

THE WRATH OF THE LAMB

Twenty-odd years ago I was given a vision, one of only a very few. The vision was in broad daylight, and I saw the entire world in one view. The entire view, except for only two fragments that were glowing white, was entirely black, as dark as dark could be. I knew the continents only by the outline of very fine pinpoints of white lights around their coastlines. There were a lesser amount of pinpoints scattered within the boundaries of the various continents. A large bite was taken out of the southern mid-section of the US, like a bite out of a piece of toast.

A young woman two states away was given the exact same vision some years later. She did not know me, not did I know her. There was a person who knew the both of us intimately.

It was only this morning around 3:00 A.M. that I was given an understanding of the white pinpoints—they were primarily small groups of devout, praying women. I understood that the men had largely been eliminated.

This November, 2015 I keep getting the sense the whole of this entire religious package, (ignominiously dubbed “christian”, with a small “c”) from A to Izzard is one *magnus opus*, one gigantic Machiavellian drama, one colossal Elizabethan play, one monumental movie set. At times I feel like I am in a different dimension, a participant in the *Body Snatchers*, or walking into the house of a *Stepford Wife*.

We are fooling ourselves with pseudo-good works and behavior, most of which are not “bad” in and of themselves. But to call them “Christian” is a stretch of the highest order. Colonel Booth, of Salvation Army fame, gave this warning in 1899 or thereabouts, (quoted from *Cries From the Wilderness* by Kim Josephson).

His fears were that the greatest dangers facing the 20th century would be:

1. Salvation without regeneration
2. Faith without repentance
3. Politics without God
4. Heaven without Hell
5. Religion without the Holy Spirit
6. “Christianity” without Christ.

When I read this, I was shaken, for they describe what has been formed in me over the last 35 years, unbeknownst of his words until today.

My feeble words over those 35 years are little more than a very short whip flailing the backs of unfeeling mannequins and numb robots. They do little other than fill someone’s dusty bookcase, a thing of passing interest, an epithet become an epitaph. Now back to the set; the show must go on. Let the band play Happy Days while the Titanic is about to go nose down...

When the cure for sin, much less its existence, becomes so trivialized to the point of irrelevancy, the whole purpose of the coming of the Lamb is rendered null and void by those doing so. His blood, then, is held in contempt, and the Holy Spirit blasphemed. This indirect belittling by a believer of the blood of Christ (not admitting sin nor asking forgiveness) incurs even worse penalties than those in force prior to His redeeming sacrifice. The justice for these is unspeakable. How would you feel if it were **your** son?

Forget my feeble words of exclaim; forget A.W. Tozer's erudite wailings; forget Ravenhill's laments of agony; forget the screams of Jon Huss and Wycliffe as the flames seared every inch of their skin; forget all the screams of the martyrs, even those unknown moles who throughout the years of apostasy and calumny of the Lamb, tried to stem the tide; forget everybody!!

- ***but you cannot forget the Lamb!!***

He **will** rise up and bite us;

He **will** rise up and cause us to scramble for a hole, any hole, in any condition.

He **will** rain down terror to the point we will go insane with horror of mind and soul.

He **will** tear us to pieces, and there will be no one to deliver us.

Will we try to impress Him with our tight blue jeans and stick out our teats? How about ringing our "church" bells and whistles, or turning on our music from Hell? Maybe we could invite Him to a religious convention where He could watch our X-Rated movies on TV or our internet of filth? My, my, what **will** we do with all our religious talk, our acting, our 4-foot stages, security cameras and 1200-watt amps?

What **will** we do then, in the Presence of the Holy Lamb whom we bandied about like a book-mark, like a dust cover on our unread Bible?

What **will** we do then, with our feigned mercy, our fake hugs, our imagined salvation, our warm and fuzzy circle of "Christian" friends?

We will be as the rest, begging to die by any means; just deliver us from the wrath of the Lamb...