

The Flood of His Love

You may find it hard to believe what I'm about to share, but, before the Lord, I testify that every word is true.

The Lord placed it on my heart to fast and pray for a season—to seek Him with all my heart. I dedicated a couple of weeks to seek Him afresh, out of a continual need for more of Him. I wanted a fresh encounter, and I felt that He had something special to impart to me.

I've fasted before and, though it's never easy, this time was really tough! The heavens were silent; it was as if God had gone elsewhere and abandoned me entirely. Sticking to my fast was quite the task, but I did it because my hunger for God compelled me to.

For two nights I had visitations from the enemy in my bedroom. The first night the enemy walked in and paralyzed me on my bed so that I couldn't move or even speak. I was completely frozen in place and felt defenseless. I was barely able to cry out, mumbling His name—"Jesus!"—and in that instant the enemy fled. Oh, the power of the name of Jesus! At His name every demon must bow!

The second night the enemy ramped it up a notch. I saw a demon spirit with my physical eyes swarm up at me and scream at my face. I cried out to Jesus, "Help me!" and again Jesus came to the rescue and peace filled the room as I went back to sleep. I was safe in His presence; His angels had charge of the situation.

By the following night I had been fasting for over a week and I was drained, too tired to face any more demons. I went to sleep and was awakened suddenly by the presence of the Lord. A dazzling, white light filled the room, so bright that I could not see. I knew instinctively that Jesus had entered my room from the corner of the house. As He stepped toward me I heard bells ringing and the sound of rushing wind blew through my room. He stood in front of me then reached down and took my hand, caressing it while His incredible love overwhelmed me. The impact was so powerful that I couldn't move. All I could see was a bright light as the wind of God continued to blow. Suddenly He was gone. I sat there spellbound for quite some time.

I was stunned and excited, eager for more. As soon as I told the Lord how grateful I was, He instantly returned for another visit. Once again I lay paralyzed as His power overwhelmed me and the rushing wind blew through my room. I knew the Lord had entered the room again and I heard bells ringing as He slowly walked toward me step by step. This time He took both of my hands and held them for several minutes, imparting a powerful sense of peace and comfort before He disappeared again.

As you can well imagine, I was blown away to realize that Jesus cared enough to come and comfort me. I felt unworthy, and yet He came. For the previous few years I had been desperate for God, and He came in response to that desperation. In my spirit I heard the Lord say, "I will *not* be outdone by the enemy." The enemy had come to pester me for two nights, but my heavenly bridegroom would not let him have the last word. I asked the Lord what the bells were... The bells were Him announcing His presence to me as my High Priest who had come to advocate for me in my time of need.

I have only shared this encounter publicly a few times because it was so special, so sacred, that Jesus would come to visit and stand beside me . . . that He would take my hands and caress them gently. Little did I know that in the upcoming months I would face a test that would shake me to my foundations, but when it did I was comforted remembering how the Lord had visited me, taking my hands and giving me the peace that passes all understanding.

"¹⁹ [That you may really come] to know [practically, through experience for yourselves] the love of Christ, which far surpasses mere knowledge [without experience]; that you may be filled [through all your being] unto all the fullness of God [*may have the richest measure of the divine Presence, and become a body wholly filled and flooded with God Himself*]!" (Ephesians 3:19, AMP)

From deep inside me springs a heartfelt prayer—that you will be filled with the amazing love of Christ; that His love will strengthen you and help you through the darkest nights of your battles. You are not alone, nor are you forgotten. In fact, He holds you ever so close. This amazing love will fill you with all you need, giving you an inner strength to lead you out of the deep, dark forest of confusion and bring you safely home. He is your Beacon of Hope!

Are you ready to be flooded by His presence—to have your entire being completely saturated with the fullness of God? In His fullness He'll let you touch His face, see His power, and even let you feel His tender mercies pouring over you. In that place you'll discover what it means to belong to Christ personally, and dwell in a place where His eyes actually penetrate the darkness of your heart and shatter its power over you.

There's a whole ocean of His love for you to bask in. A flood of divine love found in His glorious presence is headed your way. May you find divine healing and blessed hope there as you bask in His fullness where He breathes new life into the broken pieces inside you, making you brand new!

Jesus Himself is inviting you into divine relationship, a sweeter communion where His tender affection is poured like a healing balm into all the wounded places of your heart. I see Him taking the broken pieces in His hands and breathing new life into them so you

can begin again. He wants you to become deeply rooted in His love and discover the extravagant dimensions of His heart for you. Reach out and take His hand—He's waiting for you even now. As you rest there, test its length, fathom its depth, and rise to the heights of His tender affection for you, filled to overflowing! Take His loving hands today for He is reaching for you even now!

Repeat this statement with me:

I am not alone, nor am I forgotten. In fact, You hold me ever so close. You even hold my hands. I want Your amazing love to fill me with all I need, giving me an inner strength that will plant my feet on solid ground again. Thank you, sweet Master!

Steve Porter

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