

“Lovely Vinyard [sic] June 1<sup>st</sup> 1853.

A Short Communication from blessed Mother Ann  
To her faithful Child, Eliza Sharp.

To thee, O my lovely and precious one, do I give ear at this time saith [sic] your ever loving Mother Ann.

Dost thou not know, that my hand has been with thee ever since I called thee from the west. Did I not then say, I will plant her among the Cedar of Lebanon, and establish her on my Holy Mount forever.

Yea, this was my word, and this I have done O thou beloved, the soul from which thou were transplanted was rich and fertile productive of much good; but for thee I had better things; things which as yet are unknown to thee; but bless, yea, bless the hand that transplanted thee, and give thanks unto that God who hath called thee to an everlasting inheritance in a mansion more refined than any can be made save by those who pass thro the fire of the furnace placed in my first Church on earth.

Yea, I say, rejoice and by exceeding glad, for now shall thy garments shine with exceeding great beauty, being purified and made white by the furnace of tribulation which I caused thee to pass thro.

O my little one, my well beloved; a shield, a helmet and sword did I give unto thee when I sent thee forth, to enable thee to go forth conquering [sic] and to conquer. Little didn't thou know when I called thee from the native soil, for what purpose it was done; neither as yet dost thou know the whole cause; but when I call thee to inhabit the mansion I have prepared for thee, and thou dost behold the beauty with which it is adorned, and thou see the contrast between that and the one you would have had, had I not transplanted thee, thy soul will leap for joy; and thou wilt exclaim, 'O my blessed Mother! Is this what I have earned by bearing my crop? O how great is thy goodness my Mother; surely an endless eternity is none to [sic] long to praise thee for thy goodness.'

I have loved thee from thy infancy because I found in thee, that which my spirit could approve and bless; and when thy soul was sore afflicted, I hid thee in my bosom, and suffered not the tempter to wound thee; for thou wert a tender lamb to me thy Mother.

I know all thy sorrows and affliction; yea, all thou hast ever passed thro from the beginning; and how thy soul yearned for the home of thy youth; but I closed the door upon thee, and took thee to myself. And thou art mine, and shall ever be mine; for thou hast obeyed my voice thro mine Anointed however great the crop that was required of thee; and as a reward for all thy toil and labor, I have placed my love upon thee in the form of a diadem bespangled with stars of everlasting brightness which shall yet draw many of thy kindred who now grope in darkness to my everlasting gospel; and not only thy kindred shall gather unto thee, but many poor wandring [sic] spirits shall be attracted by thy light to gather to the standard of Salvation.

So my dear child, rejoice, yea, rejoice in thy call; for many shall arise and call the blessed; and the lambs of the fold of my God shall gather unto thee and thou shalt be a nursing Mother in Israel. Yea, thou art a nursing Mother to my young and tender lambs, and thy Mother's hand is with thee, and her blessing rests upon thee; for I have seen the labor of thy soul and the many prayers thou hast offered for my little ones. Dost thou believe this my word my beloved Daughter? For as sure as light is light, and darkness is darkness, I will visit thee with many blessings from my Father's kingdom.

I have caused thy vines of my planting to grow, and I will still water and nourish them, and will set them by pools of living waters; and will cause the boughs of the trees of Life to overshadow them, that the scorching rays of the Sun harm them not. The prayers of the righteous shall be heard, and answered in God's time. They who pray, and ask in faith shall receive the answer of their prayers. From the door of my tabernacle will I converse with my people; and from my holy Sanctuary thro

the mouths of mine Anointed will plead the cause of man; and my children shall be ministring [sic] spirits to a lost world; but many shall depart to join the ransomed throng; so rest thou in my love unto the end.

So fare thee well my well beloved, yet will I not leave of forsake thee, while on earth thou dost remain.

Says thy tender Mother Ann.

Written in Mother's house in Sister Betty's room."