

The Dreams of Sameach

Year 2020

(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

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THE STORM, THE CREATURE, THE FRIENDLY MAN

Monday, January 13, 2020

Lightning forks across the sky above the land beneath Michael's calf, and a crash of thunder makes the ground shake. The rock upon which I stand and have been praying upon for almost four years suddenly cracks in half, and I tumble to the ground as massive balls of hail begin to pelt me from above.

Suddenly, the voice of Raguel thunders around me.

“GET BACK UPON THE ROCK MORDECAI!”

I scramble back up, one foot on each broken piece, straddling the crack that has now become a chasm so deep that I can see fiery explosions of molten lava far below. Fear and vertigo grip me, but I stand my ground.

I shout into the howling wind with all my might:

“WHAT IS HAPPENING?”

The voice of Raguel thunders over the tempest as I flinch from painful impact after painful impact of massive hailstones against my head and shoulders. I wipe water from my eyes. It is not water; it is blood.

Raguel:

“STAND FAST MORDECAI. HELP COMES.”

Four men suddenly come running from the shelter of the tabernacle to see what is happening, and disappear briefly before reappearing with crude tools and materials to construct a humble shelter over my head while the hail pelts their exposed hands and bodies. One is gravely injured, but the shelter is up. Two rush him to the hospital while one stays with me to keep a close eye upon the shelter as it creaks and groans in the fierce wind.

The one who stays looks at me with sadness, as blood trickles from wounds upon his head, and asks:

“Where are the mighty men? Where are the resources?”

The hail makes such a noise as it pelts the thin sheet of corrugated iron above us that I struggle to hear him, but I know what he asks, and I know what to answer.

Me:

“You are here, brother. You are the mighty. Stand fast; more will come.”

Far below me, something living moves within the lava, and a creature with hundreds of mouths, hundreds of eyes, and hundreds of horns emerges. It is huge, far too big to fit through the thin crack in my prayer stone, and it makes no effort to climb the chasm. Suddenly it opens its mouths and shouts from below.

Creature:

“YOU WILL FAIL. YOU HAVE FAILED. YOU ARE A FAILURE!”

The man who stayed with me begins to tremble with cold and fear. He looks at me with big eyes, and I can see that he is about to run.

Me:

“STAND FAST MIGHTY MAN. STAND FAST! HELP WILL COME!”

From below me, the creature screams again. A hundred voices from a single mind.

Creature:

“THE VISION SHALL NOT COME TO PASS. YOU WILL FAIL. YOU HAVE FAILED. YOU ARE A FAILURE!”

I look at the man who stayed as I straddle the broken rock. The storm rages harder, and the rock splits a little more. Keeping my balance as I straddle the chasm is difficult, but I stabilize and brace against the howling wind as the hail hammers dents into the thin roof above me. I wink at the man and turn my face to the wind. Below me, the creature repeats his edict as if reading from a script. Over and over. Again and again, it shouts its prophesy of failure.

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Creature:

“NONE WILL COME. NONE WILL HELP! YOU WILL FAIL. YOU HAVE FAILED. YOU ARE A FAILURE!”

Suddenly, the wind rips the roof from the weak structure, and it tumbles away, leaving me at the mercy of the hail and rain once more. The man chases after the thin sheet of metal, and I take off my shirt to use it as makeshift protection from the painful missiles that hit me so. The creature continues its tirade from below, and I begin to laugh.

I laugh into the thunder and the hail. I laugh into the furious wind. I laugh as blood runs freely from my head and shoulders. My laugh becomes a roar, and I look to my left and right to see that the men have returned from the hospital. One of them is bandaged, but all of them are now wearing hard hats and laughing at the hail with me. The one who stayed returns with the sheet of metal, and they fix it above me once again as the storm rages with even more fury.

Me:

“STAND FAST BROTHERS. IF THE MEN ARE TOO WEAK, HEAVEN WILL SEND WOMEN! IF THE WOMEN ARE TOO WEAK, HEAVEN WILL SEND CHILDREN! STAND FAST!”

Suddenly, a group of women appear with sophisticated tools and begin to drill through the two sides of the rock as I continue to straddle them. They clamp the two sides of the rock together and turn the wheels of the clamp until the split rock is joined at the crack once more. Now, a long, thick rod is inserted into the hole through both pieces of rock and bolted tightly so that the clamp is no longer needed.

The voices of the creature below are silenced, and both men and women stand beneath the crude shelter upon the rock with me as the storm rages around us. Another man arrives with more sheets of metal, and we soon have an extended roof over the rock. Suddenly, the Friendly Man appears among us with hot chocolate and tomato sandwiches. We all laugh gratefully and listen intently as the Friendly Man speaks.

Friendly Man:

“Never before in the history of mankind has there been so many wicked and lazy men among my Father’s people. The enemy has caught three entire generations with the lie and temptation of financial success. And three generations of men have sold their souls and abandoned their assignments to please greedy women who are satisfied with nothing.

The few who work to advance My kingdom shall receive eternal rewards beyond their imagining, and those who abandon My servants and leave them to fight alone without resource or reinforcements will go to a place of torment for all of eternity. Hear me now, Mordecai. Listen well, sons and daughters of faithfulness:

Lazy men and selfish women are a foul stench in the nostrils of Heaven. Their excuses and lamentations are nails in their own coffins. For they have turned their backs upon My sacrifice and have placed My grace and mercy upon the altars of their selfishness. Take heart, Mordecai, for I will send you an army of women, and I will move in the hearts of mighty men who do not even believe that I exist.

I will send you gentiles and philistines who will stand with the faithful. Though they deny Me, they will not deny you. I will send you mighty evangelists from all across the world. Men and women who defy the abomination that has taken My name and masquerades as My church.

A time of repentance comes soon. A time of pruning is here. Can you see it? Can you see how righteousness and evil are no longer clouded and grey? Look how those who support the murder of babies begin to proudly shout their darkness as if it were light. Look how proudly churches speak of mammon as if it were Me. Look how they ignore the poor and think that their songs of worship matter more.

Look how they show compassion on camera and greed when the camera no longer records. Do not be discouraged, Mordecai! Stand fast. I have commissioned angels to seek out warriors who will join your battle. Do not be discouraged when you see so few men. I will send you an army of women, and they will stand shoulder to shoulder with the mighty men around you. Impart the Spirit of Might into all of them, Mordecai. Teach them all how to be faithful and strong. Continue to look North and West. Stand fast. Help is coming!”

I wake up.

***URIEL ON MAKING DISCIPLES.
BARACHIEL ON THE TABERNACLE.
GATHERER ON CLEANING UP.***

Tuesday, February 4, 2020

I stand inside the tent of prayer. Well, it looks like the tent of prayer, but it is the tabernacle. Around me, the interior is as the tent was, but it is fitted to the shape of the building internally. A large hourglass fills the center area, and I can see children falling through the sand to land on the hard surface below.

Barachiel speaks from beside me:

“The tabernacle is made for the courier. The courier is not made for the tabernacle. Many buildings shall be built for many people and many ministries. But this one is where you and I charge the atmosphere so that others may come in and easily touch the face of God. Every piece of this place must be drenched in your joy, your laughter, your cries, your worship, and your sacrifice.

You should play in here, worship in here, and make the vision plain in here. This should be a manifestation of your testimony from death to life, Sameach. Many will come from across the world to drink from the taps of the fire that swells around you. Why do you avoid this room?”

Me:

“It is too hot in here, and some get angry if I play in here. It is also a public place where people come and go freely. It is not yet a private place where I can worship, play, and praise as I do in my upper room. I feel like I am being a distraction or a nuisance, attracting criticism from some who dwell here and complaints from neighbors for the noise when I worship here.

Most who come in while I worship seem bored. So, I come as little as I can and leave as quickly as I can, avoiding as many people as I can while still being as polite as I can. I have my upper room for now. I am patient that the tabernacle will be a room of peace and joy for me in due season. I am happy to come each day and share wisdom and the dreams at their appointed times. But I have learned to be content on my own, and desire that no man stumble because of me; and so that I am not be discouraged by the laziness, criticism, and spiritual indifference of man.”

Barachiel:

“This must change, Sameach. The season is here, where at least 33 must be with you in concentrated worship each day. The anointing has been released. Now, it must flood the earth. This tabernacle is as the upper room; things must flow from this place that will change the world! You must have fun in here, worship in here, teach from here. Permeate this room with the anointing of the oil of gladness!

The time has come for believers across the world to learn how to walk in daily power, daily joy, daily wisdom, daily provision, and daily discipline. Heed now the words of the angel of wisdom so that you may know what to do next.”

Uriel appears beside Barachiel and speaks.

Uriel:

“No matter what you do on Earth in any assignment, the command stays the same. You must make disciples, baptize them in water and the Spirit, and teach them what the Master commands. If you desire to see the Kingdom advance, His commands must come first. Let all who hear your voice make a covenant to make three disciples whom they shall teach how to worship and how to study the words of Jesus. Teach them how to do this, Sameach. Save them from their lack of discipline. Save some from their rebellion.”

Gatherer appears in the tabernacle and stands at the door.

Gatherer:

“Those who discourage you should not be upon this land. You have asked me to have mercy upon them, and I have stayed my hand, but in staying my hand, delay begins to creep in. This place is not normal, Sameach. If you are discouraged from worshiping with people, the entire vision will fail. Nothing will move forward without the presence of the anointing of God.

If you give me your agreement, I shall remove those who murmur against you and the vision so that those who hunger for the anointing will come. For this is the year of the vision made plain, the year of the manifestation of supernatural acceleration of the favor of God. You cannot be slowed down, Sameach.”

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Me:

“I am in agreement. Just let none lose their lives upon this land as Ananias and his wife, Sapphira.”

Gatherer:

“Hear me now, all who read what is recorded: Those who do not take their seats will lose them, and those who murmur will forget this vision and be forgotten. You do not know what God is doing here. Your selfishness limits what you can see, and your murmuring and criticism affects more than you know. There is a man who has given his entire life to prayer, worship, the word, and making this vision plain, yet you measure him by your own selfish standards and refuse to help him.

There is no part of his day that is his own, not a single second. All of it has a very specific purpose. I will cause him to forget you. You will see him, but he will not see you. He must worship with all who come to worship. And his spirit must be unencumbered so that it is not corrupted with insecurity and frustration.”

Now Gatherer turns to me and places his hand upon my shoulder:

“The time for limitation is long past, Sameach. You must move forward with fierce focus and discipline and forget what anyone says. Become single in focus, and do what you are called to do. Let all who read what you record know that if those who have been assigned to protect your ears do not protect your ears, they will bring destruction upon the entire vision.”

Barachiel:

“Do what is in your spirit to make this place comfortable for you to worship with me and with people who desire to worship with us every day, Sameach. Speak what you need.”

Me:

“A roof that does not leak on the equipment. Cooler temperature in the room. And a solution to the neighbor’s complaints. I like it LOUD! People who love to worship with me would be awesome!”

Barachiel:

“I see it with you, Sameach. I believe it with you. Worship as if these things are already done. Jesus is Lord and His Kingdom is all.”

Me:

“His Kingdom is all.”

I wake up.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING DISCIPLES

Tuesday, February 25, 2020

Over the past two weeks, I have had dreams with instructions pertaining to the purpose of the dreams and some instructions pertaining to how I (and we) should disciple others. Each set of instructions is from a different dream (over these past two weeks), so I will just mention who gives the instruction and share each instruction systematically. These instructions relay the importance of making disciples of both believer and unbeliever, churched or unchurched.

Uriel:

“Sameach! The purpose of these dreams is to speak to those who are hungry to be reminded of what Jesus said. You waste your time reaching out to those who ignore the words of Jesus. The dreams that you record are very offensive to them.

Let all who read what you record take note:

Not all who claim to believe are believers.
Not all who claim to have sight can see.
Not all who claim to be free are free.
Not all who claim to be born again are born again.

You must make disciples of all mankind, baptize them, and teach them all that Jesus said and did as if they do not know Him. Many are trapped in churches and ministries completely unaware of the teachings of Jesus. They know of Him, but they do not know Him. Do not judge them or persecute them. Simply teach them all that Jesus commanded so that they may become born-again.

Wisdom is supreme, and the Words of Jesus are the pinnacle of wisdom. The people of God suffer much destruction because of their lack of knowledge. The words of Jesus are the pinnacle of knowledge. No matter the cost, understanding must be attained, and the words of Jesus are the pinnacle of understanding. You who read what the Courier records must make disciples who know the words, deeds, parables, and life of Jesus intimately. This is why you (the reader and listener) were chosen to read his words and hear his voice.”

Friendly man:

“I used Luke to remind you all of what I said. And I used him to remind you of the acts of those who were filled by the Holy Spirit. I would love it if you all did what Luke did. Remind people of what I said. And tell them about what those who are filled with the Holy Spirit are doing.”

Builder:

“The lost do not know that they are lost unless they know that there is a destination. And even those who know the destination need a map to get there. The words of Jesus are that map, Sameach. The Kingdom of Heaven is that destination. Don’t assume that a group of people are not lost just because they walk in a group.

The enemy masquerades as an angel of truth. He keeps his slaves walking in circles in the desert. Many call Satan ‘Jesus’ and even sing songs of worship to him without knowing it. It is, thus, because they have heard of Jesus but have never heard or read his words. They know only what Satan wishes them to know.

You must make disciples who know what Jesus commanded. There is no other way, truth, or life. All who read what you record and listen to what you speak must realize how important it is to make disciples who know the Words of Jesus!”

I received these instructions a few months back and have been working on a few strategies to obey them:

Breakthrough:

“Sameach, you must let young people spend time with you when you play so that they may learn how to have fun and how to speak. Most do not know how to express their frustrations and their excitement. Allow them into your fun time. They will come just to spend time with you. Wise shepherds and parents should always include their children in things that are fun.

Without laughter, you become weak. You were created for joy. You were created for peace. Those who do not know how to have fun will fall apart. You must teach people how to have fun without guilt, Sameach.”

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Friendly man:

“Spend time with those who love to play and those who would love to learn to play. Teach them to laugh and to walk in consideration. There are times where sorrow and discomfort are necessary. But those are times and seasons. Heaven is a place of generosity, peace, and joy. Teach people how to laugh, Mordecai. Teach them how to laugh in the midst of their worst storms and humiliations.

My Father loves it when His children laugh. Have as much fun as you can and draw people into your fun. My joy is your strength. Your joy is the key to your prosperity. Have fun, Mordecai. Again, I tell you, have fun! All of you, have fun!”

Angel of order (not the Archangel, a junior messenger of Order assigned to this vision):

“Create as many opportunities as you can for your community to become economically wise. Use the section upon the land that you call ‘Order’ as a place that launches businesses for both young and old so that they are ready when you purchase Ishmael’s land and all the farmland that we shall give to you.

Don’t lose sight that the purpose of this vision is to wipe out lack in every community that duplicates what you are doing here. Deafen your ears to the ignorant and to those who are lost in false spirituality. Follow your assignment without regard for the stones that are thrown at you. If you desire to see the seven and the three seated upon their benches, you will need to wrest them free collectively from the chains of mammon.

Their hearts are with you, but their chains are thick. If it were not for the chains around their ankles, you would be feeding tens of thousands already. But fear not. When those among you have grown in wisdom and boldness upon the economic battlefield, you will have the resources to cut the chains from the ankles of the three and the seven.

We waste no time, brother. We train up every willing disciple to be elders in the Kingdom, whether they realize it or not. The seven and three continue to receive training upon their small battlefields until they are ready to join the greater war. But an army cannot march on intention. An army needs resources.”

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GATHERER AND THE COLOSSEUM OF LIONS

Sunday, March 08, 2020

I stand with Gatherer on a large piece of property with a massive old auditorium upon it. A few people walk upon the property here and there, and I notice that Uncle Dick (a wonderful man who is part of our ministry) is there, too. I walk over to him and see that he is pulling long bamboo poles from underneath a shed, and when he notices me, he speaks.

Uncle Dick:

“We must inspect this whole place and make sure that the bamboo poles we have been given are correctly tied up.”

I look around me and don't see where we would tie up these thick bamboo poles.

Me:

“How do you mean Uncle Dick? I don't see any structures here using bamboo poles.”

Uncle Dick:

“Inside the building over there. Come look.”

I follow him into the old auditorium, and what I see shocks me. The inside of the building is truly massive. A long and deep balcony runs in a 'U' shape around the entire auditorium, like a big Colosseum. The floor looks like it was once made out of an expensive marble or granite of some sort but is now just dirt and patches of weeds and grass. The massive pillars holding up the galleries and balconies are cracked and crumbling.

This place looks like it once held twenty thousand or more people. I now notice that a huge bamboo cage is being built in the center of the main floor. Some workers are tying the linking-corners of the cage with rope.

Me:

“What is that cage for?”

Uncle Dick:

“The Lions.”

Me:

“What Lions?”

Uncle Dick takes me to the front of the auditorium, where a huge stage is now a bamboo cage with rope netting holding about thirty lions, or so. Some ladies tease the lions through the cage, and a few lionesses charge the cage wall. I see it physically buckle outwards, but it doesn't break. It will break soon if this continues, so I shout at the women teasing the lions.

Me:

“HEY! GET AWAY FROM THERE! ARE YOU CRAZY?”

The ladies look at me with pure offense and gather up their families before storming out of a side exit. I now notice a little girl inside the cage playing with the lions. They don't harm her but play with her as if she is one of their own. She leaves the cage through a backstage door, which she leaves open. And I notice a lot of people in a waiting area of some kind through that door.

Two of the lions follow her, and I scream at her to close the door, but it is too late. The two lions start attacking and mauling people in the waiting room, and soon many others follow. Uncle Dick and I run out the side exit and jump into a car just as the little girl opens a door to the outside and lets the lions loose upon some neighboring business.

We sit there helplessly for a while as the lions run amok and then notice some spades against a wall close by. Both uncle Dick and I jump out of the car and each grabs a spade. We run to the closest man, a pastor I recognize, who is screaming for his life, and we hit the attacking lion with our spades. A massive panthera, which is a mix between lion and cheetah, speeds past us and takes down a running man close to us.

We hammer it with our spades until it lets go of his head and chase it back towards the cage. Gatherer now hands us each a chain mail suit with small nails facing outwards from it.

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Gatherer:

“Use this and get the lions back into their cages.”

No sooner do I have my spiked chain mail suit on when a huge male lion charges me and takes me down. It tries to grab me with its teeth and claws, but the spiky nails in my suit puncture its paw and snout. It growls out in pain and steps back. I get up and see that Uncle Dick and I are surrounded by lionesses who have joined the hunt.

Gatherer:

“Do not fear, Sameach. The lions cannot hurt you. Chase them back into their cages.”

Uncle Dick doesn't wait for a second instruction. He swings his spade and it hits the closest lioness so hard that she loses an ear and is blinded in one eye. The rest of the lions immediately back off, and Uncle Dick screams furiously at them.

Uncle Dick:

“GET BACK IN THAT CAGE, OR I WILL KILL YOU ALL!”

Suddenly, I see more men and women arrive with farming implements. All of them wearing the spiky chain mail. It is mister Nasan, Uncle Dick's best friend, who has brought his family to help chase the lions back into their cages. It takes the entire day, but we get all the lions back into their cages. Once the lions are locked up again, I angrily call for the little girl and her family, who I have learned are the caretakers of the lions and the property.

Gatherer:

“You must expel them and the lions. All of them have become carnivores, surviving on the vulnerability of those who are weaker than they are.”

The family arrives, and I notice that a large crowd has gathered around them to support and defend them from my judgment.

Me:

“I am firing you for gross neglect and expelling you from this land. If you get the necessary paperwork, I will give you a remote piece of land. You may take these lions with you. It is cruelty to keep these lions here and even worse to set them loose among people.”

The family stands defiant. The mother steps forward and screams at me.

Mother:

“THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN OUR INHERITANCE, NOT YOURS!
WE ARE NOT LEAVING!”

I look at the husband who says nothing and seems to be trying his hardest to be invisible. The crowd begins to shout in support of the woman’s claims, and I try to speak, but my voice is drowned out by threats and anger. Someone screams that we should be fed to the lions, and I immediately motion to uncle Dick and Mister Nasan to get our people out of here. Once we are safely out, Gatherer speaks.

Gatherer:

“The lions represent pride. The building represents the spiritual state of that church. The cage they are building in the main auditorium with bamboo represents the congregation members turning into lions themselves and being proud of it. Everyone who is new in that ministry will come to look at the fierce lions. And the caretakers will raise their children to feed those who come to the pride. The bamboo represents flexible strength. It will keep the lions caged well enough unless they are provoked and work together to break out.

The caretaker family represents those with spirits of entitlement. They live among carnivores in the hope of inheriting that which is not theirs to inherit. The dream is to show you what would happen if you were to inherit a ministry and try to build upon previous glories. All who read what you record must take note:

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When you see pride upon the stage of any ministry, you are seeing your own death. This is why it is better for disciples to be sent out to start new wineskins with new wine. For those who inherit empires of pride will either have to armor themselves to stay alive and control what was there before them, rendering them useless to expand the Kingdom, or become a lion themselves to build a ministry of lions.

But you are not called to be lions; you are called to be sheep and shepherds. Lions eat sheep. Pride has no place in ministry, Sameach. Look at the state of this building. Once, it was glorious, built in the image of the pride of man. But now, rust and ruin have become its destiny, for this is the true nature of pride: It begins as glory and ends in slaughter.

What use do lions have for buildings? These churches have become feeding troughs where sheep are slaughtered to keep the lions fat. Do not be misled by teachings that promise personal prosperity. Only the vicious and those without conscience flourish in such ministries. And do not covet such empires.

To inherit such a thing comes with war, Sameach. You will die defending the sheep, or you will become a lion that feeds upon them. Go to the poor. Go to the widows. Go to the orphans. Do not be impressed with coliseums and the beauty of the manes of kings of prides. If you love the Son of God, feed His lambs; do not rob them!"

I wake up.

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ISHIM: BUILD YOUR FARMS

Monday, March 23, 2020

Ishim:

“You are in the midst of a global shift, Sameach. Everything will change in this season in preparation of the final age. Those who walk in fear will be sent home. Those who are greedy will be sent home. Those with the heart of Gideon’s 300 will advance with boldness and fervor to bring the Gospel to the poor at all costs.

In this season, the world should be building havens for the broken and the weary. You will see the mighty fall, and you will see the humble rise. Build farms, Sameach. Whatever you must do to build farms, do it. As Joseph carried a nation through famine, so must those who hear this word. For those who listen, it will be a time of prosperity and joy. For those who do not, it will be a time of anguish and loss.

Let all who read what you record listen well. The protectors of Israel have taken ground, and their advance has brought forth a manifestation of the global principalities of mammon. The plague will get worse before it gets better, and the principalities will use it to wage war upon economies. Those who care for their own families will experience a return to normal life. But those who care for more than their own must prepare for a war of attrition.

Sameach, build farms, build self-sustaining power, buy land with drinking water. Your nation will have six lean years before the fat years begin. The wise would sell their homes and learn how to farm so that they are an overflow of provision.

To the fool, their own family is all that matters, and the enemy cherishes his fools. But the righteous ones think far bigger than their own families. It is they who must work together now, immediately, and make sure that they are ready with their spring harvests.”

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FRIENDLY MAN, GATHERER, ANGEL OF ORDER ON THE NEXT PHASE WITH INSTRUCTIONS

Tuesday, April 7, 2020

The shift to come. What is happening in the spirit right now. Detailed instructions for the next phase of the vision.

The Friendly man and I stand beneath the tree of life upon the land beneath Michael's calf. The river is high, and the view is beautiful. We have been discussing many different things, but now He places His hand upon my shoulder and speaks with a serious tone:

Friendly Man:

"Listen well to what the gatherer angel says today, Abdiel!"

Gatherer:

"Sameach, let all who read what you record take note of what I say to you now: Great principalities in the East have released plagues and infirmity to stop the wave of righteous voices who have begun to cry to God for their downfall. They have done everything in their power to bring the Earth to a standstill under the threat that many will die from this spirit of infirmity. They have released a spirit of fear and mistrust so that the loudest voices against demonic empires are quietened. Protesters are confined to their homes, and even presidential leaders are locked down.

The prince of the power of the air works to control what is spoken over the air, lest voices of hope and accountability rise again! Even older, wiser believers are led astray by conspiracy theories and suspicions about governmental manipulation. But this wave of control is purely spiritual. It is nothing but infirmity backed with demonic propaganda.

The West has placed its hand of protection over Israel, and the principalities of the East are enraged in impotent immobility. Generations of plotting and scheming have been brought to a standstill. So, what you see upon the Earth in this time is a rash, hurried response from eastern principalities. They played their hand thirteen years earlier than we thought they would. And now, the world prepares for a season of economic depression before the optimally strategic time.

The eastern and middle eastern principalities were shaken by the British exit from the European Union. They were shaken by the western backing of Israel and the shifting of spiritual power in the recognition of Jerusalem. And they were shaken by the rise of protesters against demonic regimes. This was seen on a global stage where simply murdering and imprisoning dissenting voices would result in international sanctions.

The overlords of Mammon never saw the son of war coming, the one who rules in the West. He has confused and confounded the wisest among their strategists and has no fear of intimidation. He is a prophetic sign of the church that is to come. A church of war. A church that does not hold back. A church that speaks with authority and power and shakes the very foundations of the most ancient of demonic strategic strongholds!

It was us who shifted this president into power in the West. For he speaks and acts like someone whom the enemy owns, but every time he acts, he protects and strengthens Israel and the global church. He is like Rahab in Jericho, letting the spies of God into a world that was previously closed to them. The enemy never saw him coming. They thought he would be greedy like the rest, and worse immorally. They judge a man by his sin; we judge a man by his heart.

And now, you see the global spiritual response to something that demonic princes cannot control. It is an act of desperation, for their foothold in Europe as the seat of the antichrist has been strongly shaken by the British exit. And the West continues to pull back funding of the armies of the antichrist in the middle east and Africa.

The world has entered a cocoon, Sameach. And what will emerge is a powerful church ready to take advantage of a premature global demonic attack. This means a great shift in the blueprint for this vision. Go and climb upon the first section of the wall and wait so that the angel of Order may see you and come.”

Sameach Dreams

I close my eyes and open them. In as much time as it takes to blink, I am standing atop the first section of the wall. The next instant, the archangel of order is beside me, sitting with his back to the road, facing the Courier's Heart (the section of the property where I live, pray, worship, and teach).

Order:

“Courier! Do you love corrections and instruction?”

Me:

“I do!”

Order:

“Do you believe that I am sent by God as a messenger of instruction so that your steps and the steps of all who listen might be ordered?”

Me:

“I do!”

Order:

“Who am I, what am I? Explain it to me, Courier.”

Me:

“You are a messenger from the Throne Room of God, where the highest counsels of blueprints and assignments gather. You hear and understand the plans of the Holy Spirit and the Seven Spirits of God with clarity and precision. Your instructions produce power and acceleration.”

Order:

“Then listen well, for the Lordship of Jesus Christ reigns upon this land; and here, His words are supreme. But many who should believe do not and will fall to the side in this season of acceleration. All who align with you as a courier will receive instruction. But those who do not will receive nothing from me, for they do not listen. They seek their own way. They walk in circles in the desert, whipped by barbed lashes of fear and greed. They are deaf, and blind, and willfully stupid.

Did we not say that you should pray together in a specific manner every week? Yet you do not. And principalities wreak havoc with those who should be here, praying. Where are the seven churches, Sameach? This generation is truly wicked and lazy. Their homes struggle under the unnecessary financial weight of lonely isolation. You have told seven to start churches, and they have ignored you. And those whom you have not told to start churches have read what you record, started churches, and are exceedingly blessed.

Prophets, wise men, and teachers are sent to this stubborn body, and they are ignored and persecuted. Fools are offended at your slightest rebuke. Open heavens have been promised to those who listen, but they rebel and think that we don't hear what they say behind your back.”

Gatherer suddenly appears on the wall with us, easily balancing on his feet as he speaks.

Gatherer:

“Sameach, I need to remove chaff from this vision so that it may move forward. Even some among your gatekeepers constantly leverage accusation against you. The vision must advance. You cannot be a courier and be busy fighting battles that your bench of three and seven should be fighting. But they do not sit on the bench. They stand aside, not realizing that every battle they fight now will be fought by us if only they would sit upon the bench.

And so the benches are vacant, as they are in every ministry across the Earth. Listen now to what the angel of Order says.”

Order:

“Ten days from now, the spiritual atmosphere of the entire Earth will be different. All who have ears to hear must hear: Every day must become as the day of Pentecost. Those who read what you record may apply this as they will, but you must apply it exactly.

Find four musicians at any cost who will lead deep worship for an hour before you read the dreams every day. Let them live in the Courier's Heart so that they are able to practice in preparation for their daily time of worship without concern for food and shelter. Do everything in your power to fetch 33 people each day who will be in the presence of the Holy Spirit, where those who are filled with faith in this vision may lay hands upon them.

Sameach Dreams

Bring the sick, the poor, the old, the widows, the orphans. Bring those who are hungry, and sick, and broken, and unwanted by the churches who have whored themselves out to Satan and Mammon. Feed these people and minister to them daily. No matter what it costs you personally, get the transport that you need to fetch at least 33 people each day. But no more than 77 in the tabernacle.

Release miracles as this community has never seen. Release the oil of gladness and the Spirit of Might. The seven and three will stubbornly fight their battles on the sidelines until they understand the power of unity. Until they are ALL seated, you must lead. This is a season of desperation in the spirit, Sameach. A great recession comes, and billions will cry out for the love and mercy of God. There is no time for games or stubborn blindness.

Lead with fire and fury. Lead with precision. Of the three and seven, the son and daughter of order are ready, so they will be the rock of this movement.

Hear well:

The gatekeepers must be smartly dressed and on time for lunch each day. If they are late, excuse them and send them to other responsibilities. Do not allow them in the Courier's Heart for the duration of ministry, for they know what needs to be done, and if they rebel, all who look up to them will rebel with them. The son and daughter of order must create a portal of intentional atmosphere with the angels that are under their care.

None must come into the Courier's Heart without being anointed and perfumed. They must feel loved, special, prioritized, and cared for. All who serve those who come must be immaculately dressed. Creative and smart uniforms would be even better. All who come must walk either the entire prayer path or simply around the section of the Courier's Heart.

Those who fetch people must plan immaculately with precision. The only path out of poverty and sickness is precision, Courier. You must even tell them how to speak so that their words are words of faith constantly. Samuel must take his assignment seriously. The resources to take this land from Ishmael and build the wall rest upon his diligence. If he fails to find the strength to be disciplined, the entire vision will be delayed by another year. When Samuel completes his first step, the son and daughter of fire will come and Zachariah will rise in his mantle. This is the season of administrative and spiritual precision.

The wicked, and the lazy, the stubborn, and the selfish: these will be washed out of the vision like a flood. For soon, 33 will be 333, and 77 will be 777. Continue to grow your hair and beard, Courier. It reminds you constantly of the wall that must be built. But groom yourself so that you do not look so undisciplined.

This is the season of the mighty men and women who will rise up to become 14,000. The enemy has unintentionally accelerated every ministry across the world. All who move to strategic precision will see massive growth. Some will see 5,000 added to their number in a single day. Only be bold. Capitalize on the desperation of the enemy and win souls! The Kingdom is all, Courier! Seek first the Kingdom!”

I wake up.

RAGUEL ON WAR WITH NEIGHBORS

Thursday, September 03, 2020

I stand on top of the first part of the wall upon the land beneath Michael's calf. The road between us and the main portion of the Ishmael land becomes a salt-water river. And I turn towards the sound of gunfire behind me.

Raguel appears upon the wall beside me and speaks.

Raguel:

“Take heart, Sameach. This land that you are upon is a microcosm of more than just the greater vision; it is a microcosm of Israel itself. Look at this piece of your land that is on this side of the road. Do you see how Ishmael owns the piece that stops you from building the wall? This is the Gaza Strip, and the road is the Mediterranean Sea. Now look to the other side where that neighbor wages continuous war on you. That is the West Bank. To take the land above you, you must first take the land that surrounds you.”

I sigh. Longer and longer hours of prayer. A continuous focus to keep hundreds of people fed. Ministering every day with power outages and technical issues. Criticism and murmuring from my own allies. All of these things exhaust me.

Me:

“We need a miracle.”

Raguel:

“Finish the prayer path.”

Me:

“So many people are angry at me for focusing on the prayer path.”

Raguel:

“Finish the prayer path, Sameach. It is not just a few scriptures on a few stones; it is a ring of fire, a portal to heavenly wisdom and favor. It is a manifestation of sacrificial obedience. It is the catalyst for all that is to come. The beginning of your fifth year of Covenant and the first year of the greater vision will soon be here. The prayer path is more than you realize. Finish it.

The poor you feed are a natural manifestation of a heart that is filled with love for the Kingdom. But the prayer path is a manifestation of your obedience to the Lordship of Jesus Christ. Prioritize it above everything else, Courier. Do not concern yourself with those who do not understand higher truth and deeper obedience. They will laugh at you until they drown in the flood. They are none of your concern. FINISH THE PRAYER PATH, ABDIEL.”

His voice booms around me with authority. Something crashes out of me and falls to the ground, slithering away towards the road, which is now a river.

Raguel:

“BEHOLD. THE SEED OF DISCOURAGEMENT. SOWN INTO YOUR HEART BY THOSE WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER.”

His voice is a thousand voices in perfect harmony. Waves of glorious fury wash over me. Heavenly fury. I leap off the ten-foot wall and grab the slithering creature before it reaches the road, which is now a river. It cries out in my hand.

Snake:

“Let me go. Spare me, Courier. Let me loose in the river. I will give you the money you need to buy this la...”

I crush it.

Raguel:

“Make the vision plain, Sameach. Millions will run with it. Finish the path. Buy the land. Set the precedent. Those who are with you can see what you see. Those who are against you are blinded by the deceiver. Apologize for nothing. Finish the prayer path.”

Sameach Dreams

Me:

“We are four years behind schedule. Four years, and the prayer path is still not complete. Will the vision still come to pass?”

Raguel:

“You were given seventeen years to accomplish a seven-year assignment. You still have time, Courier. We accounted for every eventuality.”

Me:

“I will focus on the prayer path.”

Raguel:

“Honor that path. Make it Eden. It is far more important than any of you realize. It is the shout that brings the walls of Jericho down. It is the wall of Jerusalem. It is the garment that heals. It is the pool of Bethesda. Few will realize what you are doing here, Courier. Surround this land with scriptures and take Gaza so that the wall may be built. Annex the West Bank.

Do not expect to be friends with those who worship the antichrist or those who worship mammon. They will hate you no matter what you do, Sameach. Simply be obedient and finish the path. Those around you do not realize what this path is; neither do you. Finish the path.”

Me:

“We cannot finish the path. Ishmael owns the section where the path and wall must go.”

Raguel:

“Finish the path to where Ishmael’s land begins. It will be a spear of fire burning against the skin of the principality that dwells there. The same thing with the wall, Sameach. Build the wall as far towards the river as you can. Finish the path, Abdiel.”

I wake up.

Year 2020

GATHERER AND THE REFINING FIRE ON MERCY

Monday, September 21, 2020

For five nights in a row, I had this same dream. Gatherer, the angel who separates wheat from chaff appears in my prayer room with a being of pure white fire.

Gatherer:

“Send this message far and wide, Sameach. Let all who read it share it with those whom they love and proclaim it in their households. Mercy triumphs over judgment. Hear the words of the Refining Fire of the Lord. Listen and learn, Sameach!”

The fire speaks, and I listen.

Refining Fire:

“Abdiel, why do you show mercy to those who do not show mercy? Why do you allow them to continue in the ways of the great liar? Why do you allow those who are merciless to walk unscathed in your presence?”

Me:

“I have hope that they will grow and that the Holy Spirit will convict them and bring them to revelation that they must change.”

Refining fire:

“The Holy Spirit speaks to all, but few listen. The light of truth is shown to all, but most close their eyes. To show mercy to the merciless is to pour fuel into their wickedness. Has the Lord not said that the judgment of those who do not show mercy will be judgment without mercy?”

Listen well, Abdiel:

Those who do not forgive others their debts and hold the lambs hostage over disputes with emotional and financial chains, must be taught that they have forfeited their salvation. They must come to repentance. For their debts are forgiven as they forgive the debts of others, and the mercy that they receive is proportionate to the mercy that they show.

A son of God is an executor of the will of God, not the will of man. Man stands idly by while the merciless trample upon the victims of their greed and the victims of their vengeful malice. You must show them the same mercy that they show others so that when they stand before God as your accuser, their own lack of mercy is their prosecutor.

Set a precedent of mercy, Abdiel. Show mercy to the merciful and punish the merciless so that they may enter the peace of God and so that their victims may live in the peace of God. Is it not written that The Lord is gracious, and compassionate, slow to anger, and rich in love?

This is the very least that is expected from the sons of God: to be gracious and compassionate, as your Father is gracious and compassionate. You must teach all within the sound of your voice to live a life of mercy, forgiving the debts of those who ask them for relief. What believer chains another believer to unforgiveness and financial debt?

The debt of their greatest and smallest sins has been paid, yet they chain others to impossible obligations. Such children must be corrected. If they refuse correction, they must be sent away to live in the world that they so wickedly manifest. Let them live among the merciless until they learn to show mercy themselves.

How is it that you pray, 'Let it be on Earth as it is in Heaven,' yet do not rebuke those who refuse to be heavenly? Again, I tell you, Abdiel, have mercy upon the merciful but rebuke and sternly correct the merciless. Forgive the debts of those who forgive the debts of others, but punish the wicked."

Gatherer:

"The first day of your fifth year, which is the first of seven years, begins soon, Sameach. Get your house in order so that there is no hindrance to blessings upon this land. Come look. Let me show you what you do not see."

Sameach Dreams

We are outside, and I look where Gatherer points. We look at the neighbor on our right, and I see a large python slither on the other side of the fence, looking for a way to get in. It looks hungrily at some big toads that hop about on our side of the fence.

Gatherer:

“The toads are the demons that are fed by those who do not show mercy. They are all that the principality can see. The snake will continue to try to find a way in as long as you refuse to cast these demons out of those who so stubbornly feed and pet them. If the toads are not cast out, the snake will find a way in, and it will not be satisfied with those toads. It will go after innocent lambs next.

It is thus with every household and every ministry. Those who do not show mercy raise demons that are nourishment to greater principalities. And when those principalities get into those households and ministries, they wreak destruction. Let all who read what you record share this message with all who will hear them:

Mercy triumphs over judgment, and those who do not show mercy are as Jonah upon your ship. They will bring forth great storms in your ministry and great pain and suffering in their own households. Get your house in order, Sameach. Great abundance is coming. Make sure that there is no bait to draw principalities into this vision.

Set a precedent on mercy. Teach all who will hear your voice that to tolerate mercilessness is to bring forth curses upon yourself, your family, and your ministry. Cast those demons out, Sameach; and teach all who will heed your voice to do the same.”

Refining fire:

“Let those who deal in mercilessness repent. Let them forgive the debts of those whom they hold in chains. If they refuse, do not show them mercy, for to show them mercy is to endanger their souls. Mercy triumphs over judgment, Abdiel. Sow mercy, show mercy, be merciful. Do these things and nothing shall hinder the blessings of Heaven. For this is the heart of the peacemaker. And the peacemakers are the ones who are called the sons of God!”

Year 2020

CONVERSATION WITH LUCIFER

Friday, September 25, 2020

Day one of Year 5

Gatherer and I sit upon a branch in the tree of life, eating a sweet fruit of some sort. It is purple and delicious. I wipe my mouth with my sleeve and sigh contentedly.

Me:

“Four years have flown by as if they were four days.”

Gatherer:

“When you (plural) leave this place, millennia will feel like minutes. This life is but a moment in eternity, a moment of choosing that has eternal impact. A test comes, Sameach. Let him speak so that you may understand his wiles.”

A split second later, I stand on the border of two provinces upon the bridge overlooking the land beneath Michael’s calf. A man in a suit leans against the railing on the Free State side, looking up at Michael as he hammers the glass dome that covers the city across the river. A solid wall of fire reaches up to the heavens around the circumference of the land below me, and I know that the man in the suit cannot see beyond the fire.

Man in suit:

“Four years, Courier. Four years of a vision that puts faith in Dagon worshipers, and you still persist.”

Me:

“My faith is not in man or the beliefs of man. My faith is in God and in those who hear His voice.”

Man in suit:

“None hear His voice. He is gone; only I am here. You are wasting your talent and time to perpetuate a lie that I created for weaker minds and smaller destinies. Dagon is my son, not the son of God. And all that is done in the name of the fish and the cross to bring glory to man brings glory to me. The one you call Jesus is my son Dagon.

See how powerful the true servants of Dagon become? See how popular, and wealthy, and beloved they are? See how glorious their temples and altars are? All of this can be yours if you make covenant with me today, and let me save you from this fool’s errand that you have set for yourself. The one you call Father is a tyrant. He is a liar who does not take care of His children.

He forsakes those who love Him and lays them naked before their enemies. He abandons them to be persecuted and murdered by mindless fools. He lets children starve to death in their millions. And He lets people suffer great injustices in their billions. He calls Israel ‘His People,’ but hands them over to be murdered, and tortured, and surrounded, and despised.

Look at you, Courier. Has He rescued you from the failures of your past? Has He saved you even once from the condescension and rejection of the sons of Dagon? No. Were you my servant, I would raise you up to crush your enemies and humiliate them. They would quiver with fear at the sound of your name and grovel like dogs for a sliver of your favor.

I hear that you are building a shack for your family to live in. Your neighbor, a blessed son of Dagon and a loyal servant of Mammon, cries out for justice at the eyesore tackiness of your poverty. Is this what your ‘Father’ can do in four years? A dusty wasteland full of shacks and toads? Is it true that even your place of worship is a shack? I hear it said that you worship in a pigsty? How is this pleasing to you, Courier?

If you make a covenant with me today, I will tear down these horrid symbols of your humiliation at the hands of a false father, and I will build you a place worthy of my true sons. Sit at my feet and become my servant and I will raise you up to be loved by those who have contempt for you now. The Bible that you read was compiled by my son Dagon. The concept of a worship gathering that you defend is the worship of my son Dagon.

Sameach Dreams

I revel in the glory of man. I celebrate the success of man! I love it when the strong rise to subjugate the weak, for this is fair, and just, and right, and honorable. The weak are but slaves and servants to the strong. You are strong, Courier. You deserve to be feared and loved, as all the true sons of Dagon are feared and loved by those who sit in the pews, manacled by their own ignorance.

You deserve to be called 'father' and 'teacher.' Are you not the one who cares and sacrifices for them as a father would for his children? Are you not the one who gives them wisdom each day? Without you, millions will not be fed. You are both a spiritual and physical father to them. You do what the false 'Father' does not.

He cast you out of Eden for having your own mind. He is manipulative and selfish. He is a narcissistic devil. The one whom you call 'God' and 'Father' is the true father of lies. Only I tell the truth. Only I am honest with mankind. Only I am fair and just. Only I diligently reward those who seek me. Make this covenant with me today. Stop sharing and teaching the words of the crucified carpenter and teach anything else from the book of Dagon.

The teachings of the crucified carpenter will bring you nothing but humiliation and rejection. You will have nothing and die a pauper. His teachings are folly and weakness. They make strong men soft and soft men softer. Stop teaching His words and teach mine. Teach the importance of the pursuit of power and fame. Teach the importance of success and wealth.

Set yourself upon the throne of glory as you truly deserve, and I will make your name a household name and your face a symbol of love and peace. Make this covenant with me today, Courier. Be my priest in this nation."

Me:

"Though the elite are led astray by the teachings of Dagon and revel in being called fathers and teachers, I have only one Father and one Teacher. Though temples are built to glorify man, and the name of Jesus is placed upon temples of Dagon, I rejoice in my pigsty. For I am the temple of the Holy Spirit, and wherever I step is holy ground. Though Dagon worshipers speak of Jesus but avoid His words, I will speak His words and obey them.

And though Dagon worshipers are drenched in wealth and power, and I have neither silver nor gold, I am wealthy in joy and peace. For what does it profit a man to gain the whole Earth at the expense of a prosperous soul? The words of Jesus are my treasure and my joy. They are my love and my life. They hold me and caress me like the soft touch of my wife. Without the words of my Messiah, I am broken and without hope.

Though you offer me things that might have brought me joy as a younger man, they are empty and worthless to me now. For all that you offer can be destroyed by moth, and rust, and time. But the words of Jesus are the bread of life. They are honey upon my lips and smooth as silk upon my ears. They caress my soul gently with the edicts of the Father. I hunger only for instructions from the Throne Room of my Master. I am His obedient servant. I am His beloved, and He is mine.

You are but a fallen angel, an agent of testing, a messenger of pride. You are a cancer in the imagination of man, a broken thing that tries to fill its inadequacy with delusional ambition. What is there but the love of God? What else matters? Money? The adoration of man? Money and man are fickle and unstable. Neither can satisfy for longer than a few moments. But the heart of the Father in a born again spirit, is an eternal treasure and an explosion of light in the darkness of this world.

The words of Jesus are the recovery of sight to the blind. Nothing is more glorious than heavenly sight. Nothing is more wonderful and warm than the light of understanding. Keep your lies, Lucifer. Keep your power and wealth, Satan. You have many sons and daughters who fall for your traps. But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.”

Man in suit: (laughs pleasantly)

“Hold onto your delusions a little while longer, Courier. I will visit again in a year and see if you have seen the true light. If you ever need help, simply call upon my son Dagon. Call upon him in my name and he will come to you. The false father will inevitably be exposed, and you will know the truth about this abandoned world in due season. Only call upon the name of my son.”

I am back on the property below us in the shade of the tree of life with Gatherer.

Sameach Dreams

Me:

“He talks a lot.”

Gatherer:

“He is convinced that he is right, Sameach. Such is the curse of a prideful heart.”

Me:

“Just one year before moving to this land, I would have bowed to him without a single thought.”

Gatherer:

“Most do.”

I wake up.

Year 2020

***BUILDER AND SPIRIT OF MIGHT ON
CHANGING A REGION***

Wednesday, September 30, 2020

The Builder angel and I stand watching a conveyor belt with piles of cash and the words 'food and clothing for children' on the side. The destination is high-poverty areas in our nation. I watch as the money leaves governmental and corporate institutions and is diverted into the pockets and personal bank accounts of men and women who are driven by demons.

Two principalities in our region see me and smirk arrogantly. I feel so powerless and so angry, but I feel that someone must do something. Kids are going cold and hungry while these demons gloat.

Me:

"I need to go into politics NOW to at least try to save the kids in our region."

Builder:

"You will fail. The power of the air is not ready."

Me:

"What must we do to make it ready?"

Builder:

"Raise 14,000 trees."

Me:

"Raising trees takes 7 to 10 years."

Builder:

“Fruit will win this war. You must produce more fruit than your enemies can deny. Prioritize what is needed to fetch and train leaders. Have faith for buses, vehicles, workers, and all that is needed to train 14,000 leaders in your region. Plant 1,400 fruit trees prophetically, as you have been shown, so that you may see the importance of tending to the things that produce fruit. Do as I instruct and you will not just take this region, you will take the entire nation.”

Me:

“I hear and obey. The Kingdom is all.”

Builder:

“Peace upon you, Sameach. The kingdom is all!”

I am suddenly upon a hill with a view of the entire region. The Spirit of Might stands beside me in splendid shining armor. He smiles his big smile at me and winks.

Spirit of Might:

“This view is grand, Abdiel. It gives perspective of how small big things really are. But this view is the one that principalities and powers show so that you might become attached to ideas instead of people. From here, people look like ants, and you feel like you can fix their problems. But this is not the right view for changing the world.

You must be so close to the brokenhearted that you can reach in and touch their hearts with your physical touch. Discipleship is one-on-one, Abdiel. It is the greatest of all strategies. Your time to lead will come in your 18th year, but this is the time of the stewards, the seven, the three, and the mighty men and women.

Even in this season of your authority, you must stay focused on being Courier, nothing more. Make the vision plain, flow as a prophet, give instruction and direction, but do not rise before your season. Use your faith to give the stewards, the three, the seven, and the mighty what they need to make disciples.

Sameach Dreams

Raise trees, water them, protect them, prune them, and love them so that they may bear much fruit! Fruit trees must be mature so that they may break pieces off themselves to produce more fruit trees. Raise and train them to be selfless. Let the nature of all that you teach and all that you do center around the philosophy of growing fruit trees. Teach those whom you disciple to be wise stewards and selfless gardeners. Nothing produces more joy and satisfaction than perfect fruit, Abdiel. Be patient!”

I wake up.

Year 2020

URIEL, GATHERER, AND BUILDER ON THE NEW SEASON

Saturday, October 03, 2020

I stand on Breakthrough Island with Gatherer and Uriel. I have been praying and weeping for days. I am tired and frustrated.

Me:

“I draw the ire and the contempt of racists. Men who would oppose helping children just because they are poor and wretched. Ministers, even my own friends, turn their backs on me because there is no glory in ministering to children in poverty.

And now, legal battles to destroy the infrastructure that we have here. My heart is heavy. Why can man not leave us be to help those who need help? Why must we be at constant war with selfish and heartless spirits? I am grieved, brothers. My heart is sore and vexed.”

We look over the river before us and stand silently for a long time before Uriel speaks.

Uriel:

“The first year begins, Sameach. The foundation is laid, and help is here. Many confuse the schemes of the enemy with the plans of the Lord. You must not do the same. Your steps are perfectly ordered, and all these things must come to pass so that hearts are moved and sons of sorrow are brought into the battle.

For the righteous are moved by injustice. Their hands move when they see their brethren afflicted. When you appear afflicted, those who love you are moved to action. This vision is impossible without those who love you and will love you, Sameach. And though it might look to you as though you are afflicted, truly you are not.

You are blessed and have all that you need, but you will be the target of the unrighteous, as all prophets must be. Stay righteous in heart and deed so that when others see what is said and done against you, their hearts are moved by compassion and love for you. Do not go to war in the flesh or respond in the flesh. Respond in love.

All that you see and experience as Courier is the plan of the Lord. Pursue wisdom. Pursue peace. You are no longer a man of war; you are a man of compassion. The Lord will fight these battles for you. Only stay true in imparting wisdom daily. And stay faithful in your covenant of prayer.”

Gatherer:

“This is a new season, Sameach. This is the time where the old comes down and the new comes up. All is as it should be. Your neighbors attack you so that your friends may come to your aid. The false teachers, false fathers, and false shepherds attack you so that they are exposed to their sheep. This vision will take a strong community, and the chaff must be exposed so that the wheat may see their leaders for who they truly are.

Be at peace and be obedient, Sameach. The time of the vision comes; the time of the harvest is here. Listen to the Builder angel and be at peace. Let all who read what you record be at peace. All that has occurred has been to separate wheat from chaff. To not confuse the schemes of the enemy with the plan of the Lord.”

Builder appears beside us and speaks.

Builder:

“Be at peace and listen intently, Sameach. Resources are coming, and many changes with it. Many around you cannot see that everything done in the physical is both a manifestation of obedience and a seed of obedience. The tabernacle must be expanded as you have seen in your spirit and reclad so that your home and the tabernacle are one building.

Draw up plans and begin the process so that the construction is beyond approach. Effect the changes in such a way that routine is not broken. Bring in experts and those with wisdom. Do not tolerate those who are negative in any way. Put them outside in the desert, where they will eat the fruit of their words in their own life. They sound wise in their own ears, but they know nothing about the wisdom of Heaven. For they achieve nothing in their own lives yet think that their wisdom has meaning in the lives of others.

You have entered the time and season of Obed-Edom. Prepare the way, Sameach. You must be ready to have voices of power and authority in this vision. And every person must be as a servant who knows how to serve.

Sameach Dreams

These four years have been a time of humbling and training. But these next three years are a time of honor upon honor. You must impart a spirit of honor and servanthood as never before so that when the generals come, they feel at home.

Set strategic routines and let everything that occurs upon the land be according to a perfect, unwavering blueprint. Those who are often late and do not wish to sit at tables with you must be sent away. The time of training is over. You can no longer have grace upon the spirit of dishonor, for the great builders are coming, and they will leave if they see dishonorable children who do not respect your time or theirs.

Do not call the plans of the lord the schemes of the enemy, Sameach. You are shifted to new disciplines, and hearts are changed when they see you afflicted. Learn to see what is from God and what is from the enemy. And know that for you and those who pursue righteousness and obedience, it is all God. The enemy flees from the obedient; he does not attack them. Or do you think that it was Satan who put Jesus upon the cross?

No, it was the Father who placed His Son there so that mankind might be saved. In the same way, you will draw the hatred of racists, false fathers, and false shepherds so that children might be saved in their millions. But they can do nothing against you. Weather the storms in peace, Sameach. Many around the world are with you, and the community is growing. Set the precedent and stay focused.

Let all who read what you record take note:

The steps of the righteous are ordered. Cease your murmuring and complaining, and stop asking why the enemy afflicts you so. You afflict yourself with your own ignorance. If God is for you, who can be against you? Rise and learn so that the world might be saved through your obedience.

Take heart, Sameach. You have allies to your right and left. You will see miracles upon miracles, and there is nothing the enemy can do about it. The land to your left and right will soon be within the vision. Only be strong and courageous!”

I wake up.

Year 2020

BUILDER ON ACCUSATION, ISLAM AND SENDING OUT YOUNG APOSTLES

Saturday, October 24, 2020

Builder and I stand upon the land beneath Michael's calf in the section called 'Order.' The colossal snake next door slithers up and down the fence hungrily, looking for prey. Every now and then, it lifts its head to try and poke over the fence and recoils sharply backwards as its nose touches the wall of fire.

Builder:

"It sees nothing here, Sameach. Every demonic entity is blind to what occurs here. Soon, the snake will turn upon its master. When you see a snake in the spirit, know that it is a spirit of accusation. All who live by accusation have such creatures in their homes. The spirit of the accuser is a destructive spirit that hungers for the ruin of reputations and works to sow seeds of doubt and seeds of delay. It can only be defeated by living a blameless life and making your good works and vision public. When you do this, the snake has nothing to feed on and turns upon its master."

We turn to look at the property on the opposite side. A principality that is as big as a ten-story building stares intently in our direction, squinting its eyes as it tries to see what is happening on the other side of the wall of fire. It is dressed like a genie from a cartoon. Usually, I would laugh at that particular outfit, but I can feel the malevolence coming off the genie in waves.

Builder:

"The spirit of Islam, the antichrist. These four words will rhyme for you, Sameach. Remember them when you see these principalities. They grow through breeding, feeding, seeding, and bleeding. They are fruitful and multiply from the womb. They feed any who will hear their message. They sow seeds of doctrinal and academic progress, like schools and clinics in areas of lack. And they enforce shariah law with bloodshed.

To remove a principality like this is simpler than you think. They worship Mammon far above Mohammed. You simply buy them out. This is what the protectors of Israel are doing right now through trade deals. And this is what you will soon do here."

Me:

“Between the snake on one side and the genie on the other, we can do nothing right now. The wall can go no further because of the genie. And we can no longer fetch children because of the snake. What are our instructions while we wait for the Lord to fight these battles for us?”

Builder:

“This is the first year of the seven years, Sameach. Focus on the prayer path and the wall, and render to Caesar what is Caesar’s so that when the 1,100-seater is built, no accusation can be laid against you. You have trained up powerful young apostles, and many more will be sent to you. Send them out to make disciples in the schools in preparation for the opening of the floodgates.

These past four years, you have watered and seeded this region, and the Holy Spirit has gone before you. The timing is perfect. As Michael hammers at the dome, you must place strategic nails within the city across the river. Let your team do highly visible events and make the vision plain so that the spirit of racism has no grounds for accusation.

Ignore the churches. Every church under the dome will compete against you as if you are competition. Focus on the children so that they are able to correct the spirit of accusation in their parents. Make your good works public so that the Father may be glorified. And make your vision plain while you make disciples.

Continue in your covenant, Sameach. Help is coming. We know that these principalities to your left and right would manifest like this, and we planned for it. Everything that you have done out of obedience has been strategic. Obedience to the smallest instruction produces a domino effect that produces fruit.

Focus on manifesting the Spirit of Might upon the Courier’s Heart. This must be a place of fun and laughter. Focus on that with all your heart! The joy of the Lord is your strength, Sameach. And many who will come to join you must receive an impartation of joy. There must be a release of playfulness into the spirit of every person who comes here.

Sameach Dreams

Have fun. Do fun events. Let there be dancing and laughter. And let the young apostles take that spirit into the city across the river to drive nails into the skin of the great snake of accusation that slumbers there. Help is coming, Sameach. Volunteers are coming. Resources are coming.

Do not tire of doing good. All who read what you record and listen to what you teach have been prepared from the day of their birth to be catalysts of the greatest awakening. They will help you, and then you will help them, and the gates of hell will not prevail against you. Prepare the land, Sameach. The greatest awakening has begun.”

I wake up.

Year 2020

***PROPHETIC DREAM FOR THE USA.
INSTRUCTIONS FROM MICHAEL, ANGEL
OF THE LORD, FOR THE GREATER
CHURCH***

Saturday, November 07, 2020

Edit: To answer many questions:

Trumpet = Trump.

Joseph = Biden

Darius = Any unbeliever in power

Daniel = The collective voice of the national church

Dream begins:

I am above the United States of America, where demonic hordes are in a state of frenzy. Senior and junior principalities swarm key swing states like voluminous clouds of wasps trying to cram in and out of a bottle. It is as if every mobilized demonic entity from every area that supports abortion is trying to cram in the air above the swing states. They suffocate the air with desperation and fear.

The demons themselves appear to be filled with dread at the possibility of a loss of power. Conversely, legions of angels stand peacefully and quietly on the ground below around the houses of those who walk in love and compassion. They mark the doors of the peacemakers, both believer and unbeliever, with the blood of the lamb.

I suddenly become aware of a massive angel on my right. The angel is so tall that we can see the entire USA from far above the clouds. I am tall enough (in this dream) that if my feet were on the ground, my head would be in the clouds. However, I am only the size of this angel's head. As I float next to this angel, I recognize him immediately; it is Michael.

Me:

“How is it that you are in South Africa and the USA at the same time?”

Michael:

“We move at the speed of thought, Courier. You should know this. I am both there and here. I am in Israel. I am everywhere the Father assigns me. I am in every nation that honors Israel and in every nation that is about to honor Israel.”

Me:

“So, kind of like a person that moves fast enough to play multiple opponents at ping pong?”

Michael:

“Exactly so, Sameach.”

Me:

“Wow. That is cool!”

Michael:

“You are here to see, hear, and courier this dream, Sameach. Listen well and record all that I tell you. The angels you see will rise and push back the cloud of the power of the air that you see below if the church of the protectors of Israel (USA) will make covenant today to take care of the poor. The balance that you see below and in these elections is because millions of believers voted for a party that advertises compassion for the poor even though they advocate the murder of children.

The church of the USA has turned its back upon the immigrants, the poor, the widows, the orphans, and the broken. The nation is in covenant to protect Israel under any president, so this is not the bigger concern. The right-hand cries out against abortion, but the church does nothing to heal what causes it; thus, they are as guilty as the left hand.

The left hand despises the right hand with such venom that they will do anything to win. You will see much corruption exposed in the days to come, but the church and, especially, the right hand will be powerless against it unless they make covenant to take care of the poor. Many believers defect to the left hand, voting godless men into power, because of the hardened hearts of the church and the right hand against immigrants and the poor.

Sameach Dreams

And now a court case comes that will either fulfill prophecy or delay it by a generation. Jesus is the poor. To reject them and ignore them is to ignore Him. Let the prophets of this nation call the church to order. Let a clarion of repentance sound. The trumpet in power is only there because the church put him there. He only responds to instructions from the church. He is as Darius, worldly in every way, but completely submitted to Daniel.

If the voice of Daniel sways him to care for the poor, you will have four more years as the prophets have declared. But if there is not a clarion call, a new Darius will take power so that the sheep may be fed. The window for repentance is three days, Sameach. The church votes for the right-hand because it votes against abortion. But those who turn their backs upon the poor where these babies are harvested most are even more guilty than those who call for the choice to abort.

For they know better and are not tormented and whipped by demons. This nation will prosper because it protects Israel, not for any other reason. What you see below is principalities in a panic because the church is beginning to move towards good works. If the church is mobilized to works of compassion ahead of government, all authority is stripped from the media houses, which are completely demonic and control the power of the air. This will be the nation's third Darius in power who will be driven to do the will of the church.

Now listen well, Sameach:

If the church is obedient to this instruction, the trumpet will continue, and Joseph will have peace. But if the church rejects this instruction, Joseph will be whipped by his masters for four years of living hell. They will drive him to the brink of death and discard him like a dish rag. Both the right hand and the left hand will whip him and beat him, but still, God will use him. For in his brokenness, he will call to the Lord, and in that time, the church will have compassion for him and win him over.

If the church heeds this instruction to turn their hearts towards the poor and the immigrants, the trumpet will continue but know that he is the choice of the church in this next season, not the choice of Heaven. As Israel chose Saul, the church has chosen the trumpet. The cost of another four years will be the result of the rejection and persecution of many Davids by this trumpet, but there will be prosperity for the church, and God will protect the Davids and keep them safe among the Philistines until their time comes.

Even the elite have been blinded in their desire to see a puppet of the church in control. But because the church blesses him, God will bless him. If the church wants him in power and the prophets want him in power, then they must call for a change of heart towards the immigrants and the poor. If he falls from power, the church will abandon him, like the left hand will abandon Joseph. The right hand of protection that has sustained him will lift off, and he will suffer greatly. He will go to his deathbed with a broken heart of rejection, and he will curse God for how the church used him and spat him out.

But this is his nature, for he is a king of Babylon who has wisely used the favor of the church to fill his need for acceptance. Many in the church love this man enough to cover his sins in this season. Now, let them do the same with the immigrants and the poor. God has used him to show his children that they are capable of loving the dirtiest of rags. Let them show the same mercy towards those who are lost in sin.

Let them cry out to be filled with compassion for those who march against the law. If they are obedient to this instruction, I will move my right hand, and the angels will rise. If they are disobedient to this instruction, I will move my left hand, and the angels will stay where they are, keeping the sons of Issachar and the sons and daughters of compassion safe while a new Darius is used by the Lord of hosts to take care of the poor, the widows, the orphans, and the immigrants.

Let all who rebel against this word know that they rebel against the heart of God when they curse the immigrants and the poor. They huddle in their upper rooms and gather at monuments, blowing shofars that sound like clanging cymbals in the ears of Heaven. If they wish for those sounds to become as an incense before the Lord, they must fill the air with shouts of compassion towards the poor.

This is a season of wheat and chaff, Sameach. Look how it is fully grown. Let the church arise, and let the spirit of Pentecost fill them. Let them declare with one voice that there must be no lack among them!"

I wake up.

***THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT ON UNITY IN
THE FREE STATE PROVINCE, SOUTH
AFRICA***

Sunday, November 08, 2020

I am somewhere above the Free State, South Africa, looking down at an incredible battle between angels and demons. The fierce battle kicks up a massive billowing dust cloud far below us. Colossal angels hammer at a demonic principality that is so big its head goes through the clouds when it is one knee. The angels have the word 'ECHAD' written upon their hammers, which means 'one' or 'unity.'

I am high enough to see the word 'DIVISION' written on the massive demon's forehead. A man suddenly appears next to me up there in the air and smiles a broad smile. I recognize him immediately. He is the Spirit of Might. As I watch, his skin fades from fleshly white to shades of brown, back to European skin tones, and then back to the darkest African tones. He laughs and smacks me on my back playfully.

Might:

"Jesus is LORD!"

Me:

"Amen!! His reign is supreme!"

The Spirit of Might closes His eyes and breathes in the dust and smoke of battle. Then He turns to me and grabs me, holding me at arm's length, and looks into my eyes. I can see that He is in His element here. His eyes are alive with love and with fire!

Might:

"God is MOVING in South Africa, Abdiel. This is the 'in due season' season! The Western Cape has been prepared for an incredible revival in worship and prayer. Gauteng has been prepared to fund a mighty move of God and His Fatherly compassion.

The North West has been positioned to feed millions. Kwazulu Natal has been prepared for a rise to abundance. Lesotho has been prepared to release the seed of the heart of a missionary, and the anointing of rest. The Eastern Cape will release the greatest teachers of the word. Watch what comes from there, Abdiel.

These instructions are for the Free State region, Abdiel. But the rest of the world would do well to listen. For the wisdom of God is for both the righteous and the unrighteous, and the miracles that they will see in this province are available to every nation, state, province, and county on Earth. The Free State province in South Africa is an incredibly special province, Abdiel. We sent Missionaries here ahead of the settlers and had them anoint specific borders for the time that has now come.

Listen well:

There is a reason that the Father placed the judicial capital of South Africa there. The Free State was named prophetically for what God is going to do for all of Africa. The truth shall set you free, and the Free State is destined to become the beacon of truth for all of Africa. Jesus has set wise men, teachers, and prophets in this region who have been through brokenness and preparation that would break the will of average men and women.

There are mighty men and women here who will lead their nation to unity and defy every stereotype that has been levered against them. The most powerful ministry and governmental decision makers in all of Africa for the next season are all here, Abdiel. There are 7 borders, and 7 borders with 7 districts of Lesotho. This is a confirmation of God's covenant with South Africa to bring rest and reward to all of Africa.

As 7 borders and 7 districts are touched by physical borders, so shall they be touched spiritually in an outpouring that will last for 7 years and 7 months. The same covenant has been made with Nigeria, who fight the fiercest spiritual battles of all of you to stem the tide of the antichrist, which is Islam.

Let the champions who receive you as prophet follow these instructions:

The time has come for the principality of this province, which is division, to fall. For the destiny of the Free State is to be the precedent for unity among brethren worldwide. Denominations and cultures that refuse to pray together, protect each other, and work together to make this a province where there is no lack will die out. The hand of the Lord will lift off every ministry in this province that does not proactively seek unity.

Sameach Dreams

But those who take up the hammer called 'Echad' and pro-actively reach out to work with cultures and denominations (whom the father of lies has tried to brand their enemy) will enter a time of such prosperity that they will think they are dreaming. Heaven has prepared such massive surplus stores of provision for the peacemakers that it will shock them to the core.

Entire municipalities, which are currently run by divisive agents of destruction, will be replaced by men and women of all races and cultures who are filled with the spirit of the sons of Issachar! Let every person who reads what you record take up their hammer of unity and do everything in their power to make sure that the beacon on the hill of the Free State is UNITY! Be one as we are one, Abdiel.

Everything wonderful will flow from united worship, united prayer, united business, and united government. Every believer must turn their eyes towards putting righteous men and women in local political power. Every believer must pray that poverty, murder, and division are wiped out in this province. Let this province be a beacon of unity, Abdiel!"

Me:

"How do I do that? I'm not even from the Free State."

Might:

"The right eyes will read this and the right ears will hear you, Abdiel. The champions are there, and the rest of the nation and continent will be blessed because of it. The champions of division hope beyond hope that a war will begin in the Free State. This will not happen, for a war here will have international consequences, turning hearts against each other in nations that are far away. The divisive spirits on both sides hunger for a race war and self-determination.

But God has decreed that this is a province of UNITY! Shut those voices down, you believers who read this. Rebuke them and hand them over to the devil. Have nothing to do with divisive spirits, for they have weaponized their pain and must repent of their wickedness. They are blinded by Satan and seek to punish the innocent for the sins of the wicked. Stand as one, and the wicked will receive their dues.

Focus your prayers on the Free State for the next seven years and seven months, Abdiel. Bring the champions into your rest and encourage them. Love them and celebrate them, for this is the time of their reward. They have long cried out for justice and peace, and they have excelled in good works. God has seen the works of their hands and is well pleased. The ‘in due season’ season has arrived, Abdiel. Rejoice and be glad!”

I wake up.

***FRIENDLY MAN ON THOSE WHO ARE
HELPLESS AND HARASSED***

Monday, November 9, 2020

I stand praying on a section in the river that we call 'Breakthrough Island.' It is raining hard, and I am filled with anger and frustration.

Me:

"Father, you bless me and love me. You take care of me and provide for my every need. But why do you turn your back upon the poor? Why do you leave them to suffer so in the cold and in the wet? Why do you leave them to go hungry? I am but a flawed and foolish man, and it seems to me that I am more concerned about the poor than you are. Why do you leave innocent people to suffer so? I don't understand."

The Friendly Man suddenly speaks from my right, and I notice tears running down His face.

Friendly man:

"Those are my feelings that run through you, Abdiel. We care deeply for all who suffer. Take heart, servant: those who take the narrow road are increasing in number every day, and help is coming. The harvest is plentiful. Do you know what this truly means?"

Me:

"In my understanding, that there are many souls that are open to the message of the cross?"

Friendly man:

"Not in the selfishly ambitious way that many in my body interpret it. Most of them see their seats filled and their offering platters overflowing. The harvest is those who are harassed and helpless. Are those not the exact words I used when I used the word 'harvest?' I have anointed My body to go to the harassed and the helpless and bring them out of the darkness of despair into the glorious light of understanding and abundance. I have sent workers to do the will of My Father and overflow with compassion.

But most take the wide road, Abdiel. They read My words through the lens of mammon and ignore their brothers and sisters who are harassed and helpless. The Father cares deeply, Abdiel. He sends help all the time, but most of those helpers get persecuted and stopped by their own brethren. Many fall into mammon's trap of self-preservation. Do you not see this? That it is a fellow believer who brings the law to stop your good works because of his own greed and ego?

You are not in Heaven yet, Abdiel. You were sent to be a light in the darkness because the Father cares deeply. You are sent as sheep among the wolves. Grasp this and rise to the challenge. My body is there to shed their blood as I did so that the world might be saved from its rejection of the Father heart of God.

You are there to continue the work that I started: to reconcile the prodigal sons to the Father. I came to bring abundant life because the enemy has sown lack and destruction across the entire Earth. You (plural) have been sent to be the hands and arms of the Father. You are My body, sent to have compassion upon the helpless and harassed sheep.”

Me:

“Why can I not just call fire down upon these people who stand in our way? Why can I not strike them with blindness until they repent? Surely, our cause is righteous and just. Surely, our desire to build homes and feed the poor is worth protecting from these heartless wolves?”

Friendly man:

“Have you learned nothing, Abdiel? You are allowing the actions of the wicked to affect your priorities. You are not there to condemn the world; you are there to save it. Do not focus on the ones who try to stop you; focus on the one who sent you. Keep your eyes on Me, and we will walk over these waves of opposition and advance My Kingdom.

These snakes and scorpions cannot harm you. Their venom cannot kill you. Leave them to Me. Vengeance is Mine, and unless they repent of their wicked ways, I will deal with them harshly in My time. For they spit upon My grace and think that I will show mercy to the merciless. For judgment without mercy will be shown to anyone who is merciless.

Sameach Dreams

Walk on the water with Me, Abdiel. Set your eyes upon the harassed and the helpless, and do not concern yourself with the baying of toothless wolves. My Father will keep sending help. Just know that many who are sent must fight fierce and difficult battles to get to you. And many who desire to send you provision fight great battles to get it to you.

You are not alone in this battle. Those who choose the narrow road are growing in number. They begin to see that I am the poor and that the poor are Me. Take heart, Sameach, help is coming. I love you all very much!”

Year 2020

***FRIENDLY MAN AND BUILDER ON THE
ISLAMIC STRATEGY TO REACH SOUTH
AFRICA THROUGH MOZAMBIQUE***

Sunday, November 29, 2020

I have been in a state of travail these last few weeks, crying out to Heaven, begging the Lord of the harvest to send the workers and the resources so that we may feed 2,000 children each day. And I intercede that Heidi Baker's team may have what they need in Mozambique for hundreds of thousands of refugees. Last night, as I was praying fervently, I fell into a vision.

In an instant, I shift from one realm to another. The tears that blurred my vision and the heaviness that filled my head after long hours and longer days of travail are gone. I am floating high in the air above the land beneath Michael's calf and hear the voice of the Friendly Man from my right.

Friendly Man:

"I send out prophets, wise men, and teachers, Abdiel. Those who are sent by Me will say what I said and do what I did. The Centurion and the Chronicler have relayed to you what occurs on the battlefield where I have placed the courier Heidi Baker, whom the angels call the daughter of thunder. I want you to be aware of the multiple battlefields across this continent where the antichrist advances. And I want you to know that I am mobilizing more couriers, wise men, and teachers than this continent has ever seen so that the enemy does not take his throne prematurely.

Prophets who care for the physical well-being of My lambs are the only ones who My body should be listening to. This is how you know that they are sent by Me: that they are filled with love and compassion for My lambs. You cannot serve both God and mammon, Abdiel. Those who travel and prophecy for their daily bread, seeking the praise of man and big offerings, do not realize that they take 30 pieces of silver every time they neglect to share My words and neglect to call My people to lay down their hearts of stone.

A prophet who does not call the body to make sure that there is no lack among them is a servant of mammon. Do not be deceived. But the prophets, wise men, and teachers, such as Heidi Baker, must be listened to, for they do not seek their own. As I bled upon the cross, they bleed. As I cry for the poor, the widow, the orphan, and every lost case, so do they. This is how you know that they are one as we are one. They come to love those who no one else will love.

Continue to pray for the couriers of Africa, Abdiel. Continue to cry out so that more voices may join yours. Pray that My body would remove the stone heart of mammon from their midst and replace it with My soft heart, for I am gentle and humble of heart. Now concerning the battlefield upon which I have placed you:

Michael must move northwards in three years' time. Cracks are beginning to show in the power of the air above this region. Know that when you take this region, you take this nation, Abdiel. Come Builder!"

The three-kilometer-tall archangel, who we call Builder, suddenly appears beside us. His normally calm tone of voice is now crisp and commanding. I realize that he has shifted from long-term strategist to battlefield commander. Everything about his nature is different. Usually, he appears to me as a very large man, but the being before me is all fire, with wings sprouting from his back and even from his ribs. His voice now sounds like thunder rolling across hills when he speaks.

Builder:

"Grow Courier!"

The Friendly Man and I are suddenly three kilometers tall, and in an instant, we hover above the northern border of Zambia, where Tanzania, the DRC, and Malawi meet.

Builder:

"Look northwards and see the princes of the antichrist."

I look northwards and see massive principalities standing over with the familiar crescent burned into their foreheads. From Tanzania and the DRC, northwards and westwards, I see massive principalities. Then I notice archangels and millions of massive seraphs over Angola and Zambia.

Sameach Dreams

Builder:

“Tell me what you notice, Sameach.”

Me:

“It looks like they are trying to get to South Africa but cannot break through Angola and Zambia. So they are throwing everything that they have to break through Mozambique.”

Builder:

“If South Africa falls, Africa will go dark. No Christian missionaries will pierce the veil. Sharia law will be the supreme law of Africa. South Africa and Nigeria are economic centers for the strategy of Mammon, Sameach. Mozambique and Nigeria are now the greatest spiritual battlefields on Earth. If Africa goes dark, the West will be forced to fight the bloodiest battles in the history of mankind. Africa must not be allowed to fall under the sway of the Antichrist before his time.”

We are back on the land beneath Michael’s calf on the North-West border of the Free State.

Builder:

“These next three years, you must dominate the power of the air in this region, Sameach. The goodness of God must be on full display here so that this entire region may come to repentance. On Rosh Hashanah 2023, the dome of the power of the air will crack over the region across the river, and Michael will either move to the Southern African and Mozambique border or the Mozambique and Tanzanian border.

The goodness of God must be on display here, Sameach. For it will determine who the next president of South Africa will be. Pray that the one who we have chosen rises to power so that South Africa aligns with Israel. The kingmakers of your nation sit in the seat of power across the river from you, and if he does not fall, the spiritual battle for Africa will be very difficult.

Christians will suffer much persecution in this nation if the choice of the princes of mammon continues his corrupt rise to power. Righteous men move to prosecute him. The goodness of God on display in this region will shut down the voices of those who protect his back. This coming Thursday, the great uniter is bringing voices of power to sit at the table with you.

Let your creative team note your united plans to protect and feed the lambs. And make the vision plain so that it may be circulated among tens of thousands. Let the lambs see your unity. And let them see the goodness of God on full display. You will not win this region without the full display of the goodness of God, Sameach. Do as you are instructed and the Lord of the Harvest will add thousands to your number daily. Make the vision plain. Let the power of the air be filled with songs and reports about the goodness of God!”

Friendly Man:

“Do you understand what is required of you in these next three years, Abdiel?”

Me:

“Yes, Lord. I must use events, print, radio, and every screen that the eyes of man have access to, to show the people in this region that the goodness of God is a physical reality. We must make every good work from every loving heart public.”

Friendly Man:

“Don’t lose sight of why I put you here, Abdiel. Though battles rage around you, stay focused on the dreams that you were given. Stay the course, and all that you have seen shall come to pass.”

Vision ends.

A LIGHTHOUSE DREAM ABOUT WAR

Saturday, December 12, 2020

I am back at the lighthouse. The storm rages angrily, hammering the vast rocky shoreline with spitting foam on roaring wave after roaring wave. I can feel the wind rip at my hair, my jacket, and my beard as the salty rain mixes with my tears. I don't want to be back here. The crowded waters boil with the flailing arms of drowning children. And I watch helplessly, as I have for thirty years, as their little bodies are smashed into the jagged rocks, broken and forgotten.

The team that pulls shivering child after shivering child from these merciless waters has grown considerably. They sing as they work and communicate well with each other, training many of the newly rescued children to become rescuers themselves. The teams head fearlessly into the storm, rescuing children in their hundreds. The branding on our bus shining like a bright oil canvas in a bleak, gray gallery. Hope in the hell of poverty.

Behind me, our lighthouse has grown so bright that other rescue teams can see it from afar and tentatively come to join forces, most of them needing us to share our thinly stretched resources with them. Beams of light pierce the billowing clouds above us, which are prayer cover beams of warmth and love shining from lighthouses on compassionate hearts from all around the world. And from the west, supplies drop in crates to keep our growing team sustained.

I turn to look back at the beach. There, beyond the storm, the houses of worship bathe in warm sunlight, still ignoring our pleas for help. Still sending us lectures on how Christianity is not about those who are drowning. Still calling the ones whom we disciple away from the rocks to come and warm themselves in the sun and enjoy the shelter of their new spiritual homes, where everything is about them, and they slowly forget those who are drowning as they once did.

I turn back to the ocean and clear my heart. To look at the beach is to poison my soul. I must stay focused. I have a small shelter on the rocks with communications equipment to let our intercessors and suppliers know our needs. I move to the shelter, grateful for the equipment there that allows me to transport the hearts of many faithful believers to these rocks each night so that their light keeps bringing us warmth and their generosity keeps bringing us supplies.

I weep into the storm, and they weep with me as if they were upon these very rocks; and for this, I give God praise. Gratitude fills me and warms me, and I smile in the depths of my spirit for the first time in decades. When the lightning hits, it is without a sound. Not a flash of light, nor any display of power. My equipment simply goes dark. I try to resuscitate these electronic allies who, only a few seconds ago, were the manifestation of four long years of patience and faith.

But their electronic eyes are dead. And the effect is immediate. Above me, three beams of light go as dark and lifeless as those electronic eyes are suddenly swallowed by the billowing mass above us. I hear a malicious laugh somewhere up there, then an accusation... "It is because he allows sinners upon the land."

Whispers upon the wind from those who watch... utterances from the foulness of their souls: "...he should have done such and such...; ...if this and that was as it should be, this would not be as it is...;" "...I wonder, does he hide secret sins...;" "...false prophet..." The whispers crash into me with the usual weight of accusation, betrayal, and dishonor. Criticism, judgment, spite.

I raise my shield, and the darts are quenched immediately. God will deal with their idle words in due season. I have no time for this. Another light has gone out above us. I lift my head into the rain and raise my voice with a shout. "FATHER, HELP!" In an instant, an angel three heads taller than I appears beside me. His sword is drawn, and I notice wounds healing rapidly on his forearms and chest. He speaks with his usual cutting authority, and I listen intently.

Gatherer:

"Sameach, do what you must to reestablish worship and communication. Help is coming! Now is not the time for discouragement; now is the time for war. Dry your tears and flame your anger, Courier."

Thunder cracks above us, and he shoots up into the air with his sword cutting a steaming path through the droplets of rain as he closes in on unseen targets above. A voice speaks from beside me.

"Sameach."

I turn to see a familiar face.

Sameach Dreams

Me:

“Ishim. Things must be serious up there if you are here in the middle of a storm.”

Ishim:

“You are in the middle of an incursion deep into enemy territory, Sameach. What did you expect? Those who go out will be as lambs among wolves. These wolves cannot touch the lambs so long as the shepherds have a staff and a voice. So the wolves move to disarm and silence the shepherds.”

Me:

“Oh... I never thought of it that way.”

Ishim:

“To each is revealed what is necessary for their assignment. Some details would strike fear into the hearts of the strongest among you. We did not want you concerned with matters of war, but the enemy found a legal clause and exploited it. Do not concern yourself with who it was; we have dealt with it, and the breach is closed.

Now listen well:

There are malevolent entities out there that howl impotently at your (plural) incursion into their territory, Sameach. They cannot find you beyond the wall of fire, so they listen to your broadcasts through ears that accuse, and gossip, and mouths that attack the power of the air itself.

Be prepared when you reestablish communication, for this incursion into enemy territory will intensify their attack on your equipment. Take every preventative measure and precaution. This is war, Sameach. You (plural) are fighting for the souls of those who will usher in the greatest awakening. You (plural) are taking territory from the kingmaker principality.

Keep this in mind as you worship and pray. Those are not just hungry and endangered children; those are the future of this continent. And the enemy is desperate to enslave them. BUT fear not, Courier. The power of the air cannot see or harm your forward teams so long as they operate by the Fruit of the Spirit and move in compassion and honor.

The darkness fears the light. It blinds and confuses them. Only focus on replacing your equipment and restoring worship and communications.”

Me:

“I have no way to replace the equipment. I would make debt if I could, but I cannot. I need help.”

Ishim:

“Sacrifice what you must, Sameach. If the lights of intercession and worship go out above you, souls will go lost. The vision must be made plain, and your united worship must be constant. These next three years will be the most important three years of your life and the lives of all who have knitted their hearts to this vision. You will plant more churches than you think. Thousands will be added to your number daily. Only stay focused on your assignment!

Worship is your weapon, Sameach. Your sword has been shattered. Get a stronger one and prepare for more attacks on it. Protect the weapons of your warfare. The enemy cannot attack believers, so they work to disarm and discourage them. Remember, Sameach, your greatest weapons are spirit and truth! Worship is your warfare! Get back in the fight, Courier.

Many around the world carry this war in their hearts with you. Don't let their fire grow cold. They are the beams of intercession, provision, and love that move this army forward.”

Me:

“I hear and obey.”

Ishim:

“The Kingdom is all!”

I wake up

PRINCIPALITY OF LACK OVER SOUTH AFRICA

Thursday, December 24, 2020

I stand upon an extremely high building, fifty stories up in the air, with a fierce wind tugging at my clothing. I immediately recognize this as the Carlton Centre, the tallest building in South Africa. I look to my right and see a throne made of water. Every time I look at the throne, I get an anxious feeling in the pit of my stomach and can faintly hear a multitude of people crying. It dawns upon me that this throne is made of tears.

Upon the throne sits a principality drenched in opulently expensive clothing and jewelry. It must be about 8 meters tall. Everything about this being is intimidating and showy. It seems to be showing off its wealth and its power. I see a lot of shadows coming for instructions and then leaving again. The principality hardly looks at them, seemingly communicating with many of them simultaneously by thought.

I hear Gatherer speak to my right.

Gatherer:

“This is the principality of lack over South Africa, Sameach. Listen and learn so that you and those who read what you record may know what to do and what to pray.”

The principality suddenly becomes aware that I am standing to its left and immediately stands up. Its feet are on the dais of the throne so that its height is emphasized. I get the impression that the principality is fully aware of the throne of tears behind it and uses it as a backdrop in a further attempt to unsettle me. The scene is deeply disturbing, and the anxious feeling in the pit of my stomach increases slightly.

The principality looks at me with utter contempt. The suit, jewelry, throne, height of the building in relation to other buildings, all an effective display of undeniable power, and I realize that I have no desire to be here or hear what this demon has to say.

I turn to Gatherer and say:

“I really do not want to be here.”

The principality looks down upon me from that position of immense legislative power and speaks:

Principality of lack:

“Yes, Courier, your unease is warranted. I am here by right, and you recognize this because you know and discern legal power.”

I shudder and speak to Gatherer:

“It knows me?”

Gatherer:

“He knows that you are a courier, nothing more, Sameach.”

Principality of lack:

“I am here by right! I took up residence upon this building on the 19th of March 1974, when the World Council of churches were banned from South Africa. The rejection of unity among believers has given me the legal right to sit upon this throne. Churches will not unite and have not united since then. You have no authority to cast me out or remove me from this position. I am here by right. This is my right.”

I turn to Gatherer again:

“Why is it telling me this?”

Principality of lack:

“SPEAK TO ME COURIER. I AM THE AUTHORITY HERE, NOT THIS REAPER. I WILL BE ADDRESSED DIRECTLY. IT IS MY RIGHT!”

Me:

“Why does it call you ‘Reaper?’”

Sameach Dreams

Gatherer:

“They have terms for us to release a spirit of fear. I separate wheat from chaff, so principalities spread propaganda that I am the ‘grim reaper.’ They spread lies about you, too, Sameach. It is their weapon of warfare.”

Principality of lack:

“You do not have the authority to cast me down from this high place, Courier. I am here by right.”

Me:

“What is it that makes this principality so confident that it believes that it cannot be cast down?”

Principality of lack:

“Is it not written that the judgment upon Sodom was because the poor and the needy were ignored? You will not win this battle, Courier! I have a right to be here.”

The principality tosses a scroll at my feet. It unravels at my feet, and I see the heading ‘GIVE UP’ and beneath it, scriptures that accuse businesses, believers, churches, and government of closing their hearts against God by ignoring the poor, insulting God by oppressing the poor, and starving Jesus Himself by starving the poor. My stomach sinks as I see both Old and New Testament scriptures come into alignment with the accusations.

The principality continues speaking.

Principality of lack:

“You come here thinking that because you preach grace that you are covered for your disobedience, but it is written that if you do not show grace, none will be shown to you. It is my right to steal, and destroy, and tear down your ministries and businesses. You have all turned your backs upon your own Father and serve Him in word but not in deed.

I laugh when your ignorant intercessors shout to bind me. With what? What authority do they think that their screaming and shouting has when they gossip and ignore the poor? Do you think that we do not know the words of your Messiah better than you do? You are easily led astray because you do not realize the severity of judgment against those who are disobedient. You walk in selfish ambition and pursue your own self-interests.

We walk within the exact legal parameters of what is written because we are immediately bound in chains if we overstep. But you know nothing of such things and stumble around like blind fools in your stupid ignorance, assuming mantles that are not legally yours, and weeping when we legally tear them from your shoulders.

A business, or a church, or a government, or an individual who sees others in need, has the power to help them, yet does not, gives us full legal access to strip from them everything that they have. It is my right to be here, Courier!”

The principality sits down upon its throne again and looks at me waiting for an answer. I look at Gatherer, reach out into the depths of my heart where the throne of the Friendly Man hums with heavenly power, and turn my eyes towards the principality of lack.

Me:

“Your position of power is fully reliant on the lack of unity among believers and the greed of those in power. Hear this edict demon: We will unite the body in this nation, and we will turn the hearts of the wealthy towards the poor. I prophecy that a unified church council will replace your throne, and this nation will prosper.”

Principality of lack:

“You will not succeed, Courier. Those with financial power in this nation are too prideful, and is it not written that God opposes the proud? How do you expect to win a battle when God himself opposes the very people whom you need to win it? You will not remove me from this throne. The generation that put me here is still in power, and the generation that follows them is worse than they were. Read the scroll Courier and GIVE UP!”

Sameach Dreams

Me:

“You reference Sodom, but I shall reference Nineveh. This nation will repent and be saved, and you will be dethroned.”

Principality of lack:

“No one will believe you, Courier. They do not realize that the power of every nation, and every community, is within the poor. Preach all you like, pray all you like, cry all you like, nothing will work. I took this seat in 1974, and I will still be here in 2074. Eat the scroll that I have given you and give up. Use your talents to enrich yourself instead of trying to unite or enlighten a generation that hates truth and humility.

Look at them. Even the wealthy among them have a victim mentality. They are stubborn and stupid. They will not unite, and they will not take care of the poor. I have a right to be here. This throne is my right. **AND I WAGE WAR UPON ALL WHO CHALLENGE MY THRONE!**”

Gatherer and I are back upon the land beneath Michael’s calf.

Gatherer:

“What have you learned, Sameach?”

Me:

“It was the rejection of the ecumenical World Council of Churches by the apartheid government that put that principality there. So it will be the establishment of a united national church movement that removes it.”

Gatherer:

“Not just any churches, Sameach. The unification must focus upon those who are in poverty.”

Me:

“How do we rescue ministries and businesses that are being destroyed by this principality?”

Gatherer:

“This particular principality is pedantically legalistic. You can only win corporate, personal, and ministerial battles with the spirit of lack through absolute submission to God. You will not dethrone this principality without obedience. Let all who read what you record take note, Sameach:

God will bring supernatural resources to those who do not tire of doing good. The desire to give up the battle is an assignment from the spirit of lack. Do not give up. Do not look at your investments or your sponsors. Look at God and place your faith in obedience to Him. He will prosper those who trust in Him. Only do not give up!”

I wake up.