

The City

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Yes

As I stood in the plain this morning I saw in the distance what looked like a town. Through the haze of the early morning sun I could just see the outline of its buildings. Then the Lord spoke to me again, and told me to go and visit this town and look at the abandoned buildings, as it was now nearly a ghost town. He said nearly, as there were still remnants of its former population still living there.

Upon arriving I was taken to what was the main street; it was pretty dusty and neglected and there had not been much traffic on it for a long time. Only the occasional tourist or someone from the town's past taking a drive down memory lane. Then the Lord said to me that it had once been a thriving city, but those that had lived there had become complacent and uncaring about its place in the earth, and as a result they had unwittingly elected a new Mayor and councillors who had no vision for the city, or for the reasons it was built in the first place. These new 'city fathers' knew nothing of the town's history and the sacrifice necessary in getting it established. He said that the people had been concerned yes, and had grumbled to him and to each other but were too afraid of doing anything through fear, and so now they only have memories, and spend their time yearning for the things they had back then. These buildings, He said, stand as a testimony in the earth to their fear and lack of faith. Each one has a word from me that now speaks out against those who let it fall into disrepair and neglect. 'Come with Me. Come with Me, and I'll show you what I mean.'

Evangelism

We then proceeded down the street to a building that had written on its façade, 'Evangelism.' Its doors were now bolted and huge heavy padlocks of fear hung on them. Its windows, that had once been open all the time were also locked and boarded up. When He took me inside there were tables scattered around the room. Some had fallen over, while others were still upright. The ones that were upright had what looked like unfinished meals; indeed some of the meals had not been touched. He said the meals were originally meant for the lost to eat as they came in. Meals of salvation, healing, deliverance, and abundant life, but He said that the new owners had changed the recipe and they now represented lack of prayer, lack of holiness, lack of love for each other, and had become poison to anyone that ate them. These plates now had meals of modernism, philosophy, and new age thinking on them. They were no longer wholesome and sweet, but were meals of dissention and back biting, and their ultimate contribution was not to life, but to death.

In the centre of the room was a water-fountain. He said it still is full of the waters of salvation, of love and forgiveness. Its waters used to flow out the doors and windows of this place, but the tap, that is, the unrelenting cry and concern for the lost that once was part of this place and the people in it has now rusted up, and the result is that no-one comes to this place for water, and if they do, they are given water polluted by the need to build a new city that is not of me. They are given directions to the new city, then shown the way out.

He then took me to a table that had men and women sitting around it. Their mouths were moving,

but no words were coming out, their hands were pointing in all directions, but there was nothing to point too. Some of the men had women sitting on their knees with eyes full of lust and decadence. Others were counting money, and they too had eyes full of lust and greed. Still others were weeping and crying over the lost opportunities they had lost in their ministries. I then asked, "Why are they still here?" They are testimonies to My anger against those who having been called to this work, never leave its safety and go out into the street, but mouth empty words while partaking in all kinds of self indulgent wickedness within the precincts of its walls.

As we left the building He showed me all the people that were walking past outside, mocking the building and the sign on the front. He said these are not the lost, but the inhabitants of the new city that is not of Me. They are my so-called new sons and daughters, but they are not a people with whom I can trust my word. For they have never been in the building you have just left, they have never tasted its sweet waters of forgiveness and salvation as you have, for they are inheritors of what I gave their fathers, but now seek to build their own city of refuge. One that is full of all that is evil and wanton. They are destitute of feeling and are as brute beasts, robbing and looting all that is holy and just.

Maturity

As we continued along the street we came to another building that looked like a school, it had teaching written on its gates and appeared very run down. Upon entering its grounds I noticed all the classrooms, some were empty while others were full of people. We then entered a classroom that was full of serious learned people; they had divided up into groups and were studying books, hundreds of books. Every conceivable subject concerning the Christian life was being studied and written about. There were black boards, white boards, tapes recorders playing tapes, video tapes playing videos, men and women standing behind rostrums espousing the latest so-called, and thus far undiscovered truth about the scriptures. Along the walls were signs advertising the latest conference on healing the sick, church growth, missionary seminars and others.

Then he said this is the infant section now. It used to be that faithful men and women taught the deep things of eternal life and holiness from My word in this place. This was a great field that I watered daily with my word, but now it has become a desert, full of false teachers who are in chains of foolishness and madness. Then I remembered that I had not seen a Bible anywhere. Then I watched as the students that had been in the classrooms began to leave, they were hurrying off in all directions with their new insights and truths. Some had folders full of essays that they had written. These essays were marked not according to the truth, but with a mark that ensured the student was not completely discouraged and would return to pay homage to the new idea, the new concept, the new god.

The god of the new age, the god of this world, the god that worships learning and broad acceptance of the new philosophy. The god that demands you come back to him again and again in order that you become wiser in the new revelation, the new word, while all the time the "Word made flesh, Jesus," mourns for the lost. As we left I heard Him ask me if I was wise, a sage, a teacher, after having been here, for if you think you are, then you too are confused and lost unless you also become simple in your faith. He said, "Know me and I will teach you the simple message of salvation for the lost and the church. This place of teaching was My idea, in order that My children grow into mature adults and become able ministers of my word.

Gifts

Further down the street we came to a shop which had a sign saying, "Gifts." As we walked in I noticed that the shop was divided into two sections. In one section were the five ministry gifts displayed, and in the other were the nine gifts of the Holy Spirit. Then I noticed a doorway leading to a room at the back, it had a sign saying, "Success in ministry gifts." Then He pointed out to me that everything in the shop was free and available to all. When I asked where the shop keepers were, He said that this shop had never had any and that anyone who lived here could come and avail themselves at any time. But no one comes here very much now. As you can see the dust is gathering on them, along with the instruction manual on their use. My word. Then I heard a cry from beneath the floor and when I look down I saw a vision on the floor of all the people that had dared to continue to use the gifts they had taken from this shop. They were all now standing in a field surrounded by mockers dismissing them as fakes and frauds, and still others had whips of accusation and innuendo which they wielded over the crowd causing them to become more vocal and angry against these people.

Then someone who appeared to be a very learned leader of the group accused them of not having the maturity to have these gifts, and of not having paid for them, and of stealing them. He then said that they should cease from using them any more. At that the vision left and I was once again standing in this shop. Now I asked if I could look in the room out the back. We then entered the room. As we entered, the room was filled with a dark cloud or mist. At the other end were men and women standing there with their mouths open and this dark mist was coming out of their mouths. They had offering bags full of money in one hand and in the other were airline tickets and travel brochures which were for sale. Then He said that the mist or cloud of darkness was false words from gods, false prophecies, false endorsements of ministries, that were flowing out continually from this room taking the weak and ignorant captive, and causing great disruption and chaos in their lives, and in the church. All around the room people were on phones and emails, and gathered in small huddles whispering words from god to anyone who would listen. Then I noticed a Bible on a table, it had finger marks all over each page so that the words were unable to be read. Then He said that this was because in their selfish haste to have something of mine to sell they have actually blotted out my word and now have turned to vain imaginations which bring only death to the hearers. So, He said, you must leave now, and not enter this room again for there is a great judgement coming on all who partake of its ways.

Music

Jezebel

Then the Lord said; "Stand up! There is more I must show you."

Finances

As we left the bank I nearly tripped on the body of a dead woman. She appeared to be very old and obviously was very poor. Then the lord told me to open her mouth. As I did a United States one dollar note slipped out on to the pavement, on it was written; "In God we trust." Then He said; "My own people provoke me with their greed and arrogance. All who see her will remember and repent."

We then came close to the end of the street, to a small hill called "Gallows Hill." Then He warned me saying; "Do not be arrogant but fear, for upon this hill, in this city have many of my

messengers, prophets, healers, teachers of the truth, defenders of the faith been hung on the very words they have delivered in my name. Take heed to what you write.

Then He said, "You have now seen but a part of the city that I have loved, died for and wept over. This city that I have shown you is my Body, the church on earth today. It is like it is because no man lays to heart the death of my Son, for if they did they would rise up and question, challenge and overthrow these workers of iniquity that have destroyed and pulled down its testimony in the earth. There are those who have not bowed the knee to the false ideologies that pervade the body. Indeed the streets and lanes are full of the discouraged, the disenfranchised who once worshiped in her, but who now lament the passing of the truth and protection she once offered.

To all that would truly see the advancement of My word and the saving of the lost the Lord asks; "Why do you continue to abide such arrogance, why do you still lay with this harlot who passes herself off as My voice in the earth?" Repent and seek God and He will raise up those who truly love Him to do His work.

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