

*Speak  
Lord*



# Speak, Lord

*for Your servant is listening*

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# Preface



I came away from a class taught by Sara Trollinger entitled *How to Listen to the Lord*, feeling very preoccupied. What if what she was saying really worked? Could we honestly still expect God to speak to us individually as He spoke to the prophets of old?

The possibilities were exciting! I could hardly wait to get home and see if it worked for me! I made sure I'd fulfilled the conditions outlined in her talk: There was no one I needed to forgive, Jesus truly was the Lord of my life, I made sure I was repentant for any sins in my past, and I truly desired to seek Him above all else. My motives were right.

With pen in hand, and note pad ready, I said: "OK, Lord, I'm ready . . . if you are." I began to

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write! Oh, I don't mean I was suddenly overtaken by some supernatural force that used my hand to form letters on paper. (That is automatic writing, and I believe that to be a manifestation of the occult. I wanted no part of that!) Well, it was supernatural all right, but it seemed so natural to me (and it still does). The Lord filled my mind with His words! I didn't stop for a minute to think of what to say next; I didn't have to. The words just flowed, pouring from His mind and heart to my mind and heart . . . and pen!

At first I really couldn't comprehend anything other than wondering if I had uncovered some latent, hidden talent within me! But after weeks of meeting with Him in the morning and receiving a different message each time—all beautiful and all meaningful, either to me or to someone else—it soon became evident that this could not be coming from me! Each morning I received a profoundly pertinent message that would, that day, meet my need or the needs of someone else. If the message was meant for someone else, I was led to give it to them and their response was always such that I knew their Heavenly Father and mine had arranged another divine encounter!

In spite of all this, I suddenly began to doubt and be fearful that this may not be truly the Lord doing this, that it may be some trick of the devil or a trick my mind was playing on me. My prayer was fervent: "Father, if this is not from *You*, please take it away from me, I don't want to play games

in Your name; but if this truly is You, then allow a sign to reassure me.”

In that same still, small voice in my spirit that I had already learned to expect and love, He told me I would receive a package that day and that would be my sign.

I waited in eager anticipation for a package all day, but none arrived. When I got home from work later that day I was disconsolate, distressed, disturbed, and feeling slightly deranged! Had I been imagining the whole thing? Was this really just a crazy figment of my overactive imagination? If so, then surely I must be crazy! Puzzled and upset, I climbed into my bed and just stared up at the ceiling. Doubts of every description assailed me! What would become of me in this mentally unbalanced condition?

The peal of the doorbell interrupted my disturbing thoughts! For some reason, I checked the clock (even that was ordained by the Lord; I don't usually look at the clock when the doorbell rings!) It was exactly 7 o'clock (seven the—Lord's number!). Upon answering the door, I found a deliveryman standing there with a package for me in his hands!

The next thing I remember was holding a box closely in my arms and just walking around the house praising the Lord!

It must have been fifteen minutes before I opened that box! When I finally did open it, I discovered a lovely ceramic dove, sent to me by

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some friends I had not heard from in years! (Could that dove have been a symbol to me of the coming of the Holy Spirit?) Rarely, if ever, do I receive packages by mail, not even at Christmas—and this was July! I knew then that this precious package was really a gift from my Heavenly Father in loving, understanding assurance for one of his present day doubting Thomases!

The Lord is faithful, and although there are still times when I have doubted, He has been patient and explained that, in a way, these messages are from me, as He is in me, and my spirit is joined to His Spirit, so what He tells me does get filtered through my very finite mind. In essence, though, it is He, our precious Lord and Savior, reaching down to touch the lives of those of His who would stop, come apart, and listen, just as Samuel did so long ago: “Speak, Lord, for Your servant is listening” (1 Samuel 3:9).

I pray you will be blessed and edified by this random sampling of messages I’ve put together out of the thousands I’ve received through the years. Many were not meant for me but were given to me to share with someone to whom the Lord would lead me that day; someone who, as I would discover, desperately needed this “now” word from their loving Heavenly Father, clearly addressing a situation they were experiencing at that time. I believe many of the words written here were meant to speak directly to you, too. The Lord knows what your need is today. As you read, al-



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low Him to speak to you, meet your need, and minister His love, His comfort, His correction, His strength, and His healing into your life. May the Lord use these words to bless you today!

## Introduction



*D*o you feel alone? Do you feel like your prayers are bouncing off the ceiling? Do you want a closer relationship with your Heavenly Father? *Let Him tell you how!*

After the prayer, after the praise, after the worship, do you still feel like you're not quite there? What comes next? You listen!

Let Him show you how He wants to speak to you. God will always speak to you through the Bible, if you are tuned in to Him. If you have the gift of public speaking, if you are a good listener, or if you just plain like to talk, He may speak to you as a verbal word, even an audible word. God may speak to you through a prophecy, a speaker, your own words, or through someone else's words. If you love to read, God may chose to speak to you through a letter from a friend, a book, or even

through something you read in the newspaper. I love to write, so that's where He meets me. But, of course, our Sovereign Lord can speak to us any way He wants . . . if only we are listening.

How can we feel confident that what we hear is from the Lord and not from the devil in an attempt to deceive us?

1. Does it confirm what the Bible says? (God will never contradict His word.)
2. Does it make you love God more, feel closer to Him, and look forward to meeting with Him often?
3. Does it bring peace, a sense of security? Correction maybe, but never condemnation!
4. Does it cause a sense of connection to God and a greater inner strength?
5. Does it make you desire to please and serve Him more?

If what you heard was from the enemy, the opposite of these would be true!

How do you know these are not just from your subconscious or from your own over active imagination? Time will take care of that! After thousands of messages (some of which I have picked at random to include in this book), I am convinced that, although these words come through my spirit, the source is the Source of all: our Lord. The One Who has promised that "My sheep hear My voice" (John

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10:27). You are His sheep if you are His and follow Him, so you should *expect* to hear His voice.

This all may take time, take fine tuning, take patience, but I can promise you it will be well worth the effort.

You are about to set sail on the most exciting adventure of your life! It's fun, it's fulfilling, it's fruitful . . . and it's fantastic.

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**D**on't be dismayed, and do not be afraid. Why shouldn't I speak to you? You are My own beloved child! I have sought you out and claimed you for My very own. You have responded to My love, and now I seek communion with you. Why do you marvel that I speak to you? Do you not speak to your children? You are My child, I am your Father.

Write down what comes to your mind (you will know soon enough if the message is from Satan or from Me). You are fearful that it may be all in your mind. Well, that is partly true, because I am in you, and you are in Me, so My messages for you do come from My Spirit to your spirit, translated through your mind and put into the words you write. It is for this reason that some of My children have My word come to them in early English, for this is how they perceive it should be. The thoughts are Mine, the translation is yours! Be at peace with this.



**T**here is a time coming, and shortly will be, when there will be a great awakening. At that time I will tear the blinders off the eyes of those who cannot see. I will pour the oil of My Spirit into hearts that are hard and those hearts will be softened toward Me.

There is a day coming, and shortly will be, when those who cry “nonsense” to the word of God will fall on their faces before Me and cry “mercy.”

There is an hour coming, and shortly will be, when My people, face to face, will pour out their hearts and minds and love to one another and then, in one accord, turn and face Me . . . radiant with the glow of love and forgiveness . . . and pour out their praise and adoration to Me.

That is the time, beloved, when I will gather you into My arms. The harvest will be plentiful, and there will be rejoicing throughout the face of the earth.

That is the day I will finish that for which I came the first time: I will bring to completion My work of salvation; redemption will be complete, and I will see My final act of restoration come to pass. That is the day I gather you, as a hen gathers her chicks, and present you to My Father . . . My Bride . . . adorned for the feast!



*Y*es, I have dealt bountifully with you since you gave Me that right. Yes, I have blessed you, but you have not yet begun to comprehend what I intend to do for you. I love you fiercely! I love you intently! I love you with a single mindedness that excludes all thought of anything less. You are forgiven, cleansed, redeemed, renewed, restored, sanctified. You are wholly Mine . . . and I treasure you! Be ever aware of this and walk in the peace, love, and joy that knowledge affords.

I paid too high a price for you not to treasure you! I paid that price knowing exactly all that it would cost Me, yet I gave no thought to refusing to pay for you . . . even knowing you as I do, I still wanted you that much! Try your best to understand all that means, for I want you to truly understand how I feel about you.

Walk now in the fullness of all the joy that brings; let it put a spring in your step, a smile on your face, and an outpouring of that joy out of your innermost being.

Yes, beloved of Mine, walk in an ever growing knowledge and understanding of all it means to be engulfed in perfect love, and then pray that others will come to know that same Love . . . standing at the door of their hearts . . . knocking . . . waiting . . . just for them.