

One as We are One

ONE

AS WE ARE

ONE

**333 PROPHETIC DREAMS
WITH ANGELIC INSTRUCTIONS
FOR THE HARVEST OF 2 BILLION MILLENNIALS
BY 2033**

The Lighthouse Dreams

Son of Joy

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DREAM 25

16 August 2016

I stand under the patrolling beam of one of many lighthouses down a rocky coast bordering deep seas. A vast multitude of people tread water, some swimming in exhausted circles in the same spot. The crowd of humanity in the water is massive; it stretches far beyond the reach of our beam of light.

Down our stretch of beach, a few hundred people are throwing ropes into the water and pulling people out. Some of the ropes are old and fraying. A couple of them have small sound systems set up to help guide people towards land, but there is simply too much noise out there. Much bigger equipment is needed: better ropes, more manpower, better sound. Meanwhile, tens of thousands huddle around fires further inland and refuse to hear the cries for help and resource of their colleagues on the beach. My hands are calloused and blistered from a lifetime of throwing ropes into the sea. My neck is sore from looking backwards to ask for help. I simply cannot believe that every single person on the beach behind me has been pulled out of that water and now refuse to help me.

My rope has snapped again. My sound system has stopped working. My screens explaining to those in the sea that dry land is this way no longer work so I turn around to shout for help. A few people on the beach yell at me to stop asking for stuff all the time. Some give me a few cents. One guy brings me an old rope. Another brings an old speaker. I hate this. I hate them. I regret pulling them out of the water. I don't hate them. I am just disappointed. I cry with frustration, but gratefully thank those who helped with what they could, and return to the railing.

There is a team around me feeding and watering the exhausted and dehydrated swimmers as we pull them out of the sea. Every now and then someone blesses us with enough resource to send a few boats out to save more people. This is extremely effective and I wish we could do it every day, but I have given everything I have, sold all of any worth and own nothing.

Behind me on the beach someone has built a huge house. I could have built a ship with the same money. The injustice of it makes me cry out in frustration while my speakers keep blowing and my ropes keep snapping. Behind me, people dance and sing about how awesome it was to be saved from the sea. I begin to curse them in my heart. Why won't they come and help us? To my left and right, people drop from exhaustion and frustration. Some simply drop the ropes and walk inland to join the others.

I enter a time of depression where my hands do the work, but my heart has failed me. My insides are numb. My mind is numb. I haul human after human out of the sea. The stream is endless. And then my last rope snaps. I have a small, exhausted team. We are all too tired to shout backwards for help. I tell the team that I'll go and earn the resource while they keep working. They can't stay. Most of them have not seen real provision in years. I don't blame them. I head inland and get a job, spending every cent

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on sound systems, rope, nets, life jackets and boats, while everyone around me is wasting their money on stuff that has absolutely no use on the beach. They simply don't care. They are warm and dry and those in the sea don't matter.

I can't delay any longer and go back to the water with my new gear. None of my old team join me. Life on land is too good. It's fine, they worked hard with me for a long time and I am grateful for the time they spent with me. I set up the sound and make it loud. Hundreds in the water can hear me. Those with the strength to swim, swim towards me. Those within reach of my ropes and net grab on gratefully and come to shore. A few immediately help me. The vast majority simply head inland to join the praise parties and church services. Some set up massive, expensive buildings and catch the hundreds and thousands coming through the hands of the Evangelists.

I beg for help, but few send any. We pull more and more out of the sea, every minute of every day. I ask them all to come back and help, or send resource, but very few do.

I decide to join a big inland church in the hope of money and manpower for the operations next to the sea. They tell me I have agendas and a rebellious heart. I try my best to fit in, but they are content with a couple of hundred rescues a week. I want thousands per hour. I leave disappointed and go and work to get new gear.

In a few years, all my new gear is broken and all my ropes are snapped. My voice is hoarse from shouting for help. My team is tired but faithful. We make do with old ropes, but we need ships. We could save so many if we had ships. I pray, but it feels like my prayers hit the sky and come tumbling back down.

I see a fisherman next to me receive a large amount of money for his fishing gear and I rejoice. Many will be saved with that money! He buys himself an expensive set of suits, a jet and a nice car. I curse him. I hate him. I don't hate him. I just don't understand. I confront him. His followers attack me. They say he deserves honor for his hard work. I don't have the energy to argue.

Hundreds of workers down the coastline do their best with what they have. It simply is not enough. Thousands in the sea are drowning and every time I see another slip under the waves, my heart breaks a little more. I lift my voice and curse God for all that I see. I curse my existence. I curse the devil and every angel that is not helping us. I stand there wishing I was never born. I curse the selfishness of those inland and start to regret pulling even one from the sea.

The muscles in my arms are damaged from using cheap rope and there are not enough resources coming in to hire more fishers of men. I look down the beach and watch as hundreds of others feel the same way, some only pulling with one arm as the other dangles lifelessly at their side. Some sit and weep. A few new fishers of men grab the old ropes and do what they can.

I sit down. No tears. No strength to do anything. My lighthouse bulb is blown and I have no budget to fix it. I am tired of shouting for help. It has been almost 30 years of this. Enough is enough.

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I lie down and wait for death.

Gatherer:

“I remember that day, son of sorrow.”

Gatherer has never had his hand on my shoulder before. He does now. Two heads taller than me, this angel speaks gently to me, filled with the love of the Father.

We stand in front of a massive construction yard. I am not sure what is being built, but it is a lot of massive structures.

Gatherer:

“It took six years, many faithful men and multiple legions of angels to restore you from then to now, son of sorrow. Know that we have been with you in every battle and we are with all who fight as you fought.

For many drown in the sea of contestation. Many drown there, never knowing the love of the Father or the Word of the Son. Many sink under the weight of a spirit heavy with the ink of the deceiver. Many come from the water grateful for a Savior, but refuse to call him Lord. The Father loves all, but wishes that they would have His heart.

None must perish. Not even one.”

We stand in silence for a while. The rush of memories from those long years and the collateral damage of so many lost friends along the rocks between sea and land brings upon me great sadness.

Me:

“Even now, with many new teams and hoarse voice, do I fight to suppress those emotions from back then. Even with the revelation of these dreams do I fight frustration against those who celebrate their salvation and ignore the work. I don’t know if I would survive another breakdown like that.”

Gatherer:

“You would not. And you will not have to. But first must I show you things that will offend many who read your account of it. The chaff will reject you with greater contempt than ever before, but a much bigger multitude will follow. Come, son of sorrow, let thine eyes be opened.”

We are outside a large church building. A limousine pulls up and the pastor climbs out, bedecked in jewelry from head to toe. Next to the pastor stands a demon, two heads taller than a tall man. It stares at us with a sharp, bloodless face. If he were human, he would look dead. The demon smiles arrogantly and rests his hand upon the shoulder of the pastor. Both walk into the VIP entrance of this elaborate building and we follow them to a pastors’ lounge drenched in opulence. Servants scuttle around while the odd department head pops in to grovel before the pastor from time to time. All so grateful to be in his presence that they forget how to speak. He lovingly forgives their nervousness and issues his orders gently. All know that to disobey these gentle commands brings dire consequence.

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Me:

"I really don't want to see this stuff. Can we just focus on what must be done and not what others are doing?"

Gatherer:

"No, it is important that all is brought to light. Record all you see, hold nothing back."

The pastor's suit is immaculate. His shoes shine perfectly. Not a hair out of place. And the hand of the towering demon is snugly upon his right shoulder.

A well-dressed lady enters the room with a team in tow. They set to powdering the pastor's face for television while a sound guy wires him up. We are good to go.

We exit a single door to the side of this palatial lounge and enter a large auditorium where band and choir execute songs in perfection. Every eye turns to the door as the pastor enters. Bodyguards wait at intervals on his route, two flank him as he walks to his seat. He waits for three worship songs and climbs the stage.

Every prayer is Biblical; every word polished and perfect. He delivers the message with thunder in the right places and silence in the right places. He reads the commands of Jesus to go and make the disciples. He quotes Paul perfectly. He takes up offering as if Paul himself had the microphone and does an altar call as if Peter were the preacher. Hundreds come forward. The service ends. I can't find a single Biblical inconsistency and have no idea what the demon has to gain here.

Me:

"I don't understand, what was wrong with what we just saw?"

Gatherer:

"Builder will soon explain all in detail, but know that nothing that you saw in there was commanded by Christ. It is man's version, craftily created to keep him away from the fishing waters and comfortable inland. The angels call this the counterfeit temple."

Me:

"I can't write that. You will have every church in the world turn their back on me."

Gatherer:

"Not all. For many equip as they should, but most do not."

Builder:

"The purpose of the fivefold ministry is to equip the saints for the work of the Kingdom. The work of the Kingdom is to expand the Kingdom so that His will be done, and His Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven. To equip the saints means teaching them to make disciples who teach all that Christ commanded them.

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All that is required for this is that they are taught the Christ and the commands of the Christ.

For anything other than obedience to the commands of the Christ, who is the Word made manifest, is counterfeit. Man is to die to himself and his own dreams and desires that he may become one with the Word and the Kingdom. For it is only when the Kingdom reigns that any personal success is righteous. But with smooth twisting of the Word do they tell you to chase your personal dreams and love your life and live a life that is prosperous.”

Me:

“I have done this, I have taught this.”

Builder:

“Many have and many do. It is a strategy of the enemy to keep the eyes of man upon himself so that he is blind to all outside of the Kingdom. You are commanded by the Christ to renounce all that you have and be HIS disciple. You are warned that those who preserve their way of living will lose it. You are commanded to leave family and lands and follow Him so that His Kingdom may be established.

What you have witnessed is a perfected strategy to satisfy the blinded saint who will pour every resource into a well-oiled machine that is designed to keep the resources from the front lines. A brilliant war of attrition.

Look at the budget, see how little is spent on widows and orphans? See how little is spent on missionaries and evangelism? See how much is spent on entertainment? See how the members are discouraged from sowing into outside mission-based ministries and told that this is the storehouse? All they do is good. All they do is great. There is not one hair out of place with what they do.

The strategy is on what they do NOT do.

This is neither hot nor cold; although it has the appearance of hot, it is lukewarm, for the words of the Christ are not commands here. Here does personal prosperity reign. This is supposed to be a house of prayer and equipping. Instead it is a house of attrition, cutting off the flow of money and manpower to the front lines. The strongman of the house has done well.”

Gatherer:

“Every single person in every single seat is supposed to be upon that beach and upon those rocks, drawing out the multitude from the seas of contestation. They should be there, shining their light or pushing every resource to that beach and sending out boats.

But they sit here. Useless to the Kingdom. Happy to be going to Heaven. Loving their lives. Refusing to bow their knee to the words of the Christ. Thinking ignorantly that those responsibilities are for others. They love God but hate His commands. They follow leaders blindly like Israel followed Saul. They selfishly store up for themselves private heavens while billions live in private hells.

Hear me now, son of sorrow:

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This is not the Kingdom of God. This is the kingdom of Mammon.”

The judgment is so harsh. I don't want to hear this stuff.

Me:

“What's the point of passing judgment on the Body like this? I thought we were here to work in love and proclaim the year of the Lord's favor!”

Gatherer:

“Time is short, son of sorrow. The King is coming soon. Only the Father knows the time, but all of Heaven is mobilized for this Great Harvest and now, too, must all of earth follow suit. Warn all who have ears to hear that the time for lukewarm mediocrity is passed. Bring upon them a sense of urgency. Lose your life. Live for the Kingdom. Reach the lost, feed the poor. Sell your possessions and build only the Kingdom. Those who are wealthy must be generous to the Kingdom-builders and withhold every cent from those who stop the flow of resource to the battlefield. Already now are horns blowing in the kingdom of darkness, for they, too, sense what is to come.

These next 18 years will be the most important time in the history of this earth.”

Me:

“Wait. Are you saying that Jesus is coming back in 2033?”

Gatherer:

“No angel knows the date, neither does even the Son. Only the Father decides this and His desire is that none shall perish. But there is a mobilization in both Heaven and hell like never before. The deceiver knows the importance of the harvest generation and his servants kill them even in the womb by the hundreds of thousands every day. For this generation shall be pulled from the waters and they shall bring upon this earth the heart of God and a victorious Bride.”

Me:

“The churches that you and Builder speak of, are they in trouble eternally?”

Gatherer:

“Love covers a multitude of sins. Their actions are of great disappointment to the Father, but He loves them still. When they hear this truth they shall answer the call. Only write what you hear and see, son of sorrow.”

We return to the massive construction yard.

Gatherer:

“Behold, son of sorrow, great ships of the Great Harvest are prepared even now. They shall be sent out, captained by the workers to seek and save the lost. Though the enemy wages this war of attrition to starve the battlefield of resources, shall the unrighteous fund these ships. For even though Israel

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crucified the Son, it was the Gentile who spread His fame. In the same way now does the Bride turn her back upon Him, but rejoice, for His grace knows no bounds. For He knows our adversary so well that He has used his own economy against him and now the saints, proficient in Mammon, kept away from the counterfeit temples, shall answer the call. And blind eyes in the counterfeit temples shall open and they shall be converted into houses of prayer and equipping of the saints and great ships shall go out to fulfill the commands of the Christ.

The time has come for the Great Harvest. Let all who have ears to hear, hear. And let all who have eyes to read, read. Repent, turn from your wicked ways and God will heal your nations.”

Uriel:

“The Father desires that all are one with the words of the Son. For the words of the Son are holy and to be revered. Every word of the Son is a command from the Father and every command leads us closer to His will being done, His Kingdom coming to earth and being on earth as it is in Heaven. Man cannot achieve this with selfish doctrine, for you are to be one as We are One. When one lives in opulence while another starves, it is not called prosperity, it is called disparity. It is a vile injustice perpetrated by the spirit of Mammon. For this reason must the entire Kingdom advance, that all may experience the goodness of God in equal measure.

But even the elite are fooled and lead millions of believers astray with doctrines of self-enrichment. The Lamb says, ‘*Sacrifice thyself,*’ the false teacher says, ‘*Enrich thyself.*’ The Lamb says, ‘*Go out into the world,*’ the false teacher says, ‘*Stay in my temple.*’ The Lamb says, ‘*Feed the poor,*’ the false teacher says, ‘*Give to my storehouse only.*’

All who read these words must awaken to the truth. You strive to gain the world at the expense of your soul. For if the Good News is foolishness to you, you are perishing.

Do not give yourself over to these false doctrines. Come out from among them. Do what Christ commands. Move in the love of the Father. Be filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. Be one with the Word as we are one with the Word. For all that proceeds from the mouth of the Lamb is holy and worthy of our submission. Obey nothing that contests against His words.”

Builder:

“The ships you see before you are tools of the harvest: Buses, stage trucks, tents, Bible theme parks, high capacity places of prayer. Build these and use them for the harvest. Create for children places of such fun and joy that the Word is written upon their spirits in even their time of play. Convert churches into play places and have all teach their children the words of Jesus and the stories of the Old Testament.

Take to the teens more than the world has to offer and unlock within them their imaginations to build one Kingdom with technology that the Holy Spirit will reveal to them. Advance the Kingdom with every

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drop of technology at your disposal. Build farms, farms and more farms for those who hunger, and give them clean water to drink.

Share this vision and command unity. Warn those who will not come into unity twice and the third time have nothing to do with them.

Churches are to stop preaching self-enrichment and start teaching the words of the Lamb and the advancement of the Kingdom. Shout this from every rooftop, son of sorrow, for many hungers for this message with all that they are. Captains of thousands and tens of thousands will come.

The time is now for the Great Harvest. Write upon your wall and pray until it has passed: Two billion souls by 2033.

His Kingdom come, His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!

Pray to the Father in the Name of the Son. Keep rank as the Son keeps rank. Fight to expand the Kingdom with all that is in you. The Father held nothing back. The Lamb held nothing back. The Holy Spirit holds nothing back. The angels hold nothing back. Son of sorrow, **HOLD NOTHING BACK.**”

I wake up.

DREAM 26

16 August 2016

I'm back at the lighthouse. Waves crash against the rocks with a thunderous roar, but even that constant booming does not drown out the screaming of millions of voices in the sea. Every now and then, flailing arms grow tired and slip under the water, only to be replaced by another body crying for help.

I start weeping with frustration and turn back to the saved ones ashore, but my voice is completely gone.

And now my eyes open to the spirit and I see both man and angel in the same dimension. Along the beachhead there is utter chaos. Beings of every shape and size clash again and again in the air above us. Every time a rope is thrown, light is shone, sound system is used, message is written or sent, it throws an area of the beach into a raging scrum of almost indescribable activity. Although both demon and angel seem to get wounded, I never see any die. It is simply a case of an eternal battle surging forwards and backwards, every soul important to each side equally. The demons fight as if Satan were god himself and every soul was a command.

I throw another rope as far as I can and above me a stream of angels fly fearlessly to meet whatever waits wherever the rope lands. Out in the dark sea, someone grabs the rope and I start to pull with all that is in me. I can't see where it went or where the angels followed it, but the clash and thunder of bodies hitting bodies and blades hitting blades is unmistakable. An aggressive battle has broken out at the end of this rope. I instruct my team to shout Scriptures out over the waters and focus their prayers on whomever has grabbed onto this rope. Immediately reinforcements come swooping from the heavens, swords drawn, faces shining with glory, crashing into the battle above the sea.

Someone new joins our team, guided here by an angel like Gatherer. The extra hands on the rope immediately make a huge difference. We pull together with all our might, praying in the spirit as we go so that we may stay strong in our task.

A group of intercessors arrive. They stand behind us, hands raised, and begin to focus fire on the entire length of the rope. The effect is incredible.

A solid stream of angels come swooping and roaring over our heads from behind us, crashing into the mass of demonic activity beyond our view. The entire length of the rope is now an all-out war zone and as we pull, every possible inch of rope has hands holding onto it. We pull out hundreds off one single rope. They thank us as they come in and rush to the warm fires in the churches behind us.

I throw my rope in again, full of hope for another big catch. The angels continue to clear the air above us and there are even more people on this one thin piece of rope.

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Then it snaps. I scream a hoarse scream as my lighthouse bulb blows, too. I turn up my sound system as loud as I can to guide people to the lighthouse. My speakers blow. The heavens are open, but we do not have the equipment or manpower to reach the drowning mass. All I can do is sprint over the rocks below and dive into the sea to pull them in one at a time. I curse the Body of Christ under my breath for their ignorant war of attrition against the front lines. My hatred for them fuels every stroke of every rescue mission. I begin to curse God for His selfish brats and my soul is filled with a bitter bile that poisons my very body. Still I swim. Still I pull them out.

My team helps them out as I bring them in. Some of my team jump in to help, some get dragged under immediately and I don't care. My mind says the sacrifices are worth it. The heavens are open, and people are light to carry, but there are so many of them who want to be saved. My muscles give in, but I don't care. We keep going in again and again. Some of my brothers are stronger than I and their strength holds out, pulling person after person out as I slowly slip beneath the waves and drown.

My last thoughts are not of the souls we save, nor of the angels above, nor of Jesus. I die cursing the greedy, lazy, deceived churches that stopped the resources to the front lines. I died filled with hatred and accept what awaits me beyond with furious hatred and focused resolve. If God is as selfish as His children, I prefer hell.

Every inch of my existence is on fire. Every breath breathes in thick, burning lava. It takes decades of this agony for me to realize where I am. My thoughts lend themselves only to excruciating pain and I can see nothing but boiling fire around me. This is hell. There are no thrones for Satan to inhabit, no demons to torture me, no other humans. Just fire and more fire. The pain varies in waves of intensity and I can do nothing but scream into the molten liquid around me. I am fully alive in this torment, not aware of the eons passing me by, and even my thoughts begin to curse God. For I know that every molecule of this hellfire contains His Word and He is fully aware of all that I feel.

I don't need to ask why I am here. The Word makes it clear in my head and my heart. I have sowed hatred and unforgiveness and created the measuring stick by which I was judged. Fairness of eternity has everything to do with what you sow in life and my bitter heart had produced both hell on earth and hell in eternity. I chose to come here to this place reserved for the devil and his angels. I chose it by refusing to forgive. I am in contention against love itself. And God is love. My few moments of clear thought in this place bring with them the revelation of the full scope of my self-righteous hatred for mankind and I blame them with fierce tenacity as the next wave of furious agony sweeps across my soul.

I am back under Michael's calf.

The relief makes me weep. Both Gatherer and Builder flank me, a hand upon each shoulder as I weep and weep. Uriel is on his knees ahead of us, face raised to the sun, hands lifted, worshipping God with all his might; singing in a beautiful voice that feels like silk across my sensitive soul.

Gatherer:

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“That was your fate for those ten long years of depression. Every time you looked at a weapon or stood on a bridge intent on taking your own life, we had to wage war. Your friends and family interceded for you, your wife interceded for you, we sent the Sower and Zechariah and many Samuels to keep you alive. You kept legions in constant war to keep you from that fate. You must know how the Father loves His children. His obsession for you has no limitation. Every single one of you is the apple of His eye. You allowed your unjustified hatred of the Body to bring hell upon your own soul and you rejected even the love of the Father.”

Me:

“Is my mother in hell? She took her own life, too.”

Gatherer:

“Your mother was overcome with sorrow. You were overcome by hatred.”

We stand there for a long time. I am so grateful to be alive that I weep and sigh. So grateful to be out of the depression and that lake of fire. My skin still prickles with it now as I type this.

Me:

“How do I not go back to that hatred again? From what I have seen this past year, the Body has not changed much. I have kept my heart pure by avoiding them and working with like-minded people. Recording these dreams will put me right back into their world.”

Builder:

“There is no ‘you’ and ‘them’. They are your brothers and sisters, the vast majority just doing the best they can with what they have. Many stumble and walk the path of Mammon, but none are your enemy. The enemy is the deceiver. All else are brothers and sisters. The same grace that was extended to you in your arrogant hatred must you extend to them. For if you are to unite them, you must love them.

You cannot heal what you hate. You can only heal what you love.”

Gatherer:

“The sons of sorrow are legion: Men and women alike, drowning in their hatred and frustration for the Body, spirits critical and embittered, every word poison.

Command them thus, son of sorrow:

Come from this bitterness, come into the light, forgive those who have afflicted you so and repent for your contestation against love. For you cannot say that you hate your brother and yet profess to love God. For God is love and hatred can have no part of Him. You cannot refuse to forgive, yet expect to be forgiven, for a man does not sow the seeds of poison and expect a fruit tree. Clear your spirit of the enemy’s inscription. Repent and be baptized into the Gospel of Grace so that you may be free. The harvest is ripe, but the workers are few, and you are sorely needed at the battlefield.”

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Uriel:

“Cursed is he who keeps his eyes upon man and the actions of man. He leans upon his own understanding and departs from the Word. Blind is he who cannot see that this battle is not against anything of the flesh. Even the vilest of sexual abomination and the most wicked of injustices are not the war. Even the abortion of millions of children are but fruit on a tree. All that is flesh is just manifestation of spirit. Your war is against things unseen. We who see all know this and strive to bring this revelation to you. By waging your war in the flesh against the flesh do you visit upon yourselves and within yourselves great torment.”

Builder:

“The Word is of the Spirit and obedience to the Word is both armor and weaponry. Mighty for pulling down strongholds, mighty for building ships and armies of righteousness. Only when the words of the Word made manifest are made holy to your ears will mankind emerge triumphant. But time is short and the window will close if this triumphant revelation is not made clear to the sons of sorrow. As you fought without resource and sank below the waters, so shall the Samuels and the sons of the Oasis sink without your support.

The time has come to be what you once needed. Give them the resource, unity and prayer support that you never had. Create within them a dependency upon the words of the Lamb, for every word spoken by the Lamb is the Word who was there in the beginning. Create within them a hunger for the gifts of the Spirit so that revelation may flow from their lips and pens. Go with them unto battle and protect them with your very life. For the consequence of failure will be the greatest persecution of Christianity in history. If you do not harvest this generation, they will rise to power and turn against you. Their children will mock you and despise you and an entire generation will be lost to the enemy.”

Gatherer:

“Fill thy heart with love for the Body and warn them thus, son of sorrow:

As in the time of Amos have you allowed the ways of the heathen into your culture. You have made the Kingdom of God into a kingdom of Mammon. You buy and sell and make great profits, professing to expand the Kingdom of God, but expanding only your own tribe. The sons of the Oasis watch these things with wide eyes and great contempt.

They see neither love nor acceptance in your midst, only squabbling and a great hunger for fame. They see your rejection of both sin and sinner, how you make no distinction between the two and reject all who do not fit your mould. They see how you favor the rich and give seat of honor to the powerful. They see how you turn your back upon the poor. They see how cruelly you reject those who oppose you. They see more love and acceptance in the kingdom of Mammon than they do in your church, for there are their kids catered for and protected. They see how little of your budget goes to the children's and youth ministries and they want nothing to do with you. They consider your well-planned sermons and well-practiced speeches as nothing but hot air.

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As Amos was but a fig picker and sheep herder, so are many prophets who see your great sin against this generation. And they grow to despise you and view you as a force that seeks to limit and judge them. Even now they rise in power and influence trends, economies and votes. Within these next 18 years will they determine the fate of the world.

They hunger for righteousness and peace upon this earth. They hunger for unity and peace upon this earth. They hunger for justice and the eradication of poverty. Absent the Word of God and the Holy Spirit shall neither occur, for the greed of man will only bow it's knee to the Lordship of Jesus Christ and without the Holy Spirit shall they fail and seek someone to blame. And they shall be led by God to blame you so that He may rebuild His church when every memory of you has been wiped out. This generation will surely rise to power and bring the greatest revival or the greatest persecution with it and their children shall be Prophets of God or prophets of Mammon. The choice is laid before you now."

Builder:

"Throw every resource into this harvest. Both builder and son of sorrow must walk, work and pray together that this generation would come to know the love of the Father. Be one as We are One.

Build for their children places of fun and joy, filled with the Word and the Holy Spirit. Convert every church into a place that welcomes children, for to love their children is to love them. Focus them upon the Son. Focus them upon the words of the Son. Speak no more of false personal gain, speak only of the Kingdom. For every fleshly, selfish thing that contradicts and contends against the words of the Lamb will only infuriate this generation. They seek the heart of the Father and the heart of the Father is upon the lips of the Son.

The front lines are where there is poverty. Send so much resource that it is seamless for this generation to traverse between home base and the front lines. Make sure that they are well equipped in every way. Sell your luxurious cars and houses, live humble lives so that the Kingdom may advance. Teach them stewardship and hold them accountable by having elders with them on the front lines.

Do not allow them to become frustrated with you, for you shall condemn them and yourselves to great torment upon this earth and beyond. For between you and they shall break out a war that you cannot win.

God is not mocked. This revelation is His harvest and all must come into confirmation. Do not be divisive, holding on to material wealth and counterfeit power. For you will be as Ananias and Sapphira, dishonest and manipulative. The Kingdom of God is not one man's personal bank account. You are a steward and are to own nothing and leave this world with nothing. Or do you know better than the Son of God, who is the Word?

The Father has this against you, that you store up for yourselves riches and properties while millions starve and many workers perish at the battlefield, sinking under the waves, filled with hatred for you. For the Father Himself sends you the resources for the front lines and you build dam walls to keep it for

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yourself and your kin. You leave large inheritances for your children and a pittance for the Kingdom. You gain the whole world but you lose your soul.

Repent now and open the floodgates. Turn your houses and churches into places of 24-hour prayer. Fund all that reaches children, rich or poor. *'Do this,'* says the Lord, *'and I shall pour out my Spirit as you have never seen it!'*

When reformation sweeps the Church, revival shall sweep the earth and the tide of Ishmael shall be pushed back from your children.

Disobey these words and the tide of Ishmael shall be as a thorn in the side of your children and your children's children. For absent the Word of God and the fire of the Holy Spirit upon this generation shall tyrants take power and wage war against you and you will not stem the tide of both Ishmael and Nebuchadnezzar.

Be as Daniel. Serve and lead. Let those who rise in power be as king Darius, in love with the Kingdom.

Do this and you shall see the greatest harvest in the history of mankind. Do not let your labor be in vain. Submit to this word. Every detail of this word. And watch within your own lifetime what the Lord will do."

Uriel:

"The Kingdom is all. Alone is the greatest tribe outnumbered and undersupplied. But the Kingdom has every resource for this Great Harvest. Heed the words of the Son of God. The Kingdom is all. Submit only to the words of the Son. The Kingdom is all. Work as a Kingdom. Not as tribes. Work together, seek each other, reconcile with one another, forgive one another, love one another and put the Kingdom before yourself. The Kingdom is all."

Builder:

"Again give this instruction, son of sorrow; command it, do not suggest it:

Every church and tribe must focus on the harvest who you call Millennials or Generation Y and their children and their children's children.

The Fivefold are to equip them as Daniel equipped Darius. The harvest is not there to serve you, you are there to serve them, but they shall love you and serve you because they will have the heart of the Son. They are to learn first the words of the Son before anything else is taught. Every church must become a place of fun for their children so that they long to be in the Word and fellowship with believers. You are to construct great tabernacles of prayer and great theme parks with every entertainment and technology available, all focusing upon the Word.

Raise this generation to live the Word and do not frustrate their efforts to reach the lost.

Those who are wealthy are to live humble lives and resource the Kingdom well.

In places of poverty must you build farms, farms and more farms. Give them food and water so that they may see the goodness of God in you.

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And build for them places of great fun and imagination so that the spirit of poverty may be broken over them and their spirits may be rewritten with the abundance that is the heart of the Father.

Heed these words well, builders and sons of sorrow alike:

Your time has come as workers, but is passing as rulers. These next 17 years until 2033 will determine your legacy of hell on earth or Heaven on earth. It is your choice.

Do not frustrate this generation and cause them to hate God. For the fruit of your disobedience will be visited upon you and your children in your own lifetime. But be obedient to this call and your heavenly reward will be far beyond your wildest imagination, and your spiritual legacy will span into eternity.”

Gatherer:

“None must perish, son of sorrow! Not one!!”

I wake up.

DREAM 27

16 August 2016

I am in the sea. Not drowning or trying to stay afloat like the mass of humanity around me, just here as an observer. The water breathes deep breaths and exhales huge swells that allow glimpses of the masses that stretch for an eternity around me. Often do people get tired and slip below the surface. Most often do people drown their friends in an effort to stay afloat. It's all about survival out here. During the day there is no sign of land, but in the darkest darkness of night I can make out the small flashes of the few lighthouses in the distance. Some people decide to swim towards the light, others prefer to tread water, citing their disdain for God and any kind of systemic control.

A child cries close by and I am transported into the physical reality of this sea. I am in the child's home. She must be about two years old, crying a heart-rending song as her parents scream at each other, holding no hurtful word back. The argument hurtles backwards and forwards and suddenly I see every word turned to a black ink that hurtles from each mouth. Like a gangland shooting, a lot of the projectiles hit the opponent but many hit the innocent child. As each projectile hits, every word is written on the soul.

The mother snaps up the child and commands silence, threatening punishment. With that not working, she moves into soothing mode, blaming the father for the tears of the child. Her words flow like ink, writing her blame upon the soul of the child. The words the couple fire at each other are devastating, but somehow they calm down, reconcile and go on as if nothing at happened, oblivious to the new tattoos inscribed on each other's hearts. The child is now sleeping, whimpering from time to time as the sting of each fresh tattoo subsides and settles upon her subconscious.

I am with the little girl many years later. She is a teenager at school. During recess hundreds of kids flood the playground, ink flowing from their mouths, writing upon one another's souls. The girl is in a bitter argument with a friend. I recognize some of the ink flowing from her lips. Some from her father, some from her mother. I look beyond the ink upon her soul and see her spirit. There, upon her eternal self, are tattoos of some of the words heard at but two years old.

I am back in the sea.

Gatherer appears upon the waves ahead:

"It pounds within the breast of the Father that none should perish. See how they flounder and drown in this self-afflicted torture? See how they write upon one another's souls with no regard for consequence? They must be saved from themselves, son of sorrow, but they are willfully deaf to all we bring them. Only their children can be saved with new ink. For this shall the parents be relieved and grateful. Unite the Uniters to save the children. None must perish, son of sorrow. Not a single child!"

Builder stands on the water beside me and lifts me up to stand beside him.

One as We are One

Builder:

“You must now awaken to read the Beatitudes. We will cause you to fall asleep immediately after.”

I wake up.

With burning eyes at 02:30 in the morning do I manage to read the Beatitudes. And immediately fall asleep.

We stand on dry land watching kids play on a Bible-story playground. The floor is made up of Scriptures citing the fruit of the spirit. Every ride has a characteristic of love written on it. Kids recite both fruit and virtue and ink flows to write upon every soul.

Uriel:

“Israel was expecting the Messiah to be a militant warmonger. They desired a king who would bring angels of war and wipe out their enemies with swift justice. They desired revenge and vindication.

Christians hunger for the coming of the Messiah as a rescue mission to sweep them up to the heavens, away from all that hurts and aches.

But the Messiah did not come to provide vindication or the justice of man, nor did He come to bring judgment or escape. He came to clean the ink of bitterness from the soul of man so that Heaven may be established on earth. He came that man may have a renewed spirit!

Every word is seed that brings forth Heaven or hell, wheat or chaff. It has always been about the Word. As the Word of God creates and destroys, so does every word that proceeds from the mouth of man create or destroy.

From a heart filled with the love of the Father, washed in the Blood of the Son, filled with Holy Spirit, shall words flow that heal and restore. From such a heart shall nothing hurtful be spoken, for love covers a multitude of sins and keeps no record of wrongs. Such a heart forgives instantly and from such lips flow the power of God unto salvation. But without the Holy Spirit are such things impossible. The ink of man writes too plainly of revenge and justice. And upon the very spirit of man is the right to revenge written, never taking stock of the collateral damage wrought upon their children.

And spewing ink of gossip and hatred, tinted with toxic tone of voice, do they inscribe the gospel of Satan upon the tablets of their hearts, all the while considering themselves good and justified, oblivious to the collateral damage wrought upon their children.

And even pure of spirit does a child enter the playground where ink is repeated and heartless pain is inflicted. And that which is passed from lips of ignorant parent to innocent child is passed from infected child to righteous heart. Innocent to such betrayal does the heart of the righteous child hunger for vindication and when none is found, revenge or broken heart takes its place. And so does that child grow in bitterness, walking in self-righteous justification for every act of vengeance, big or small.

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All the while does the evil one rejoice at the fruit of his machinations. And laughing do his agents continue to pull the strings of their witless puppets.

There is only the word. The word of Mammon or the Word of God. The Word of love or the word of bitterness.

All that is spoken is of God or counterfeit god. There is not one word that is not seed. All is seed seeking fertile heart. Every word flows like ink seeking paper. And when words find fertile soil do they write upon the soul. And when the soul believes, is it written upon the spirit. And when it is written upon the spirit it is manifest in the flesh.

Heed these words, son of sorrow:

Absent the Blood of the Lamb can the spirit not be washed clean of such permanent inscription. Hatred takes root in even the elite and even the elite hunger to be free of the chains that shackle the soul to such pain.

There upon the seas of Mammon do the weight of the chains eventually drag every man under. For in the seas of Mammon can there never be enough love or grace or mercy or forgiveness or power. For there do they build walls and store up useless quantities of everything, breathing their last breaths in refusal to open wide the sluices to grace and mercy and love and resource that has gone to them, but never through them.

With hearts blackened with the words and deeds of the ignorant and the heartless will brother continue to hurt brother and sister continue to hurt sister. Oblivious to the collateral damage wrought upon their children do they vomit up vile ink that defiles all it touches.

Such things cannot be changed by a messiah of war. And such pollution cannot be rescued by a messiah and swept up to Heaven. No. Such things must be cured at the root so that all of mankind may be free. For this reason did the Son of God become the Son of Man. And for this reason did the Son of Man become the Lamb. So that every spirit may be washed clean of this foul ink and so that the words of the Lamb may be inscribed upon the hearts of the redeemed.

Sound these words through all the earth:

‘Write upon your hearts only that which proceeds from the mouth of the Lamb.’

You will not save this generation with the love or wisdom of man, only with the heart of the Father. For the love of the Father sets no condition and the words of the Son make men free.”

Builder:

“Even knowing the effects of poisonous words can man not stop himself from speaking the counterfeit gospel. It is this way because the vile inscription of bitterness is upon both soul and spirit. What is inscribed upon the spirit cannot be stopped from manifesting in the flesh. The inscription must be cleansed in the Blood and re-written with the words of the Lamb.

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Man may suppress the darkness for a time, but it shall eventually resurface if the mind and spirit are not renewed. The flesh has no authority over the spirit. Only the spirit can manifest in the flesh, not the other way around. Only the words spoken by the Lamb of God, who is the Word of God, who is God, can reform the spirit.

For this reason must you focus upon the words of the Lamb. The Lamb is the Word, who is God. And every word that flows from the mouth of the Lamb is the Word of God and is God. For the authority of the Father is upon every word spoken by the Word.

Under guidance of the Holy Spirit do both prophet and apostle write, and surely their words have authority. But none are the Lamb. Is Paul the Lamb of God that you would put equal measure upon his words? No. There is only one Rabbi and only one Father and all else must serve the words of the Rabbi and the heart of the Father.

First know the words of the Son, then the words of any other. For every word that proceeds from the mouth of the Son proceeds from the Father, and every other word from any other source is to be in full confirmation of that which is spoken by the Son.

Do not deceive yourselves. If a thing contradicts the Son, it is counterfeit. Do not complicate the simplicity of the Gospel so that you appear wise and others fools. For those who complicate good news create the counterfeit.

The uncomplicated message is this:

Jesus Christ is Lord; live what He speaks.

The Holy Spirit will bring every word alive; only make Jesus Christ Lord and not just Savior. And when you know the Son, shall you know the heart of the Father. Those who love the Son will keep His commands; those who do not, will not. To love Him is to obey Him, for to obey Him is to find the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Do not teach this generation to chase after things that rot and rust. This has been the way of your generation and a counterfeit. Teach this generation to lay down their lives and seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. For this reason must every ministry, church and tribe focus every resource on the harvest.

Again, son of sorrow, command every church to become a place of fun for the children of this generation. Let every church become a place where children are welcomed, loved and celebrated, and let their focus be upon the words of the Lamb. Build places of fun such as the world has never seen and raise this generation to love the words of the Son and the heart of the Father. Bring them into the Kingdom; let the ink of contention be washed from their spirits by the Blood of the Lamb and the words of your testimony.”

Gatherer:

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“None must perish – not one. Not a single one. Command it, do not suggest it. Repent from every contending, divisive, self-seeking counterfeit and throw all that you are into the harvest. The Lamb says, *‘Pray for those who persecute you, be kind to those who mistreat you,’* and because you have convoluted and complicated such simple commands do you still consider even your brother an enemy. Absent love is all you believe counterfeit. Until you have the heart of the Father, you must submit to the words of the Son.

For this warring and quarrelling among you has collateral damage upon this generation for which you will be brought to account. Every word that proceeds from your mouth is seed and ink, sown into hearts and written upon spirits. Do not make this mistake with the harvest.

Heed these words:

Sow only that for which you desire harvest. For your mouth is not only the rudder to your own ship, but to the ship of every young child who hears what you speak. Or does collateral damage not matter to you?

Son of sorrow, hear this:

Do not get offended at this rebuke and fall into self-condemnation, simply repent and return to your first love. Know that your mouth is a pen and that every word that proceeds from your mouth is the word of either the Father and Son, or of the deceiver and Mammon.

You have heard it is said by those who teach self-enrichment that you create your own destiny with the words that you speak. They are right in part, but wrong in focus. The purpose of the Word is not self-enrichment, it is to heal and bring deliverance and expand the Kingdom.

Command thus to every Ecclesia to speak only words that confirm the words of the Son. And bring upon this young generation a revelation of the heart of the Father. For the words of the Lamb are holy and all else is history.

Look now at the Beatitudes and all that follows. Do you see how the Lamb speaks? Do you see how the worst of sinners are forgiven? You are without excuse, son of sorrow. To raise up a generation who will bring Heaven to earth must their words be of Christ and their hearts be of the Father and their thoughts be full of the Holy Spirit. Power absent love is a counterfeit. Wisdom absent love is counterfeit wisdom. Absent love are you not the image of the Father. Absent love are you in the image of the deceiver.

Do not run your race filled with thoughts of vindication and justice. The prize is that His will be done, His Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven. There is only the Kingdom. And if this is upon your hearts, then all who call themselves sons of God will hunger for nothing else.

None must perish, son of sorrow. Not even one!”

Gatherer:

One as We are One

“Now is the time that all must pray together for only this generation. Lay yourselves down. Die to this world. Sell all you have. Only harvest this generation. See them across every nation and hear how the Holy Spirit intercedes with groaning for their salvation. Die now to yourself. Die now to ambitions not of this assignment.

Let all who have ears hear. And let all who have eyes read. The Body must unite and speak as Christ speaks. Pray as one. Pray the Word. Break every wall between you and harvest this generation.

Heed these words:

Win this generation at all costs. Cross every border. Know every child by name and raise them all in the way they should go. Be one as We are One: The Son, the Father, the Holy Spirit, the witnesses and every angel are in agreement. This is the time of the Great Harvest. Every believer must be mobilized.

Do not suggest it. Command it! Be one as We are One!

Let every ministry focus upon the sons of the Oasis and their children. Let every ministry proclaim the Word over this generation. The time has come for the Great Harvest. Be one as We are One!

To all who hear and read:

Do not allow the enemy to bring upon you a spirit of condemnation or offense. Hear, repent, obey and be free!”

Builder:

“Boldly proclaim this, son of sorrow:

This harvest is all!

The Kingdom is all!

The words of the Lamb must be taught to this generation!

Sell what must be sold and create within the Kingdom the most incredible places your imagination can access from the spirit. Let every child across this world be fed, loved and raised in the way they should go. Let them play in the houses of your Ecclesia. Let them love the Word and love worship. Divert all time and energy to this. This harvest is all.”

I wake up.

DREAM 28

16 August 2016

A storm rages over the coast along the long line of decrepit lighthouses spanning as far as the eye can see from left to right. The days are much shorter now and we have started selling our personal belongings to keep fuel in generators. There is a slow trickle of power from the churches on the mainland, but that dries up from time to time.

In front of us the waves rise as high as tall trees, smashing into the lighthouse from time to time, leaving a multitude of dead or dying souls strewn across the rocks. The now-weak beams of hundreds of lighthouses struggle to illuminate the scene ahead, but the crews work faithfully to rescue as many as possible. We do our best to get as many to the safety of the beach as we can, but there are thousands of victims and every lighthouse team to the left and the right are working far beyond capacity.

The next big set of waves comes in, clearing the rocks of the humanity that was there and depositing new faces. I hear the screams of those being washed out to sea and try to cry in frustration, but I am too tired emotionally. I continue to look back towards the millions of churches on the mainland, hoping for manpower, prayer, money... anything.

Every now and then a well-dressed man or woman arrives in a luxurious car to let us know they are praying for us. Sometimes they come alone, most times they have a towering demon with them. Often they encourage us saying, *'Why do you labor so? Remember that it is not by might, nor power, brother,'* and, *'Why do you labor so in the physical? Our fight is not against flesh and blood, brother.'* Their ignorance forces me to swallow my pride often; I say over and over, *'Forgive them, they know not what they do.'* I don't want to be depressed again. I don't want to hate again. I don't want to go to hell again.

With me under my lighthouse I see recognizable members of my ministry team who labor to do outreaches, feed the poor and plant churches in places of extreme poverty. Our feeding team is on the rocks now, trying to give the new arrivals physical strength and build their trust so that they can use their last energy to climb over the railing. Every member of my team is now upon the rocks, in extreme danger, and I notice that the same is happening at just about every front-line ministry to our left and right.

The next set of waves is coming and none care if they drown. I pull them all back by barking furious orders at them. I am not losing another team.

The lighthouse beam plays across the swell of a massive wave. There are so many people in the water that it literally looks like a solid wave of screaming, drowning humanity. I can't watch. I turn my face away. When this wave arrives it brings with it a flood of such crying and screaming that most of my team have blocked their ears.

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The hammer and thud of bodies hitting the rocks and sides of the lighthouse is sickening. I see the lights of other ministries to my left and right wink out and for a few minutes, amidst the crash and roar of the angry set of waves, all is in darkness.

We drag hundreds ashore, but tens of thousands drown or die from their wounds. Half our team is gone, some too exhausted to go on, many washed out to sea. We send the new group of rescues to as many churches on the mainland as we can; most have to walk as very few churches have outreach programs.

The previous set of waves was devastating. Our resources are finished. I no longer have a house, a car or even my watch. Our sound systems are blown. There is no more fuel for the generator and our light goes out. I can't post another appeal for funds on social media or go to another church to ask for money. I have had enough. My heart is broken again.

The secular job offers start to come in. The temptation for consistent income and an easier life is overwhelming. I even research which areas of the world have the best quality of life. I think of starting a church in a wealthy area, shepherding some business people, having a nice building in a nice neighborhood. Maybe a television ministry. That seems to be a lot more effective than front line evangelism among the endless stream of poor. Eighty percent of humanity are in poverty. Eighty percent. Eighty percent. Eighty percent. The number overwhelms me. Up and down the coastline I know that every ministry feels the same.

And the next set of waves come in.

I look at our remaining team and we accept our reality. If we die, we die. I send out a post on social media. One or two people donate enough to switch the generator back on and the lighthouse beams over the sea again. Our feeding team are now using their own resources to feed the poor. Single moms, working moms, doing what they can to keep the food coming. Our advance teams tackle the huge swells in small, rickety boats, helping as many as they can before they might be dashed upon the rocks.

I work hard to keep my heart pure as another minister buys another private jet on television. I try to celebrate with him, but all I want to do is cry. Social media shows many of my ministry friends going on missionary trips and I rejoice at every single one, but the enormity of what faces us starts to drown me again and I feel the onset of hopeless depression creep up on me.

I sit down on the lighthouse steps. Too tired to vent my frustration.

Gatherer now appears next to me. He looks like he, too, has been in a raging battle somewhere.

Gatherer:

“The harvest is ripe.”

Me:

“The workers too few.”

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Gatherer turns his shining face towards the mainland.

Gatherer:

“Be of good courage, son of sorrow. The Master has not been idle. The Uniters have begun to rise. This is the season of the Great Harvest and even now they begin to gather the saints in stadiums and churches to pray as one.”

Builder arrives now, too. Also looking a bit disheveled.

Builder:

“The enemy moves hard to shut down the freedoms of the Kingdom to publicly acknowledge the Lordship of Jesus Christ, but this matters not. When the Body unites, His Kingdom will come. When the churches unite, the reformation will sweep aside every plan of the enemy.

Behold, son of sorrow, the Uniters now rise and multitudes follow. Turn now your face to the mainland and see what comes.”

I turn my head away from the vast ocean and look back over the mainland. At first, my pangs of shame at always hoping for help make me want to look back at the sea, but I notice a series of glowing light sources cracking the night sky in the far distance.

And now my eyes open again to see in the spirit. Above us, legions of demonic hordes fly toward the light sources. They now head into areas that have never seemed to interest them before. Until this time I had noticed their extreme focus on poverty. Now they fly in their hundreds of thousands towards the growing light in the distance. Behind us the sea calms down. Something is certainly happening.

Gatherer:

“There comes now an onslaught upon the United States of America as it has never seen. All the fury of hell is brought to bear. Behold, princes and strongmen are re-deployed from even Africa and India to stop the Uniters.”

Six massive demons, towering three kilometers into the air, heads disappearing into the clouds, stride over and past us; coming from the sea like ancient behemoths. Their swords as big as cities, their body language aggressive.

Builder:

“Even now is the onslaught upon law and order under way. They strive to divide brother from brother and sister from sister so that the work of the Uniters is frustrated.

Send this message, son of sorrow:

‘The war is not political or racial, it is against unity.’”

Gatherer:

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“If the churches of all of America unite, the churches of the world will unite with them. The enemy knows this and now moves to quell the unity.”

Builder:

“Go to the Uniters, men such as Lou Engle, and tell them that all of Heaven is with them. They will not be stopped, for this is the time of the Great Harvest. When you go to the USA, son of sorrow, Gatherer will follow with seven hundred legions. They will be with you until your return to South Africa. You must pray every night with Uniters across their continent and let them know that they are not alone. There are no borders in the Kingdom of God.

Many will now feel the discouragement of the onslaught. Share with them this strategy and tell them to be of good courage. The work they do to unite their communities and nation in prayer is of extreme importance. Because of their hard work and faithfulness, resources will be released to the front lines.

Come now, son of sorrow. See what occurs when the saints are one as We are One.”

The glow on the horizon grows. It looks like something you might see in a movie where a nuclear bomb has gone off. Another glow starts on the other side of the horizon. And another. And another. The light starts to head towards the coast and I now see what it is: Millions of demons fly back over our heads, back into the seas of poverty and depression, their legions running for their lives. An army in full rout. Behind them the sky is filled with legion upon legion of angelic warriors. The sheer majesty of the heavenly advance drops me to my knees in awe.

The entire night sky is lit up with the glory of the presence of God. And now, above me, here on the coastline between poverty and abundance, the two armies thunder into each other with a sound like thunder.

My focus on the war above makes me blind to what is happening on the beach, but something catches my attention and I look around me. A massive crowd of young and old from all over the world have arrived with boats, ships, aid stations, and food.

All along the coast, massive prayer tabernacles are being built and farms are going up specifically to feed the poor. Lone missionaries at the hundreds of lighthouses are suddenly converted into battle commanders, issuing orders to the tens of thousands of new arrivals and sending out ship after ship, some of them bigger than oil tankers.

The battlefield moves out into the sea itself as the prayer cover pushes the angelic host forward. The sky rains falling demons as the advance cuts through them like butter. They limp away by the thousands to some dark recess in the spiritual realm; I don't care where, I only care that in front of us, the sea is physically beginning to recede.

Children are rescued in their millions up and down the beach and massive theme parks are set up for them to learn and grow in the Word. Millions of churches become fun places to learn the words of Jesus and most kids return to us after a few years as young adults, ready to work on the ever-

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advancing front line. Poverty begins to recede on every front across the world as nation after nation begin to pray in unity and convert churches into children's ministries.

As the prayer base increases, so does the angelic onslaught. Resources begin to flow at a rate that is unprecedented. Even the wicked begin to fund expeditions into the deepest of the waters of poverty. Those who were once missionaries are now full-on Generals with massive armies. Farms are everywhere.

I grin from ear to ear as the Kingdom advances, every frustration and fear forgotten.

Gatherer:

"Your assignment is thus, son of sorrow:

Until 2033 must the Body not loses focus upon this task: The Millennials and their children. Not one must perish. Not a single one. All prayer and resource must be as a single beam of light upon this task.

Unite the Uniters and focus all their prayer and resource upon this assignment. Do not suggest it, command it!

A house divided against itself cannot stand. Those who oppose unity are themselves strongholds of the enemy. Warn them once, warn them twice and then have nothing to do with them."

Builder:

"We cannot be specific enough in how they are to be raised. Focus them upon the words of Jesus so that they think of nothing but the Kingdom. Keep from them every vile self-enrichment teaching so that they will return to the battlefield in due season and not be caught up in the snare of Mammon."

Uriel joins us.

Uriel:

"The Kingdom of God is first the Kingdom of the Word of God. For the Word of God was before anything that was created. There is nothing created that was not created by the Word. The Word is God and the Word is the authority of God. And the Word became flesh and dwelt amongst man.

The Word made flesh is the Son of God and speaks with the full authority of God. Thus is every word spoken by the Son of God the Word of God. There is no other Word that is God or represents the heart of the Father other than the words spoken by the Word made manifest.

Teach every man, woman and child first the words of the Lamb before any other words. For the Kingdom suffers attrition because you do not love the words of the Lamb as the words spoken by God Himself. Instead you have diluted His commands with selfish ambition. Repent now and return to your first love. Bow your knee before the Lamb, for He is Lord. If you love the Lamb you will keep the commands of the Lamb and teach your children to do the same."

We are back under Michael's calf.

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Builder:

“Unify the unifiers. Do this and the workers will come as you have seen in this vision.”

Gatherer:

“None must perish, son of sorrow. Not a single one! Will you continue to pay the price?”

Me:

“With all that I am!”

I wake up.

DREAM 57

15 September 2016

We are back at the lighthouse. Other lighthouses stretch down the coast to our left and right, many lights are out from lack of resource and manpower. Ours flickers on the brink of being extinguished.

Before us, the sea is filled with children. Hundreds of millions of children. Most of them from Africa, born to take a breath, a few breaths, and then to drown.

Behind us, on dry land, children are born into safety and security. I take solace in this and turn to face the sea once again.

Me:

"I wish that I did not know what I know."

The rain falls heavily. Fat drops of water puncture the earth enthusiastically as thunder cracks somewhere above us.

(The thing about a dream is that your imagination controls everything in it and in my dreams, when I cry, the sky cries with me.)

The rain now comes down at such a pace that I can no longer see further than an arm's length.

Gatherer:

"Speak what is upon your heart, son of sorrow."

Me:

"I dare not. Many will read my every word when I awaken."

Gatherer:

"You must. For all who read hunger for truth."

Me:

"More than four hundred million children under the age of fifteen in Africa. Most with no chance of knowing a life that does not consist of lack. Widespread corruption and nightmarish quality of life. How is the Body of Christ so numb to this?"

Gatherer is beside me, listening with his usual attentive focus.

Me:

"A few churches build wells, some send missionaries and a few evangelists do crusades here and there, but ninety percent of churches spend more money on their yearly audits than they do on missions. Seventy-five percent of the world's poorest nations are in Africa. Seventy-five percent! How

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are we so blind to this and why are we doing so little to change it? Surely we have the power as the Body of Christ to do something?

The Christian economy is a multi-trillion-dollar economy, yet there are one and a half billion people on the planet who have never even heard the Name of Jesus Christ – let alone the hundreds of millions in easy-to-reach places that we simply do not reach. How is it possible that so many of us are either blind or just doesn't care?"

My eyes are dry and my heart feels cold, but the sky throws down fat drops of rain that taste salty upon my lips. My spirit weeps with a flood of travail while my soul coldly looks on.

As the rain subsides I can see the lighthouse again. I look out over the sea where children drown by their tens of thousands every day and look back to dry land where churches are filled with singing, dancing and rejoicing.

There is a big, shiny church with golden doors on the beach; expensive cars parked outside. I watch as a young man writes down his dreams for a nice car, calling it forth in faith. He gets a job and celebrates when his income is enough to buy his dream car. I look on dispassionately as he testifies of the goodness of God and tells people to have faith so that they, too, may have a nice car.

Behind me a few more thousand children drown.

We can do nothing about it. Our resources have run dry again and we wait for people to send what they promised. A few dollars come in but not enough to make any kind of meaningful difference.

I leave the sea to go to the church with the golden doors and ask them for help. They get emotional, take up an offering for a few thousand dollars and go back to trusting for sports cars, watches and big houses.

I am grateful for the help, but it disappears into the mission field in a few hours.

We pull in a few hundred children before our ropes snap and the lighthouse bulb goes out.

Me:

"Tell me, Gatherer: Why bother? Why even try? We need to build theme parks, schools, hostels, orphanages and farms to feed these children when we rescue them, but I don't see the resource and I don't see the manpower. Look at those churches on dry land, how their members flit from one church to another like big washing machines and then they call it new members and new salvations.

To me it looks like corporations and shops taking each other's customers and building bigger corporations and shops. I really do not see the point of all of this. Look how rude and offish most of the leaders are, how they speak to one another and of one another. Do you see this stuff, Gatherer? Look at how little money goes into children's ministry! Look at how little is done for young people."

I look at the sea for a while longer; tens of thousands of children drown daily. More drown than are saved.

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A pastor in a big, expensive car arrives at the lighthouse. I secretly hope he will respond to my plea and I turn to greet him.

Pastor 1:

“You are pushy and disrespectful. Your ministry is not the only ministry on earth!”

Another pastor arrives wearing an expensive watch that could fund our lighthouse for a year.

Pastor 2:

“Why is everything always so urgent with you? My people are offended at the last time you ministered at our church. Why must you guilt-trip people all the time and weigh them down with your own vision? Your ministry is not the only ministry on earth.”

Another pastor arrives. His suit and shoes could feed a thousand children for a month. I secretly hope that he can see the drowning children behind us and help us.

Pastor 3:

“Why do you judge us by what we wear and drive? Do you think that God is limited by money?”

I don't bother answering. It is too much effort. I would prefer to die.

All three continue speaking their wisdom. It makes a lot of sense in their own ears. Behind me another ten thousand children die. My spirit begins to weep in frustration.

Rain begins to fall in a curtain of thick drops again.

Pastor 1:

“Look how heavy the atmosphere is when you are around. Do you not know that the yoke is easy and the burden is light?”

Pastor 2:

“Look how you get upset when you do not get your own way. You are rebellious!”

Pastor 3:

“You need a spiritual father. Bring your talents to my church and submit to me. I will heal you!”

I suddenly feel sick and vomit on their nice suits. They are angry, offended; they call me names, call me a delusional dreamer. Another thirty thousand children drown in the sea behind me. My heart breaks with a loud crack like a gunshot.

The missionaries down the beach hear the explosion and want to help, but they have similar problems. Pastors lecture them; a few send them some pennies. A close friend comes to me to tell me that he can no longer work among the poor. He is tired. He is going to start a church in a wealthier area. I hug him. I don't blame him. I love him.

We weep together for a while and he heads inland. Another ten thousand children drown behind me.

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The pastors leave.

I weep.

I weep.

I weep.

I weep.

I weep. Nothing changes. I get tired of weeping and turn to the sea again. Another thirty thousand children die while we stand there.

Me:

“Gatherer, how are we to bear this? How am I to survive this broken heart?”

Gatherer places his hand upon my shoulder.

Gatherer:

“It is the cross that the righteous bear, son of sorrow. Do not grow weary of doing good. You will reap in due season.”

Me:

“And what of these lighthouses down the beach? Many have nothing. They simply struggle along. Hoping that help will come. It never does.”

Gatherer:

“You will be a great conduit for them, son of sorrow.”

I don't believe him. I am too tired for more promises. I walk into the sea and look down at the dead bodies floating at my knees.

Me:

“Hear me well, Gatherer. Until there is resource, I do not want to hear from angel or demon again. Both man and angel speak with great intention. Meanwhile, thousands drown. I will not take part in the heartless selfishness of mankind. Until there is money and manpower, let me sleep. I can no longer see these images, Gatherer.”

I lift a dead body out of the water and begin to weep. The child weighs nothing. Water streams out of her mouth as I hug her dead body.

Me:

“FOR WATCHES AND CARS????????? Curse them and curse their justification. They are thieves and liars and conduits unto themselves!”

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A hopeless scream comes out of me. I smack the water with one hand and hold the dead body with the other. The rain intensifies to such power that I can no longer breathe.

Me:

“I will hear no more promises. I will see fruit or I will turn against the entire tree.”

I rip free from Gatherer’s hand on my shoulder and allow the waves to crash over me until I sink below the waves. Fatigue washes over me.

I close my eyes.

I wake up.

DREAM 58

16 September 2016

I am under water. Everywhere I look, I see bodies of drowned children slowly sink past me to the depths below. I start to run out of breath and kick towards the surface.

My head breaks from the water and I breathe in deeply. A group of pastors stand on the rocks below the lighthouse. They talk loudly to each other as they urinate into the sea, sometimes urinating on drowning children.

Pastor 1:

“See how he flounders and splashes? He judges us and then drowns in his own arrogance.”

Pastor 2:

“He is rebellious and has no faith. If he submits to us he will be blessed.”

Both start to urinate on me as I tread water. I feel nothing. They might be right. They might be wrong. I don't care. The water is filled with dead and dying children. It's all I can think about. Maybe if I drink their urine they will accept me and help the thousands of lighthouses.

Me:

“If I submit, will you help us?”

Pastor 3:

“We will start our own missions; there is no profit to be made in helping you or any like you. And we will fly business class, stay in five-star lodges and go on safaris. Then we shall feed a few children, take some photos and return home to justify more expenditure on our next holiday.”

Pastor 3 begins to urinate on the children in the sea in front of him. He smiles benevolently as many thirstily drink his urine. I want to reach out and pull the pastor in to drown him, but he is so strong that he lifts me up with one hand and throws me far back into the sea.

Pastor 3:

“Do you see our power in the Lord? Do you see how God blesses us? With one small motion we can promote or destroy your ministry.”

He is right. God favors the corrupt. His entire Kingdom is corrupt. The righteous are left to drown while the ruthless rise to power. Children are left to die while Kingdom wealth is spent on trinkets. I look at the children around me. Thousands more have drowned. This cannot go on. Fury builds within my soul and I rise from the water to stand upon it. I feel my lips light up with the fire of judgment and I begin to walk towards the pastors on the rocks, hot lava dropping from my lips as I begin to prepare the onslaught.

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Suddenly Gatherer is on the water next to me.

Gatherer:

“You overstep your bounds, son of sorrow. Judgment is not yours to make. Know that I will stop you. For you are to love even such as these.”

Me:

“You command me to courier what I see and then expect me to do nothing about it?”

Gatherer:

“We command nothing, son of sorrow. We are but messengers of the Holy Spirit. We are commanded by the Son and created by the Father. All that we do is by assignment and decree. Nothing we do is in our own authority, but by absolute authority of Son, Father and Holy Spirit.”

Suddenly we are on the rocks below the lighthouse. Four Cherubim surround me, swords aflame. The entire sky is filled with legions of angels. My tears rain from the skies in thunderous lament, thunder rolling and lightning cracking in aggressive protest.

Uriel:

“Your next temptation comes.”

Me:

“I am too weak for this. I fear that I may fall.”

Uriel:

“Be strong and courageous, son of sorrow. You will reap in due season.”

The dead bodies of thousands of children float upon the seas before me while tens of thousands are born to drown. A man in an impeccably tailored suit walks upon those bodies as if they were stepping stones and stops upon the sea.

Man in suit:

“Come, Courier, let us go away from this place to my home.”

The sea and lighthouse disappear and we are on top of a building in central Dallas, Texas.

The Cherubim, Uriel and legions of angels come with us. So much protection and firepower for me against a skinny guy in a suit.

Usually the angels and demons are at least two heads taller than I am. This demon is at eye level with me; the suit and tie fit him like a second skin. His face is serious but kind. Everything about him says confidence and power. He looks like he walked off the pages of a Dale Carnegie handbook.

I stand on one side of the roof with my escort while the demon stands alone on the other. It feels like a standoff of some sort.

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Uriel:

“Behold the prince of Dallas, a true son of Mammon.”

The demon smiles and looks at Uriel.

Principality:

“Uriel, son of Wisdom. Toucher of hips and bringer of revelation. For one of such insight, you have poor judgment of leadership. You should have chosen the angel of light. I expected more of one with your wisdom. I was surprised by your decision to continue serving our brutal, indifferent Creator. Not so wise after all, then?”

(The demons view their leader as the angel of light.)

Uriel:

“The Father is patient and not slow in keeping His promises as we understand slowness. It was impatience, not wisdom, that drove your master’s decision to rebel. You have never been patient and now you infect man with that same spirit.”

Principality:

“What is impatience but passion for the present? Is the Father not called ‘*I Am*’? See how the courier grows tired of seeing the death and discomfort of so many children in the present? See how the righteous urgency is upon him? The Father would allow millions to die while He waits in futile hope for the free will of man to bring Heaven to earth. Man is the most foul of created creatures; the Father will wait to the ends of eternity and they will do nothing but pursue their own self-interests. Look how they plunder and destroy all that has been made for them. I do almost nothing but suggest a few small things to them and they run with it like dogs to a fresh kill. Man is a mistake, a virus upon creation. They hand away their inheritance for a few shiny trinkets like foolish children. They are born to be ruled and free will is wasted upon them.”

Uriel:

“You will be proven wrong, prince of Dallas. The Son’s Kingdom advances and the Holy Spirit brings forth great revelation to the children of God. Heaven will come to earth, man will choose God and every knee shall acknowledge the Kingship of the Son. Your twisting of the Word and manipulative reasoning will not change what is to come and your machinations shall soon come to an end.”

The principality laughs and looks to me.

Principality:

“These angels have been singing the same song for six thousand years. Protecting man, guiding man and playing the role of the Father’s agents of hope. Even when we lost the keys to death and even when the way was opened for gentiles, has man ignored what was done for them. Man is nothing but stupid slave and those who know the words of the Son yet do nothing to advance His Kingdom are the

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worst of them. They subjugate masses in the Name of God and build for themselves places and pulpits of power over witless sheep. They preach what we tell them to and care nothing for anyone but themselves.

Heed these words, Courier:

You waste your time thinking that help will come. It is my children that will save the poor, not the saints. The righteous ones have nothing to give you and the wolves keep all your resources. We don't even have to tell them to steal and waste [he laughs], they do that without any help from us.

I have an offer for you, Courier: We have a challenge to our authority here that requires a physical answer. If you agree to move to Dallas and set up a temple of light as spoken by my lord Lucifuge, we will honor his agreement and grant you wealth beyond imagining. Do you know the power of billions, Courier? Can your imagination grasp what can be done? Think of how many missionaries you can fund by yourself and how many can be fed.

Let the revelation of lords and masters wash over you. Look upon this city and see how the slaves run around willingly to do the bidding of their masters in high towers. The heart of man is easy to buy. Give them expensive trinkets and they will love you; give them nice cars and big houses and they will hand you their souls.

The revelation is thus: He who provides is god. Would you not rather be a god than at the mercy of a heartless one? Your life winds down, Courier. Every day that passes is another day wasted in service to a heartless Master among his heartless sheep. Join us and know only abundance for the rest of your life."

Me:

"If my heart struggles to fathom selfishness within Christianity, how do you figure I would change as a satanist? I love generosity. I love being generous. I love generous people. How can you ever come close to the true spirit of Tzedakah [generosity, righteousness]? If all of humanity is not in abundance then none of us are in abundance. Do you think that I would be happy having stuff while others do not?"

Principality:

"Do you not see that you would be able to choose who becomes wealthy and who remains poor? Do you not understand the power of wealth? You determine the slaves and the masters. And as a god can you determine who is helped and who is not. We will build a temple and you will disciple hundreds of thousands in your own image."

Me:

"No, thank you. I choose the Lord Jesus Christ. He alone is King. Thank you for your offer."

Principality:

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“Think on it. Do not be in such a hurry, and there is no need for such protection when you visit me. Just come alone, you are not in danger. We have much use for you, Courier. No more dead bodies, no more lack, no more nightmares. Think on it.”

We are back at the lighthouse.

Me:

“Time is running out, Uriel. I will die before I serve them, but time is running out. His type will soon know where I am.”

Uriel:

“We have spoken to many saints. Let us have faith that they will listen. The vision shall come to pass.”

Me:

“The Kingdom is all!”

I wake up.

DREAM 86

12 October 2016

I can taste and smell each note of the piano. The flavors are all sweet, but all different. The smell is absolutely amazing. Tears run down my face as the bombardment of sensory bliss assaults my heart and I close my eyes. Suddenly every sound is a color, rich, flowing, like bright colors of ink dropping into crystal clear water.

I open my eyes again and see that we are on the Prayer Path at the edge of the river. A crowd of people all worship, hands stretched out to the city across from us, praying and worshipping in spirit and in truth.

Me:

“Be anxious for nothing, but pray and ask God for what you need and thank Him in advance for what He has done. Ask in the Name of Jesus, for in Him is all the power and through Him the full authority of the Father is brought to bear!”

We continue to worship and people ask God to meet their needs. At first the needs are shallow, not with much faith or expectation. Many are tired from unanswered prayers and consistently deferred hope. Many start to weep in this incredible atmosphere, falling upon their knees, begging God for release from the slavery of debt. They are exhausted, running low on hope, some completely hopeless.

Now the masks of so many years of pretense begin to fall from their faces and they cry out to God as one as the Israelites cried out under the whip of the Egyptians. They beg for release from the heavy weight of Mammon and begin to commit to building the Kingdom. Many cry out, *‘Free us, Lord, so that we may run with Your heart and build Your Kingdom.’*

Gatherer is behind me. He rests his hand upon my shoulder and speaks.

Gatherer:

“Now must you release the truth, son of sorrow. Release the Word of God in this place and this time and let all who read what you record know this very truth. Release the Word that cuts between soul and spirit and cuts between bone and marrow. Let the Word of God expose every innermost thought and desire so that the saints of God may be set free from pain and bondage.”

Me:

“Thus says the Spirit of God and thus says the Word of God:

You have sold yourselves as slaves to the kingdom of Mammon. You have sold your time and your very hearts for idols and trinkets! You have made your homes as unbelievers make their homes and you have closed your hearts to the poor and the widows and the orphans. You are as unbelievers! *‘Come out from among them and be separate,’* says the Lord. *‘Touch no unclean thing, and I will*

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receive you and I will be a Father to you, and you will be My sons and daughters,' says the Lord Almighty. 'Build the Kingdom, advance the Kingdom, live for the Kingdom and I shall not only bring you out of the slavery of debt but I shall let you come out of Egypt with as much wealth as you can carry! Be no longer unequally yoked with these unbelievers. Come out from their systems and patterns. Obey the words of My Son so that I may bring upon you great abundance! Only come out from the world and seek first the Kingdom!'"

Gatherer speaks from behind me:

"So be it, son of sorrow. The Kingdom is all. Record this word so that they may read this word and judge this word. For all shall be judged by this very word. The Kingdom is all, son of sorrow. Deliver the word!"

Me:

"The Kingdom is all. I shall deliver it as instructed. The Kingdom is all!"

A new angel speaks from beside me:

"Jesus is King. And He is worthy of all honor and power and glory and praise. His Kingdom is all, son of sorrow! His heart longs to see His Kingdom established here on earth."

I fall upon my knees and begin to pray for those in poverty and depression and those under the whip of debt. My heart pounds with longing for this vision to be established so that we can bring a little bit of Heaven to earth, bring the Good News to the poor, proclaim the year of the Lord's favor, recovery of sight to the blind and set the captives free. My heart thunders in my chest as if it might explode. I want this vision to come to pass so desperately that I claw at the dirt and groan with longing.

Me:

"Oh, Holy Spirit, come now and make us one. Reveal to us the heart of the Father and remove this selfish, worldly spirit within us. Move in the hearts of Your people, oh Lord, move in their hearts so that through their generosity this vision may come to pass.

Let us feed tens of thousands each day. Let us raise millions of children in the words of the Son and let us raise them to despise all that is Mammon and love all that is love. Your will be done, oh God. Your heart be manifest. Let Your people rise!

Come workers, come workers, come workers! The harvest is ripe, but the workers are few.

Send the resources, Father. Send the resources. Send the resources."

I begin to weep and I am back at the lighthouse again. Millions of children struggle in the sea before me. Hundreds of thousands drown before my eyes and I look down at my bloodied hands where rope and net have cut me.

I look out at the sea, dreaming of all we need to reach and raise these children and I scream into the rain.

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Me:

“COME WORKERS! COME RESOURCES! COME!”

I am back on the land beneath Michael's calf. Praying with the saints. Many are weeping now. Many have their hands stretched out to their city, crying for the Father to bring freedom for the captives.

Michael hammers at the dome above us and I look up at him and shout.

Me:

“THE KINGDOM IS ALL!”

Suddenly my eyes open completely to the spiritual realm and the entire sky is filled with angels. Cherubim at each corner of the property, swords aflame, ever watchful. The angels mass up and down the length of the river, awaiting the command that will come. As we pray and worship, more angels join us, preparing for the inevitable battle ahead.

Uriel now stands beside me.

Uriel:

“The time has not yet come, son of sorrow. But gather the worshippers and Intercessors. Let them come here often to worship and pray so that when the time comes you are supported by enough hosts of Heaven. For the battle is not only for this city, it is for every city beyond it and even towns and cities behind you.

These next seven years must the worshippers and Intercessors and teachers of the Word be diligent to meet together here and pray for the deliverance of this nation.

Do this, son of sorrow, and you shall see the power of God displayed as never before. The love of the Father shall drive out fear and when that fear is gone, reformation shall bring revival!

The Kingdom is all, son of sorrow!”

Me:

“The Kingdom is all! His Kingdom is all! His Love is all! Hallelujah!”

I wake up.

DREAM 91

18 October 2016

I am back under the lighthouse. Hundreds of thousands of people drown in the sea while I stand there, no more rope, no more strength, no more hope. The sea merges with circumstances that these people face. Massive poverty, rape, daily abuse, hopelessness, abortion, famine and war. Waves of demonic affliction crash into them day after day and I want to help them so much that I weep with impotent frustration. We have a few people working, praying and ministering, but there are millions in that ocean. We need so much help.

I turn to look for reinforcements and run up the rocks to the beach. Someone has set up a Christian coffee shop with a nice view of the sea. Here well-dressed saints sip lattes and laugh and chat about sports and politics while flailing hands disappear beneath the waves.

I ask them for help and they nod politely, taking another sip of their lattes:

“God is in control, brother.”

One of them gives me a few dollars, prays with me and heads to his beach house. I stand there tiredly looking on with a few dollars in my hands as he drives off.

One of the saints at the coffee shop sees the expression on my face and offers some wisdom:

“Not everyone is called to feed everyone, you know. Some of us are called to live lives that show the goodness of God so that the world will look and see that God takes care of His children. Christianity is about joy, happiness and success! You are too intense, people like you scare people away from Christ. Look how our friend suddenly needed to leave after you came begging here!”

Exhaustion washes over me.

I walk back to the lighthouse where the bodies of thousands of children have washed onto the rocks up and down the coast. There is nothing more I can do. I have swum out thousands of times. I have used both old rope and new. Those who care are too few. The world is cursed by its own indifference. I lie down on the rocks and close my eyes. I am tired.

Gatherer stands above me.

Gatherer:

“There is much work to be done, son of sorrow.”

Me:

“I curse the day I was born to this hell. I curse humanity for their heartless indifference. I curse my eyes for seeing the world beyond my own life. This world does not deserve grace, it deserves fire. Leave me to die, Gatherer. There are too few caring Christians upon this planet. The rest just want to

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stay blind. We are outnumbered by heartlessness and selfishness. I curse my heart for feeling the pain of others. And I curse those who are dark enough to judge me for it. The weight of the revelation is too much. I don't see us making even a small dent. Let me die. It would be better if I were dead."

Gatherer:

"There is much work to be done and you must record all that is instructed. Do not concern yourself with mankind. This is not your task. You do not know the hearts of man. You foolishly judge the whole Body by the actions of those you see. Many do mighty deeds in the Kingdom. You are not shown these things so that you may pass judgment, you are shown these things so that others may see what you see."

Me:

"Just let me sleep."

I close my eyes upon the rock and fall into a deep pit of despair. I can't see this stuff night after night and do nothing about it. The sorrow buffets me in waves until I finally wake up. Tired and discouraged.

DREAM 92

18 October 2016

I am under the lighthouse, suffocating. While I was sleeping on the rock, those pulling the bodies out of the sea thought me dead and started piling the other dead bodies on top of me. The weight is so much that I cannot move my arms or legs. I can hardly breathe in my current position, lying on my shoulder, so I shift a bit and am forced onto my back by the weight of all the bodies above me. The weight is so much that my chest can no longer move up and down to breathe. I start to suffocate and hyperventilate at the same time as claustrophobic panic sets in.

It feels like eternity passes before a huge hand reaches in and yanks me out of the pile of bodies. Gatherer lets go of my hand and waits for me to catch my breath.

Gatherer:

“You cannot help the dead. You can only help the living.”

Me:

“Wow! You came up with that one all by yourself?”

Gatherer:

“The past cannot be changed. Not even one moment that has passed can be changed. As the dead have moved on, so has the past.”

Me:

“Memories have a lot of power, Gatherer. They tell you what the world is really like and how cruel and heartless humanity truly is.”

Gatherer:

“Those who look at the former see what was and what is. You are not expected to change what was or even change what is. You are expected to create something entirely new.”

Me:

“But the present cannot be ignored. Or are you also blinded to the rape, lack and injustice that occurs across the bridge?”

Gatherer:

“You cannot change what was or what is. You can only create something new. Can you even bear the weight of the knowledge of what is, son of sorrow? Can you stay joyful in your work if your work forces you to look upon that which cannot be changed? Create something new. Complete your assignment. Or do you prefer to feel bitter and frustrated?”

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Me:

"I am sick to my stomach of this bitterness and frustration. But how do I create something new? I lose more and more hope in humanity each day. They don't want God; not even the believers want God. They want Mammon. They want luxury and ease and they don't care about who starves or dies or is raped or murdered. As long as they can live in luxury they are happy. They even preach it from their pulpits. Look at them with their multiple homes and vehicles and huge savings. How am I supposed to be okay with this kind of selfishness? They despise people like me and I despise people like them.

Oh, God. I curse the day I was born to this hell. And I curse the day I was awoken to see what mankind truly is. A selfish virus that cares for nothing but self.

HOW ARE CHRISTIANS OKAY WITH POVERTY????

Answer me this, Gatherer: How is it okay to focus on making disciples and worship God with song and dance and still do not care about your fellow man? How is this even remotely the heart of God? If God is love, why are His children not filled with it? How are we as children of God not completely consumed with good works among the poor and oppressed?

THEY EVEN PREACH AGAINST GOOD WORKS!!!

What the heck, man? You have me on this property praying and fasting and the more I see these visions, the angrier I get. Get some other fool to do this and let me die as I wanted to for those ten years.

This planet deserves the hell that it is. Humanity does not deserve grace or mercy. We are a virus that should be wiped out."

The beam of the lighthouse swings around like a propeller in the distance above my head. I seethe with impotent frustration and tears stream down my face as I let it all out.

Me:

"So few people care. And they who care worked so hard that they usually slip into hopeless depression. Curse this planet. Curse humanity and curse Christians who should know better, but willfully turn a blind eye."

Gatherer:

"Leave the judgment to the Father. Soon shall sheep and goats be separated, but this is not your concern. Do you see how that which was and that which is pours poison into your soul? It causes you to paint all of humanity with the same brush. Take your eyes off what was and what is. The past and present cannot be changed. Take up your assignment and create something new.

Millions will follow, only create something new. Do as you are shown in these dreams and visions. Create something new."

Me:

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“Isaiah 43:18-19 – *‘Remember not the former things, nor consider the things of old. Behold, I am doing a new thing; now it springs forth, do you not perceive it? I will make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert.’* I know this Scripture.”

Gatherer:

“Millions feel as you do, but are trapped within the systems of Mammon and are led by false prophets. They eagerly desire the Kingdom and eagerly desire to help. But their hands are tied to visions of greed and lust.

Create something new. Do this new thing. Do not concern yourself with the opinions of those in power. Turn your back on all that is and all that was.

Do this new thing, son of sorrow. Rejoice in it. You shall soon see how wonderful the hearts of the believers are. Do not look backwards and do not look at the present. Do this new thing.

As the Son separates the sheep from the goats, so shall this new thing do the same. Make the vision plain, do a new thing and do not concern yourself with what was and what is.”

I look at the growing pile of bodies behind me.

Gatherer:

“You cannot change what is. Change what is to come. Do this new thing and you shall see these horrors no more. Make the vision plain, build this city that manifests the heart of the Kingdom of God. Teach those who will listen to obey the commands of the Son and dust your shoes off when they refuse to hear. Do not entertain the contention of those who stand for what was and what is. Do this new thing. You and all who will follow were born for this time. You were set apart and anointed for this task.

Clear your heart and do this new thing.

The Kingdom is all, son of sorrow.

His Kingdom come, His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Not one must perish, son of sorrow, not one!”

Me:

“May the Holy Spirit grant me the power to focus on what is to come. I pray for a new heart. A heart that sees only what is to come and not what has passed.”

Uriel now stands beside us under the lighthouse.

Uriel:

“The Gatherer shall silence the tongues of all who seek to remind you of what has passed and what is current. Focus only upon your assignment, son of sorrow. Do not hold an entire generation captive for what has passed. And do not blame the entire Body of Christ for what is current. Do this new thing as instructed and you shall shake the very foundations of earth. All who stand with you shall be as

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catalysts, fire starters who will birth the greatest movement in the history of mankind. Only stay the course and do not deviate to the left or the right. Those who come to you and lay down their lives shall be surrounded with much peace and joy, but all must carry this burden with you.”

Me:

“What of my outbursts of frustration and my brokenness? Will I ever heal? Will the weight of what is ever lift from my shoulders?”

Uriel:

“Those around you will carry the weight of your sorrow. And you shall have peace and joy, but the burden will never lift, nor shall the sorrow. Without it you will forget the gravity of your assignment. Record all that you are instructed and make the vision plain. Those around you will lift your arms and give you much reason to rejoice.

Trust the helpers. None are there to hurt you.

Only focus on what is to come and take your eyes off what was and what is.

The Kingdom is all, son of sorrow.”

Me:

“The Kingdom is all.”

I wake up.

BONUS DREAM

12/12/2020

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.

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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.

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.

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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.

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