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Wow! I JUST SAW JESUS DIVE OFF A tall waterfall into a deep pool. I can hear a varied mixture of unusual jungle sounds all around me. The canopy of trees is so dense that very little direct sunlight is penetrating this area where I am standing. However, as Jesus pops out of the water, laughing and shaking the wet hair from His face, light definitely bursts forth.

Would you like to come with Me, Donna?

Sure, Jesus! Where are we going?

Into the jungle; will you come with Me?

Yes, of course, Lord. What do You want to show me?

Come on, Donna – you are safe with Me. Do you believe that?

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More or less.... You're chuckling.

Because I love your honesty, My friend.

Jungle sounds and smells bombard my senses. I feel like I'm walking through the jungle with Crocodile Dundee. All the animals love Him, or at least respect His space, all except the snakes. They try to intimidate Him, hissing, coiling, slithering – yuk. He doesn't even snatch them off their elevated perches and kill them like Dundee would, or like I want Him to. He just looks at them and they go silent, slither quietly away and count their blessings (if snakes have blessings).

Lord?

Yes, Donna?

Where are we going?

Do you really need to know or will you be content to walk with Me? Do you need to plan ahead for your destination, or do you trust Me to have you prepared?

All good questions, Jesus. *(He laughs out loud.)*

As we suddenly come into a clearing on the bank of a huge river, I let an "Oh my goodness!" slip out. Jesus looked at me with His sweet, but firm eyes. I kept my second thought to myself: "Not a good time to practice walking on water!" Jesus laughs again.

OK, Jesus, I confess my fear. I'm sorry – too many movies and TV shows about what's in these jungle rivers and not enough shows about how nothing is impossible with You.

Well spoken, Donna. I forgive you. Now what do we do about your fear?

Well, we could go back to that beautiful waterfall where we started and pray about it. Or, I could trust You to do what's best for me, even though I don't know what that is myself. I'm thinking the crocs, piranhas, and snakes might not be clued in yet either. Lord, Your eyes are beautiful when they dance with laughter, but they are a little intimidating when they are full of holy mischief!

Donna, do you trust Me to do what's best for you?

You keep asking me that! I trust You to do what's best for me, Jesus - I'm just not sure how good the best is going to feel.

Hop on My back – piggyback.

Gladly, Jesus!

Before His knees could bend, I hopped up and hooked my knees tightly around His sides. This elevated position gave me a better view of the river that stretched out in

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front of us. There was dense jungle foliage on the far bank and up and down the river as far as I could see.

As my hands slid across His shoulders to get a firmer grip, I felt deep crevices under His shirt. At first I didn't know what it could be, so deep and imbedded in His skin. Then, as suddenly as the river had appeared, so did the realization of what I was feeling – His scars. It's like time stood still as the revelation of what caused those scars pierced my heart. Suddenly, a movement in the water jerked my attention back to the river.

Jesus, I didn't know there were sharks in jungle rivers.

That's not a shark, dear heart; it's just a porpoise. He's going to help us in our river excursion.

River excursion? Oh. River excursion. If You can call a porpoise, why didn't You just go ahead and summon us a boat? OK, OK, I get it... or I get You.

Are you ready? Do you trust Me, Donna?

With my life, Lord! Stop laughing or You will shake me loose!

Jesus wades into the murky, brown river until it is too deep for Him to walk any farther. My added weight causes His feet to sink into the river bottom as He goes.

The porpoise comes up and dances a jig for Jesus. He applauds his antics, thoroughly enjoying the show. I hold on tighter to Jesus and try to get all 5'2 of me above water level. Finally, Jesus takes hold of the porpoise's fin and we are propelled farther out into the brown, murky jungle river.

Donna, you seem to be tense.

You got that right!

Do you believe that I have dominion over the creatures of the deep?

Lord, can we discuss this when we aren't in the deep part of this brown, murky jungle river? Yes, I believe in my head that You have dominion over the creatures of the deep, but I think my heart is too busy climbing into my throat to discuss this issue right now.

But we have to, Donna. It's a now question. Do you believe that I have dominion over the creatures of the deep?

Lord, with all the faith this finite heart can muster, I say yes.

Good answer, little one. Please loosen your arms from around My neck just a little (*gargling noises accompany His words*).

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Even though I had come to a new place of faith in Jesus' dominion, I still didn't want to lose my ride!

Donna, if I have dominion over the creatures of the deep, then don't you?

That's a good question, Lord.