

After nineteen months of silence...

## THE CALL TO THE WARRIOR

It has begun. Do you hear the thunder of horses? Do you hear the sound? Do you hear the sound that brings terror even to the horse that I created to run without fear? Do you hear the ancient call of war? This sound once brought terror to the people who recognized the dreaded sound. CAN YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF WAR? It has begun.

The torch has been lit and the runner has begun his course. Are you even aware of the fire burning the land? Are you even aware of the enemy's plan to destroy you, your young, and the home in which you live? Do you even see his course?

The sound of war is ignored by a people rocking in the cradle, listening to the lullaby of the false prince. All is well. All is well. The lullaby has seduced and given soothing sleep. The false prince will always collect his wage. His price for his lullaby: deafness to truth and blindness to see the signs of this hour. My People, your eyes are not alert because your eyes are fixed on your own image. You are boiling in the bath of self-love and self-beauty. Is this not the sin of Lucifer?

My servant instructed you to place salt at your threshold. Did you obey or did you look from afar and determine the Covenant of Salt void? My servant instructed you to spend the assigned day at your home to prepare, fast and lament before me? Did you obey or did you look from afar and determine the Day of Marking void? My servant instructed you to cleanse your homes, to mark your gates, and to place my holy word over your door frames. Did you obey or did you look from afar and determine the Marking of the Holy void? Does not my word say that it is the prophet's duty to teach you the difference between the holy and the unclean? Did not my servant Ezekiel witness My Destroyers striking those without marking? Did he not witness My Destroyers beginning at the threshold of the sanctuary? Do you think the unholy will be considered holy? How are we unholy you ask? I shall answer you as I spoke to my servant Malachi. I shall answer your claim of innocence.

You do not live by faith. Does not my word say that the righteous shall live by faith? Your love of pharmacia, your love of protection from difficulty, which you call insurance, shall be vomited at your threshold. Who shall provide for you then oh man?

You have not lamented for the sin of your nation. You have ignored idolatry in your nation. What ensign rules you? Who has knocked down the false ensigns, the idols, the statues, and the traveling throne of the evil one?

You have not lamented for the sin of the church. Have you lamented the sin of the church, or are you lamenting for the ensign of your nation? Have you lamented, as Gideon, in the private chamber for the sin of the sanctuary and for the idolatry of the people? Do you see the idolatry of the people who have immersed in the water? WHERE...WHERE...WHERE IS THE IMMERSION OF THE HEART? Where are the people who claim to be holy? I find them seated in slumber and in the gluttony of self. Do you think that deliverance comes from dipping down in water rather than living holy lives set apart from the unclean? Did I not tell my people

that circumcision of the flesh without circumcision of the heart was useless? The flood of Noah arrived when the people still had food in their mouths.

You have toyed with my grace. You think that I do not see your laziness to my calling? You think not that I do not see what you do in the shadows and inside the lights of your home? I see you as your prideful bodies dance, and as you move in the dim lights. Do you think that if Samson, the man of great strength from a holy line, received penalty that you are free of accounting? You speak my word from your lips and pour tears at wooden platforms which you call my altar - yet your heart is far from me. Are your eyes on the world and the ensign of your nation or are your eyes on the one who can throw your soul into the fire? Does not my word say that a tree without fruit shall be cut down and placed into the fire? Does not my word say who shall not inherit my kingdom? I see you as you speak my holy word from your unholy lips.

Where is the warrior who will stand alone? Where is Gideon, the one considered weak yet was strong at my throne? Where is Samson? Though he faltered, he repented and though he received penalty, he saved the people. Do you think my justice carries no penalty for your silence, your compliance, your weakness, and YOUR LOVE TO BE ENTERTAINED? You love your eyes seduced with pleasure with views of nudity, the viewing of murder, the viewing of lust, the viewing of violence, and the viewing of adultery, fornication, and the unnatural relations between a man with a man and a woman with a woman. Does not my word say not to even *gaze* at sin? You even allow your children to view open sin. You openly view what is an abomination to me. You wish to say you are my chosen people? Oh, the people of Ninevah shall soon judge you.

The filth of the earth has reached my nostrils. The stench speaks for you, oh man. What shall happen as I send my Destroyer? What shall happen when the runner of fire arrives?

You listen to false teachers – and encourage others to do the same. Many claim to be of me but I only see the light of the camera's lens in their eyes. I only see eunuchs unable to bear seed. You rot from their teaching and do not see the decay in your body. Soon you shall be seedless as the false teacher. The false teacher who claims millions who follow him - shall fall dead in the pit. Many shall pile upon him.

You have fallen to the love of self.

Reflection! Reflection! What reflection do you carry? I only see the reflection of machines in your eyes. Brazen man you have withered in the mirror. The mirror has seduced you and taken hold. Oh man, how low you have stooped. You bend to gaze at yourself, and you do not know how soon you shall lick the dust of the earth. Have you even gazed into my living water? Do you know my son's reflection? Do your eyes reflect the fire in his eyes? Even the Pagen knew to dip into the pool of Salom. The love of self has reduced you to the path of the ant. Although moving about and storing provision it will soon be crushed beneath the soil.

You have neglected your children.

Even the birds of the air and the wild donkeys in the crags protect their young. Why have you given your offspring and allowed the Prowler access? Have you become so enthralled in your self-love and desire for money and possessions that you trusted the enemy to raise your young? You pursue self-interest, self-pleasures, and the conveniences the enemy offers. What law of mine did I give you to be free from the teaching of your young of my laws and commands? Did I not instruct you to bring your children into the fear and admonition of me? Who instructed you to allow the world access to the holy children?

I see children with haughty lips and provocative eyes. I see brazen young speaking brazenly to parents. I see parents who do not discipline their children. Why are you surprised at the condition of your town? Did I not say that the rod of correction shall save his soul from Sheol?

How I long for my people to remember me. How I long for my people to remember the days of old when they followed my precepts and laws and obeyed my commands. I offered you safety and protection. Yet you chose the seduction of the enemy. The price of his wage will always include your children.

You do not respect your elders.

You do not even care for the aged and your aged parents. You show disrespect to elders, your parents and you allow your children to disrespect their elders. Why do you expect to have a nation of peace? Does not my word say it is right for children to obey their parents and to honor your father and mother that it may be well with you? Is this not my commandment with promise?

The men have become weak as women.

The men have taken their strength and given it to the woman. They have listened to the lie of the enemy to remain seated and allow the woman to rule them. Where are the men? Where are the men? Where are the warriors who can even stand in my presence? Where are the warriors marked, sealed, chosen, and prepared? I search to and fro and see few who have prepared their hearts for the battle coming. You claim to be a warrior, yet you have no strength to even empty your homes of evil.

Oh man, you hustle to and fro to store for food, but you do not store my word in your heart. Oh man, you hustle to and fro to have the tools of man for battle, but you do not have your hearts and your homes cleansed.

My servant warned you and instructed you. Did you obey? Did you dismiss the warnings of what shall come to the people who claim my name yet stench of the world? Did you cleanse your homes, your thresholds, mark your gates, and empty your town of the idolaters, sodomites, murderers, blasphemers, thieves, and drunkards? How does the holy even mix with the unclean? Did you step into my holy church and cleanse it of unholiness, adultery, lust, money changing, and forged worship? Did you strip the false shepherd exposing his false robe of righteousness and his teeth of the wolf?

Few obeyed the instructions to be marked and prepared. Few lamented for the sin of the church. Few lamented for the false shepherds dressed in fine clothes yet fornicated my message. Few have demanded their homes cleansed of idolatry, love of self – which you call “self-love”, adultery, lust of the eyes to view the world in machines, rebellious and disobedient children and the allowing of filth of the mouth. Few have removed open sin from their homes.

Oh man, the battle shall be fierce. Oh man, how much the enemy has overtaken you while you slumbered. Many shall die in this battle. Many will yield without raising a sword. Many will flee thinking safety awaits them in the shadows of the rocks. Awaken! Awaken! AWAKEN BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! Does not my word say that when my people rebelled, they became my enemy?

Where is Gideon? Where is Daniel? Where is Moses, Aaron, and Mariam? Where is Samson? Though fallen; he was strong enough to rise. Where is Joseph? Though shackled at the neck he knelt before me in the darkened dungeon – never wavering in devotion and strength. Is there anyone suffering as he, willing to rise to save my people? PHINEHAS! PHINEHAS! PHINEHAS! WHERE IS PHINEHAS? Is there anyone like he, willing to strike what is an abomination before me? Because of Phinehas he saved the people from the Destroying angel and subdued my wrath. Phinehas received permanent covenant with me because of his zeal of obedience. To this very day his lineage remains in covenant. Is there even one Phinehas on the earth?

WARRIORS RISE! WARRIORS RISE! Is there anyone left able to stand holy before me? I call my warrior to come forth and I shall strengthen you and touch your lips. No longer will you be in the shadows. No longer will your lips remain closed. I will strengthen the warrior who has courage to come forth. Hidden as Gideon, you shall be hidden no more.

WARRIORS, I CALL YOU!  
WARRIORS, I CALL YOU!  
WARRIORS, I CALL YOU!

I call you forth from the corners of the earth. You know my voice. I call you to become unafraid. I call you from the shadows of simplicity and bring you to stand and marked in my presence. Do not wait for the shepherd to call you. Do not wait for the war of the world to call you. It will be too late!

The warrior knows me. The warrior knows my voice. The warrior knows what is holy - and has gone through the crushing, the threshing, the speltling, the potter's wheel, and the fire at my throne. My warriors know to remove their shoes before me.

I am calling my warriors to rise!  
Begin now to cleanse your homes!  
Begin now and remove the unholy from your lives.  
Break away, leave from the unclean.  
Rebuke your unruly children.  
Rebuke your disrespectful wives.  
Rebuke the gossip and slander in your families.  
Rebuke the fornication in your family. Throw them out!  
Throw out the unholy! Throw out the unclean!  
Burn the idols, trinkets, jewelry, and the entertainment of sin.  
Burn them before me lest I see you as the Pagan and wipe you from the face of the earth.

My Grace is no longer your toy. My Grace was to help you approach me and to dwell in my presence. Instead, you have used it to cover your lives of compromise as a prostitute covers her nakedness.

I do this not for you. You are a rebellious people. I do this for my name's sake.  
MY NAME IS HOLY!  
MY NAME IS HOLY!  
I DO THIS FOR MY NAME'S SAKE.  
The nations of the earth shall know that I am holy.

Warriors call My Name!  
Warriors, call my name to be witness to your rebuking, to your throwing out and to your burning of the fire.  
I shall stand as witness with you.  
Only then shall I know your name.  
Only when your home is cleansed, and your heart is consecrated will I allow you to stand before me.  
I shall mark you as mine.  
I shall give you strength and I shall strengthen feeble knees.

Am I not faithful, promising to strengthen you and protect you?

Move quickly. The runner has set his course. The torch is moving quickly.

My eyes are searching to and fro to find the warriors needed in this hour.

Lament! Lament for your sins!

Lament for the death of my holy church!

Pray the angel places his sword back into the sheath!

WARRIORS ARISE!

WARRIORS ARISE!

WARRIORS COME FORTH!

OPEN YOUR MOUTH - and I shall give you words.

RISE! My Holy People RISE!

Pray and fast – lament.

I allow no compromise in my throne room.

Move quickly. Cleanse your home, wash, mark your gates, salt your thresholds – and empty the world from your heart.

The runner is coming.

Move quickly.

Holy Warriors: Rise.