

The Dreams of Sameach

Year 2021

(First Edition)

Overcomers Vision Land
Parys, South Africa
Courier

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Resources and Ministries associated with these dreams:

Overcomers (unity to destroy poverty):

<https://www.overcomersvision.com>

The original 333 dreams:

<https://www.overcomersvision.com/Bookstore.html>

The vision:

<https://www.overcomersvision.com/The-Vision-Made-Plain.html>

Every Day Children Church:

www.edcc.africa

Editor's notes:

On the land beneath Michael' calf, they built a place for worship. This place was referred to as a 'pigsty.' It was eventually named ' The Tabernacle.' To prevent confusion with God's Tabernacle, Solomon's Temple, or some other holy place, it will be referred to as the 'Overcomers Tabernacle.'

The ' Courier's Heart ' is the name of a piece of land on the Overcomers property.

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Table of Contents

Gatherer Angels on Window of Corporate Worship.....	1
Lucifuge, Lilith, Spirit of Might.....	3
Builder on Obed-Edom and the Ark.....	9
Barachiel: Time to Move.....	15
Barachiel on the Power of Focused Prayer and Worship	17
Barachiel on Words of Worship.....	21
Barachiel and the Spirit of Might on Comfort and Sacrifice	25
Barachiel on The Importance of Intentional Reverence	33
The Wisdom Within the Lifting	37
Spirit of Might on Torment.....	41
Friendly Man on His Love For Us.....	43
The Friendly Man on the Invisible War.....	47
Ishim on Vision Progress	53
The Sixth Year Has Come!.....	59
Friendly Man and Gatherer – The Future and the 12 Seats	65

GATHERER ANGELS ON WINDOW OF CORPORATE WORSHIP

Saturday, January 09, 2021

I stand on a thick branch of the tree that we call the ‘tree of life’ upon the land beneath Michael’s calf. Before me, the river flows with incredible strength, and the pounding of Michael’s hammer upon the power of the air over the region across the river maintains its steady thunder. Above me, the clouds are dark and foreboding, cumulonimbus upon cumulonimbus, broiling in dark, voluminous chaos.

Lightning streaks through the insanity above, and moments later, thunder hits my ears as two figures burst through the darkness and hurtle towards me, flaring wings of light at the last minute to arrest their rapid descent and settle on the branch on either side of me. The two gatherer angels shine brightly with glory, with their garments splattered with what appears to be soot. Both have their swords drawn, and I notice chips and flecks along their blades from hard battle.

The first one speaks, and I listen intently.

Gatherer angel:

“Hear well, Sameach: A war rages for the ear of the West. A war rages for control of the power of the air. Worship and the words of the Son are the weapons of your warfare. We come with two very important instructions for you, Sameach!”

Me:

“I hear and obey. Convey your message, brother.”

Gatherer angel:

“The gathering of the saints is under siege. We fight to open a window of time so that those who worship in spirit and in truth may come together and change the power of the air. Move the tent of prayer here under the bridge and close to the ‘tree of life.’ Accelerate the prayer path in this section so that people may dress well and walk to this place without getting their shoes dirty.

You will know when the window of time opens, but for now, you must prepare for a season of intense worship. Barachiel will take up daily residence down here for a season. Work to get intercessors to walk and pray in the tent. We will try and get you a window of 100 days. Fill the tent with worshipers each night, Sameach.”

Me:

“We will prepare and be ready for the window. What of the neighbors and their war against our gatherings?”

Gatherer angel:

“Study Sihon, king of the Amorites, Sameach. If they attack you, they will fail, and you will take their land. An international war rages for control of the power of the air, Sameach. The time of champions and warriors is here. All across the world, the principalities of communication through media and news work to shut the voice of the righteous so that the wicked may appear to have power. Every believer must answer this call to battle with worship and the Words of the Son. Hear well the promise of the Holy Spirit, Sameach.

All who serve in the tent of worship in any capacity, whether they are there physically or participate from across the world, will be given the ability to hear strategy through this time of war. This is not the time for laziness and wickedness. The enemy has cut off supply lines to many of the righteous and now moves to shut down the gathering of the saints completely.

When you see the window of time, gather the champions and worship with all of your hearts. Release prophetic words and let the prayers of the mighty ring throughout the heavens. The time of champions is here, Sameach. Let all who read what you record rise to the challenge and worship with you each day. Instruct your team to continue in their good works. There is a lot more to this international battle than you know. Help is coming, Sameach.”

Both angels launch off the branch and disappear into the clouds above with a crack of thunder. I stare after them for a few moments and then wake up.

LUCIFUGE, LILITH, SPIRIT OF MIGHT

Monday, January 11, 2021

I am back on one of the thick branches of the tree upon the land beneath Michael's calf that we call the 'tree of life.' Above me, thunderous clouds continue to billow in dark fury. I hear the voice of the Friendly Man on the wind.

Friendly Man:

"Do not fear temptation, Abdiel. It exposes the strategy of the enemy, not the heart of the pure."

Suddenly, the familiar tugging at my soul begins, and I am spirited over jungles and deserts to arrive at the top of the mountain where Lucifuge, Mammon himself, stands three kilometers tall. He has touches of gray at his temples, with a large noble nose, piercing blue-grey eyes, and the atmosphere of acceptance that every inch of my existence craves so desperately. On top of this mountain, I am eye level with him and see how storm clouds flow across the earth, beginning as wisps of mist that drift lazily from the whispers of his lips.

Lucifuge:

"Courier!"

He appears to be pleased to see me, and I am immediately betrayed by my hunger to be recognized by powerful beings. The acceptance washes over me like a hot shower on a cold day, and I feel the refreshing rays of warm attention energize my tired soul. With one word, this principality bathes me in his warmth, and every fiber of my being desires his favor. His presence is so inviting, so secure, so powerful that I have to fight back every instinct to call him 'my Lord' or even 'father.' I stand in the hurricane of my emotions and clench my fists, waiting for him to speak.

Lucifuge:

“Very few have the imagination to see these callings as vividly as you do, Courier. Most must be coaxed from carrot to carrot to enter into contracts with us. But you experience the fullness of who I am. I can feel your attraction to my love and my power. You would be a great asset to me, a son and a prophet of light!”

The flattery sweeps over me like a warm blanket. I feel special, set apart, worthy. But still, I stand silent, clenching my fists, wishing for the temptation to go away. I know that all men and women have these crossroads. It is just that I see them vividly as they truly are in these dreams and visions.

Lucifuge:

“It has been more than four years, dear boy. Four years of a covenant to the false father. Where is His provision? Where is the help that He no doubt promised you? I can see the exhaustion all over your soul, son. You have the look of one who is disappointed, tired, used up. This is what the false father does: He breaks those who call him ‘Father.’ He sends them to the wolves like He did His own flesh. He curses those whom He professes to love with eternal damnation for choosing their own sexuality and morality.

He is a narcissist, a tyrant, a great liar, and a heartless creator. Look at the suffering inflicted upon this world. Look at the starvation. Look at the unnecessary wars. He wallows in the blood and anguish of the innocent like a boar in mud. Yet, you are programmed to believe that we are the evil ones.

Listen, Courier:

We have the manna that you seek. We control the narrative. We control the power of the air. Behold, the mistress of the media, the seductress of the power of the air. Mankind has given her many names, and the one that you would recognize is Lilith. Come, Courier, meet her and lose yourself in her embrace, for she rises to become a master of this world, and I would have you covenant with her as a son and prophet to me.”

A woman of captivatingly intense sexual intensity appears before me, wearing nothing but sparkling jewelry. Her skin shines with exotic oil, tanned and firm, soft and inviting, voluptuous and athletic. Perfect feet with diamond bracelets draped over perfect ankles. Tattoos swirl around her shapely legs, curving all the way up and around her body, and I see the names of media companies, social media companies, newspapers, magazines, film studios, news networks, facial recognition companies, cryptocurrencies, and major tech giants.

Her piercing green eyes look at me with recognition, a push for connection, like someone trying to establish eye contact, and I stubbornly look down. I can't think of anything clever to say, so I speak to myself.

“My wife is way hotter.”

Lucifuge laughs and is suddenly beside me, a head taller than me. He is no longer three kilometers tall as a demigod might be, but tall and accepting as a heroic father figure might be. He ruffles my hair as the Spirit of Might has done so many times, and I don't feel offended. My need for acceptance betrays me again, and I am smiling at him.

Lucifuge:

“Your sense of loyalty to your wife is wonderful, Courier! But this is not adultery; this is covenant. You are one flesh with your wife, but you would be one spirit with Lilith. Flesh has such limitation, Courier, but the spirit is where true power resides. Lilith has many lovers, and she would visit you in your dreams, as she does with countless other men of power. Hear this prophecy so that when you return, you may know that you serve a false god.

We have locked the world down so we may make it a safer place. Go and look at crime statistics and see for yourself how the world is safer where freedom is regulated. More and more people turn to social media and online video communication. We profile them all so that artificial intelligence may gather their information and easily recognize them by facial recognition and many other characteristics.

Man cannot be trusted. They are lost sheep without a shepherd. See how we shut down the voices of those who do not agree with our political and social champions? Not even presidents can contest our power of the air. We now have the uncontested power to place those upon thrones whom we choose. Elections are no longer a threat to us, Courier. Whoever controls the media, controls the nations.

National narratives are the power of the air, and we control international narratives. Watch carefully, Courier. By 2023, you will see nations scoring their citizens according to compliance with social law. Artificial intelligence will decide what the citizens of advanced nations are worthy of. Basic services, like buses and trains, will not be accessible to dangerous or rebellious people. Those who rebel against our kings will have no access to healthcare.

Facial recognition will make identity documents obsolete. Criminals will have nowhere to hide! The wicked will lose their voice and will move to underground communication technologies. But none of that will matter because we already govern the power of the air. The church of the false father had their opportunity to reach the poor, the widows, the orphans, and the immigrants. And instead, they splintered into competing denominations and had the greedy among them rise to prominence on our media mountain, where they made covenants with Lilith and drank the milk of her breasts.

Look how alone you are, Courier. Who in the branches of that false vine will listen to you or even help you? Make covenant with Lilith and become my prophet. Mankind respects shepherds with financial power, Courier. You have run a difficult race, and you have been faithful to the lies that you were sold. Come, son, enter a time of rest, success, fame, and power. The false father cares nothing for you.

None of your dreams will come to pass because He cares only for His own will and has contempt for the desires of his children. Come, Courier, let me love you as a father loves a son. Leave your covenant with the false father and marry my daughter. Rise to power on the wings of your creativity and look after the poor as a father and a god. You have my heart, Courier. You care so much more than the false father!"

The principality of media appears submissive, standing humbly in her nakedness, with an air of vulnerability that would cause any gentleman to hold her in a protective embrace. I glance at the prince of mammon and speak.

Me:

"You are right. I am tired. If my wife was not so generous to me in every way, I may have fallen for this temptation, as I am sure many men do. I see the controls of your strategy. I see the persecution that is to come. I see your plans to grab the entire Earth in your vice. But I am not your son, and you are not my God.

And it is written that Jesus will build His church, and none of your strategies will prevail against it. The very technology that you intend to enslave us with will be turned to good and used to advance the Gospel. The Lord rebuke you and your prostitute!”

In a flash, I am back upon the branch, and I feel the Spirit of Might ruffle my hair with a deep laugh.

Spirit of Might:

“You can’t blame him for trying, Abdiel!”

Me:

“I can see why so many men and women are led astray. The temptation is overwhelming!”

Spirit of Might:

“Only for those hearts that were wicked to begin with, Abdiel. You are allowed to see what is offered in such a vivid way because you are incapable of falling for it. There are millions like you. The faithful, the remnant, the true sons and daughters who have chosen the narrow road. They are not like dogs who go back to their own vomit.

They are sons of God, Abdiel. And nothing can divorce them from the love of God! Prepare yourselves for what is to come. The spirit of mammon moves to shut the voices of the righteous. You must speak loudly and clearly on every platform there is. Lead those who are lost in churches to the words of Jesus. All who read what this courier records must do this.

Be strong in the Lord and the power of His might! You are all mighty champions, and the time of champions is here!”

I wake up.

Year 2021

BUILDER ON OBED-EDOM AND THE ARK

Sunday, March 21, 2021

I open my eyes in this other world and breathe in the sweet oils and fragrances that always surround my brothers here. Lately, it is as if the physical is a dream, and the spiritual is where I am awake. Builder stands to my left, gazing towards the town across the river where the principality of dishonor slumbers in the false security of arrogant ignorance.

The coils of its serpentine form are plain to see from the air, protectively encircling the zones of churches, mosques, homes, and businesses that refuse to unite. I see the oil of indifference fill the air and settle upon the zones of dishonor as it lifts from the snake in a thick vapor and settles on the properties in a clear liquid.

Builder:

“The anointing of disunity and dishonor Sameach.”

Sadness escapes my heart in the form of a deep sigh. And I feel that familiar weariness settle upon me like a cloak.

Me:

“How long must I pray for a city that rejects unity like this? Each one does his own thing, and all of them reject every invite that I send. The spiritual leaders of this place will not eat with me, nor will they pray with me. The power of the air has laid low many of my key captains, drowning them in addiction and crime. The mightiest among my champions are still given to beliefs that make women less and even justify physically beating the weaker vessels. Is there hope for such nefarious strongholds, brother?”

Suddenly, I feel the Spirit of Might grab me in a warm embrace from behind and laugh with hearty thunder in His jovial baritone.

Might:

“You are so dramatic, Abdiel! It has only been 1,638 days since you moved to this land. That snake has been polluting the air with that stinking oil for more than a century! Take a deep breath!”

I do as He says, sucking in the oil of gladness that fills the air around Him. Then He suddenly squeezes me, realigning my spiritual vertebra with loud cracks and pops. I suddenly feel straighter, taller even, and grin like an idiot as He ruffles my hair.

Builder:

“Soon, your 1,777th day comes upon this land. You must call it the day of honor, Sameach. Gather the mighty beneath this tree and beneath this bridge and sing declarations of honor over that town. Worship together in spirit and in truth for at least three hours and release the oil of gladness in this place. Summon the mighty in the spirit, Sameach. Let their voices join together with ours and call this the city of honor. Soon, the seventh year of the Courier comes, and with it, the eviction of that principality.

The seventh year of the courier will be the third year of the vision, and though the principality will be cast out, the oil of dishonor will still fill the hearts of those who have been trapped in its embrace for so long. Only the oil of gladness, which flows from the Spirit of Might, can neutralize and overpower the effects of the oil of dishonor. This land must become a place of fun and laughter, Sameach. Call forth the mighty and bring them here to breathe in the fragrance of the Spirit of Might!”

The Spirit of Might continues to hold me firmly in His embrace like how a father would lovingly hold his son.

Might:

“Those who laugh easily with you will overcome the biggest battles with you, Abdiel. Have as much fun as you can, child!”

I let His love wash over me and turn my head to the Builder angel.

Me:

“Is Obed-Edom here yet, brother?”

Builder:

“He has been here in spirit since you moved to the land Sameach. Did he not re-enter your life back then as we said he would? When the sower rejected the mantle, the son of compassion sent you a gift of joy, which became your companion in your long night of sacrifice.

And whenever your spirit has sunk low, we have brought him again to lift your heart. Hear this, Sameach: Many covet the title of Obed-Edom, but they do not realize that the authority of the mantle comes from the love it carries. For this office is the office of the one who sees the ark, knows the ark, and loves the ark. What is the ark of the covenant but a container that carries instructions from God?

Are all Spirit-filled believers not arks of covenant? Are you not an ark, Sameach? Do you not carry the instructions as a courier? The authority in the office of Obed-Edom comes from the recognition of the gifts of God in you. Thus, the role was ordained before your birth to a man who would honor you as a mentor, yet love you as a father loves you, and encourage you as a brother.

Only fools cannot both lead and serve those whom they love simultaneously. Only fools do not know what it means to submit to one another in brotherly love. Obed-Edom served the ark, knowing what was inside. Fools think that visions are built without obedient men and women, but the wise see how crucial it is to keep the ark safe.

Obed-Edom will care more for you and your family than for the vision. For he knows that the vision is a mere matter of obedience to instruction, but the ark is the conduit of those instructions. The tablets are nothing but blank slates without Moses. Only fools do not know this.

You have been broken by Heaven, Sameach. It is your brokenness that qualifies you to record what is spoken but disqualifies you to lead. Obed-Edom has seen the darkness within you and knows well the danger of men like you who wear their crowns of power and wield their authority with indifferent malice.

You would break what you are assigned to heal, Sameach. Your season of leadership will end soon, and Obed-Edom will take up the mantle so effortlessly that he does not even realize it is a responsibility. For he too is an ark, as are you all, and his instructions will catapult this vision forward and lay low the walls of Jericho in days.

If you were to lead, you would cause all who follow you to die in the desert. Outsiders would be impressed by the crowds who follow you in circles, but God is impressed by wise stewards. And you, dear Sameach, are not the steward of this vision. You are a courier, nothing more. Your assignment is to hear from Heaven and make the vision plain.

Use every creative gift that you have been given and continue to make the vision plain. Make it plain daily, Sameach, for an angelic host works tirelessly to place bases of power all over the world so that champions and resources may be sent to you (plural) daily.

Let the three and seven listen carefully:

There is no crown, nor position of honor, nor title for Obed-Edom. There are no commanders or demigods in this vision. His instructions will flow like fresh streams into your lives, and you will apply what he instructs because your heart has been prepared. The instructions will simply make sense.

To honor any role in this vision beyond that of a servant is to belittle the price that was paid for that role. Heaven carefully breaks and bends the tree so that it bears exactly the right fruit in exactly the right season. Celebrate what God elevates and follow with humility and gratitude.

Honor one another in brotherly love. Carry each other's weaknesses. You do not need to agree with each other, only with the Words of Jesus. If you recognize the courier as a legitimate messenger from Heaven, you will receive the rewards of our instructions. If you do not, you will receive the rewards of your own instructions.

This is your choice. For whoever has your ear has your heart, and whoever has your heart orders your steps. You all serve an opinion, whether yours or the opinions of another. When you realize that you are all different kinds of arks of different kinds of covenants, you will serve one another as if serving those covenants directly.

The servants of Heaven are simply messengers and servants. Many are willing slaves. Do not put yourselves on pedestals, and do not elevate each other to worthless positions of importance. Simply serve the covenants."

The Spirit of Might ruffles my hair again with a loud laugh.

Might:

"Mankind has always had a habit of overcomplicating things. Just love each other and take care of each other, Abdiel. This is why those who laugh with you are such a blessing. Dramatic conflict is not from Heaven. Neither is dramatic offense.

A child will sulk, throw tantrums, and tug selfishly at a toy. And a wise parent will discipline the child for such wicked behavior. You should do the same with your brothers and sisters in Christ. Those who cannot be kind must be disciplined. There is no justification for tantrums and sulking. Be kind to each other. This is the only proof that you are truly free from the clutches of the great liar!

Look after each other as if you all carry covenants that produce blessing. For this is what you all are: carriers of abundance. Don't make things more dramatic than they need to be. Have more fun, Courier. You are not playing enough."

I wake up.

Year 2021

BARACHIEL: TIME TO MOVE

Friday, April 9, 2021

Barachiel, guardian of blessing and glory, and I stand together inside the Overcomers Tabernacle upon the land beneath Michael's calf. We come here in the spirit often to worship with witnesses from all throughout the ages. There is something more powerful about the oil filling this place than usual tonight, and I know that some tough instructions are coming again. I listen intently, because instructions from Barachiel always produce glory and blessing.

Barachiel:

“Sameach, I want you to sacrifice your prayer pad and move into the Overcomers Tabernacle so that it may be anointed in daily prayer. You need to live in this place so that you may pray and worship in this place. Many desire to pray and worship with you. The time has come for you to open your gates to the seventy-seven.

A window for massive provision has opened. Move on it, Sameach! Sow your comfort zone! The stage area will be your new home. Set up your home and office so that when you worship, people can enter the Overcomers Tabernacle and worship with you.

Your current home can be offices for those who raise funds, and the order home can be offices in the interim for your staff. They need to be where the anointing is strongest so that the fullness of impartation from your hours of prayer and worship may flow to them easily.

There must be a release of your anointing in that Overcomers Tabernacle, Sameach. All who enter must enter as if it is the Holy of Holies so that they may see what their lives and hearts look like. For every man and woman is an ark of the covenant and must learn to live a life of prayer and holiness.

Set times twice a day for the public to enter your home. Once for wisdom and once for worship. I will be there with you, Sameach. I will touch everyone who comes and humbles themselves! Miracles and breakthroughs will be effortlessly released. Let all who come into that space come respectfully and humbly!

You must move immediately. Prepare your living space for two days, but be in your new home by Sunday.”

Me:

“It shall be done, Barachiel! Let the new season come, and let the heavens open. I am ready!”

I wake up.

BARACHIEL ON THE POWER OF FOCUSED PRAYER AND WORSHIP

Sunday, April 11, 2021

As per the instruction that I received on the morning of the 9th of April 2021, I have moved onto the stage of the converted pigsty that we call 'The Overcomers Tabernacle.' The significance of the fact that this was once a pigsty is not lost on me. This is a powerful spiritual metaphor for how God can take something that is defiled by every human standard and turn it into something powerful and anointed.

I encourage you to read this dream with an eager spirit. Drink in the oil that will flow from it. This is one of the most significant spiritual events that I have ever had the honor of experiencing. I had a long day with our wonderful team moving into this place. I had less than two hours of sleep and an entire day of focused work.

I was exhausted and shocked at the loss of my comfort zone (my 'prayer pad' was REALLY nice to live and pray in). My intention was to sleep for a few hours last night before I went into prayer, but my nervousness and excitement, compounded by the sorrow of the loss of one of our strongest ministry leaders due to a physical assault on one of our executive team, kept my brain too busy. So, I played an online game with some hilarious friends, instead. Then I went straight into prayer for exactly seven hours (01:00 to 08:00).

As I type this, I have had approximately 5 minutes of sleep after a 22-hour day. I climbed into bed, nodded off, and woke up refreshed as if I had a full 8 hours of rest.

Dream begins:

The air is not air. It is something else. It is like being inside an oil painting. When I move my hands, vivid colors trail my fingertips. When I breathe, it is as if my lungs have developed taste buds and swirl the delicious ether like a wine connoisseur might sample a freshly corked glass. Even my eyes can taste the delicious 'air.' Every part of me drinks and bathes in this glorious atmosphere. Gravity relaxes its regime and gives me control. I can float or stand as I will. In this atmosphere, physics responds to thought. It is incredible.

“Sameach.”

The familiar voice of the guardian of blessing and glory slowly draws me from my ecstasy. And I smile at Barachiel with a lazy joy that has replaced the strenuous sense of urgency that has whipped me along these past two days. The words that flow from me feel delicious on my tongue, and I stop mid-sentence to lick my lips like a child tasting a tin of caramel for the first time. I can't form proper words. Even the definite articles are delicious.

Me:

“The... the... This is... This...”

Barachiel laughs with a glorious snort. A sound that makes me giggle like a child, and we both break out into a ridiculous ping-pong of giddy, hilarious guffawing. It is kind of ‘like’ a laugh, but that laugh when you are trying to be serious and fail spectacularly. Haha.

Barachiel:

“Don't bother trying, Courier. Just think your communication. Anything thought in the oil of gladness is too overwhelming to express physically.”

I silently wonder if this is what it feels like to be high, and Barachiel answers my thought with a thought.

Barachiel:

“In human terms, the chemically induced ecstasy produced by medical compounds can certainly allow you to touch the edges of the different oils of the spirit, but the cost is high. Even the most pleasurable medically induced experience only allow you to look through the window. The only way ‘in’ is through focused, intimate worship. The enemy tries to fabricate and complicate the simplest things, Sameach.

The glory of the heavenlies is very easily accessible to the humble heart. There is absolutely no need for fabricated substitutes, especially when those substitutes drain the very life out of your body and destroy the hearts of your family.”

Me:

“Never been high before.”

I float lazily in the delicious oil and grin at Barachiel like an idiot.

Barachiel:

“It is interesting that the word ‘high’ is used to describe something that can only genuinely be accessed by lowering yourself in humility. No drug in existence can even come close to fabricating what you are experiencing right now, Sameach. What you are experiencing now is what we call ‘the lifting.’ It is the oil of gladness that flows when a servant humbles themselves to a place of complete trust in the commands of the Father. Look where you are, Sameach.”

I suddenly realize that I am in the converted pigsty. I am in the place where I now live.

Me:

“Wow!”

Barachiel:

“Listen carefully, Sameach:

Buildings have no value other than the souls within them. Atmospheres are created by people, not building materials. You need to set strict rules in this place and strictly limit access according to the atmosphere that the Holy Spirit instructs you to set. Every home should be like that. The very ‘house,’ not just the household, should serve the Lord!

These building materials are made from the same atomic substructures that you are. They desire to worship with you, but can only worship if and when you do. If man does not steward the authority to worship, the rocks and these very building components will be given their own voices. These components watch you like eager children, hoping and wishing that you will set an atmosphere of worship so that they may join their song to yours.

The oil flows from them, Sameach. They are what God uses to store His goodness. Every tree, brick, drop of water, and molecule of oxygen are filled to the brim with His glory! If you worship, THEY worship! This place of worship is your new home because you are going to take something that was once destined to be a pigsty and turn it into a limitless fountain of the oil of gladness.

Your assignment is to set a precedent that becomes a movement. Once construction is completed here, you must strictly limit access to this place to those who honor the atmosphere that you will labor to create. Be creative, Sameach. Create a place of honor, worship, and creative excellence. When you pass your one-hundredth hour of worship in this place, which should not take you longer than a month, the Father has authorized me to place a seraph at each door.

You must become as I am, Sameach: a guardian of blessing and glory. All who honor your assignment and protect and sow into the anointing of blessing and glory that you produce here, will reap it in their own homes. The prophet's reward that you release is a strong connection to the Spirit of Might and the oil of gladness. Those who take your assignment seriously will reap a harvest for your labors without paying the price that you have paid.

Continue to lead those who listen to you to the words of Jesus, Sameach. Continue to remind them of their righteousness and worthiness. But protect this atmosphere like a lion.”

I wake up.

BARACHIEL ON WORDS OF WORSHIP

Monday, April 12, 2021

I am inside the former pigsty that has been converted into a place of worship, and where I now live and pray. The inside of the building looks like a Bedouin tent big enough to fit a hundred people. The way it looks has the feeling of cozy intimacy. It feels like a modern version of a worship environment that the Israelites may have set up in the desert.

The guardian of blessing and glory, Barachiel, is kneeling, with his head bowed low, in front of a banner that has the word 'Jesus' written on it. Although he is on one knee, he is almost seven meters high, filling the center of the prayer pad.

His chin rests on the pommel of a long sword that has its point on the floor below. I see the words 'it is written' inscribed on the long blade, and I am so impacted by the powerful metaphor that I immediately decide to get a representation for this new home.

Me:

"That is awesome!"

Barachiel:

"They shouted 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' Sameach. What people say about each other is how they use their swords. Either they defend each other or attack each other, but all words are weapons for darkness or light. If you are to protect the glory and blessing of this place, you must create a narrative that produces a mental picture in the minds of people so that the swords of their lips are used to build the faith of all who come to experience the glory that you are cultivating.

Words are warfare, Sameach. To declare what is written is to parry and lunge. It is especially important to pray and speak what is written so that you may allow the Spirit of the Lord to raise a standard against the flood of the enemy. Let all who read what you record take note:

If you desire to see change in someone, rename them. If you desire to see change in your house, rename it. This place was once called a pigsty, yet it is now called a tabernacle of worship. If you speak to people as if they are fools and say hurtful things to them, you use the sword of your word to pierce their very souls.

The purpose of all worship is to learn the language of Heaven, which is love. Your highest priority in this place is to produce heavenly strongholds of love in the hearts and minds of all who will listen to you so that their swords may write heavenly edicts upon those to whom they speak. Take note of what I do now, Sameach.”

Barachiel stands, which seems impossible since his head was almost touching the roof when he was on bended knee, but somehow, his size has effortlessly adjusted to allow him to stand tall and sweep his massive sword in a series of perfectly choreographed arcs. The grace and power of his movements are riveting to watch. And I suddenly remember that this is an archangel who has successfully protected the Holy of Holies for thousands of years, probably millions, or even longer.

Every motion is accompanied by a soft whisper from Barachiel’s lips, and thin streaks of light form shapes in front of us. I now note that the sword has a soft glow to it, and the tip writes in the air like a massive pen. The word ‘favor’ hangs in the air for a few moments and then blasts forward with a loud crack of thunder, lighting up the building as it is stamped on the back of the wall.

Barachiel:

“This is what it looks like whenever people speak, Sameach. They inscribe judgments and edicts upon themselves and upon others. They inscribe declarations and testimonies on their belongings. The tone of voice, words used, context of communication, and effect on the person, or thing, that you speak to, will release whatever you say over them in your own life. For those who show mercy, mercy will be shown. But to the ruthless, hell’s gates are opened wide.

The greatest act of worship is to control your tongue. The greatest weapon of your warfare is a disciplined spirit that works hard to consider the emotions and well-being of others. Those who justify hurtful words and actions are agents of malevolence, Sameach. When they come into this place, you must lead them to repentance, for they are blind and wretched and can only be helped with loving rebuke.

The atmosphere of any place of worship is set by the words and body language of those who revere it. If you desire to see miracles in this place, let the first miracle be a healed vocabulary. All words are worship. Your vocabulary will either worship light or it will worship darkness. It will worship truth, or it will worship self-righteousness. Your vocabulary is your sword for Satan or for Jesus. It will speak for Heaven or for hell.

If you desire to see an outpouring of the oil of liberation and gladness in this place, guard the glory of it by swiftly rebuking demonic edicts that flow from the lips and body language of the selfish and the spiritually blind. It is thus with every household, Sameach. What you say to each other, and how you say it matters, for you are all one body and; thus, are speaking to Jesus Himself. You set the atmosphere with the tone of your spirit. Never forget that. Stand strong, Sameach. Help is coming.”

I wake up.

Year 2021

BARACHIEL AND THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT ON COMFORT AND SACRIFICE

Tuesday, April 13, 2021

Somewhere around 03:40, after a very long and cold three hours of prayer, I decided to continue praying during the day and climb into bed to try and warm up. I fall asleep for about twenty minutes and experience this dream.

Dream begins:

I am cold. I immediately know where I am. I know because this is the coldest I have ever been in my entire life. It is June 1998, and I am stuck on the side of the road near a town called Vredevort. I am driving a little Volkswagen bus that was borrowed from a missionary's widow. It has rusty holes in the floor. I am travelling to drop off a rented sound system in Johannesburg that I do not have a single cent to pay for.

Churches that committed to pay offerings for free outreaches to the youth have been unable to even cover the fuel costs. Two major churches have even stolen the money that was supposed to pay for this sound system.

The little bus has shuddered to a halt because I have no money for fuel. It is so cold. The dead of winter at midnight in this region is no joke. I feel like God has abandoned me. I am getting married in a few days, and I have nothing but a life of lack and sorrow to offer the woman who was crazy enough to say yes. I dig through my suitcase to find something warm. No jacket, just a hoodie and some t-shirts.

I put them on in layers, but the cold seeps into my bones. The windshield is covered in ice; condensation begins to form on the metal roof above me. I decide to go for a walk and try to find a farmhouse. The walk is long and cold, but I find a long, dusty driveway and finally come to a house with a small fence around it.

A dog comes running out and barks at me, so I stand where the owners can clearly see me in the dim light that comes from the front 'stoep' (porch). It is about 01:00 in the morning, in the middle of winter, and I feel like a beggar with all these t-shirts and shorts under my hoodie and baggy denims. I try to look as unthreatening as possible when an old man comes out of his front door with a bright torch.

I call out softly from the gate: ‘jammer om te pla oom, my kar het net so entjie weg gaan staan.’ (Sorry to bother you, uncle, my car has broken down close by). The old man doesn’t skip a beat. He lowers the torch, rebukes the dog, and hurries me inside a humble farmhouse, where his wife has already put the kettle on a gas stove and thrown some logs on a dying fire in their fireplace.

They fuss over me, and the old man takes over coffee duty while the old lady rushes to run me a hot bath. I am so overcome with a mixture of futile grief and desperate gratitude that I start to sob so violently that I have to put down my coffee lest I spill it.

I am 23 years old. I feel like I am 50. I have been in full-time ministry since I was 16 and have already been used and rejected by three churches, bankrupted and swindled by many more, persecuted by believers, and through it all, ministered directly to more than a million children in school, after school, sometimes three schools a day, with a broken sound system; often no fuel to get there, and consistent shock at the indifference of the majority of churches towards evangelical youth ministry.

And here I am, broken down without fuel (and it turns out a broken fuel pump from the rust at the bottom of the fuel tank). The kindness of these strangers is a contrast that breaks me. I have led tens of thousands to Christ, built massive youth groups, prayed an hour a day every day for years, served giants in the faith, and I am only 23 years old. I feel like I am 50 years old and have been a failure my entire life.

The old man is holding me as I sob. He speaks to me in Afrikaans, assuring me that things will get better, then sends me to take a warm bath while he wakes up a neighbor to go and tow the little Volkswagen bus to his yard at almost two in the morning, in the dead of winter, where the dog can watch the widow’s little bus, with the rented sound system and a suitcase that contains everything I own in the entire world.

It is midday. I sit outside the workshop where a mechanic works to fix the damaged fuel pump while I share my half-loaf of bread and ice-cream tun, full of delicious soup from the old lady, with a group of kids who had been scavenging the scrapyard next door for something to sell for food. I don’t tell them about Jesus. I just listen to them excitedly chatter about the small things that bring them joy and laugh at their antics. I wish I could do this every day.

God has abandoned me, and He has abandoned such as these. There is no God. If there is one, He is cruel. I am back in the thinly walled, corrugated ex-pigsty that we call our tabernacle of worship. I am 47 years old and have a beautiful family and genuine, generous friends all over the world who constantly make me feel like that old couple did: Loved. Our ministry feeds hundreds, often thousands of children almost daily. Soon, it will be tens of thousands daily.

The cold does not bother me. The icy wind blowing through the big hole on the side of the building does not bother me. I have been consumed, chewed, ripped, and shredded by the institutions representing Christ so many times, and restored by people who have nothing to offer, but love so many times that I have learned what true religion is. The willingness to help those who cannot repay you in any way.

I hug my warm thermal clothing to myself and think fondly of that old couple, the selfless widow, and every person, and ministry that has been kind to me over the years. Gratitude floods my soul and I weep softly. Fifteen years of depression had made me blind to the true body of Christ – the selfless, the compassionate, and the generous.

I don't want to wake the young men who have little rooms close by, so I go for a walk on the prayer path and immediately notice that there is very little difference in temperature between the inside of this building and the crisp cold outside. I laugh at the craziness of my covenant and finish three laps before reentering the Overcomers Tabernacle, where Barachiel watches me with the stern fondness of a mentor who knows your every weakness and is excited about your potential at the same time.

Barachiel:

“You have been instructed to stay in this place and make it holy so that you may constantly be reminded about the goodness of God, Sameach. People have already started to sow towards insulation and heating for this place. They are the true arks of the covenant. They are the true tabernacles. Your singing and gathering together as the body is good, but your giving and helping the helpless as a unified body is your true act of worship.

See how we cultivate an international family to set a precedent for borderless kindness? See how the foolishness of patriotism, nationalism, denominationalism, and cultural loyalty is exposed when people from every race, culture, tribe, and tongue work together across oceans to feed children in one geographical area?

Loyalty to culture brings a curse upon a people, but a loving heart sees only who it needs to help. There are no Jews or Samaritans in the Kingdom of God, Sameach, only sons and daughters of love and compassion. A hard heart will become an ambitious heart seeking only to enrich itself, always at the expense of others. But a humble heart will forsake the comfort that selfishness pursues and do what is needed to feed the shepherd's sheep.

God does not abandon the righteous. He rewards them richly with the greatest wealth of all: inner joy, true joy, joy unspeakable and full of glory. The oil of gladness is the true inheritance of the righteous, Sameach. It produces the power to attract physical riches and champions of the faith. It is a magnet and a lighthouse that draws those who are filled with the Spirit of Might!

A parent sacrifices comfort to raise a child who has been loved. And if that child grows up to be kind and considerate, the parent has cultivated a treasure that will only increase in worth. Ask any parent who has raised a generous and considerate child, and you will see that even the most corrupted mother or father is filled with pride at the goodness of their treasure.”

Suddenly, the Spirit of Might is before me with His shiny armor clanking, as he ruffles my hair and playfully punches my arm. I go crashing to the ground, and He laughs loudly before flopping down with a loud crash beside me. He looks at me with His standard mischievous grin and then speaks.

Might:

“You are so dense sometimes, Abdiel. Barachiel is talking about you. You are the son of whom the father is so proud. You remember the old couple and the widow as the heroes of your story and yourself as the victim, but you forget that you were in that position because of your big heart. Those kids were Jesus, Abdiel. You shared your only meal with a bunch of homeless kids who could do nothing, and you see a picture of a victim?”

You must record this exactly as I speak it, Abdiel:

Many who read what you record have seen themselves as failures in ministry because they measure their successes and failures against the facades and standards set by Pharisees, mammonites, and well-meaning teachers. They look at large gatherings and well-spoken oracles and think that those voices of wisdom and over-sized dog kennels are where true ministry takes place. But those are just equippers, Abdiel.

They are nothing but supply depots and fuel stations for the true work of the Gospel, which is to become physical, living, breathing manifestations of the goodness and kindness of God to people who have nothing to offer in return. Earth is the place of trying and testing. It is the place where you choose to be like Jesus or not.

He walked from place to place, avoiding excessive opulence and finding the poorest of the poor. He sent the Holy Spirit who filled the believers and did the exact same thing: eradicating lack as His first priority. I know this first-hand Abdiel, for I AM. I was there at Pentecost, and it was I who was poured out on all who were gathered there. It is I, who brings the dreams and visions that Joel prophesied.

Hear Me My children: If you have been kind to the poor, you have been kind to Me. Not a single moment of your sacrifice goes unnoticed. I see how you sacrifice for your children and for children who will never know your name. Even though many of you focus on the hardships that this place of choosing provides, I focus upon what you do for others in the midst of your pain.

I have sent you all here to become heavenly. And I reward you with joy that no money could ever buy. Righteousness brings peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, Abdiel. You cannot separate righteousness from selfless generosity. I came to die on the cross for you to teach you how to die on the cross for others. I came to bring you life in abundance, to teach you how to bring abundance to others. And I am proud of every single one of you who show kindness in any way.”

I suddenly realize who the Spirit of Might truly is and fall on my face in reverence.

Me:

“My God, my God!”

Spirit of Might:

“I am before the throne, and I am upon the throne, Abdiel. There is no need to worship me. For I am as you are: I am both of God and God. I am both master and servant. You live and breathe, because I have been breathed into you. And My breath was given so that you may have both dominion over the earth and serve it. Mankind was sent to serve the earth and everything in it, including each other, and to protect the earth and everything in it from every danger, including each other.

You are all both predator and prey to each other, and the true test that you write is to decide what you are willing to sacrifice to become heavenly. For if you are willing to be as I AM, you will be both before the throne and upon the throne. You will serve, and you will rule. If you are upon the throne without being before the throne, you will be corrupted, and you will view those before the throne as slaves of the throne.

If you are before the throne without being upon the throne, you will be victimized by those who are upon it without being before it. You must realize what has been bought for you, Abdiel: Sonship and inheritance. You have already been seated with Me in heavenly places. It has already happened. You sit with Christ as I sit with Christ. You are one as we are one.

But we sit and we serve. We are before the throne, and we are upon the throne. Do you grasp this truth, you who read what the courier records? Do you understand that you cannot rule without humility and compassion, and you cannot move in humility and compassion without ruling? Do not allow the perceived failures of your past to take your eyes off the true successes of your journey. Every time you help the helpless, you move as both servant and ruler, taking responsibility as rulers do, serving and sacrificing as fathers and mothers do. A parent is both servant and master to a child.

Listen well, you faithful:

To take care of someone who can repay you with interest is a good earthly investment, but it has no heavenly value. But to turn your eyes towards those who are harried and helpless is to be like God. And this is what we desire most of you: to be one as we are one. Rule then and know that when your hand has moved in kindness, it has been the hand of God that has moved.

When you said ‘there is no God,’ you were wrong because God was wearing your clothes and your shoes and shivering in the cold. He fed those children from your bread and your soup at the scrapyard. And chattered happily in them when He shared His love with them through you. He was in that old couple who sheltered you for the night. And He rejoiced in you when they selflessly shared the little that they had with you.

You are on earth to choose whether you will be rivers of heavenly compassion or not. To sit at the feet of Jesus is to become like Jesus. There is no higher goal. I am proud of you, Abdiel. I always have been. And I am proud of every person who reads what this courier records right now. I have seen your generosity and kindness to your own children and to the children of others in the times of your worst pain. And I have seen you push through brokenness to find me.

Know that you will always find Me in the poor dear child. I am always closer than you think. Waiting to connect with you through rivers of heavenly selflessness. Close your eyes and take a deep breath. For I am the very air that you breath, and you are never alone.”

I wake up.

Year 2021

BARACHIEL ON THE IMPORTANCE OF INTENTIONAL REVERENCE

Wednesday, April 14, 2021

My fourth night in the Overcomers Tabernacle of worship is even colder than the previous nights. I have set up a heater where I sleep, but the area where I walk and pray is big and open. Winter is starting to push autumn out of the way, and when she arrives, I think she aims to make her voice heard. I huddle my clothes about me and cover my face with my scarf, resolute and focused. I have kept this covenant for almost five years through hot and cold, sickness and health, fear and faith.

I have honored the seven-hour minimum requested of me regardless of comfort, often spending more than twelve hours in the presence of God. “Why?” You ask. “Surely God is a loving God who would understand. And why share what should be done in secret?”

There is a reason that Paul the apostle told the Corinthians that he prayed more than all of them. And there is a reason that Jesus allowed His disciples to see Him go into His places of prayer. People need to know that someone is praying for them. The very knowledge that someone is thinking of you increases your faith and lifts your spirit. My covenant is important to me because it is important to God.

The hours of prayer are healthy for me, and they are healthy for those who love me. God sends us to each other, for each other. He creates characters who exist simply to give others hope in the reality of His existence. Thus, I am happy to testify at any opportunity that I am here in a wonderful covenant to stay on one piece of land, not leaving for any reason for 17 years. Also praying for you, listening to the words of Jesus to set a precedent that starts a movement, and worshipping with all my heart.

It is simply who I am. It is easy for me, pleasant for me, and makes me feel like I have finally found something that I can be disciplined at. I finally feel useful, like a strangely shaped wall plug that has found its socket. Most of all, I am happy and at peace. Forty years of being whipped with the barbed lashes of foolish ambition, chasing false fathers for acceptance, and stumbling from failed project to failed project will make you grateful for joy and peace on a level that has no ceiling. Simply put, this covenant has given me the food that can satisfy my soul, and I can drink and eat as much as I like!

Dream begins:

I float in the lifting. The euphoric ecstasy of the oil of gladness is limitless. I breathe and drink and soak. I cry and laugh with relief. Sorrow's long night is over; joy has come in the morning. Every promise was true. Hope fulfilled is truly a tree of life. Waves of physical pleasantry move through both my spiritual and physical bodies.

Thoughts of every person who has ever blessed me personally or supported our ministry in any way swirl around me in cheerful, oily colors. I will them all to multiply, and they do. I visualize every person being blessed in ways that would matter most to them, calling upon the thirty-fold, sixty-fold, and one-hundred-fold precedent.

I stream the joy that fills me into the lives of those who have loved me, and the euphoria intensifies. I think of those who have taken the mantle of enemy to me and stream revelation and understanding to them. The gratitude intensifies, and the euphoria intensifies. My spiritual self feels like it is coming apart, becoming one with the oil that surrounds me.

And I am suddenly aware of every blade of grass and molecule of rock that is grateful with me. We sing without vocal cords. A song that resonates and harmonizes at frequencies that intensify the euphoria of the lifting exponentially. It feels like I am there forever. I leave the lifting at the right time when I am completely satisfied and notice that I am next to Barachiel in our converted pigsty. His eyes watch the door with the intense focus of a warrior expecting a fight.

Barachiel:

“A metaphor comes, Abdiel. A lesson to show you why it is important to be a guardian of blessing and glory. An untrained servant will be allowed to enter this place. Watch the oil.”

The door opens, and a human spirit enters. Oil that could raise the dead and replace a limb flows thickly around him, but he does not drink. He does not lie down and let the presence of the Holy Spirit wash over him. I do not know what he is doing, but a different kind of oil flows from him and begins to taint the oil in the room. I want to cry out, but Barachiel motions to me to watch.

The atmosphere gets thinner as the oil of gladness begins to dissipate until there is nothing but a lifeless building. The spirit leaves, and I wait for Barachiel to speak.

Barachiel:

“The lack of knowledge is a destructive pathogen, Abdiel. Lack of perspective and strategic intentionality are silent killers. The humble drink from fountains of wisdom and become intentionally reverent of places and people who bear the oils of Heaven. Some bearers are placed on this earth as beautiful emerald jars, others as cracked clay jars. They carry the oils of the Holy of Holies, and to see them and revere their purpose is to experience the reality of God.

There is no peace outside of His presence, and all are called to carry His peace. Thus, all are called to carry the oil of His presence. This place that you and I are preparing is a cracked jar of clay as you are. But it carries the same oil as an emerald jar would. Your heart is that none would feel rejected, but if people who are not intentional in honoring the oil of gladness to enter this place, you rob hundreds and thousands who have pined and cried out for a physical touch from God.

When your hundredth hour of worship in this place comes, you must guard the atmosphere with fierce intentionality. Guard and cultivate the atmosphere with the knowledge that people who have struggled with crippling strongholds their entire lives will walk in here and be set free. There are some things that require a very specific concentrated portion of oil to break, Abdiel. People suffer if you do not obey.

If mankind knew the true power of the oil of gladness, every room in every house would be a place of intense worship. But they are harried and helpless, cornered by agents of the oppressive darkness, harried by lies like gnats on a horse. They need your focus to strengthen theirs. This oil will flow over the airwaves into homes and hearts, Abdiel.

You must cultivate it and guard it and set watchmen and helpers around it. This place must be known as a place of discipline and humility. Every person who comes must be trained and served so that they are ready before they enter. Make it plain and simple to understand. Set signs around the Overcomers Tabernacle of worship. Remind people that a man prays daily for their relief and freedom. Remind them that this is your room, a place that they may enter to drink from rivers that bring freedom and peace.

The rivers flow everywhere. They could drink of the oil of gladness wherever they are. But the power of the air whips and harries them, Abdiel. Places like this are especially important in a world as dark as this one. Do not despise those who might come in and disrupt the atmosphere. They do not know better. Simply create an atmosphere of awareness around this place of worship so that they enter with expectation and intentional reverence.”

I wake up.

THE WISDOM WITHIN THE LIFTING

Friday, April 16, 2021

I am in the lifting. The increasing warmth and certainty of the reality of a living God intensifies the effect of the oil of gladness on my perception of reality. Contentment swirls around me and through me. Nothing is more important to me than this moment right now. There is only now. I desire only now.

My imagination seems to be some kind of conduit here. The lifting responds instantaneously to the floating vaporous imaginings that surround me, and I see every thought become a perfect work of art before dissolving into the oil that surrounds me. The ever-present Holy Spirit, Wise Counselor, Spirit of Christ, and Promise of God have become a tangible reality in this place of euphoric ecstasy.

Limitless wisdom infused in breathable oil. This is Ruach. This is the very breath of God. I take a deep breath of this oil, and my lungs drink deeply of the glorious taste.

Somehow, I find myself inside the body of a financially successful minister, who is wearing a smart white shirt (made out of expensive material), perfectly fitted suit pants, and shining shoes. White tiles are beneath my feet, and there is large window overlooking the lights of a city shrouded by the night sky. This is not me.

I speak out loud:

“Be grateful!”

The body is shocked and confused. I leave the surprised minister with those words, and I am back in the old pigsty. I smile. Soon, the pigsty will be a conduit of Heaven. The significance is not lost on me. That which was unclean is becoming a conduit for cleaning. God has a wonderful sense of humor.

[Note from Sameach: Ruach and the lifting are everywhere simultaneously. When we ‘lift,’ we are capable of going anywhere where Ruach is. In the lifting, you move at the speed of thought in a parallel or overlapping spiritual dimension. Kind of like a hyper speed highway made out of pure oil.]

Barachiel speaks from within the oil:

“This is one of the ways that angels deliver messages, Abdiel. Few hear and obey. If the one whom you visited obeys those two words, his dry season will be flooded with oil. Man is lost in the past and future. Neither exists. There is only now. The oil of gladness is released in the present. It is activated by intentional gratitude and intentional reverence.

The lack of gratitude for what God has done is the assumption that you have done it all yourself. Most men work hard and achieve very little. Some are luckier. Time and chance are masters to all. But the steps of the righteous are perfectly ordered. To trust God now, love God now, Worship God now... This is wisdom.

A man's thoughts either betray him or promote him. Every moment contains the possibility of the physical manifestation of your imagination. Reality is shaped and formed by perception. Concentrated focus increases the chances of that manifestation. To focus upon what you fear is to almost certainly manifest it.

You are conduits of power. Your imagination is the blueprint that determines what is made real. In the lifting, the humble are lifted to see what they will manifest before they manifest it. They can approve a picture and release it to become more than hope. The words of a man are his manacles, or his steps to great promotion. To speak a fear is to increase the probability of its reality. But to speak hope is to form multiple new realities that conspire under the command of the Father to adjust your 'now.'

The essence of heavenly atmosphere is heavenly truth. To worship in spirit and in truth, the mind must be disciplined in what it allows to have a voice. Demons are creatures of the realm of imagination. Any thought that contests your perfect trust in God, is a vain imagination. This must be cast down, lest it is empowered to become your 'now.'”

His words flow around me. Not his words, HIS words. Barachiel protects blessing and glory, but he is still a messenger.

The messages swirl around me in the lifting, and I drink them into my spirit:

God is talking from within the lifting:

“No man or woman simply thinks a thing. They empower every thought with agreement or cast it down with disgust and contempt. The war that light and darkness wage is for control over the imagination of mankind. Darkness desires destructive thoughts. Thoughts that lack hope, thoughts that lack mercy, and thoughts that lack consideration. An inconsiderate tongue will not experience the lifting. God only lifts the humble.

But a considerate spirit is already heavenly. The lifting calls to them. The thoughts that you have now are the only thoughts that matter. There is no past or future, Abdiel. There is only what you think now, say now, do now. To be grateful now, kind now, considerate now, teachable now... these make a humble spirit. But an ungrateful spirit visits the past and places hope in the future.

Curses flood the life of the ungrateful spirit. There is no lifting for such as these. But the one who repents now, forgives now, casts down demonic, vain imaginations now... this one opens the heavens.”

I drink the wisdom that swirls around me. The taste of it is pure and invigorating. If hope had a taste, this would be it.

God is talking from within the lifting:

“The lifting is the home of all heavenly wisdom, Abdiel. Worship is where instructions are received. Intimacy with God opens the heart and mind to instructions from God. The proud learn nothing from God. They break the spirits of the humble to manifest their greed. But the humble flow in wisdom, and riches seek them out. Angels appear to all and deliver the keys to their greatest desires.

But the prideful see nothing. Only the humble reap harvests from seed they have never sown. But the prideful must toil and labor so that their sweat may sustain the righteous. To love God, is to love His wisdom. To love His wisdom, is to know His love. A child who does not know the love of their father, will try to earn what is freely given. But a child who understands love will seek to return it in kind.”

I drink it all in.

The lifting dissipates.

Barachiel:

“Every answer to every problem is in the lifting, Abdiel. The humble have access to every rich store in Heaven. Wisdom will produce the strategies and new technologies that man needs to make the world heavenly. Bring as many as you can into the lifting. Teach them, Abdiel.”

I wake up.

SPIRIT OF MIGHT ON TORMENT

Saturday, April 17, 2021

I have been on my face for hours in the physical constantly between sleep and wakefulness, drifting between vision and dream. I have cried and laughed, ‘cry-laughed,’ and ‘laugh-cried’ (when you are crying and don’t want to laugh, but can’t help it). It feels like a cork has been pulled out of the bottle of my emotions, which I find incredibly uncomfortable, yet leaves me with serene relief. Exhausted but relieved.

The Spirit of Might clanks around my prayer area in His heavy armor, circling me as He speaks.

Spirit of Might (He almost skips with excitement as He speaks):

“Pain must be given purpose, Abdiel. Man was instructed to subdue everything in this realm and give it purpose. Pain is a creature, like any other creature. If you allow emotional pain to control you, you give yourself over to the tormenting spirit that wages war upon you. The joy of the Lord is your strength. And the absence of the joy of the Lord, is weakness. Not weakness in the derogatory sense, but weakness in the context of not being able to rise.”

He laughs and turns towards me with a heart-warming grin.

“In the presence of the Lord, there is freedom. TRUE freedom! The impartation of might produces the subjugation of emotional pain. I don’t suppress it or help you compartmentalize it, Abdiel. I help you WEAPONIZE it!”

His voice booms around the pigsty-tabernacle (Overcomers Tabernacle), and He spreads His arms with a grand (and jovial) flourish.

“To dwell on your emotional pain and allow it the authority to affect your physical energy is crazy. Mostly ignorance, but still crazy. It is like allowing a spider to bite you over and over instead of squashing it or casting it out of your house. Only ignorance of your true stature would cause you to allow something so small to have dominion over you. This is why the words of Jesus are so important.

You need a constant flow of heavenly information to rescue you from the lies and misrepresentations of the evil one. Emotional pain is the effect of the bite, which is natural, but to stay there under its authority is to rob yourself of heavenly power and hand your steps over to the tormenting spirit! Enter the lifting. Enter the presence of the Lord.

Enter the places where you revere the oil of gladness, and let the poison from those bites be siphoned out. Humble yourself in the sight of the Lord, and I promise you that you will be lifted, Abdiel. Be ever mindful that your steps must be ordered by the Father. There is a plan for all of you, and it is continually adjusted whenever your steps take orders from your emotional pain.

If you desire accelerated seasons and supernatural favor from God and man, you must allow Me, the Spirit of Might, to be your constant companion. Instruct all who read what you record to call out to me, Abiel. I will take up residence in their lives, and give them the strength to endure. The Spirit of Wisdom will come with me, and then others will follow. Only believe in the power of the Holy Spirit, the Wise Counselor, to lift you.

Look to your emotional pain and know that if you do not seek My help, the tormenting spirit will become your god and drive you to create more slaves. Your very breath will be that creature's breath, for you belong to it and are controlled by it. Let Me come and fix what is broken within the depths of you. Let Me come and help you find the strength to seek out counselors, wise men, teachers, and prophets who can help you restore the ownership of your steps to the Father.

Those who walk with Me, breathe Me. When I am upon the voice of the mighty, MIGHT flows from them. It seeps from their pores like vapor and settles on everyone around them like oil. Humble yourselves before God. Surrender to Him. Wage war upon the spirits of torment and confusion, and bring in powerful allies so that victory is assured.

Do not give yourself over to malicious creatures. Be constantly aware that the servants of the false lion constantly stalk you like prey, so shine brightly and burn them with your obedience to God. Flare up like napalm ye servants of the Almighty! Burn with fierce resolve and uncontainable joy! Bow to God, not to torment ye mighty ambassadors!"

SHOUT! For God has given you the victory!

I wake up, or the vision ends, not sure in this case. Hahahaha.

FRIENDLY MAN ON HIS LOVE FOR US

Sunday, June 13, 2021

Uh... this is one of those dreams that I loath to share. It exposes parts of me that I would rather be kept secret. But if the Holy Spirit wants things in the light, I put them in the light. Love you all!

I drift in the oil of gladness. Every breath tastes of sweet peace that floods my physical body with tangible delight. I can literally 'feel' this experience in my flesh and bones. Barachiel and I have been worshipping for hours, gratitude flowing from my lips and heart like an open river. I am grateful for the people in my life, grateful to be of use to my King, but still not grateful to be alive. The lifting dissipates somewhat as I reach that thorn in my flesh. The desire to live.

Outside of my purpose as an intercessor, courier, and worshiper, I struggle to find joy in physical existence. There is too much suffering, and I am aware of it in every living moment. Barachiel senses my unease and speaks.

Barachiel:

“You must learn to live again, Sameach. There is much that is worth living for. You are loved and blessed, are you not?”

Me:

“Some part of me longs to hope for something other than servanthood, but I have suffered too much deferred hope, I think. These five years have been surreal in how God has taken care of us. And these past few months, I have seen miracle after miracle, and the goodness of God on display through those who take care of us so lovingly. I am grateful for all that He does, but I am constantly ready for the sudden shock of the rug being pulled from my feet once again.

Forty-two years of deferred hope, Barachiel. I have suffered persecution, and betrayal, lies, and false promises over and over again. All the while, serving on battlegrounds that require absolute selflessness. Is it possible that I had resigned myself to be God's torturous showpiece as Job was? To suffer humiliation upon humiliation and sadness upon sadness until the day that I die?

Here I am seeing first-hand how God opens His floodgates of love and generosity, but with each blessing, I am filled with dread at the prospect of being happy only to have some other celestial lesson shoved down my throat. I realize more and more that this covenant of prayer and isolation have become a comfort zone for me. A womb of sorts, where I have hidden myself from the wolves and retreated to the shadow of my master's wings."

The lifting increases, and I feel the familiar presence of the Friendly Man.

Friendly Man:

"Abdiel, let yourself hope again."

I burst into tears and struggle to control this broken spirit, as it is racked with familiar grief and fear.

Me:

"My Lord, what hope is there outside of you? What is mankind but vicious and selfish? So few are kind, Lord. So few are generous. I feel my facade of hope in the fruition of this vision is beginning to crumble. So many see through me, calling me fake and false. I am loathing to even share these dreams with anyone, lest they accuse me of manipulation and narcissism again.

Surely there is someone else who is braver than I, Lord? Surely someone who is confident in their successes? I have long felt unworthy, a pathetic vessel that lives from spark of hope to spark of hope, making up these conversations as if they were real, to be shared with folks who are so hungry for a word from your lips that they would believe lies from mine."

Friendly Man:

"Yet you hold to the covenant of your own 'lies,' and are believed by those who are living manifestations of My heart? This is real, Abdiel. And I chose you because you are faithful even in your brokenness."

I cannot control the weeping that flows from the depths of my being. Grief tears its way out of the locked and hidden compartments of my soul. My pain is raw. Decades of justifying my loss of hope cracks in an instant. The Friendly Man has broken the locks, and I am stripped naked before Him again.

Friendly Man:

“Many are whipped back from their service to My Kingdom by their assumption that I require them to be strong and whole. This is a lie, Abdiel. I love their brokenness. They think that they are unworthy of My love and undeserving of My blessing because they struggle with anxieties and heavy hearts. They wrestle with sin and failure as if those are their battles to fight. Have I not called you all to come to Me if you are weary? Do you think that I am cruel and will withhold My rest from you?

Hear me well, Abdiel, and let all who have ears hear what I say today:

I love you with an unquenchable love. I love you with an eternal passion that you will never comprehend. When you come to Me with your brokenness, you are bringing Me the only gift that I desire from you: your trust. And when you trust Me, I will teach you how to be a source of hope and peace for mankind.

Abdiel, I have put people in your life who do not care about your brokenness or your gifts. They see you as I see you, and they will bless you and love you as I desire to have you loved and blessed. They will protect you and stand up for you, and they will not betray you. I told you that your season of testing had passed, Abdiel. Every person in your life right now is a reward to you, and you to them. All that they require from you is My peace, so pour it out freely and hope again, Abdiel!

Those who criticize you, criticize everyone. It is not you they attack, it is everyone. They throw stones because they are broken and do not know how to lay their brokenness at My feet. To them, everyone is false and everyone is a liar. They are not at peace with themselves, Abdiel. And they are not at peace with me.

They are right that these dreams you share are about you and around you. And it would be the same for them if they had the faith to listen to dreams and servants that I send to them. These letters and dreams are nothing more than your testimony, Abdiel. Keep sharing your testimony, and those who know My voice will recognize Me in them.

Do not concern yourself with what others say and do. Concern yourself with love. Love as I have instructed you all to love. Rejoice in your assignment. Rejoice in the wonderful people whom Heaven sends into your life. Rejoice in Me, in My love for you, in the lives changed daily by this love. Live for love, live to love, be a living manifestation of My Father’s love.

My Kingdom is a kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. Pursue these things and you will find Me. I love you dearly, Abdiel. And I love all who read what you record. Continue to teach them to seek first My Kingdom, and every blessing that they have sacrificed will be theirs. My Father will always provide for His children; never doubt that!"

I wake up.

THE FRIENDLY MAN ON THE INVISIBLE WAR

Wednesday, July 07, 2021

The same spirit of infirmity comes to test my soul every year. It starts with an event that triggers momentarily anxiety, then the familiar physical response, like a physical affliction in my stomach or chest. A few days later, a post nasal drip begins. A wet cough, laryngitis, bronchitis, cannot speak without a fit of coughing, tight chest, and inevitable bronchial pneumonia, which takes months to get rid of.

This is the second time I have had this affliction in 5 years. The last time it was healed in three days. I think this victory will be similar. The previous time, before moving to the land, I had it for more than a year. Even with the discomfort of this affliction as my unwanted companion, I have stuck to my covenant praying through the night, laying my prayers upon the altar of this covenant, with a sick body but full heart. And for five nights, during the third hour of prayer, I have been taken up into the lifting to experience the same vision.

Vision begins:

Things that move fast appear to the human eye to have wings. There is a smudging of perception, when everything is 'at the speed of blur,' as my nephew calls it. And here above me and around me, things blur with what looks like blurry wings, and crash into each other with violent and precise speed that makes me tremble with a feeling of inconsequence.

Any one of these things with its mass, speed, size, precision, and relentless dexterity, could end this frail body with no resistance whatsoever. Even at my strongest and most well-trained, I could never stand a chance against any spiritual being in existence. The darker shapes move with desperate violence. Like victory for them is not anecdotal or a mere feather in their caps. Loss for them is death.

If the light progresses, darkness is shattered. There is no regrouping or growing once again from a spark. When man is enlightened, darkness dissipates, fades away, and ceases to exist. I realize that these blurs of darkness are aware of the collective danger to all of hell, but are driven by individual desperation to continue their vampiric existence off the blind souls of man. Every time the light advances in the battle around me, the cry from these dark beings is similar to a child throwing a last-ditched tantrum when denied its own way.

A familiar oily thing notices me and hurtles itself in my direction from far across the battlefield. I feel no fear. Nothing has the legal right to touch me here. I am submitted to my Master. This is His fight. The blurring shape stops dead three meters away from me and hurls the familiar darts with desperate, jumbled, lisping hatred. With a sneering face, this creature delivers malicious lines like a schoolyard bully firing for effect.

Depression:

“You were my wife for 40 years. Mine by right. I have pierced you, impregnated you, brutalized you, **RAPED YOU AT WILL!!** You are **MINE Ebed! YOUR WHOLE FAMILY IS MINE.**”

The tormenting spirit blurs around me for twenty minutes or more and notices me coughing and blowing my nose while I quietly observe the battle around me.

Depression:

“Ha! I put that in you! She is one of my children. **YOU WILL NEVER BE FREE OF ME EBED.**”

Me:

“You may call me Abdiel or Sameach. I am no longer Ebed. You may call me peacemaker or man of prayer, for I am no longer a slave to anxiety. You will soon be locked in your very own chains of darkness to await the judgment that will see you burned forever in the light of heavenly righteousness.

But for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. There will be no more depression in my family. I declare this in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, who is my Lord, my Master, my Captain, and my King. You may once have held me against my will and violated my body and soul with your wickedness, but I am blind no longer. Get thee behind me thou foul spirit of torment!”

I feel that familiar pulse of power as the edict bursts forth from me, and the creature flees to a different target, as my spirit begins to glow. Warmth floods my heart, as the Friendly Man appears bodily beside me, and we hug for a long moment before standing comfortably close to one another.

Friendly Man:

“So, you are going to teach Angelology and demonology for forty days, hey?”

Me:

“Yes, my Lord. I feel that it is time.”

Friendly Man:

“Your chronicler is the best we have seen in 800 years. She understands and believes you. She turns her back upon the spirits of torment that afflict those around her, just as you turn your back on those same spirits in your family. This is the true test of rank in my Kingdom, Abdiel: When everything around you causes you to doubt, will you still believe.”

I look to the sky. Messengers carrying information from heavenly places and messengers carrying messages from dark places fight hard to bring breakthrough or stop breakthrough. I suddenly see that the blurs of light above and around us are not looking for a fight, they are looking for a way through, obviously to deliver messages from Heaven.

Friendly man:

“Every answer will come in the form of strategy, wise counsel, or daily impartation. Every answer will come through man or angel. Angels are nothing but messengers. Therefore, a man who has learned to hear directly from Heaven is called an angel, too. There is no higher rank among believers than an elder - the one who has seen enough of life and has walked away from everything to become nothing but a messenger for his brethren.

Everything is about information, Abdiel. The receiving of it, the relaying of it, the dissemination of it, the qualifying of it, trusting it, and allowing it to enter you and produce offspring. The war you see around is not against flesh and blood. It cannot be fought with swords or angry hearts.

The enemy runs a defensive operation that seems offensive in its nature because of the violence it employs. But what you see here is a desperate rear guard disguised as an offensive. A fighting retreat. The forces of darkness are making the biggest noise that we have seen in 2,000 years: clanging their shields and forcing their servants to manifest loudly on every platform that gives them a voice.

Have you not seen the empty, meaningless propaganda that is spouted from the mouths of dead-eyed servants of hell? Desperation for power, Abdiel. Desperate in the knowledge of their impending decimation. You are blessed because, while the enemy has afflicted My champions, I have strengthened them and shifted them into strategic friendships and partnerships. I have put kings, priests, and generals together.

I have taken the strongest of the next generation of leaders out of schools and placed them where they may have the relationships that they need for the battle that is to come. Hear Me well, you who believe the words of this Courier:

These next ten years are the most important years of your times. Hold fast to your loyalty to My Kingdom. Seek first My Kingdom. Lock into your assignments, and do not abandon your prophets. You have not begun to see even remotely what is coming. The enemy manifests desperately, and your worldly news sources will run over with panic of the forces of darkness.

Seek first My Kingdom. Pursue obedience to Me. Find My prophets, wise men, and teachers, and cling to them for dear life so that you may receive all that they have to impart. The enemy comes to steal, kill, and destroy. He desires to drink from the well of your peace, because he has no well of his own.

Do not tolerate gossip or bullying. There is no justification for those things. Cast those spirits out, and if the vessel refuses to be cleansed, cast the vessel out so that they may be broken upon the rocks of their own stubbornness and come to repentance through pain. Sometimes, the body must suffer so that the soul might be saved. Love one another dearly and advance My Kingdom.

Wisdom is the weapon of your warfare. Worship will produce instruction. Focus on these things and your victories will be decisive and fun. The enemy cannot attack an obedient servant, Abdiel. Move forward with the confidence of the knowledge of God, and surround yourself with worship in Spirit and in Truth.

It is good that you teach those who wish to learn about what the word says and what you have seen. But do not allow vain imaginations to take grips in the minds of those who desire blood and vengeance. Vengeance is Mine. Eden is yours. Strive to advance My Kingdom, and I will present your enemies to My Father, who is swift to deliver His verdict and wise in measuring out judgment.

Peace upon you, Abdiel. Do not shy away from who you are.”

Vision ends.

Year 2021

ISHIM ON VISION PROGRESS

Thursday, September 16, 2021

I woke up at approximately 11:30 on the evening of September 15, 2021, from the following dream:

I am walking the prayer path anti-clockwise upon the land beneath Michael's calf. It is dark outside and feels so real and vivid that it is as if I am awake. In one hand, I carry a long piece of wood that I have nicknamed my 'Moses stick,' which I mostly use to clear cobwebs and fend off imaginary animal attacks while I walk the prayer path at night.

I have my headlamp shining from my forehead, where bugs happily congregate if I walk too slowly or stand still for too long. A friend has blessed me with a sheepskin jacket, which keeps me snug and warm as I walk the path at night. I feel content, grateful, and joyful as I walk the path, neither praying nor thinking deeply about anything. Simply walking with the Holy Spirit, content to just 'be.' I gradually become aware that a man 'in white linen,' known as the Ishim, is walking beside me, waiting for my spirit to become aware and my ears to go open.

Ishim:

"Continue walking, Courier, lest your face become full of bugs."

I laugh and continue walking.

Me:

"I welcome you, friend! Let us complete this lap together and then enter my place of prayer and raid the fridge together! My fast is ended, so I shall make us a nice cup of coffee, too!"

The messenger laughs, and I hear the Spirit of Might laugh somewhere close by. I can't stop myself from grinning. So, I grin like an idiot for a good few steps of our walk.

Ishim:

"This is a good plan, Sameach. Let us break bread together and drink coffee."

Me:

“Bread, I have none of, but I do have some delicious carrots, cauliflower, and samp!”

Ishim:

“Then let us break vegetables together!”

We laugh together at our silliness and complete the lap of the prayer path. Then we head into my prayer pad and snack on some cheesecake, instead. I had forgotten that I had cheesecake!

Ishim:

“We (Heaven) have seen your (plural) fast, Sameach. And your prayers have been heard. You pray earnestly for the land of Ishmael on your left to enter the service of the Kingdom so that the wall may be built and so that the prayer path may be completed.”

Me:

“And so that the school may be built, and additional housing for those whom Heaven sends.”

Ishim:

“Indeed! And the training and opportunities of stewards in business! Listen well, Sameach, so that you, and all who read what you record, may be encouraged and walk in understanding:

The first heavens above you (plural) are beset with the machinations of the prince of the power of the air. All that you have seen in these past two years has been the manifestation of the advance of the spirit of Islam and the god of greed whom you have seen face to face and is called Lucifuge or Mammon! The enemy assumes and fears the imminent return of the Lamb and works to stop the advance of the Gospel at all costs.

Where Mammon and Ishmael constantly wage war upon each other, they have made an alliance. Look to the east and the north, Sameach. See how Ishmael is sponsored by Mammon in broad daylight? Enemies have become allies because they both fear the imminent return of the Lamb!

You have heard from the very lips of the servants of the great liar that they constantly work to delay the advance of the victorious bride. They think and hope that to frustrate the advance of the Kingdom is to delay the return of the Lamb.

None but the Father knows the conditions and the time of the return of Jesus. All in Heaven and Earth watch the signs and work tirelessly to advance their respective agendas: to either advance or delay their perceived conditions for the return of the Lamb. But still, Sameach, only the Father knows.

The land on your left was assigned to be purchased by the protectors of Israel. But those who were instructed have gone deaf, driven by fear and captivated by news agencies, which are the mouthpieces of the power of the air. So, messengers of Heaven wage war to break through the power of the air and speak to others.

It took me three weeks to get to you, Sameach. This is truly a time of war. But God is not taken by surprise, and His servants have kept this vision (and many others) advancing at a strategically viable pace.”

He finishes his coffee with an approving nod and stands.

Ishim:

“Come, Sameach, let us go outside so that I may show you something.”

We head outside, and I look up at the night sky. He puts his hand over my eyes and shouts with a loud voice:

Ishim:

“SEE SAMEACH. OPEN YOUR EYES AND SEE!”

His hand serves as a lens to the spiritual realm, and I see a frothing, boiling, dark mass of clouds above us that extends over all of the earth. Beams of light flash like lightning in the midst of the clouds, and suddenly, I am transported up there to see that the darkness is the host of fallen angels who bend and twist truth at every turn, rushing to overwhelm truth whenever it shines too brightly.

Millions of voices shout truths and untruths about everything from vaccines and alternatives, to financial corruption, and moral ambiguity. There is so much noise that the truth about any subject is hard to trust. Truth itself has become shrouded in anti-truth, and even the elite regurgitating lies as though they were fact from every side of every argument.

The Ishim removes his hand and waits for me to speak.

Me:

“Absolute chaos.”

Ishim:

“This is a season where the wise must cling to the simplicity of the Gospel, Sameach. Fools and the spiritually blind take ideological stances and proclaim them as truth. There are seasons for such things, but this is not one of those seasons. This is a season of controversy and vain imaginations. Those who walk in the wisdom of Heaven must avoid vain arguments and hold their tongues. They must wait, watch, and pray!

Even archangels will not wage war in this season. For seasons of informational chaos like this are designed to waste the time of the mighty upon vain arguments. This is a time for physical good works, fervent prayer, and creative worship. This is a time for the preaching of the Gospel of Love and the declaration of the year of the Lord’s favor!

Now rejoice, Sameach. For the son of compassion has been sent to the land in this time so that the anointing of the Spirit of Might may increase upon the land beneath Michael’s calf. The son and daughter of order prepared the atmosphere, and many more champions will come. Now listen well concerning the Ishmael land on your left:

The principality there is instructed by both Mammon and Islam, which is the spirit of the Antichrist, to hold fast, knowing very well that when that land falls into your hands, the entire vision will accelerate exponentially. To take that land will be costly and an act of great sacrifice. Those who were instructed to buy the land for you were disobedient and have now lost everything and will never rise again. For they took what was given to them for this purpose and invested it into other things, hoping to give you more than they were told to.

Though they were disobedient, the Father knows their hearts and will still reward them for their good intentions. But their foolishness produced delay, which you must work to remedy, Sameach. Do not hold this against them. Their hearts were pure in their foolishness, and they were led astray by a very skilled agent of misinformation.

Work then in prayer, and focus your (plural) faith to buy that land as an international community. Trust for miracles for an outright cash purchase, but chain yourself in debt to buy that land if the window opens. Every minute that you are able to walk that land will be a minute less that the enemy is able to delay the greater vision!

The war in the heavenlies will rage for another five years, Sameach. Do what you can and what you must to advance the vision in faith, even if it means carrying a cross together that threatens to break your backs. When you take that land, a chain reaction will reverberate around the world. Hundreds of millions of lives will be affected.

Continue to develop this microcosm of the greater vision, which will be easy because God is never caught by surprise. But wage war in the spirit AND in the physical to take the Ishmael land. Let all who read what you record turn their eyes, prayer, and faith to see that land for the strategic mountain that it is. Do not concern yourself with the serpent to the right of you. It can do nothing but hiss and sputter.

Answer evil with good and continue to show the fruit of the spirit. But set your eyes, prayers, and faith to take the land of Ishmael so that this vision may advance. Make the vision plain anew, Sameach. Make it plain and creative so that both the righteous and the unrighteous may be inspired to generosity. When you take that land, believers will begin to look to the true vision land above you. But first, take that land!"

I wake up.

For those who pray:

In USD - The land will cost \$777 thousand dollars.

Year 2021

THE SIXTH YEAR HAS COME!

Saturday, September 25, 2021

Today is the beginning of my sixth year of covenant upon the land beneath Michael's calf. I have held fast in prayer as I was instructed, and I have not left this land once. Not even to cross the road to the little farm shop across the road to get a Coke.

I awoke at 12:15 (midnight) to begin my customary prayer cycle and headed to the center of my prayer mat (picture attached). With the words of Jesus playing in my earbuds, I sank to my knees to begin my faith meditation, and I was immediately taken up in a vision.

Vision begins:

I close my eyes in one realm and open them in another. In one realm, I am in a large shack. The shack has a leaky roof in the rainy season, and is so cold in winter that ice forms upon my beard when I pray. In the summer, it is so hot that I am often too nauseous to go live with our wisdom sessions. This realm is my current reality.

I close my eyes in this reality and open them in a different one. In the new one, I am in the same space, but it is slightly larger and very futuristic. The walls are screens that flow with the colors that I have so often seen in the spirit. The stage is no longer my bedroom. It is a modern technological marvel with a massive digital screen as a backdrop and more large screens on the roof and sides.

Professional musical instruments litter the stage, and I immediately know that this is a place of intense creative worship. Barachiel towers above me, his head mere centimeters below the roof, some seven meters above us. Builder and Gatherer stand to my left and right. Barachiel is behind me with his arms stretching over me in the shape of a 'U' as if they were wings protecting me from something above.

Gatherer speaks from my left.

Gatherer:

“The year of judicial favor is here, Sameach. Your sixth day has come. This is your final year of marching around Jericho and the end of your first year of vision covenant, but not yet the end of the first year of the greater vision. When the first-year assignments are complete, the first year of the greater vision will be complete. Many who read what you record often grow frustrated with their lives and ministries because they do not understand heavenly timing. Let them listen well:

Every servant is subject to the timing of their personal covenant, their heavenly covenant, and their Kingdom assignment. Each assignment carries with it a separate judgment. Moses was taken up in glory, not in death, because he fulfilled his personal covenant. If he had not had the responsibility of leading Israel, he would have arrived at the promised land in 11 days.

But Israel, his Kingdom assignment, through disobedience, delayed the timing of that covenant to forty years. Yet, in the eyes of Heaven, Moses completed his assignment in 11 days. His heavenly covenant was fulfilled. His Kingdom covenant’s delay was not his doing.

Thus, every person who has served or blessed this vision according to their heavenly assignments is not held accountable for the disobedience of those who, through disobedience, have caused delay. But you are all held accountable for your personal covenant, which is your heart towards God and towards those who are disobedient.

For if you do not show grace, none will be shown to you. The disobedient are the test of your heart. They cause the false among you to manifest their true nature, and show who is wheat and who is chaff.”

Builder speaks from my right:

Builder:

“The timing of Heaven is always perfect, even when man produces delay. Where one generation is disobedient to Moses, the next is obedient to Joshua. In Heaven, Joshua was given seven days and completed his Kingdom assignment in seven days. Joshua and Moses both receive the same reward. Although Moses could not complete his Kingdom assignment in 11 days, he completed his Heavenly assignment in 11 days.

Listen well, Sameach:

You are neither Moses nor Joshua. You are simply a courier. You are nothing more than a messenger. The short season of your temporary leadership will soon come to an end, and you will take the true leaders of this vision into the lifting as your Kingdom assignment requires. Even the season of your temporary leadership is nothing but a message.

We have allowed you to show the miraculous provision that flows to the obedient, and the river will continue to flow so that the Courier's Heart stands as a testimony of the goodness of God to His servants. Many have been faithful in their deeds but not faithful in their hearts. They have questioned God at every step as if He must submit to them.

In so doing, they have opened indictments and court cases in the heavenly realms, freezing the progress of their personal, heavenly, and Kingdom assignments until verdicts are passed in their own hearts, for they have set themselves up as judges over God and over His servants. To love God is to trust Him. To trust Him is to obey Him.

Action is not enough, Sameach. The heart must be obedient, too, trusting absolutely that your steps are ordered and that Heaven's plans for you are good. To question the heart of God is to create an atmosphere of rebellion against love itself. Thus, many will be obedient in deed but not in heart, delaying their own assignments and blaming Heaven for it."

The Friendly Man appears before me, calmly sitting on the small stage that has His name written upon it.

Friendly Man:

"Do not think it strange, Abdiel, but many need to forgive the Father so that healing and peace may come. Though He has done nothing wrong, they have still leveled indictments against Him, and must close those indictments through forgiveness. Forgiveness is one of the stronger agents of reconciliation. Even if the accusation is false, the perception will produce the same pain that it would have if the accusation is true.

When you perceive an innocent person to be guilty of wrongdoing, you must both forgive them and repent to them so that they may forgive you and so that in your own heart peace may come."

The Friendly Man smiles His warm smile as the Spirit of Might appears beside Him, standing on ceremony in resplendent armor that appears to reflect the glory of the Friendly Man before us. The Spirit of Might grins at me and then walks over to me, smothering me in a noisy, clanking hug.

Spirit of Might:

“Five years down, Abdiel! How do you feel?”

Me:

“Great!”

I grin like an idiot, having nothing deep or wise to say.

Spirit of Might:

“You didn’t think it possible to be this happy, eh?”

Me:

“No, sir. I did not.”

I speak through my idiotic grin, trying not to giggle like a child who was told not to laugh at the table.

Me:

“God is good!”

Spirit of Might:

“His joy is your strength! You need to have more fun, Abdiel. This year, your assignment is to manifest your imagination in worship, creativity, and fun! The Courier’s Heart must be a place of ridiculous fun and laughter! The joy of the Lord is your strength! Play like a child!

The key to the fruition of this entire vision is the obedience of the women to the assignments that they have been given and the joy of the Courier. Without an atmosphere of joy around you, women will not heal, and they will not rise to power, Sameach.

If you do not take your assignment to create an atmosphere of fun, you will be surrounded by Jezebels and Herodias. We need you to create an atmosphere that creates and heals Esthers, Ruths, Naomis, Deborahs, Rachels, Hannahs, Miriams, Sarahs, Elizabeths, Maries, Priscillas, and every other powerful, wise, obedient woman to ever have existed.

The Kingdom assignment for this vision is to children. Without powerful mature women, you will not be able to raise mature young men. The assignment of men in this vision is to be fathers, to build places of fun, to provide, and lead. The assignment of women is to create an intentional atmosphere of servanthood and acceptance. Without servanthood and acceptance, men are useless, Sameach.”

The Spirit of Might laughs at this and continues.

Spirit of Might:

“The toughest man is still a child who needs to be looked after and praised. A woman who withholds physical and spiritual affection from her husband and children produces broken men who are often of no use to the Kingdom. Women are the carriers of heavenly atmosphere. If they are not intentional in manifesting that atmosphere, darkness comes and begins to suffocate everything around them.

You must work hard this year to have a lot of fun, Abdiel! Do great and wonderful things for the women of this vision, as all ministries and husbands should, so that their hearts are healed. Woo them as a vision, court them, call to them, love them, provide for them, celebrate them. When your seventh year on the land comes, regardless of which year it is in your heavenly assignment, if you have been successful in your sixth-year assignment, the women of this vision will birth an international awakening like you have never imagined.”

Barachiel suddenly thunders from above us like a million voices speaking as one perfectly harmonized choir. Suddenly, six wings appear: two cover his face, two cover his feet, and two cover the entire interior of the Overcomers Tabernacle.

Barachiel:

“LET EVERY WOMAN READ WHAT IS RECORDED HERE AND REJOICE. AS I AM A GUARDIAN OF BLESSING AND GLORY, SO YOU ARE THE GUARDIANS OF THE DESTINY OF MAN. HEED THIS MESSAGE SO THAT BROKEN MEN MAY RISE TO TAKE THEIR PLACE IN THIS WAR.”

The vision ends, and I am back in our converted pigsty, kneeling on my prayer mat with a grateful heart. The sixth year has come. The Kingdom is all!



Notes about the photo:

I set the photo timer on my phone and took up my customary prayer position to give you an idea of where I pray each night. I look a bit like Quasimodo there because of the huge jacket I am wearing, and my head is bowed, so I look headless. (lol) There is a curtain there behind the Jesus banner. My bed and studio are on the other side of that curtain. It may not look like much in the photo, but when you walk into this place in person you will love it. I can't wait to worship in this place with y'all!

FRIENDLY MAN AND GATHERER – THE FUTURE AND THE 12 SEATS

Monday, October 04, 2021

I stand beside two burning towers of angelic glory – three kilometers in the air above the land beneath Michael’s calf. The power of God hums and crackles about us like static energy, and I feel the pleasure of it ripple through my physical skin where my earthly body stands in the Overcomers Tabernacle that was once a pigsty. The archangels to my left and right look like massive burning swords with eyes that look in every direction.

And, now, the Friendly Man appears before us, with a gavel of judgment in His right hand, and a healing balm in His left. He is clothed in humble robes and has streaming glorious light coming from His mouth. All three of us, man and angels, drop to our knees and cry out with one voice:

“WORTHY, WORTHY, WORTHY. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!”

He lifts my chin with His gavel and smears the thick balm into my hair, my beard, and over my heart. Oil runs down every inch of my spiritual man, and my physical body shudders and weeps with the intense anointing, healing my innermost being and neural pathways at the same time. It feels like my physical brain is changing shape. I can feel movement within my physical skull as things shift and heal up there. When He speaks, warmth flows around us, and I am aware of this warmth upon my physical body far below.

Friendly Man:

“Hear me, Abdiel. Hear me, servants of the greatest awakening. Listen with all of your eternal hearts! Let those who have ears to hear, hear! Among you are prophets, wise men, and teachers. I have sent you out to establish My Kingdom, which is a kingdom of Righteousness, Peace, and JOY in the Holy Spirit. I have anointed you well for this task – every one of you!

The prophets will hear from Heaven and guide you with efficient strategies of war that do not require the shedding of blood. The wise will open the heavens and provide all that you need to accomplish your assignments. The teachers will bring you the knowledge that shifts dogs into sons and sons into kings. ABDIEL! Look forward and tell Me what you see.”

At His mention of my name, I feel my eyes light up with the same fire that is upon the burning swords to my left and right, and the future opens up before me. More possibilities and outcomes and the effects of each possibility than my untrained spirit can make sense of.

Me:

“I see much, my Lord. Where would you have me focus?”

He does not answer but touches the gavel to my forehead.

Me:

“I see the funerals of three powerful presidents in one year. I see the rise of new global currencies of financial power flowing around the world, like rivers that effortlessly force their way over new ground and around previously impossible obstacles. I see the unification of nations and states that change the map of the Earth.

I see an earthquake that releases a tidal wave and leaves poverty and destruction in its wake in a place where it has never happened before. I see three storms that reach every mainstream news outlet. I see a titan of churchianity found guilty in the worldly courts of law. I see global shifts of governmental power. Nations that were once friends become enemies, and enemies become friends.

I see an American president that none thought would win. I see the advance of China as a superpower, a new Babylon, faster than anyone thought possible. I see the sons of Ishmael flood Europe and begin to take political power so easily that it shocks the mainstream media. I see a previously incurable disease cured with a simple tablet.”

The Friendly Man:

“What do you see in your own nation, Abdiel? Focus!”

Me:

“Yes, Lord. I see thousands of churches close their doors and tens of thousands of new ones opened. I see government legislation that holds churches accountable for their spending. I see no change in national political power, but massive change on the ground. But the change I see is small and grows. It does not come like a tidal wave. It comes like many tributaries that become many rivers.

I see the rise of new political voices and the silencing of voices that were once feared and respected. I see young black entrepreneurs achieve power and success and use it to lift both black and white youth from poverty. It stands out on news headlines and reverberates around the world. I see powerful pastors exposed for corruption, theft, and bribery. Too many. It shakes the Churchian world. Two powerful pastors exposed for adultery.

I see multiple plots to assassinate the president, but none work because I see the hand of God hover above him. I see powerful financial and political relationships between the righteous and the unrighteous, like Daniel and Darius, that uproot principalities of poverty in our nation and cast them out.”

Friendly man:

“What do you see in your own city, Abdiel? Focus!”

Me:

“I see the kingmaker laid low and a new kingmaker rise to power. I see a difficult political coalition that destabilizes the principalities of political power enough to usher in a new righteous season of governance. I see the unification of churches and organizations to drive out the spirit of poverty in this region.

I see farms and factories built specifically to create jobs. I see the rise of festivals, concerts, art exhibitions, and things of joy and beauty. I see black and white skin shake hands where they once shook fists.”

The Friendly Man:

“What do you see in your own ministry, Abdiel? Focus!”

Me:

“I see my season of leadership end and twelve seats of power get filled. I see the multiple Koinonia and the rise of Ecclesia. I see the complete eradication of hunger, and the release of the Spirit of the Year of the Lord’s Favor. I see more financial resources flow through our hands in single months than the sum total of the years that preceded. I see tens of thousands of hectares of schools, farms, and factories.

I see a radio station launched and a film released. But still I do not see the land of Ishmael become ours. Why is this, Lord?”

The Friendly man:

“It is not yours to take, Abdiel. It is yours to pray for and sing over. When the correct seats are taken, when the three and Obed Edom become one voice, and your voice becomes a whisper, when you shift from Koinonia to Ecclesia, only then will the principality submit.”

Me:

“Was I not instructed to buy that land at all costs?”

The Friendly Man:

“The instruction was given through you, Abdiel. Not to you. What else do you see, Abdiel? Focus!”

Me:

“I see powerful competent allies move to this small town from all over the nation and the world. Many of them are already here. I see a precedent for ministry that becomes a movement. I see my name struck from the scroll of glory, lest it taint the movement. Many names appear upon the scroll, but mine is not there.”

The Friendly man:

“Yours is written on a different scroll, Abdiel. You are a courier. Hear from Heaven and bring strategy, but do not be tempted to put your name in lights. I was sent to die so that others may live. My glory came after, and so will yours. Be satisfied with your name written upon heavenly scrolls, Abdiel.

The precedent that you must set requires many names, not just one. Fools would elevate you and call you their spiritual father and their mighty prophet. But the wise would keep you safe from the dangers of personal glory. I have assigned many to look after you so that your needs are met and you are kept from the temptation to rise above your assignment. Your assignment is prayer and worship, Abdiel. Do not venture beyond your assignment, lest you become unable to bring forth strategy for kings and priests as your purpose requires.

The things that you have seen tonight will all come to pass in the next 12 months, and you will see with a lot more clarity and detail if you turn your back upon the temptation to rise to power as a leader. You already have the ears of powerful kings and priests, and many more will come for counsel. Do not squander this gift, Abdiel. You are a courier, nothing more.

Protect this gift. Do not cast your pearls before swine or sacrifice the plate upon your table to ungrateful dogs. When you open your mouth, let it be into the ears of those who have already weighed your calling and have judged your anointing as trustworthy. Steward your gift in prayer and worship, and refresh your soul with fun and laughter.

When you leave this earth, your name will already be forgotten by the generation that is to come, and only the priests and kings whom I show you will know you. Listen well, Abdiel, and listen well all who love him: If the greater vision is to come to fruition, the courier must not lead anything but prayer and worship. Love him as I have shown you, but do not encourage him to rise above his assignment.”

The Friendly Man grabs me in a fierce hug and whispers in my ear.

“Love Me enough to be invisible, Abdiel. Trust Me enough to be nobody.”

Me:

“I do, and I do, my Lord.”

I stay on my knees, and time passes. The cold air around me, three kilometers in the air, warmed up by the burning swords to my left and right. My hair grows long and gray. My beard rests upon my navel. My eyes see what must be seen with incredible clarity. Now Gatherer appears before me and the Spirit of Might behind me. The Spirit of Might hooks his mighty arms through my armpits, and I lean back into His embrace with complete trust.

Gatherer speaks with his usual brevity, his shining face burning with glorious intensity.

Gatherer:

“Listen well, Sameach. Though the things that we share with you are relevant to your assignment and the assignments of those in your (plural) shared vision, the principles are relevant to every priest and king who read what you record. Your seventh year upon the land will most likely achieve the objectives of the first year of the vision.

If our timing is right, the land of the greater vision will enter your hands at the exact moment that the final seats of the ruling twelve are taken. Obed Edom will make his choice, and the three will follow. When this happens, peace will flood the hearts of the seven.

The twelve have been taken through preparation, testing, and training to break the strongholds that limit their perception. Some for the sake of their wives. Some for the sake of their husbands. Every servant of God receives all that they require to achieve all that they are assigned to achieve. And many are ready almost immediately.

But marriage is oneness of assignment, and a rebellious wife or husband can bring forth the downfall of an entire kingdom and the assassination of prophets. Without prophets, you will all struggle to hear the voice of the Shepherd, for they are the instruments of the Holy Spirit who must constantly remind you of what Jesus said, teach you new things, and show you things to come.

Without them, you will struggle to keep focused upon the words of Jesus and eventually be led astray by prophets of mammon who masquerade as angels of light. If both husband and wife do not recognize the mantle of a courier, or if a husband allows his wife to wear the cloak of Herodias, every king and priest in that particular assignment becomes exposed to seduction and fights battles that could end their ministry.

When you (plural) feel sexual temptation via pornography or fantasies about women outside of your bedroom, it is usually because you have one or more Herodias in your midst. If a king falls for the dance of the daughter of Herodias, prophets get assassinated and prophets of mammon get promoted. It was the death of John the Baptist that gave the Pharisees the courage to crucify the Son of God. It was Herodias who led Herod astray with the bare flesh of her daughter.

Even if a husband or wife is ready for the seat of authority, we cannot allow them to take that seat in this vision unless their partner has been broken enough to submit to the will of God and love their enemies, especially if that perceived enemy is one of the 12. When it comes to the three and Obed Edom, it is more than just unity in recognition of this vision. They are grown to a place where the voices of even the seven have no influence over them, yet they must have the maturity to honor the seven without lording their authority over them.

Though the seven hold them accountable as Deacons do Elders, the seat of three acts as the pinnacle of mature reason, trustworthy and stable, consistent and steadfast. The seven will manifest the seven candlesticks of the vision, the practical legs of what must be physically done. They need the three to keep them secure, protected, and provided for.

To understand how the seats of authority work, you must understand that to make it on Earth as it is in Heaven, there must be representatives of Heaven on Earth who are physical manifestations of the courts of Heaven. The three would be physical manifestations of the Son, Father, and Holy Spirit. The seven would be physical manifestations of the Seven Spirits of God. The Courier would be as angels are: a messenger.

Obed Edom would be as a Kingdom-minded man, hungry for righteous community, peace, and joy. Nobody would grasp the true intent of the dreams with more clarity than Obed Edom. To him, the heart of the dreams is as the ark was for the Israelites.

Every assignment will have an ark of sorts, Sameach. You perish without clear vision, but even the clearest vision perishes without the right heart. The heart of the dreams is more important than the dreams themselves. Without the manifestation of their true intent, they are worthless, dangerous even!

A single leader, no matter how powerful or wise, would still be an agent of polarization with enemies in every direction, walking in disagreement with personality and mannerisms, and with decisions and policies. Often, good people who simply do not see a bigger picture or have their perceptions tainted by murmurs and whispers fall prey to the justified sins of Absalom and rip Godly kingdoms apart as the price for their hunger for justice.

But 12 seats of heavenly authority sit as 12 advocates for one assignment. They need not do or say anything outside of their heart's desires, and are followed and loved by captains of thousands and captains of tens of thousands, because their unity in purpose produces security in the hearts of the Lord's sheep, servants, and shepherds. These twelve seats are places of joy and fulfillment for those who sit in them.

The burden is easy; the yoke is light.”

My eyes open in the cold Overcomers Tabernacle that was once a pigsty.

Help is coming! Help is here! Peace upon you.

The Kingdom is all!