

Epics from Marie's Life's Journey

Piecemakers Country Store, 1720 Adams Avenue, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 (714) 641-3112 mail@piecemakers.com

Follow Thou Me

He found me curled up, sound asleep, and I began to yawn and stretch and open my eyes, and the light was bright and glorious and yet blinding, and I beheld, as my eyes opened, the darkness, and cried out — Oh, my God, my God, the world — it is in utter sin — confusion and darkness — my whole family is sound asleep and falling in darkness. And I wept and cried and rubbed my eyes and He gently whispered — “I LOVE THEE, MY LITTLE ONE. FOLLOW THOU ME.”

And He took my hand and lifted me to my wobbly legs and slowly, with my hand in His, led me and fed me and comforted me and then began to talk to me of heavenly things. Oh, how I wanted to understand, but there was so much confusion — strife on every side — the religious system up in arms — family filled with disgust as an outsider intruding on their sleep — “Oh Jesus, how can I bear it?” And He whispered, “FOLLOW THOU ME.”

But Lord, when I am obedient and tell them about you they deride me and tell me I’m crazy — “WHAT’S THAT TO THEE, FOLLOW THOU ME.”

My husband was fine until you came, Jesus, and now he is out drinking — tells me I’m good for nothing — How can I bear it? “FOLLOW THOU ME.”

But my children used to obey me and now they mock and act like I’m not here. Lord, can’t you see that Babylon and its corruption? I’m going to go and straighten them all out. “WHAT’S THAT TO THEE. FOLLOW THOU ME.”

And oh, the poor and the homeless and the fighting and those dying of cancer — And He took me through the thickets and the briars and cut a path, many times getting scratched Himself.

Lord, you promised me the gift of prophecy and that Ray and I would have the ministry of Priscilla and Acquilla and then you gave it to Betty and Willy. But you’re bringing in all the husbands and mine is still madly in love with the Harlot. “Marie, I’m letting go of your hand. Lovest thou these things more than me? FOLLOW THOU ME.”

And He let go and was gone to some high mountain top and I cried after my beloved. Jesus, don’t leave me — I lovest thee more than all these things and I ran — not looking back or to the left or to the right and He gathered me unto Himself and I knew Him and loved Him and He was sweet — one lover who held back nothing of Himself. Oh, those were glorious days. And then He was gone and when I saw Him again, He was the Ancient of Days and I knew I was a bondsman and He was high and lifted up and still unknown to me is this new Jesus — high and lifted up — THE ANCIENT OF DAYS.



Marie Kolasinski