

## Escorted by Chief Gardener Jesus Christ through His BRIDAL GARDEN

This revelation came to me, Diana Read-Miedema, on Friday October 27, 2005, from 20:00 – 20:20 while driving my car with no CD playing, from Truro Nova Scotia to St John New Brunswick to attend the "Miracles in the Maritimes" conference with Brian Simmons & Paul Keith Davis. [www.ThirdWatchMinistries.org](http://www.ThirdWatchMinistries.org)

"Jesus Christ beckoned me to enter through an ornate polished iron gate into a private, magnificent, huge garden. When the gate shut I turned around and realized that my warrior angel did not follow me in but stood on guard along with many others with a sword drawn and was prepared and alert for any opposition. Answering my puzzled look Jesus said that the work of being a Gardener was not for the angels and they were actually not allowed in the garden, but they were protectors of it. For a moment of time I felt "lost" without my angel like a child who lost their "security blanket" but as soon I took Jesus' hand and looked in His face for a split second of time I "grew up". The spirit of maturity I felt come on me was as if I had gone to university for ten years and was graduating with a "Doctoral degree in motherhood".

Jesus knew my personality was to get an answer for everything so he did not wait a moment before explaining what this was all about. This Garden revealed God's plan for living God-ordained "mothers and fathers" to nurture the seeds of the BRIDE OF CHRIST being planted in this new End-Time Harvest. A beautiful realization dawned on me that if I had visited a baby nursery I would have noticed the differences between nations and races – but when I was in a plant nursery all the seeds looked the same. GOD TRULY IS NO RESPECTOR OF PERSONS. The few plantings that were there were spiritual babes just birthed and called to be warriors. The gardeners would be mature ones with sacrificial love, patience and loyalty, assigned to watch over the seeds to maturity.

Jesus explained that the gate we walked through was the only gate and it was the south gate. Somehow I was elevated for a moment and I could see along the four walls. The right-East side was lined with a type of orange tree, the north side was lined with fig trees, the left-west side was lined with pomegranate trees and the south side where I stood had beautiful olive trees that amazed me because they were not gnarled and ugly like the photos I have seen from modern Israel. There are no earthly words to do justice to what I saw. The experience, sight, colours, and fragrance were just totally awesome. Jesus said that the fruit on all the trees was almost ready and would nourish the gardeners.

The central path was fluffy black earth and was lined on each side by apple trees – red on the right and golden on the left. Jesus was barefoot and kindly told me to take my shoes off so my toes and feet could get dirty and feel the soil. All over there were thousands of sections of black soil waiting for seeds. The first square had a few plants and Jesus wrapped two sections of his white robe around his two legs just under his knees so he was cushioned as He knelt down. Like a surgeon He carefully dug his fingers (would not use a tool) around a baby plant of four inches and pulled out a weed. It was not an quick task because the weeds in this patch were almost identical to the real plant and it took a revelation to know which one to pull. Jesus explained that many in my generation would be gardeners for this massive harvest about to come but we were not to be lazy and use "chemical sprays" to weed. Many ministries and pastors just "spray" their "new plantings" with "read this book and you should be fine". That is not acceptable for this End-Time harvest. One on one parenting is needed. I knew that Jesus' heart was to make sure that every plant in the BRIDAL GARDEN would grow and mature.

The central apple trees (both sides) were in four sections showing the four seasons. The first section was **Fall** which we are in right now and the apples had already been harvested and the leaves had turned beautiful colors. When we walked by the **Winter trees** (without feeling any cold) every limb was straight and not bent and ugly like what we see. The **Spring** trees had gorgeous white apple blossoms – three times larger than what I have seen. The **Summer** trees were overloaded with large apples three times the size as normal. I did not eat an apple. It was not the time.

Instantly we were back at the south gate and there was a fountain I had not seen before. When we stood under to get washed I realized that the water was full of every colour of the rainbow and that actually it was not water that was cleaning us but rays of light". Amen.