

The Journey into Remembering

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I have been on a journey of re-discovering my Father. I have believed so many things about Him that were so far from the truth. Whether it be what people had told me He was like, my preconceived ideas of what He was like, whatever demonic doctrine I had believed, He is helping me to remember, before all these things. He is helping me come back to that place as a child.

For me, it's been that I haven't seen Him rightly, so I haven't seen myself or others rightly either. I say, "re-discovering" because He knew me before I even came to earth, He was mindFULL of me (His mind was full of thoughts towards me). So I imagine that I knew Him too, so the re-discovery begins again.

A child, is so sensitive to His voice, His leading, His love because they just came from Love Himself. There's been no time yet, to believe opposite of what they originated from, anything contrary to what they know to be true, would just be ridiculous. Their home is still fresh in their hearts. The thoughts He has towards them are still vibrating within and everything echoes His name, His nature, His character. We've all seen it, in the face of a child; sheer wonder, creative expression, love that knows no boundaries. The very nature of their Daddy seeps out. I can just hear someone saying to them, "You look and act just like your Daddy!"

Then something happens and life experience begins to speak louder. The mind becomes like static. We tighten up, leaning in to try and hear the familiar tune our hearts once sang.

Often times it fades, but then one day you hear one note and the memories begin to replay. Bits and pieces come and flood your heart and pours from your lips, you remember!!! The more you sing it, the more you begin to remember. You re-member, that you are a member from another dimension, eternity. Eternity begins to tell you again who you really are, why you were created.

I believed at one time, I was created to worship. Sure, I love to worship my Daddy because He is amazing but that's not why He created me. He doesn't even need my worship, just as David discovered with His intimate time with Him. Acts 17...says, He doesn't even need to be worshipped with human hands.

I've heard the prophetic community talk about rebuilding the tabernacle of David, the worship tent, with 24/7 worship and this is not a bad idea but I wonder if this is more the tabernacle that it's referring to. The knowing, dwelling, abiding; the "tent" without walls, (our own bodies) where He created us to BE, to be His image, His likeness upon the earth. The place within us that He can be Himself. The place within where we know ALL His thoughts are towards us and His love cannot be measured. He created us for intimate relationship. This is how His Kingdom comes.

My son is always trying to impress me or others, he gets it honest, as I had always done the same. He longs for attention, mainly because he is learning, as am I, that the Father's endless attention is upon us, not because of anything we do but because He loves us. We don't have to fight for His attention or strive for some position, we are in Him and He is in us. His thoughts are forever on His children.

I, at times would try to impress God with my worship, which led to striving and trying to gather my identity from that place. **Worship is just a by-product of our oneness, of our union with Him. He just wants us to BE.**

He has always wanted relationship. He is so far greater, bigger, more creative, more, more, more than I have ever known up to this point. His thoughts towards us are always good and His love really is like an endless ocean, a bottomless sea. I use to just sing it, now I'm beginning to believe it. I'm excited to be on this incredible journey of remembering again.

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[Time in His Presence Blog](#)

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