

The Key to His Heart?

By Cindy Powell

As far back as the book of Genesis, God has been visiting His people. Whether through dreams or visions; through His Word or in a still small voice; through amazingly tangible ways or through remarkably subtle ways—the Lord has always communed with those interested in communing with Him. Of course He is always with us, but sometimes God “shows up” in ways that are so real and profound that they become life changing transformational encounters that shape us toward our destiny. Not too long ago I met with the Lord in a way that would fit into this category.

I feel like I need to “qualify” what I’m going to attempt to share. I tend to be very transparent about my struggles and failures as I learn to “walk by faith,” but often it is a bit more difficult to be as transparent about the intimate details of my relationship with Jesus. It is difficult to willingly delve into areas that are quite likely to be misunderstood. It is even more difficult to attempt to give language to things that are so deep and precious that human words can never fully capture their essence. But I feel compelled by His Spirit to try.

I had been in a season of desperately crying out to the Lord for more of His heart. One night, after a time of wrestling in prayer, the presence of the Lord came upon me in a particularly powerful way. I knew I was being beckoned into a place of deep communion with Him. As I let go of my fears and need for human understanding, I felt myself plunging deep into the very center of His Being. My heart’s cry had been that He would take me deeper into His heart—I knew that was exactly what He was doing.

I began to “hear” His heartbeat. All of creation—every tribe, every tongue, every nation, every people group, every living creature—beat in perfect unison to a single rhythm. The rhythm of His heart. I heard His voice crying out, over and over again, “That they may be one! That they may be one!” I was overwhelmed by the depth of His passion and by the unfathomable yearning He bears for His long awaited bride. And, for just a little while, I had the unspeakable privilege sharing this longing with Him.

It was over all too soon. I wish I could have stayed longer or journeyed even deeper with Him—with Jesus there is always more—but my frail human frame had reached its current capacity. However, while I was still, as the Apostle John would say, “in the spirit,” the Lord had one more thing to impart. He asked me to stretch out my hand. As I did, He placed a key in the center of my palm. When I asked Him what it was, His immediate response was simple, “It’s the key to My heart.”

I knew there was more that the Lord would reveal to me, but I also knew that it wouldn’t come at that moment. A few nights later I was at a conference. The speaker began to share about significant visitations he’d had from the Lord and how each one had been a ‘key’ to something. He mentioned that he had begun asking the Lord to confirm each encounter by giving him a key in the natural realm that represented what He had revealed in the spiritual realm. Immediately, my prayer went up to Jesus, “Lord, if what You placed in my hand that night was truly a ‘key’ to Your

heart, then confirm it by giving me a key in the natural realm. And Lord, please, show me what else You want me to learn from this.”

A couple of weeks later I was scheduled to leave on a short term mission trip to Cambodia and Thailand. Intuitively, I knew the Lord would answer my prayer while I was overseas. He didn't disappoint me and my key was waiting at an AIDS hospital in Phnom Penh (the capitol of Cambodia).

It had been a day of intense spiritual warfare and we weren't able to get into the hospital to pray for patients as we had hoped. I felt led to take a couple of the girls on a prayer 'march' around the perimeter of the hospital. It would take too much space to communicate how the Lord's purpose ultimately prevailed that day, (see the story "In the Zone" also posted on the website for more details) but suffice it to say that what the enemy meant for evil, God used for good! Not only did the Lord redeem the day, He also gave me another piece of the puzzle.

As soon as we began walking down the first side of the hospital, my eye caught sight of something shiny lying in the dirt. Yep—it was my key! I just knew that it was no accident that I found it on that particular day and in that particular place. As I began to seek the Lord for more revelation, I realized that the moment I found the key 'happened' to be a moment I was keenly aware of walking in harmony with His Spirit. I knew I was exactly where I was supposed to be, doing exactly what I was supposed to be doing. I was walking in my destiny. I was fulfilling His purpose for my life. I was 'in place'—walking in oneness with Him; dancing to the rhythm of His heart.

The Lord desires that same 'oneness' with each of us. He is still longing for His bride. She will not be complete until each and every one of us—every tribe, every tongue, every nation—takes their place. Each represents a facet His character. Each represents a piece of His heart. That's why we 'go'—whether it's around the world or across the street; whether it's teaching Sunday school or teaching the multitudes; whether it's ministering to His people in acts of service or ministering to His heart in acts of worship—we 'go' not to "save the world," but to fulfill our role in satisfying the longing of our Bridegroom's heart.

“That they may be one.” Could this be the very deepest cry of His heart? That each and every one of those predestined before the foundations of the world, will be one. That His bride will be complete—dwelling in oneness with each other and with Him; dancing to the rhythm of His heart. Then, and only then, the Spirit and the bride will finally be able to say, in perfect unity, “Come!” And the Father, who alone knows the day and hour, will lean over the banister of eternity and declare to all creation, “At long last, it is time! Son, go get Your bride!”

“Even so, come Lord Jesus!”