

For Uriah, the Hittite



By Anna Von Reitz

This message is coded, as it must be. The one receiving it will know to whom and for whom I speak:

"Uriah....

Bathsheba loved you. Only and ever and truly.

It was you that she yearned for through all the lonely years.

It was your voice that echoed in her heart. It is your voice that echoes still.

Nothing can take your love away from you. Nothing can dim its glory.

No man can tear away what God has joined or destroy what He has planned.

She is still yours, Uriah, as she always was and is.

In the days to come, the world will be made new again.

The children that you have mourned for, the children that would have been, shall live. She will smile into your eyes again and take your hand.

She is a Queen now and she will make you King. Your love for each other will be honored, and you shall never be parted again.

Let this be a comfort to you, Uriah. Let it ease your way.

She is coming to you now, pure and blameless as the snow. The sunrise is in her eyes and all her ways are peace.

Receive the laud and honor that are yours, Uriah.

Let go all pain and grief. Lift your gallant heart again and see what the Lord has said!

You will rejoice and not be disappointed!

You will come to her arms as a hero coming home, beloved husband.

And all the suffering, all the injustice----will be gone as if it has never been."