**Prophetic Message - I Smell Rain**

January 10, 2013

I smell rain, that air is filled with this rain. It is alive, it is living, it is amazing. Rain Lord, Rain. Let Your glory come down so You can open up heaven; and it can pour and pour and pour.

My heart is for You Jesus, let it rain. I smell rain, oh I smell rain.

Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink from the river.

I smell rain, I smell rain. Drink, Drink. I am pouring, I am going to heal the pain and the stains of My people because I am rain, I am rain, I am rain, I am the river. I am the river that comes to cleanse your stains. I am preparing you as a bride. Now open yourself up wide, I am preparing you, I am preparing you. I am taking the stain because of the rain. Smell the fresh clean fragrance of My rain, it is pure.

It is crystal clear, it is very near, it is very near. The rain, the rain, comes to cleanse the stain and the pain of My people.

Embrace where I am My bride. Come, I am on a white horse, where many will ride. Come into this place. This river that is wide, it is deep. It is deep, deep, deep. You have been chosen to feel and to sleep in the deepness of my river. The rain, the rain, call upon it.

Many, many are in the battle and in this battle many of them have been shaken and rattled and they do not know which way to go. But I tell you this day I have made a place for them to stay. A place that is beautiful. The garden is wide and open and the flowers are blossoming. So many have told Me, I love this place, this garden. I love this place, my Husband. The flowers and how they have blossomed and how they have grown. That is what I am doing, I am raining upon My bride. Taking away every stain. I am coming down on every side.

Call for the rain and I will release their pain. It is the rain, it is the rain that produces the river. Come, come, come, come, cry, cry , cry for My rain to pour out my glory upon this place; because you have a testimony and a story, a story that you will tell and many will see, they will see Me in the midst of thee. They will know that I flow mightily, I flow as a river that is pressing through the pressure of a great dam. Surely, surely, surely My children they will know who I am. But it is you who calls down the rain. I hear your voice I hear your heart you have come close and very near. It is the time for Me to appear, to reveal who I am to all the earth, that they may know that I have chosen you to birth the rain of this season. It will be great and mighty because it will flow through all the earth, through all the homes, through all the churches, through all the places, through the beneath of every base. Call upon the rain.

Do you smell the rain? I smell rain in this place.

There is a cloud that is crying out loud, that is saying to me I will rain on thee and flood this place with rivers and rivers and rivers that will heal thee and sent them free. Call on the rain My sons and daughters. It is My Spirit. He is ready, He is ready to be, ready to set free. He is so ready for me, ready for me to return to Thee. He is longing for Me. Will you not long and bring rest to My Spirit? Will you not hear the heart of My father who yearns for me to come so I can show you the love that flows from the very depths of My heart.

I have made a garden for you on the top of that mountain. You must climb and climb and climb. Until the reach the very essence of those clouds that flow from above that will come down upon you. You I have chosen to call upon the rain.

Do you not see many in great pain? Do you not cry as I do from heaven as My tears flow from the throne of those who have cried before you who have done the same for the same pain. They cried as well, can you see and smell? They brought forth the same rain that you call revival. But I see it differently, I see the bloodshed of many, the sick and the hopeless, my people do not understand what it means to be in revival. They jump and they yell but they do not smell rain coming. Will you not cry? Will you not cry? Shed the tears. Not the tears of your sorrow, but come to me and borrow my tears, to release their fears; their fears of death, their fears of pain, because they cannot smell the rain.

Smell the rain, breathe in, breathe in this rain, don’t depend for man to give you what I have given you. So many can live to see the great light. Oh how bright is this light. Cry for the rain. I see the pain, every moment of the day I drop a tear just to say, I love you, oh little one. Please be patient, he has not won. I will give you victory in your pain. Do you not smell the rain? Do you not see what I see, says God? Do you not see the hurt in Me? Oh how I love thee, oh how I love thee.

But the rain will not stay, there is a drought coming. You will be ready, because you remain. Because you have heard me say the rain will wash the stain and remove the hurt and pain. Will you not fill the storehouse with the water, living water for those to come? The drought is coming, famine will come, but you my sons and daughters have prepared for Me. I am granting all that you have prayed, I am granting your request this day because you have chosen to come to Me. I have come to visit thee. Look into My eyes, and see the pain. I come to remove all your stain. Will you not smell the rain? It is coming, it is coming this way.