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<h2>AN ENCOUNTER WITH YESHUA</h2>

When Yeshua met me, He tremendously changed my life. Here is the story of a life-changing encounter. I am giving all the glory to our precious Lord and Savior. May you be blessed in abundance.

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An encounter with Yeshua

Foreword

Yeshua is a very special person. In fact, there is nobody like Him. Yeshua's heart loves unconditionally. He doesn't care about your background or the mistakes you are making. He is not here to accuse you. Yeshua is love and forgiveness. In short, Yeshua is endless love.

You might ask: if what you mentioned above is true, why can't I feel His love? Why can't I see His presence in my life? It is because, at the moment, your heart is locked and your eyes are blind. The good news is that He has the power to unlock your heart and to make you recover your sight.

For many years, I have been searching for Him in churches and synagogues. I looked up everywhere, trying to find a sign of His presence. Sadly I didn't find any. I was deceived by human communities claiming to serve Him. One day, He searched for me and found me. All of a sudden, He was there. He showed me that He really cared. I invited Him to take residence into my heart where He is staying now-permanently.

How is it possible for Him to approach you?

Contrary to many people, I am not going to tell you to read your Bible, for I have read it for years (also in Hebrew), without anything special happening in my life. I am not going to tell you to go to church either. We are not talking about theoretical teachings here; we are talking about meeting a real person, like you would meet any of your friends.

Don't misunderstand me: the Bible is great and full of wise teachings for your entire life, but if you want to meet Yeshua, you should address to Him directly-as a person, not as some "virtual stranger that walked the face of the earth two thousand years ago, somewhere in Galilee", but as to somebody who is alive, here with you, listening to you right now.

I know, it requires a great dose of courage and faith to address to somebody you can't see and who supposedly resurrected from the dead two thousand years ago.

It requires an effort, but it is definitely worth it.

Also note that Yeshua has different ways of revealing Himself to people. Just trust Him, for He is the Truth. He cannot and will not deceive you in any way.

So how should you proceed?

Address to Him sincerely, in your own words. Ask Him for a sign. Wait for His response. Trust that He will give you an answer.

It is all up to you to invite Him into your life or to reject Him. He will never ever force you because He truly loves you.

May you be touched and blessed by the following story through His Holy Spirit. May your life be filled with love from Above, in the powerful Name of Yeshua.

CHAPTER 1: THE REBIRTH

Just before

They had tried me without a trial; they had already condemned me before I had been judged. Their sentence was ready before I could even open my mouth and defend myself. I was getting closer to true human nature. I had done my best. I was exhausted, mentally and physically. I was longing for new horizons. The pain was immense. Damage had been done. I needed restoration like never before.

During one second, I had identified myself with the Suffering Messiah, and then I completely forgot about it. The fatigue was taking over. I was longing for rest, yet they were harassing me till the end.

I had set big hopes on something that had shown deceitful to me. I was in the process of learning a new life lesson. First, I had to learn how to take care of my body again. Second, I had to strengthen my mind, once again, because it had been attacked tremendously.

Meeting Yeshua

N.B: The "Face" in the first chapter, refers to the Face of the Shroud

I didn't expect to meet you. My mind was kilometers away from you. I was surfing on the internet. You showed up in some way. As I glanced at your Face, tears started running from my eyes, abundantly, like clear water. I think I wept for hours, just staring at your Face. Strangely, as I wept there was no pain inside of my heart.

My tears started clearing up and cleaning my soul. A powerful work of redemption was happening right now. You didn't say anything. You were listening to my words with a sustained attention.

As I stopped weeping, all my surroundings became very calm. I looked at my face in the mirror. It reflected peace. My eyes weren't red at all, nor did they hurt. I realized that you had just consoled me.

Within a few hours, you have wiped away burdens of shame and humiliation that kept me enslaved for numerous years.

Things that I had kept buried deep inside resurfaced, but only to be destroyed by the burning fire of your Spirit.

I was experiencing a day of mercy. You touched my soul.

The day after you took me to another silent place outside where I rested for a while.

I kept silent. Unexpectedly, you started speaking to me. People had always spoken about you in my childhood. Quantities of images and stories had been displayed to me. I had always searched for you. I had a precise idea about the type of person you should be.

As you started speaking to me, I realized I was totally wrong. I didn't know you at all. You were so different from all I could imagine.

Your beautiful, manly voice was a combination of authority and tenderness. I was so amazed to hear you, Yeshua. Or was I only imagining all this?

I could not ignore the way you spoke to me, because your voice was taking the entire place in my mind. I simply could not ignore it.

You came with a precise request to me: would I accept you as my personal Savior?

Your question left only two options to me: yes or no-there was no place for a comfortable *"in between"*.

I also knew I had to be ready to bear the consequences of my choice.

It wasn't that easy to handle your request actually. I knew, deep inside my heart, that I loved you. But did I love you enough? Was I ready? What prevented me from saying yes?

I exposed you my fears. I told you that I was afraid of what you could ask me in return.

It was so silent all around. Would you answer me, Yeshua?

When I heard your answer, I was moved to tears. You were not asking me for anything in return, you only wanted me to invite you into my life.

Without further hesitation I said yes.

I left the bank I was sitting on. As I started walking, I felt your hand holding mine. You were so real, so concrete I simply could not omit you.

I held your hand tightly, like a small child. I realized that I had been missing you all my life. I realized that I had just been saved. You were here, and you loved me tremendously, challenging the frontiers of my imagination.

The world suddenly expanded and my heart was filled with an unknown joy, the joy of the Spirit.

I started becoming hungry and thirsty for you at each minute. Things that I used to consider as important suddenly became meaningless.

Another big change happened. I used to be very scared about death. I was now cured, because I knew with certainty that I'd spend eternity with you. My last day would not be an ending, a fate, but rather a new beginning with you.

What also amazes me is your closeness and huge compassion towards human nature. We prompt to promise, yet we let down as soon as we promised. We swear eternal love, then we betray. We lack patience, we lack humility. Yet never have I heard a word condemning us from you.

You had asked me to meditate on your Passion, which I indeed considered as one of the most difficult spiritual exercise. I didn't really like picturing your barbaric torture followed by your wrongful death.

It had bothered me so much that I ended up totally ignoring it. While I still considered you as a great spiritual teacher, I would avoid thinking about the Passion-intentionally.

But your presence in my life brought the subject back into my life. I love meditation. Meditation is a daily practice, but meditating on your Passion involved a special effort from me. It involved that I put myself in your skin.

I hate pain. I loathe suffering. I detest violence. Moreover, I hated to see all these people spitting at your face and slapping it with their dirty hands. I hated to see them taking pride in it, not knowing what they were doing. How could someone willingly accept to be humiliated and to die this way? I hated this horrible, heavy cross they forced you to carry when you had already been scourged and crowned with thorns. Some call it the Crown of Glory; I called it the Crown of pain.

No matter how great the plan of the Creator was, it kept me scared... why would He sacrifice His Beloved? Just thinking about it gave me shivers.

"For the love of all human beings, for their redemption", you said to me.

It didn't leave me reassured. If the Creator, who was love, permitted this to happen to Yeshua who was pure and abiding, how would He treat us, sinful creatures?

But well- I accepted your request and as I began meditating on your Passion, you truly blessed my heart. Each scene I saw with my spiritual eye was purifying my soul.

At some point, I realized that you suffered for all and once at all, for us to be free. What a revelation!

I became conscious that your love was so immense; I was even unable to perceive ten percent of it.

I realized that giving you my heart in return was nothing compared to all you gave me.

I had no excuses to refuse your gift.

For every tear that I shed, more peace was coming into my heart. I wonder how you are doing this, but I feel like a brand new person today. My transgressions are all being washed away.

I began to know you a little bit better. I looked up at the beauty and purity of your soul in total awe. It cleansed me to my inner depths. I understood your humbleness and I began blessing your name with faith.

I am slowly recovering from my blindness. Through your suffering I was in a process of complete healing.

I cannot actually describe the joy of being in your presence, night and day, 24/7.

If one person is able to change people's lives, then this person is you. One encounter with you is enough to change the face of the world.

While I am conscious that it would be so wonderful that more people knew the real you and not a fabricated dogma or a vain human made picture, I know that I cannot impose you to other people, as you let me totally free in my choices. In the past, I have suffered from people trying to convert me at any price. A conversion is a love story and it can only take birth by free will.

I can only pray in my silent heart that more people will awaken to your presence, because it is absolute joy and daily peace.

We all grow up with religious conditioning. Whether we like it or not, we all have representations of how you should be and how you should act. But meeting you changes all misconceptions. Meeting you is meeting somebody completely different. We have no choice but to challenge our former beliefs and open our hearts to the Truth.

But we should also comprehend that our spiritual experience might be very different from another person's.

It is weird. Religious communities have disgusted me from prayer. I had stopped praying for quite a while and now that you are here, holding my hand, it becomes a pleasant exercise.

You were always here, but the difference now is that I am fully conscious of your presence.

You are standing in front of me and I enjoy talking to you. It is as simple as A B C, to tell the truth.

I am now praying differently; all of a sudden I do realize that I am talking to my dearest friend. The bright light of your undeniable presence is there, night and day. I feel it like a positive energy that travels through me. I once audaciously talked to the light shining through my hands and I dared to ask: *"Tell me who you are..."* and you answered straight away: *"I am the Living Word"*.

Years ago, I had been using dead Scriptures and I expected miracles. Now I was in presence of the Living Word. Wow. Yeshua is the Living Word.

This made a huge difference. I was in presence of my Lord and He was restoring my faith in Him.

I am still your small child. No matter how old I grow, I will always remain your small child.

You said that meeting you is not a face-to-face; it is rather a heart-to-heart encounter, even when this literally happens. I am impressed with your wisdom and I do drink your words with an abundant thirst. I am praying for that heart-to-heart encounter with you. You promised pure hearts to see you; this is what you said in your sermon on the mount. You are the Truth and the Truth cannot deceive me in any way. In the abyssal depths of my temple, I am requesting your blessing. I am requesting you to purify my heart and my soul, so I will be able to stand in front of you.

I do deeply desire this heart-to-heart encounter with you, but I have to be ready. I am preparing myself to be able to approach you.

I guess my soul needs to be washed over and over again with my tears. I have this feeling of relief when I do cry in front of you. It is never crying out of pain, it is rather letting go all the things that were deeply buried inside and prevented me from being close to your heart.

I am asking you to set me free, and you are doing it, always.

I am learning. In some visions, I am getting to know your soul. Oh I love your soul; it is so beautiful and pure. If mankind knew, they'd leave all the meaningless things they are running after in order to earn your friendship.

Yet your friendship is not even to be earned, it is given to us freely, but so many remain blind to see.

Finding you is finding the whole Universe's treasures. You are always close to my heart; all I have to do is to call your name, whether silently or aloud.

Two visions

During my sleep, last night, the Spirit of Truth took me to two different places.

The first place was a synagogue. A lot of people were gathering, visibly for a cult, but all I was asked to do was to rest there on a Shabbat day. I complied with delight.

The second place looked like a church. I was in the middle of an assembly, in the first row. We were all standing upright. I had the feeling that we were waiting for a message to get delivered to us. In this vision, I was an adult, but I felt like a very small child.

Coming from Above, a female voice suddenly filled the whole room with a very warm and comforting voice. It was probably an angel from Heaven chanting. The whole song was in German and resembled a Bach cantata. I can only remember: *"Hab Vertrauen, Er wird dein Händchen halten..."* (Trust Him, He will hold your little hand...)

I woke up in total awe, in the middle of the night. I noticed that you were holding my hand tightly. This is probably why I woke up. My heart and mouth were so full of praise that was taking over my whole room.

"I am the Breath of Life," you said to me *"Trust me."* I loved it. I realized that you are so close to me, closer than I could ever imagine. I started breathing you consciously.

You are taking me into a deeper knowledge of your wonderful person. What an adventure!

The Author of my breath is talking to me. I realize now that I have to thank the Author of my breath.

While I had developed an attitude of gratitude over the years, knowing consciously about the great privilege of being alive, I started thanking you for my daily breath. Yeshua, I love you, for you are so close to me. I know that you will never deceive me. I am loved so much beyond any human expectations.

"So why do you still resist me? Why are you still scared? Do you realize who is with you, tell me, do you realize, my child?" you asked me.

"My faith needs to be strengthened, oh my Lord," I answered.

I do believe and the next second I am in doubt. Have mercy, Yeshua, I can see through my true nature by approaching you. Being next to you is being next to my true nature, it fully exposes me into the Light. It sometimes makes me feel wounded and heart-bleeding, but the next second, you are placing your hand on my heart and I am healed.

What an extraordinary person you are. I keep discovering you from what you allow.

Yesterday you put your finger on my lips. You said: *"I want you to use your lips to bless, to sanctify and to warn."*

"Yes, Lord," I said.

Placing His hand on my heart, my Guardian added:

"When you bless with your mouth, also remember to bless with your heart. When you sanctify the Name, do it with your all your heart, your soul and your spirit. Be whole when you sanctify the Name. Before you warn with your mouth, listen to the Spirit of Truth. Do it with authority, for this authority has been given to you."

I was feeling the heat of the Spirit filling my heart. Yeshua's hand was feeling heavy on my heart. The presence of the Spirit is so redeeming for the soul. It is a pure shower of permanent joy.

My Redeemer is alive and it is not a theoretical statement. My Savior holds me tight while I am writing these words; I am feeling his warm presence surrounding me. I feel protected, I feel loved. What Yeshua is offering me is unique. My heart is filled with so much gratitude. His unconditional love, my Lord wants to give it to you too, if you are willing to invite him into your life. May these words reach deep within you, dear reader, as you are following this very unique encounter.

This morning, you asked me a question:

"Do you remember, years ago, when you were praying and calling my Name and I didn't seem to respond?"

"Yes, dear Lord."

“Now you are calling my Name and I am here instantly. You can feel me touching your hands and putting my arms around you. Do you know what the difference is?”

I took a few minutes to think and the response poured out of my mouth quite instantly:

“Your Holy Spirit resides in me! You live inside of me!”

“Yes, I live within you. My Spirit is there. Call me and I am here. I am that close to you. Will you remember it? There is no need to be scared about anything. I am with you always. My Holy Spirit lives within you, say it again!”

“Your Holy Spirit lives within me!” As I repeated these words, a tremendous feeling of joy was filling my heart. I eventually understood that my Lord would ALWAYS be THAT CLOSE to me.

My sweet Lord talked to me again: *“When I was living in Galilee, I barely had a residence. Now I reside in the hearts of the true believers.”*

Oh pure words of wisdom coming from the mouth of my Savior, I could drink them all day!

Yeshua is an abundant Source of pure water that will constantly refresh you.

You woke me up in the middle of the night. When you are holding my hand so tight, I will automatically open my eyes. I was tired, but so happy to spend this precious time with you, my best friend. The light in the room amplified. I couldn't contain my joy. I wanted to talk, but you put your finger on my mouth three times, so I remained silent. I was looking at the light spreading like a cloud all around me.

For the first time in my life, I heard the Voice of the Father. It was impressing. He spoke in a loud voice and asked me:

“Will you listen to my beloved Son?”

I said: *“Yes, Father, I will.”*

I had to renew my oath three times, as I was asked the same question three times.

I don't remember what exactly happened afterwards. All I could recall was Yeshua holding me tight in his arms. Tears were running from my cheeks. I implored my Savior to give me enough strength to serve Him. I had no right to deceive my Lord in any way. I had taken an oath in front of the Father. I had to be faithful.

Yeshua, my pure heart, was consoling me, reassuring me and fortifying me.

He reminded me that He had chosen me. The Lord had chosen me and I had to be His witness in a world that was becoming more and more evil.

As I remained silent in the arms of my beloved Yeshua, the atmosphere of my room suddenly changed. There was some soft music coming from Above, some kind of angel chorus, I could clearly distinguish the words *“Praise the King.”* Strangely, the voices seemed to sing in many different languages, yet it was all harmonious. It was peaceful and beautiful. In this moment, I noticed that the whole universe was revolving around Yeshua. It was breath-taking. I realized that I was in presence of the King of the Kings. My own heart was so full of praise and gratitude.

“My dear child, the King of the universe is walking with you, yet you are still afraid. Take a moment to think: Who do you think that I am?”

“My dear Lord, your child needs to recover from her blindness. It is keeping me captive. Purify my heart, Yeshua.”

Sometimes I am like the disciples who didn't recognize the Risen you straight away...my heart is burning when the Living Word is talking to me, but my eyes remain blind when He is at my side.

“My Savior, I think it is time for me to stop talking too much. I am always so happy when you are in front of me and I love to pour my heart out, but I sense that I am too much talkative.

I am sorry; I have to leave you the space. Talk to me, Lord, and I will listen.”

“My child, as you will grow; you will learn that people who love each other don't need to open their mouths. They are connected through the power of love, so love speaks for itself. I am love in its purest essence. Keep silent and receive my love. Receive it like a river flowing through you.

Feel my presence. I am here. I am touching you. I am giving you my tenderness. You are loved, my child, you are protected and you are blessed.

When I am purifying your heart and you accept to surrender, you are indeed becoming closer to me.

You will recover from your blindness, my child and your eyes will see me as I am. I am preparing you. Trust me. I love you. I love you beyond your wildest imagination.”

A conversation with Yeshua about the use of the word “God”

As I was walking downtown, you mentioned my reluctance to use the word *“God.”*

“You are right, my child”, you said to me. “God is indeed a pagan concept. You have been to the synagogue with my people and you know the truth: one should not pronounce the Name.

This is the reason why Jewish people are saying “Hashem,” the Name.

The Name is holy. One must use it carefully. When the Bible says: “fear Him,” it means show the Name utmost respect. Don’t put it into profane conversations. Use it in your prayers and to bless, but ask the Holy Spirit to purify your heart before it comes out of your mouth.

Most people are not aware of its power, but I gave you the knowledge. I gave you access to my folks’ heritage. It is yours too.”

Yeshua added, in order to fortify me:

“You also know that most people you will come across are led by the spirit of evil. But fear no man. I am your Lord and I will protect you. Trust me. I know you are still scared, my child.”

“Yes, I am, Yeshua, I admit it.”

Yeshua was holding me tight again. I could feel His arms around me. His love was spreading through my whole body. The heat of the Holy Spirit was flowing inside of me like a refreshing water fall from the mountains. This is the paradox of the Holy Spirit, which can be felt as water and as fire at the same time. The anointing was strong and I was feeling restored again.

I am learning so much from my High Priest Yeshua. I am learning to recite “Our Father” in Hebrew. Before reciting this powerful prayer, I do close my eyes and ask the Holy Spirit to open my eyes and my heart. I am now conscious that while reciting, I must talk with the Living Word. The words are the Fire of the Living Breath. I am breathing them in and out, consciously, watching their meaning, as far as my current understanding permits it.

As I was doing this exercise, I felt Yeshua’s presence. All of a sudden, I realized that He was watching me over my shoulder. It simply moved me to tears.

The power of the Holy Spirit

Back home, I was reading an article about your genealogy and all of a sudden you asked me:

“Do you believe that I was conceived from the Holy Spirit?”

“Of course, Lord, I said. I always believed it, no matter what people would say. One cannot possess a pure heart and a pure soul such as yours without being totally pure. I also do believe that your Mom was pure as well, a virgin, a virtuous lady.”

You do surprise me. I didn't expect this question at all. I know that my Lord is a pure and beautiful soul. I always knew, even before you came into my life. Well, you gave me a powerful reminder of your true nature. I love you, Yeshua, my pure heart and soul. I want to resemble you. I want to reflect you in each of my thoughts, in each of my actions. Fortify me, and I will sanctify your Name through my actions. Help me to accomplish your will, my dear Lord, so I will always be close to your beautiful and merciful heart.

It took me a while to understand why you had asked me that question. You can read my thoughts, so you do know I firmly believe that you were conceived by the Holy Spirit. In fact, I was looking at human beings, and you pointed at the Holy Spirit.

The next morning, I woke up very early. The Lord was at my side and waiting for me. I thanked for this special early time, and then I fell asleep again with an immense feeling of peace. Yeshua was watching over me. I think I never slept as well as today. It was feeling like a little child in his mother's arms.

Dear reader, nobody will ever love you as much as Yeshua does. This is a real promise to you, and it is available to you, right now. He is the gift. When you do possess this special gift, your heart is transformed. You are longing to walk on His path.

This morning, the Lord spoke to me again:

"When I am sending you a brother or a sister, do not worry about the distance that separates you. There is no distance within the Spirit of Truth. I do connect you closer as if you were standing in the same room."

This made me feel very joyous. I am united with each true Yeshua follower by the same Spirit of Truth.

I slowly began to realize that the Holy Spirit is so powerful, so loving. The Holy Spirit is a force that is working permanently in true believers heart.

Being a believer is not being a vain day dreamer. You are walking with a real person, Yeshua, who is guiding you daily. He inspires me these words, because I asked Him to do so, long before starting this story. I spent time in prayer and in silence before Yeshua. I asked Him to be able to write words that truly represented Him and not my own perception of Him. He is the hero of this story. I am reporting the story as He wants it to be told.

Sitting in silence again with my Lord, I am worried about being truthful to Him.

Yeshua is calming me, because my mind is preparing a storm of its own. In His consoling embrace, I can hear His beautiful voice: *"Rest in me. All I want from you now is to rest in me. Receive my love. All I want is this. I will let you know in due time what you have to accomplish."*

My Lord is so patient, so loving, and so compassionate. I am crying in His arms and He is consoling me.

I have been challenged with noisy places, giving me headaches, this afternoon.

You told me: *“Avoid noisy places as much as you can. They are a vexation for the Spirit. You know it, my dear child, as you love quietness. When you are silent, your soul opens up to my advice. I reside in the middle of a silent heart.*

So many people are kept captive. They are filling themselves with a TV set and radio noises, because they are afraid of hearing the Spirit of Truth. They don’t do it consciously. They are just being misled by evil forces working in this world. Therefore I am sending my followers to light up the world. You are part of that remnant. You know it, my child. A brother reminded you recently. I am building an army of believers. Do not be scared because I am marching before you. I will catch you if you fall. The Sword of the Spirit is with you. I am shielding you from the enemy. Just do realize who I am, my child. Open your eyes and realize who is marching with you.

You know that I command the elements and still, you are scared.

Know that I am your Lord.”

“Yeshua, I confess my weakness and my fears. Help me to love you more. Make this heart burn for you. Help me to walk with faith. Dear Lord, you know, I want to be your obedient servant.”

“My child, you are loved. Trust me.”

My Savior was holding my hand so tight that it was burning and hurting a little bit. But it increased my confidence. I knew He was there. He was leading my steps and walked next to me.

With such a powerful encouragement, I was feeling truly blessed.

As I was surfing on the internet, I saw rumors of war against my country. Terrorists are ready to spread terror. They want us dead.

I told my dear Lord: *“This means that you are coming soon.”*

My Savior asked me to stand upright and still in front of Him. He asked me to close my eyes.

Yeshua held my hand in a strong manner I wasn’t familiar with.

He then lifted my arm and directed my hand towards His arm, shoulder and head. It was a powerful and strange experience. My hand was going through Him, and through my closed eyes, I could sense His shadow. He then asked me to open my eyes again.

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