



MATTHEW 6

The Lilies of The Valley

A Conversation with my Creator

As a child my Dadda always told me that prayer should express what is in your heart, even if you have a conversation all night and day long.

After leading a Journey with a group in Israel, I had some free time just to spend time in prayer and find renewed strength for the next Journey on it's way.

Early morning I made my way to the Jerusalem where I enjoyed a morning breakfast. Then made my way down the stairs to the cool shade of the Western Wall's where something just overwhelmed my heart. As I stood looking at the remains of the Temple wall, I recall how many times I have returned to stand there with prayer requests of so many people. At this wall with it's cold stones stood many shedding their tears, many leaving there with hope that their prayers will be answered.

This is when I felt the overwhelming tears release the pain from within my own heart while seeing how many standing there releasing their tears holding their faces in the Bibles.

Usually you have to wait to find that special spot where you can have your turn to have a conversation with YHVH, just feeling the presence of Holiness overcoming in your Spirit. After soaking up the presence and releasing all that is poured out from within, I start making my way walking backwards as we never turn our backs on the wall, but rather use that moment to pray for all prayers in the wall and thank YHVH for hearing our prayers. Soon I found myself a chair nearby to start reading from the Psalms of David.. Suddenly a pure white dove made its appearance and spread its wings wide open. This filled my heart with such awe as to say "The prayer was heard, welcome to My Holy place".

Right before my eyes I noticed a mother with her five daughters, all dressed up in such beautiful dresses. As I watched them they took hands and started praying while wailing. Here and there some people from other countries came to take their photos and while taking notice that only a few paid respect towards those in prayer and they squeezed themselves in to stand ready for that photo.

While hearing the melodious sound of the morning prayers rung out from the men's section across the divider, I hear the heart cry prayer from a woman sitting next to me, holding her her face in her prayerbook. She was pouring out her heart to YHVH in her own words and Hebrew tounge.

As I listened it was clear these words come from her deepest spirit. Her conversation with YHVH was so intense that I could feel a movement in my entire body as if this prayer was me and for me. The words followed with gratitude and love. While sitting there taking everything in my tears held back for so many years suddenly released and my mouth started speaking in pure language of praise.

There was no time, nor consideration of what is happening around me as if I just had open heart surgery. I knew that day that it was appointed time. Then came the sigh of release. "It is done."

There were little children playing in the corner with sounds of laughter and as I heard this, I hear the words. "Let the little children come to me, don't hinder them".

On the other side of the division barrier sat a young girl. I noticed a sheets of paper blown in the wind and walked forward to pick it up. I came to standstill as I hear the earnest prayer of this young girl asking YHVH not to allow her parents to separate but mould them stronger in love.

Still standing with the paper in my hand, I fold it up and placed it in my Scripture without thinking about it.

The Psalm of David came to me **Psalm 31:3**

For you are my rock and my fortress; and for Your Name's sake You lead me and guide me;

Following **Psalm 23:1; Psalm 80:1**

23:1 YHVH is my shepherd; I shall not want.

80:1 Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, You who lead Joseph like a flock. You who are enthroned upon the cherubim, shine forth.

My mind start traveling seeing in a vision Yeshua HaMashiach with a lamb over his shoulders holding the hand of a child. How I longed to be that child. How I longed to hold my children's hands right there at the wall.

Time went by but I had no sense of any hour. The conversation and observations of hearing prayers, praying in my heart with others made time of no importance.

When I noticed that it became empty around me, I stood up and started walking out towards the stairs. In front of me walked a well dressed Jewish man wearing his *yarmulke*; and his Tassels from his tzitzit swinging in the wind while making his way up the stairs. Then he stood still and I noticed the young girl I have seen praying for her parents taking his hand. The father reached out both his arms and embraced her. Although I could not hear His conversation with her, I could see her face lightened up. Then I noticed the same lady that sat next to me walking towards them and her husband embracing her.

I turned into a different direction, but it felt that day as if I have stood in someone else's shoes.

Every prayer and conversation with YHVH is heard and nothing returns void or unheard. I knew my prayers were heard that day as time had no essence or priority in my life.

Dont rush your prayers. Let them come from your heart. Even when it is not answered immediately, wait upon the right season and YHVH's timing. His time is perfect.

Pray for your family and never cease.

Be blessed and stay blessed 🌷

The background of the cover is a dark, monochromatic photograph of a person seen from behind, standing in a prayerful posture. The person is wearing a long, light-colored robe with a dark sash or sash-like element. The setting appears to be an outdoor, rocky or stone-walled area. The overall mood is contemplative and spiritual.

NEW

RABBI
TEACH US TO
PRAY

WHAT THE
JEWISHNESS OF JESUS
CAN TEACH CHRISTIANS
ABOUT PRAYER



