

I Saw Relentless Love

I recently saw a picture in the spirit of a person on their hands and knees reaching far over a cliff with one hand while bracing them self on the edge with the other. There were sheep falling over the edge of this cliff and one by one, with much physical effort, this person would pull them out as fast as they could and toss them on a wide, safe place. I watched this over and over and thought....."That's Jesus!"

A few days later as I was getting ready for work, I saw that picture again....only this time I saw Brandy. Brandy was the one that was leaning over that cliff...snatching *people* as they would begin to fall over the edge. It was as if she had no thought for her own life as she was leaning way out over the cliff's edge to reach them. She would grab them and toss them back quickly and go again for the next one just as fast as she could. What I saw next blew my mind and broke my heart. I watched as many rescued ones would get up, dust themselves off and appear to have the attitude of, "Whew, that was a close one!" and then walk away. They would leave and do life as usual, almost like they had no understanding of the danger they had just been rescued from. I also saw ones that had been rescued standing around in small groups talking about how she was doing it, some even accusing her of doing it wrong or thinking there was a better way. It was as if they had lost sight of the fact that they were standing in safety on that wide place because she grabbed them before it was too late. BUT...every once in a while she would rescue one and they would take a few steps toward walking away and then they would turn and watch her. I could see that they were standing at a crossroad. They had a decision to make and I could see that literal line drawn in the sand. I could see them counting the cost and then I would see them come and kneel beside her and join in the rescue effort. She would look over at them and smile and then look up as to heaven with gratitude. I knew she was giving thanks for the one who chose to labor alongside her. Yet in all that was going on around her, she was diligent and determined...sweating...hair in her face...never losing focus. I knew she could sense those that walked away and that she could hear those that criticized. She was even aware of the mocking that was going on behind her. I could see her glance their way occasionally...just for a split second...as if to be aware of her surroundings but she never lost sight of those falling over the edge...those falling deeper into the pit.

My heart was grieved as I saw her toiling, sweating, sacrificing and giving everything she had to see people saved only to be ignored or ridiculed. I couldn't understand how those literally saved from death (even the believers that were demonically oppressed and dying) could be so ungrateful. All of a sudden, I heard Holy Spirit say, "That's how I feel. In love, I introduce people to the Father. I draw them to the Son so they can be saved and then they ignore Me. They don't see that without Me drawing them they could never know Life. They don't see that this is only the beginning. I have gifts for them. I have power available for them. They ridicule Me. They mock Me. Yet, I love them. I can't quit. I will continue to draw them and pursue them...even with a grieving heart. I won't quit. I won't give up."

It was a very powerful encounter. In showing me this picture, Holy Spirit revealed how He is grieved but even with a grieving heart, how strongly He continues to pursue us. I think I saw even more inside Brandy's heart, too. I could feel the passion and determination and strength that it takes to do what has to be done. You see, years ago Brandy, too, was rescued by the One who loved her so. In some way or another she stood at that crossroad and she had a decision to make...life as usual...or life like Jesus. Praise God she chose to freely give what she had freely received and that was LIFE.

As I went on about my day, I realized had been humming an old song from childhood...one I had not thought of in many years.

Let Others See Jesus In You

*While passing thro' this world of sin,
and others your life shall view,
Be clean and pure without, within;
Let others see Jesus in you.*

*Your life's a book before their eyes,
They're reading it thro' and thro'
Say, does it point them to the skies,
Do others see Jesus in you?*

*Then live for Christ both day and night,
Be faithful, be brave and true,
and lead the lost to life and Christ.
Let others see Jesus in you.*

*Let others see Jesus in you,
Let others see Jesus in you.
Keep telling the story, be faithful and true;
Let others see Jesus in you.*

The Lord tied it all together in this old song. That's the reason I had seen the picture of Jesus rescuing the lambs and later saw Brandy pulling people out of a pit. I was seeing Jesus in her. I want to take a moment to honor you, Brandy for doing what you do...for being who you are...and for never, ever looking back or giving up...for staying focused on the mandate and calling that is on you. I was that one falling over the edge of the cliff...a believer that loved the Lord Jesus so much, yet so oppressed and dying inside. You came alongside me and did what it took to see me delivered. I have been the one who tried to walk away and do life as usual after being rescued and it didn't work. I have been the one that stood at that crossroad and knew I had to come back and labor beside you. I am so thankful to the Lord loving me and for making a way for me. I honor Him for drawing me and calling me *to rise up for such a time as this*. I honor Holy Spirit for pursuing me when I did not fully understand His purpose...for being relentless in coming to me when I grieved Him over and over. And I honor you, Brandy. What Holy

Spirit used to draw me more than anything was the fact that you never changed. You never stopped. You never lost focus and I had never seen that kind of determination in anyone before even though I'd been raised in church my whole life. I had never seen anyone so consumed with love and passion for the Lord. Someone so relentless in seeing prisoners set free. I stood at that crossroad for many, many months watching you and I never saw you look to the right or to the left. You never let up. I honor you for being that book before my eyes. I did see Jesus in you.