

THE RIVER IRE

A Journey Through the Heart of a Trial





Where is Ruach?
I need Him to steady me.

Change Shoes.

When you cannot think of anything else, you can always follow directions.



“Ruach asked us to accompany you across the River Ire.”

“I am Patience, and this is Self-Control.”

It looks dangerous
even if I am not
careless.

All must pass over
the River Ire.

Lord, help me.





“My emotions were unstable—like the ball in a pinball machine, pinging from one emotion to another.”

Out loud, I said,
‘Leave me,
in Jesus’ name.”

Steady. Do not let the unbelievers frighten you.

The Lesson: Keep your eyes on Christ.
Let Christ within you master your fear.





A very angry man roared behind me, “Get going! Who do you think you are?”

Being unfairly attacked by those who were obviously believers... rattled me. It was difficult because such wrath dug in deeper because believers are family. It hurts more.

"Fury leaped on me
like wild beasts. Blood
rushed to my face,
scalding my eyes."



“No! Stop!” both
spirits cried.
“Stop and think.”



Suddenly, like Paul, I was confronted with the ever-present flesh.

The Key Lesson: “**The lack of character** in others,” said Patience calmly, “does not excuse the lack of character in you.”

The Prayer: “Help me,” I whispered.

**“O God, forgive me.
Let me live in peace
with You and mankind.”**

Amazingly, releasing this anger and asking the Lord to help me so unexpectedly buoyed me that I became positively giddy.



**Not returning evil for
evil or insult for insult,
but giving a blessing
instead; for you were
called for the very
purpose that you might
inherit a blessing.**

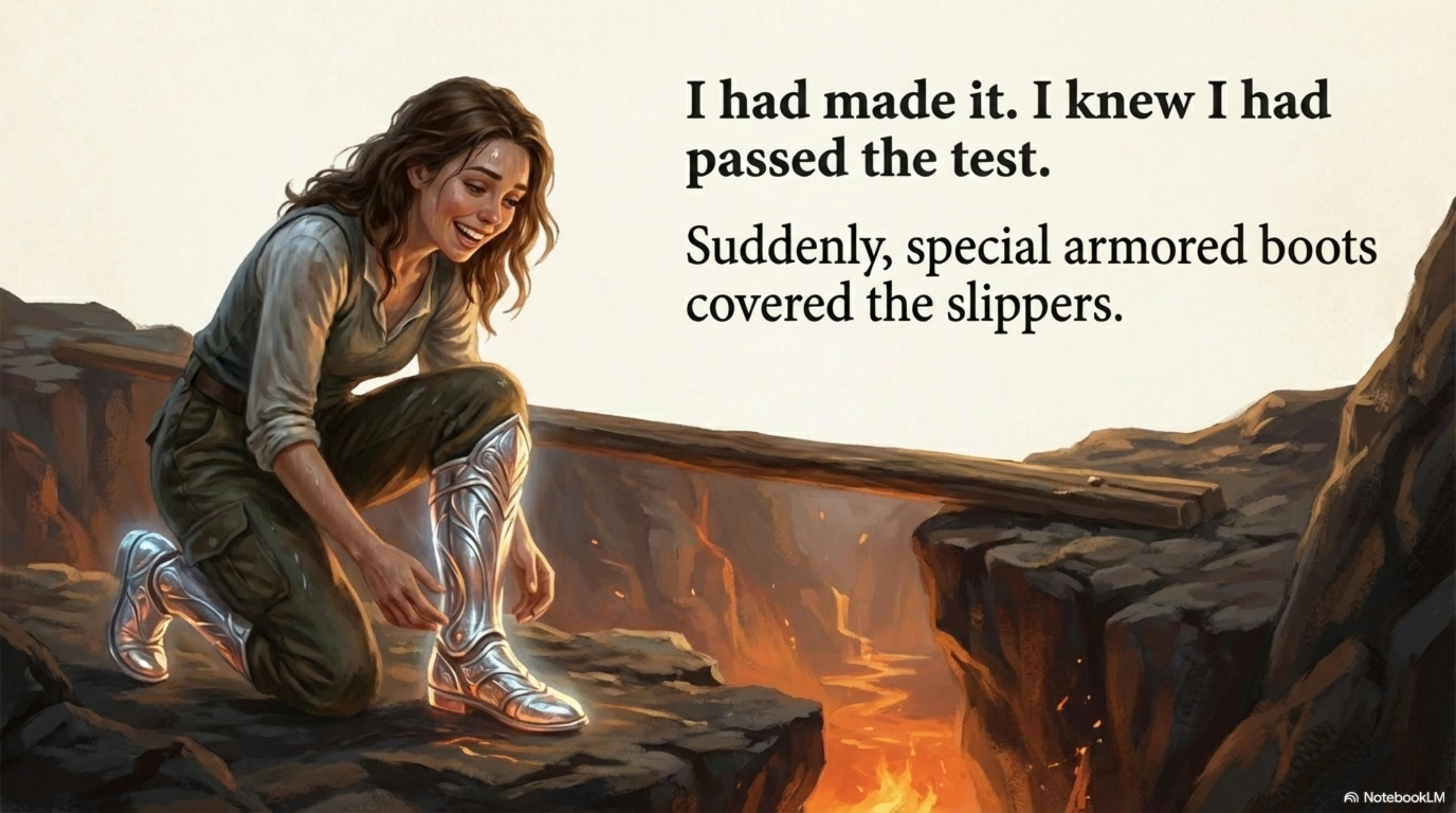
I Peter 3:8-9, 17
(paraphrased)



The fear of the Lord came upon me, for I remembered Moses... who took all manner of abuse for forty years, only to strike the Rock in anger and thereby disqualify himself from entering the Promised Land right at the end.

“God, help me. I don’t want to have come this far and lose the prize right at the end.”



A woman with long brown hair, wearing a blue shirt and green pants, is kneeling on a rocky ground. She is smiling and looking down at a pair of ornate, metallic boots. Behind her is a large, glowing orange fire. The background shows a vast, arid landscape with mountains under a clear sky.

**I had made it. I knew I had
passed the test.**

**Suddenly, special armored boots
covered the slippers.**

“Well done, Anna,”
He said, “and friends.”

Suddenly, I heard that child
cry again... and my body
followed.

“Ruach,” I said, “we’re closer.”

