

Session#8

Consecration

Set-apart for His Glory

And thou shalt consecrate Aaron and his sons . . . Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the ram. Then shalt thou kill the ram, and take of his blood, and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot, and sprinkle the blood upon the altar round about. And thou shalt take of the blood that is upon the altar, and of the anointing oil, and sprinkle it upon Aaron, and upon his garments, and upon his sons, and upon the garments of his sons with him: and he shall be hallowed, and his garments, and his sons, and his sons' garments with him . . . And they shall eat those things wherewith the atonement was made, to consecrate and to sanctify them: but a stranger shall not eat thereof, because they are holy . . . This shall be a continual burnt offering throughout your generations at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the LORD: where I will meet you, to speak there unto thee. And there I will meet with the children of Israel, and the tabernacle shall be sanctified by my glory. And I will sanctify the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar: I will sanctify also both Aaron and his sons, to minister to me in the priest's office. And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God. And they shall know that I am the LORD their God, that brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, that I may dwell among them: I am the LORD their God.

Exodus 29

For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us: for after that he had said before, This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, By a new and living way, which he hath

consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; And having an high priest over the house of God; Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. For if we sin willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sins, But a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and insulted the Spirit of grace? For we know him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, The Lord shall judge his people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

Hebrews 10

Consecration

- To be set-apart for the temple of God
- To be always only God's possession
- To be a bearer of His Name, a minister of His sacred work
- To separate oneself from the flesh
- To come away from all that is not like God
- To be at God's ready command

Fear of the Lord

- To know His Blazing Holiness and yet still desire His Presence
- To tremble before His Majesty and yet approach Him, bow down, and kiss His precious feet
- To hear the thunder and the lightning of His Righteousness and yet beg to climb His holy mountain
- To understand His Fiery Dread and Yet long to enter into His most Holy Place

6 Questions about our Life in Private

- Is there anything in my private life I would hesitate to make known here tonight for the shame it would bring my name?
- Is there anything in my private life I would hesitate to make known here tonight for the shame it would bring His Name?
- Do I live my private moments carelessly or circumspectly?
- Do I speak the Gospel in private with my life, my actions, and my purity?
- Would the world have anything to hold over me?
- Is my private life with God different than my public life with God?

God's world is great and holy. The holiest land in the world is the land of Israel. In the land of Israel the holiest city is Jerusalem. In Jerusalem the holiest place was the Temple, and in the Temple the holiest spot was the Holy of Holies.... There are seventy peoples in the world. The holiest among these is the people of Israel. The holiest of the people of Israel is the tribe of Levi. In the tribe of Levi the holiest are the priests. Among the priests, the holiest was the High Priest.... There are 354 days in the [lunar] year. Among these, the holidays are holy. Higher than these is the holiness of the Sabbath. Among Sabbaths, the holiest is the Day of Atonement, the Sabbath of Sabbaths.... There are seventy languages in the world. The holiest is Hebrew. Holier than all else in this language is the holy Torah, and in the Torah the holiest part is the Ten Commandments. In the Ten Commandments the holiest of all words is the name of God.... And once during the year, at a certain hour, these four supreme sanctities of the world were joined with one another. That was on the Day of Atonement, when the High Priest would enter the Holy of Holies and there utter the name of God. And because this hour was beyond measure holy and awesome, it was the time of utmost peril not only for the High Priest but for the whole of Israel. For if in this hour there had, God forbid, entered the mind of the High Priest a false or sinful thought, the entire world would have been destroyed.

Joseph Telushkin. *Jewish Literacy*. NY: William Morrow and Co., 1991

Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations . . . in the day thou was born thy navel was not cut, neither was thou washed in water . . . thou was not salted at all, nor swaddled . . . but thou was cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person. . . And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, *Live*; yea, I said unto thee,

Live. I have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field, and thou hast increased and waxen great, and thou art come to excellent ornaments: thy breasts are fashioned, and thine hair is grown, whereas thou was naked and bare. Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee . . . I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness: yea, I swore unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord GOD, and thou became mine. Then washed I thee with water; yea, I thoroughly washed away thy blood from thee, and I anointed thee with oil. I clothed thee also with brodered work . . . badgers' skin, fine linen, and . . . silk. I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head. Thus was thou decked with gold and silver; and thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and brodered work; thou didst eat fine flour, and honey, and oil: and thou was exceeding beautiful, and thou didst prosper into a kingdom. And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord GOD. But thou didst trust in thine own beauty, and played the harlot because of thy renown, and poured out thy fornications on every one that passed by; his it was . . . Thou hast also taken thy fair jewels of my gold and of my silver, which I had given thee, and made to thyself images of men, and didst commit whoredom with them, And took thy brodered garments, and covered them: and thou hast set mine oil and mine incense before them. My meat also which I gave thee, fine flour, and oil, and honey, wherewith I fed thee, thou hast even set it before them for a sweet savor: and thus it was, saith the Lord GOD.

Ezekiel 16:1-19

The Ten Commandments

The bed frame to the Holiest Chamber of Love

- They remind us to remove our sandals and bend our knee for we are standing upon Holy ground

- They prove our flesh, and cause us to freshly yield to the possession of our precious Messiah
- They bring us always to our Savior, reminding us of both His righteousness and His rescuing grace
- They are the roots of the truest love and affections, for those that are forgiven much love much

And God spoke all these words, saying, am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's. And all the people saw the thunders, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die. And Moses

said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you,
and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not.

Exodus 20:1-20

The 10 Lamentations of Solyma

**And God spoke all these words, saying, am the LORD thy God,
which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the
house of bondage.**

Solyma:

As a thunderous voice from heaven, in the thick smokes emitting from Thy Flaming Person, You cry for me above the stormy din:

The Holy King:

I am holy, dear one. I am a consuming fire of righteous perfection, and anything unlike me, anything that bears even the slightest traces of the flesh will turn to ash in my presence. If I but hear its rustlings in thy being, you can not partake of me. If I but smell the lingering aroma of worldliness on thy garments, you can have no part in me. If there be even the subtle stain of sin's imperfection upon thy hands, then you will die in my presence. I am holy. And I will always be holy, for a thousand forevers, I will still be holy.

Because I love thee, I have made a way for thee. It is a way into my holy presence. Through the thunderings and lightnings of my righteousness, I have invited thee. Through the waters of baptism, the cleansing of my blood, and the veil of my flesh, into my most holy dwelling. For only clean hands and a pure heart will secure you in my presence.

But first, dear one, it is necessary that I acquaint you with this fiery chamber of my love. To enter here, thou must be clean. Thou must be purged of all sin. The flesh about thy heart must be removed as a covenant symbol of our marriage. Thou must leave thy people. Thou must leave thy comforts of home, leave thy every possession behind, and even thy own name must be abandoned if thou art to partake of my Life. To enter this fiery chamber, thou must allow me to possess thy life and burn away all that which separates you from me. Thou must allow me to refine you like the gold's of Ophir, that you may enter in with me and be my spotless bride.

To eat of my flesh and drink of my blood in such a holy communion, is the most sacred of all sacred activities in all this Creation of mine. For me to be in thee, and for thee to be in me – this is a mystery hidden for ages and generations, but only now revealed to those of my most sacred fellowship. To be my own, purchased of my blood, and bearing my very name – this is the most supreme and happy delight. But remember, the fiery chamber of my love can bear

nothing that is unlike me. You must eat of my flesh and drink of my blood, you must allow me to live within thy body and to possess thee in every way, in order to fulfill the righteous requirements of my holy law in and through you.

I love you, dear one, and that is why I most prove you with my fire. You must be perfect and holy as I AM! Listen as I define myself to thee, and acquaint thee with the standard of excellence that thou must display.

Solyma:

Oh, Lord Almighty, Thou art all that is holy and righteous and good. Prove to me my need, and may Thy holy law be a schoolmaster unto my soul which leads me, with even greater love, unto Thee as my salvation. Place a coal from Thy altar upon my lips, and let me feel the weight of sin, that I might never be ungrateful for Thy perfect sacrifice.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! My body is Thy possession. You have purchased me with Thy blood. I am not my own I have been bought with a price. But I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solyma, that, upon my cheeks, I bear a most grievous stain. The lips of other lovers have partaken of this body, their unworthy hands have touched this, Thy holy palace. I have given myself to the allurements of this world and allowed them to hold my imagination and draw me away into unholy fantasies. I have allowed outside desires to supplant Thy regal position in my heart. Desires for applause, respect; desires to be found beautiful in the eyes of this vain world; desires for marriage; desires for security outside of you; desire for wealth and riches; desires for sexual pleasures and fleshly feasts – dear King, I have lifted so many things above Thy person. I have allowed false gods to sit upon my seat of affection. I have allowed even things you entrusted me for my good, to gain inordinate sway over my soul. I have trampled Thy most holy chamber with this prostitution. I have entered Thy holy place with unclean hands. I have partaken of Thy body and imbibed thy blood with the scent of sin upon my garments and an uncircumcised heart. Most precious King, I am without answer to thy holy standard. For though I have known that this garden's fruits were the King of king's alone, I have invited the common villagers to enter the enclosed garden of my being and pollute Thy sacred plantings. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that

hate me; And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! My body is Thy possession. You have purchased me with Thy blood. I am not my own I have been bought with a price. But I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solyimo, that, upon my knees, I bear a most grievous stain. I have most recently kneeled in the dusty wake of false gods and have given voice to the commands of other spiritual powers. Upon me is the awful stain of disloyalty. For I have listened to the counsel of my flesh and given ear to the wisdoms of this vain world. I have solicited the aid of worldly gods to better my life, to help make me more attractive to this world, to gain me riches, and to gain applause. I have knelt at the altar of worldly gossip and allowed it to taint my mind; I have knelt at the altar of the current voices of chic and vogue and have allowed it to define my actions; I have even knelt at the altar of fleshly pleasure and have secretly partaken of its serpentine fruits. I have bowed down and I have served them. And, Solyimo, I have done the most grievous thing. I have built a golden calf, and called it by Thy Name. I sought to make Thee more appealing to my flesh, so I forsook Thy holiness and erected a god within my soul of only the softer elements of Thy nature, leaving out Thy fire, Thy holiness, and Thy absolute mastery over my soul. I have tried to make a god in the fashion of man's wisdom and have desecrated Thy Name. Thou art a jealous God, and I stand as one guilty in Thy holy penetrating fiery presence. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! You have placed Thy Holy, most majestic, most perfect Name upon my brow as a crown, as a wedding band of love. But I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solyimo, that, Thy I have not born Thy Name with all holiness and perfection. I have taken it vainly upon myself, and called myself Thine. I have declared to the villagers about that thy banner of me is love, that I am Thy precious beloved. But I have not carried the holy ark of this covenant as Thou prescribed. I have profaned Thy most holy place. I have been careless with this treasure and have dropped it upon the dunghill. I have carried it into places that shamed it and have born it with undignified manner even amongst the other virgins of Thy house. I have not proven the holiness of Thy name by my life. I have diluted thy Person and tried to bring Thee back to my homeland, Egypt. But Thy name is holy and can have no part with the flesh. I am most shamed by my irreverence and my unwitting betrayal of Thy Person. I have approached the most holy place without the dread of Thee and Thy Glory in my step. Oh, how guilty I am before Thy throne of judgment. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! You have purchased with Thy blood my life, you have suffered the most tragic and horrific death in order to bring about a New Creation, a New Work and a New Rest. But I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solymo, that I have not rested in Thy work as I should, but have strived to add my own fleshly contribution to Thy finished labor upon the Cross. I have allowed Self to claim highest seat in my soul. I have allowed Self to tend my garden, to repair the walls, to try and grow the perfect fruits inside. I have worked, with the fragrance of flesh upon my garments, on Thy most holy grounds, in Thy most holy temple. I have allowed flesh to remain and to govern my priestly service before Thy Throne. Self has soiled Thy Temple. I am most grieved. For Self has done work that is Holy and which is meant to only be done by Thee. My garden must be tended by Thy loving hand, not my own. My walls must be built, maintained, and repaired by Thy rugged carpenter's expertise. And, if there is to be fruit born within my life, it must be grown by Thy Love abiding sweetly and unabated within my heart. I am most shamed, that I have allowed Self, a most profane substitute for Thy grace, to sit upon Your Throne. Oh, how guilty I am before Thy throne of judgment. I have not entered in Thy Rest and Allowed Thee to be my Life, my Lord, and my Love. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! For the many moments of dishonoring even my earthly parentage strike me dumb with guilt before Thy fiery arm of justice. But I have not just dishonored my earthly parentage, but I have dishonored the one who gave me New Birth into the Kingdom of Jehovah. I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solymo, that as the one who gave me life, I have not submitted to Thy commands, and have fallen far short of the word "honor." I have raised my opinion above Thine and ignored Thy voice on the matter. I have explained away Your Scripture clarity in exchange for an easier, more fleshly satisfy answer. And dear Lord, I have done a grievous thing. I have even brought others villagers along with me down this dishonoring path. I have influenced others to follow a wider road and to ignore Thy narrow way. I have

encouraged others to shape a golden calf out of Your Name and have not stood up amongst the congregation and cried "Shame!" I have dishonored my Father in heaven, the one who gave me New Life. Oh, how guilty I am before Thy throne of judgment. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt not kill.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! Thou art the Author of Life and I have killed. Precious Solyma, I have forsaken Thy holy way and I lament that, in proclaiming to be Thy Bride, I have, in fact, destroyed the life that You suffered so greatly to bring to Thy People. I have snuffed out Thy Life with harsh words spoken. I have snuffed out Thy Life with fleshly gossip entertained and promoted. I have snuffed out Thy Life with bitterness and resentment stowed like a castaway in my hold. I have snuffed out Thy Life by ignoring Thee and Thy Presence, and choosing to carouse with my Flesh and stop my ears to Thy plaintive cries for fellowship. By not yielding to Thy Presence, I have snuffed out Thy Life within my garden, stopped the gentle rains from falling, and clouded the Son of Righteousness from shining down. By not yielding to Thy Presence, I have allowed the flesh to speak from my life rather than Thy Love and have hurt the villagers about and snuffed out Thy Life from view. I have killed that which was born of Thy Grace. I have quenched that which was of Thy Spirit. I have rejected that which was meant as sunshine to my soul and to others, and have instead chosen darkness to shroud my soul and to hinder the growth of others. Oh, how guilty I am before Thy throne of judgment. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! My heart, soul, mind, and strength are consecrated unto Thee, but I have used these sacred parts of my being, rather as instruments of the most grievous immoralities. I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solyma, that I have used Thy holy Temple for the most despicable adulteries. I am shamed to think of how I have used my heart. I have allowed it to flit about and share its affections without guard. I have taken the holy perfumes of Thy most sacred sanctuary, and I have distributed them amongst certain villagers whom I desired to attract. I have taken the holy and set it in the grotesque hands of the unholy. I have allowed the castle of my mind to stand unguarded. I have allowed the flesh to traffic its sensual trade in through my mind. I have not stopped it from dragging the profane, the fleshly pleasing, and even that which would blaspheme Thee, into Thine inner courts. I have allowed other lovers to stroll about Thy holy chambers, play upon my harp strings, and pluck figs and berries from my most intimate vines. I have shared Thy precious pearls with uncovenanted swine. I have

committed the most obscene adulteries within my temple and am struck dumb before Thy blazing throne of judgment. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt not steal.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! I have robbed Thee of Thy Glory. I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solyma, though I am thy Glory-bearer, I have chosen my human glory above Thine own. I have robbed of the Most High King. I have taken from His treasury, the gold and silver bullion of his Kingdom, and have used these for personal gain. I have used Thy Name to enter before trusting villagers, and have left them thinking of me rather than Thee. I have thrown a fog upon Thy Person, and have placed the limelight upon myself. I have taken what was Thine and have poured it into the enemies warchest. I have desecrated the most Holy Thing. I have taken Thy Ark of Covenant and placed it at the foot of Dakan, for the glory of Self, in a temple room of my own making. Just as Lucifer stole the glory, so have I. I have committed a most heinous crime. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! My life has born a false witness of Thee. I have claimed Thee as my Life, and yet have delivered a wholly different message with my living. I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solyma, that my lips are unclean and laden with falsehood. I speak of love and yet bear the witness of Selfishness. I speak of grace and yet bear the witness of Self-effort. I speak of you, dear King, and yet bear witness only of Self upon my throne. I have spoken lies. I have lived lies. And I have promoted lies. I have claimed to be clean, when in fact, I was drowning in filth. I have claimed to be without spot before the villagers, when in fact, I was soiled with the most grievous stains of sin. I have lied to Thee, to myself, and to my neighbor. I am false, Oh King. False, through and through. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

The Holy King:

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Solyma:

I am unclean, Oh my King! I have looked elsewhere for my satisfaction, when in Thee is the fullness of Life. I have craved that which the world possesses, and have despised the Gift that Thou hast placed before me, in Thyself. I have forsaken Thy holy way. I lament, precious Solyma,

that I have spurned Thy satisfying graces and have instead filled myself with fruits of another kingdom. In Thee is my blessing, but I have wanted elsewhere, lusting for the things of the flesh. I have longed for the world's pleasure, their sexual feasts, and their sensual revelry. I have looked upon the world's dancing, drinking, and debauchery and wished to partake. I have coveted my neighbor's pleasures and, in doing so, have soiled my soul with the blemish of ingratitude. I have set the fires of my affections on fleshly things and taken the oils of the holy chamber and sprinkled them upon the floors of pagan temples. I have sought after a counterfeit Life and pleasure and have forsaken the Blessing and Pleasure of my King. I have allowed the allure of the world to blind me from the majesty of heavenly Glory. Oh, Solymo, my Lover, my most Perfect Blessing, I have wounded Thee. I have broken Thy heart. I have nailed Thee upon a Tree and have chosen a murderous Barabbas instead as my reward. I am unclean, Oh King, and wholly undeserving of Thy grace.

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die. And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not.

The 10 Psalms of Solyma

Solyma's 1st Psalm:

Jealous King, let not the garments of another touch the seat of this throne. My heart is thine, and thine alone. May no other god ever again be exalted within my being. Set-me apart for single-hearted love, to have eyes, ears, hands, and feet for only Thy graces. Plant within me Thyself, to rule my soul with the benevolent, marvelous, perfect, and jealous love of Calvary. There is no other God but Thee!

Solyma's 2nd Psalm:

Bring me up thy sacred mountain to commune with Thee. Leave me not at the foot of Thy holy hill, but lift me upon Thy strong back and carry me up to the heights of Thy spice laden love, where Thy perfect Presence dwells in Power and Glory. Emblazon a picture of Thy holiness upon my mind's eye that I would never shape Thy Name into a false and unholy calf of mere niceness and sacrilegious sweetness. May the sting of Thy perfection always rest upon me, denouncing my flesh, and championing the Spirit's work of holy ardor within.

Solyma's 3rd Psalm:

Who am I to bear Thy perfect Name? I must have Thee to carry it for me. Please, Almighty King of Glory, please enter my gates and bear the holy expectations of Thy Law that lie upon my humble shoulders. Lift this holy Ark of Covenant, and carry it for me. Be my Life, and be Love, joy, peace, and all the other perfections of thy Person within me. Make my body Thy Holy dwelling place, and I ask dear Prince, shine Thy glory through these windows. Make Thy Name great. May every step of my life prove that Thy Name is the fullness of joy, the most fragrant love, and a bundle of myrrh resting between my breasts.

Solyma's 4th Psalm:

There is a rest for the people of Jehovah! And I hunger, yes, even faint for such a rest to my languishing soul. I can't bear the weights of such perfect righteousness. Such holy work only proves my flesh disgusting and wholly incapable of winning Thy affections. But Thou has purchased me a rest, and unlocked a mystery hidden for ages and generation. Thou hast given me Thyself, to do the priestly work of thy temple for me. Thou hast given me Thyself, to make me beautiful in Thine eyes. Thou art the One, not me, that will make me Thy spotless Bride.

Solyma's 5th Psalm:

Quicken me to obedience, Dear Master. Give me a bondservant's ear to Thy every utterance. I delight to do Thy will. Make my feet like hind's feet, that I may prance upon Thy most difficult mountain heights. May I not shudder before Thy commission, Oh Heavenly Father, may I not hesitate when Thou beckons me to go. Thou hast given me new life, and I pray that Thou art perfumed with my deepest honor.

Solyma's 6th Psalm:

Oh Solymo, I want to protect the vital Life of Thy Truth. I want to water all that is planted by Thy holy hand. May my every word be as rain upon the soils of men's hearts, may my smile be as sunshine on the tender vines of Thy plantings. Fill me with Thyself, Oh Living Water of Heaven, and may you pour Thyself out upon all that is living life like a mighty downpour of grace. May I never quell Thy Spirit, never quench Thy Love, and never stop short Thy work of Life within either my garden or anothers.

Solyma's 7th Psalm:

May nothing enter this sacred Temple that is not clean. Set Thy guard about my temple walls and blow Thy trumpets, Oh sacred Spirit of God, to warn me of any fleshly article within its gates. Set me apart for Thy holiest work, to partake of Thy Person and to abide with Thee. May Thy holiest chambers within my being, be Thine and only Thine and may all that seek entrance meet with Thy Jealous arm or purifying grace.

Soyma's 8th Psalm:

Oh King, my temple is Thine, for Thy Kingdom, for thy Glory. May Self be but Thy handmaid, serving at Thy feet. May my flesh be cut off that nothing would obscure The Light of the Person. I

devote myself to the purpose of the Glory. In years past, I have robbed Thee of Thy Praise. But now, dear Lord, I consecrate myself unto the Praise of Thy Glorious Name. Take this body, precious Solymo, and make it a lily among the thorns, make it fragrant like the Sharon's Rose, and make it waft the Spikenard of Thy Grace, so that Thy Name be not robbed of its Holy Grandeur and Majesty.

Solyma's 9th Psalm:

Burn away all that is false, all that attempts to bear Thy Name in flesh rather than Spirit. Prune every branch that demonstrates not Thy fullness. Remove the chaffy flakes from about my soul that bear not accurate representation of Thy perfection. Burn it all away. I hesitate not to make such a bold request, for Thy Glory is at stake. Burn it all away, O Fire of God. Make this temple an honest witness of Thy holiness and Thy love. Make this temple a picture of Thee, Oh beautiful Jesus, Oh beloved Solymo.

Solyma's 10th Psalm:

Nothing must hold my heart but Thee. Nothing must sway my gaze from Thy beautiful face. Please, dear Solymo, enrapture my heart, take captive my mind, pierce my ears, and grip me in Thy rugged embrace. Let me not be drawn toward my neighbor's good. The world's pleasures are empty, but Thy pleasure is everlasting. Thou art everything and more to my hungry life. That art an eternal feast of the most supreme happiness and a luscious meadow of fragrance to my desirous heart. My satisfaction is in Thee. No where else will I find heaven, but in Thee.

How lovely is Thy tabernacle, O LORD of hosts! My soul longs, yes, even faints for the courts of the LORD; My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. . . Blessed are those who dwell in Thy house; they will still be praising You. . . a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand elsewhere. I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the LORD God is a sun and shield; The LORD will give grace and glory; No good thing will He withhold from those who walk uprightly. O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man who trusts in You!

Psalm 84