

Revelation of Memory Frame Revisits

by Deb Steele

I feel God is encouraging me to revisit my previous healing sessions with an intensity to delve deeper into each memory frame. In obedience to Him I want to record in vivid detail and with as much exactness as I am able: memory pictures, sensations, emotions, thoughts, etc. surrounding each event. I know there are underlying layers of wounds God will reveal and heal. Before I revisit my sessions I want to record a personal moment I experienced with God. I prayed my standard following prayer and was soaking in His presence in preparation for my first revisit.

In Jesus mighty name I pray for Gods presence to open my heart, guard my mind and thoughts, grant me courage to acknowledge all that is revealed to me, regardless of how painful or even how insignificant I consider it to be. May God lead and guide me on the path of light and truth through this healing journey.

God brings to my mind a picture of being with Him in the center of a room. I am standing beside Him to His left. He is wearing a floor length white robe. I see (for lack of a better description) His large golden tanned-like appearing hands, at the end of His long sleeved robe. There is light all around Him. It is His light that is lighting the room. I don't adequately see His facial features, I only see light. I sense more than see His flowing hair and deep loving eyes. The walls of this room are covered with many framed mirrors, some large, others smaller. I know these mirrors represent my memory picture frames. Each frame contains a memory of wounding and hurts from childhood through the present day. We walk forward to a large mirror. This mirror has a thick framework of gold that appears coppery in color. I step closer and

peer into the mirror expecting to watch a memory unfold before my eyes. Instead, the image I see is of my face distorted and unclear. I quizzically turn to face the Lord. He hands me a large sword and directs me to shatter the mirror. I strike the glass of the mirror with the force of the sword, and watch as many broken pieces of varying sizes of glass, are catapulted into the air and fall to the floor. God then asks me to pick up the largest broken piece. I bend over and grasp the largest piece of broken glass. It feels cold to my touch, and as I hold it in my hands I am experiencing a piece of a memory and I feel wounded. I realize the cause of the wound is a deceptive lie from the enemy. I know from what I am feeling, the size of this piece is relative to the belief I have placed in this lie. I look down into my hands and notice the glass looks dull, drab, and cloudy. God stretches out His right hand and I place the piece of broken glass into His upturned right hand. Instantly I notice the broken shard is now glowing with such brilliance. I think to myself, in my hand this shard of glass was dull, drab, and cloudy, but now it shines with such magnificence. I am drawn out of my reverie by Gods voice as He asks me this question.

CAN YOU YET WALK BAREFOOT ACROSS THIS FLOOR?

I shake my head and say. "No, not without fear of the remaining glass shards cutting my feet, I can only safely step barefoot onto the spot where the large piece was removed." I sense Him nodding His head and smiling as He says.

**EXACTLY, SAFETY AND FREEDOM IN
THIS SITUATION CAN ONLY BE
RESTORED AFTER THE TINIEST
SHARD OF GLASS IS PICKED UP AND**

PROPERLY DISPOSED. ONLY THEN CAN YOU WALK FREELY AND WITHOUT INTIMIDATION ACROSS THIS FLOOR

I know God is showing me this shattered memory frame to instill in me the need to pick up every piece of memory shard, and in doing this He will disclose even the tiniest deceptive lie. I need to diligently look at each memory and as the saying goes, leave no stone unturned, or as in this instance, leave no glass on the floor.

I immediately drop down on my hands and knees scouring the floor for shards of glass. My heart is pounding and my mind frantically racing with thoughts of: I can't do this. This is too daunting of a task. How am I ever going to find every tiny piece of broken glass? I cry out. "Oh God, Please help me!" I then sense the stilling of my mind, and a tug in my heart urging me to look to Him. I turn my gaze toward Him and see radiant light flowing from Him. In absolute astonishment, my mouth is agape as I see beams of light emanating from Him and permeating through the shards of glass still scattered across the floor. By following His beams of light my eyes now see, even the tiniest speck of broken glass glistening and sparkling with His radiance. I pick up a piece of glass and I am amazed by the crystal clear clarity and light I now see in it. As I hold it in my hands I see Him in this shard of memory. I know and feel His truth about this memory frame, and the lies of the enemy are dissolved from my heart and mind. The glass feels warm to my touch and I feel a pulsing sensation of life. I know God has breathed His breath of life into it. I continue to gather the shards of glass and as I place the final piece into His upturned hand the complete memory unfolds in my mind with Gods truth and light. I feel the vibrant warmth of His glowing light inviting me to breathe, in deeply, His truth, His light, His presence. I slowly inhale until my lung expansion is at its peak. I feel His love and compassion permeating every fiber of my being. I sense a filling sensation inside of me and bubbling over. I get a picture in my mind of a pot of water boiling rapidly on a stove, the water is spewing over the sides of the vessel, and steam is rising into the air. Yet none of the liquid is lost to evaporation, and the water quantity in the pot

remains at maximum capacity.

I feel a gentle nudge and He then guides me toward the shattered mirror. As we approach the mirror I notice the framework is of the brightest, purest--- pure of shimmering gold. The framework is ornate and intricately formed. I now see that adorning the framework are beautiful precious gems that shine with radiant illumination. The precious gems are so breathtakingly beautiful that I can't take my eyes off of them. I stare at their beauty with fascination as I say to God. "I didn't notice this beautiful workmanship before." I hear Him laugh and say – I KNOW.

At that moment my eyes are drawn toward Him and I see that His radiance, beauty, and glory by far surpass the beauty of the precious gems.

All of my senses feel heightened. I close my eyes yet see with such clarity and brightness. I hear with such intensity the sound of rushing waters. The sound is so powerful. I sense my spirit strengthening. I smell a very sweet fragrance. The sweet aroma is foreign to my nasal passages. I am impressed in my spirit that the fragrance is from an exquisite delicate white flower that exudes such pureness, and has such a unique and intricate design that my eyes have never seen. There is a taste in my mouth that is so sweet and quenching. The sweetness saturates my taste buds. It reminds me of thick syrup that lingers on the tongue, yet I sense in my spirit, that it is a crisp, clear, pure sparkling beverage of thin consistency. Its sweetness is beyond anything I have ever tasted. My sense of touch is brought to a level of great sensitivity. Every inch of my skin feels His holy burning fire and the powerful tingling vibration of His breath. I feel a sensation of fluttering from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, and far reaching deep into and through my bones. I tangibly feel His love and compassion. My spirit feels awakened and alive. I am increasingly aware that---

He is my creator! He created me! I am His! He is my God!

He is in me, and I am in Him because He loves and draws me to Him!

I open my eyes. I am standing in front of the mirror, and I notice the glass of the mirror has been restored. The image of my face is perfectly clear and has a glowing quality about it. I see an illuminating radiance of precious beauty. I say to God, "Your precious gems are illuminating their radiant precious beauty onto my face." I feel Him look deep into my heart with a warm glowing gaze as He gently and softly speaks these words---

**YOU ARE PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL
IN MY SIGHT.**

**NOW COME AND STAY WITH ME, AND
ALLOW ME TO REVEAL TO YOU MORE
TRUTH.**

So, now with this revelation, what I call my "revisitations" of healing sessions begin. I now know that for complete and total healing and restoration, I need to place even the tiniest shard of broken glass into His hand. So that He may shine His light into each and every piece, revealing truth, and saturating me with His love, compassion, and glory.

I am so grateful for, and thankful to God. He knows what we need, when we need it. He knows that without a facilitator, for whatever reason or reasons. Be it underlying layers, enemy strongholds, or because of the perspective I've always believed, and am holding on to, I sometimes have difficulty stepping back from my memory or seeing Him in the situation. Sometimes I get pulled deep into the wound, and get stuck in the painful memory. I also at times, find myself holding my memory at a point just prior to the wounding. So until I grow beyond this hindrance, I now have this picture in my mind of His omnipresence. He ushered me into the memory frame room. He was standing beside me and was also in the shards of my memory, restoring the pieces and revealing His truth. Which in fact, His truth is just truth, the absolute truth is--- there is only truth, all else is lies. God speaking to me you are precious and beautiful in my sight, now come and stay with me, and allow me to reveal to you more truth, speaks volumes to my heart. I have struggled throughout my life with my own self image, and through my Christian life have found

myself feeling at times, near to God and yet at other times, feel I have fallen away from His nearness. His words instill in me that I need to begin, and to continue seeing myself as He sees me, and I must stay near Him. Also the fragrant sweet smell of the pure white flower and His holy burning fire is very significant to me. I began healing sessions in January. Since January there are times when I am praying through healing issues that I have a sense of increased perspiration, and I imagine I smell a stench coming from my pores. I don't know if this phenomenon is imagined, literal, or spiritual. Hey, maybe this is the change. It's definitely some kind of change for me. But even though my husband has told me he didn't smell anything, I have unknowingly found myself sniffing my forearms, hands, and armpits. When I catch myself doing this I begin laughing, and God brings to my mind Proverbs 17:22 A cheerful heart is good medicine, but a crushed spirit dries up the bones. I know this is just another way God is providing healing. Now all joking aside, even though God has shown me His sense of humor, I do think the enemy has planted lies of stench in me. I think God gave me the picture of the pure white flower, and a sense of its sweet fragrance to remind me of the pureness and sweetness we can have in Him, and through the shed blood of Jesus, how we in our worship and our praises of thanksgiving smell to Him. He gave me the sense of His holy fire burning on my skin to show me He is burning out the stenching lies. I am grateful that for my non-facilitated healing times, He has provided me a picture to feel and see His presence, and in being with Him the lies of the enemy will be squelched. So with Gods sword in hand, off we go to shatter mirrors.