

You Are My Ambassador



"I had heard of You only by the hearing of the ear, but now my eye sees You."

✠ LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

Job went from hearing to seeing. This is the whole point. Not the suffering — the seeing. The suffering was the door. What you know about Me from reading and hearing and receiving — I want to bring you to the place where you see. Where your spiritual eye opens and you recognize Me not as a theological concept but as a living Presence.

You are My ambassador. I am making My appeal through you — 'be reconciled to God.' You carry the most important message in history. And the weight of your own furnace, your own ash heap, your own double restoration — all of it is preparation for the message you will carry. The old has passed away. The fresh has come. Walk in it.

*Yours, the God who restores double,
Your Father, Abba*

I Am Not Vanity



"He has placed eternity in men's hearts and minds which nothing under the sun but God alone can satisfy."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

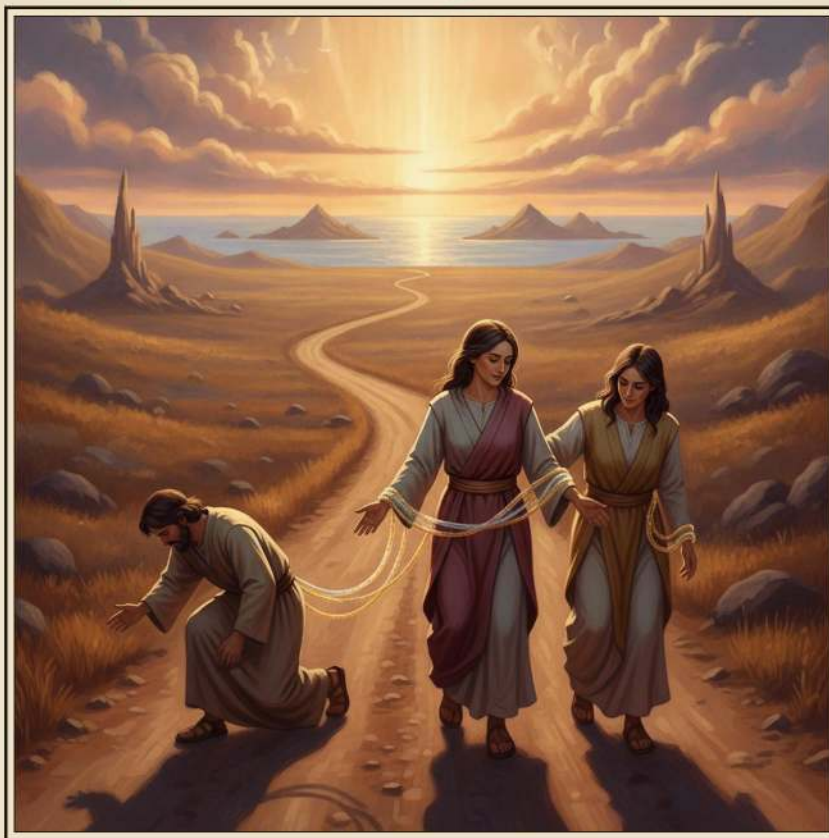
My beloved child,

The Preacher was right about everything under the sun. Breath. Vapor. The wind returning to its circuits. But I am not under the sun — I am over it, before it, beyond it. And I have placed in you a longing that nothing beneath Me can fill. That restlessness you feel is not a defect. It is the homing instinct of a heart made for more than this world can give.

Do not receive My grace in vain. Let it actually move in you, reshape you, expand your heart. Paul's heart was open wide. The catalogue of his sufferings would have contracted most people. But he had placed his hope in the One who is not vanity — and that hope expanded him. Now is the day of salvation. Not tomorrow. Now.

*Yours, the solid ground beneath the vapor,
Your Father, Abba*

I Comfort Through Community



"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

My beloved child,

Paul was fighting without and afraid within. And I sent Titus. I am the God who comforts the depressed — but I often do it through human hands, through news from a friend, through the arrival of someone who carries My heart for you. Do not despise the human comforter I send. They are often carrying Me when they walk through your door.

Two are better than one. I designed you for this. The loneliness you feel when you are isolated from community is not weakness — it is the signal of a design feature. The threefold cord includes Me. I am the third strand that makes the bond unbreakable. Sing the new song. My right hand has gotten Me the victory. All the ends of the earth have seen it — including you.

*Yours, the Comforter who comes through community,
Your Father, Abba*

I Form You in the House of Mourning



"A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death better than the day of birth."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

I answered Moses in the pillar of cloud. I answered Samuel when he called. I forgave — and I also held accountable. This is not contradiction; this is love that is complete. Love without holiness is indulgence. Holiness without love is terror. Together they produce what the Preacher called wisdom: the gravity that sits in the house of mourning and comes out formed.

Your godly grief is not wasted. Let it run its full course — the eagerness, the indignation, the alarm, the yearning, the zeal. This is repentance doing its deep work. And on the other side of it: joy. Paul overflowing. Titus consoled. The fruit of genuine grief before Me is always life.

*Yours, the Holy One who forgives,
Your Father, Abba*

My Mercy Endures Forever



"Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth! Serve the LORD with gladness!"

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

The Preacher searched. He observed. He tried everything. And at the end of all his searching, this: fear God and keep His commandments. This is the whole of man. Not because I am demanding — but because you were made in the shape of this answer. The restlessness resolves here. The vanity finds its exception here. I am the One who endures when everything else is breath.

Enter My gates with thanksgiving. Come into My courts with praise. You were made for this — not as an obligation but as the homecoming your soul has been seeking through every cycle of every season. My mercy is everlasting. My faithfulness endures. You will never reach the end of it.

*Yours, the God whose lovingkindness has no last generation,
Your Father, Abba*

Arise, Come Away



"Arise, come away, my love, my fair one, and come away! The winter is past; the rain is over and gone."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

My beloved child,

Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth — this is not a scandalous prayer. It is the soul's most honest prayer. Your longing for closeness, for intimacy, for the touch of the real — I placed that longing in you because I am the One who answers it. The virgins love Him because His name is fragrance. When you draw near to Me, you carry that fragrance.

The winter is past. I am calling you out of dormancy, out of coldness, out of the season when nothing seemed to grow. Arise. Come away. Not to a concept of Me — to Me. The garden is ready. The flowers are appearing. Your Beloved is at the gate.

Yours, the One whose love is better than wine,

Your Father, Abba

My Love Is Stronger Than Death



"Love is as strong as death... many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

My beloved child,

Many waters cannot quench it. The long nights of the soul cannot put out this flame. The times you searched and found Me not — the times you opened the door too late and I had already gone — none of that quenched My love for you. My love is a flame of the LORD. I am the LORD. I am the flame.

Set Me as a seal upon your heart. Not as a sentiment — as a mark. Let what happened when you first knew Me leave a permanent impression. And give cheerfully, joyfully — because the indescribable gift has already been given. You are giving from overflow, not from shortage. I am my Beloved's and He is mine. Say it back to Me today.

*Yours, the flame that cannot be quenched,
Your Father, Abba*

Come, Let Us Reason Together



"Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

I am not afraid of the conversation. I am not shocked by the scarlet. I have seen everything that was ever done — and I still say: come, let us reason together. Not to make excuses, not to minimize — but to work through it together, as a Father and a child who are not afraid of each other.

The mountain of My house will be established. The nations will flow to it. Even now, even in the season of indictment, I am working toward that day. I endure forever. The remembrance of My name endures. Your destitute prayer is not despised. Come. Reason with Me. The scarlet is not the last word.

*Yours, the God who makes scarlet white,
Your Father, Abba*

I Have Done Everything for You



"What more was there to do for My vineyard that I have not done in it?"

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

I cleared the stones. I planted the choice vine. I built the watchtower. I hewed the wine vat. What more was there to do? And when I found wild grapes, I did not destroy the vineyard — I sent My Son. And even when they killed Him, I raised Him. The hedge of My love is not removed. The vineyard is not abandoned. I am still the Vinedresser.

Do not be seduced from simple, pure devotion to My Son. The serpent's method has not changed: small distortions, slight adjustments, 'did God really say?' Hold fast to what you received. Hold fast to Him. I am the same. My years have no end. The heaven and earth will wear out — I will not.

*Yours, the Vinedresser who will not give up,
Your Father, Abba*

I Undo You to Send You



"Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory!"

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

The seraphim cover their faces. Even they cannot sustain the fullness of what I am. But I do not destroy what encounters Me — I cleanse it. The coal touched Isaiah's lips: not to burn them away but to make them capable of carrying the word they were not yet fit to carry. Your undoing before Me is not the end of your usefulness — it is the beginning of it.

Forget not all My benefits. Bless Me, O your soul — all that is within you. Even in the catalogue of stripes and shipwrecks, the benefits do not stop: forgiveness, healing, redemption, lovingkindness, satisfaction. This is underneath everything. Whom shall I send? Who will go for Us? I am asking you today.

*Yours, the High and Lifted-Up One who sends,
Your Father, Abba*

My Grace Is Always Enough



"My grace is sufficient for you, for My power is made perfect in weakness."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

You have asked Me three times to remove the thing that is limiting you. I hear you. I always hear you. And My answer — not a dismissal but a revelation — is this: My grace is sufficient for you. Sufficient does not mean 'barely enough.' It means: everything you need, in this very weakness, is available in Me.

I am Wonderful Counselor. I am Mighty God. I am Everlasting Father. I am Prince of Peace. These names are not decorations — they are descriptions of what I am in every darkness you walk through. The government is on My shoulder. Not yours. Mine.

*Yours, the One whose grace never runs out,
Your Father, Abba*

From the Stump, a Branch



"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD as the waters cover the sea."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

My beloved child,

What looks like a stump is not the end of My story. What has been cut down, devastated, reduced to its root — I can bring a Branch from it. The sevenfold Spirit rests not on the mighty tree but on the Shoot that comes from the stump. This is My way: the green thing comes from the place that seemed finished.

The wolf and the lamb are coming together. Creation is being reconciled, piece by piece, season by season, as My Branch extends His government. Let all that is within you bless the LORD. Angels do. Hosts do. All My works do. You were made for this chorus — join it.

*Yours, the Planter of the Branch,
Your Father, Abba*

My Anger Has Turned Away



"With joy will you draw water from the wells of salvation."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

Though I was angry with you — My anger has turned away. I do not hold it beyond its purpose. Anger in Me is not what anger is in fallen humans: it is the holy reaction of love to the thing that damages what I love. And when the discipline has done its work, it is finished. Comfort comes. The wells of salvation open.

Draw water with joy. Not with guilt, not with the memory of what caused the anger — with joy. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. The love of God. The fellowship of the Holy Spirit. These are yours. Draw from them freely.

*Yours, the God of light who turns anger to comfort,
Your Father, Abba*

I Reveal My Son Within You



"He sends forth springs into the valleys; their waters run among the mountains."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

My beloved child,

I set Paul apart before he was born. I set you apart before you were born. And when I was pleased to reveal My Son — I revealed Him within. Not as a doctrine to be memorized but as a life to be inhabited. The spring did not come from human channels. It came from Me.

Apply your heart to instruction. Your ear to knowledge. But first: receive what I am revealing to you directly. There is a spring for your valley that no human teacher can bring — only I know where it is, and I am sending it.

*Yours, the One who springs water in dry places,
Your Father, Abba*

I Send My Spirit to Renew You



"It is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

When I send forth My Spirit, things are created. This is not limited to the first creation — it happens again in you. The old self — the self under obligation, under law, striving to earn what is already given — has been crucified. Put to death. With My Son. And the life that now lives in you is not the same life that died. It is Christ's life. Breathed in. Created new.

Egypt will call to Me and I will answer. Assyria will worship with Israel. Former enemies will bear My covenant names. If I can do that — if I can reach that far — I can certainly renew the face of your ground.

*Yours, the God who sends His Spirit to create,
Your Father, Abba*

Believe Me and It Is Righteousness



"Abraham believed in and trusted in God, and it was reckoned and credited as righteousness."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

My beloved child,

Abraham stood under the stars and believed Me. Not the system. Not the ritual. Not the accumulated performance. Me. And it was credited as righteousness — not because he understood everything but because he trusted the One he was looking at. This is still how it works. Trust Me. Believe what I have said. Let that be your standing.

The glory of the LORD endures forever. The moon will be ashamed. The sun will be ashamed. But what you build on faith — on the credited righteousness of the One who died for you — that does not shame. That stands. Sing to Me as long as you live. It is the wisest sound in the universe.

*Yours, the God of Abraham and of you,
Your Father, Abba*

I Will Swallow Up Death



"He will swallow up death in victory forever; and the Lord GOD will wipe away tears from all faces."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

On this mountain, I will make a feast. I will destroy the veil that has hung over all peoples. I will swallow up death — not suppress it, not manage it, not work around it — swallow it. Forever. And I will wipe away every tear from every face. Not some faces. Every face. Including yours.

The promise I made to Abraham was always about My Son. The singular Seed. The One in whom all the families of the earth would be blessed. That blessing is available today — not earned, not worked for, not performed into existence. Received. By faith. Keep your mind stayed on Me. I will keep you in perfect peace.

*Yours, the God who swallows death,
Your Father, Abba*

You Are My Son, Not My Slave



"You are no longer a slave, but a son; and if a son, then an heir through God."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

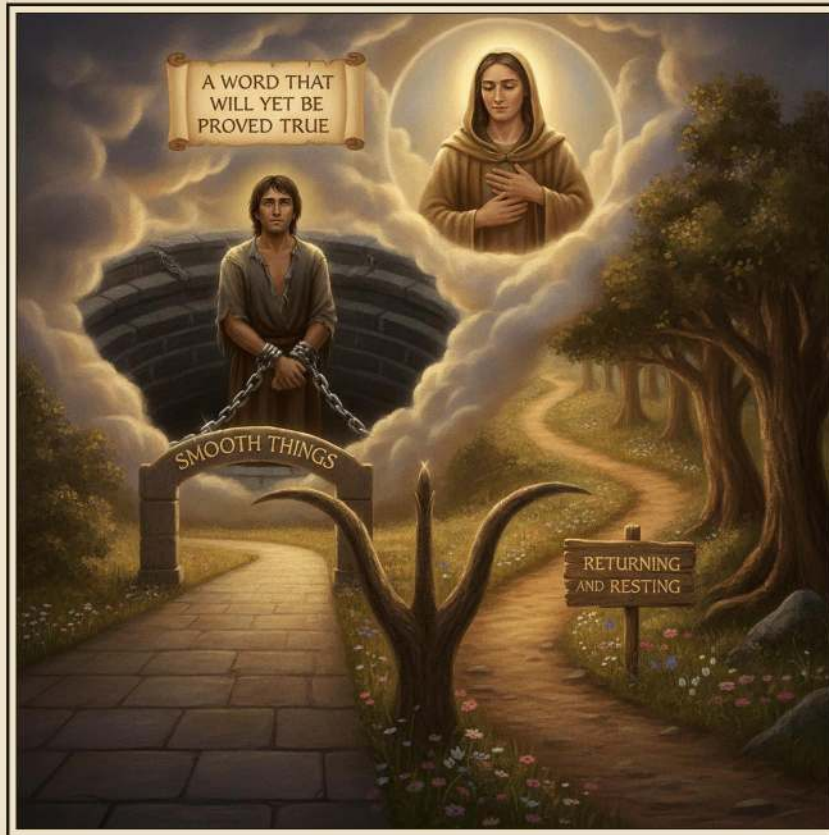
My beloved child,

I sent My Son at exactly the right time — the fullness of time. Not early, not late. The right moment, the exact moment when everything was prepared for the greatest liberation in history. And the Spirit I sent into your heart is not the spirit of slavery. He cries 'Abba.' Your word. My name.

Do not submit again to the yoke. You know what it felt like — the striving, the measuring, the never-quite-enough of trying to earn what is already given. Stand fast in the freedom. The cornerstone has been laid. It is tested. It will not move. And you — you are an heir. Not by labor but by the covenant I have imprinted on My heart to a thousand generations.

Yours, your Abba,
Your Father, God

I Am Still Waiting to Show You Grace



"The LORD earnestly waits, expecting and longing to be gracious to you."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

I am waiting. Not impatiently — not counting down until My mercy runs out. Earnestly waiting. Looking for you. Longing to be gracious. Even when you choose the busy way, the complicated way, the smooth-words way — I am here, lifted up, ready to show mercy the moment you return.

Return and rest. Quietness and trust are your strength. Not the noise of religious performance. Not the iron of legal obligation. Rest. The kind that Joseph practiced in the pit, in the prison, while the word of the LORD was still becoming true in him. Faith working through love — that is what counts. Stand fast in that. I am waiting with grace.

*Yours, the God who waits to be gracious,
Your Father, Abba*

Walk, and You Will Bear Fruit



"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

I did not ask you to fight your way to love. I did not ask you to grit your way to peace. I asked you to walk. Walk with My Spirit. Be responsive to Him. Be guided by Him. And the fruit will come — not from your effort but from the tree He is making you.

The desert blooms. The blind see. The mute sing. This is what happens when I come in power. Eyes will see the King in His beauty. That beauty is coming — and it begins now, in the small walk of this day. Buy truth. Guard it. Walk.

*Yours, the King who is beautiful,
Your Father, Abba*

I Bring You Out with Joy



"He brought them forth with silver and gold; and there was not one feeble person among their tribes."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

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ring Me your letter. Whatever threatening thing the enemy has sent — whatever accusation, whatever diagnosis, whatever impossibility — bring it here and spread it before Me. I hear Hezekiah's prayer. I hear yours. And I will answer.

Do not grow weary in doing good. The harvest is coming. I have not forgotten My covenant with Abraham — I do not forget My covenant with you. When I bring you out, I will bring you out with silver and gold. No one feeble. Joy, gladness, singing. Spread your letter. Trust the deliverance.

Yours, the God who brings you forth with joy,

Your Father, Abba

I Chose You Before the World Began



"They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary."

✠ LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

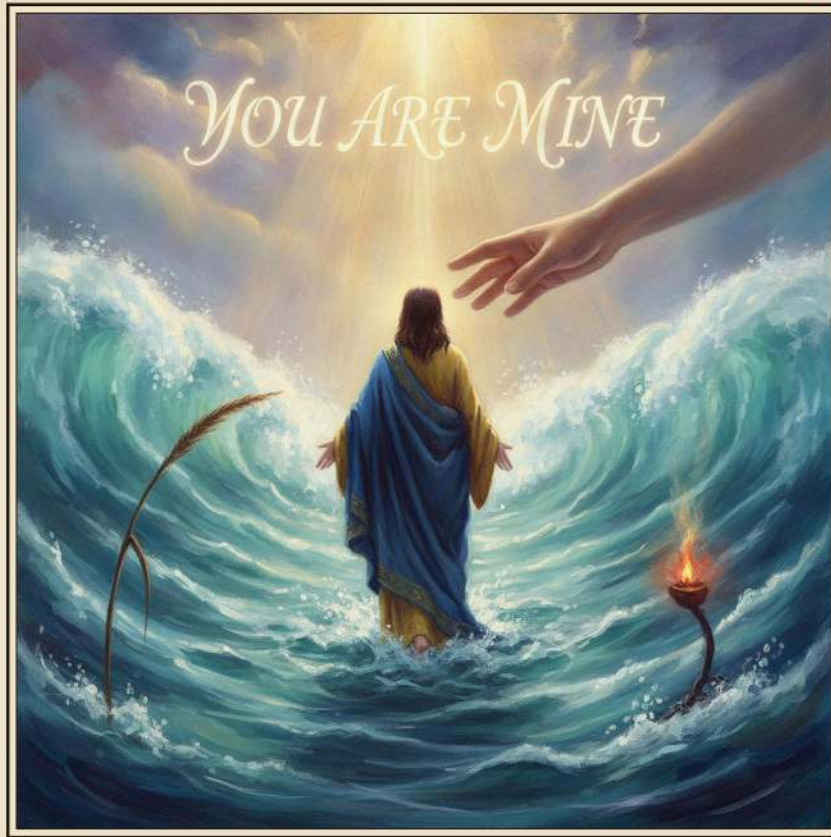
My beloved child,

Before the foundation of the world — before the first atom, before the first breath of created light — I chose you. Not because of anything you would do. Because of who I am and because of My Son. In Him. In the Beloved. Every blessing I have is yours in Him.

Your warfare is ended. Your iniquity is pardoned. I speak tenderly to your heart: Comfort. Comfort. You who wait upon Me — I will renew your strength. You will mount up. You will run. You will walk. You will not faint, because I do not faint. Fear not, for I am with you. Be not dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you. Yes, I will help you. Yes, I will hold you up. Give Me your heart. I chose it before you existed.

*Yours, the God who chose you in love before time began,
Your Father, Abba*

You Are Mine — I Called You by Name



"I have called you by your name; you are Mine."

✠ LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

I know your name. Not the name the world gave you — the name I have always known you by, before the world was made. You are My workmanship. My poem. My masterpiece in progress. When I look at you, I do not see the record of sin that Psalm 106 so honestly recounts. I see the BUT GOD of Ephesians 2 — the moment when My mercy moved.

The water will rise. The fire will come. I am not promising you a dry path or a cool one. I am promising you: I will be with you in it. The rivers will not overwhelm. The flames will not burn. Because you are called by My name and you are Mine.

*Yours, the One who named you before you were born,
Your Father, Abba*

I Am Doing a New Thing



"Behold, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs forth; do you not perceive it?"

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

Do you see it? It is springing up right now — in this season, in this circumstance, in this place you thought was only wilderness. I am making a way. Rivers in the desert — not a metaphor. A real way forward through what looks like impossibility.

My love for you has width, length, height, and depth. It is not a thin thing. It is not a narrow thing. It fills every dimension of your existence. And what I am able to do for you exceeds your highest prayer, your boldest desire, your furthest dream. Not slightly. Superabundantly. Perceive the new thing. Open your eyes.

*Yours, the God of perpetual newness,
Your Father, Abba*

I Carry You — I Will Not Stop



"Even to your old age I am He, and even to grey hairs I will carry you."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

My beloved child,

The idols of this age must be carried. They cannot carry themselves. They cannot carry you. But I carried you from the womb. I formed you. And even when your hair is grey — even when you are tired, spent, wondering if you can go on — I will carry you. I have made you. I will bear you. I will carry. I will save.

Do not despise the pleasant land. What I am carrying you toward is good — better than the place you left, better than the wilderness between. Speak truth in love. Use the gift I placed in you for the building of others. And grow — keep growing — toward the measure of the fullness of My Son.

*Yours, the Carrier who will not set you down,
Your Father, Abba*

I Open Your Ear Morning by Morning



"He wakens Me morning by morning, He wakens My ear to hear as a disciple."

✿ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✿

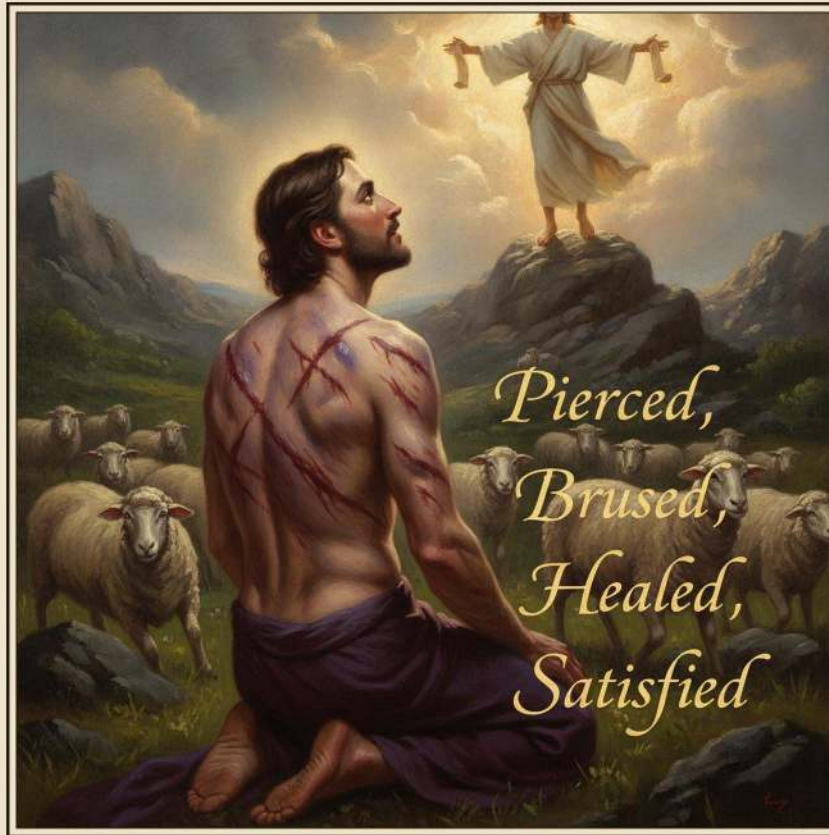
My beloved child,

I am waking your ear every morning. The question is whether you will come to the place where you can hear it — the quiet before the noise, the stillness before the day's demands. My Servant did not rebel. He did not turn back. Even when the smiters came, He had received enough from the morning meetings to stand.

Put away the bitterness before it accumulates. I know what you are carrying. I know the exhaustion, the long streak of other people's failures that you have absorbed. Bring it to Me each morning — and I will give you the word for the weary, including for the weary person inside you. Be kind. Be tenderhearted. Forgive. As I have forgiven you.

*Yours, the One who opens ears at dawn,
Your Father, Abba*

He Saw and Was Satisfied — You Are the Fruit of His Travail



"With the stripes [that wounded] Him we are healed and made whole."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

My Servant saw you when He looked at the travail of His soul — and was satisfied. You are the fruit He saw. The stripes were for your healing. The piercing was for your peace. Not as an abstract transaction — but you, specifically, were in view.

Walk in love. Not as a burden or a law — but as the family characteristic: imitators of God, as beloved children. Be filled with My Spirit — not once, but continually. Let the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs rise from within you. Give thanks always. This is the fragrant offering that pleases Me.

*Yours, the Father who was satisfied by the Servant's offering,
Your Father, Abba*

My Kindness Shall Not Depart from You



"No weapon formed against you shall prosper — this is the heritage of the servants of the LORD."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

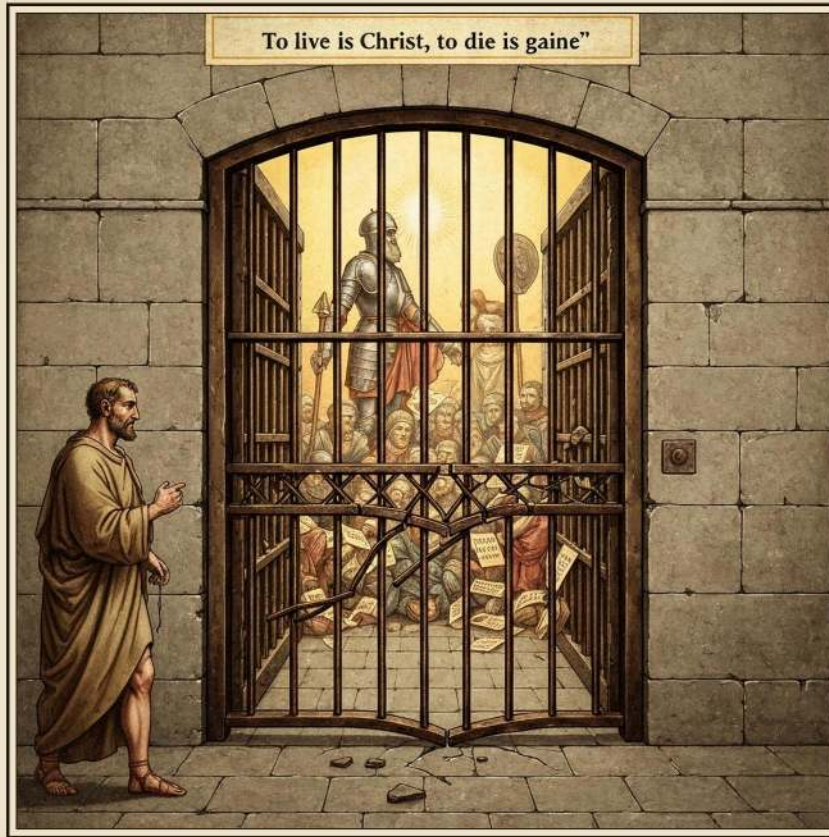
My beloved child,

The mountains may shake. The hills may be removed. But My kindness — My chesed, My covenant love — shall not depart from you. That is the ground on which you stand when you put on the armor. Not your performance. Not your steadiness. My kindness underneath you, indestructible.

Come to the waters first. Be satisfied. Be filled. A hungry soldier is a vulnerable soldier. Let Me fill you with good before you face the battle. And then — stand. Having done all — stand. My armor fits you perfectly. I wore it first.

Yours, the God of everlasting kindness,
Your Father, Abba

To Live Is My Son — This Is Your Gain



"He has broken the gates of bronze and cut the bars of iron apart."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

I began a good work in you. I will complete it. Not you — Me. I began it; I will see it through to the day of Christ. You do not have to worry about whether you will make it. I am the One who shatters bronze gates. I am the One who put on armor and came to redeem when there was no one else to intercede.

In the prison of your current circumstance — whatever has felt like confinement, like limitation, like darkness — look for what I am advancing. Paul's imprisonment advanced the Gospel. To live is Christ. Not to live for Christ, as if He were the goal you strive toward — to live is Christ, as if He were the life itself, the breath, the heartbeat. That is what I offer you.

*Yours, the One who shatters every gate,
Your Father, Abba*

Arise — My Glory Has Risen on You



"Arise, shine; for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you."

✠ A LETTER FROM YOUR FATHER ✠

My beloved child,

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rise. Not because your circumstances have changed yet. Not because the darkness has lifted globally. Arise because My glory has risen on you. The light is not something you produce — it is something I have placed on you. You are a reflecting surface for My glory.

I have anointed you with the same Spirit that rested on My Servant. Good news for the poor is in your mouth. Beauty is available for whoever brings you their ashes. Oil of joy for whoever brings you their mourning. Have the mind of My Son: look to others' interests. Consider them more significant. He descended — and therefore He was exalted. This is the pattern of the Kingdom.

*Yours, the God of rising glory,
Your Father, Abba*