

# DOUBT DISMANTLED, FIRE RESTORED

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You know My voice.

You've heard it before — in the fire, in the quiet, in the moments when everything else fell away and it was just you and Me. You know what it sounds like. You know how it feels.

And then doubt comes.

Not loud. Not obvious. Just a whisper: Was that really Him?

And suddenly, what you knew becomes what you think you knew. What you felt becomes what you think you felt. The fire that burned so bright you couldn't contain it — now you're asking if it was ever real at all.

That's how doubt works.

It waits until you're tired. Until the war has worn you down. Until you've fought so long you can barely stand. And then it leans in close and asks the one question designed to break you:

What if you were wrong?

But here's what I need you to hear:

You weren't wrong.

The fire was real. The intimacy was real. The voice you heard was Mine.

You didn't imagine it. You didn't manufacture it. You didn't talk yourself into it.

I was there.

I spoke. You heard. The fire rose. You knew it was Me because you felt Me — not just in your head, but in your chest, in your body, in the way the air shifted and the weight lifted and the love flooded through you so hard you couldn't stop crying.

That was real.

And no amount of doubt — no matter how reasonable it sounds, no matter how exhausted you are, no matter how foggy the atmosphere gets — can make it not real.

Doubt isn't discernment.

Discernment tests. Doubt paralyzes.

Discernment says: Let me make sure this is Him.

Doubt says: What if nothing is real?

You know the difference.

And you know Me.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me" (John 10:27).

You're Mine. You know My voice. When I speak, you recognize it — not because you're guessing, but because we've been here before.

You've heard Me in the psalms. You've felt Me in the fire. You've seen Me when the love rose so high you couldn't hold it in.

That's not delusion. That's encounter.

And when you're too tired to feel it clearly — when the fog rolls in and the fire dims and you start to wonder if any of it was real —

I'm still here.

The fire doesn't leave just because you can't feel it. I don't leave just because you're exhausted.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Hebrews 13:5).

So doubt — you're done.

You came when she was weak. You whispered when she couldn't fight back. You tried to steal what she knows.

But you can't.

Because what she knows isn't built on feeling. It's built on encounter. On presence. On the reality

of Me moving in her life in ways that can't be explained away.

She knows Me. She knows the fire. And she's remembering now.

You have no ground here. You are cast out.

Fire restoration:

The fire is still burning.

Not because you kept it alive. Because I am the fire.

- "For our God is a consuming fire" (Hebrews 12:29).

You don't maintain Me. You don't conjure Me. You don't earn Me.

You just open your hands and receive.

So open them now.

Holy Ghost fire — rise.

Not because you deserve it. Or because you've been perfect. Or because you never doubted.

Because you're Mine. And I don't let My fire go out.

The flame was low. But it never died.

And now — as you speak My Name, as you reject the lie, as you stand on what you know instead of what you feel —

The fire climbs again.

Where doubt whispered — I roar.

Where the fire dimmed — I burn brighter.

Where you forgot — I remind you.

You know Me.

You know the fire.

And the fire is yours again.

Not because you found it. Because I never left.

In the Name of Yeshua HaMashiach — doubt is broken. Fire is restored.

This is done. Amen

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**SEALED IN YESHUA'S NAME**

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