had solid confirmations and the discernment of my husband that this was indeed the Lord and not a familiar spirit.

Despite the beautiful wedding we had, this awesome palace, and swimming together, I *still* feel so formal with Him. When He said this

Chronicles of the Bride

I realized that false guilt was underlying our encounters. Yet when He looked at me, I felt like a vapor disappearing into His being, nonetheless, I have continued to feel inhibited in His presence.

Jesus said, **“I want to begin with a new level of trust. One that will allow us to communicate clearly. There is much I have to tell you and I heard your musings tonight about ‘Who will be my instructor in Heaven if we are constantly increasing in understanding?’ Well, the answer is, I will, not only in Heaven but here as well. We are One, and it is My desire and intention that we speak familiarly, not through a glass darkly. Not through a veil nor a tunnel, nor in any way impeded.”**

I began to cry because that is the most wonderful thing I have to look forward to in Heaven, no more confusion.

He said, **“My Beloved, My Precious, no more confusion, *here and now.*”**

“Your agreement?” He asked.

“I agree, please help my faith.”

Jesus replied, **“Do you expect Me to let you fend for yourself? Do you think your unbelief comes as a surprise or catches Me off guard, as if I didn't anticipate it and already have a provision for it? I've already conquered all your enemies, remember?”** He looked at me tenderly, and a little hurt. **You still have so much to learn about Me, and how I love, honor and cherish you. How**

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

deeply I desire to be with you~fully present, familiarly. Just like we are right now in this moment.

“Happy Valentine's Day, from Me and all of Heaven. You will be lonely no more. Since I am coming to take you away with Me soon, we are preparing you to be accustomed to us. (The Body of Christ in Heaven, the Great Cloud of Witnesses) Your transition will be as simple as walking through a door way.”

* “One flesh” When we receive communion, Jesus enters our body and dissolves into it in form and substance, He becomes one with us, Body, Soul and Spirit.

** “Everyday” Here He is expressing His heart’s desire as it was in the Garden of Eden before Adam and Eve sinned. But in the practical sense, there are times when He hides His presence within and without from me. These are times of extreme trial that call for great trust, and through them He works many wonders of grace, not the least of which is my sanctification and purification.

***The Savannah, The Jungle &
Angels Dispatched***

The Savannah

March 5th, 2007

The Lord is wearing a black tuxedo, I am in my wedding gown and we are in front of the massive fifty foot falls at the end of the palace. He is so handsome in black. He playfully lifted me up in His arms as a groom carries his bride over the threshold and walked to the right of center, and through the falls, twirling me round and round in His arms as we laughed together. I was just thinking before this began, what will it be like to live with Him day after day. I cannot even imagine this level of familiarity with anyone but my husband. Jesus said,

“He'll be here too. There is time for everything.”

Now we have passed through the falls and are standing on a Savannah. Before us is a white wrought iron soda fountain table with two matching heart shaped chairs right in the very center of what appears to be an African Savannah. Jesus invites me to sit down with that familiar sparkle in His eye when He's pleased that I am totally surprised. An angel has come with tall frappuccinos (shredded ice, coffee and ice cream..my favorites) and a platter of wedding cookies. Just about the time I begin to relax in this singularly unusual setting, a

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

brawny male lion emerges from the bushes and nonchalantly makes his way to the table. Taking up his position as king of the jungle, his royal highness eyes the cookies as if they were prepared *just* for him. Without delay, Jesus reached over and gave him one, it was almost comical to hear the crunch, crunch, crunching sound of a full grown lion eating cookies and awkwardly licking the sides of his mouth coated with powdered sugar...of all things.

Looking across the vast expanse of the plains I see herds of wildebeest, glistening with health as they graze. To the west the skies are heavy with slate blue clouds as crisp orange light skips across the plains creating indigo shadows. The clouds in the eastern sky softly reflect enchanting shades of pink, washed in a golden glow. Soon we were joined by a cheetah who licked the lion's face in a familiar greeting gesture. When we first arrived I saw nothing but vegetation, but now I see that this place is teeming with life everywhere I look. A giraffe lumbered in from the right where there are tall trees a short distance away, he stooped down and tussled the Lord's hair, his ears wiggling as he kissed Him. We rose from the table and began walking hand in hand, my train flowing gracefully behind me. I particularly noticed that nothing snagged it, which in our world would have been impossible.

The Jungle

We have entered a jungle and are following a foot path along the bank of a small river. A mother hippopotamus with two babies is on the other side, she greets us by opening wide her toothy mouth. We continue going deeper and deeper into the exotic forest until we reach a hammock big enough for us both, surrounded by seven foot high azalea bushes dappled with fuschia blossoms. He helped me climb into it as I noticed our clothing had changed to simple white tunics. I reclined in the Lord's arms gazing at the thick canopy of tropical trees and vines bustling with the echos of exotic birds. He confided, **“I have longed to share this place with you.”**

“It's enchanting.” I replied.

Soon the muted whistles and calls of birds busy about their daytime errands was interrupted by a vibrant parrot landing on the hammock bobbing his head up, down, and sideways, begging for a treat. Jesus sat up and handed him a cracker. I was quietly reflecting that I surely didn't want to be deceived by inventing things. He understanding my thoughts replied, **“Would you give a snake to your child when she asked for a loaf?”**

“But my pride Lord, I know that you allow deception to those who have pride.”

“Trust in My Mercy more than your pride.”

“I am so afraid of sinning or offending you.”

He answered, **“In this place it is not possible.”**

The relative quiet was shattered by the call of a peacock who soon made his ceremonial entrance strutting in full regalia back and forth around our hammock in vibrating iridescent splendor.

“This place is an Eden, please forgive my fear and doubt.” I said meekly.

“This will go away in time. There is no performance here, just being yourself, who you truly are, you are so loved just for who you truly are.”

I began to notice silent shadows the size of commuter planes passing swiftly overhead. Jesus said, **“They are angels on assignment.”** (End of Episode)

During this vision, my husband was in another room having an experience that perfectly dovetailed with this one. It follows this one, but before I share it I would like to give a short explanation. My husband sees himself as the Lord’s Bride. He is completely masculine with no hint whatsoever of being effeminate, but in these visions, he is the Lord’s Bride in the purest of ways. The very first time he was caught up to the Lord in spirit, he was driving down the road and had

Chronicles of the Bride

to pull over, the experience was so overpowering. He saw himself ascending up into Heaven in Jesus' arms as a bride with long flowing blond hair and wedding gown. Ever since that event he has seen himself as the Lord's spouse. I don't pretend to understand it at all, I can only accept it as authentic based on Scripture and long standing knowledge of his honest character. I do believe that God is our Creator and we are His creatures, who receive from Him all that is necessary for life. He creates, we receive, whether we be male or female.

I asked the Lord, "How can You be the spouse to all and at that simultaneously?"

"I am omnipotent without beginning nor end, infinite."

Just then I saw a ballroom full of Brides, each one dancing with *her* Jesus.

"I am yours, yet we all are One, it is a mystery. Because there is no lack of joy, time or happiness, there is no sorrow, jealousy or sense of loss, we are One together, but also uniquely, I am yours alone My Bride, just as you are Mine alone. This is a mystery, but I *am* yours." I don't pretend to fathom this... some things will only be fully understood in Heaven, or perhaps, never.

The following is a partial account of Ezekiel's parallel experience. We have left most of the substance of the angels' missions out, since it had to do with prophecy and not the espousal relationship.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Angels Dispatched

March 5th, 2007

I am accompanying the Lord on an ornate gondola as we approach a large domed palace, from the side that has stairs leading down into a river. As we land we are greeted by a royal guard who bow before the Lord as He passes by. We enter the large hall of the palace and proceed up the stairs to a second story room. There is a large wide table with different ranking personnel seated up and down both sides. The Lord moves to the head of the table and sits at the chair reserved for Him, motioning for me to sit beside Him.

As I looked around the room at the various generals, chiefs of staff, etc., I was struck by their well seasoned demeanor. Looking around the room once more, I saw the uniforms of everyone present begin to dissolve. These “personnel” began to be revealed in fact, as warrior angels of great stature. Their wings glistening white, their faces like burnished bronze, gleaming eyes and brilliant white robes with gold sashes around their waist and golden bands crossed about their chest. Each one carried a dazzling shield engraved with the Holy Standard (which I could not make out) and a large shining sword at their side. Jesus began to direct them in groups of four, to the various

Chronicles of the Bride

places around the globe. They carried within their breast bands, rolled parchments with specific orders as to what they were to carry out on their different assignments. (End)

Graces Dispensed On Your Behalf

March 9th, 2007

Jesus and I are on a small sailboat crossing a very large lake, headed in the direction of some steep mountains on a distant shore. I see myself as a young woman, on the bow of the sailboat. We have entered a lush cove with thick jungle, climbing steep hills on either side. The water is pristine emerald with a white sandy bottom. We are approaching a pier at the end of the cove where a small crowd of native women and children have come out excitedly to greet us. I am quite surprised because I don't know any of them, yet they seem to know me. Jesus replied to my unspoken thoughts, **“You are their mother.”**

“I am?” I replied incredulously, “But how can that be Lord?”

“Anyone who does the will of the Father, is Mother to them.”

After we pulled up to the pier Jesus got out first and then helped me. The children immediately surrounded me and started putting orchids in my hair. One of the heavy set native women, walked up to me with a group of ladies and placed an exquisitely embroidered white satin scapular with golden thread embroidery and white silk

Chronicles of the Bride

French knots trimming the edges. It is executed with outstanding skill. Jesus explained, **“They have made this for you because of your great love for them. Many graces dispensed on your behalf went to them. In those times when others did not respond to our labors, the graces were shed on a poor and simple people who would. There are many saints here, exceptional saints.”**

One little boy squeezed his way through the crowd with an older girl right behind him and brought me an oyster shell with a lovely pearl in its center. He looked into my eyes and I into his, they were like windows into eternity. The boy is little, the soul immense. For a brief second I came to understand a little of the intoxication we must cause the Lord with our love for Him and why He would be willing to suffer so terribly for just this one precious soul.

Jesus introduced him to me, **“His name is Pantutu, and his sister is Eruru. I have saved this for you as a most special surprise.”** (It is the day after my birthday.) I am so touched, so grateful, my eyes stream with tears.

“What can I do for you little one?” I asked.

He answered, “You've already done so much!”

“Precious!” I kissed his little hand and lifted him up into my lap. Holding him, he rested his little head over my heart and I felt drawn away into a fathomless exchange of love. When I came back to myself we were departing in the sail boat. I looked back at little Pantutu who was waving and I said, “Lord, isn't there something

special we can give him?” Jesus handed me a small gold chain and locket that had His picture embossed on it, inside were two pictures which I did not see. I tossed it to him on the shore and taking it in his little hands, he examined it carefully, then looked up with a giant grin as he placed it around his head.

Jesus assured me, **“My love, this is a real place in Heaven, with real souls, your very own offspring, *Our* offspring.”** At that point our sailboat began to gradually move back out of the cove.

I was waving good bye and he began running along the shore line following us. “Pantutu! Keep me in your prayers!” I said, knowing the prayers of pure souls carry much weight with the Father.

“You are the reason he is here.” The Lord remarked. **“It is your prayers and offerings that released the graces to make his salvation possible. So many children, so many souls you don't know about, so many surprises!”** I could only weep tears of thanksgiving for seeing such fruit in Heaven. I reflected later after this experience was over; many years ago, I longed to go to Africa as a result of a vision I experienced during prayer, of women and children calling for help with their arms outstretched. They were living in squalor and so very destitute, I wanted to go to them, but as the Lord would have it, obedience kept us in the states, but I never forgot them. And it seems now that ministry that did not seem to be fruitful here in America, in some mystical way bore fruit in Africa.

Chronicles of the Bride

The Lord has promised, “My Word shall not return to Me void, it will accomplish that for which I sent it.”

We believe that the Lord did all the work necessary for each soul’s salvation, on the cross, but someone must carry the message, and for this back up prayers, fasts and other offerings act as a catalyst to release the graces they need in the mission field. It has been our experience that when we have labored for a soul and they do not accept the grace, the Lord in His perfect economy of salvation, gives the grace to a soul that is ready to accept it, so that even those who are far removed from the mission field, by their offerings assist those who are out there laboring.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Virgins for the Kingdom

March 10th, 2007

As I continue to get close to the Lord I am feeling a fear rise up in me, the fear of impropriety. Being emotionally close with this kind of depth of feeling, in the past has led to a physical relationship*. This is the last thing in the world I want to happen. I don't feel that way now, but I am so stirred to tenderness and passionate love, how do I know this will not come up? I have been struggling with this for weeks and it has caused me to distance myself a bit rather than be completely open and relaxed with the Lord. He again has intercepted my thoughts and has come to clear the air.

“I am here with you. You are with Me, we are together. I understand your fears about this stirring, and the fear that it may arise. But here it will not arise. I understand that in the past when a relationship became this intimate it was consummated in this fashion. But there is no need My Love, our offspring are spiritual and there are so many! You have no idea. We are pure virgins committed to the Kingdom of Heaven. Are you feeling better now?”

Chronicles of the Bride

I kissed His hand and held Him.

“What we have is so pure and untainted by the forces at work on Earth, continually. That kind of thing does not exist here. Have no fear.”

“How I long to be in this place!” He took my two hands and twirled me round and round and round...we laughed light heartedly together. “Oh Lord how I long to be with You!”

“I’m sorry you have to wait so long.”

“It feels like the day will never come...but I know it will.”

“This is something to look forward to every moment of every day. Each time you are given an opportunity to make a little sacrifice, offer it to Me as a wedding present bringing that day another moment closer.”

“Like the opportunity I had today?” (Someone showed up on our doorstep that brought a great deal of disorder with them. I was torn between extending hospitality to them and sending them off. I felt led to send them off politely, but afterwards was guilty, thinking I might have been uncharitable in doing so. Jesus spoke to my husband and told him to tell me, “You did the right thing.” End of false guilt.)

“Not all opportunities are from Me. I sent your husband to let you know this so your heart would be at ease. Now can we get on with My plans for tonight?”

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

“Jesus, if only I could look into your eyes and melt into your heart, I need Your Love!” His eyes became deep pools of calm water, inviting my soul into their depths. I could no longer resist nor doubt His sincerity.

“You really love me don't You?”

“More than you will ever know.”

“Help me trust.”

“Oh My dove!” He took my head and pulled me close resting it beneath His cheek.

“I do feel better.”

* I was living a worldly life before I gave my life to the Lord at 33.

“I Will Carry You”

March 10th, 2007

Again we are in the sailboat, but this time headed for a little point out in the lake that looks very much like a place I knew as a child in the North Woods; it is wild like an Alaskan inlet where I once saw a picture of a holy hermit in prayer.

We have arrived at the base of a steep and heavily forested hill where a rustic but well built pier juts out into the water. After leaving the boat we begin the steep ascent past limestone bluffs delicately accented by lacy maple, spruce and oak trees. Midway up the incline is a small cedar shingled cabin with a whole wall of windows neatly trimmed in white, overlooking the forest and inlet.

The Lord opened the door for me and motioned for me to enter. As I stepped inside I heard the crackling of the wood-stove already radiating warmth. A large open room is before me with a skylight in the ceiling. Gentle light filters through to a planning table below it with a map laid out. I sense that Jesus has brought me here to discuss something important.

I walked over to the map and noticed that it showed an incline with a heart at the top and an X at the bottom of the trail leading to the top. Jesus put his finger on the bottom of the steep incline, **“We are here.”** In the spirit I suddenly saw the terrain on the road as if I were on it. It was narrow and cut through a scenic but very steep rocky mountain canyon.

We sat down together and leaned over the map. I looked up into His eyes, “What is this about Lord?” Although as soon as I had spoken the words, I knew.

“You know, don't you...your sanctity.”

I felt resistance rise up in me as I remembered my past failures and certain tests it seemed I could never pass. “Oh Lord! I am so weak! All those little places every day that bear witness to my selfishness!”

Compassion filled His eyes, **“This is not something you can do alone. In the past you have tried to do a great deal on your own. That is why you have so many failures. This time, we are going together, quickly. I will carry you My Beloved, if you will allow it.”**

“How do I resist You?” I asked apprehensively.

“By thinking of yourself. My promise to you is this, I will increase your bodily strength, supernaturally. I will increase the anointing on all you put your hand to. You shall enjoy the

journey. And it will move very swiftly if you give Me your *full* cooperation.”

I can feel selfishness rising up inside of me ready to protect certain comforts. Jesus read my heart and replied, **“You hold back to conserve something that will give you more strength or intimacy with Me. I just answered that need. Everything you do from now on, I want to be supernaturally motivated by love of neighbor and love of Me.”**

“I will see to it that you are supernaturally healthy, strong *and* anointed...are you listening?” I was distracted (here on earth) by a loud conversation over the neighbor's fence. I answered, “I'm sorry Lord.”

He continued, **“If you set out on this journey without looking back, you will grow stronger every day. The beautiful but steep bluffs and cliffs you saw lining the canyon are representative of the beauty of this journey to selflessness. All of my saints have made this journey and I have carried them. Understand that you will not loose anything I have given you thus far, if you do not want to go. But I have so much more for you to do and it requires that you do it from there.”** He pointed to the heart at the top of the mountain.

“My precious Spouse, you know that I cannot say ‘no’ to You! Nevertheless, I am so fearful over my weakness.”

He replied, **“I will make it worthwhile.”**

“Jesus, anything I can do to show my love for you is worthwhile. But I will not do this for a reward. I don't ever want to be a mercenary.”

“My Bride, you shall have more and more and more of Me.”

“But isn't that being a mercenary?”

“Well, if it is...then it's the *only* kind of mercenary to be!” He chided.

“My Daughter, I know how to motivate and reward my servants. These are extraordinary times you are living in. I just need you to cooperate and make the journey. Don't look back and measure the present against the past. Each day we will make swift progress if you will allow Me to carry you. This journey will be over very soon My Love, trust Me, let Me carry you.”

“Forgive me Lord, I still have my fears.”

“Have more confidence in Me than in your weakness. Will you trust Me? This is a new time, a new era in your life, the old is passing away for sure. Will you trust Me?”

“Lord, carry me into this shift of focus from my weakness to Your strength. For as you see, I am faint of heart.”

“Because you are looking at past failures - not My Love and provision for you.”

“Forgive me Lord, I am just a sinful woman.”

“You will look and see with new eyes.”

Chronicles of the Bride

I feel faint, weak kneed and I know all the ways I compromise to provide a little for myself and am ashamed and cowed by my secret vices. “Lord, you were too kind to me when you talked about my motives.”

“When I spoke about your motives, I was looking at your overall mind set - not those little indulgences you feel so guilty about. I'm not going to strip you of everything, I am reorienting your motivation. You will see in the months and weeks to come. But My word to you tonight My Bride, is that I will carry you the whole way to the top.”

After this message, I went to an index card file I have with Scriptures and words of encouragement that I have collected for thirty years, about 800 in all. This is the card I pulled, totally randomly: It had a drawing of a mountain with a path leading from the bottom to the top. On the path were written the words, "Discipline, self denial, calling on Me to keep climbing." with a heart at the very summit. On the back of the card, **“Let Me do it for you. I know it is hard, but if you want to reach the top, you must endure the hardship. I will take over where you loose strength if you give Me the chance.”** I could hardly believe that out of that many cards, this is the one my fingers landed on. In that moment my fears disappeared like a vapor.

It has been almost three years from the date of this message. Jesus is still carrying me. I have slipped out of His arms many times, not because He dropped me, but because my flesh led me off on a wild

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

goose chase which I willingly followed. But every time I come back, He is standing with open arms ready to shoulder our burden and keep climbing.

“How grateful I am to you Lord, for your patience with me.” Only God could be that patient. The best news is that if He can bring me to that place at the top of the hill, I have no doubt whatsoever that He can carry *anyone* to that point...*if* they are willing. And if not, we can always pray, “Lord I am willing to be made willing.”

Felix the Mountain Lion

March 12th, 2007

I am in my wedding gown at the center waterfall with the Lord, feeling a little distracted. The same mountain lion I saw lying on a rock near the lake has just entered the palace and is meandering over to us.

“This is Felix.” the Lord smiled.

He came over to me and lifted up on his hind legs putting his paws on my shoulders and licking my face. (I prayed some prayers of discernment and he got clearer...yes, this is the Lord's doing. By now should I even be surprised?) I was apprehensive that he would ruin my wedding dress. The Lord didn't waste a moment to reassure me.

“My Love, there is no ‘dirt’ as in ‘dirty’ in Heaven.”

“Oh what a sweet kitty and he smells so good like fragrant fall mushrooms. I love that aroma.” I began stroking his shoulders and neck. My fingers became lost in the soft thick velvety coat. I continued petting the latest addition to our menagerie, and he expressed his great pleasure by filling the hall with purring. Satisfaction escalated to excitement, and jumping up on me again, he

began bounding to and fro like a puppy wanting to play. It was quickly getting out of hand. I looked at him wondering if he had good manners and said, "Sit." Immediately he sat down in front of me looking into my eyes plaintively...as if to say, "Don't you want to have fun too?"

I replied, "Good kitty," and turned to the Lord, "He sure is affectionate. You know I adore him, he is a dream come true." I continued to stroke his face while he closed his beautiful aquamarine eyes and purred.

"I knew you would like the color of his eyes." Jesus remarked.

As I studied his face, I noticed that his mouth was kind of poochy and his nose wrinkly, I couldn't understand what he was doing with his face, "His chops are so cute."

"He is smiling at you." The Lord explained.

"Good grief! He is so cute!"

"I created him especially for you."

"How can I thank you? I adore him."

"He will follow you everywhere. He is going to be your little puppy. Don't worry, this will be his joy too."

"Sweet Jesus, he is far too cute!" The Lord looked at me affectionately, but I saw that something was on His heart and He wanted to talk.

Chronicles of the Bride

“Let's get down to business now.” He said confirming my observation.

The scene suddenly changed and were hovering over the Earth, it was night time and the Lord began speaking to me about many things yet to come, so that I could pray for souls. These are things we decided not to include in the Chronicles so they would not distract from the central message of His desire for intimacy with you.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

A New Kind of Recollection

March 20th, 2007

We are sitting in front of the giant waterfall at the end of the room and flashes of indigo light are dancing across the surface of the water. I am realizing that the Lord is very serious about the climb through the Canyon of Selflessness. Today a new kind of recollection has settled over my mind and I am recognizing ways that I have thought of myself and frustrated His plan. I am beginning to realize that He truly is carrying me. Sometimes, when I am resisting what I sense is His perfect will, a sweetness comes over me, or power to persevere beyond my natural strength. I recognize this as a grace, allowing me to please another rather than myself. My disposition is turning. I am profoundly grateful for this change of heart.

For the first time, I recognize lilies embroidered in pearls patterned into my veil. I can hear the great volume of water falling and sense the freshness of this lush palace garden. The Lord and I are sitting on a white wicker reclining couch, enjoying its beauty. My back is reclining against His chest, and I feel that our hearts are united touching the pain of what is yet to come. He is sustaining me, I could

Chronicles of the Bride

not bear to see these things about the future without His strength. He is supporting me in this, just as He is sustaining me in learning and practicing selflessness. “You are right Lord, I cannot do this on my own.”

I have been looking over my soul and with the help of the Holy Spirit, I have discovered many areas that need redeeming. My husband and I have both been having life reviews and asking forgiveness. “Why do You love me so?” I asked. “After all you have done in my life I still fall so far short.”

He was silent intently looking at something as He gazed in the direction of the waterfall. I became silent too and began to see bombers. I feel as though our hearts are transfixed together by a spear of sorrow and suffering as together we are aware of a war going on, on the other side of the world. The casualties were heart rending.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Worshipping On The Ice

March 28th, 2007

Tonight as Jesus and I skated together I worshiped Him in the lyrics of the song, *You Are My Hiding Place*. Our cheeks were touching as we glided across the ice in perfect unity, I was deeply contented. I felt completely loved and secure in His presence. At times we executed extremely difficult moves with the greatest ease and perfection. Death Spirals as I have never seen before, and many movements where my body is yielding, lifted off the ice by His strong arms, or gracefully bent around Him as we are spinning.

I was a serious figure skater as a teen and took it up again after I became a Christian. I remember one morning at 5:00 am when I experienced something difficult to put into words, but I will try. In figure skating, there are two edges to each blade, the inside and the outside edge, with a shallow valley like depression running between them along the center of the blade.

Most skating is done on only one edge at a time. If you can imagine it, the only contact your body has with the earth is ten inches of razor like steel, slicing across the ice at 25 mph. One particular

Chronicles of the Bride

morning I was doing a lengthy move on one edge, and I felt my entire body being supported not by a slender blade of steel, but by God's infinitely tender love for me. It was as if the blade did not exist only a slender thread of grace that traveled up from my toes all the way to the crown of my head, until I was completely engulfed in His love. I experienced this so profoundly that it left a permanent mark on my heart.

Now when I am worshiping Him, and we are skating pairs together, no sooner do I think about a move, than it happens. I have no idea who initiated the move, but it happens so spontaneously and perfectly, it is truly glorious. I can't wait to skate on that heavenly rink with my resurrected body. The ice is pale aqua and as flawlessly clean as a polished mirror. I rarely see the outside of the rink, only the ice and Jesus. It is as though our only focus is each other, and completing one another in timing and grace.

When we skate together, He is either wearing a white robe or simple black and white skating attire. I see myself skating in sheer, clinging, yet modest, ballet type attire, the colors and design of the clothing depending very much on what is going on spiritually at the moment. Sometimes, during trials, I am wearing red and a crown. When the Lord brings me a crown it is always to signify a trial that is coming. Our style is balletic like the finest Russian pairs skaters, except we execute moves I have never before seen, as though they were the simplest moves in the world. It is worshipful and expressive

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

of a passionate love story. How can I describe the wonder of this exchange? Truly it is beyond words and brings a completely new dimension to dancing before the Lord.

When He wishes to begin speaking to me, He gently leads me towards the exit and I find myself in His presence in the palace of waterfalls.



Today had been the culmination of several trials and I was tired. After we left the ice we were sitting in front of the fourth and largest waterfall, at the very end of the palace, on a free standing swing. Jesus turned to me and said, “**Rest your head right here.**” motioning to His heart. I began to drink in the Lord as He kissed my hair ever so tenderly.. I melted into Him and could no longer find myself apart from Him. (My husband had a similar experience that very night during his prayers.)

Just then a twelve point bull elk walked out nonchalantly from between the waterfalls on the right. I was concerned he might slip or leave a little gift on the polished marble floors, but he just kept on walking over to where we were seated and lowered his head gracefully, saluting the Lord, then looking up at me with his big brown eyes and shiny black nose. He laid down right in front of us. I slipped down gently onto the floor and ran my fingers over his brow bone, petting him, yet careful to avoid those formidable antlers. His eyes closed peacefully as he drank in all this human affection. I have

Chronicles of the Bride

always admired elk as the most beautiful of creatures. Moments later a yellow bird landed on his antlers, then sparrows and 'plumpie' birds began to land until his antlers were filled with a rainbow of 'chipping' little birds. As I returned to the Lord's side, I marveled at this other worldly scene, with a massive waterfall and delicate sprays of mist rising. And as if to add icing to an already perfect cake, an iridescent indigo butterfly fluttered onto his shiny black nose. Moments later it alighted onto my left wrist, with wings opening and closing, flashing intense sapphire reflections.

Simba (the white tiger) lay before me on the right and one of his little spotted cubs fell asleep on my foot. Felix the mountain lion, was now under the swing beside my left ankle, he had crawled on his belly under the swing, just to be close to me. I can hardly believe a place so perfect exists anywhere, but it does, and it is called Heaven.

The Lord repeated my thoughts, “**This is a real place. It is called ‘Heaven.’ And I created it to bring you joy.**”

My Curiosity and Pride

March 31st, 2007

Today was an absolutely horrible day, and yesterday as well. I am totally exhausted. Things keep going wrong one after another. Finally in quiet prayer I see lilies and a diamond tiara with brilliant sapphires. The hosts of heaven come and lay lilies in my arms, and the Lord came, but He is in a wheel chair. **“Do not expect instant results. I want to see you apply yourself. This is no time to give in to discouragement.”**

I've gotten side tracked on the internet chasing rabbit trails and wasting days. I've become very frustrated with my slow computer and a layout that just won't lay out! Plus, no one wants to cooperate...they just keep putting straws on this camel's back and my mind is foggy. “Lord, I've tried everything to change”

“That is why I am here. I came to you in a wheel chair to show you how you cripple Me when you do not press in.” Rather than solving the problems I came up against, I allowed myself to be distracted by one news story after another. I feel badly because I know my attitude and the time I have wasted, have hurt Him.

Chronicles of the Bride

“I suffer with you. I wait for you My Bride. I am your *only* answer. *Deliverance comes from the Lord.* I understand the trouble with your body, as well as the forces pitted against you. I am your only sure recourse. This is not a chastisement, but an instruction to help you make more informed choices later. I suggest that you stay away from the computer for seven days, and afterwards see how you feel. It steals time from Me. Do you want this?”

“No. I cannot see why I am so compulsive about it. I guess I just want to know.”

“Exactly.”

“But Lord, with the deadline for the journal coming up, how will I control myself? You know my dilemma, I need to seek instruction...but then I get side tracked following news stories that line up with prophecies we've received. I need your help.”

“To offset your pride.”

“So that is what this is about?”

“It is indeed.”

“I don't understand. I want to understand, or at least be so disinterested in it all, that I just drop it because I love and trust You. This is my goal. I feel like I am a million miles away from it. Please help me.” Jesus is holding a handful of coins, putting them each, one at a time into my hand. **“You know what this means, right?”**

“Money and the world? I'm seeking confirmations of what You have told us in the news...using worldly sources instead of You alone.”

“Attachments and the need to know. What was the word that was just given to you? ‘Go back and unknow, lay down the things from before and be filled anew to overflowing; be refreshed, washed, and enlivened - see through new eyes and carry the water forth. Turn not to the right or to the left. Rest in Him, and be carried.’”

“Put away your preoccupation with knowing. Satan uses this as a way to hook you and drag you off course. I guarantee that you will not be unhappy with the results, if you refuse the bait. How can I fill you to overflowing, if you are full of yourself, the world, and curiosities? How can you see through new eyes if you are looking through the world's eyes?

“Rest in Me, and be carried; but you are running to and fro in search of knowledge. What I impart to you is what you need to know. If I want you to see something, I will let you know. What freedom you would have right now, if only you had followed My counsel. Am I not enough for you? This is why you have gotten a word about worldliness and money for the friend you were counseling. I asked her the same question, and she went her own way regardless. The root is Pride. Pull it out, and you will be free indeed.

Chronicles of the Bride

“I am not rebuking you My Love, I am only giving you the instruction that you asked for. I want you to be free, more than you yourself want it, that you may enter into the great plans I have for you. You see how your sister has been slipping all these years, (a sister who is compulsive obsessive about news events in the middle east and is always sending me tons of news clippings) and wearing herself out with worry. You must not do that. Turn back and *unknow*. This is what I am saying. I have all confidence that with my help, you will surely master yourself. I know how much you love me, My Bride. I have such total confidence in you. Now that I have exposed this to you, do you still want it?”

“No Lord”

“You see? Give it to me then, and together we will overcome. I have my little friends and resources - when I need to drop a word, I will. There is so much you have yet to learn about the poison of this world. You really do not want to feed on it. Let us go forward now, to love and serve together. What beautiful music I have for you to create.”

It has been almost three years since this message. That very night I stopped spending hours on the internet checking the news, and because of His grace, have never returned. Praise be to God, He set me free from *having to know*, and I have great peace and infinitely more time.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

The Fifth Waterfall

November 14th, 2007

It has been a very difficult week. Stressful situations requiring much prayer and study, many souls needing reassuring counsel. As I sat back exhausted in my chair, I found myself beneath the fifth waterfall lying on my left side on a long open couch beneath the falls. Jesus came and laid down beside me on His right side, facing me, His back to the falls, and placed an Easter Lily beside my heart, its fragrance was ethereal. I wanted to respond, but I was so tired, I didn't know what to say. He smiled and placed another lily beside my heart, and tucked little bunches of Lily of the Valleys between them along with a delicate airy fern. He smiled again. Words were unnecessary, we were in one another's presence and He knew how grateful I was. Could a more tender and kindly person exist in the whole universe? Surely not, and He is *my* God and I will be with Him for eternity. Even in forever time...how does one fathom that?

Shifting my gaze to the area above the falls, once again He had created a thin blanket of midnight blue high above us in the air, from which He hung the dancing brilliance of Northern Lights.

Chronicles of the Bride

Shimmering greens and indigos, purples and lavenders, pinks and yellows, such as one does not see even at the poles of the earth. Spectacular curtains of light surrounded the whole falls and I was lying in the perfect position to fully enjoy them. The sound of tinkling crystal chimes punctuated their subtle movements. The faces of cherub like angels were visible between the delicate sprays of water and one angel with wings, massively tall, was behind the Northern lights. Another angel was seated a little ways from our feet and at the base of the falls, playing a silver harp. The tender strains penetrated my whole body causing it to become calm and rested.

Meanwhile, Jesus was gazing into my eyes, listening to the movements of my heart and reveling in my joy and satisfaction. He was so pleased to see me happy and rested. I noticed that wherever the water cascaded in sheer silken strands, I could see the dark lava rock behind it. It was comprised of pockets like those commonly seen in lava cliffs on the ocean, but within each pocket something white and fire-like glimmered. I desired to see it more closely and immediately, I was looking into the minutest detail. The black depressions held deposits of fire opal, some white with colors reflecting from within and some translucent blue. After a moments consideration I realized that the whole waterfall was a giant black matrix for hundreds of pockets of opals.

Then suddenly, I found myself underwater, still on my side, swimming with the Lord, through the pool beneath the falls, where

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

the water was vibrant blue green reflecting off pure white corral sands; it was silky and temperate against my body, my eyes were fully open and able to see every detail without any burning sensation and amazingly, I could breath. Jesus swam beneath a rock ledge, beckoning for me to follow as we surfaced into a tiny but very steep walled hidden grotto. It was comprised of the same lava rock matrix studded with precious opals, some clear and others milky white, perfectly flat and polished on the surface so that you could look inside and see layers of a kaleidoscopic world, fiery with colors never seen on Earth. Lush ferns and vibrant mosses accented the entire canyon wall which stretched a hundred feet up into the tropical sky. This enclosed miniature paradise could only be entered from the hidden underwater channel we swam through. As a child I remember being fascinated with movies about such places and secretly desired to go there on an excursion to find buried treasure. I must confess, I was transfixed in wonderment, both with the beauty of My God, and His unbounded love for me, and the beauty of what I knew He had created for the sole purpose of bringing me delight. I don't know how I lived through those moments, so rapt was I in His love.

As He stood up, I noticed He was wearing long khaki shorts, His legs were tanned and He looked completely at ease in His own element. He immediately began scaling the sheer wall, looking back on me with a twinkle, **“Come on! You're not old and weak anymore, you can do this. Come on!”** I was secretly musing how

Chronicles of the Bride

much I'd love to climb these walls and go exploring. Even in my younger days, this would have been too difficult for me. But like the paralytic on the stretcher, I obeyed and got up, instantly I was filled with vigor and athletic strength. He turned and extended His suntanned arm to me, **“Come on! I'll help you.”** As I began to scale the sheer wall, I was amazed that the rock was not cutting and abrasive as I had expected, and there were all kinds of footholds and handles as I made it effortlessly to the top.

We walked a few yards up the remaining gentle incline until the vista opened up onto a large body of water, where blinding silver highlights twinkled off its shimmering surface. The Lord held me close to His heart and I was lost in His beauty. Before I was married, I always avoided good looking sun tanned men because they seemed vain and shallow. I was a bit embarrassed when Jesus read my thoughts, **“Aren't you glad those days are over?”**

I replied, “Whew!!! You can say that again.”

“Aren't you glad those days are over?” He repeated and we laughed heartily. I just couldn't believe how good I felt and only moments earlier, I was completely exhausted and depleted.

He pointed in the distance to an island that seemed to be a mountain rising out of the water. **“That is Paradise Island.”** He continued **“I took your husband there yesterday, do you want to go?”**

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

No sooner had I said “Sure” than we were in two hand gliders, side by side, gliding high above the deep blue expanse like ospreys at midday. I was seated in some kind of comfortable cloth harness, and when I leaned to one side I turned, and I'd lean to another and turn again. Buoyed up by the wind and speeding through the air was exhilarating unlike any experience I'd ever had. “Wow! This is fun! But Ezekiel will be so jealous, this is something he's always wanted to do.”

Soon we were coming in for a landing on a sandy stretch of beach edged with tropical forests. I was amazed at the ease of the landing, it was as if a feather had drifted down onto soft sand and come to rest. As we walked into deep shade under the lush canopy, a large Toucan flew by and greeted us. Continuing deeper and deeper into the jungle we stopped on a small cliff beneath the canopy of trees. Jesus was looking around searchingly until His eyes came to rest on a stout vine. He reached out and pulled it to me, **“Come on, do you want to play Tarzan and Jane?”**

Lord is this truly You? I thought. Immediately He answered me, **“My love, when you were a child watching such things in the movies, I was there with you, taking note of what I would someday do with you in Heaven. And now, here we are, and this I have created for you.”**

“Let's go.” He said, handing me the vine.

Chronicles of the Bride

We swung wildly, dipping downwards, flying past trees and vines at what seemed like the speed of light. I laughed and laughed as I had never felt such freedom and exhilaration in my life. At the end of our swing, we landed on a very tiny platform high above the forest floor. I sat down with my feet dangling over the edge, drinking in the arboreal wonder all around me. Butterflies and orchids abounded everywhere, reflecting His love and artistry.

The Lord took a tiny oval box from his pocket and handed it to me. When I opened it there was moss lining the bottom and nestled in the middle was a large free formed pearl ring. It was a kind of baroque shaped heart in a solid gold setting with the clear impression of Him holding me, in complete union and utterly spotless purity. I put it on my middle finger, left hand. He kissed my hand and I snuggled up close to Him, exuberantly swinging my feet in the air. “Lord, you know how much I LOVE tree forts and this one, it is *amazing*.”

“Yes, I know My Beloved, and I constructed it just for you. We have to have play dates when we work together, it is very intense and taxing on your body, and today I just want to have fun with you.”

“Really?” **“Really.”** He answered.

“You didn't bring me here for instruction?” I asked.

He replied, “If there is any lesson to be learned, it is how much I enjoy your company and love to be with you.”

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Chronicles of the Bride

Part II



Ezekiel's Chronicles

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Chronicles of the Bride

The Palace

January 7th, 2007

Tonight Lord, as usual you have asked for me to come aside with You, to an out of the way place where we can be together for a while. As soon as I understand this, I found myself standing on a sandy peninsula at the edge of a small river. It seems to be somewhere in Egypt, as there are papyrus reeds along the bank, and I can see a few village people in traditional Egyptian garments, working to spread out their nets on the opposite shore. Beside me is a long rough hewn boat with push polls lying neatly tucked into the barque and resting across the wooden seats. I look up, and You Lord are standing by the front of the boat, winding up the rope and preparing to push out into the water. I reach down to help guide it into the river, and stepping into the current, I pull myself up and into the back. The water is amazingly multicolored, sparkling with prism rainbow colors throughout, and it is wonderfully warm, yet different in the fact that it does not feel like earthly water. It has a nice soft refreshing sensation, yet once out, I am comfortable and moist, but not dripping wet.

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It is a balmy sunny day here, and white egrets are walking carefully along the water's edge, picking up their long stilts with black feet, and eyeing with great deftness the shallows for their midday meal. However, when they come up, it is not fish that they have caught, but the leaves of some tender underwater plants. I remember the Scriptures saying, "The lion will eat hay like the ox.", and recall to mind that there is no killing or death at all in Heaven. You pole us forward and position us more toward the center of the flowing current, and I am awed by the sight of two adult hippopotamus lumbering along just ahead. Close in tow is a precious baby calf, happily bouncing to keep up with its parents. They open wide their mouths in a gapping yawn, moving their heads up and down to us as we pass them by. My heart and mind are already racing with excitement, having seen these two sets of residents so closely together.

"I told you that this would be a special place, didn't I?" you say, resting the pole across your lap for a moment.

"O' Lord, do You ever cease to amaze me!", I respond, meeting Your loving gaze with my own. When I see You look at me like this, my heart begins to beat loudly within my chest, and I am sure that all in heaven and earth can hear and feel it.

"Beloved, I feel as if my whole being is aflame with the most amorous passion for you. I just want to throw myself into your arms this instant!" I say, leaning forward to come to You.

Chronicles of the Bride

“Whoa, whoa My Bride! You are surely going to turn us over right here in the middle of the river! Is that what you want?”

Without hesitation I shout, “Yes!” I leap toward You, and the boat capsizes immediately. Here we are, laughing and rolling like two little children, immersed in this celestial water, and overjoyed to be in each other’s arms. As the rivers here are typically shallow, I stand up on the sandy bottom as do you, and we fling ourselves forward simultaneously, stretching out our arms and hands to catch the longboat, which now is beyond us in the current. You swim ahead quickly and catch hold of the rope, and I catch up to You just in time to catch the side and climb back in. After You help me get my legs over, You jump up out of the water, and joyfully swing Your own up, turning to land back in Your seat.

“That was quite a hug!” You blurt out, still shaking the sparkling water off of Your face.

“Yes, I know.... let’s do it again!” I giggle. You feign as if to tip the boat over again, and then catch the sides, steadying it soundly with a hearty laugh.

We are still breathing heavily from the escapade, and once again we are looking into one another’s eyes, and I sigh deeply with other-worldly delight. I cannot believe that I am truly here, looking into the eyes of my Beloved, and I am captured all the more by the beating of Your heart, which by this time is radiating out and into my own. Sensing that You are filled with anticipation, knowing what lies ahead

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

for me, I come back to myself somewhat, picking up the sturdy pole to push alongside the boat, but I am still fully floating in the breezes of love.

You look so majestic, as you sit high and erect in the bow, pushing along to keep us moving forward. Up in the distance, slightly rounding a curve I see a bamboo dock jutting out into the river. It is still a bit upriver, but You begin to push with even greater vigor. Your enthusiasm causes me to push with greater determination, and I seem to know instinctively that we are coming closer toward the reason for our voyage. Now people from every direction are running along the shores, waving their hands in the air and cheering to us with gleeful celebration. As we approach the pier, I can see that what awaits us is much grander than anything I had before imagined. Towering high above the wide steps that lead up from the river, is the most beautiful palace I have ever seen. Twelve Royal Guards are stationed across from one another, ascending the marble stairs leading upward. I feel a bit embarrassed at the thought of not having dressed properly for such an occasion, and looking down, I am stunned to see that we have been totally transformed. We are no longer mussed and tousled from our earlier play, but are both dressed exquisitely in the most regal wedding garments. With beauty and splendor we disembark, and are escorted along the pier and upward by the guards. Reaching the top, I am speechless at the sight before me. Straight ahead is a huge open air entryway. Thru the large curved opening is a royal hall, with

Chronicles of the Bride

rounded walls reaching up to a massive rotunda. Cascading down from high balconies are natural waterfalls, making their way down the walls covered with rock faces and ferns, ivy and other lush greenery. The whole place has been transformed into one big indoor jungle. Toucans and Macaws glide gracefully down from their perches, mingling with other exotic birds of every kind. An occasional Chameleon will allow himself to be detected, while small groups of lemurs call to each other from the vines, announcing the arrival of the King and his Bride.

You take my arm, and bring my attention to a sweeping white staircase off to our left. Up and up we are taken, as if being carried on the fragrant air until we reach the top balcony. As you guide me forward, I feel as light as a feather holding Your hand. Now, here in front of us is a curtain opening up into the foyer of a master drawing room. Once inside, I can smell the wondrous scent of eucalyptus trees. To one side is a luxurious couch with fine silk pillows. To the opposite side is a large bureau and wardrobe. Oriental chairs made of teakwood are placed about the room, and soft wispy curtains hang down from a double doorway, which opens out onto a wide outdoor veranda. We proceed out through the doors, and seat ourselves at a small white table. Obviously our arrival was expected, for here before us is set a very nice brunch. Melons and guavas, complete with sweetbreads and eggs, salads and teas, are among the many delectable refreshments. Also yogurts and grains, with fresh cream and milk

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

adorn the presentation, nestled among orchids, magnolias, fragrant gardenias and jasmine flowers. Nothing could be so perfect as this glorious reception, and no one could ever be so absolutely smitten, as I am here sharing these nuptial delights with You.

Meet Me in the Ballroom

October 23rd, 2007

Jesus has asked me to meet Him in the Ballroom. This is a large spacious room just off to the left, from the back entrance to the Palace on the river, which He has taken me to at times this past year. He truly does have a place prepared for us which is very real. It will be quite a surprise, and yet incorporate many of the things that we love here on earth. For me, it has tropical gardens all around, with many different species of exotic plants and trees; some of the most wonderful fruits, which I have never seen before. Animals of all kinds, and again, many different animals and birds which I have no knowledge of here on earth.

I remember immediately, the large chandeliers, and columns buttressed in gold. What beautiful light bathed the Palace as He took my hands into His own. He is dressed in a white formal uniform of royalty. He bids me to behold myself, and I am amazed to see that I am a stunning bride, dressed in a white formal evening gown. It is studded with diamonds, inlaid ruby and emerald designs, and sapphires appear in tasteful patterns. The whole scene is magnificent,

as a shining soul approaches carrying a blue velvet pillow. Upon it is a thin and brilliant tiara. Along with it are two matching bracelets and a large curtained necklace, all of which are filled with transparent gems, reflecting captivating prisms. One very large stone is set as the centerpiece of the necklace.

Jesus smiled and said, **“They are for you, this is all for you, remember?”**

“How could I forget Lord, when just months ago You brought me to this place.” As I look around, I see the same white marble floors, reflecting the exotic plants and waterfalls above and around us. I can smell the moist warm mist in the air, so beautifully tropical, fresh and clear.

Jesus looked into my eyes, **“Are you happy My beloved?”** He whispers, **“Home for now and ever more. Come and share our love My bride, for your love to Me is as an excellent wine. A divine inebriation washes over My Soul when we are near, together as one, My beloved, My fair and precious one, My Love, My Heart, and My Soul. You are My delicate and tender flower, most fragrant. Yours are the loving calls that have brought Me to your side. Yours is the glance that has forever wounded My Heart for Love, again and again. I am so enamored with you, that you would spend this time, that you would protect it so; that you have always hastened to My call.**

Chronicles of the Bride

“My Love for you is higher than the heavens, and deeper than the deep. My Love for you is all encompassing, for you are My dearest and My sweetest consolation. Soon we will be together like this, always and inseparable. Your heaven will be an ecstasy of bliss eternal, joined to Me forever, as one.”

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

I Want Your Whole Heart

October 27th, 2007

“Trust me child. I want to speak familiarly with you. It is a good and wise thing to test the spirits, however after so much time within a known relationship, it is important to move forward and be natural, that you may enjoy the consolation of friendship in a comfortable way. This is the way I want to be with you. This is the way I want to be with all of My children, yet so many are so busy with other things. The cares of the world and it's allurements, soon build a wall of interference by which I can only communicate Myself to them in circumstances and distant ways. Many say that I speak to them in and through My written Word. Just as with so many other things, I brought the Scriptures forth for edification and good, but also because of the hardness of their hearts.* I knew that men were weak, and easily pulled away by their wandering minds and flesh. I could speak familiarly with my servant Moses, as one man speaks to another, but the rest had to hear Me through his spoken words and My inspired writings. *I believe what He is saying here is that the Scriptures are necessary

Chronicles of the Bride

for teaching and edification and He is present to us through His Holy Word, but in the beginning, when God walked with Adam in Paradise, written words were not necessary, since they conversed familiarly with one another on a daily basis. In Heaven too, we will always honor and treasure the Scriptures as God's Word, but we will again have Him to speak with familiarly on a daily basis, because our hearts will be renewed in tenderness and holiness with nothing to distract or pull us away from our full attention on Him.

“And so which would you prefer; to have a guest whom you spoke to only as through a curtain, or to have a guest that you could see and hear, and converse easily with. I have placed no barrier between Myself and My Souls, yet they unknowingly keep a wall between us regularly. I love and cherish them with all of My heart and soul, and I would that all would come to know Me intimately. Pray for this grace, but know that it comes at a cost.

“Are you truly willing to change your lifestyles to accommodate that kind of closeness with Me? It will surely mean a serious change for most. Are you willing to put away all of the distractions in your life to make room for Me exclusively. Can you make the sacrifice of many things-friends, books, entertainments, and so on?

“I am here for every soul that I create. I never change, nor do I sleep or rest. I am constantly looking at you, waiting for you, yearning and longing to spend time with you, and speak to you

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

My heart. You have only to gird up your courage and try. I will most assuredly meet your efforts if they are fully from the heart, with no preconceived opinions of your own. Give to Me your whole will and intellect. Ask to be made again as a little child. Peacefully wait for Me, be patient, and I will visit you in ways you never before imagined. Only make room for Me. I want your whole heart, your strong and earnest desire and pursuit of Me, and Me alone. I will give you the abundant grace. Will you but avail yourself to it?"

The Third Heaven

October 31st, 2007

This evening, Clare and I were discussing the fact that around the world, Christians are experiencing being taken to Heaven by Jesus. As I sat with Him in prayer He began this message,

“The third heaven has in fact opened. It has opened to you and many others who are praying. To those who remain in My Presence, the glories of Paradise are being revealed. This is why you have experienced dreams and visions with frequency and regularity as never before in your lives. They are real living dreams and visions, you are actually experiencing everything, and are truly present there in a real place that exists in Heaven.

“I have much more to bring to you in the coming days. Be open, continue to stay silent and vigilant; continue to press in and persevere. I will take all of the time that you give Me, and fill it with wonders beyond your imaginings - very real, full dimensional places and situations that you will walk into with Me. Come expecting, you will not be disappointed. I am giving you all of this, so that you may bring it to the world.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

“I am birthing on Earth, what *IS* in Heaven. And I will use My faithful vessels to bring it forth.”

The Celestial Wedding

November 6th, 2007

All is set, as the guests begin to arrive. You gaze across the lawn, distracted from those who are speaking with you. I, with my maids, can hardly contain myself, so much in love am I on this day. I sneak a glance over and across, looking back at you, staring, we cannot help ourselves. Everything is beautiful. The courtyard in front of the palace is all arranged, and flowers with white silk ribbons have been hung with great care and elegance. I spy a young fawn, as she meanders through the crowd, taking her leisure, and an occasional bit of food from the server's table. You look back at me and laugh with delight.

The estate is magnificent, with its lovely gardens and hedges. The trees themselves softly sway in the gentle breeze. Two white doves glide across the yard, to the lustrous altar at the steps of the mansion. They are carrying a shining banner, to be hung over the main entryway. It is all so very much like a storybook tale, so colorful and fair. So many things to take in with my eyes, yet I am constantly drawn back to You. I apologize blushing to my friends, who are assisting me with the last minute details of my dress. I have never

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

been so happy in my whole life. I am faint at the thought of my destiny and great fortune; to have the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords as my Beloved, and I, chosen to be Yours, to be united as one, together throughout all eternity, in your Kingdom forever.

As the moments draw shorter, I see a beautiful young flower girl running up to me. She is carrying in her hand a piece of fine linen parchment with gold borders. I smile at her, and receive the note from her little hands. As I begin to read the words, I can scarcely contain myself. The fragrance of my Beloved permeates the message that I hold, **“My Dearest, My Darling, My Love, look around you - this whole Kingdom is yours.”** How can I keep from lapsing away? O' how can I breath? So completely swept away am I, so enraptured are my senses. My Beloved is truly my God. My God has truly condescended to me, his lowly creature, and raised her up above the heavens, seated with Him upon His Celestial Throne. I rejoice in My Lord and My God, my heart and the very soul within me. Let us dance among the lilies, my Betrothed. Let us approach love's banquet and present our vows upon the Altar of God.

The guests are all seated, and a cluster of heavenly strings begins to play with such divine sweetness, I can hardly begin to walk, as we advance toward our nuptials. Without hesitation, my groom approaches, regal as the majestic stag, leaping across the mountains. You turn towards me, piercing my heart with Your countenance. Who will keep me tethered to the ground, so carried aloft is my spirit

Chronicles of the Bride

within me? I am faint with love. The very wind subsides at Your magnificent beauty. Ah My Beloved, My Love most superb. I begin to speak, and You tenderly reach to touch my lips. In my swoon, I do not know that You are about to speak.

“My friends and family, guests from near and far, I welcome you this day to share in your Masters Joy! I have truly waited, waited time beyond time, for this Most Holy day of Fulfillment. The day when Love receives the fruit of her labors. It is a day that I have long dreamed of, from the foundation of the world. The day when all things are brought to completion, when all creation shouts to receive it's Queen. For this day, I give of Myself, most fully and completely to you, My Bride. This day I join with you, forever united as One; one heart, one mind, one spirit in God. I rejoice with great gladness for you, O' spouse of My Soul. We shall be now, and forever more one flesh, to the Glory of God, fruitful and happy in His Paradise without end.” You pause, tearfully my Beloved, and sentiments rise from beyond my voice, as I reciprocate my pledge to you,

“My Beloved, Heart of my Heart, and Eternal life of my life; I give to You forever more, from this day forward, my whole heart and soul to be Your wife. To be wed to You on this day beyond all days, in this dream beyond all dreams, still not a dream at all... no, something much, much more. How could a thousand heavens yet give You due honor and glory and praise? For You spoke the heavens, and they

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

were created. You breathed from Your mouth, and all of creation came to exist. Before You, nothing was, and beyond You, nothing shall ever be. My Beloved, My Husband, to whom I give myself completely without reserve, be Thou mine forever, and I yours. Fiat! and Amen! Let it be unto us as you have said, and let our children be like olive trees around our table. Let the heavens rejoice and earth be glad! Hosanna to my King!”

There are no words to describe the utter bliss of our embrace, as you kiss me softly, and draw me into the folds of your garment. Our vows have been made before God and all His people. As we walk the lane back through the cheering guests, I recognize so many angels and saints, friends and family. My amazement knows no bounds, as You whisk me away into our waiting carriage. My Groom, my king, my love of all loves. Amen

The Faithful Wife

November 6th, 2007

“What is a faithful wife? Who is she, and what are her virtues? The good wife is truly faithful to her husband in every way. She is solicitous for all of his needs. The faithful wife loves and serves her spouse, diligent to watch, persevering in her care of his house, and their children together. This is who you are to be with Me. For I am the Faithful Husband, who provides and cares for my Beloved. I ring her round with the finest of jewels, and shower her with kisses from above. My heart is hers alone, and I Love her above all things. Our children are the fruit of our love, and devotion is in our house.

“Care then for Me, you who are the Delight of My Life. Be vigilant in the night watches, and give Me to rest upon your heart. Be ever aware of My household, and graciously meet all of its needs. Carry Me and Our Children, precious souls, within your heart and mind always. See that My desires are carried out, and comfort My longing heart.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

“Why should My heart be longing you ask? I am longing for our children yet unborn. I am calling for those who are far away. I am ever watching for the prodigals to return. Pray much to Our Father, that His house may be filled again with laughter and praise. For our home is within His house, and His desire is that the many mansions be filled. Let us fill our home again for the Marriage Feast. Let us gather them back from the byroads, and the pathways. Let us give ourselves to prayer and petition, beseeching His Unfathomable Kindness for all those created in His image and likeness. We will dance and sing, and proclaim our love, to a wandering and hurting world. We will return again, great hope to the masses, and we will bear much fruit for Heaven, for the Kingdom soon to come.”

Loving “Citizens”

November 8th, 2007

We are here in our bungalow as before, and you have just shown me the spectacular view of the ocean while sitting on the cozy couch in our room. I am wanting to walk out to the large deck, out through our windowed doors. You rise and take me by the hand, and I begin to swoon again at your very touch. “Be stilled my heart, and rest in your beloved.” I say to myself inwardly.

We walk out to the broad porch, and are instantly washed in the overwhelming fragrance of mimosa, jasmine, and gardenias. What a strong and powerful aroma these flowers make together. They are drawn into one, as a celestial perfume, and it drifts toward us gently as we are completely saturated in its heavenly essence. I look back and the trees are covering the steep hill behind us. I get the feeling that we could simply step out onto their tops, and quite effortlessly glide across their lush green canopy. You have already anticipated my desire, and we begin to easily float over to the treetops. Our feet begin to touch down upon the tender waxy leaves, and I realize that, as this is in fact a hillside, we are going down at fairly aggressive angle. You

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

look at me with a mischievous sparkle in your eyes, and suddenly we are sliding down the canopy at great speed. It is as if we were little children again, and we laugh and shout with the giddiness and thrill of it all. I have never experienced anything like this before in my life, but I know that I am safe in the hands of my beloved.

As we approach the trees at the bottom, we very naturally seem to take to the winds. We are literally flying, up and above a dazzlingly white beach. It is speckled with precious stones of every kind, and the light reflecting off of their facets, creates a myriad of small prisms and rainbows. Marvelous shells of different kinds are scattered and strewn across the sand, in the most wondrous pearlescent pastels, and seem to be illuminated from within. Each little animal is still living inside of them, and the move about freely from place to place.

We drift down for a closer look, and I am just above the quiet water of the bay, the tide has not gone out as I am accustomed to on the Earth. The water simply rests in its basin, so calm and serene. My fingers are skimming across the warm smooth surface of the water, and it seems always to be just the right temperature to accommodate our comfort, regardless of what depth we might be.

In one perfect movement, we are side by side standing upright on the beach. I glance back around, turning again to the vast gulf of blue-green, transparent water. It is all so lovely and beautiful being here with You. We sit on the beach next to each other, and gaze at the scene before us. We lean into one another, melting into the warmth of

Chronicles of the Bride

our love, and basking in the glow of our hearts entwined. Our hearts are beating together in perfect rhythm, as we sit here in this grace-filled bliss. It seems to go on for an eternity, so contented and satisfied we are, with wondrous happiness and total fulfillment. We drift off into a dreamy rest, here in this sweet embrace.

Although there is no night in heaven, we open our eyes to what seems like an early morning sunrise. It is the light from the very Throne of God the Father Himself. There is a bit of thin mist draping across the bay. Small fish are skimming across the top of the water, sporadically taking flight with long jumps resembling little silver arches. You sigh with delight. Here we are, totally immersed in perfect creation, with perfect creatures all around us.

Large ripples begin to appear at a distance in front of us. They are progressively moving closer and closer toward the shallow water near the shore. I can make out bright lavender images beneath, and they soon emerge before us.....as two very large and graceful sea horses! I had always thought that these were tiny, fragile animals, and rarely seen at that. Their heads are so majestic, and their eyes are so big and wondrous. I can hardly comprehend it; these creatures are half a size larger than we are. They bow their bodies to us, and I hesitate, remembering that sea horses have a hard outer layer for protection. You gently place my left hand upon one of their backs, and it is so soft and sponge-like, almost like real flesh, but a bit firmer with small rounded bumps across the surface. A hard exterior would

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

not be of necessity here, for there are no predators in heaven. It looks at me with such tenderness and affection, it is hard to see this as an animal at all. I spontaneously reach around with both of my arms, and hug its long round neck. You help me up and onto its back, and somehow I feel that we are communicating. They instinctively know that this is a very special time for us, and that we are here to enjoy the whole of Paradise, and of Heaven itself.

You mount your humble steed, after sharing a warm embrace with him. Even though he knows that you are his King, it is as if you have just been reunited with a very special boyhood friend. You inform me that, before Your time had come to be born upon the earth, this was one of your favorite places to come to, and that he in fact was a wonderful companion and friend, ever faithful and waiting for you at this very beach, along with many other creatures who excitedly came as well, so much did they love to be with You, and You with them. I picture in my mind, the wonderful image of that time, and just how special that all must have been for You. Suddenly, without notice, the air is filled with every kind of winged bird and insect; butterflies abounding, the likes of I have never seen before. From a distance, every creature that inhabits the land is also swiftly coming toward us from every direction. Beautiful animals of every shape and size are clamoring to be near us. They are as excited as new puppies straight from the litter, and yet when they come up closer, a reverential awe overtakes them, and they all, from the greatest to the least, bend their

Chronicles of the Bride

knees, and bow their heads to You. You are also their King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is such a captivating moment, for here you are, this kind and gentle ruler, and all of your precious subjects are circled around you in profound adoration. Our Royal Mounts slowly turn with us, and we fly with regal purpose out into the open sea.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

The Communion Feast

November 23rd, 2007

Searching, hoping, waiting, I was all but feeling abandoned these last three days. The enemy had been oppressing me so fiercely, that I began to think I was drifting off, shriveling away into oblivion. My wife said that I was tired and told me to take a nap. I awoke after more than an hour of pleasant sweet sleep, and she was walking back into the room very excitedly. She began to share the most extraordinary experience that happened to her while she rested.

Jesus, Clare and myself were on a beach with three beautiful horses. She saw me as a bride, with long blonde hair. As she was telling me all of this, my heart leapt up within me, full of life again. The enemy had been trying to insinuate that I was lost, and that I would never again have a tender married relationship with Jesus. Immediately, all of my former doubts and torment disappeared. I was His Bride again. I was His Love again! I had awakened fully restored in my heart, mind, body and soul.

As I am musing on these thoughts, I see myself once more, on the splendid white Arabian Mare. Her name is Membaza, and she holds

Chronicles of the Bride

her head up high, with such an air of strength and exotic royalty. **“She is the finest of the choice breeds,”** You interject. **“Her father is named Ramstand, and her mother is, Chloese. They are living in the Royal Pastures up ahead.”**

“Can we see them?” I ask with excitement.

Without so much as a word, You simply give a nod, and we are there. Royal Pastures...? These are more like Royal Gardens, and they seem to go on and up through the canopy of Heaven.

“They do go up through the canopy.” You reply, reading my thoughts. **“Remember, Paradise is not limited to one plane, space or sphere.”** The more I see, the more I want to explore, but pacing myself, so as not to miss anything, I start to get down from Membaza. Before I can lean over the saddle, this exquisite creature has already knelt on one knee, and bowing her head to the ground, causes me to slide quite gently down and off of her. As she raises her head again, her silky mane flows right back into place, every hair in perfect order. She looks at me with her deep brown eyes, and draws her lips back in what appeared to be a lovingly affectionate smile.

As You have already dismounted, You stand next to me, softly smiling with joy. You raise Your eyes and tilt Your head slightly, as if You are listening to something far off in the distance. I look over and see faintly, what seems to be another couple riding toward us out in the far meadows. As suddenly as I have caught a glimpse of them, they are standing now right in front of us. What I had thought to be

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

another couple, are Peter and Paul. They are sitting on two of the most magnificent horses I have ever seen, next to the Lord's and mine. Peter sits handsomely tall in the saddle, atop a fine chestnut sire. "This must be Ramstand?" I query. The illustrious saint smiles in consent. "And you, you must be Chloese?" I say, looking upon the most lovely white mare. Paul replies, "This is she." He is not as tall in stature, but his countenance seems to hold the wisdom of all Heaven and Earth.

I instinctively ask if they would like something to refresh themselves, not realizing that we are in the middle of these pastures, with no food or drink. But just as suddenly as I say those words, a large rug appears on the grass with pillows, and silver trays with tea, meats, bread and fruit with cheeses. The startled look on my face makes them laugh, and they assure me that I will soon get used to the way things are here. They immediately come down from their horses and bow before You Beloved, as You lift them up and embrace them closely as dear friends. We all sit down to eat, and giving thanks, You break the bread, breathe upon it, and divide it among us. I am so taken aback by what I have just witnessed. An actual Communion from Your very own hands is really taking place, and here I am with two of Your first apostles, sharing in this Feast!"

There are so many things that I want to know, questions that I want to ask of Peter and Paul, and yet, there is such an intoxicating feeling of contentment in this moment, that none of us have anything to say

Chronicles of the Bride

at all. We just sit here together, gazing at You and one another. We are so overwhelmed at the fulfillment of this Divine fellowship, that none of us is hardly even aware of the food in front of us. And so we stay here in this place, caught up into sweetest ecstasy, and this ecstasy is Love, and this Love is without end.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Your New Homeland

November 30th, 2007

“My Beloved, My Faithful Bride, I wish to spend some special time with you tonight. I wish to take you away once again, to the celestial land in which you will live for all eternity. Today, when you encountered the very hurtful and harsh criticism of your wife, by a seemingly long time friend and seasoned Christian, you realized that the only reality is here in this time that we share together. You responded well, and so now, leave him in My hands, and let us continue along on our way.

“These times are very real and genuine that we share, and they are preparing you for a paradise far, far beyond your experience of this temporary world that you now live in. In a very short time, you will be with Me in Heaven. It is not so far away as it would seem, and the thin veil that hangs between you and this marvelous place is all but dissolved at this moment of your life. I cannot say it enough; soon- soon, and very soon - you are almost there. You are being transformed more and more everyday, that the moment of your arrival will be quite natural. Everything will

Chronicles of the Bride

be so dazzling and resplendent, so fresh and open, colorful and pure, yet you will feel such a sense of familiarity, with no fear or apprehension at all. Come now, come away with Me to your new homeland once again, that we might bask in the Love of Our Father, and His magnificent provision for us.”

Forfeiting the Honor

Tonight I see you Lord, standing in the bow of a simple native fishing boat. You are wearing your common off-white robe, with Your well tanned arms and hands busy unraveling the strands of a fishnet. I am sitting in the back, simply adoring You, and how handsome You are against the far away light emanating from the throne. We seem to be in some far reaching place in the heavens, but it feels as if we are not far from the throne at all. You tell me that we are in the wadis and marshes of the outer reaches. It is all still very nice, but not nearly as bright as the higher levels of those places closest to the Father. You begin to explain, **“These are the realms of heaven for those who believed in Me, and did some good on the earth.**

“This is the place that is reserved for those who had been given great opportunities in the world to practice virtue, humility, and the lowly place of meek and holy servants. Everything is nice here, and they will be eternally content, but because of hidden insecurities and the desire to be sought after by men, they built up great facades, and eagerly pursued opportunities to be acceptable within the well to do Christian circles, therefore forfeiting the

Chronicles of the Bride

honor of a lowly position, and the reward of being exalted in the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

How I Long for You My Groom

November 27th, 2007

“Beloved, what was that intense feeling of Love that I experienced for You today? I felt that I would die if unable to be fully united with You.”

“My precious, My Bride, My Spouse, My Love and Delight, when you feel such visitations coming upon you, it is good to let them come. Even though the fullness of such will cause a sensation within you, that you are almost entirely incapable of receiving its intensity for any length of time.

“This is a time of Supreme Grace, and a time of filling your soul to its fullest capacity with My Sweetness and the flow of Divine Life. You have asked many times, that I would totally possess you; that I would give to you My Heart, My Mind, My Spirit - all of Me, to take over all of you. These visitations are the answer to that prayer.”

“What do I do Lord, how should I respond to such an overwhelming longing to be united to You?”

Chronicles of the Bride

“Again, My Precious, be open, and in an appropriate time and place, go back to that feeling, pick it up again, and open yourself up to Me in complete abandonment. ‘Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth.’ Is this not the very first verse of the most Loving and Pure book of the Scriptures, ‘Song of Songs.’ ‘More delightful is your Love than Wine.’ she continues, as the Bride begins to speak words of profound affection to her Beloved.

“This is not merely a physical narrative of their intimacies together, but a grand testament to a Love that is stronger than death, a love able to withstand the seeming loss of the Lover. It is a proclamation of the Fidelity of the Beloved to Her Spouse, knowing that no other Love will capture and keep her heart so fully united to Him as this One, this one worthy of searching far and wide to secure again to herself with the strong and mighty bonds of her own heart. This is the way that I wish for you to be with Me. Strongly possessive, and passionately protective of Our Love, so much so that no one, and nothing can do anything in the least to draw us apart.

“Even in those times whereby your responsibilities and duties call for you to be occupied for periods of time, how lovely are the hands of her who puts her hand to the spindle, yet all the while Her Heart is rapt within her Lover. How valuable beyond measure is that Heart, which overcomes the mind, and remains in the arms of Her Husband unceasingly. Let this Heart be yours

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

more and more. If you will but ask for this grace, I will run to fulfill your desire.

“O’ Beloved of My Heart, and Delight of My Soul, how I long for the time when we shall be Eternally One. Each night as you gaze at the Eastern Sky, know that I am preparing to come for you. Any time now, Our Father will give the word, and I shall come, swifter than lightening as it flashes from one end of the sky to the other. Without delay shall I come and sweep you into My Arms, My Darling, My Bride, and we will shower the heavens with the fresh morning dew of our love. Soon Beloved, I promise, very, very soon.”

The Symphony

November 30th, 2007

“Now My Darling, let us fly away , back to heaven, let us dance among the stars along the way. My Precious, Precious Love, how My heart is ravished by you, sweet dove among the lilies.”

Again now tonight my Beloved, I can tell that you are eager to travel to yet another fresh new land of heaven. I am beginning to understand that, as much as this is all such a gift and consolation from You to me, it is also so exciting for You to share all of these things, and that You really do enjoy them too, especially when You are with a soul that loves You.

There is a ring of coral islands, or rather a semi-circle, and from the air their glistening beaches and aquamarine shallows are breathtaking. We glide along the currents, and softly swoop down to one of the beaches. Not far across the white sand towering upwards, is the most beautiful pearlescent half dome. It looks like a giant ribbed shell, and I understand that it is a music center of sorts. Already I can hear the light and airy strains of a heavenly symphony. As we approach, in my excitement I run up to the main platform

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

under the dome. You are right beside me all the while, as I make my way back to a splendid set of tympani drums.

“Go ahead.” You encourage, and so I pick up the padded mallets and very gently tap on the glimmering surfaces. There are golden tuning pedals with which every pitch and note can be achieved. I begin to play so freely, pushing down on the pedals, and a wonderful kind of percussive stringed sound emerges. I look back at You, amazed at the uniqueness of the sound, and you motion for me to continue. As I do, other instruments begin to arrange their notes around me in harmonic melodies that send my soul reeling. It is as if the ‘angels’ themselves... as soon as I have the thought, I am surrounded with the most exquisite angels. Each of them is playing an instrument very much like those I am accustomed to on earth. The difference is, each one is made of a lustrous material that is far more resonant than anything in the natural world. As they play, such intoxicating sounds are emitted, that I can hardly sit upright. I am all in a swoon, as you catch me in Your loving arms, and begin to slowly sway back and forth to these celestial melodies.

Your Day of Deliverance is Near

December 1st, 2007

“No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has ever conceived what I have prepared for you who love Me. You will be satisfied as with the richest of foods, you will rejoice, and no one will take away your joy.

“My dearest, we are coming now into the closing season of your redemption. Others have worked, and lived, and struggled to old age for My Kingdom. They have died victoriously in My service, though it is not yours to do so. Many workers have come into the vineyard, and received their reward for a full life's labor, but with you it shall not be so. You will come into My Kingdom in a way unknown to any of your ancestors, as this is the time of fulfillment. You will receive a full life's wage for lesser years, through My great generosity.

“In your turn, you were born into the last generation of the Church, before I come and take her away. Although your life has not been rounded out by the natural course of time, you and many others have worked and struggled none the less. To each is

given his portion. To each one is granted the fullness of eternal life, with all of its splendid rewards. Not one shall be forgotten, and none will be slighted in the least. I intend to give all of My Kingdom in all of its completeness, to each one of My Servants, regardless of how many years each one has served. Yes, rewards will vary, but all will be exalted, and all will be highly honored as guests of the Lamb at the Wedding Feast. All will live marvelously in the places that I have prepared for them. The Kingdom of My Father, is given over to Me, that all who believe in Me and love Me, might one day share in the wonders and the beauty, the sheer perfection of Paradise. For it has ever been My desire, that you would be where I am, that your joy may be full. You who have loved one another, as I have loved you, prepare. You who have worked and prayed and served, believing and accepting the gift of My salvation, raise up your heads. You who have accompanied Me in My joys and sorrows, caring for Me in the least of My Brothers, lift up your eyes. Receive! Receive! Your reward is close at hand. Your day of deliverance is near.”

Your True Home

September 21st, 2007

“How I long to gather you to Myself. Press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called You Heavenward in Me. For I will bring you to the joy and peace of your eternal home.

“When you arrive, you will see souls going to and fro, all very natural, all very orderly according to My Purpose. You will see, that just as upon the Earth, My People will be serving, praying, praising, and working along with the Salvific Plan for all souls, even until the end of the world.

“Though glorified and perfect, you will yet resemble the human state that you previously lived in, only purified, reflecting Me, and My Own Image authentically and genuinely. You will all be perfectly humble, with perfect divine charity, wisdom, and grace. You will love Me and one another with absolute sweetness. Holiness will abound, and permeate everyone and everything, as with the words to the precious nativity song, “All is calm, all is bright.” I will reach you there, instantly, without the slightest delay when you call. I will spread My cloak over you, and draw

you again and again to My Heart, that you may drink fully of the consolations of your God. Blessed be the days to come, when I ring you round with songs of joy, with festive tunes and celebrations. How wondrous a thing it will be, when I your Lord, gird myself about with a fine linen sash, and begin to wait upon you at My Father's Banquet. Although you measure your days at present with hours and minutes, it will not be so there. In Heaven there is no sense of time, for it does not exist. All things are eternal, and each occurrence, circumstance, activity simply flows into and out of another.

“We will work on earth. We will live for souls, and for the salvation of every one of them. As many as will be saved, we will accompany as a Great Cloud of Witness. We will pray, interceding, and ministering to the Heart of Our God on their behalf, and assisting them with many graces, intervening in their lives.”

The Love of the Human Heart

January 22nd, 2007

“There are souls on the earth who are more virtuous, but they are not always available to Me; they do not always pursue Me. Can you imagine what it must be like, to have loved with all of your heart and soul, all of your mind and strength, so many, many souls, for so long, in fact throughout all of history? And can you begin to imagine what it must be like, for over six thousand years to have that love rejected, unwanted, unneeded? Can you further imagine what it would be like, to have your own people, some of those who in fact, either have truly loved you in return, or those who merely profess their love with their lips, only to turn away?

“I have told you, that you are the Friend of My Heart. When I was sad, you were here to comfort Me. When I was troubled, your company soothed Me. For this, and for so many other ways in which you have proven your love for Me, again and again, yes; I would move all of Heaven and Earth for you. By your free will, you said yes, even when you were very tired, or you knew that

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

saying yes to Me would end in certain deprivations, persecutions, hardships and so on. You have loved Me faithfully, passionately for all these years, rarely complaining, and often times rejoicing with plenteous gratitude. I simply Love you, sweet, dear and precious, spouse of My Heart and Soul. I could have a thousand universes, and millions upon millions of Angels attending Me throughout all eternity. But the love of the human heart has been given free will, and I am so moved by the sincerity of each soul who truly loves Me, with all of their heart and mind, and soul and strength; nothing shall be withheld, to those who burn with the Fire of True Love for Me.”

The New Earth

December 24th, 2007

Christmas Eve

“Thank you for staying with Me today. I could not bear being alone once again, seeing My children going on about their worldly pleasures and pursuits, only to leave Me behind once again. Those who have stood faithfully by Me, shall sit on thrones as rulers in the new millennium. After a season of adjustment for you in Heaven, the same period of time which will have elapsed upon the earth for the seven years of tribulation; and there shall come forth a new regenerated earth and heavens. I intend to place you into My Government, and you will judge faithfully and justly for all of the Earth's inhabitants. Others have I called to just this service as well. You will be in very good company, they are all very much like yourselves. It will be as serving joyfully with good friends. You will see. Also remember, at that time, you yourselves will be glorified, and so your understanding and knowledge will be perfect, as will your whole person - body, mind, soul and spirit. We have much to look forward to together.

“You naturally wonder, how can it be, to have a mansion in heaven, and to work on earth at the same time. It is not as if you will leave the one vacant to come to the other, no, not at all. Everything that is yours - homes, properties, animals and families will be with you wherever you go. And so, it is not like you will be leaving anything at all. Nothing will really change, as Paradise in Heaven, will still be Paradise upon the Earth.

“The restoration will be so complete, that the whole earth will be born all over again, fresh and new as in the first days of creation - perfectly pure and pristine. She will be in her infant stages once again, with no stain or corruption at all. It will be as in the first days of the garden, and the climate will be perfect and beautiful around the globe. Can you imagine, the first shoots of life coming up again from the charred and barren ground, yet the rich loam will burst forth into singing with every choice flower and exotic plant that comes charging up from the soil. They will all come forth simultaneously, populating the coasts and the inlands, beneath the warm moist canopy of My light blue skies above. Next will come all of the birds and fishes, as well as every animal great and small. Finally will come the people who will inhabit the new world, and they shall be My children, and I will be their God and their joy. All of this and so much more are awaiting us beloved. In the sense of timeless Eternity, it is all only a sigh away.”

Very Near One Another

October 12th, 2008

Coming in from a cold and dreary day, I feel your call in my heart and so, with no hesitation I have run into Your arms; feeling Your warm embrace that obliterates all care and concern, and banishing every gloom. Where do we begin today Lord? I see You down at the bottom of the stone stairs, leading from the back of the Palace down to the reeds at the river. The familiar longboat is moored here at the post, next to the wooden pier, and You are standing with one foot on the shore, and one foot on the railing of the boat. You are wearing Your usual lightweight tunic, which reaches down to Your ankles, and I am wearing a long cotton summer dress with shoulder straps, and sandals, much like the women of Egypt would have worn long ago. You reach for my hand, and I instinctively step over and into the boat. I sit down as You are pushing away from the dock, and watch the little flecks go slowly by on the surface of the water. The river does not seem to have a very strong current today, and we begin to meander downstream from the palace. As we float along, quietly enjoying the cranes walking along the banks on either side of us, the

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

warm light bathes us in a sheer golden curtain, wafting its way around our bodies, and I sigh with pleasure. Ever the helmsman, You reach for the long handled rudder, and You draw me close with Your other arm. It is so nice, once again to be nuzzled close to Your chest. Your fragrance is as the delicate jasmine flowers in bloom along the shore, mixed with the wild reeds that jut out toward us as we continue along our way.

Where could You be taking me today, I wonder? Your eyes move straight ahead, watching for the turns and sandbanks in the river. We move along in this way for just a very short time, and I perceive that we are hardly any distance at all away from the palace, when You inform me, **“Just one more turn.”** I am sure now that You have something specific in mind to show me on this trek. The boat makes its way around one more sandbar. Rounding the turn, rising up high into the sky, are several massive spires. They are gleaming white gold, and form the corner posts of another magnificent mansion. All around are the most exquisite and exotic trees, flowers and plants. It seems that the walls are all but transparent in places, with beautiful waterfalls and giant hanging vines throughout. My first impression, is that this must be some sort of huge botanical garden of sorts, and yet, it feels very much like another dwelling where someone would live.

We disembark at a lovely pearlescent landing with a white boardwalk leading up through the lush greenery. At the base of a high bank, a sparkling sandy path winds it's way up, eventually ending at a

Chronicles of the Bride

large archway made of translucent white stone. You take me by the hand and happily guide me up a short but wide staircase made of the same material. We reach the top, and sprawling out before us are the most graceful ferns, opening the way into a bright lavender patch of orchids. Intertwined with them are small leafy trees, each bearing twelve different fruits. I look up from the captivating sight in front of me, and realize, that just as in my mansion, there are different levels here with banisters and sweeping stairways to the left and right, coming together overhead at the bottom of a glorious rotunda. Words cannot describe the marvelous glass bevels that round out the dome, and like fine crystal, cause the light to refract as it shines through the rest of the place.

I have been reminded ever since we arrived here, of the inner place where You and Clare have met so many times to her great consolation. As I am musing on the familiarity of the waterfalls, out from between them begin to emerge various animals. Off to our left, is lumbering the most large and cuddly Polar Bear. Between the next two waterfalls, a regal White Tiger is plodding over toward us. Within seconds, to his left, a handsome Cougar leaps down from the rocks above, and casually walks over in our direction. “This is it!” I exclaim. “This is the palace, isn't it!” Hardly have I put it all together, and You pick me up and whirl me up into the air, catching me to Your Heart, and swaying me like a child.

You say to me tenderly, **“Yes My Dear One, this is the palace. And you will be living here, the both of you, very near one another for all Eternity. In fact, there is a special little footpath which is even a shorter distance through the wild gardens at the front of your Mansions to one another. You will be so much like brother and sister here. All of the little childhood fantasies that you kept in your imagination, here and now, will be real to you. Both of you will play together as children, whiling away the time in your little adventures together. Nothing and no one will spoil your time together, and I Myself will come as a child also, and we shall play together. You will explore together and enjoy all of the many mysteries that lay before you as adolescents. You will share the closeness of young adults, as you discover more and more of My hidden treasures. As you have been inseparable on earth, so shall you be of such closeness in Heaven. My Paradise awaits you both, and very soon you shall walk, run and fly across celestial meadows with streams, forests and alpine lakes; jungles and oceans of delight, all will be here for you to see and marvel at, throughout all eternity, for ever and ever.”**

Chronicles of the Bride

The Adventure

October 8th, 2008

Once again My Dearest Jesus, here I am with you in our chamber, looking out over the canopy of tree tops, leading down to the warm sandy beach. I can hear the soft waves washing up on the shore below us, and a random gull flies by the beechwood terrace just outside our bay window doors. Nothing can compare with the sweet smell of the tropical air as it wafts its way in and out, around and through the curtains. It almost feels like a Sunday morning and yet there is no such thing as time or date here. Eternity has its own sense of timelessness, and each 'while' simply seems to flow into and out of the next, without any sense of beginning or end. What a wonderful new Eden, which in fact existed even before that first delightful garden.

I am noticing we have both changed our bridal garments to bush clothing and we obviously have an adventure to embark upon. We have been served a small meal as we sit down on the far right side of the veranda, with not only a beautiful view of the canopy, but replete with all of the many tame birds and animals as well. They fly and

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

wander up and over the balcony rail to get a taste of the meal. They know that we cannot resist them, and so we share with them little bits and pieces from our plates. How did the food get here? I do not remember seeing anyone come up to serve us. I have, however, begun to intuitively accept so many of the serendipitous aspects of our life together. These are some of the lovingly spontaneous things that You just simply seem to overflow with in Your happiness.

A small chestnut colored lemur comes walking up along the rail, behind your left shoulder. You never even stirred, but told the little fellow, “**I know you're there.**”

And as You lift Your hand up to Your chest, holding out an enticing morsel, he climbs up and over your arm, very gently taking his little present, and nuzzling up beneath Your beard with it. I am so thrilled with these precious little creatures, as they begin to come up in pairs and small groups. After a while, they are just about all over us, jumping and playing, ‘borrowing’ a little more food here and there, and stuffing their tiny cheeks as full as they possibly could get them. Oh! They are absolutely adorable.

After a time of merriment with our little friends, we leave them there contentedly to play about the fruits and dishes, as we make our way over to the far left side of the veranda. As if it had been made for just such an occasion, a broad wooden staircase sprawls out before us, and winds its way down into the Savannah that we have visited before.

Chronicles of the Bride

There are the typical acacia trees, with their leaves trimmed up by the giraffes, leaving the very tops untouched. I have always enjoyed their umbrella effect, even with their sparse foliage they make a loose canopy of their own for the birds and the animals to rest beneath. The lions are just as I remembered them from before, lying here and there in twos and threes. Also the zebras in the grass, and the leopards with their young, are all grazing together and meandering over to the beautiful lakeside to drink. The ever present egrets, walk back and forth majestically on their long stilted legs, as the other birds fly gaily around them in a sort of touch and go game. Already the scene before us has captured my heart. You look at me with your bright eyes shining, and ask, “**Do you like it?**”

“Oh yes Lord!”, I reply. I am so taken by the sheer wonder of this pure and untainted life in front of me.

“**Well, go ahead.**” You say with a smile. “**I’ll come with you.**”

You sense my hesitation, and assure me that they will not run away. And so off we go, straight into a herd of water buffalo, who part the way for us, and bow lowly to You as we walk by. I am aware of the sticks and thorns that are normally in a dry plain such as this, but when I look down, all that I see is lush green grass beneath my feet. The plain too, is unusually soft and verdant. It would seem that we were walking through a gentle mountain meadow, or at least that the monsoons had brought out the fresh new growth like a cool green blanket across the land. You look at me, again smiling at my thoughts,

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

and explain that nothing here has ever been subject to drought or decay. No raging fires or storms have ever been even a concept in this place. Only life saturated with love, and perfectly balanced harmony in nature are present here continuously. Perfect love, perfect peace, and perfect bliss are all about, and perpetually flow in and through each and every creature in this original paradise, which is in fact a place in Heaven itself.

All of a sudden, my thoughts are pleasantly interrupted by a pair of little hairy paws, pulling at my clothing, and gingerly chewing on my ankles. It is one of the little lion cubs, with his coat still spotted, trying as hard as he can to play with my constantly moving legs. At this point I simply burst out with laughter, as a second, third, and yet another begin to leap up on me from all sides. We fall down together with them in the grass, and roll and play here in this spontaneous romping ground. Soon, others arrive with their parents, along with a couple of cheetahs and leopards who have brought their little ones as well. It is all so grand, being here with all of these creatures, both mighty and regal beasts as well as the small and fragile in stature. Lying here together, and gazing up at the Heavenly sky with its gentle waves of blue overhead, I realize that all of the animals have come to lay down beside us. Resting in the warm light of Your presence, everything is completely calm and contented.

As soon as my thoughts subside, a whole other world begins to open up overhead and all around us. The sky has rolled back, and

Chronicles of the Bride

another new land is coming down from above. It is even more beautiful than everything I have seen thus far. A golden city, resplendent with light is emerging now, suspended as it were, in the air above us. Even though it seems to be a distance away, I can make out every detail, and I realize that we in fact are being transported upward towards this dazzlingly bright place.

“The New Jerusalem” You say with such a sweetness in Your Voice.

“Many are the times that I have wished to bring you here, to share with you My Delight in the True Homeland of the Children of God. From the Beginning, the Father created this great and wonderful city to shine forth with all the brightness of a thousand heavens. Within this place He has established His throne forever, that throughout all Eternity, the majesty of His glory would manifest itself in all of its splendor. It is from here, from His eternal dwelling, that He has created all things. It is from here, in His eternal abode, that He watches over all the nations, to rule them with benevolence, and to bring His people back to Him. The time is coming soon, when all the nations will come streaming into His presence, bringing with them their homage and worship, and leaving all of their kingdoms behind. They will in very truth, cast their crowns before His throne, and their dignity will be handed over to the One who judges rightly. Then all will assemble and bow before Him, and His kingdom will shine above the firmament

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

of Heaven, a kingdom everlasting, with perpetual praise and thanksgiving being sung to His Name, the Great I AM, from everlasting to everlasting and great will be His Name forevermore!”

As I swoon again and again under the mighty power of Your Words, I behold You, transformed far beyond anything I have ever seen before. For You Yourself have become dazzling white, brighter than all the stars of heaven, brighter than all the light within the whole universe. Your very Being is caught up into the rapture of His own holy light, and I am reminded of the scripture, “from glory to glory.” What more can I say My Love, My Lord, My Most Beloved God Incarnate, who would stoop and condescend to me a mere mortal, and yet I know Your everlasting love for me, and for all whom You have created in Your image and likeness. Forever let Your Name be praised to the highest Heavens. Emmanuel, Christ, Redeemer in our midst, glory, worship, honor and praise both now and forevermore. Amen! Alleluia! Amen!

Child of the Most High

My Jesus, My Lord, My God and My All,

I am here Jesus, as you requested. I want only to be with You, to adore You, to relish You. You are so wonderful, beyond what my lesser human words could ever try to express. The very thought of You sets my soul on fire. I am all aflutter inside, each time you make it clear that You want to spend time with me. Although I am tired tonight, I know that You can take me beyond my frail nature, and make me strong and alert, as in my heart I am holding out my arms in excitement for each and every word and sentiment that You breathe. And when You breathe my Lord, how sweetly do You envelope me with Your Divine Presence.

“My Love, My heart, My darling and radiant Beloved. You are bone of My bone, and flesh of My flesh. My Spirit rejoices and dances over you, and we have become one in union together. How I too savor these moments that we spend together. You are for My heart, a refreshing breeze blowing across the depths of My own soul. As I have said before, many are invited, but only the few will come. It has been and always will be that way, due to the selfish

inclinations of humanity. My Father has been pleased however, to prepare for Me a Bride. A worthy companion He has made for Me, and she is made up of souls like you. You are the ones who stand faithfully by Me, vigilant to stay close to Me, vigilant to watch and listen for every stir of My heart, and every inclination of My will.

“And what more shall I say about the Spouse of My Heart? In this I honor you, that you are always and without exception, ready to say ‘Yes.’ to My every wish. Never do I have to wait for you to answer. Always you are in anticipation of My every desire. Though submitting to My will has caused you to suffer much at times in the past, still you come back, over and over again you are here at My feet, solely content to gaze upon Me, happy ever to run at My command, and though everything inside of you may be surging to go out, you constantly come to Me first, and many is the time that you patiently wait according to My counsel.

“You have not always understood love and its demands, yet you have carried out everything to the best of your ability in faith, knowing that I am a good God, and that I only ask of you good things.

“Even if circumstances should cause pain, deprivation, or inconvenience, embarrassment or loss of reputation, yet even then you obey Me. O that My Church would cooperate with Me in the same way. I need so much for My Body to respond to Me with

Chronicles of the Bride

such love and devotion. Granted it is by My grace that you are as you are, however, I also give the same grace to My Church. How I wait for each individual member to follow Me unreservedly. Many are called, many less truly answer with full devotion and abandonment; abandonment to their own opinions, plans, and preferences.

“This is what I desire, a heart given with no attachment to anything or anyone. I desire hearts that are truly drawn to Me by the Father, and for them to receive the heavenly graces given, then having received them, that they would take them deep within their souls and cooperate with them. This is what it means to be a true child of the Most High.”

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Let All Who Hear Say, "Come!"

January 1st, 2010

“My Jesus, another year has now come and gone. So many speculations about Your Second Coming, the Rapture, Chastisements and so on. How does one begin to discern the signs of the times? I only know what You Yourself have spoken to me over and again; that time is short, and that we should watch and pray, and be prepared. Meanwhile, it is so delightful being here in Your Presence, that I know not how to seek anything else. My heart is in You Jesus, to whom else could I ever go?”

“My Dear Beloved, I look into your eyes, I hear your words, and I know every movement of your soul. You are right in saying that you could seek nothing else but My Presence. For to whom would a child look to, but his own Mother who gave him birth? And where would the created go, except to his Creator. Everything in nature is tied to its origin, and everything is tethered to that place from which it came. So too, you were created with an innate sense of belonging to someone. You were imbued from the moment of your conception, with the instinctive

Chronicles of the Bride

knowledge of being irreversibly connected to a source. That source was Me, and I have been drawing you ever more surely, day by day back to Me. Fully and completely you were made, body and soul. Fully and completely you will return to your Maker.

“That is why, even in the years that you ran from Me, you continued to feel a pull within you, yet not quite knowing just what it was that was drawing you, due to your darkness in sin. But My Light was still there, covered over as it may have been, I knew that one day your weary soul would again seek Me out. I knew the precise day and the hour that You would call on Me from a repentant heart, and I ran to answer you, so great was My joy at your return! And now we have shared a most wonderful life together, more so than you could have ever imagined. The days and years have been filled with gladness and rejoicing! Although the trials have been difficult, to the point of unbearable at times, by My grace you never once turned away from Me. You have always known that I was your Rock, and your shelter from the storm. You have always placed your trust in Me, not knowing what the future would bring, yet still knowing that I would be the one who would bring you through it.

“Know that it has all been for My Father’s Glory, that you would bear fruit for the Kingdom of God, that I might bring a Harvest of Souls by working in and through you - and through all

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

of My faithful ones. How I love and honor you Beloved. How I love and honor all of My Precious Souls, all of your brothers and sisters, who run the race faithfully to this very moment all over the Earth. Yours is a chosen generation, and it will not pass away, until you see Me coming on the clouds of Heaven, and seated at the right hand of the Father. I will bring you to Me in Glory, that you may live and reign with Me forever, and the Alleluia's will not cease to be sung through all Eternity. Let the Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come!' Let all who hear say, 'Come!'"

Chronicles of the Bride

About the Authors

Clare and Ezekiel du Bois have lived and served in many different Christian communities, bringing God's message of Hope and Mercy in song and teaching to the North and South American continents for the last twenty-five years. They have also lived a substantial life of prayer and solitude in the wilderness of New Mexico, raised four children and in the last decade, maintained a house of prayer, where they feed the poor, in Taos, New Mexico at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

Only recently have they been released to make public the precious narratives of their spousal relationship with Christ, in the hopes that those who have been called to the bridal chamber will be encouraged to pursue divine intimacy with Jesus, unafraid and with faith that He rewards all of those who diligently seek Him. They travel in the US, leading soaking prayer groups and teaching on discernment and intimacy with God.

Their current album, *Song of Songs* may be accessed at HeartDwellers.org, along with other music, teachings and itinerary for the coming year. They may also be reached by e-mail at PureHearts@HeartDwellers.org.

Clare & Ezekiel du Bois

Clare and Ezekiel du Bois are a husband and wife team who share their amazing experiences in Heaven as the Brides of Christ. For 30 years they have experienced the tender intimate love of Christ as His spouse. After this time of prayer and solitude interspersed with short periods of ministry, Jesus has given them the mandate:

*“Go and share what you've experienced
and tell them about the reward
I have prepared for those who love Me.*

*“Teach them how very simple it is
to enter into intimacy with Me.*

*“Tell my Bride how beautiful
she is, and that
I long for her company.”*

Experienced in leading small prayer groups and worship gatherings, Ezekiel and Clare travel the Americas, facilitating 'soaking prayer' experiences, or 'the prayer of rest' with music reflecting their travels in Heaven. Their one on one ministry has helped many to overcome obstacles and fears, so they may enter into intimacy with Jesus and move into new depths of love and worship.



Chronicles of the Bride