The Muck & Mire Vision 3-9-21@4:39 AM

I had another vision this morning while praying and talking with my Jesus. I was praying and thanking Him once again for coming after me in the pit of sin so many years ago when my life had fallen apart. I turned and ran from Him, for so great was my pain at the betrayal that had come by those I loved the most. I saw myself in a pit, a deep, deep pit full of thick, grey muck with no means of getting out. Here is my vision:

I was laying, yet buried up to my neck with only my head and my right shoulder partly exposed, grey muck covering my face and was thick within my hair. Part of my arm was free and I was trying to reach my right arm out for help as I was crying in my despair. I could feel hopelessness as it tried to suffocate me and even though I did not see anyone enter this deep pit full of the muck and mire of sin, I heard someone enter. Then I saw a man in white that I knew to be Jesus. I saw Jesus Christ after He was already inside and I was seeing Him as if from a side view. I was laying toward the right and He had entered into my view from the left.

At first He entered in what appeared like a watery clear- like gooey mud but upon entering it was almost immediately to His chest. When He started wading it came almost up to His neck. I can only ascertain that He appeared as He did when He walked the earth as a man because He has dark colored hair with a rust hue to it as well as both His beard and mustache. He had a look of love and determination for the task at hand on His well chiseled face.
He was dressed in solid white...shiny white with a luminous glow that emanated from His very presence. Jesus started advancing slowly making His way toward me and as He passed through this watery yet gooey mud, it's like His presence inside of it had caused it to begin receding and slowly fading away and as He stepped free from the muddy mess. He started heading to me again in my direction as my feeble cries could barely be heard.

I could not help but notice somehow in my misery that as He began to advance that He had sandals on His feet. Medium brown in color with a strap that ran across the top of the foot near the beginning of the toes on his well formed beautiful feet marred each one by an ugly hole. A scar that was actually closer to the ankle than the middle of each foot. Another strap was running down the outside of the foot from the strap that ran across near the toes to the sling back type of strap that came up over the back of the heels of His feet.

As I am crying out weakly in despair somehow I could not help but think how did He keep His sandals on going through all this mess. Also how is it after walking through all that muddy water and goo that His outfit, His clothes were just as pristine and white as if He had not entered. There were no traces of any residue upon His holy being. I see Him as He clears the now receding clear muddy goo. Next, I see Jesus Christ advancing quickly, assuredly with no hesitancy at all as He enters now into the grey mucky mire that was almost like clay that had me trapped within to where I could barely breathe, let alone move! My cries have now become just whimpers as My breath becomes gasps as I try to breathe for so heavy was the weight of my sins, this grey muck and mire around me.

How He was able to even penetrate this thick, clay-like substance of sin, I, myself can only contribute to the fact He, Jesus Christ is God and with a supernatural strength unknown to man He began forcing His way through the muck. He did not walk upon it though I know He could have for He is God. And in His days of walking on our earth as a man Jesus walked easily enough upon the waters. But He chose to not walk above me, but to get down into the muck and mire with me. Not to partake in sin, for He is holy and no sin shall enter or even cling to His holy being. But I realized as I lay there buried in the depths of all my sins my Savior, He was showing me there is no place He cannot go. He cannot reach to rescue anyone who humbly and sincerely cries out to Him.

I see Him as He reaches me and I hear His soothing words of love and kindness and I immediately feel safe. He reaches out and Jesus Christ, I see love. I see love like I have never seen before in Your eyes. He lovingly picks me up, sweeping me into His arms as I notice each hand also bears an ugly hole. Each hand a scar. The muck and mire tries to retain its hold on me, clinging to me in thick strands and with one quick swoop of His right arm and one quick command to desist, the muck and mire shrank back into the pits of where it came from. Then He pulls me safely and close to His chest and then I hear Him say to me gently the words that He has spoken to me softly, tenderly and in all authority since this time of rescue, “I’ve got you Child! I’ve got you.” And all I can do is cry. Cry Jesus cry. He came to me. He came for me. He fought through the muck and mire of sin’s pits because I am precious to Him. I am to die for He tells me so often. I love Him. He is my everything...my lovely Jesus Christ.

The fact is He will do this for each and every person for His Holy Scriptures, my Holy Bible tells me in Romans 2:11 For there is no respect of persons with God. Thank you Jesus Christ again for coming after me and showing me truly the depths of your great unending and everlasting love.