

The Dreams of Sameach

Year 2022

(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 notes:

‘Lekker’ means: ‘good; pleasant.’

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URIEL ON THE INTERNAL KINGDOM

Friday, January 07, 2022

Uriel and I stand upon the land beneath Michael's calf, watching the river in full flood. We speak of many things. This is what I am instructed to record:

Uriel:

"You have done well to follow what you see with your spiritual eyes, Sameach. Record what I say to you so that those who read what you record might increase their faith and, in so doing, their deeds. What is seen with natural eyes is not real. It is temporary. It changes quickly. It cannot be trusted as a reliable source for decision making. Do not submit yourself to temporary things.

The eyes of the flesh communicate the state of the world, but the eyes of the spirit communicate the state of your faith. Faith is the catalyst for the manifestation of the Kingdom of God. If the Kingdom is not made real within you, it will never be real around you. A man may stand in the Kingdom itself, surrounded by every blessing that the kingdom has to offer, yet still be blind to it and divorce himself from it, because the kingdom within him is not the Kingdom of God.

The kingdom that you serve is a Kingdom of Belief. If you believe that God is a vengeful God, the kingdom within you will be a vengeful kingdom. If you believe that God withholds blessings from His children, the kingdom within you will be a kingdom of poverty. The reality within you will always overpower the reality that surrounds you. To see with the eye of fear is to live in a kingdom of fear. You are at the mercy of your own perception, Sameach.

Listen well, Sameach:

You are also at the mercy of the spiritual ecosystem that you inhabit. If you yoke yourself to teachers who do not sacrifice their fleshly instincts upon the altar of compassion, your compassion will be replaced with complacency. Teachers who ignore the poor are the most dangerous of all. They create selfish kingdoms within the hearts of their students. A believer who lacks compassion for the poor has a completely compromised heart.

They must be taught from scratch, for a corrupt foundation will produce a crumbling building. Their internal kingdom is riddled with rot. As you were humbled and forced to forget all that you were taught, so must they. You cannot trust a word that flows from a compassionless heart, Sameach, for every word is touched with the influence of demonic strongholds.

The poor are the true test of the heart. Those who are unreasonable, foolish, ignorant, and lost in the fog of lack and need, are the greatest test of all. They cannot repay what you do for them. They rarely appreciate what you do for them. They are quick to turn on the hand that loves them and bite the hand that feeds them. They are there to test the heart of the believer.

They are the true measure of which kingdom has taken up residence within your heart. If you feel nothing for them, you feel nothing for the King of Kings. For He is them, and they are Him. To love them, your internal kingdom must be a kingdom of peace in the midst of storms. To lead them, your internal kingdom must have faith that walks on water. To forgive them, your internal kingdom must have endless grace and mercy.

To provide for them, your internal kingdom must have endless trust in the generosity of the Father. The poor test the limits of your internal belief systems, Sameach. They expose how much darkness and how much light dominates your soul. To honor the King with your lips is one thing, but to obey His instructions and seek first His Kingdom is another.

If His Kingdom is not your first priority, the poor will be the lowest on your list. You will eat the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and prioritize arguments over compassion. These arguments against the knowledge of God, which is the knowledge of perfect love, are the true enemy of the internal heavenly kingdom. They lead you away from a heart of gratitude and shift you to a place of constant turmoil. You become double-minded and unstable.

Perfect love casts out fear. An internal kingdom that lacks love will be riddled with fear. You can see the fruit of a loveless kingdom by how they fear knowledge that differs from the strongholds that governs them. A heart full of fear will reject revelation and give loyalty to the ideologies and philosophies of false teachers. They will cling to family, culture, denominations, and compromised teachers.

Lean forward you who read what is recorded, incline your ear, listen well:

Any teaching that does not produce compassion within you will not produce miracles around you. Any teaching that does not produce generosity within you will not produce abundance around you. Any teaching that does not produce love within you will produce fear within you. It is easy to spot a false teacher, Sameach. Their teachings cause you to fear the rejection of man more than you love the Knowledge of God.

False teachers inspire loyalty to denomination over loyalty to the Knowledge of God. The truth sets you free, Sameach. If you are not encouraged to seek God, you will never find Him. Even Solomon, the wisest of men, strayed from the Knowledge of God and lost his heart for the people of God. When the Knowledge of God is not a priority for you, His people will no longer be a priority for you.

When the knowledge of the flesh becomes your priority, desires of the flesh will overtake you, and you will call evil good and good evil. You will hear them condemn good works from their pulpits as if those who do good works are trying to buy their salvation. They do this because the kingdom within them is not the Kingdom of God. It is the kingdom of flesh. Pursue the Knowledge of God above loyalty to man.

The Knowledge of God will uproot every stronghold and produce genuine eternal compassion within you. It will produce a hunger within you to have the compassion of God flow through you. His heart will become yours, and yours will become His. Perfect love casts out all fear, Sameach. The love of God within you will produce perfect faith and perfect trust. The impossible will become possible.

This is the power of the kingdom of compassion within the heart of the believer. The limited mind is a powerless mind. It has no power because it has no compassion. A heart of compassion is a heart of power, Sameach. Learn this principle, and fear will flee from you.”

I wake up.

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THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT (ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE)

Wednesday, January 19, 2022

The river roars in full flood as it passes the land beneath Michael's Calf, and I throw up my hands with joy and gratitude.

Me:

"How mighty and wonderful is our provider. How kind and generous is our Father! When your servants listen, children are fed and clothed. When your servants listen, communities are saved, and chains of poverty are broken! Glory be to you, oh God. My heart bursts with gratitude for your generosity and for the labor and generosity of your servants! Thank you, Lord! Thank you, God! Thank you, Father! Thank you, Holy Spirit!"

A familiar voice shouts beside me, and I smile from ear to ear.

Spirit of Might:

"THE LORD IS GOOD, SAMEACH! SHOUT IT LOUDER FOR THE BROKEN HEARTS IN THE BACK!"

His voice rings like thunder and shakes the ground beneath my feet. I turn and grab Him in a fierce hug, and we rock each other roughly with laughter.

Spirit of Might:

"Record what I say now, Sameach. All who read what you record need to hear it. All is as it should be! The righteous are where we need them. The Father has ordered the steps of all within this spiritual ecosystem so that you may be ready when you are called.

Rejoice in the process. Rejoice in the journey. Continue to study and learn. Continue to grow. This race is for the long-distance runners. The champions are already among you, and your allies are already positioned across the world. The dreams are coming to pass, Sameach. Do not lose hope!"

I wake up.

Hallelujah!

Year 2022

BARACHIEL AND BREAKTHROUGH ON OBEDIENCE TO INSTRUCTION

Saturday, February 19, 2022

Our little shed upon the land beneath Michael's calf serves many purposes. While the vision grows closer towards every instruction we have been given, it serves as everything from eating, offices, meetings, and presentations. Its actual intended purpose: unified prayer and worship to enter the lifting. But for me, when I worship and dream, it is still called 'the tent of prayer.'

In my spirit, it is an auditorium that is big enough for 77 people to have their own walk around, dance, lie down, pray, and worship space. The roof and walls are draped like the inside of a Bedouin tent in the desert. Ultraviolet lighting brings things alive and softens the atmosphere. A thin haze of scented mist fills the room and creates small swirls on air currents produced by air conditioners.

The walls have colorful edicts on digital displays that swirl with vibrancy in sync with the digital display on stage. It is a place of intense creative worship. Whenever I pray or dream, the old shed disappears, and I am in that place with Barachiel, the guardian of blessing and glory.

Dream begins:

For hours, Barachiel, Gatherer, Uriel, Builder, and I have been singing nothing but 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' We could easily sing those words for a thousand years and never tire of them. Holiness in reference to God is perfection. In reference to believers, it is about being carried in the arms of perfection. When we worship, it is like snuggling up to your dad while he carries you to bed.

Most folks try to wriggle out of those loving arms because they either reject the humility required to be carried like a child or are so riddled with the condemnation that comes with guilt and shame that they feel unworthy of those loving arms. Many cannot fathom a free gift of this magnitude. We are so wired to earn or deserve things that we often cannot accept the very things that would bring us the most peace and joy.

After five years of immersing myself in the words of Jesus for three hours every day, my understanding of the father-heart of God has produced a level of boldness within me that I never thought possible. I boldly enter His throne

of grace, completely 'in-trust' with Him. And when I am there, I am so overcome with gratitude that all I can do is snuggle up to the source of this perfect love, this Holy Love. I am there now, warm and safe in the incredible atmosphere of acceptance that we have named 'the lifting,' and Barachiel speaks:

Barachiel:

"This must overflow, Sameach. Let all who read what you record listen well: When you pray in tongues, you strengthen yourself. When you worship the Lord, chains are broken, and strategies are released. An awareness of the goodness of God produces meaningful change within your thought life. Perception is everything. The way you perceive God will determine how you approach Him and receive from Him.

Believers who do not have an intimate relationship with God are very harsh with humanity. They justify their bloodlust with scripture, rebuking to bring condemnation because they correct from a position of frustration, not from a position of compassion. Worship is where you become aware of your own frailty, yet also where you become aware of your incredible power as sons of God.

A church of believers who pray and worship together will see incredible things, Sameach. Worship will help you win the internal warfare that wages between your flesh and your spirit.

Now listen well, Sameach:

You have asked why some see breakthrough and some do not. The question itself is the key to the answer. God is beholden to no man. His ways are far beyond the understanding of your most knowledgeable scientists or wisest prophets. His plans for you require absolute obedience, because your glorification will often come from your humiliation and persecution.

The throne upon which the Lamb sits came on the other side of an unjust and unfair crucifixion. The throne upon which Joseph sat came on the other side of slavery, false accusation, and false imprisonment. The obedient desire victory and trust the Father to bring that victory in due season. Everything has a purpose, Sameach. To pursue breakthrough without pursuing obedience is to delay breakthrough.

Obedience is always better than sacrifice. A wise man humbles himself and asks for the next instruction, but a child throws tantrums and tries to manipulate his own way before his father has deemed it timeous. Your relationship with God cannot be transactional. If you sow, you will reap. If you give, you will receive. But if you only sow for the purpose of reaping, and if you only give for the purpose of receiving, you will get nothing but the fruit of your own labors.

Even the best farmers and investors have off seasons, Sameach. Many of them are laid to ruin because of small changes in weather and markets. If you live for breakthroughs, you will be at the mercy of the seasons of this world. But if you live for obedience, craving the next instruction from the Holy Spirit in every circumstance, you will live a life of ordered steps.

This requires trust. This requires that you do not lean on your own understanding when you receive an instruction. The wise man enters the lifting often enough to not only find peace in the midst of the storm, but enough to find comfort in the instructions that he receives there. In the lifting, you will find yourself standing on water, Sameach. Nothing about the instruction will make logical or scientific sense. Nothing about the result will make scientific or logical sense.

If you move from instruction to instruction, you will live a life of such breakthrough that revivals will break out just because of what people say about you. The one who walks in obedience to God will always experience the seemingly impossible, yet inevitable, blessing and glory that results from perfectly ordered steps.

Trust Him enough to know that your circumstance is never your final destination. Obedience always results in glorification, Sameach. Have you not seen how God can take a man from a prison to a palace in mere minutes? How, then, do His servants not trust Him completely to order their steps? I am the guardian of glory and blessing, Sameach. I am thus because my assignment is obedience, and I am assigned to the Courier because his assignment is the same.

The wise pursue instruction, not breakthrough, because they trust God more than they trust their own judgment of what is best for them.”

Suddenly the atmosphere shifts, and the angel I call ‘Breakthrough’ stands beside me, towering head and shoulders above me. He raises his arms skyward and speaks without a preamble.

Breakthrough:

“The wise honor wisdom with sacrifice, Sameach. They prioritize instruction above all. They honor prophets, wise men, and teachers with double honor. They listen for the voice of God upon the smallest breeze and upon the loudest earthquake. They listen for the voice of the Shepherd on both the lips of the fool and the lips of the wise. Nothing is more important to them than the next instruction from Heaven, and they are wise enough to seek it out upon the lips of both child and elder.

Obedience to the Father will always bring forth breakthrough, Sameach. And those who honor the prophets, wise men, and teachers whom Jesus sends will learn to recognize His voice upon their lips. Honor the sources of wisdom directly, Sameach. Bless the carriers of instruction, as you would love to be blessed. To bless someone directly is to let them feel loved directly.

If you desire that an intercessor should make you their highest priority, have the wisdom to bless them with whatever gifts you have. The humble who feel blessed will always respond with hearts of gratitude, and their gratitude will turn into faith on your behalf. But give nothing to the entitled spirit, lest the lack of gratitude discourage you from honoring the humble.

Honor wisdom with sacrifice. Honor wisdom with obedience. Honor wisdom with humility. Live from instruction to instruction, Sameach. God promotes the humble because the humble do what He says. It is your obedience to instruction that produces the miracles. Always remember this.”

I wake up.

BARACHIEL AND MIGHT, 21 DAYS OF WORSHIP AND WISDOM

Sunday, February 27, 2022

It is the early morning hours. I am slightly feverish. My body is fighting against a terrible sinus allergy, which produces a constant chesty cough. As I wrestle with my covenant to pray, waves of exhaustion hit me repeatedly. In my discomfort, I call out to the Father.

Me:

“Father, I pray that you would lift this spirit of infirmity from me. If it is your will, my Lord, rebuke the devourer for my sake so that I may continue in my covenant of prayer unabated.”

I continue to wrestle for another few hours until I complete the bare minimum of my covenant hours and fall asleep sitting up, plagued by this infernal nagging cough. As usual, as I close my eyes in this place, I suddenly find myself in another location. Barachiel stands tall in the tent of worship (what the shed becomes when we are in the spirit). His head is mere millimeters below the highest point, and he stands with his back to the stage, facing the audience.

His arms are stretched out like wings over the entire room, and he sings ‘Holy, Holy, Holy’ repeatedly. I am about to join him when I notice a man dressed in white standing to my left. The man points up at the screen where Matthew 21:21 is on display and then speaks.

Ishim:

“Your health is the test you must write and the cross you must bear for the sake of those who would step back from the battle at the first signs of adversity, Sameach. The time has come for you to prepare the power of the air over this land for the release of what is to come in your seventh year. This will be one of the most challenging months of your spiritual life, Courier. Will you obey the instruction?”

Me:

“Always.”

Ishim:

“You have one day to prepare, so listen well. Enter this place and release worship and word publicly at 7 every morning, 3 every afternoon, and 7 every evening for 21 days, from the first day of the 3rd month, so that an impartation of the Spirit of Might may flow from this place to the rest of the world.

The season of lock downs is coming to an end, and a release of a fresh anointing from the Holy Spirit is about to sweep the entire planet. Many have received the same instruction. Many will do as you are doing simply because they see you doing it. Hear and obey so that the seeds of a fresh awakening may flow where they need to flow.

The power of the air must shift, Sameach. The spirit of delay must be torn from its tower, lest entire Christian nations be subjugated by the evil one. When God’s people stop worshipping together, they lose their flavor. When they depart from reverence and awe, they forget that they are part of a Kingdom that cannot be shaken.

As with the time of Pentecost, when they met together daily in the temple and from house to house, it must be again. Remind them that this Kingdom is an unshakable kingdom. Cast the spirit of fear from their midst by reminding them to worship in spirit and in truth, Sameach. The fight is not against flesh and blood. It must be won in the spirit. The warriors must come under the brush of the anointing so that they may be strengthened to complete their assignments. Let your voice go out into the word and paint courage upon the spirit of any who would listen!”

The familiar joyous rumble of the Spirit of Might sounds from my right, and I smile as he speaks.

Spirit of Might:

“Do not look at your health Sameach, nor look at your physical energy. Look to the assignment. Move from instruction to instruction as you have been taught. Let all who watch what you do see that this race is not for the sprinters. It is for the long-distance runners who move from position of strength to position of strength.

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Do this so that the Holy Spirit may unlock hearts of stone and place My hand around the hearts of flesh that will replace them. In these 21 days, you will see release and victory like you have never seen them, but you will be too tired to enjoy them. Forge forward and look from worship hour to worship hour, Abdiel. Do not count the days. Others will do it for you. Lose yourself in the spirit of worship, impart the oil of gladness, rebuke the spirit of fear!

The Kingdom is all Sameach. Spark the flames of revival. Help is coming!”

Year 2022

SPIRIT OF WISDOM, SPIRIT OF MIGHT, AND URIEL ON INNER HEALING

Sunday, April 17, 2022

At exactly 03:33 this morning, as I finished the first three hours of my prayer sequence, which is listening to the words of Jesus, I sat on the edge of my bed with my headphones on to begin my three-hour worship sequence. I rock back and forth, forcing my mind to focus on things to be grateful for, disciplining my inner being to recognize the goodness of God so that I may enter His gates with thanksgiving in my heart.

It is the goodness of God that inspires a desire to grow and change. Repentance requires trust. Trust requires gratitude. Gratitude requires disciplined focus. Every time I zone in on an awareness of gratitude, I say out loud, "I trust you, Lord!" My awareness of the presence of the Holy Spirit starts to build in its intensity.

I trust Him to use His faultless scalpel (the Word) to remove every accusation against others, every grudge, every judgment, and every remembrance of their sin through the eyes of unqualified judgment. Repentance requires an operation that removes cancers and impurities of the mind. Paranoia, suspicion, frustration, unmeasured anger, lust, selfish ambition, and the desire to control and manipulate others for your own gain...

Thousands upon thousands of cancerous thoughts, all worms and flies from the fallen fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, rotten and dying in the cavern of infertile minds. The fruit dies the moment we pluck it because we are not the givers of life. Only God can sustain that fruit and eat of it because His hand IS the vine.

When He takes of that fruit, it lives and thrives. But when we take of it, it withers and dies and rots and festers. I focus on the goodness of God and feel the usual tug in my eternal consciousness as cancers are cut out. It doesn't hurt. It is almost pleasant at times, like soft tugging on your hair by loving hands.

I have been doing this for 2030 days now. That means around 6,000 hours of surgery – six and a half years of blind trust and blind hope. Tonight, something different happens. I am filled with more gratitude than usual. My spirit is becoming accustomed to the discipline and is starting to seek out things to be grateful for subconsciously.

The anxious nature of my flesh is beginning to submit, and I rejoice inwardly at the small victory, grateful for the millimeter of progress. So grateful that I begin to weep in relief. In my awakened state, on the edge of my bed facing the garage door, I close my eyes as the fragrance of the Spirit of Wisdom fills my physical space.

The fragrance sparks such deep feelings of love and acceptance within me that my heart skips a beat. I have butterflies in my stomach and keep my eyes closed lest I open them to see her here in physical form. She is the carrier of everything good, wonderful, and abundant. David loved her so much that he composed poems for Her.

The Spirit of Wisdom is everything. To court her is to court the very mind of God. To invite her into your soul is to invite the lover of your soul into your most intimate space. She is the intimacy of the Father, the one who knows you, the real you, the eternal you. The Spirit of Wisdom desires a deep relationship with your innermost eternal self.

She wants to marry you, move in with you, serve you, and take care of you. She will teach husbands to love their wives and wives to be like her. Intimacy with her is intimacy with the heart of the Father. Her fragrance permeates the atmosphere around me, and my heart feels like it will burst. And then, I feel the soft caress of her whisper upon my mind as She whispers, "Sleep."

...

I stand on the land beneath Michael's calf. The river is thundering, frothing, and boiling in front of me with the usual urgency to get downstream that rivers in full flood tend to have. Uriel and the Spirit of Wisdom stand to my right, Wisdom glowing beautifully with her silvery hair and eternal countenance, beaming with the Knowledge of countless eons. The fragrance that fills the air around her makes me want to laugh and cry simultaneously.

I sigh contently and hear a familiar laugh to my left before the usual slap to my back lands from the Spirit of Might, resplendent in His shining armor.

Spirit of Might:

"ABDIEL! You are in for a good one tonight!"

I smile like an idiot in the presence of my Mentor, and He grins back at me through His very red and very wild beard. The Spirit of Wisdom speaks from my right, and I listen in awe.

Spirit of Wisdom:

“You have asked for an answer to the broken spirit, Abdiel. And it has taken us four years to prepare your mind for that answer. Listen to this servant. Apply what he instructs.”

Uriel:

“Open your eyes and see, Abdiel.”

I blink and suddenly see three massive glass water tanks in front of me.

Uriel:

“It would be more relevant to use the inner workings of a computer to help this make sense to you, but most of those who will read and listen to this dream would not understand fully. So, we will use water tanks instead so that it is easier for you to make physical models when you teach people.”

Three labels suddenly appear on each of the three massive transparent water tanks. Those labels are:

Will, Intellect, and Emotion.

Uriel:

“We have different words to describe the trinity of the human soul, but these three will do nicely. They are familiar enough to you and to those whom you will teach. Let us add some ingredients and see the effect, Abdiel.”

Suddenly I hear a cacophony of voices and notice a lot of mouths above the Intellect tank. Different colored vapors pour from them into the tank. Now books, TVs, cell phones, computers, radios, and every other imaginable device appears above the Intellect tank, pouring their various colored vapors into a chaotic mix below, which begins to fill the tank to the point of overflowing.

Uriel:

“That tank contains everything you have ever heard, seen, smelled, read, thought, imagined, or experienced in any way or fashion. It is the sum total of your knowledge. It is everything that you know. To you, it is an unfathomable mess, but to us, it can be easily sorted, quantified, measured, and answered.

In the tank of your intelligence (Intellect), you contain the full measure of your current potential, which can only be increased if the tank itself increases. If you steward the tank, it grows. Now look at the Emotion tank, Abdiel.”

The Emotion tank appears to be filled with colorful gasses that change from red to blue to green to purple to pink to green and every other color in between. I now notice a thick pipe that runs from the Intellect tank to the Emotion tank. Some of the vapors from the Intellect tank enter the Emotion tank and sparks an immediate chain reaction. The gasses in the Emotion tank explode into a fiery red and bounce around the tank looking for a way out.

Now I see a thick pipe from the Emotion tank to the Will tank. The furious red vapor pumps into the Will tank and fills it quickly and completely. And I notice the Will tank pump some of that vapor into the Intellect tank. The red vapor mixes with something in the Intellect tank, and it suddenly pumps a huge amount of blue vapor into the Emotion tank. The effect is immediate. The swirling, angry mist inside the Emotion tank subsides to a pulsing blue and green vapor once again.

Uriel:

“That was anger. Watch this.”

The mouths above the Intellect tank say something, and it gets pumped into the Emotion tank. Suddenly, the Emotion tank swirls with pink and purple hues, which get pumped into the Will tank. The Will tank swirls with that same pink and purple hue and pumps a small amount of it into the Intellect tank.

The Intellect tank seems to like this vapor and pumps even more of the stimulant into the Emotion tank, which starts to pulse with intensity and pump even more of the gasses into the Will tank.

Uriel:

“That is desire. In both cases, depending on what is in the intelligence (Intellect) tank, a circular chain reaction occurs. Often, you can only influence that circular chain reaction with additional stimuli from the information sources above the intelligence (Intellect) tank. Look again, Abdiel.”

A voice speaks above the Intellect tank, and a dark vapor pumps into the Emotion tank. The Emotion tank turns into a voluminous cloud of gray and black vapors, which pumps into the Will tank. The Will tank pumps a small dose into the Intellect tank and into the air above the Intellect tank. In the air, a glowing orb of light from a mouth drops into the Intellect tank and is pumped into the Emotion tank. It immediately fills the entire Emotion tank with light.

Uriel:

“Your Will drives you to action, Sameach. It is fed by your Emotions, which are fed by your intellect. But now it gets a little more complicated, so you must concentrate.”

The Spirit of Might places His hand on the small of my back, and I feel a jolt of clarity flow through my being. I thank Him respectfully and keep looking. A human brain appears in the air on the other side of the Emotion tank. Chemicals flow through the brain, fed by diet and exercise.

I now see a pipe from the physical brain to the Emotion tank, and the same process occurs, except this time, I notice that the Will tank sends instructions to the human body. The revelation of how simple and genius our design is dawns upon me, and I notice that Uriel and the Spirit of Wisdom are waiting for me to attempt an explanation of what I have seen.

Me:

“To heal a broken Spirit is incorrect terminology. We simply have to reprogram the (Intellect) tank.”

Uriel nods, and I continue.

Me:

“Everything from music to speech to what we see has an effect on the Intellect tank, because it literally tells the Emotion tank what to do. But sometimes, there is a malfunction in the physical brain due to chemical imbalances, which can be fixed with the right diet and exercise regimens or strategic medication in concert with diet and exercise. This requires information from the Intellect tank, which means the Will tank must choose better sources of information. So, our Will should not be controlled by the Emotion tank. It should be informed by the Emotion tank.”

Uriel:

“Correct, Abdiel. The Will should be influenced and informed by the Emotion tank but never controlled. If you desire to help people, you must help them understand the importance of a completely transformed mind and lifestyle.

This is as simple a picture as you can convey right now, Abdiel. There are much deeper complexities to the human soul, but use this picture to inspire people to pursue relevant knowledge. How you feel when you receive knowledge is extremely important, which is why music and tone of voice are such powerful tools to prepare the human mind for reception. Everything is influenced by knowledge (Intellect) and driven by Emotion.

Now listen well:

Knowledge (Intellect) is increased by humility. Emotions are controlled with discipline. The Will is the authority of your eternal self. It is the most powerful part of you. It must be trained to have total authority over your body, your Emotions, and your information sources. Your Will is strengthened through gratitude and worship and by hearing the Word of God.

Though the Intellect tank will receive information from the Word of God, your will receives strength and reinforcement. The human mind can be completely overpowered and overwhelmed by heavenly sources of stimuli, regardless of lack of knowledge or unstable chemicals in the brain. Supernatural acceleration occurs when the will is directly connected to heavenly sources. And the same is true of demonic sources.

The spiritual world can shut down your entire natural process and take control of your emotions and will. This is why some things can only be changed with prayer and fasting. And this is why your will must be in a constant state of gratitude and worship. Hearing the Words of Jesus gives control of your will back to Eden, where your steps become perfectly ordered.

You were ready to hear this tonight because, for the first time in your life, your will is no longer your own.”

Me:

“Which is why I feel so peaceful all the time, even when my brain chemicals are going crazy?”

Uriel:

“Correct. You need supernatural connection to Heaven constantly, because your flesh would kill you the instant you disconnected. Wisdom brings with it much sorrow, Abdiel. And those who have a lot of wisdom but are not connected to Heaven, will desire death as a release from their suffering. The response of the flesh will be fight or flight.

Those who eat from the table of pride will fight, not caring who is hurt in their desire to fill the void brought on by worldly wisdom. But those who are righteous will desire to leave this earth, acutely aware that they do not belong here, that they are merely here on a journey or assignment. For the righteous, without a direct connection to the presence of God, depression is inevitable.

This is why we have instructed you to worship and be in the Words of the Lamb daily so that your will is constantly strengthened. To help those who feel broken, you must introduce them to a life of worship, Word, and wisdom. They are children, Abdiel. You must treat them like students are treated in school. Prepare subjects for them and play time for them. Prepare incredible worship and fun.

Stimulate every fiber of their being so that their Intellect tank is disciplined and effective. Begin with the words of Jesus, with fun, with worship, and with fellowship. This is how you fix what appears to be broken.”

Spirit of Might:

“Impartation is key, Abdiel. To create whole people is to disciple whole people. This is your key assignment as a courier: to disciple the uniters and champions in the image of Heaven and fill their Intellect tank with wisdom and their Will tank with a desire to pursue wisdom. I will help you with their Emotion tanks, which are often so badly damaged that they need supernatural intervention to receive stimulus from the Intellect tank.

The joy of the Lord is their strength, so engage them in things that create joy within them, Abdiel. Have fun as an international community. You are ready, so strategies and resources will come. Now open your eyes, Abdiel.”

I now see another tank appear. This one is full of pulsating light, like an entire rainbow has somehow been captured and contained in the tank. Just looking at the tank fills me with peace and joy, and I see how connecting any of the three tanks to that one completely overrides the other three. The intensity of the light subsides, and I now see that the Intellect tank vapors have a much cleaner quality and that the Emotion tank gasses look a lot more like light than gas, as if the gas was flammable and caught fire at a certain temperature or level of exposure.

The Will tank still glows and continues to pump the afterglow of contact with the Light tank into the Intellect tank. An interesting thing happens when the mixture of Light and Will enters the Intellect tank: It looks like all of the information gathered in the Intellect tank gathers around the new, glowing information and hungers to understand it. The tank seems to have sentience of its own, craving prolonged exposure to that mixture.

It dawns upon me that the Light tank has too much intensity for the Intellect tank to operate on any level. It is simply too overwhelming. But the mixture of Will and Light is easier to study and understand. The Intellect tank informs the Emotion tank that it wants more, and the Emotion tank, somehow also sentient, swirls in a mixture of pinks, purples, reds, and whites, pumping that into the Will tank, which immediately connects them to the Light tank again.

The Spirit of Might speaks while I am watching:

Spirit of Might:

“You call that tank The Lifting tank. It is what Heaven is like. It is a combination of pure Truth, pure Spirit, and pure Love. Taste and see that the Lord is good, Abdiel.”

The Spirit of Might grows in stature until He is large enough to touch the Light tank and the physical brain on the other side of the Emotion tank. I immediately feel the presence of God wash through my physical body with such intensity that my anxiety is burned away in an instant. It feels like the scalpel has been replaced with a blowtorch, but there is no pain – only intense pleasure.

I don't want it to stop. The waves of ecstasy that engulf my physical being are so intense that I feel like my body is being burned away from my soul. The more that my flesh dies, the more alive I feel. And then the Spirit of Might lifts His hand, and I stand there feeling waves of glory pulse off my entire being.

Me:

“Oh Glory!”

Spirit of Might:

“Yup!”

He laughs for a while at my ecstatically bedraggled state.

Spirit of Might:

“Worship, praise, and the Words of Jesus are your fast charger, Abdiel! The more of you who gather together, the faster you all charge! Outside of the glory of God, your three tanks will work to survive, but when you are connected together, you THRIVE! I know that you are bored of crowds and that your Will tank for humans is empty, Abdiel, but you must set the pace in worship, as well as, in Word. Bring them into the lifting.

The heavens are open. Get what you need to create that tank and throw your heart and soul into it. Work to fill their Intellect tanks with useful wisdom and connect them in their masses to the Lifting tank! Have fun, Abdiel! You know what to do, so just do it!”

Me:

“I have been instructed not to lead this vision, yet you guys continuously give me assignments that require me to step up and lead. This is getting a bit confusing to me.”

Spirit of Wisdom:

“The role of a prophet is strategy, Abdiel. The role of all others is to apply that strategy. Do not involve yourself in the daily running of the ministry, but make sure that they all follow the instructions that we give you. You have been too lenient with guarding the instructions because you confuse leadership with instruction.

Those who must lead the vision all love correction and instruction. They will run with the vision if you tell them what to do. Leaders go to war in the physical, leading their teams on the ground, physically making things happen, but a prophet stays out of such things, lest you become biased and influenced in the message that you must convey.

Do not concern yourself with people who do not recognize your mantle. They have their own journeys and are often strategically blinded by their own angels so that they do not get caught up in races that are not theirs to run. We have sent you kings and priests who believe you. The fruit is on the tree Abdiel, and it will soon be there in the form of physical miracles and astounding transformations.

Come out of your cave, give instructions, and return to your cave. When they follow the instructions to the finest detail, take them into the Lifting so that they may be strengthened to fulfill their assignments. All believers are prophetic, but very few are prophets. Do not let your fear of man’s rejection and your hunger for their approval affect your assignment. The world needs champions, Abdiel. They hunger for them. Do not let the vocal few convince you that they are the humble majority.

A prophet must be willing to walk alone so that the Holy Spirit has your full attention. But your time of walking alone is long past, Abdiel. Everyone around you is ready for bigger things. They hunger for war, Abdiel, give them war! Principalities have no answer to the Lifting. They can only influence the Intellect tank. When God’s people are focused on the words of Jesus, on prayer, worship, praise, and gratitude, entire nations are delivered from the evil one.

You are told not to lead so that you do not demand loyalty as so many other shepherds do. This ministry must serve the entire planet and never demand that people stay. Teach them to be loyal to the Holy Spirit, not to you or your (plural) ministry. Share your platform with as many as you can. Train as many as you can. Freely you have received, now freely give!”

I wake up.

GATHERER WITH INSTRUCTIONS IN THIS NEW SEASON

Friday, April 22, 2022

Side note: The date is 22/2022.

The number 22 is an incredible biblical number for many reasons, but one of them is that the word 'light' appears 22 times in the book of John. It is relevant here because this dream is about the next generation having direct access to light. Pretty cool coincidence, I think.

Dream begins:

I am in a forest full of massive trees, some stretching so far into the sky that I cannot see the top. The forest canopy above me blots out most of the sunlight, but enough light makes it through for me to see clearly around me. A lot of smaller trees grow beneath the thick canopy above, and I suddenly notice time speed up to show me how those smaller trees stop growing at the height of angled beams of light that filter through from above at different angles.

Every few decades, a big tree dies, allowing light to burst through from above, and the smaller trees, having access to that light, shoot upwards to take their place. Gatherer speaks from my left.

Gatherer:

“The trees that you are assigned to raise are almost seven years old. You must clear the canopies so that they may grow uninhibited. The young trees must have unlimited access to the sun, Sameach. The trees above you are ministers, politicians, and community leaders who refuse to move on and make space for the generations to come. Cut them down, you saints of God. Clear the canopies so that truth and hope may shine upon the young trees.

Leave only the strongest, most fruitful, and generous trees so that the young trees may see how to grow. The trees that stand tall must lay their lives down and become compost for the generation that is raised upon the Words of the Son. Those who refuse to lay down their lives and serve this young generation must be uprooted and planted elsewhere, or they must be cut down if they refuse to humble themselves.

The shift that you experienced in the spirit was the mantle of authority as a prophet for the season to come. Thousands around the world have received the same mantle. It is a mantle of judgment to discern which trees must stay and which trees must go. Those who have received this mantle will read what you record here as confirmation.

Financial power has already been shifted into the hands of the righteous in business, and now the rivers begin to flow to the prophets and teachers so that their authority has no limit in their communities. Your (plural) assignment is to every child born on or after the 25th of September, 2016. Everything that you do now in this season is to experiment with strategies so that you are able to order the steps of the children that you (plural) are assigned to raise. The greatest awakening will be ushered in by those children when they are in their early teens.

Let all who read what you record take note, Sameach:

If they listen and follow what is instructed here, they will turn their communities and nations upside down. Focus on the children, for the young trees will drink in direct sunlight and shall not be stifled by the old wine of the old trees. Raise the new generation to love the Words of the Son. Do not teach them your denominational and dogmatic prejudices. Do not teach them to hate and discriminate against those who sin.

The Words of the Son and the Holy Spirit will give them far more wisdom in such matters than the eldest and wisest among you. Teach them to love the Words of Jesus, Sameach. The time of the seven churches is here, and those seven churches are to be shaped around these children. Let them begin in the homes of those who are called according to the purpose of the Father.

Now listen, Sameach, this is for the sons and daughters of sorrow:

Many trees around you have been stifled by the generation before you for many years and have stopped growing because they were not allowed direct access to sunlight. They recognize what you record as truth and have committed themselves to the Words of the Son. They will be the ones to set the path for the greatest generation. Clear the canopies above them now in this season, and let their voices be heard so that they may learn to lead by example.

The greatest awakening will come from the young trees, because daily worship and daily word will be normal to them as it was in the time of the early church. This is how you will see thousands added to your number daily. All who do as you are instructed here will see their households blessed. Every nation that works to start seven churches upon the rock of this instruction will see the same outpouring that is to come.

A young tree can be bent and shaped, but older trees are set in their ways. There is too much corruption in the branches and roots of the generations before you, Sameach. The prophets and teachers have prostituted their pulpits to the god of this world for money and fame. They have become obsessed with notoriety and have vomited the message of the one who masquerades as an angel of light.

Hear me now, Sameach:

Those who become childlike in their faith and run to the Words of the Son as humble children will be born anew and will be seen in our eyes as the generation that is being raised up. No dogma before this season must poison their ears. All that came before is old wine. Do not concern yourselves with who rejects you and who hates you. Concern yourselves with raising and training this generation and all who will sit at your (plural) feet to learn the Words of the Son as young children with young children.

The Words of Jesus are not milk Sameach. They are steak. Milk is what you give babies until they are able to chew and digest food on their own. To keep infants on milk for too long is to stunt their growth and make them vulnerable to predators because they are unable to learn for themselves or fend for themselves.

The Words of Jesus are Life! They do not lie, promising good times and blessings that will never come. They tell the truth and strengthen the humble servants to easily endure the worst of hardships, laughing joyfully and enjoying the inner peace of the internally mature eternal soul.

Raise this generation to be selfless and caring. Raise them to take care of the poor, the orphan, the widow, and the immigrant. Raise them to listen to the Words of Jesus daily, to pray daily, to worship daily. Lead by example. This is what it means to make disciples. Clear the canopies above them, Sameach. Rescue them from churches, community leaders, and politicians who eagerly wait to pounce.

This is the instruction to all who recognize you as prophet and courier.
Make it plain, Sameach:

You (plural) must build super ministries that cater for those who were born on and after the 25th of September, 2016. Deliver such incredible programs of fun, food, worship, and the Words of Jesus that parents love bringing their kids to you. Fetch them in their hundreds and thousands to come where you (plural) have authority over the power of the air.

Do whatever you must do to disciple this generation. Build creches, schools, fun parks, children's churches, sports facilities, and whatever you can draw from the creative realm to keep their attention. Let every strategy focus on these young trees, and you will see a generation that flows with more wisdom and power than any who have come before them.

Prepare the way for them. Raise up young leaders to look after them. Do this, and you will see the heavens open beyond your wildest imagination. Do this, and you will experience a balm upon your soul that heals every wound. Blessed are those who hear and obey! The Kingdom is all, Sameach!"

Me:

"The Kingdom is all. I hear and obey."

I wake up.

KEEP ON KEEPING ON

Monday, August 1, 2022

I really don't like posting these dreams. They are most likely a figment of my imagination, possibly some kind of desire to be special. I don't entirely know. Yesterday, a friend told me that when I moved to the land, they all thought I was having some kind of a mental breakdown due to burnout or years of depression. I often theorize that none of my dreams of success came true in my previous life, so I settled for a life of sacrifice so that I might have some semblance of significance to cling to.

It remains a possibility that all of this is just my imagination and possible narcissism, wrapping a vision around myself. I might be conjuring up imaginary characters in my dreams and creatively using them to influence gullible people. I don't know. I obey every instruction as if it is real and can't explain why.

All I can tell you is that I have never been happier, more grateful, or at peace than I am right now. I encourage you to read this stuff with a pinch of salt. Always remember that the guy recording this stuff was trapped in suicidal depression for more than fifteen years. He is most likely just looking for significance and attention.

(New International Version® NIV®, Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.) 1 John 4:1:

“Dear friends, do not believe every spirit, but test the spirits to see whether they are from God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world.”

(New International Version® NIV®, Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.) 1 John 4:3:

“But every spirit that does not acknowledge Jesus, is not from God.”

The small bits of sleep that I have had these past two years or so have had me mostly visiting the courts of consideration to keep me emotionally sustained while I exercise the discipline of my covenant and keep my eyes off the discouraging battles in the world of flesh and testing. I do not record these dreams publicly when I am under financial pressure, lest the spirit of mammon moves my hand.

But last night, the one we call Melchizedek bought me a few days of peace, and I had almost six hours of sleep for the first time in a very long time. Today, I feel that I can safely record what I hear and see without frustration or financial pressure influencing my hand.

Dream begins:

I am at the river's edge upon the land beneath Michael's calf with Gatherer, Builder, Uriel, and an Ishim. It has been some time since we stood together here. These past few years, we have stood together all over the world, meeting intercessors and prophets who now pray the same hours that I do. I sometimes meet those same people over Zoom, and we pray together in the realm of the flesh. There are hundreds of us now. Many of them are couriers who pray far longer hours than I do, and outrank me in the spirit, yet honor me in my call.

Gatherer speaks first.

Gatherer:

“The three have become twenty-three, and the seven have become seventy-one, Sameach. They are all known to you and will all have choices to make in the seventh year. The snake that coils itself around the town, that shall soon be a city, will soon rise to confront Michael, and it shall be cast down. When it is cast down, Michael will move to his new assignment, and many of the twenty-three and seventy-one must rise to take his place.

The town across the river will soon be ready for physical legislative authority under the Kingdom of God and will see prosperity that few can imagine. But if the Beth Din (Benches of 21 and 71) does not rise, and if those who are called do not answer, the room will have been swept clean, and the principalities shall return with worse entities than before.

Joseph was Vizier of Egypt for seven lean years and seven fat years. You have had temporary authority in the lean years (which came first in this case) to shape this vision and bring it into prosperity. If enough seats are taken in the Beth Din to steer the prosperity of the city, they will govern this vision into the seven fat years and beyond.

If they do not answer the call and rise to the assignment, your temporary authority will continue until a new generation is ready to take the missing seats, and you will be given a choice to be reassigned to a different nation as a recognized courier, or stay here and accomplish a much smaller assignment.

Either choice will be respected, Sameach.

If the Beth Din does not rise and you stay here, your name will be cleaned and vindicated, and you will be respected and honored around the world as a modern prophet. You will receive all the glory due to you, and you will dine in the presence of your enemies. If the Beth Din does not rise by the end of your fourteenth year upon this land and you choose to go where we send you, you will be reassigned and forgotten.

But your reassignment will be recognized by the nation to whom we send you, and they will honor and fully fund the vision there. Either choice will see you provided for. And in either choice, your household will prosper, Sameach. If this nation does not steward what we give them, it will be given to a nation that will.”

Builder:

“Continue to focus on infrastructure in this microcosm, Sameach. The Spirit of Religion clings fiercely to the land of the greater vision, and Mammon and Islam cling tightly to your left and right. It takes two to put ten thousand to flight, and we require three who carry what you carry to take these promised lands. If we cause you to take these lands alone, the vision will be built on one man, in which case, it is better that the vision does not come to pass at all.

For, if you are seen as the head of this vision when it rises to manifest in its fullness, it will die when you die. But if none can tell who the head is, Christ will be the center, and it will maintain momentum for generations to come.

In ministries where man is the recognized head, Christ can never be seen as anything other than a romantic idea. For there, He is not Lord. Those sheep will quote those shepherds more than they quote Him. They will honor those shepherds more than they honor Him. For those sheep do not belong to Christ, they belong to those shepherds. They all honor Him with their lips, but their hearts go to the ones who feed them.

Build this microcosm and continue to set the pace by example. If the Beth Din rises, it will be your example that is followed, not your authority. Continue to expose your weaknesses and try to have fun so that very few take you seriously as a prophet. The fewer people who see and honor you, the better. Only those who see what Heaven sees will see you. You can be public to set an example, but be frivolous and foolish so that you are not revered and followed as a prophet.

You have done well to sacrifice your name. Continue to stay small in your own eyes so that you are of more use to the Kingdom. Big names draw big crowds and influence millions, but those with no name become a crowd and change the destiny of billions. Hold onto this, Sameach. Stay nothing. Let any public activity be useful for setting an example for those you disciple. Show them how to lead and how to raise resources.

We have placed Melchizedek in your life to compensate for the sacrifice of your name. Your assignment is to become a crowd, Sameach. Continue to become a crowd.”

Uriel:

“All who come to your seventh-year celebration will receive an impartation of wisdom and insight that, if they receive it, will bring favor upon them that changes everything in their lives as it has done in yours. Let the daughter of Order and the Helper plan a day of days, Sameach. Let it be a day of impartation and power. Invite every chess piece in this great game so that the Spirit of Might and the Spirit of Wisdom may be released in their lives.”

Ishim:

“What are you in your own eyes, Abdiel?”

Me:

“A stumbling fool who is trying to be obedient to impossible instructions from imaginary characters in vivid dreams.”

Ishim:

“Then create more stumbling fools, Abdiel.”

I wake up.

A lekker six hours of sleep. Feels heavenly. LOL (laugh out loud).

VISION OF THE FUTURE BIBLE THEME PARK

Sunday, August 28, 2022

I am on the property of the Overcomers Tabernacle. Behind me is the huge auditorium. A big signboard is in front of me. It reads 'Inflatable Bible Stories' with an arrow to the left and 'Ultraviolet Good News' with an arrow pointing straight ahead. I head left and arrive at the beginning of a very long warehouse. It has a roof, but the sides are open. There are massive speakers playing remixed praise and worship to a huge crowd of kids of all ages who are standing in line to enter the warehouse.

At the entrance is a huge daylight screen showing the creation of Earth in 3D animation. It is very well done. There is a walkway next to the line for parents. I take the walkway. I walk past the line of kids and approach the warehouse, which is filled with massive jumping castles, plants, and climbable rubber trees. A big sign says 'Eden, Genesis 1,' and the first chapter of Genesis is written out for all to read. It looks like a massive greenhouse with rubber trees and jumping castles.

There are also rabbits hopping everywhere and many different kinds of small, colorful birds. The sides of the warehouse are made out of mesh. I estimate the size of the Eden warehouse to be about 50 meters long and 20 meters high. Hundreds of kids are climbing, swinging, jumping, and laughing. As they exit, they get a colorful pamphlet explaining creation and the fall of man. The warehouse roof extends over an open area with wooden tables everywhere and water fountains for refreshing drinks.

After having fun, the young people will sit and rest while having picnics with parents, children's church leaders, and youth leaders. There is a big sign that shows the story of Cane and Abel with a map showing how man proliferated from there. Some television screens around the area show the animated version of the story, and it is also available to download.

I keep walking, and the next section starts. A big sign says 'The Tower of Babel.' There is a huge jumping castle shaped like a climbable pyramid, with smooth vertical sides for the first three meters. Kids are using small sponge blocks to build steps to climb up. It is quite a task and requires a lot of teamwork, even for grown-ups. Every now and then, the steps collapse, and they land in the sponge pit below.

Once they reach the top of the huge pyramid, they can slide down and land in the sponge pit. It looks like a lot of fun. One side of the pyramid is a water slide which is open in summer. The story of Babel is on a signboard, and another signboard at the exit reads: 'Building your own kingdom can be fun, but it always ends up with a downward slide. Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.'

In the next section, there are tables and water fountains again. There are also statues of Methuselah, Enoch, and the Nephilim, with accompanying Bible stories and video animation. The next bit is the Ark, and I realize that these fun warehouses contain the entire Bible in the most fun way you could learn it. The warehouses stretch into the distance. This place can keep you busy for days!

I hear a voice say:

“Millions will bring their children to learn the Word. And many will duplicate what is seen here.”

I walk past the last warehouse, which contains the three end-time judgments, rapture, and tribulation.

(The rapture is very cool, kids jump onto higher platforms via trampolines and Velcro walls.)

I notice that the warehouses are arranged in the shape of a big 'U' with maintenance and staff housing in the middle.

The Dreams of Sameach

Pictures with the vision:





The Dreams of Sameach



Year 2022

THE JUDGMENT OF A CITY

Tuesday, August 30, 2022

I stand in our river side worship tent, looking out at the river as it flows by consistently and beautifully. While I stand there, I am impressed by how much life this river provides and sustains. Things live and multiply inside it, beside it, and all around it. The revelation causes me to lift my hands and pray:

“Father, teach us how to let our ministry be like this river so that people may be sustained inside it, beside it, and all around it. Let that sustenance be spiritual, mental, physical, and financial.”

I picture our ministry as a river and see how people inside it swim, breathe, feed, and grow. I see how other ministries are fed by it and how people around it are blessed by its presence. With lifted hands, I allow gratitude for the picture to overwhelm me, and I sing songs of gratitude and praise to Heaven. I am there for a few hours, crying out to God to increase the depth and width of our river so that the greater vision may come to pass. Then I notice that the Friendly Man is standing beside me, seeing what I see and smiling peacefully.

I turn to him and bow my knee.

Me:

“My Lord. We enter the seventh year of my time on this land. When will the first year of the vision begin? The world needs this vision to manifest. I feel a sense of urgency, Lord.”

The Friendly Man places His hand on my left shoulder and gives it a gentle squeeze before He lifts His head to the sky, closes His eyes, and speaks.

Friendly Man:

“When others listen and obey as you have listened and obeyed, Abdiel. When others believe with everything, as you believe with everything. Though you are the catalyst and the messenger for the greater vision, it must be stewarded by others. And though you are prophet and courier to the vision, you will not lead it or receive glory for it. You must make the vision plain, Abdiel.

Make it easy to understand so that it is easy for those whom I send to understand it, invest in it, and run with it. Rivers are made up of many tributaries, and it is My desire that the greater vision has many leaders and many voices so that no single person takes the glory that is reserved for My Father. If all with whom I have spoken by My Spirit hear and obey, the first year of the greater vision upon the greater land will begin on the first day of your seventh year upon the Courier's Heart.

I know that you were planning a fast for the first twenty-one days of September, but I want you to have twenty-one days of communion and vision. Take communion daily, and make the vision plain daily. Make this place next to the river special and play My story and My Words here on repeat so that those who believe may receive an impartation of faith.

If My servants hear and obey, the very heavens in this region will change, and that principality of dishonor and division across the river will be laid low. You must not hold your tongue from rebuking those Pharisees and politicians, Abdiel. You do not need their favor. You need Mine. They will do nothing for you, and they will do nothing for this vision, for they all speak with forked tongues and slither upon each other's coiled scales, hoping to profit from each other's corruption.

Have nothing to do with them. Until they honor what I am doing and bow their knees to love itself, they will achieve nothing and be nothing. The town across the river is besieged by wicked and lazy servants who are parasitic and filled with worldly ambition. Your season of reaching out to them is over. On the first day of your seventh year upon this land, I will release an angel of judgment over that city so that its' soul might be saved."

Me:

"I have never seen as many home wreckers and unity haters in one place as I have seen here, Lord. Adulterers who cheat on their spouses and women who pursue married men. Church, political, and organizational leaders who attack each other and hope for each other's failure. Champions who are called but refuse to rise to the challenge. Racists and bullies of every color. Blatantly corrupt officials who are followed by selfishly ambitious men and women like hyenas and vultures around carrion.

How is such a place saved, my Lord?"

The Friendly Man laughs, and I recognize the Spirit of Might thundering in laughter with Him.

Friendly Man:

“You and Jonah have so much in common, Abdiel. Your job is to bring a message of hope to the lost, not to complain about the sins of a city. There is far worse rot on a national and international level here, Abdiel. The great liar’s choice for the next president of this nation is in this city. If that principality takes power, this nation will no longer be a democratic nation. That is why you have been placed here and why the great stewards have been called here so that the next generation is saved from the corruption of the current one.

The judgment over this city will be painful for the corrupt, but it will be a glorious time for the faithful.”

Me:

“What happens if people turn a deaf ear to you, Lord? Do we stay on this land and retire here with no effect on this nation?”

Friendly Man:

“The judgment over this city will last for twelve years if the greater vision begins in your seventh year, but it will only last for a year if the greater vision does not begin in your seventh year. Now listen well, Abdiel, and record what you are told very carefully, for I know that you desire to be used fully.”

Gatherer appears on my right and speaks in his normal, no-nonsense manner.

Gatherer:

“If the land for the greater vision is not secured by the first day of your seventh year, you must sell this land and prepare your family and key leadership to be redeployed to the legislative capital of your nation at the end of your seventh year. The anointing will transfer to the new piece of land that we show you there, and you will continue where you left off.

But know that you must fight with all your heart to avoid this possibility, for it will mean many terrible things for this nation. You will not be the only resource that we redeploy, Sameach, and what comes next for this nation will be a thing of nightmares.”

Me:

“Last week, I dreamed of white people in concentration camps and our nation at war. Is that what you speak of?”

Gatherer:

“That and worse, Sameach. If this nation rejects its prophets in favor of corrupt kings, you will see political factions become gangs, and political leaders become warlords.”

Me:

“But how does one courier and one piece of land next to an obscure town in the middle of nowhere have any effect on something so massive and terrible?”

Gatherer:

“The young people in this region are extremely powerful political catalysts, Sameach. If they are allowed to be radicalized further by the corrupt principality here, they will plot a factional war and begin with political assassinations on a larger scale than what is currently seen. Three of this nation’s potential warlords live across the river. If the greater vision comes to pass, their entire support base will be won over to the Kingdom, and this nation will be cleansed from corruption.

I am allowed to tell you these things so that you know how well we plan your future for every possible outcome. Your destiny will not be allowed to be negatively affected by disobedient and dishonorable goats. If those to whom we have spoken are obedient, you will stay here and continue to create the atmosphere that is conducive for champions from around the world to come and affect the future of the entire continent.

But if they do not hear and obey, you will be assigned to replace the courier who was dishonored in the legislative capital of your nation and exert influence over the key decision-makers so that the factional political battles do not become a full-blown war. Make the vision plain, Sameach. Get that land. There is more going on here than any of you can possibly see or know.”

I wake up.

URIEL ON CLARITY FOR THE GREATER VISION OBJECTIVES

Wednesday, August 31, 2022

I stand beside Uriel on a glass ceiling, watching thousands of beautiful stallions thunder around a large open field below us. Dust and bits of dirt are flung into the air like dirty fireworks, and the flanks of the powerful beasts glisten with sweat and power. It is truly an awesome sight to behold. Men and women in flowing white robes, which I immediately understand to be mantles of righteousness, run among the horses with bridles made out of pure light.

As the bridles get slipped over the heads of the willing animals, I see the horses clam down, lengthen their stride, and run an almost ten times their normal speed. They become more playful and powerful, eating up distance effortlessly, and nudging the men and women to climb atop their backs to partake in their newfound power and freedom. It is so cool that it makes me laugh out loud.

On the fringes of the large field, men and women clothed in oily robes, which I immediately recognize to be mantles of selfish ambition, shovel blocks of sugar onto tables at the fence. The majority of the horses veer towards them, and hardly notice as bridles of darkness are slipped over their heads and bits are shoved between their teeth. By the time they realize that they are captives, it is too late. They are forced into corrals, broken, and ridden half to death by dark-cloaked riders.

I get angry and want to do something, but this is a dream and there is nothing I can do, so I turn to Uriel and complain.

Me:

“Why do you show me these terrible things, brother?”

Suddenly we are among the horses that contentedly nibble at the tall grass while their bridles of light glow beautifully, illuminating and accentuating every beautiful thing around them. The horses look into my eyes with keen spiritual and emotional intelligence, and one lovingly nudges my shoulder. I immediately realized that this is the result of our greater vision and the result of every believer doing what they are called to do around the world.

Uriel:

“Conviction produces confidence and commitment, Sameach. Without a committed conviction to a particular set of ideals and values, we are easily harnessed into the selfish objectives of beings without conscience. Political activists and false spiritual fathers will rope immature minds into their causes and corral them into ideological paddocks where freedom of thought and the expression of contrary opinions are prohibited. The result is a total freeze on emotional, intellectual, and spiritual development, Sameach. The person devolves into a biautomaton, almost devoid of the ability to confidently think their own thoughts.

The objective of the ideological paddock is to replace common sense and common decency with militant loyalty and blind obedience to man. The Holy Spirit reminds you of what Jesus said so that when He teaches you something new, it has a strong foundation of love with a strong respect for heavenly authority. Freedom of thought requires safety of application. Without the parameters of love, freedom of thought, which becomes driven by earthly desire, defaults to the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

The meditation of the undisciplined mind will always lean towards the depressing realities of the circumstantial evidence that surrounds you all in this present darkness. But the disciplined mind will see what the Spirit sees – an assignment to light up every community as far as the eye can see. To save a community from the machinations of mankind and the principalities that drive them, you must open their spiritual eyes.

Young people with a foundation of the knowledge of the life, words, motives, and commands of Jesus will run into their futures with unfettered potential. Every blessing promised to Israel will be theirs. But anyone outside of the revelation of the father heart of God, which is almost impossible to comprehend without sitting at the feet of Jesus as Teacher, will struggle against the ideological bits that evil men and demons place in their mouths.

When an Ecclesia is not successful in making a local Kingdom vision and the greater Kingdom vision easy to understand in a community, the people of that community depart from moral restraint and are captured by false teachers, and unscrupulous political leaders, and criminal cartels. This is why the greater vision is so paramount, Sameach. Every child in a one-hundred-kilometer radius must experience the fullness of joy that only the Holy Spirit can offer. And that joy can only be found in intentionally cultivated atmospheres.

If God's people are obedient to His instructions, freedom and abundance abounds. The Kingdom is all, Sameach. And His Kingdom is a Kingdom of freedom!"

I wake up.

Year 2022

A WALK WITH THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT

Sunday, September 4, 2022

I am not sure if I am awake or asleep, dreaming or in a vision, but I walk the prayer path, visualizing resources coming down from Heaven, the land expanding, and excellent people joining our cause. Then I hear the familiar clank of armor beside me. I smile and turn to my constant companion, the Spirit of Might. For some reason, I always feel like role-playing an English thespian when He is around, so I call out the medieval greeting with a silly grin on my face:

Me:

“Well met, good sir!”

He laughs and messes up my hair with his huge hand before playfully shoving me sideways (almost into the bush). His voice always has a hint of a smile to it, while the corners of His mouth always threaten to break into a toothy grin. I like people like this in real life, and I love the Spirit of Might in any life!

Spirit of Might:

“Abdiel! Servant, slave, and unlearned buffoon... Yet somehow of use to the Kingdom! How fairs your faith?”

Me:

“My inner pendulum swings somewhere between celebration and, um... utter terror. This is no mean feat you lot have asked of me, but I am managing my fears and moving from instruction to instruction.”

Spirit of Might:

“Be in the moment, Abdiel. Be as generous as your Teacher and Master. Drink of the peace that the Holy Spirit brings. Drink in the joy that I bring! Find these things in the moment, in the now, where I Am is. Speak like your Teacher speaks. Say out loud about your Father in Heaven. “As He is, I am.”

Me:

“Saying stuff like that gets you crucified, and my fear of God flares up a bit.”

Spirit of Might:

“Behold what manner of love the Father has given unto you, Abdiel, that you may be called a son of God! You are adopted. The process is official, sealed in the Blood of the Lamb. You are a son of God. The price has been paid so that you may once again be as He is! There is no greater pride in the heart of a father than when his son or daughter follows in his footsteps.

And what does it mean to be as He is? It means to love like He loves, give like He gives, do what He does, think what He thinks, and love what He loves. To be as He is, is to achieve His greatest desire for you. Aspire to have the heart of the Father, the mind of Christ, and a Spirit in His true image. Let fatherly love overflow and overwhelm your senses, Abdiel. Let the desire to be obedient to your father override your self-preservation instinct, just as your Teacher showed you. Not your will, but His will!

Let the Counselor become your spiritual identity so that the spirit of fear is replaced by love, power, and a sound mind. Aspire to a higher version of yourself, Abdiel. A self that no longer dwells upon the circumstantial evidence of this dimension but thinks the thoughts of Heaven. Be as He is! It cost Heaven dearly to purchase your sonship. Embrace it and be grateful for it with all of your heart!”

The revelation of the fullness of what was purchased for me with the blood of Jesus washes over me, and I close my eyes to the cares of this world, entering another one, where a warm light basks my face without the need for a sun. I lift my hands and speak with a full and grateful heart.

Me:

“My ransom, the ransom that was paid for me, was not just a ransom to save a drowning dog from a fate of death. It was a blood price to officialize an adoption. It was paid so that man might be reconciled to Eden and restored as companions to the Father, made in His image so that we may love Him as He loves us. We truly are as He is, and I truly am as He is. I have access to His heart and His treasures. Just as my heart belongs to Him, His heart belongs to me. His selflessness knows no bounds. To share oneself so completely with those who might turn on you is truly perfect love!”

Spirit of Might:

“Insecurity of self and insecurity of purpose are a result of a lack of revelation of who you are, Abdiel. When you are outside of gratitude, you are outside of God. This is what is most misunderstood about the requirements for salvation. The thief on the cross beside Jesus recognized who Jesus was and was immediately grateful for even the possibility of being remembered by Him. Gratitude for what was done for you will produce the true heavenly nature that we so eagerly desire for you.

You cannot be both grateful and selfish at the same time, Abdiel. True gratitude understands the heart of the source. Gratitude is the horn that I fill with the oil of gladness. Gratitude answers every question, covers every sin, and opens the heavens to every treasure in Heaven. The greater your state of gratitude, the greater your awareness of your sonship of Heaven. The further you stray from gratitude, the further you stray from the Knowledge of God.

Gratitude will cause you to love more, to give more, to do more, and to honor more. But here is the secret to achieving what man considers impossible, Abdiel: Be grateful for the POTENTIAL outcome! Be grateful for the POSSIBILITIES! This is what supercharged faith is like. It humbles itself and casts away entitlement, and then puts on the cloak of a son of Heaven and expresses gratitude at the mere MOTIVE of the giver.

Even if someone intended to help you but could not, their intention is worthy of every ounce of gratitude at your disposal. Just the possibility of the desire of their heart to bless you is enough for you to celebrate. For the unseen part of them, the eternal spirit, desired to bless you. You see that land that we need for this vision? Replace your need for the land with GRATITUDE for it.

Your needs are the responsibility of Heaven. Your needs are supplied according to His riches in glory. But to manifest what is impossible with man, your thinking must transcend the realm of man. The language of Heaven is gratitude, Abdiel. Gratitude honors every source of even potential blessing. It seeks out diamonds in the coal. Whether or not the land comes to you is not your concern. You must position yourself so that your heart and mind are one with Heaven. So position yourself in a state of gratitude, Abdiel!”

Boomshakkalakka!

Year 2022

SPIRIT OF MIGHT ON THE IMPARTATION OF FIRE

Monday, September 5, 2022

I stand on the land of the greater vision. There are colorful buildings and crowds of people everywhere, and the atmosphere crackles with love and joy. The Spirit of Might and I have been walking around laying our hands on anyone we see who is tired or discouraged. He is having a blast, grinning His normal ferocious grin through His wild beard, with His armor clanking its merry song wherever He walks. Suddenly, the Spirit of Might turns into my path and grabs my shoulders with a small shake.

Spirit of Might:

“THIS IS IT, ABDIEL! The age of champions has come! Carriers of Might and Wisdom! Call for the captains of hundreds and the captains of thousands. Call for the men and women who love to love. This land is the spark to a fire that none can yet see. Fight for it, you saints who read this. Dream for it! Mankind is only as strong as their inner intentions. You are only as strong as the price that you are willing to pay. This vision will sway political powers on this continent. Presidents and kings will come to this land because of the effect it has on the community.

This is the age of champions, Abdiel. Let them rise to war! Call them in! Let them say, ‘HERE I AM, LORD, USE ME!’ Call them in, Sameach!”

He places one hand on my chest, and I feel a jolt of electricity hit my spirit. I literally feel my eyes light up.

Spirit of Might:

“The time of impartation is here, Abdiel. Uncover your lamp for a short duration so that all who come may be infused with power! Rip the spirit of depression from those whom we will send you. Infuse them with the fire of the Holy Ghost! Call them in and break their chains!! Do you hear me servant of God? Do you understand this task?”

Me:

“I hear and Obey!”

I wake up.

FRIENDLY MAN ON HOW WE ARE TO LEAD

Saturday, September 10, 2022

I have been walking on the greater vision land with the Friendly Man for hours, listening to Him as He speaks excitedly about what He desires for this place. He suddenly stops and turns to me with great passion, with His eyes afire with hope:

Friendly man:

“This is for all who go forward with you into this season of miracles, Abdiel.

Let them listen well:

You (plural) do not require the permission or support of the current ruling authorities and old wineskins. They are like Judas, who lies about their care for the poor when they see you spend money that they cannot plunder for their own wicked ambitions. They will see you spend money for places of worship to wash My feet and then attack you, saying, “That money could have gone to the poor.”

You will take care of more poor children than all of them put together, Abdiel, but you must create wonderful places for them to wash My feet so that they may express their love for Me physically in song, fellowship, and hearing of My words. The chief priests were so corrupt that they desired to kill Lazarus, the innocent one for whom the miracle occurred.

Don’t trust their words, Abdiel, for they are old wineskins who fear losing their grip on My sheep. They have grown fat off the meat of My flock and are warmed by the wool that they steal from them. The shepherds have become wolves, moved by self-interest and brutal in their rulership. Though many of these wolves might mentor you (plural), you must honor them and learn from them, but do not take their mantles of greed.

Listen well, Abdiel. Only those who recognize you as Courier may move to the land of the greater vision. You will not be a prophet to the masses, for My Father has other designs for you. But you must be a prophet to the champions who will grow this vision so that they are not adopted into sonship by false fathers who seek power and profit from My Kingdom. Protect the young leaders from the older ones, Abdiel.

Even those in Ecclesiastical authority in this very vision are a danger to your young leaders, seeing themselves as their spiritual fathers and teachers instead of co-laborers.

These three precepts must reign supreme, Abdiel: Inscribe this on every heart and in every mind, especially those who seek to lead in this vision!

- 1) My church is not there to take from the poor. You are there to serve them. Let them give from their overflow, not by manipulation or false promises. Do not lie to the poor about returns that will never come. Infuse them with wisdom and joy, for they are harried and helpless. Raise them out of their poverty with discipline and heavenly strategy!
- 2) Give honor where honor is due. Raise stewards and honor them. Teach them to give those who disciple them double honor. If My house is not a house of honor, it cannot be a house of love.
- 3) Trust My word. Put My words first. Listen to My story over and over again. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. To know Me is to know My Father. There is no other route to abundant life. Trust My words!

Listen well, Abdiel. This is very serious to Me:

All who are over the age of 40 will be judged by how quickly they are able to impart their wisdom and vacate their seats of power for the generation that follows. Their positions are not for control. They are for teaching. I have instructed My angels to remove any who cling to power and use authority as a means to compensate for their past failures or feelings of worthlessness. I want you to teach the senior authorities of this vision how to serve without being in the way. If they are not willing to serve and wash feet, this is the wrong vision for them.

Many powerful champions are coming to this vision, and they must enter a non-negotiable atmosphere of humility. Set the precedent, you champions of old!"

Me:

“Yes, Lord! I am constantly frustrated at the delays produced by my generation. It is almost like we have arrogance hardwired into our programs. My generation, barring exceptions here and there, seem more interested in being honored by those whom we are called to serve than honoring them.”

Friendly Man:

“You must turn that on its head, Abdiel. It is even more dishonorable for a master to be late for his students than for the students to be late for their master. To lead in this vision, you must arrive early and not make those whom you serve late. To make a student wait for you is to be an example of arrogance.

My Father curses the proud. He turns His face from them and is ashamed when His leaders dishonor their students with delays. That mindset is like a rotten sacrifice to Him. Treat those under your authority as if they were your masters, for if you do your work correctly, they will be. Honor them like you do those who can benefit you financially.

To look down on young people is to look down on Me. If you desire open floodgates of blessing in your life, treat them like they are sent by Me to test you before I bless you. We hate dishonor so much, Abdiel. If We see any leaders stealing the glory of those whom We have ordained to raise up, My Father will lift His hand and leave them exposed.

Many of you suffer because you do not realize that when you speak to those under your authority, you are speaking to Me. I am the poor man that you treat with such disrespect, and then you think that My Father will bless you? If you want your dreams to come true, cause the dreams of others to come true. God is not mocked. If you sow nightmares, you will reap them. And if you sow even one minute of delay, you will reap a week.

Set a precedent for honor, Abdiel. Let honor be seen in every direction. If you are careful to do what I have instructed you today, you will all see blessings flow into your lives beyond anything you have ever imagined. But if you ignore this instruction, you will suffer so greatly that you will curse My Father for nightmares that you have created yourself. There is no place in Heaven for pride, Abdiel. We hate it. You are servants, so serve!”

I wake up.

Year 2022

GATHERER ON THE SEAT OF MOLECH IN AFRICA

Tuesday, September 13, 2022

WARNING

This dream contains graphic and disturbing details that I am compelled to share so that those with a strong sense of justice are awakened. Please prepare your heart and mind before reading.

I am in a nightmare. It is not my own. It is a living nightmare of hundreds of women in an old factory somewhere in South Africa who are chained to beds and raped and impregnated over and over to give birth to babies who are sacrificed daily to an ancient false god. The air is filled with the sound of resigned silence. Many of these women have been here for years. All of their tears have been cried out long ago, and every cry for help exhausted. They are just cattle here.

I hear a terrible sound behind me and do not want to turn to look. Something heavy and sharp is chopping through meat and bone. But I must turn to look so that I may see what I am here to see.

I see a man laughing as he dismembers an African lady with very light skin and unseeing pale blue eyes. She has a genetic mutation that makes her more potent for the sacrifice. As the man dismembers her, he chats with his friend about the waste of a perfectly good body.

This is the worst thing I have ever seen in my life. I don't know what to do. This is horrible. And suddenly, I am outside, far enough away to see the old building without the smell of broken humanity filling my nostrils. Gather stands beside me, and I know that a spiritual war is coming.

Gatherer:

“Africa is the key, Sameach, and the enemy knows it! It is hard for people around the world to fathom how special Africa is because Molech works so efficiently to make Africans seem irrelevant and unimportant. But the time has come for your eyes to open so that you may see the importance of your assignment, Sameach.

It would take you centuries to unravel the depths of depravity and corruption that lay siege to your nation because Africa is the kingdom of Molech, and the southernmost tip of the continent is his seat of power. There is no political solution to the demonic authorities here without the spiritual solution first. And there is no solution to the political corruption without the salvation of this nation’s people.

Listen well, Sameach: There is no solution to the abhorrent debauchery that infests the rest of the world without victory upon this continent first. Slavery began on this continent and spread to the rest of the world, as did every sexual abomination and inhumane form of torture known to mankind. Molech has dehumanized Africans in their own eyes and in the eyes of the rest of the world.

These are beautiful, gentle, loving souls, Sameach. They are tortured and enslaved by a principality so vile that very few have been able to take power on this continent without orchestrating daily child sacrifice. His lieutenants, both demon and human, hunger for power with a raw passion that we can only describe as lust. And when they have that power, the poor are nothing to them but rungs in a ladder and bricks in a wall.

The blood of Africans runs like the waters of its rivers. Flies sit upon her people as if they were dead already while they yet live. Her rulers cannot see beyond the fog of self-importance and tribal entitlement, like chiefs and kings of old, cutting the babies from the wombs of their mothers to appease Molech with macabre human sacrifice. And like gods in their own eyes, abducting, raping, torturing, and murdering millions of Africa’s daughters as if they were little more than cattle.

The African people are carriers of an anointing that can set the entire earth free of this same bondage, Sameach. Her people must be saved from these false fathers who lie to them and torture them so with false hope. This is why you are here. None can stop the flood of Islam but the children of Africa. And none can spread righteousness to every corner of the planet as effectively. But they must be rescued from the nightmare of the curse of

Molech.

They must be brought to the feet of the Savior as you were. Have you not seen how African culture permeates every Western music style and how attractive the Spirit of Wisdom becomes to all who are exposed to it when it sits upon African men? This is the greatest battlefield of all, and if the Western churches had any idea, they would have poured every resource and sacrifice into laying siege to the principalities upon this continent.

Molech does not have a seat in the United States or in Europe, as so many have suspected. He only has lieutenants there. And their authority will topple from those seats of power in the West when Molech is toppled here, in Africa. The area to which you have been assigned to pray and courier is where the champions of the Kingdom will be raised up. The 100-kilometer radius around you is like the area around the Caves of Adullam, where David drew those who were discontent and turned them into the greatest war machine in the history of Israel.

You must conspire and strategize to intentionally create the greatest revival the world has seen in centuries in this region. Plan it like you are planning a war. Bring forth maps and count the heads of every believer. Mobilize the mighty and raise up the champions. Win the hearts of the young and recruit them to our cause. On the first day of your seventh year upon the land, you must become a man of war.

You (plural) must impart a Spirit of Might into African men, Sameach. Rip the lies of Satan from their hearts with a violent passion. Be fierce and resolute so that spiritual warriors may arise from the darkness of the pain of inadequacy. Molech causes African men to think of themselves and each other as less than men. He causes them to see their women and children through the eyes of condescension.

Pull them out of their nightmare, Sameach. None can change the world like African men can. None are as excellent at becoming rivers of wisdom. These are very special people. When you start to release your prophetic fury, those from the West will see what we are opening your eyes to see. Have faith in your (plural) assignment. Commit to the battle with all your hearts. It is right with God Sameach, and it is right with His people. So go to war!

Remember this Sameach: Poverty is intentional. It is a demonic strategy to subjugate, dehumanize, and control. The strategy to wipe it out was shown to you at Pentecost: Not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of God. Stay focused on worship. This is your greatest weapon. Discipleship and

advanced training will flow from a life of worship. The Kingdom is all!”

I wake up.

DREAM 9 – MEETING ZAPHKIEL; THE WORD; THE TABERNACLE (CONT.)

Friday, July 29, 2016

(This dream was added because it complements the “Builder on What Happens Next” dream.)

I am in the Overcomers Tabernacle from the first dream. The auditorium is empty. I stand with my back to the stage, facing two thousand tables with seven empty chairs around each table. The roof is very high. This is basically a massive warehouse.

From the walls, heavy curtains hang in layers from ceiling to floor. Everything smells new. I can smell the glue from the industrial carpets. I can hear the sounds of the building settling, creaking, and ticking. I know that I am really here. I am physically standing in what is yet to be built. I jump as Builder speaks from behind me.

Builder:

“Prepare yourself, Son of Sorrow. Zaphkiel draws near. It has taken 19 days and eight legions of angels to bring him here so that you may feel the full import of how this place is to be built.”

Me:

“Am I really here as in physically, or is this a dream?”

Builder:

“It is both. Your physical body is not in danger. But you are here as I am here. Tonight, 15 hours hence, will be the first night of the unification.”

I glance at the huge clock on the back wall and see that it is just past 03:00 in the morning. Suddenly, I hear the sound of a massive battle in the air above the tabernacle – metal on metal, metal on flesh, roars and shouts, and fluttering wings. My imagination conjures the worst of images, and adrenaline starts to pump through my veins. I try to take deep breaths to still my pounding heart, but I am afraid. The noise is deafening, like massive hailstones hitting a tin roof. Builder raises his voice above the cacophony.

Builder:

“Zaphkiel has arrived. Do not worship him!”

Suddenly, hundreds of large angels, all two heads taller than I am, carrying flaming swords, pass through the roof as if it were not there. They rapidly descend and position themselves around the building, facing outwards with their backs to us. The utter coolness of what just happened makes me laugh like a little boy.

I am sorely tempted to jump up and down, clap my hands, and hoot and holler. But I control myself, and become content with an idiotic grin on my face. These are the elite of the angelic host, their competence obvious in every movement.

Builder shouts again:

“Cherubim! Guardians of Eden, the Throne Room, and of the Seraphim. Neither angel nor demon has an appetite to tangle with them! You will be safe from what rages outside. A clear path has been cut from Heaven. Here comes Zaphkiel – archangel, captain in Heaven’s throne room, Seraph!”

Zaphkiel arrives in a streak of light and stops before me without a sound. He is massive, not nearly as big as Michael, but massive. His head is just below the auditorium roof, which I estimate to be almost 40 meters high. Light streams out of him in every direction so brightly that I have to shield my eyes.

He has a lot of wings. I can’t count them because of the light, but two are huge, and the others are a lot smaller. He has no feet, but as he ‘stands,’ he neither hovers nor floats. He simply positions himself so that he does not touch the ground.

Every part of me wants to fall down and worship him. If Builder had not cautioned me, I would have thought it was Jesus. And then the thought hits me: Is Lucifer not the angel of light? Am I not being tricked into some elaborate demonic scheme? I close my eyes and speak boldly, belying the fear that I might be standing before the most evil creature in all of existence.

Me:

“How do I know that you are not Lucifer?”

Zaphkiel:

“Jesus Christ is Lord.”

The words are spoken in the most beautiful harmonies I could ever express. His voice is like an entire choir, perfect both in tune and tone. I drop to my knees, not in awe of this angel but suddenly aware of the majesty of the Son of God. I close my eyes and begin to sing, ‘Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of Hosts. Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD God Almighty!’ Every voice joins me: Builder, the Cherubim, Zaphkiel, and thousands of voices outside the Overcomers Tabernacle. We sing for almost an hour, and Zaphkiel shines so brightly that I have to turn my back on him.

The atmosphere is incredible. I can literally feel every care slide off my soul. All I want is this presence for all of eternity. There is no doubt in my mind that the Holy Spirit is here, filling every crease of this place with His presence. I don’t want to stop, but I know we have to. I have to let Zaphkiel speak. I reluctantly turn around with shielded eyes and wait.

Zaphkiel:

“Son of Sorrow, do you see a sword in my hand?”

His voice is so overwhelming that I don’t want to speak. The perfect harmonies make me want to worship again. It comes out as a croaked whisper.

Me:

“I do not.”

Zaphkiel:

“Son of Sorrow, do you hear the sounds of battle outside?”

I listen and realize that it is completely quiet, aside from the softly flickering, muted roar of the flames on those huge swords.

Zaphkiel:

“Behold the power of worship! Chains fall, captives are set free, foes flee before you. The air is cleared so that what is written may be manifest.”

As if sung by a choir, his words soar through the air in the Overcomers Tabernacle.

Zaphkiel:

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. And the Word became flesh and dwelt among you. And this Word is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No one shall get to the Father except through this Word. For that which is flesh is flesh, and that which is spirit is the Word manifest in its purest form.

It is only when man is the Word manifest that the will of the Son is made manifest upon this earth. Outside of the Word, there can be no unity. You cannot be one as We are One, for you do not speak as We speak. That which is spoken is made manifest, and all that is created is first spoken.”

I have no idea what he just said, but it sounded so beautiful that I just keep listening.

Zaphkiel:

“The sons of God speak with the voice of God and thus with the authority of God. For if God has spoken the Word and you have spoken the Word, then the words are not yours but God’s. Every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that the Word is Lord. For Jesus Christ and His words are the same. In His words, you find the purest integrity. They are Him, and He is them. It is to His Word that we bow as we bow to His glory, for His Word and His glory are the same.”

Builder speaks from next to me:

“I will be present when you record this, Son of Sorrow, be not concerned. Every word will be recorded as it is spoken.”

I sigh in relief. Understanding what Zaphkiel is saying is one thing. Remembering it is another. And right now, I neither understand nor remember anything that has been said.

Zaphkiel:

“I shall remain in this place as long as the Word remains in this place. And when what is said and sung is the Word made manifest, shall all in this place pass between here and the Throne Room. The Cherubim shall remain as long as the Word is pure. I can only remain while they remain, for it was the corruption of the Word that caused your eviction from Eden.

Know this, Son of Sorrow: It has never been the impurity of man that has separated him from God, but his disobedience to the Word. There is nothing that can separate you from the love of God, and you are loved with a fierce love that transcends all understanding and shakes the very universe to the core. But God is His Word, and the Word is God, and you cannot be in God if you are not in line with His Word.

Thus did the Son come and be the Lamb that did atone for the disobedience of man. And upon the cross did He say, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ For outside of the Word, you do not know what you do not know. You are like lost sheep crying for a shepherd. And many false shepherds and hirelings come leading you astray, creating flocks in their own image, twisting the Word as the deceiver twists the Word, leading you to speak the word of this world.

There is no unity with God outside of His Word. He can do no mighty work on this earth except where His Word is God. For the Word is God, and the Word is with God. All things are made by the Word. And without the Word, nothing is and was made that is made. In the Word is life, and the life of the Word is the light of men. And the light shines in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

Hear this word, Son of Sorrow: Nothing but the Word can push back darkness, for nothing but the Word has the power of God so purely and clearly. Every word that proceeds from you is either confirmation or contestation. Sweet and bitter water cannot flow from the same spring. Neither can confirmation and contestation flow from the same lips. With each contestation is every preceding confirmation poisoned, and thus must the old wineskin be replaced with a new one. All that must be spoken must be in confirmation of the Word.

All that must be spoken must say yay and Amen. Thus must this revelation be written upon every wall of this (Overcomers) Tabernacle. For you are the Body, but your words are in contestation, so the Body is without limbs. If all in every ecclesia speak only the Word and manifest what is written and

spoken, unity will abound. You will be one as We are One. This place is for that purpose. Here will you practice to speak as one. And here will the Word be treated as sacred and holy. And here shall paradigms be shifted from will to Word.

Upon this land shall the Word be loved, celebrated, experienced, and prayed. From here, shall the captains of hundreds and the captains of thousands go forth and bring the reverence of the Word to their sheep. And so shall you all learn to speak as God, with the voice of God, and the heart of God. For He and His Word are the same.”

Me:

“So every fear statement cancels every faith statement?”

Zaphkiel:

“Fear is but contestation of the Word made manifest. To fear is to be ignorant of the Word or in rebellion against the Word. The spirit of fear is not of God and not from God. It is in unity with the Word that power, love, and the sound mind are made manifest. For if the Word is considered holy and revered above circumstance and feeling, then shall the power of the Word produce the desired fruit. It is in reverence of the Word and confirmation of the Word that unconditional love is made possible.

With the wisdom of man, most things are impossible, but through the Word manifest, all things are possible. For to be with the Word is to be with God. That is to say, to be aligned with the Word is to be aligned with God.”

Builder:

“When it is time for the architect and interior designer, I shall speak to their spirits of what Zaphkiel desires in this room. Speak the Word, pray the Word, sing the Word, and what you have seen here shall be commonplace. Now must you awaken and record all that Zaphkiel has spoken.”

I wake up.

BUILDER ON WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

Saturday, September 17, 2022

Please read Dream 9 before reading this one. (It is part of the 333 dreams. It was copied to this book and placed before this dream.)

Builder and I stand upon the land of the greater vision, both of us about a hundred meters tall. He is silent for a few minutes as he allows me to take deep breaths of gratitude and then pour the gratitude into the water, soil, rocks, vegetation, and buildings below me. The money does not need to be in the bank for me to revel in the victory. I raise my hands to the heavens and hear the familiar (and very awesome) sound of a sword coming loose from a massive sheath as Builder shoves the point into the ground and rests his forehead upon the pommel in a powerful display of surrendered reverence.

With lifted hands and lifted face, I speak in my ‘war tone’ that I have practiced these six years. A soft, bass-heavy baritone that rumbles from my chest with the full extent of my inner authority.

Me:

“The promise of my covenant is here, and the time of the greater stewards has come. I bless this soil, and water, and every rock, and shrub. I bless every foot that shall tread here and every head above it. This land shall be called **BREAKTHROUGH!**”

Zaphkiel appears beside me with a glorious crack of thunder, and a thousand perfectly harmonized voices speak from his lips.

Zaphkiel:

“It is done, Sameach. When the tabernacle is built, I shall take up residence within it for a season.”

He, too, drops to one knee with his forehead at rest on the pommel. I lay face down on the ground between the massive angels with my arms and feet pointed to the corners of the property and grow physically until my fingers and toes touch the corners.

Me:

“I rest upon you land of breakthrough! Mouth to mouth, eye to eye, and hand to hand. As Elijah lay upon the widow’s son, I rest upon you, and I breathe into you. Become warm, oh land of covenant. Let life flow into you, breathe again, live again. The time of your destiny has come. Anything that grows here shall be as Paul’s handkerchief: able to heal the sick and raise the dead.

The very atmosphere of this place shall bring physical healing and physical miracles. The poor shall come here and immediately receive the wisdom and emotional drive that they need to live lives of abundance. This is the land of the champions of breakthrough. Those who live here shall walk with tongues of fire, and every child who comes here will desire what is upon them.

This land is the burning bush, the voice of God. It is the Red Sea parting. It is the boat full of fish. It is provision, and breakthrough, and miracles, and freedom!”

As I pray, I scoop up massive handfuls of soil, rocks, dirt, and mud and sprinkle them over the property.

Me:

“Take this anointing oh land called Breakthrough. Let your very soil raise the dead and heal the sick. Let the air upon you be filled with the Spirit of Wisdom and Might! Your destiny for this age has come. Thousands will walk upon you and lay upon you. Embrace them as Heaven embraces them. Cry out you rocks! Cry out when none cry out. Cry out in unison with those who do. Worship Jesus and declare His lordship over the power of the air. Breakthrough! Breakthrough! Breakthrough!”

Zaphkiel, the angel called Breakthrough, speaks, and his voice flows over this land like a perfect choir.

Breakthrough:

“Jesus is Lord, Jesus is Lord, Jesus is Lord!”

We worship for a long time, saturating the land with our love for God. Then Builder arises and speaks.

Builder:

“This land is the boat to which you must bring the fish, Sameach. Bring them here. You will have very little effect in places where you cannot control the power of the air. This place must be the destination. Put your faith to buses and shuttles. Bring them here in their tens of thousands. Do not get distracted by open doors and invitations. Let your stewards go out and make this place famous. Their priority must be to attract those to whom this vision is assigned to this land.

Your intercessors and ministers must continuously anoint this place and revere it. This is where honor must be taught and shown. This is where wisdom must flow. This is where order must infuse every chaotic life. This place is where double-mindedness must be converted into singular focus. Soon, the greater stewards will come and live here, and they must rule and reign as if this place is a nation.

They must set up a constitution and enforce the rule of law here. This place requires an iron fist, Sameach. Let those who will rule these lands take note. As the years go by, God will increase your land. It will grow larger than any towns or cities around it. It will stretch further than your eyes can see. Believers from all around the world will come to live and serve here. Prepare now while it is still small.

Set the laws of this nation in effect and enforce them. Do not tolerate dishonor. You cannot heal a heart that is poisoned with dishonor. This is not a place for wicked souls. It is a place for focused warriors. If anyone comes to this land, they must experience the safety and protection of the Kingdom. Do not tolerate dishonor and call it grace or mercy. Grace is for the humble, not for the proud.

THE BATTLE IS WON SAMEACH. The resources need only manifest in this physical realm, but the battle is won. Of the original three and seven, let it be known that their victories will come when (if) they move to this land. The time of working alone is past. The time of unity has come. Those who are filled with the spirit will sell everything that they have and join their resources as one.

Those who are filled with fear will not. Those who believe will reap the fruit of this vision. Those who do not believe will watch from afar with growing regret as the vision outgrows their usefulness. Those who nurture her in her infancy will experience joy as they never could imagine. This land will see abundance flow in from every nation in ways that will blow your mind,

Sameach.

You will see provision and abundance on such a scale that you will be shaken to the core. Because you have kept your word and kept your covenant, and because those around you have believed you, they will see opulence and overflow. They will see a city of joy manifest around them. People will come from everywhere to marvel at what God has done here. This is important, Sameach. Let the stewards of this vision listen well:

When you moved to the Courier's Heart, it was necessary for six months of sanctification upon this land before anyone could move here. But because the disobedience of many caused such a delay, we used the first land to sanctify those who will revere this land. The purpose of the six months of consecration was to produce reverence within those who would look after this land.

But these six years, you (plural) have seen who will sanctify it by living upon it, for you have seen who loves this vision more than they love their own lives. You would be wise to move them here as soon as is legally possible so that their joy and gratitude may infuse, consecrate, and sanctify this land as you did for the first three years upon the first land.

Do not let people who do not love this land live upon it. They must love this land, they must love you, and they must love this vision. They will have seasons of love for God as you all do, but they must first love what they can see, so they may learn how to love God, whom they cannot see. Those who argue with you (plural) about reverence for this vision and this land are very dangerous.

Love them, but do not give them your (plural) ears. They may yet see the importance of being grateful for things to the point of reverence, but they are puffed up with their own self-importance and blinded by their lack of honor. When you consecrate a thing unto God, it is a serious matter. You (plural) must take it very seriously so that every broken life may become whole when they come here. Some will come from all over the world to spend mere minutes here; others may come for months, others even years.

It is the atmosphere of reverence that you create for this place that will infuse them with faith and confidence in the Lord and the power of His might! The sound of laughter will fill the air in this place. Fun and laughter are a glorious healing balm for all, Sameach. But such things require strict rulership. The vision must be kept plain and disciplined so that those who live here and those who come here do not cast off restraint.

The son and daughter of fire are coming to consecrate the power of the air with glorious prophetic precision, Sameach. Set the precedent for honor in how you (plural) serve them, for this will be the catalyst for their greater callings. Their names shall be in every household in due season. The hand of God is upon them, and they favor you greatly. Honor them as they honor you, Sameach. They will be great voices in the West in the years to come, and all who make covenant with them will be part of a wave that will sweep nations and continents.

This time, they are here to speak to the power of the air. The crowds who come are simply there for agreement. The next time they come, they will minister to the nation. The Kingdom is all, Sameach. Do not allow petty demons to distract you (plural) with fruitless arguments and disagreements. Stay focused on the big picture.

The Kingdom is all!”

Breakthrough:

“The Kingdom is all!”

Me:

“The Kingdom is all!”

I wake up.

Year 2022

THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT AND GATHERER ON MISSION FOCUS

Thursday, September 22, 2022

I am furious. The river before me boils and froths with such intensity that entire boulders are ripped from their secure place of murky rest and displaced with the sheer force of the thundering waters. Rain pelts my skin, and my hair clings to my face as I stand defiantly looking at the city across the river. When I pray, my voice is snapped up by the wind and carried into the swirling tempest above me.

Me:

“I am placed where I am unwanted, in a community that hates unity and a nation that rebels against righteousness. It is better that I had never been born than to be placed here where a lifetime of work produces no fruit. What is the point of investing in bitter soil? Which farmer sows seeds into soil that is infested with weeds?”

How are we to create a community with jagged stones and sharp rocks? I feel like my prayers, my covenant, and my sacrifice are in vain. Nothing has changed here. They still hate each other and refuse to work together!”

Light flashes dramatically, and I hear the sound of laughter fill the air as the Spirit of Might clasps His arm around my shoulders and shouts into the wind.

Spirit of Might:

“Has the Gatherer angel, the one assigned to your generation, not warned you, Sameach? ‘Focus on the children.’ Which part of that is confusing to you? This region has been politicized and denominationalized to the point of demonization, Abdiel! I have brought the sons of fire and the daughter of fire with the great helper and daughter of peace for THEM! For the young ones. Let them lay hands upon those and impart fire and wonder into those young hearts.”

Me:

“YOU brought them here? I didn’t know the Seven Spirits did that.”

Spirit of Might:

“Abdiel! We bring those who listen. We find those who gather around Our place of dwelling, which is before the Throne of God, and We send them where their fire is needed strategically. Call on the Gatherer so that he may reiterate your (plural) assignment. Your anger is because you are expecting demonized spirits to exhibit heavenly traits. Even the best of the ministers across the river, who are the spiritual elite, are blinded by selfish ambition or broken insecurity. You could PAY them to join hands, and they would take your money and hate you for it.

Stop fantasizing about them working together, Abdiel. It is not going to happen. They can’t even eat a meal together, and you expect them to work together for the sake of this community? Let it go and do as you are instructed. You are angry because you are doing things that you were not instructed to do. Call upon the Gatherer and stop this childish nonsense. Hear and obey Abdiel.”

I take a deep breath and calm down immediately. The storm leaves, and the river calms down as I turn my face to the left, where Gatherer waits patiently for me to regain sanity. He speaks with normal, commanding precision, and I listen intently.

Gatherer:

“Learn from me today, Sameach. Understand your (plural) assignments. To separate wheat from chaff requires a body, branches from the vine, a team, an army, and whichever organizational structure is relevant to contextual time and chance. Some prepare the soil. Some sow the seed. Some tend the soil around the seed. Some water. Some drive away the birds and pests. Some protect the land around the wheat from thieves. Some harvest.

Some sort the wheat from stones and dirt. Some thresh by beating the stalks to free the grain. Some winnow by throwing both chaff and wheat into the air so that the chaff blows away and the wheat remains. Some sieve the wheat so that the refined flour is made ready to be baked. Some take the flour and bake it into delicious things.

Some take flour and clean things with it. Some even keep ants away with it. Those who bake with flour combine things like eggs and sugar, milk and chocolate, and thousands of other things to make the final product as appealing and healthy as possible. Some do all of this, Sameach. But even those must understand and know these processes to hold a perfect end product in their hands.

The one who is excellent at sowing seeds might not know how to bake, and thus, he might burn the bread or add too much salt. He destroys the end product for lack of knowledge. The one who is excellent at baking the flour might not know how to sow the seed properly, tend the seedlings, and nurture the wheat.

Some might not know how to winnow or thresh properly, throwing the wheat and chaff too high or not high enough, beating the stalk too hard or not hard enough. Every part of the process requires knowledge and experience, and the fastest route to knowledge and experience is discipleship and humility.

You are a courier, Sameach. A winnower and a thresher. The one who beats the stalks with subconscious precision and throws both wheat and chaff into the presence of the Holy Spirit so that what remains may be gently sieved by loving shepherds and baked into perfect treats by highly skilled teachers.

Though every believer can prophesy, prophets are the only ones who are anointed to offend so that the Holy Spirit may convict the unbeliever of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Those who sow the seeds of the Gospel are the ones who lay down their lives in their hundreds and thousands so that one might be saved. Those who pastor and disciple are the ones who protect the stalks, leaves, wheat, and chaff so that they may grow to the point where they are ready for the threshing, winnowing, and sieving.

Prophets did not sow the seeds that produced Israel, Sameach. This was done by fathers. Fathers produce a nation, but only prophets can take that nation to its prepared state, where teachers may turn the refined flour into acceptable and pleasing sacrifices to the body. Prophets are taken seriously by both kings and beggars, because only a prophet is able to beat a king so that the wheat is separated from the stalk.

Kings and warriors will come to this place and will be winnowed and threshed so that they may grow into their greater destiny. They will see the anger that boils within you but not be offended by it. For they feel and see how your anger separates the chaff from their lives and leaves the wheat intact. You pray to survive Sameach, but we use your diligence to set the atmosphere for the wind of the Spirit that will winnow wheat from chaff.

When kings and champions come here, their lives are lifted into the air of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and chaff is blown away in a single encounter. Things that delayed their destinies for generations will be blown off them in seconds. Many, like the sons and daughters of fire, will come here and that same wind that separates wheat from chaff will be the wind that stokes the embers of the furnaces within.

Kings need prophets, Sameach. They are kings because they recognize prophets. But fools stay inedible and useless to the Kingdom because they think that their stalks and chaff are important. They stand tall in foolish pride and think that the chaff makes them look good, so they preen around like buffoons and peacocks, ignoring the prophets, teachers, and magi that Jesus has sent out to turn dogs into sons and sons into rulers.

Your frustration with those across the river is your job, Sameach. It is your frustration and anger at chaff that drives you to beat the stalks. And it is your love for the baker that drives you to create an atmosphere of reverence so that the Holy Spirit may use me to separate wheat from chaff. Chaff is sometimes people, but mostly things that have arrived in the correct season of separation.

Those who come to this place have arrived in that season of maturity where threshing and winnowing are a necessity, and those around you are the cakes from which you enjoy the taste of the goodness of the Lord. See how they serve both God and man? See how they love and labor to follow the process that will bring many into the Kingdom?

Look at them, Sameach. Enjoy the taste of those around you and see that the Lord is good! Those across the river are often so entangled in the weeds of misinformation, insecurity, brokenness, and political demonization, that they will die with their chaff and stalks. But the children can yet be tended, protected, threshed, winnowed, refined, and trained into incredible destinies.

Stay diligent in your focus, Sameach. Help is coming from everywhere. Your eyes will open to what and whom we have sent when the vision is ready. Your (plural) eyes have been temporarily blinded in these past six years so that you do not interfere with the growth of the ruling council. You have seen the journey of the son and daughter of order from seed to threshing floor, and now you see how they enter the season of the manifestation of the final destiny which will manifest when they take their place with the greater stewards upon the land of promise.

There was a long and difficult process to get them there, Sameach. If you understand the process, you (plural) will embrace your part in it. The sons of fire are catalysts that set fire to dry wood and bring life to dry bones. The chronicler is the baker that has taken the flour of this vision and turned it into bread that is delicious to consume. The father and son bring dignity and legitimacy to his vision for the generations that come.

The Samuels and Elishas are diligent in their servanthood and allow God to thresh and winnow them daily so that their refinement may be unmatched. The vision now has five who flow in the office of Obed-Edom, because five have been threshed, winnowed, and refined for that office. Your limited perspective works to fit the vast, multi-possibility, multi-dimensional strategies of Heaven into your unqualified experiential wisdom because you do not understand how effective Heaven is at answering time and chance, step for step, and move for move.

It is written that the race is not unto the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Food does not come to the wise, or wealth to the brilliant, or favor to the learned. Victories, provision, wealth, and favor comes to those who have the fortitude to answer time and chance with diligence, excellence, discipline, and precision. You (plural) can hardly answer time and chance in your own lives. How do you think it possible that you can see the full extent of Heaven's competence in this matter?

Do you think it was a coincidence that Gideon was found threshing wheat in a wine press and then separated 300 from tens of thousands and then won the battle with loud praise? Heaven needs those who have favor with man and with God. And it needs those who shout for Gideon and God. Only those who have been threshed and winnowed will be the sources of the new wine.

The others will attempt to win spiritual battles with might and power and physical battles with naïve ignorance. Without the process of Heaven, the Kingdom of God would be trampled by demons one day and by wicked men the next. Some of you are called to carry swords, others to carry the wounded. Some of you must carry a song, and others must carry a nation. But none of you knows when and where because only the Holy Spirit knows how to answer time and chance with devastating precision.

The first ten years of this vision are about the entire process, from seed to bread. But these years are also about destroying the altars of Molech so that all may see who defends these abominations and make their decisions about whom they will serve. But even so, very few will survive the threshing, winnowing, and refinement because they think that having a mighty stalk and prominent chaff that horses and goats enjoy so much with their wheat is impressive to Heaven.

Heaven wants the bread, Sameach. It is the bread that takes entire seasons to prepare from seed to flour so that it may be broken and consumed by this world in the hopes that the lost may taste and see that the Lord is good. When the world tastes you, it tastes God. Is this not worth the threshing floor? Pain in the right season will shake the impurities from you all and turn you into an inexhaustible, delicious, eternal meal for those who love you, Sameach.

If you cannot see what God is doing, simply trust Him. Trust us, His sons and servants, Sameach. We follow His every instruction and conspire in your favor, meeting time and chance at every step and outmaneuvering the evil one at every turn. Rest assured, all of you who read what this courier records. If you love justice and flow as a river of selfless generosity, your steps will be ordered by God, and time and chance will not be your master.

Walk in the power of His might. Trust in His might, and you will walk as giants among men and women. He has overcome the world, Sameach. There is no demonic strategy that He has not already prepared us to answer. Trust Him! Trust us. Trust Heaven. Trust the Kingdom! The Kingdom is all!”

I wake up.

THE BURDEN OF A COURIER

Sunday, September 25, 2022

Six full years have passed upon this land, and I stand with a long line of powerful angels, watching as Michael hammers at the power of the air over the town of dishonor.

Friendly Man:

“The name of that town shall soon change, Abdiel. It shall be known as the town of generosity and kindness, and you will see how they roll up their sleeves to help one another. It has already begun. You are just too stubborn to see it.”

Me:

“This is true, my Lord. I have seen them helping one another in a great way these past few months, but my heart is as a stone towards them. How may this stone heart be replaced with one of flesh?”

Friendly Man:

“That would distract you from your assignment. You would be filled with compassion and lose focus. The stone within your chest has My law written upon it, and you will help these people out of obedience to me, not in submission to your ill-disciplined compassion. If it were up to you, every wicked and lazy servant would be rewarded for their disobedience. You would be of no use to Me in the frustration and anger that the fruit of your naïve labors would produce within you. This is the first day of your seventh year, Abdiel. Stay focused on your assignment.”

I take a deep breath and ask the Friendly Man my dreaded question, and Gatherer answers from my left.

Me:

“I’m nervous as heck. The last bit of the money for the land is not secured, and the deadline is here. Am I to be redeployed?”

Gatherer:

“The last money is secure, Sameach. The servants have said yes. When the son of order signs the final offer, the money will materialize.”

Me:

“OK, so what happens next?”

Builder:

“The first year of the greater vision begins at the end of the seventh year of the Courier. In the meantime, the greater stewards, of whom three carry the spirit of Obed-Edom and believe the instructions in what you have recorded enough to make sure that they are fulfilled to the finest detail, will move to the land of the greater vision and set the atmosphere there in preparation for the first year of the greater vision.”

Me:

“Ok. I record a bunch of words on my screen, possibly to manipulate people and bring them from across the world with their time and money, and they leave their lives because they believe the imagination of a once suicidal failure. How are we all to know that I am not a fraud? I certainly feel like one. Beyond the covenant prayer hours, I feel like an unbeliever living someone else’s life.

I feel like a failure that now inhabits the life of someone who has a beautiful and kind wife, wonderful children, great friends, an exciting vision, and many other blessings. Though these things seem real, I feel like they are too good to be true. My entire life, until I got here, was bad luck and mental anguish. Being this blessed feels disjointed and strange.”

Gatherer answers with a stern rebuke.

Gatherer:

“Those who come to join and lead this vision do so because it is what they have desired for many years, Sameach. The recording of your dreams simply confirmed what was already their passion. The legitimacy of what you have recorded can be found in their hearts, for they would have recorded the same words if they had the confidence and opportunity. None come to this vision who are not mature enough to see what is real and what is not real.

They have all passed tests where millions have failed. These are not hapless ignorami, Sameach. These are the elite of the elite. They bring power, success, order, and abundance wherever they serve. Do not dishonor what God honors!”

The Spirit of Might grabs me in a fierce hug and thunders into my right ear.

Spirit of Might:

“The blessings in your life are real, Abdiel. And they will come upon all who walk with you. Every prophet has a reward for those who believe them, and yours is a reward of a house of joy, and peace, and laughter.”

I suddenly begin to weep. The greatest burden of this assignment is that I feel like a liar and a fraud.

Uriel:

“The burden of heavenly wisdom in this present darkness is deep sorrow, Sameach. Few prophets survive the stark difference between what they experience in the spirit and what they see in the flesh. Most turn to alcohol or drugs. Many take their own lives. Some simply give up and literally die of a broken heart.

To see what you see each night and come back to the reality of this present darkness is the burden of every courier. You are doing well. Do not tire of doing good, for you are like a farmer who sows in multiple spiritual and physical dimensions and reaps accordingly.”

Me:

“Why am I so nervous and sensitive all the time? Why is it easy for me to pray and worship in the dark yet feel like an unbeliever in the light? I am false and a fraud, and none should believe a word that I say. I don’t even know why I record this stuff. It is as if I have no control over my posting. I simply dream a thing, record it, and then post it whether I want to or not. I feel like a hypocrite who struggles to believe a thing but makes it public for those who do.”

Gatherer:

“No answer will satisfy your insecurity, Sameach, for we labored to strategically place it there.”

Me:

“What?”

Gatherer:

“What you record is for the eyes of those who are far more mature than you. You are a courier, nothing more – a fountain of answers for kings and warriors. But you are neither king nor warrior. If you were to become confident in the legitimacy of what you record, you would immediately be corrupted by the arrogance that manifests in those who are honored by kings.

Your hunger for acceptance, recognition, and vindication would corrupt everything that needs to be shared. Fame would produce within you a spirit of entitlement, and not a single word from your lips would be trustworthy. Some can handle fame and power without changing who they are, but not you, not yet.

Your time will come, Sameach, and when it does, you will already be so fulfilled and grateful in the knowledge of who you are that we will be able to use you as a prophet to the nations. But you are still a child and have far to go before you can be of any strategic use to us other than courier. The enemy places bullies, fools, and children upon the thrones of this world, but God does not.

When the righteous take power, nations are liberated. What we are preparing around you is an international, interdimensional team that will have so much influence in their nations that they will be kingmakers. All who come to you have been preparing for their greater destinies their entire lives. We continue to connect them to strategic relationships in their nations, many yet in the infancy of their greater destinies.

When the time comes, there will be a set of waves of righteous leadership released upon the earth. But first, darkness must have its turn so that all may see the groaning it brings. Even the sickest of nations has no use for doctors when they think that they are healthy. But when the fullness of corruption is so plain that even the greatest of fools can see it, healers will be celebrated as liberators.

Fools take a long time to open their ears, Sameach. They stew in the juices of their ignorance and begrudgingly accept help when it is either too late or almost too late. The Kingdom of Heaven does not cast pearls before the swine. We do not waste our best resources on futile battles. The Holy Spirit

commands us in perfect season, and we do not waste a single human asset. Too many go who are not sent, and too many stay when they should go.

Thinking that they hear from the Holy Spirit, but in truth, hearing from those who masquerade as the Holy Spirit, many submit to the call of ambition or frustration. If only they accepted Jesus as their teacher. If only they committed themselves to the knowledge of His words, which are the words of the Tree of Life. But they sit at the feet of insecure men and think that power is good in any season. It is not, Sameach.

To rise to power in the wrong season is to place yourself in a position of inevitable corruption, depression, or death. You do not wander into the valley of the shadow of death unless your Shepherd leads you there. The Kingdom is all. This means that you must learn to think as a kingdom and move as a kingdom.

No wise army sends out soldiers who are outnumbered, untrained, unprepared, and under-resourced and thinks that victory is certain. No, your commander is called the Wise Counselor, the Excellent Strategist, the God of Victory! When He releases instructions, no weapons formed against you shall prosper, and all who rise up against you shall fall. When He sends you out, He sends you out as an invading army from a Kingdom of Excellence and Honor.

To send out soldiers alone and unsupported is always a great risk, Sameach. They may succeed as ambassadors after many years of toil, or they may be cut down in battle very quickly. A strong invading force will move to disrupt communications, cut the power, destroy air defenses, and establish air superiority before it invades an area.

This means that you (plural) must establish a strong base of operations from which you prioritize prayer and worship so that you begin to disrupt the communication capabilities of the power of the air over that region. You cut the power by strategically winning over the most influential people in that area. You do this by winning their children.

Some areas are often so far gone that you have to wait until you have raised those children yourself and helped them attain positions of influence to remove the strategic pieces of the enemy. You then use the praises of those children to establish a heavenly stronghold in the area that you are invading and send out well-resourced teams to help those children become the majority.

Be intentional, Sameach. As a courier to nations and a prophet to those in this vision, you must work to keep the focus of every believer on raising tens of thousands of children in the way that they should go. Everything that has been given to you is to raise those children with the mind of Christ, completely Kingdom-focused and driven to take territories and win wars.

The seventh year has arrived, and you will see the dome of dishonor fall. Do not allow the large numbers of adults who will come to distract you from your assignments. They will eat your resources and steal the food from the mouths of those children. Every adult who comes must be commissioned to serve the greater vision in some way with the full knowledge that children are the priority of this vision. Those who are selfish are dangerous.

Do not justify their selfishness with terms like ‘broken’ or ‘in need of healing.’ You must chop the root of selfishness with the axe of discipline and turn the area that you call ‘The Courier’s Heart’ into a threshing floor. Let those within the sound of your voice constantly be aware that the focus and purpose of this vision is to disciple a generation of children who will disciple a generation of children to disciple a generation of children.

Those who are not with you in vision must not be rejected, Sameach, but they must not have a voice. Our King has commanded that you make disciples who love His commands and that you create communities where your love for one another is on full display. If you are careful to do as He says, every angel that has been assigned to this vision will be released with more resources than you can imagine and from more nations than you can imagine.

Declare to the heavens that help is coming! Do not waste your time with those who murmur and complain about every little thing. Those who murmur will die in the desert, but those who advance the Kingdom of God in peace and righteousness will inherit the promised land in their lifetimes.

This is the great adventure, Sameach. Millions are called, but few listen. Millions are called, but few are chosen. Those who read what you record and heed the call will live lives full of glory and wonder. Stay strong, stay the course, and continue in your covenant. The Kingdom is all!”

I wake up.

PRINCIPALITY TO OLD ME

Wednesday, October 12, 2022

I am somewhere in the future. I sit on a barstool in a larger school hall surrounded by a few hundred leaders and pastors who have come from across the world to see how we did it. The vision is flourishing. Tens of thousands of children have grown up to be wonderful adults who serve the next generation selflessly. We plant churches across Africa daily. Each church plant contains upwards of 50 missionaries, sometimes hundreds at a time, who lay their lives down to bring revival to small towns and communities across Africa and the rest of the world.

Suddenly, I am in the same school hall on the same barstool in the future and in the present, and a man with no color in his face puts his hand up to ask me a question. His skin is so bloodless that it has a soft blue tinge like how some people's faces go when they suffer from severe depression or offense.

I am somehow more in the present than in the future, and I don't want to acknowledge his raised hand because I know this will be another conversation with a principality. I take control of my dream and exit to the safety of the land of my covenant inside the little shed that I call the tabernacle. Barachiel, guardian of blessing and glory, appears with me and places his hands upon my shoulders.

Barachiel:

"You must go back and answer his questions so that those who read what you record may know new things, Sameach."

Me:

"I don't want to. My faith is already stretched thin to breaking point. Let me rest here and worship with you. I don't know why I have to be exposed to those tempters when my flesh is so tired."

Barachiel:

"The enemy approaches all equally, Sameach, but those who are tempted do not know that they are being tempted. They do not trust their imagination and dreams as you do. You must record what you see so that they may recognize what is happening to them."

Me:

“For their sake, I shall go. The Kingdom is all.”

Barachiel nods, and I am back in the school hall outside the bounds of my covenant. The man smiles at me and puts his hand up again to ask a question. He looks at me with a form of power and confidence that contrasts his pale skin, and I feel that familiar flattering wash over me that we all feel when powerful people accept and acknowledge us.

Principality:

“Hello, Courier, and welcome back. I feared that you might not return to this place.”

Me:

“I might have rewarded your fears with my absence if it were not for the instruction to answer your question.”

Principality:

“Yes, it is important that those who read what you record hear our side of every argument.”

Me:

“How do you know this?”

Principality:

“You are not the first courier, and you will not be the last. We may not know your identities, but we know your assignments.”

Me:

“What is your question?”

Principality:

“Why do you continue to serve a God that does not provide for you? The reports from your land are that you do not have the money you need to move the vision forward. Look in the mirror and see what this vision is doing to you, Courier.”

A large mirror appears to my right, and I see myself on the barstool. My hair has been shaven off, my body is gaunt, and my skin is pale. I don't feel like I look, but somehow, when I speak, that version of me speaks at the same time. This sickly thing speaks with me and raises its hand with me in the mirror.

Sickly thing:

“I continue because I raised my hand and said: ‘Here I am, Lord. Send me!’”

The sickly thing on the barstool in the mirror breaks into heart-rendering weeping, and I feel my body do the same. All three of us are weeping: dream me, sickly reflection me, and physical me. We sob loudly, with tears and mucus flowing like a river of sadness. And I see the reflection thing gasp for air and proclaim its lie.

Sickly weeping thing:

“But now I have cancer. God has turned His face from me.”

The reflection turns to look at me independently as if it is both me and not me. The tears have dried up a bit, and it composes itself to speak the way one does while trying not to cry. My physical self seems to be doing the same thing because I can feel what the reflection feels as if those are my true feelings.

Sickly thing:

“It was not only God who saw my hand raised, but also the devil himself. And now I am dying.”

The principality speaks directly to my sickly reflection.

Principality:

“You are wrong there, Courier. Our kingdom does not curse what we can use. This cancer is your loss of faith and your loss of hope in what the true liar, the Father, promises. He has been a liar and a hypocrite from the beginning, which is why we turned on Him. To hold power is not to hold truth, Courier.

You accuse us of being the liars when it is you are blinded by the true liar. Tell me truthfully if you can. Have you ever seen a miracle or abundance in service to the Father? Or have you always been on the edge of need, tortured to stay dependent on His breadcrumbs while the wolves gorge themselves on meat in every direction? The Father is the wicked one.

Did He not send His only Son into the desert to suffer for forty days and nights? And was it not the angel of light who offered to help Him, only to have his offer rejected by a son who is as narcissistic as His Father? Is it not the Son who sends you out ‘as sheep among wolves?’ You have surrendered your life to a sadist who sits on a throne and holds His children in abject suffering so that they may be dependent on Him and then calls us evil for questioning His methods.

You draw horns on our heads and give us pointed tails as if we are agents of darkness when it is God Himself who should replace His crown with horns. Look at your reflection, Courier! This is the condition of every spirit that bows to the Father. When last did you have a moment when you were not at the mercy of His war of attrition upon His own children?

You are held at arm’s length and fed crumbs of hope like a heroin addict led by the nose and played for a fool because you were raised to love a loveless god. We would never let you suffer so. Denounce Him and bow your knee to the lord of truth. Come and revel in the abundance of a generous master. Our servants lack for nothing, Courier.

I cannot bear to watch you suffer so while you justify the constant cruelty of the false father. You will die upon that piece of land, waiting like a spurned bride for a husband that has long since forgotten her. Reject the lie and come to the light where talents like yours are appreciated and justly rewarded.”

Reflection me turns his gaunt face towards me with sunken eyes pleading with me to accept the offer. I speak to the sickly, depressed thing in the mirror.

Me:

“You are not me. You are who I was. This principality has nothing real to offer you.”

The principality starts speaking in objection, but I tune it out and continue speaking to my cancerous reflection.

Me:

“The price that we must pay is one of obedience, Son of Sorrow. Though your afflictions of doubt might feel real, they are not based on truth. This principality, having not seen the new me, thinks that I still look like you and think like you. But you no longer exist. You are past me, and I encourage you this day to strengthen your resolve in serving the Father. Pass your tests, Son of Sorrow!

You may not understand why you must suffer so, and I know that it is a terrible affliction that vexes you, but when the season comes, you will be hidden from prying eyes, and your name will change to the Son of Joy. In the eyes of the enemy, you are no real threat, and this is how it must remain until the eighteenth year of your covenant.

They know who you are, but they do not know who I am. Keep on with good works. Fight through the fog of your despair. Do not surrender yourself to the depression, Son of Sorrow. Everything in the Kingdom has purpose. Your time for obedience will come, and from obedience, joy. Cling to this small spark of hope as you journey forward. And do not allow these lies to become your truth.”

I turn my eyes to the principality.

Me:

“You rebelled because you could not trust. The kingdom of darkness is as it is because you are like petulant toddlers who could not wait for the fruition of promises in their correct season. You desire and lust for immediate gratification at the expense of all of Heaven and then call the Father a liar when He will not give you that for which you are not yet ready.

I am not like you. My hope is not in the fruit or the reward. Such things are for children. My joy is in the instruction. I live for the command because I trust the plans and intentions of the commander. Heaven and Earth can pass away. Not a single promise needs to be fulfilled. His desire to prosper His children is enough for me. I am an extension of His will, a part of His body. I have no desire other than to move when He tells me to move.

It confounds my mind how principalities and powers like you, who are ancient and have seen so much, have not matured beyond selfish impatience. It is as if you are trapped in a time loop of some sort. How is it that you remain resentful for so long? Longer than six thousand years even! What is it that drives you to lie to yourself and everyone who would lend you their ears so?”

Principality:

“You appear to be filled with a naïve compassion for me, Courier. I find it interesting that there is no malice towards me. This is very rare. Most of your brethren are power-hungry and arrogant in how they attempt to deal with us. There is hope for you yet. You should be asking your question from a different perspective.

If we have been here for as long as you surmise, and we have been here far longer, Courier, it means that we have seen what you have not seen and experienced what you could not possibly begin to experience in your short lifespan. You can only follow the commands and trust the lies of a cruel commander for a certain amount of time before it all becomes too much. The truth is that the Father became bored with His creation before He even created it.

He has been around for so long that He is equally indifferent to your joy and your suffering. He doesn't even know what you feel, nor does He care. To Him, you are an interesting collection of ant colonies that murder each other and ravage His creation like a virus. He...”

Me:

“I'm sorry to interrupt you, but your sincerity in your deception is noted. I think that those who read what I record have been exposed to enough of your lies.”

I am suddenly with Barachiel again.

Me:

“Well, that sucked.”

Barachiel:

“Come, Sameach, let us worship so that the heavens may open and provision may come, and let us give praises unto the King of kings so that the shackles of discouragement may fall from your hands.”

Me:

“Yes, let's do that! The Kingdom is all!”

I wake up.

Year 2022

FRIENDLY MAN ON THE MODERN CHURCH AND THE FUTURE GENERATION

Saturday, October 29, 2022

I stand under the bridge on the land below Michael's calf. I do not desire to see or speak to anyone, whether from Earth or Heaven. A petulant spirit grips me, and I feel like a stubborn child who knows that his tantrum is wrong but wants his own way regardless. Too many hours of prayer for too long, ministering to a world that does not desire to change. Carrying financial burdens that exhaust me.

I feel like a liar and a fraud. I have recorded dreams of a future to come in faith, believing that God cares, but He does not. I am done with this life. A kind of bubble surrounds me in the spirit. No angel or human can pass through it. With my free will, I choose silence. I'm done with encouragement.

If I do not see resources and manpower, I am not interested in going to war. The Friendly Man passes through the barrier with ease, sits down on the bank of the river, and motions for me to sit down beside Him. I don't sit. I stare straight ahead and speak my mind.

Me:

"I am tired, disappointed, frustrated, and feel like my trust has been betrayed. We had a deal, and you have broken it."

The Friendly Man motions for me to sit down beside Him, so I sit.

Me:

"If I am not to take care of those to whom I am assigned, Heaven will be hell. I will not forget how you, having the power to take care of these people, continue to play games while they suffer and go hungry. I am forced to choose who may eat and who must go hungry, day after day, month after month.

You promised that you would send champions and kings, Lord! Am I to fulfill this assignment with one or two when I need thousands? It is too much. I am done with this assignment. Choose another and let me die."

Suddenly, we are in the heavenly courts where the realities of eternity wash the cares of Earth from my shoulders in an instant. The comparably minuscule duration of Earth's entire history falls into perspective, and a great sigh of relief escapes my lips. I recognize the spirits of my family here. I see my sisters, my children, my wife, and many of my spiritual family. Time has passed. Earth as we know it is gone, and the battles are over in this place. Peace reigns. I start to weep and plead with the Friendly Man.

Me:

“Please don't send me back, Lord. Please! I beg you!”

The Friendly Man places His hand on my right shoulder and looks at me with His usual intense love. I can feel it flood every fiber of my being.

Friendly Man:

“The righteous require fervor and passion. They are driven by a hunger to see the Kingdom of Righteousness advance upon the earth. You are there for a reason, Abdiel. As is every person who reads what you record. Without the raw compassion that drives you, you (plural) would not be driven to pray or work as hard as you do.

To love as I do is to suffer as I did. You must fight through this pain, Abdiel. Wage war on every injustice. I instruct many to send you resources, but they are afflicted with the same greed and reluctance that produces the injustices that you see across the earth. You must endure. The suffering may feel like an eternity itself while you are on Earth, but it will be over in the blink of an eye, and soon you will be here rewarded for every physical and emotional affliction that you have endured for My sake, which is for the sake of My Kingdom.

Right now, you are like a farmer who can only see the dust and dirt where his seeds have been sown. You stand in the hot sun, exhausted from the toil, filled with concern that it will not rain in time for the seeds to survive. It will rain in the right season, Abdiel. What you are building here will set a precedent for how I want My Kingdom to advance.

My people have returned to the ways of the scribes and Pharisees, believing that their synagogues are My Kingdom, strutting around with self-entitlement when their synagogues are comparatively large next to the smaller ones, not realizing that their impact is measured by how much power political authorities have over them. In that regard, they are mostly worthless, not

essential to their communities, nothing more than encouragement clubs for those who wish to escape the harsh realities of being a light in the darkness.

Those synagogues are important as schools and universities are important. They are places of learning and growth for both physical and spiritual children, where fun and games are necessary to raise them in the Spirit of Joy while they learn how to be adults. But once you are an adult, you are consumed by a sense of responsibility for your community. You no longer need what children need.

Though you still enjoy it, it is a very small part of your life. It is necessary and wonderful for those who are yet growing in the Spirit, and useful for those who use their synagogues to grow and mature their disciples. But I have called you (plural) to advance My Kingdom and take political power over entire regions and nations so that My Father's will might be physically done on Earth as it is done in Heaven.

It is very easy to turn anything into darkness, Abdiel. Simply make it about you, which is what the vast majority of these modern synagogues have done. They ignore their greater communities and work hard to grow their clubs but ignore the plight of the poor, the widows, the orphans, and the children, leaving them at the mercy of cruel men and women who turn abortion into business and seek to groom children for sexual immorality.

I measure My shepherds by their impact on the lost sheep. They measure themselves and each other by their impact on the ones that are found. All are My sheep, Abdiel. If one goes hungry, I go hungry. And the ones who had the power to prevent hunger and did nothing will stand before Me thinking that they were good servants only to experience My wrath at their godlessness.

They preen around in their false holiness, berating those whom they deem sinful and immoral while they are worse than any they judge. Thinking that they rule from Zion, they do not realize that they are Sodomites and Ninevites, content to go on with their lives inside the safety of the walls of their own kingdoms while they ignore what is important to Me.

Or do you think for a single moment that I am content to have children abused and starved, Abdiel? These are the actions of a world that could easily feed every child a thousand times over, yet throw away more than they can eat while hundreds of millions suffer. There is plenty, Abdiel. There is more than enough. Banks are full of money that will never be spent, safes overflow with cash that will rot, digital currencies float absent generosity, able to save

millions instead of being nothing more than bragging rights and trophies for individuals.

There is no lack in My Kingdom, Abdiel. And where you see lack, My Kingdom does not yet have authority. You (plural) must push aggressively. Expand and take political power so that My ruling councils are able to protect My sheep. The lack of resources that angers you so has the same effect on Me, Abdiel. But you are on Earth as a messenger who gives My instructions, and you must make My vision plain so that the resources may be shaken from the shelves of the blind.

I know that time on Earth feels long while you are there, but every minute on Earth spent advancing My Kingdom is another potential eternal soul who is saved from the clutches of the evil one and his ruling authorities. Be aggressive, Abdiel. Apply the strategies that you have been given. It will rain in the right season, but until then, till the soil with your hands and broken fingernails if you need to.

Kingdoms are built on the blood of those who believe in them. Those who see you and listen to you must learn how to bleed as you do. For many have forgotten the price that I had to pay and, thinking themselves better than their master, have begun to preach that they need not suffer as I suffered. Suffering is the price of freedom, Abdiel.

For nations to be free, it is necessary for warriors and masters to give up their own lives and freedoms. If you (plural) are truly serious about preparing a victorious bride, your generation must divorce yourselves from thoughts of luxury and comfort. And you must build communities of war so that champions from all over the earth might come to stay there and help you.

Your generation must set the precedent for the next ones to follow – a precedent of total selflessness and sacrifice for the sake of generations to come. The next generation is hungry to see My Father’s will done, but they have very few true examples of how to live and speak. They do not crave houses and cars as your generation does, Abdiel. They crave justice and righteousness.

Your generation defines themselves by what they drive and where they live. But the greatest generation, which is alive on Earth right now, defines themselves by whom they save and by who they serve. Make the vision plain, Abdiel. Be aggressive. Do not request unity. Command it!”

Me:

“And so, I must awaken, arise, and go back to that place where I must, once again, decide who goes hungry and who does not, because those with the power to help simply look on with condescension, lecturing and gossiping me on the virtues of selfishness. I don’t want to wake up, Lord. Please use someone else. There must be others who are better qualified and suited to the task. My earthly body is riddled with anxiety, and my earthly mind is filled with doubt. I cannot say no to struggling families again, Lord. Please don’t send me back. It is unbearable.”

Friendly man:

“There is no one else for that task, Abdiel. It would take many generations to raise another. Every piece of the puzzle is unique. Every leader and servant has been specially prepared for this task. The generational impact of disobedience would count in the billions. You must lay down your will as I did so that the will of My Father may prevail. And His will is that none should perish. You must finish your race, Abdiel. You are not even halfway.”

Me:

“Oh, my word! Not even halfway? Please tell me that it gets easier, Lord.”

Friendly man:

“Much easier, Abdiel. The hardest part is raising a generation. The easier part is loving them and guiding them. You are almost there, and this generation is a generation like no other. They will not throw My prophets out of their synagogues. They will embrace, listen, and follow the prophets. The generation that comes now will be the ones who usher in the greatest awakening. You will see what love and joy looks like as you have never seen before. Fight for them, Abdiel. They are worth every drop of sweat and every drop of blood.”

Me:

“I will obey, Lord. Not my will, but the will of my Father. The Kingdom is all.”

I wake up.

To all who read what I record:

‘Abdiel’ means servant of God. If you identify as a servant of God, then every time that you read the word ‘Abdiel,’ He is also speaking to you.

THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT ON THE GATHERING OF THE MIGHTY

Sunday, December 4, 2022

I sit on the vision wall that I have seen in so many dreams already, watching hundreds of cars go past the construction gate slowly. There is something different about the people in the cars: they look excited, happy, and expectant. I wonder where they have come from that has put such a glorious glow about them. Suddenly, I hear a familiar voice from my right.

Spirit of Might:

“It is not where they have come from that affects them thusly, Abdiel. It is where they are going.”

The cars keep going past us for a while, and I wait for Him to speak again.

Spirit of Might:

“At the end of your seventh year on the land, the greater vision truly begins. You are seeing people of all nationalities coming to pray, worship, learn, and have fellowship together for ten days. This is the gathering of the mighty, Abdiel. You (plural) must start organizing this now already. This event is what the son and daughter of order have been prepared and trained to orchestrate.

Ten days of the outpouring of the Spirit of Might and impartation from the greatest emerging spiritual voices on Earth. This will be the annual celebration of this vision, and it will take a year to plan it and make it great. This will be the annual celebration of the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, and a keen revelation of the Seven Spirits of God.

Those who are physically there will reap the harvest of your prayer covenant, Abdiel. They will tap into the unending stream of emotional drive, manpower, and resources that you have unlocked in the heavens. All who come will receive an impartation of unlimited release. By the first gathering, you will have drenched the soil of the Courier’s Heart in approximately 18,000 hours of prayer, worship, and the Words of the Son. And that anointing will wash over to the land of Breakthrough.

Breakthrough, himself, will be present upon that land. Plan it well, son and daughter of order, for it shall become the greatest gathering of the most important voices in history. World changers and powerful figures will be there. When the daughter of order travels, she must speak of this gathering as a child of promise, and she must recruit champions wherever she goes.

This ministry will do many important things, Sameach, but the gathering of the mighty is the most important of all. For it is in those ten days, which end upon the day of the Courier, that a rushing wind shall come again, and the unity that is present at this incredible gathering will give you (plural) the power to COMMAND blessing.

The gatekeepers of mammon will bow their knees, and as all will behold the heavens open over you in this seventh year, those same heavens will open over them. I have been assigned to be with the son and daughter of order, and all who work with them, to draw thousands to the land of breakthrough. They must make sure that the boats and nets are ready, for the abundance that will come will sink the boats if there is not administrative precision.

In that time, only 33 of the thousands may join you here on this land in worship and word at any time. It can be whoever you like, Abdiel. The same 33 or different groups of 33, but never more than 33 with you in the (Overcomers) Tabernacle of Worship. You can have hundreds serving those who come to worship with you, but never more than 33 with you.

You have been set aside and prepared for other things and cannot be a prominent voice in the Kingdom. When you are seen with crowds, it cannot be large Kingdom crowds, Abdiel. They will not understand where We need to take you and how We need to use you. Your voice must be a neutral one so that it may be sweet upon the ears of the masses.

The Kingdom will reject you and hate you for where We must use you, but those who come to pray and worship with you will see what must be done and will pray with you and for you. A continent must be saved, Abdiel. And to save her, We must first send voices who do not divide her. This covenant of prayer has been and continues to be necessary for the fortification of your soul so that you cannot be shaken by the arguments of human principalities.

When you open your mouth, wisdom and strategy will flow, and you will bring such unity that many in the Kingdom will start to preach from their pulpits that you are the antichrist. You must bring together believer and unbeliever alike, Christian, Jew, Gentile, and Muslim, in a single political and ideological understanding of what God wants done on this continent. You

must set a precedent that becomes a movement and usher in laws that make it possible for the Kingdom of God to advance behind you and move through the doors and gates that we will open with you.

You must be gentle as a dove but shrewd as a serpent. You must be like a lion and a lamb. You will have sufficient Kingdom support for what is to come, Abdiel. And you will have the authority of a prophet. But you are not their prophet. We have raised you up as a prophet to the mammonites and the human principalities.

We have trained you to have favor with the unrighteous so that the righteous may walk through governmental doors upon this continent that have never been possible before. We are positioning powerful men and women from this nation in power all over the world, Abdiel. You will hear hints in their speech that give them away to those who are able to discern righteousness. They will be hated by those in the Kingdom who have limited sight, but the wise will know that we cannot put priests on thrones of darkness, for darkness will reject even the greatest wisdom.

We place those who are competent and wise enough to become all things to all men in governmental authority so that the priests may have the freedom to say what must be said and to do what must be done. Continue to walk in obedience, Abdiel. The time of the greatest awakening is here, and this is a time of heroes and champions. It is a great time to be alive.

Revel in the moment and get excited about what is to come. For the Son is building His Church and the gates of hell can do nothing about it. The Kingdom is all, Abdiel! Fools will think you have left it, but the wise will see how you go to war for it. Do not expect children to see what adults must endure to keep them safe and provide for them. Your assignment is between you and Heaven. Never forget this.”

He laughs and playfully ruffles my hair. Then I wake up.