

Anders

Anders is a national leader who has dealt with the bitterness of the betrayals he's experienced in life and in ministry leadership. But the childhood abuse, pain and failures of his past leave him feeling unworthy. His longing is to leave everything—the pain, the rejection, and the shame—behind, so they will never bother him again.



Anders, my Rock;

You are very special to me, my son—a dear brother, one of my chosen few, a member of my beloved inner circle. I have called you by name, not because of your lack of failure (heavens, no!), but because of the greatness of your heart. You are your heart, not your deeds. And your heart is a flaming fire, a sweet fragrance in the courts of heaven, a blissful communion with me.

You do realize, don't you, that you are already seated in Me at Father's right hand? The reality of heaven does not yet appear to your mortal eyes, but in the timelessness of eternity, you are already right here at my side. Who would dare to claim you are not good enough for me, or that you will not make it to heaven when you are standing here in plain view, clothed in the glory your life has earned? That's the kind of childish, transparent lie that makes heaven's angels dissolve into a riot of laughter. Hell has so little on you that this is the best they can do? Come, son, and laugh along with us! There is nothing the devil (that proud soul) hates so much and runs from so quickly as to be thought of as a joke.

My favored brother, you are hurt and afraid because you do not fully grasp my purposes in your own life. The key to understanding it, the missing piece, is this: your story tells your country's story. My plan for the redemption of Norway is written into your life, and every circumstance you've been through is a signpost, a revelation in my roadmap for a nation's redemption. Come up here (I am bursting with anticipation!), sit on my lap, and let's read Father's story of your life together. You'll see in a new way the infinite wisdom of your Papa, who called you before you were born.

The wound of Norway is the shame of jantaloven, of never being special, never being good enough. Do you not know that spirit well? Your shame began when you were abused, just as your country was abused by the penetrating evil of the Nazis. So let me ask you: did Norway choose to consort with their abuser? Is it your country's fault that they were abused? No, they were invaded, just as you were—both of you were simply at the wrong place at the wrong time. Evil does not wait for a partner to kill, steal and destroy.

Since that devastating event, the church in Norway has tried to maintain its heritage of devotion and mission, just as you tried for years to prove you were a man. But their secret shame undermines every good effort and steals the joy they need to succeed. They've kept an outward veneer of obedience, but underneath they struggle and strain, not understanding why they can't find life. And because in the secret places of their heart they know their lives aren't working, they come under their own judgement as failures. What a grief evil is to the heart of God! Their judgement of you is the same judgement they have pronounced on themselves: that they are not good enough and there is no redemption for them.

Son, they are not judging you. They are merely trying to remove their own pain by placing it on someone else, just as the rulers in my day did to me. You and I both know that is not going to work. And so they live

on in hiding, never sharing their pain for fear of rejection when it is the opening of their hearts that would allow me to heal them.

But you have found a better way in me. You and others like you have won a victory over that fear, and your triumph unlocks the door for me to extend that breakthrough to a nation. This is the story of how I am redeeming Norway. First, you asked me to expose your sin. I did better—I have exposed your heart. The authenticity you've discovered is the beginning of the change, and it is already coming to flower in Norway's youth. Second, you went to the place of revival, to Bethel, to restore your hope. In the same way, I am now pouring out my spirit in gifts and miracles in Norway to restore hope. Third, when hope was restored and the first wave of healing completed, you had gained the strength to go back to the place of your abuse, the place you strove to forget. When your nation begins to hope again, I will send them back to their places of abuse, the places they've tried to forget. When they meet me there, they will inherit a great freedom.

But then a new question will arise in their hearts, the same one you face today: 'Why am I still unable to live free of pain?' The answer is that the pain did not originate from their abusers, but from within their own hearts, long before. Norway chose the shame of jantaloven as self-protection, and carries the stress of it in their national body. In the same way, you choose shame to protect your own heart, and carry the stress of it. Shame says you should have chosen differently—and the idea that you could have done differently offers you a false sense of control amidst the chaos of life. You only feel shame because you still hold out the hope that there is something you can do to impress me. But the devil's bargain is that to have control, you also must live in the place of fear.

But dear son! You are not in this place because of your choices, but by my redemptive design. Do not see your journey as a painful slog marred by continual struggle, but as the glorious suffering of a courageous explorer conquering Everest for the first time. You are not a failed leader, but a forerunner for your country, always carrying in your body my death, so that my life can come through you to my body in Norway

I chose you because you are sensitive to the spiritual condition of others. (The devil thought he was winning you through witchcraft and New Age mumbo jumbo, but he was actually just preparing you for my mission. He's pissed.) You've learned that you can pick up other people's pain, and figured out how to release it to me. What you haven't seen is that you are picking up and bearing the cultural pain of a nation.

That is too much to shoulder, even for one as great as you. So give it to me now! Lay down the sense of being judged that is not about you but about your nation, and I will carry it for you. Let go of the fear of being hurt, and embrace the glory of your suffering. Lay down the false idea that you could have chosen differently with your abuser, and simply trust your choices to me. Lay down what shame claims to offer you—that you could still do it right and impress me—and receive the free gift of my righteousness.

Form within your limited human viewpoint, you are right to feel you do not 'deserve it'. To truly receive my gift, you must let go of any pretense of worthiness, and simply accept what I say about you: that you are mine, now and forever, because I love you. But when you let go of the human concept of worth it will allow me to replace it with heaven's version—and in heaven's thought, your worth is beyond human imagining, because to have you has captured the heart of Almighty God, and he moves the entire universe to win your love.

When you embrace heaven's understanding of human value, my work in you will be complete. And when my work in my leaders is done, the task of turning a nation is child's play.

And as to those silly laws of Jante: well, I say you are something special to me. I say you are as good as I am, because my goodness lives in you. I say your heart is one of the most important objects in the universe; and that you are not merely a good servant but a great friend.

I love you; deeply, passionately and intensely. And that is the only worth that was or is or ever shall be.

Your Brother Forever;

Jesus