

HARKEN! HARKEN! PREPARE! PREPARE!
A CALL TO THE HOLY!

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HARKEN! HARKEN!

Wisdom is calling! She is standing in the street calling, "To all who are simple to come!"

HARKEN! HARKEN!

The day of the Lord is here. The defiled, do you hear the words of the Lord? The defiled, do you hear your Maker's call?

HARKEN! HARKEN!

The blood of the innocent, from beneath the soil, calls to my throne. I knew them before entering the woman's womb, the ones I called by name. You wipe your hands of innocent blood has a harlot wipes her mouth saying, "I have done nothing wrong."

SODIMIZERS! SODIMIZERS!

You parade in the schools, you parade in the streets, you parade in the town square, for all to see. Your perversion shall swallow you in a wretched way.

SODIMIZERS! SODIMIZERS!

You parade a young boy, dressed as a woman, dancing and moving his hips as a grown harlot. He is touched by the perverted - for money. Their perversions shall enter him and soil him as a virgin is soiled before marriage.

SODIMIZERS! SODIMIZERS!

Your clapping, your marching, your chanting, shall be the rotting of your bones. I shall silence your songs and stiffen your frame. Your flesh will disease and your teeth fall to the floor.

HAROLT! HARLOT!

You stand in the harbor claiming refuge but you are the temple of Baal. The blood flowing at your feet, the sin passing through your throne, has caused even the sinful countries to gasp. Your hand is no longer holding the torch. Your open legs have invited many to enter. You question not their motives. You question not their love for the Most High. Your legs open only for conceiving the evil, and you have now, given birth to the beast.

HOLY! HOLY!

Where are my holy? The world swayed you! You were covered, marked, and sealed; but you chose to defile me! You are entertained by the world and by debauchery. Your young live in fornication and you remain silent. You allow fornication inside your home. You remain silent as your young lay in fornication with the unbeliever in your own home. As you turned your head, your own bloodline became tainted.

HOLY! HOLY!

You believe holy is money? You believe the prophet with the golden chariot? You believe the songster with the smooth melody? You believe the messenger with the hair made stiff, dressed in the attire of the world? You believe the crier with the mansion? You believe the shaker with the microphone? You believe the one with electric lights sending a message for all who can hear? Certainly, they *must* have the truth!

Does not my Word say that my prophets lived in caves? Does not my Word say that my prophets fled from the world chasing them as evil? They hid in holes in the ground... and the *holy listened to their every word.*

HARLOTS! HARLOTS!

Why do you allow the attire of harlots into my Holy Churches? Are there no guards at the door to catch the allure of seduction?

You parade those with the voice of Lucifer on a stage and allow them to prance before the people without inspecting their attire. You audition them looking for perfection. Their attire is the attire of their heart.

Where are my holy men? Where are my holy women? I cannot find you in the crowd. Where is the beauty of the gentle spirit? Where is the beauty of great worth to me? Has my Holy Church forgotten what is holy and beautiful to me?

A gentle and quiet spirit, a broken and contrite heart; this is the music that comes to my throne and the aroma that fills my nostrils.

HARKEN! HARKEN!

Do you hear wisdom shouting to you calling you to come? She raises her voice in the public square; at the head of the noisy streets, in the gateways she speaks:

"How long will you simple ones love your simple ways?"

How long will mockers delight in mockery and fools hate knowledge?"

I hold the lamp high, shining light for those who are seeking The Way, The Truth, and The Life. But you must choose me. You must run quickly for the time is now. Do you see me? Do you see the lamp swaying in the darkness? Calamity is coming! Despair is coming! Darkness is coming! The pit is open!

Do my holy ones even see evil? Have their bloodshot eyes blinded them to the truth? Sin has become laughter. Worship has become program. Repentance has become encouragement. My son's blood drips at your feet...and you walk on it. What is holy you have made common.

FIRE! FIRE!

Fire is coming - both to your homes and to your heart. Burn now in repentance. Burn your heart now, for it will save you. When calamity comes, it will be too late.

INSTRUCTION! INSTRUCTION!

The world is in the instructing of the young - why do you have your holy young in the world? They are robbing their minds! They are enticing you with programs, athletics, and music; and you feel peace to place your Holy young with the teachers of the world. Do you not know this is the foundation of Baal, to begin with the young?

You choose finer homes and the finer possessions of this world over the protective instruction of my holy children. You live in fine homes while the world takes the minds of your children.

To my Holy I ask: *Why do you cry that you have no coins for Holy Instruction?*

You play and travel, you eat fine foods, you entertain, you fill your homes with possessions; the coins that you spent were coins you could use for holy education of your young. Have I not promised I will provide for you?

I have warned you and warned you:

GUARD YOUR CHILDREN!

DO NOT LET ANYONE WHO IS NOT OF ME AROUND YOUR CHILDREN!

Did you obey? Will you obey now?

Remove your children from the world or the world will take them from you.

BOW! BOW!

INSTRUCT YOUR CHILDREN THEY ARE NEVER TO BOW!

The serpent is weaving around the buildings of instruction causing the craving of the understanding of the False Prince. Remember! Remember! Remember! The three Hebrew boys. REMOVE YOUR CHILDREN! REMOVE YOUR CHILDREN! REMOVE YOUR CHILDREN!

MEN! MEN!

Where are the strongmen of the faith? The world is weakening men, mocking their leadership, craving them into the mannerisms, and even the attire, of the woman. Men – my holy men – where are you? Strengthen your mind with *My Word* and I will strengthen your frame as to a warrior.

The world is rattling the gates of the church and the gates of your homes – the pit has already been opened. Are your gates locked? Are you attired as a warrior for your homes and your family?

Men! Men! Men! Men! I am looking for Holy men to LEAD YOUR FAMILIES IN THE FAITH! Instruct your wives, instruct your children, instruct your grandchildren.

Men no longer sit back. You are needed in this hour.

CHURCH! CHURCH!

You shall crumble! You have built your church as a building with coins and plans of a carnal man. Coins will no longer come to you. The walls of your buildings will echo from emptiness. The lonely, the hungry, and the poor wanderer, shall reside in your buildings, which they should have from beginning. It shall be the one clothed in sheepskin who will be their shepherd in your abandoned buildings. The outcasts will be the leaders. It will be the true flock...who know my voice.

DANGER! DANGER!

It is here! It is here! Prepare! Prepare!

It shall come and come quickly! Men prepare your families! Families travel to live united as one. Your strength of faith will be multiplied in bloodlines. Awaken! Plan now! Move now!

Rent your heart. Burn the filth you have had inside your homes.

BURN IT! BURN IT NOW! GET IT OUT OF YOUR HOMES NOW!

Fast, pray, and seek my face. I will answer those with repentant hearts. I will turn the repentive into Wise Warriors for this hour.

CORRUPTION! CORRUPTION!

You shall see the government crumble! You shall see the evil hanging from a noose. What was once done in secret to avoid pain of the eyes will be allowed for all to watch as the noose swings. My hand has sworn an oath that these people who have held the keys to world movement will be exposed and swallowed.

When you see this, you will know this is a sign that calamity is next. I shall clean this world of filth man has become.

SODOM! SODOM!

Oh Sodom, the beautiful lush plain you were. Yet you perverted the ways of your God and perverted the laws of your land. No one dared enter as your perversions punished even the foreigner traveling through who wished to buy bread.

WORLD! WORLD!

Blood is dripping from you! Your bloodshed fills even the cavities of the pit. The tears of the oppressed fill the mighty oceans. The cries of the wounded fill the storehouses of the wind. There is no room remaining to hold the pain of man. The weight of the blood, the weight of the tears, and the weight of the pain will cause the earth to crack open and split.

DISGUISE! DISGUISE!

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom they cry! But they enter your land from your own foolishness and will defile your women and children. Your silence is the voice in the bloodshed. Warriors have arrived in your land.

EYES! EYES!

Your eyes are the lens to the soul. What do you see 'oh man? What do you bring into your soul? Are you entertained by debauchery? Are you seduced by the wayward woman? Is your laughter from perverse joking? Do you gaze at open fornicators and open sodomizers; bringing their view into your soul?

Remove filth from your lens! Remove filth from your soul! Remove entertainment from the world! Remove laughter of the world!

Run! Run! Run to the caves! Run, for the world is digging a pit for you! Just as the wayward woman seduces the foolish boy, the lens of the eye poisons the whole man. Flee from sin and sin *will* flee from you.

Men! Men! Men! Close your eyes to the world! Do not allow them in! Men place your eyes into My Word and I will make you the new man I can use. I need Holy men in this hour!

FAITH! FAITH!

The HOLY shall live by faith. All you shall see shall sting your heart. All that disappears from your hand shall free you. All the food you desire shall bring you to your knees. When you close

your eyes in the closet you shall see my hand provide for you as I provide for the sparrow. It shall be only those, who abide in the shelter of the Most High, who survive.

You must be holy, as I am holy, to enter into the secret place.

HOLY! HOLY!

Do you recognize *my Holy*? Are you looking for *my Holy*? How did my servant Job recognize *my Holy*? How did my servant Abram recognize *my Holy*? How did my servant Lot recognize *my Holy*?

Are you looking for the Holy or are you looking for the beauty of the skin, the expensive attire, or the silk of smooth words?

My Holy, you say, "Hear voices." My Holy, you say, "Have no friends." My Holy, you say, "Move from holy church to holy church because they are outcasts!" NO! I say! They roam this earth seeking the true who I *know by name*.

Find them! Seek the one who prays, begging for the physical basics of this world, yet carry the keys to my kingdom! Find them! Run to them! They will refresh you and nourish you. They will help you prepare for what is coming.

HARKEN! HARKEN!

"If you had responded to my rebuke, I would have poured out my heart to you and my thoughts known to you.

But since you rejected me when I called and nor gave heed when I stretched out my hand, since you ignored all my advice and would not accept my rebuke:

*"I will laugh at your disaster;
I will mock when calamity overtakes you –
when calamity overtakes you like a storm,
when disaster sweeps over you like a whirlwind,
when disasters and trouble overwhelm you."*

Then they will call to me, but I will not answer; they will look for me but will not find me. Since they hated knowledge and did not choose to fear the Lord, since they would not accept my advice and spurned my rebuke, they will eat the fruit of their ways and be filled with the fruit of their schemes. For the waywardness of the simple will kill them, and the complacency of fools will destroy them;

but whoever listens to me will live in safety and be at ease without fear of harm."

HARKEN! HARKEN!

PREPARE! PREPARE!

A CALL TO THE HOLY!

He who has ears, let him hear.

