

The Message of Lamentations

September 29, 2008 3:30 A.M.

This is being sent to many fathers, both friends and kin, in response to one of the strongest promptings I have ever had. Equally strong confirmations have accompanied the promptings.

Sixteen years ago at fifty I found myself at a fork in the road. The level of grief arising out of a church incident forced me to seek help from an old man whom the fires of Heaven had cleansed. Through him the Word came to me to “go home.” So I did. The only option open to me was a return to the woods and walk as I had as a child of six, some forty-four years earlier.

So I started walking in 1992 over 400-500 acres behind me to the east. In the earlier years, I walked nearly every day, whether it was clear, raining, sleeting, cold or hot. I was like a little boy with a crystal set trying to get a radio signal. In this case I had no idea of the frequency, nor the time of transmission, nor the band width, nor the language, nor even if there was a transmission at all.

After hour upon hour, day upon day, mile upon mile, year upon year, signals began to come forth. Somewhere around the tenth year, looking back, I realized it had taken the Most High seven years to teach me to hear, four more to teach me to shut up, and sixteen to trust me with His word.

One winter’s day I was coming out of the low meadow onto a ridge, facing a cold thirty mile-an-hour wind blowing out of the north. That particular day my level of grief was abnormally high due to the impending, unnecessary destruction in a family I knew. As I came up onto the ridge, I *screamed* to the Most High, with tears streaming down my face,

“Why doesn’t the father do something?!”

“He doesn’t know.”

I screamed back, “Why doesn’t he know?”

“He doesn’t want to know.”

“Why doesn’t he want to know?” I screamed again.

“Because he does not believe I meant what I said, nor that I even said anything.” End of conversation.

Except for a few interludes and special situations, I have been instructed, yea, even commanded, to keep my mouth shut. Instead, “When you hear a word from My mouth, you shall tell this people.”

After sixteen years the release has come; if I have ever “heard” Him, it was the other night. The Word flopped open to Lamentations, chapter one, verse one. As I was reading it for the umpteenth time, I clearly heard, “This is for *now*; you are spiritual Israel. Zion is the innermost part of you in which I dwell. Spiritual Jerusalem contains my Body of Believers, Judah is the country or expression in which Jerusalem lies, and Israel is my people.”

So as I read farther in that context, I realized moreover that each word, each phrase, each turn of meaning applied to us today. **We** are spiritual Israel by virtue of being grafted into the Tree, and are sons of Abraham by virtue of faith in Jesus. As an example, Chapter 1, verse 10, “The enemy has stretched out his hand over all her precious things, yea, she has seen the nations invade her sanctuary, those whom you did forbid to enter your congregation.”

Applied to today and to us, the enemy has fondled not only our physical daughters, but our holy things; the world with all its activities, diversions and entertainment has occupied the very innermost parts of our beings. Our minds, being the doorway to our spirits, have been saturated with everything but Him. Flesh, sensuality and everything worldly has infested our meetings as well as our dress. Chapter 2, verse 7 says, “The **LORD** has scorned His altar, disowned His sanctuary.” This is self-evident.

Three times Jesus, via the parables, addressed the deadly consequences of not “knowing” Him. Because the Word was never read and taught to me as a child, nor was I taught who He is to be in me, I had no clue when I was fifty. My mind, emotions and will were permeated with things other than Him. Old wineskins are problems....

All the above are nothing more than backdrop; I am to deliver this solemn warning found in Lamentations to you. Should you chew, gnaw and study what is therein, mercy may find you. It is written of John the baptizer in Matthew 3:11-12: “I baptize you with water to repentance, but He who is coming after me is mightier than I, whose sandals I am not worthy to carry. He will baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire. His winnowing fork is in His hand, and He will clear His threshing floor, gather His wheat into the granary; but the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire.”

Some of you have been baptized (immersed) with water; some even with the baptism of the Holy Spirit; a few, if any, with fire. Know this; His baptism of fire, spiritual cleansing, is coming upon all of us, like it or not. Every word, every meaning of Lamentations will come to pass. Every “hewn stone” (man’s works) that has blocked your ways and made your paths crooked will be erased. Do not make the fatal mistake of confusing physical fire, bad health or loss, with Holy fire.

Enough; Lamentations, all of it, is to be delivered to each of you for your very life, to be read and studied in the context that it refers to us, today. Isaiah 4:2-4 is the promise.

Godspeed.