

FATAL ERROR

1 May 2022

Where is he who claims to carry my fire? Where are your signs? Your lips utter words but you have no power. Your lips utter words but your heart is far from me. Where is your testimony in the town square? Where is your willingness to leave the world and walk to the caves?

Where is your giving of all to the poor, the widow, the poor wanderer, the orphan, the hungry, the oppressed, the one in bondage, the struggling? You hold your possessions close while your lips claim identity as mine.

Where is your leader? Where is the one who stands before you claiming guidance in this hour? Where is the leader instructing my sheep, telling them where to go? Where is your leader shouting instruction? Oh, they say, "Prepare!" Oh, they say, "Store and gather," but who is shouting, "REPENT!" into the wind?

Who has the "masses?" Who claims, as a mother duck with her ducklings, to have the masses quacking around his ankles as a great man walking tall with the ducklings circling his ankles? Oh, how great you are with the ducklings circling you. How puffed your chest as you stand with the ducks following your every step. Go left – go right – go straight, "Quack, quack, quack," are the sounds as your pride speaks within you of how great you are with so many listening to you. I tell you this day those who follow your every move shall see you fall, tripped by what you have circled around you. They shall see you drown.

I see the shepherds who are submerged in the world. I see your negotiations, as one in war, discussing money required. I hear the discussions requesting “protection” which you call insurance, and I see your demands for money in your old age. Does not my Word say that I will provide for those who carry my message? Who is this shepherd? Who is this imposter who stands in my pulpit? Did not my son die so that you can carry divine power? Who is this man submerged in the beast system? I do not know him.

You did not obey. You did not sacrifice. You did not serve. FATAL ERROR.

I beg my people to repent and *turn* from your wicked ways.

- You have allowed the slaughter of the innocent in your land. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed the killing of the unborn, and the newly born in your land. FATAL ERROR.

Does not my word say what shall happen to a land that allows the shedding of innocent blood unavenged?

- You have changed the identity of a male and female, as I have created, to be a choice at birth, signed onto legal documents, beyond that of a male or female. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed injections into your bodies and allowed the Pegan system, calling it prevention, to also inject into your children. *Are not your bodies holy temples created by me?* FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed men dressed as women to parade before you and you have even chosen a man, an imposter as a woman, to be your woman of the year. You remained silent. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed men to claim as female to be imposters as bearing children. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed physicians to cut into the bodies removing sex organs. You remained silent. FATAL ERROR.

- You have allowed physicians to give Pharmacia to change in appearance a male to a female and a female to a male. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed physicians to give Pharmacia to the young to stunt their growth, development, and ability to reproduce. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed physicians to stand in your courtrooms and give title of a male as a female, and female as a male. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed laws requiring the speaking to males as females and females as males. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed males to dress as women athletes and allowed male imposters to become champion among the women. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed perversions of your leaders to remain unchecked and unaccounted for. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed no requirements of holiness for the teachers of your young. FATAL ERROR.
- You have no accountability of the teaching in the church. FATAL ERROR.
- You have no expectation of the walking in holiness, which I have commanded. FATAL ERROR.
- You have no pause for the purpose of your money system and what it is used for. FATAL ERROR.
- You have no standards for the words and sounds allowed into the air system. FATAL ERROR.
- You have allowed the beating of the drums and the prancing as a Pegan and called it worship. FATAL ERROR.
- You have no requirements of modesty in your youth.
- You have no requirements of modesty in the church.
- You have no requirement of topic of open discussion at the town square. You do not blush.
- There is no requirement of morality in the air waves and what is teleported by machine.

- There is no protection of the eyes for open perversion and open debauchery.
- There is no protection of the display of what is unnatural between a man and a woman.
- There is no protection of your young for what their eyes see.
- There is no protection of your young for what their ears hear.
- THERE IS NO LINE IN THE SAND THAT SAYS, “DO NOT CROSS!” FATAL ERROR.
- The evil stood before you with the smile of seduction and the clothing of the skilled tailor yet even their eyes told you the truth – but you remained silent. FATAL ERROR.
- You borrowed their money and became the servant in bondage to their system. FATAL ERROR.

No giving of all. No sacrifice for the sake of holiness. No message with the fire to bring man to his knees with a heart that will break before me. FATAL ERROR.

Pharmacia! Pharmacia! Pharmacia! Witchcraft! Witchcraft! Witchcraft! I say! Yet you crave the evil one’s perceived healing. You entangle yourselves to the beast system of healing and walk with a puddle of water in your hands instead of hands with power of promise. FATAL ERROR.

Where is the church? Where are my people on their knees listening to the voice of your maker? Are you so engulfed in the world that you cannot hear my voice? Are your eyes so poisoned that you do not see? Are your ears filled with the wax of the world that you cannot hear? Where did you go my children? Where did you go? The world tinkled the bell of pleasure and you followed.

DID I NOT TELL YOU TO BE YE SEPARATE? FATAL ERROR.

You even stooped to place your young into the Pegan buildings of instruction. Now you eat the bread of the table before you. Why are you surprised at the poison meal displayed? Did you believe the Pegan would be kind to the young? Did you believe their system would bring you to happiness? Did you believe the young would rise up and not be tainted? Why did you poison your own offspring? You have slumbered while your children fattened on the world. FATAL ERROR.

To complete education, you chose, and sent your matured young, to enter into the Pegan high levels of learning, spitting yourselves out with the full awareness of the Pegan system. But you and your offspring cannot even raise a dead ant from the dead. Why are you perplexed that you do not have my promised power? Why are you surprised that your offspring do not hear you? Why do you say, "My children are not awake"? THEY ARE AWAKE TO THE WORLD YOU PUT THEM IN! FATAL ERROR.

You have slumbered as the Pegan overtook the town square, the libraries, the buildings of your government, the systems of your money, the distribution of food, water and even the air. Why did you slumber? What lullaby was rocking you in comfort? FATAL ERROR.

WHY DID YOU NOT COME OUT? WHY DID YOU NOT TRUST ME? WHY DID YOU NOT OBEY? WHY DID YOU NOT MAKE YOUR OWN PLACE OF DWELLING, FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS OF HOW MY PEOPLE SHALL DWELL TOGETHER?

Blow the shofar you say! Blow the shofar! Who has the authority to blow my signal? Who shall stand before me this day and tell me you shall blow the shofar? You cannot even *not* take a morsel from the

world. You beg for their money, you beg for their Pharmacia, you beg for their food – yet you claim to have the power to blow the shofar? FATAL ERROR.

Jezebel! Jezebel! Jezebel! She has risen taller than you great buildings! Women parade as if in authority and power, *yet they have left their husbands and children*. They stand before you claiming to whisper words received from my Holy Throne and you remain silent. Is there not anyone among my people who knows my precepts? Do you even know my instructions? Can you even recognize Jezebel? You claim to see her in the world, but you cannot even see her beside you. FATAL ERROR.

Seduction, speech, even holy scripture – oh, how she slithers as the serpent, fattening as she fills with babies, gathering speed as she moves gaining strength as the system of the world joins her. Money, possession, power – Jezebel will only be stopped when killed. KILL THE JEZEBEL SPIRIT. GET HER OUT OF THE CHURCH! How do you know Jezebel? Jezebel's spirit looks to find fallen women.

Your town square is defiled.

Your town building of leadership is defiled.

Your system of justice is defiled.

Your leaders are defiled.

Your money system is defiled.

The warriors for your nation are defiled.

The land is defiled.

The water is defiled.

The food is defiled.

The church is defiled.

The whole world is defiled.

FATAL ERROR

Can I even find one as Noah?

I tell you this day you shall fall as the great pharaohs and your names forgotten. How can you be remembered for this? As the great pharaohs had their chiseled names removed by the stone masons so shall your name shall be removed from my books. Shall you stand before me and report you are not guilty of this sin? Shall you argue with your God? I stand you before me and I demand your silence.

I tell you this day that my judgement has arrived. Because my people allowed themselves to be seduced by the world and loved by the world – you *shall* endure the same judgement. You *shall see* the terror by night and the arrow by day. You *shall see* the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and you *shall fear* the destruction that wasteth at noonday. You shall see the prime of your offspring perish.

I beg for my people to repent and turn from their wicked ways.

I tell you this day my judgement has arrived. Those who hear my rebuke, run, run, run while you can! RUN TO THE HILLS! CRAWL AS A WORM WHO KNOWS HIS MAKER HAS SPOKEN!

Rent! Rake! Repent! Clean your hearts of the sin you have allowed in!

Empty your homes of possessions as the haughty world so craves. Empty your homes of the Pagan lives - the toys, the grand possessions, and the grand items all which you have purchased to build a place of

comfort with the Pegan world. You indeed filled your belly with the cravings of the world. Can you sell all and give? Do you not know that I have promised to take my people to a place of provision? Run! Run! Run from the world! Run now I say! Strip the world from you!

I am calling my people; do you hear me? I am calling my people to hear the voice of your God! My people, who are called by my name: Repent and *turn* from your wicked ways. For soon I shall tip the bowl as porridge. What shall you do then, oh man?

REPENT! REPENT! REPENT AND TURN FROM THE PEGAN WAYS.

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY SHALL BE HEARD! Oh, how the air shall be filled with the shouts of man – yet static shall be the reply.

Prepare now oh man, for I have spoken.