



**2024
EDITION**

The Journey

A WORLD within a WORLD



ROUTE 41 THE JOURNEY

Rick Groenheyde

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Dedication

A Building Filled with Destinies

As I laid my head down to rest I found myself caught up in a vision walking through the front doors of a historic library. A building crammed with books covering every shape, size and color. As I walked around I notice that all the books were about the men and women who have shaped our world. While reading all the names I realized I had entered heavens library. A hall filled with destinies.

Then a book on the top shelf caught my eye. I grabbed it and laid it upon the table before me. As I flipped through the first few pages a familiar storyline started to take shape. I realized the book was about a life that was intended for me. As I continued to flip through the pages I noticed all the missing images. I then realized that the blank spots of missing images were the snapshots of a life that I still needed to walk out.

Walking out those snapshots would then give me the images needed to fill out the blanks. As I closed the book I contemplated on the bizarre destiny at hand, along with the present invitation that was now pounding on my heart to walk out that destiny.

As I looked all around I realized much of heaven has been recorded with each generation having that opportunity to walk out its destiny. I now realized that when a generation chooses to rise up, the annals are written as they experience their destiny. Each generation having a volume; books of remembrance all having the hand of God upon it.

Now standing at the crossroads between free will and destiny, made me realize that I needed to bring forth that which is destined before me.

To step into all the things that heaven has for me. Well that vision was over twenty years ago. What you now have in your hand is a small portion of an actual journey that is still being shaped today.

So I dedicate this book to you.

May you be inspired to walk into all that heaven has for you.

Introduction

A World within a World

At twenty-three years of age and with summer just around the corner, my goal was to assemble that amazing piece of Detroit muscle that was still sitting in my garage. The past few summers that car had completely ruled the streets. It was pure classic muscle and with summer upon us, — it's time to rule the streets once again.

But one Sunday evening that all changed. As I walked out of that building after listening to an amazing speaker, I realized the things I highly valued have suddenly taken on a whole new perspective. Less than an hour before, as we all sat in the sanctuary, beams of light filled the building. I was totally unprepared as the presence of heaven descended all around me.

I was stunned by a powerful message of sacrifice while completely embraced by love. And when the angels appeared; I was hit by the extraordinary. What I witnessed was a world within a world, an unfamiliar spiritual world right smack in the middle of my natural world. Every corner of my mind was challenged, and every emotion was touched by this new discovery. I've been in the presence of spiritual messages before but nothing as powerful as this.

I was never prepared for the journey; nothing in my life qualified me for it. My curiosity urged me to take further steps down that spiritual road. What drove me forward was my willingness to explore the unknown of something that was so intriguing. This book is only a small part of that incredible journey.

For the past many years I've been journaling my experiences and have continued to do so. The events related in this book are drawn directly from those journals. As you read on, I know the revelation within has the potential to lead you into an incredible journey. For me the journey continues; for you, well it could start today!

Welcome to " Route 41 The Journey "

Chapter 1 - The Early Days

And so the Journey Begins

In the early days, I found that while my life was transitioning into the extraordinary, my family was also shifting into the miraculous, and into the great unknown.

My First Visit

I woke up early this morning from an incredible encounter! I was caught up in a heaven realm and I can still feel the extraordinary presence of a God reside heavily upon my room. As I propped myself up, I realized what just happened was more of a visitation than a vision. It took over fifteen minutes for the stunning presence of heaven to slowly fade from the room.

In the vision I suddenly found myself on my knees, and the presence of heaven was overwhelming. When opening my eyes, I saw transparent feet tucked in sandals that were firmly planted on what looked like a transparent golden floor. I realized I was kneeling before the throne of God and the vibrating heavenly presence absolutely flooded me.

As the ruling one of heaven looked upon me, I could feel his every breath as it pounded through every cell and molecule in my being. My sense was that if he breathed any harder, I would be annihilated. There was so much power and life in every breath, — it was so intense.

And then my breathing started to fall in the rhythm of His breathing, and eventually we were breathing as one. It was at that very moment that I understood so much more about creation. My whole being vibrated, not in fear, but in knowing that the one whom I was kneeling before was the one who awakened me of the things of heaven, and a revelation of a heavenly family whose realms of power are second to none.

When I realized who it was that I was kneeling before, — I stood up. I was before the throne of the one who absolutely rules and reigns heaven. Everything was so bright and so clear, plus everything had a golden transparency to it. It was glorious and absolutely magnificent.

I smiled and jumped into His arms hugging Him like a son hugging his Father. No words were spoken; just the love from a God who truly cherishes His creation and that included me.

I saw His Kingdom, the streets of gold. I was overwhelmed with the revelation of heaven. While touring all this glory and beauty, I realized heaven was about to send me back. Next thing I know I was walking past the gates of heaven and down the street. I looked back one more time and all I could see was a huge hand in the sky waving at me. Not as one saying goodbye, but more as one who was sending me off. Then I woke up from the vision.

As I sat there in awe wondering about heaven, and about the one who rules and reigns, — questions started to fill my head. The encounter left me with a greater knowing of Him and a greater consciousness of His Kingdom, — but what exactly am I suppose to do with it all? Now that I know what I know, — how will it affect me? Where is it going to lead me? How will it change me? Somehow I knew that one day it will all make sense, — but not today.

Orphan Annie

Our dog had puppies. It was awesome to see life have its first breath before our very eyes. It was her first litter and for some miraculous reason she new exactly what to do! Amazing! But then the mother for some reason kicked the runt out from the rest of the litter. I picked up that little girl with my two fingers and placed her right back in the middle of the litter but then the mom would move all the puppies to the opposite corner leaving her all alone once again!

The newly born runt became weaker and weaker. We tried to feed her with a nursing bottle but to no avail. She was losing the battle so we decided to quickly take her to the local vet. The veterinarian said that our puppy was too weak and that she had a very small chance for survival. He then said we could save a vet bill if we just take her home and drown her in the kitchen sink. Shocked by the advice, we grabbed our little girl and headed back home.

That night I emptied out one of my dresser drawers, stuck a thick cozy blanket in it, and then gently placed our little girl inside the blanket. I placed my hand over that little puppy and asked heaven to step in and give her a bit of a break. I stuck the dresser drawer right beside my bed and that night we all fell asleep. I remember waking up in the early morning to the sound of a faint scratching noise.

I leaned over the left side of my bed and looked into the drawer and there she was hungry and full of life. We pulled out the nursing bottle and started feeding her. Before you knew it that bottle was sucked dry and we were looking for another one.

Well, she grew up and became the family pet and we named her “Orphan Annie”. This little four-legged trooper inspired the neighborhood with a zest for life. We talked about this miracle every time someone asked us about our little Annie. She was a happy little girl. Since that time it's been amazing how many of our animals heaven has touched. God truly loves every aspect of his creation!

Freaked Out

I woke up this morning absolutely freaked out by a demonic presence that hanging over my bed. This thing straddled me while corresponding to someone outside the bedroom. The smothering presence shrouded every part of me. Paralyzed in fear and pinned to my bed, — I could not speak a single word.

With my mind going a hundred miles an hour, I knew I had to do something. I had to break away somehow but what could I do? What could I say? If I could get my paralyzed voice to scream out something, what would that something be?

I felt myself getting physically dragged out of bed. I could feel the bed sheets moving across my back. Struck with overwhelming fear, I yelled out this one word that came from deep within; "JESUS!" I screamed it as loud as my locked jaw would allow and within seconds that demonic presence was hauled out of the room by some invisible hand. What followed was an enormous sense of peace.

I laid there stunned and absolutely floored by the power behind that one word. How can one name have such power and why was that darkness in my room? As I propped myself up on my bed I realized that the very heaven I was engaging with started to look more like the battlefield that it really is.

Totally freaked out, — I decided that if I am going to get tossed into the battlefield of spiritual warfare then I need to start equipping myself. If that thing is the first of many things to come, then I need to check out a little more about that powerful name. That's the first item going into the equipment bag!

That Little Girl

I started my new job as a milkman in the west end of town, and on this day I was to deliver milk to a new customer in a house that I once rented. The young woman who opened the door asked me to step inside.

She found out that I at one time I use to live in this very house. She wanted to talk to me about the dark activities that were scaring her daughter. Almost every night her daughter would wake up and run across the hall into her mom's bedroom asking her mom to get rid of that scary thing that keeps appeared in her bedroom. That was the real reason for the milk delivery, — the young mother wanted to ask me if this demonic stuff ever manifested while I lived here.

I mentioned that some pretty weird events did happen on the property and in the house. Spirits from the dark side did appear, furniture in the kitchen did entertain themselves the odd evening, and the sound of voices did ring the still air every now and then, — but all that disappear after we prayerfully took care of it. Obviously the dark side tore up their eviction notice when we moved out and decided to occupy once again. After our lengthy conversation I told her I would pray for her daughter.

I jumped into the back of my milk truck, cleared out all the empty milk crates, got on my knees and began to pray. I prayed that heaven would send angels to watch over this little girl, and that these menacing spirits would no longer have their way! I asked heaven to step in and give this little girl a covering.

A week later I went back to deliver more milk and the young woman came dashing out the door to tell me the good news. She said the very night after my day of visitation; her daughter slept the entire evening. When she woke up the next morning she told her mom about a big angel that stood by her bed.

Apparently this angel leaned over and spoke to her little girl saying everything was going to be all right. That he was sent by heaven to watch over her, and from that day forward, that angel on assignment, stood by her bed every night.

Facing Fear

I clearly found out the hard way that the shaping of the prophetic voice, and that spiritual warfare go hand in hand. The realization that I was not messing with flesh and blood, but with spiritual wickedness on every level, — and that became very apparent.

I've come face to face and have felt the breath of those wicked forces as they freely roam around. They are dark, and they have surrounded themselves with others who are just as dark. It took me awhile to get to that place where I'm not allowing the influences of fear to rattle my cage.

An adult diaper was not an option; I needed to get a grip on how to overcome any future visitations. Walking through those initial confrontations forced me to do some major homework on this one called fear, — that unhealthy fear that tries to cripple.

First, I have found that the spirit of God is an actual spiritual being and spiritual person who has partnered up with an army of angels who pretty well run the show if you let them. When I consume that spirit, I'm actually eating fruits of love, peace, joy, patience, kindness, humility and others.

Fear is something else that likes to get up front and personal. My confrontations with fear have clearly shown me a few things. This fear represents an unholy army that spews out rotten fruit, and it's looking for takers. Its fruit oppresses, abuses, harasses and has the ability to place

people into all kinds of bondage, giving them that trapped feeling of hopelessness.

I have learned not to bite into the fruit of fear. When I did, it was like a shady salesman sticking his foot upon the doorway of my life. I found out the hard way that this fear, in most cases, were actual demonic beings of influence wanting to control, paralyze and redirect my life.

What I have learned is that when eating the fruits of love, peace, joy, patience, kindness, they become powerful offensive and defensive weapons in my life. For example when I eat the fruit of peace, then the peace of heaven has a way of falling all around me. The fear that stole peace now has its powers of influence ripped away. As it is being dealt with, more heavenly peace falls around me. Sometimes it's instant, other times it's a process, — but the peace of heaven always shows up. Now that's what I call good fruit!

Sure fear is relentless, and it's going to try to crawl through another door, but the moment I see it sneaking around, I'm shutting her down real quick. What I have learned is that if I eat the offered fruit of fear, I disconnect myself from the freedoms that heaven truly has for me. Fear is that dark side of the spirit world that is wanting to control, — and when it does, I find myself slowly becoming this other person.

Heavens intention is that I embrace the freedoms that it has for me. To become the person that heaven has designed me to be. So now when I find myself shrouded in fear, I point my finger where I think fear has cloaked itself because this thing is now hiding in the room somewhere, and I tell fear to take a hike. Then I seal that prayer with that powerful name that I have personally come to know — Jesus! The results have been absolutely amazing!

And Why Are You Telling Me This

Today, out of the blue, for no apparent reason, heaven decided to download an interesting fact about long distance endurance runners. This is what I heard heaven speak into the very fabric of my being,

“ It doesn't matter how well trained you are, at some point during the race you will hit the wall and it's beyond the wall that your second wind awaits.”

Well, after getting this surprising unsolicited piece of information, a question rolled through my mind. “And why are you telling me all this? ” Silence! Nothing but silence! Heaven just clammed right up! It was during that moment of silence that I realized heaven was about to toss me into another Indiana Jones adventure.

At that point I was wondering if I should get excited about my upcoming adventure or if I should just start packing Tylenol for that second wind that happens to be on the other side of that wall, — that very wall that heaven plans to push me through. It's time to hit the drug store!

Go West Young Man

Opportunities from the West opened up and I clearly heard myself saying " Go west young man! " Once I arrived on the West Coast, I felt a peace wash over me like fresh rain. The past few years, the intertwining of the natural and the supernatural, and the growing pains of balancing the two made it tough for me to walk out.

I struggled mentally to stand on my own. Spiritually I needed to stretch out my wings and explore a little more. I figured a fresh start would help me find the balance that I was searching for.

It was early morning and I went for a walk along the oceanfront. I sensed the presence of heaven all around me as I walked along that shoreline. I looked out upon the distant waters and I saw a boat struggling against the wind and ocean tide. It was a picture of my life. I was struggling.

Trying to walk this world within a world has not been an easy task. That boat was me! I sensed that heaven wanted to embrace me even more but somehow I was allowing the influences of others to blow me into all kinds of conflicting direction.

I looked out again and this time I saw a smaller boat skipping across the waters, soaring with the wind, riding the waves effortlessly.

I realized that is what I need in my life. That is what I want. A life with fewer struggles; a life that wasn't draining me of all my energy!

My move stripped me of those that I have leaned on, and those who have steered me all over the place. With a fresh start before me, I realized I have no choice but to stand on my own and put more of my trust in the one who rules and reigns heaven. As I stood there embracing all the revelation, — I knew my life was about to change once again.

Storm Coming

My first job out West was working with my brothers who owned a renovation company. On this particular job I was in charge of tearing off an old flat roof from a major hotel and replace it with a new roof system. I had three men helping me do the tear off and the install. Two of these guys I met when I first came out West, the third guy I only knew since the job started.

We tore off the old roof and as we began installing the new system the weather took a serious turn. The weather report that morning said it was going to be good all day, — but by noon that all changed, and it's now starting to get real ugly.

With each passing minute the day got darker as the clouds intensified all around. Me, this crew, and the Four Star Hotel all found ourselves right smack in the middle of two storm fronts; a warm one coming from the south, and a cold one coming from the north.

With the old roof torn off, this multi-million dollar hotel was now sitting in a vulnerable position. The approaching storms could cause some serious damage. Knowing that we have a half a days work and nature is only giving us fifteen minutes to complete the job, — we definitely need a miracle.

There was nothing in the natural that could save the day. With the inevitable approaching someone mentioned prayer. " We need to pray boys." Surprised with the petition, and with very little resistance, we stood there all in agreement and started banging on heavens door.

Taking the bull by the horns, we prayed that heaven would give us that much needed break to finish off the roof, that disaster would not have it's way, and that God would come and save the day for us. After sealing that prayer with that the name of Jesus! We then rushed to complete the roof hoping the good Lord heard our prayers.

The sky seemed to be getting worse rather than better, but as I stood there on that roof, challenged by the colliding storms, I looked up one more time and sunlight started to break through the clouds right above the hotel.

A spotlight of sunrays hit the roof while it stormed all around. The building was now in the eye of the storm. That piece of sunshine coming through the eye gave us the break we needed to finish off the roof.

I kept looking up absolutely amazed as the sun hit my face! The very moment we sealed off the roof, the clouds closed, and the rains descended. It was a miracle, — an absolute miracle! We could not deny the fact that heaven truly watched over us in a big way and saved the day!

The bizarre thing of it all is that we were roofing one of the tallest buildings in the city, and the sunshine cascading upon that roof, was there for all to see. From a distance it must have been an amazing sight. What a testimony of Gods goodness!

Go For It

As I journeyed on, I found myself getting more and more plugged in with a group of people who, like me, were getting caught up in this heavenly synergy of Kingdom power which was determined to land with force, a force designed to break down the very structured walls fortified in our hearts and in our minds.

This breaking down of walls was followed by a demonstration of power that allowed heaven to freely flow with amazing revelation. It's an awesome thing when heaven decides to reveal itself here on earth.

One day our curiosities led us to the front doors of a small building in a black community church. We heard about the heavenly energy that resided in this place and we needed to check it out for ourselves.

For some reason baptism was big on their list of things to do. The chances of someone walking through that place without getting baptized were pretty slim. These folks were not only serious about the baptism, but also the party during, and the big one after!

I was asked if I would like to get baptized. I remember thinking about it and I figured well if it's good enough for the Son of God then who am I to turn down such an offer? The next thing I knew I was walking up to the front and there before me was the infamous baptism dunk tank.

This baptism was a full emersion style, not just a little sprinkle here and there. They grabbed me, drowned me, and after being totally submerged and pinned to the bottom, the house began to rock as they hauled me up. This group knew exactly how to tear up the joint! The singing and dancing was off the charts.

It was a whole new experience for me. I felt the host of heaven as it looked upon us, — the eyes of heaven shining down as the presence of angels surrounded the place. Being there has made me realize that there really is something to this thing called baptism. Heaven is behind it in a big way!

The Maintenance Trap

It's funny how life can get so complicated. It either turns into a roller coaster ride or it ends up being this continuous hamster wheel. I had been going through an extended time whereby my accumulation of things started to make me feel like this maintenance man. It seemed that as time went by, all I did was maintain my possessions.

No time for anything else! Possessions! That was it! I maintained my vehicles, maintained the yard, and maintained the house. I also maintained my two businesses and all the pets. I'd maintain the constant flow of bills, and the maintenance list kept growing, and the routine just went on and on, week after week, month after month, year after year.

It felt like a huge maintenance trap. Working all week only to maintain all weekend. I continually found heaven personally knocking on the front door of my forehead asking me if the maintenance man could come out to play.

I knew heaven was messing around with me, but I also knew that I had a serious problem. I somehow needed to trash the spin cycle. And for the sake of freedom, I decided to rid some of my possessions.

Now unburdened, and with a whole new sense of freedom, I became the one doing the pounding. As I was knocking on the big door, I realized that this was the original designed. It was supposed to be me doing the knocking. Me knock, knock, knocking on heavens door.

Horses in My Bedroom

I woke up this morning and glanced across my bedroom, and I was completely surprised as the whole wall turned into a full size movie screen. An open vision of many horses galloping towards me.

They grouped themselves at the foot of my bed, — staring at me. I somehow knew that these horses were sent here for a purpose.

I could hear the breathing, the snorting, and the stomping of hooves as they gathered around the foot of my bed. Shoulder to shoulder, and with all eyes staring at me, I figured something on the radar.

What's it all about? Obviously it has something to do with power. But why the need to stand around my bed?

As I watched all the horses flinching, I realized heaven was displaying their horsepower. If that be true, then whatever heaven plans to do with that horsepower, — involves me.

As I tried to unravel the mystery, the most obvious question came to my mind as I looked up; " What are you all up to now? "

If I'm right, and I do need power for whatever reason, and I mix that power with my understanding on how heaven continually surprises me with their chain of events, then I'd have to guess that I'm only going to find out when the time is right.

And that would probably be around the same time when I find myself desperately pounding away on heavens door. So like those flinching horses, — I now wait for the inevitable.

Nice vision, but it has that hippity hop off to the birdie boiler feeling.

The Greatest Revelation

It's amazing what I have found out about this one called " Jesus ". First of all the word " Massive " is probably too small to describe him. And when He said He's "Alpha and Omega " He's not kidding.

The power behind that name is impressive! I've seen it firsthand! For me, as one who's stuck here on this planet, He has become an amazing revelation of God. It's because of Him that my journey even came into existence.

He is the mystery of the invisible God that has become visible. That was a stunning revelation to me, — God manifested in the flesh. He is Creator, Revealer, Savior and Mediator, and I've seen Him in action. That I cannot deny. He is Omnipotent and Omnipresent; He really is the ultimate King of kings.

I have found that outside of Jesus, there is no wider, deeper, greater, broader, higher dimension known. When I spoke out his name to all those dark influences, it was like pulling out a 44 magnum in the Spirit.

There is amazing authority in that name, and those bad boys do find themselves vacating. In heaven He is recognized as the undisputed heavyweight, the One who rules and reigns.

I have come to realize that He is a high ranking official and a top administrator in heaven. I realized that if He is that powerful, then I'm sealing every one of my prayers with His name. The crazy part of it all is that He, for some reason, is willing to dwell in the hearts of men.

I have walked a number of years since our introductions and He has intervened a number of times in my life. On one particular occasion, it was six in the morning, I was sitting in my vehicle at a quiet foggy intersection, and it was so foggy that I could not see the other side. Suddenly, as I was about to accelerate, a voice cut through the silence " Don't move! "

As I hung on to the spoken word thinking about punching the accelerator, I heard the command once again. All of a sudden a transport with two trailers hooked on the back came blazing out of the fog and through the intersection.

Stunned, I sat there with my eyes welling up. I realized, once again, the good Lord and His team of angels, just saved my life.

On another occasion, I was working at a construction site completely renovating the office of a big warehouse. I was on the ground framing a wall together when I heard that voice again " Stand up! " The moment I stood up, — a main support beam from the ceiling came crashing down right in front of my toes!

Arise

I had a dream of a beautiful woman lying up on a slab of flat rock. She had the appearance of a bride. I noticed cobwebs all over her body and all over her face. Her beauty seemed faded from all the dust. I then heard a clear voice from heaven speak directly towards this bride saying "Arise".

I woke up thinking about the dream. I clearly heard " Mark Five ", but I fell back asleep. I woke up again, and again I clearly heard " Mark Five " but once again I fell back asleep. When I woke up the third time hearing the same thing, " Mark Five ", I realized heaven was serious about this dream. I propped myself up, the sun was streaking across the room from a small basement window; landing right on the middle of my bed like some sort of spotlight, with my thoughts totally wrapped around this whole Mark Five thing. What does Mark Five actually mean?

After tossing it around in my head for a while I realized heaven must be making reference to Mark chapter Five in the word of God! Looking for the bible I opened it to Mark, then to Chapter Five, and this is what it said in a nutshell; "A daughter from a ruler was lying down and all assumed she was dead. Jesus said that she was only asleep. He then took her hand and spoke the word — Arise ". There it is! That word "Arise".

My curiosity was now getting the best of me. As I read more and more, flipping through the book I found out that Jesus is referred to as the bridegroom. So who then is the bride? As I searched more into it I realized that the bride is us! That's when I realized the dream was really a call for the Bride of Christ to arise! Somehow, sleeping beauty needs to wake up.

Obviously there's a reason for the dream and my only conclusion is that the Bride of Christ in this city has somehow fallen asleep and heavens call is for her to arise! But then the obvious questions arose! "What was it that put her to sleep, and what are the plans for waking her up?" Well that should be real interesting. But then the biggest question of all, — "Why are you telling me this?"

Chapter 2 - Desert Training Unleashed

Going into The Unfamiliar with The Uncomfortable, doing The Unthinkable

The first part of this initial desert experience lasted six years at which time I was a publisher and owner of a tourism magazine. The whole family, which included our second son, lived on a horse ranch just outside of town.

Ironically, considering the open vision of many horses in my bedroom. Personally, it was a time where I found my life being stretched. I learned much more about myself as I continued to walk more into the unknown.

I Hate Snakes

I had a vision that I was walking with a beautiful bride in the desert. As we walked I noticed a serpent, approximately a foot and a half thick, roughly forty feet long, slithering around us.

All of a sudden it raised itself up and slammed into the ground behind a man who was walking ahead of us. As it came out of the ground to strike that person from behind I pulled out my sword, swung it and took off its head.

As I continued to walk with this beautiful bride more serpents appeared. We then jumped upon a rock I swung my sword once again taking off more of their venomous heads.

As we continued our journey, we came across the most bizarre nest of serpents. I began slashing the nest, larger serpents then appeared, bigger than the ones before. I continued swiping my sword cutting off their heads.

Then a giant figure towering over me, mocking me as we entered what appeared to be a battlefield. He drew out his weapon and started to approach me. As I surprisingly disarmed him, I struck him on the head. As he was going down, I slashed his belly open and his entrails came falling out before me.

I woke up trying to catch my breath from a dream that was so vivid and seemed so real. I realized that the vision had a familiar feel to it, and that there was a good chance that I was about to enter into a spiritual battlefield.

I was full of questions. What did the bride represent? What about the rock? And those vipers obviously symbolized something? And that sword; that was an amazing sword!

I somehow sensed that I was about to enter the unfamiliar once again, and whatever that unfamiliar might look like, — it will be intense.

Exactly what Mountain are We Talking About

As I was driving down this street, out of the blue I heard that still small voice from heaven say, " Go to the mountain " I thought about it; " Mountain? " " What mountain? " " Now what are we up to? "

I looked around, — all I saw were mountains. " Exactly which mountain are we talking about? " I later realized that this whole mountain thing directly ties in with another weird dream I had just the other night.

In that dream I was standing, facing a vast land, with a mountain range covering the distant horizon.

Next, I saw blood pouring in like an ocean tide. The land turned into an ocean of blood. As I stood there with the mountains facing me, the blood

parted and I heard a voice from heaven say, " Go to the mountain! " Then I woke up. OK! — that was weird!

My first sense, — the voice was talking about a spiritual mountain. A few days later I found out that heaven was actually talking about a real mountain. Another four or five days went by with me driving around, constantly looking at mountains while handling my business appointments, then out of the blue, — the mountain! It was like an epiphany! A knowing that this is the very mountain that heaven was talking about.

I drove to the base of that mountain and sat there wondering about this whole crazy mountain thing. As I tried to make sense out of all this. — I realized it doesn't make any sense. Then I heard a voice from heaven speak once again, " Get up the mountain and see the land which I have given to the children." I got out of my car and headed towards the mountain. I found a pathway and after an hour of mountain trekking, I finally made it to the top. I could see the entire city below.

As I prayed for understanding, I heard these words; " My Bride has an issue of blood and she needs to touch the hem of righteousness." I then realized that the ocean of blood is a picture of religiousness. The bad side of religiousness. That twisted distorted version of religion. This bad blood flooded the land and is pushing against the true intentions of heaven, — it somehow needs to be discharged.

Well this going up and down the mountain wasn't a one-shot deal. Months later I was still climbing. I spoke out the very things that heaven had downloaded. On one occasion while proclaiming the things of heaven, I finished off by saying “. . . and let it be released now ”, and at that very moment a wind came off the mountain and stormed towards the city. What were the effects of that wind? Well I don't really know, but if heaven decides to personally breathe on a city, there must be a good reason for it.

I knew that my mountain time had come to an end, and as I began my descent I clearly heard heaven say “ Listen ” but I didn't hear a thing. Half hour into my one hour descent I heard it again: “ Listen ” Listen to what? All I heard was a gentle breeze blowing through the trees.

That night, as I looked out my bedroom window, — heaven was continually downloading revelation about how the Lord's Bride in this major

city has an issue of blood. And that this Bride may appear dead, but she is only sleeping, — and the beauty that she once had has faded.

Obviously heaven has a plan for this city, — but what's the plan? I looked out the window wondering about the word “listen” — thinking that I must have missed whatever it was that I needed to be listening too.

Then I started to hear some distant rumblings. It got louder and louder and finally it hit with a display of thunder and lightning that absolutely rendered the skies while rocking the very foundations of the surrounding buildings. Only once in my life have I ever seen or heard anything like that. And that was when I was in grade one. I remember it like as if it happened yesterday because it totally rocked me.

The local evening news last night talked about the thunder and lightning and how spectacular it was. It truly was an amazing demonstration of heavenly power. After weighing it all out I realized heaven does have a plan for this city. Not sure what that could be? But whatever that strategy may be, it was just unleashed, — that I do know.

No doubt the voice of heaven came with a serious message through the thunder and the lightning. Whatever was unleashed, whatever was spoken, — was not small. Something massive was stirred in the Spirit and it's about to manifest itself in this city, and upon the Lords Bride.

Big Business

I was invited to a businessmen's lunch and had a chance to meet some of the businessmen from this historic city that I lived in. At that time I was a publisher for a tourism magazine. Not long after I received an invitation to go to the big annual businessmen's meeting. This was not a small town so this was not going to be a small meeting.

As I sat there in the ballroom, one of the leaders asked me if I would be willing to go up front and share a bit about myself. After his introduction I made my way to the front. I shared about my family, my business, along with my vision for the city. When I sat down moments later the very same leader approached me again and asked if I would like to get more involved.

I remember looking up wondering, while asking that familiar question, “ What in heavens name is going on? ” Then I thought to myself that I may as well walk this thing out and see where it leads me. Well, — by the end of the night I was elected as the new president for the businessmen's group over this city.

I left the ballroom with everyone clapping and shaking my hand as they congratulated me to my new position. This whole thing had a divine smell to it; something was definitely taking place in the spirit for this was the very city that heaven had me going up the mountain for. I remember looking up shaking my head as I walked out, asking that same question once again " What are you all up to now? "

Totally shocked, — I made my way home. I could not fall asleep, and when I finally did, the Spirit of heaven unveiled its plan through a dream. In a nutshell, the dream revealed that a seventy-year season was almost up, — for it was seventy years ago that heaven was turned down by this very city. Seventy years ago heaven decided to land upon this city and one-third of the population experienced its amazing touch as heavens portals opened wide.

Heaven descended; people were healed, revived, rejuvenated, and restored. But when the city leaders jailed the person that was used by heaven to open those portals, heaven packed up shop. Within years this city became one of the top two-world cult centers and the spiritual walls have been tumbling down ever since, — with the counterfeit comfortably in place.

That's when the dream of Mark Five started to make sense. Within the beauty of this city lurked an intense spiritual darkness cloaked in religiousness. Heaven's plan was to revive that city once again. Heaven was calling the Bride of Christ to arise. To rebuild the spiritual walls according to heaven's engineers. It was the whole Nehemiah and Ezra plan that was about to unfold upon this city. The dream the night before was showing heavens interest in using the businessmen's group to help in the rebuilding process.

When I woke up all I could say was, " Great! Just great! This group has been around for some time, I'm guessing maybe forty years, and now some rookie like me is going to come in with the Ezra Nehemiah plan for

this city? (the rebuilding of the temple and city walls) Right! And who's actually going to believe me? I'm the new kid in town! I have absolutely no history with these people! "

As time went by I kept feeling a nudge here, and then another nudge there, but I was not interested in stepping up to the plate on this one. This whole thing is just a little too bizarre for me.

Then one day I found myself mysteriously standing at the very street corner where it had all happened seventy years ago. I was staring at four gothic-looking buildings, one at each corner realizing that this was the place. One of these buildings had the portal of heaven. But which one? I figured if heaven was keen on bum steering me to this very location, then heaven clearly plans to show me the building where it all began.

I proceeded to lay hands on the cornerstone of each building. While praying for each building I received a vision. The first building revealed a competitive and bitter spirit. The second building revealed an unfamiliar face that was lifted up for all to worship and idolized. The third revealed a massive crowd that overflowed out of the building and down the street. I realized that this was where it all started. This was the place where heaven descended and where the portal opened. Curious, I still went to the fourth building, and as I prayed, I recieved a vision of a caged dove.

Months went by and I had a hard time processing all the revelation. Curious about the buildings history, I decided to do some research and sure enough what I found was incredible, — there was an amazing revival that took place in the 1920s. Compared to the archive pictures at the library, the building now looks pretty dilapidated compared to its former glory days. A beat up used bookstore now occupies the ground floor, and a dance hall on the upper floor.

Another month went by and I heard the voice of heaven say, " Go to the building." I drove to the building and stood at the front entrance. I closed my eyes and asked, " Why am I here? " I then sensed the presence of someone standing beside me. I looked over my shoulder and there stood the owner. I heard that soft voice from heaven say, " Tell him that your Heavenly Father has need of this place." I blurted out in my mind, — " You are not serious are you? This guy is gonna think I'm totally weird! Can we wordsmith this thing a bit? " — nothing but silence!

" My Father has need of this place! " I blurted out. The owner looked at me and said, " Well, I have three offers on the place and unless your father's one of them I don't think it's gonna happen for him." I gave him my business card and said, " When all three deals fall apart give me a call ", then I walked away, jumped in my car, and drove off.

That night I had another dream. The dream was of a building covered with old tree roots. I could barely make out the building because the roots. All of a sudden a huge sword swooshed back and forth destroying all the roots that covered the building. Then the sword went into the building and destroyed all the roots inside the building. When the sword was finished I could see the whole building inside and out. What an awesome sight.

I woke up realizing more of heaven's plan, but I realized the plan was only going to work if heaven was invited back in. Not that heaven wasn't touching lives in that city because it was, but the off the chart dynamics of a Heavenly Kingdom landing and residing with its continual presence through heavenly portals was not happening.

Seventy years ago it was booted out. Now this city had an opportunity to welcome it back and this, from what I can guess, was going to happen through two groups of people. One was the businessmen's group, of which I was the president, and the other was the spiritual leaders who were qualified to oversee this coming visitation. The one group had the resources and knowledge to rebuild physically, while the other was fully trained to rebuild spiritually. Both groups were completely capable of giving continuance to what heaven was about to unfold.

My cell phone rang, it was the owner of the building saying, " Tell your Father to come and make me an offer because the last three deals just fell apart." Great! Now what? This is going to get real interesting! I looked up and said, " Father! What kind of offer are you putting on the table and how are you planning to do that? "

A few days later I approached the owner and asked if I could use the place for an evening and bring possible investors. He said sure and then tossed me the keys to the front door and said to lock it up when I'm done. Well we had that meeting and the portal from heaven slipped open during that time. It was absolutely amazing.

The following week I met with the owner to discuss about the eight hundred thousand dollar price tag on the building.

Another fascinating thing about all this was that just a few months ago a major resort development company showed interest in purchasing my publishing company for the sum of 1.2 million dollars. With the sale of my business I would then give twenty percent to my general manager for handling the sale.

This would leave me enough money to purchase the building, take care of the taxes, and pay all the real-estate fees. But a bizaare event happened when my general manager went to close the sale.

He calls me and wanted to pump up the commission to fifty percent. Our disagreement led him to freely give my company business plan to the developer. In return he was able to solidify himself a healthy salary.

Totally blindsided, I spent the following two weeks talking to different parties trying to place an alternative offer. The final outcome was that businessmen did take the building, they turned it into condominiums, and that spiritual leaders did give continuance, — through alternative venues.

I know the building is just a building, but I truly believed that the restoration of a movement, from where it all went sideways, would open the portals of heaven once again upon a city that was duking it out in the spirit.

It was heaven's invitation to give continuance to something that was never meant to shut down and for a city to regain its spiritual position and do away with its present title as the second largest world cult center.

The glory cloud that was intended for this city has once again passed by for another season. The scary thing is that if we wait too long it may never come again. The window is very small and once again this city has settled for less, and the portals have closed.

But the one thing I know is that anything is possible and I have to believe that heaven is not finished. They're not going to give up that easy.

For me I felt like a passenger on a historical train ride that just went over the cliff again, but I did see the prophetic voice in me being shaped. That's something you don't learn in a classroom. You learn that by pounding the streets.

Dragged Out of Bed

I decided to head out of town on a business trip. It was time to print the tourism magazine once again.

As I drove I reflected on every detail of the last episode wondering if I could have done things little different. Loosing the building and the 1.2 million was a tough loss. I stayed at a friend's place; it was early morning and the sun broke through the basement window.

I woke up halfway out of my sleep and heard someone calling my name. I was so tired I just laid there struggling to wake up. When I heard it the second time I noticed it had that voice from above kind of feel to it.

I responded, " What is it Lord? " But I was dog-tired from driving all day, and talking with my friends all night, — that waking up seemed almost impossible.

I was slowly falling back asleep and that's when I felt my bed sheets being pulled off the bed. As they were slowly being dragged across my back I responded, " Ok. I'm up now! "

I propped myself up on the bed and grabbed the bed sheets while heaven spoke encouraging words over me. This is the condensed version of that message; " That I would shine forth, and that I am not forsaken, that I am His delight, and that I need to press on." And so with heaven's encouragement I decided to step up to the plate once again for the sake of His Kingdom landing here on earth, — which means pressing into the unfamiliar again.

On a huge level I was not only betrayed, but I also lost the house that at one time had the portal of heaven! Can it really get any worse!

I knew the weight of all my recent disappointments could take a while to unload. With all the encouraging words flying around, my hope was that someone up give a few hugs, — maybe buy me breakfast.

I started to have my doubts about the shaping of my prophetic voice. People I personally knew, who walked in the compromise, were getting all worked up. Now they're hacking away at my character.

The whole process had me walk in greater isolation. Well after duking it out for a few days I figured that heaven must have a plan for my life, and so the adventure continues, — hippity hop off to the birdie boiler I go!

Visiting the Giants

I headed off to a small beautiful island along the West Coast. I had been asked by a friend to help clear some huge trees off his land. I knew it was going to be an interesting time because that island had inspired many a people. It was known for its fascinating and globe trotting residents. What was it that caused some of the world's most renowned people to go to habitate this island for inspiration?

The ferry was small and the ride was slow, but as the island started to appear from the distant fog, something hit me in the Spirit, and it was large, powerful, and very territorial. Suddenly I began to wonder what I was getting myself into. The ferry landed, we drove off, and when we reached our destination we set up our logging camp.

Later we drove around the island; my friend was giving me the grand tour of the eco system, tenants and beaches. An island that has everything, no wonder people love it. That first night I snuggled in my tent. I could not believe the darkness. No street lights on this island. If it wasn't for the stars, absolute darkness would of smothered the night.

Fast asleep, I instantly woke up from the sound of a growl coming towards my tent. The growl was so deep I felt the vibration on the ground, and then upon my chest as it was getting closer. Gripped with fear, I was hoping heaven did not forget me. I heard this thing pacing around the tent, and then it headed towards the front and slowly peeked inside.

The head of this beast was the same size as the tent entrance. It was a mammoth black wolf. With his big black eyes, he stared right through me and let out a thunderous growl that vibrated every bone in my rib cage.

When it disappeared I got out of my tent and started pounding on my friend's camper. Once inside the camper, with my heart pounding away, I told him what just happened.

He just looked at me half asleep and said, “ Oh! You just met the ruling principality of the island.” He then rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. With his face against the wall, he then blurted out, “ Now that the introductions are done, how about we all go back to sleep.” Obviously this was something he was familiar with but not me. I was a little freaked out. With hands flying around like some mad Italian I yelled, “ Well who is this

arrogant hound anyways? I didn't come here shooting off my spiritual guns! Why's he all worked up?" Silence, nothing but silence.

From that day forward I decided that if this wolf has plans to mess up the campsite, then I'm going to do whatever I need to do in the Spirit to stop that four legged hairball from intimidating me. I came here to work and not get wrapped up in fear! I am not letting this fleabag have his way with me! I have a plan! I hope it works! He's real big!

Well after working two more days, — I realize the extreme level of darkness that resides upon this island. It was a pandora's box full of the occult, full of witchcraft, and full of satanic priests, — all combating for air time. Every night I contended with the powers of darkness and the assignments against us were relentless.

My time of coming here was around the same time darkness was having all their summer training camps. Great, just great! This small island was crammed with a tremendous darkness; it was a vortex of dark energy like I've never experienced. The saturation level of this darkness was on a whole different level.

When the light in me entered that dark island, it was like a tiny candle shining in a big dark room, — tough thing to hide! Good for the light, bad for me! Very bad for me! My very presence stirred them up, and every night I was forced to learn more about the art of spiritual warfare.

After a few days of wrestling darkness I was ready to check out! Forget about the plan! I once heard someone say, "A man's gotta know his limitations." Well I just found mine and I am way over my head when it comes to this present darkness. I only came to work, make a few bucks, pay a few bills, — and not get into a square dance with darkness. That was never the plan! I'm done and I'm taking the first ferry in the morning!

That night as I tried to sleep once again, with eyes wide-open heaven spoke these words; "If you lift your eyes to the Lord, the one who made heaven and earth, your foot will not be moved. I am the one who keeps you, I am your keeper and I shall preserve you from evil, and I shall preserve your going out and your coming in from this time forward." Great!

Well there was such a peace that came with that message I figured I'll stay and give it another shot. Clearly heaven has plans to watch over me and

that was good enough for me, even though I knew that things would intensify, — and of course they did. Hippity hop off to the birdy boiler!

The next day while removing more trees, heaven started to speak about the destructive force of religiousness, — the ugly side of religion. Heaven was using the very trees we were removing as a religious metaphor.

Somehow these religious giants had their way of overshadowing the things of heaven here on earth. That part of heaven that we should be enjoying, — but we're not.

I was starting to tap into the reason why I was here. It had that tip of the iceberg feeling. These forces were like a veil that raised itself up to block the glory of the sun. In the spiritual application, — that would be blocking the glory of the Son! I sensed that these ugly religious giants were about to start coming down so that the glory of heaven could freely shine once again.

When removing the trees I heard the initial crackling sound, and as they slowly came down the redeeming light would slowly break through the top. When they hit bottom the ground absolutely shook. Once down, I noticed that some of those giants were actually hollow inside.

On the outside they looked majestic, but on the inside they were rotten. To me that pretty well describes the ugly side of religiousness, looking grand in their religious positions, but corrupt and empty inside.

After heaven spoke in detail about the giants I understood one of the many reasons why I was there. Heaven just revealed to me how the dark influences work closely with the spirit of religiousness. How one is able to mask the other.

Heaven was exposing the magic behind the pious acts of religiousness. Not sure why I received all this information but I'm sure heaven has no plans of wasting any of my class time. So once again the obvious question; "And why are you showing me all this? "

I was on the island for a few weeks and never before have I sensed such a vortex of evil. Prior to leaving I had a dream of power lines going throughout the island and beyond. I found myself standing before a king who had one eye in the middle of his forehead. When I woke up I knew the dream was clearly showing me who the king was in the spirit.

The black wolf was finally unveiled and his power reached way beyond the island. Actually the power of the wolf was global. I did some research on the island and what I discovered was that the island was one of three major dark portals known throughout the world. The second portal is in the mountains of Mexico, and the third one is in Europe somewhere.

The intensity of that darkness was quite the experience, but in the midst of all that intensity I learned how to stand in the presence of a very fierce darkness. It definitely was boot camp in a big way.

100 Foot Wave

One morning I dreamt of a hundred-foot wave hitting land. Two weeks later the local news reported an actual hundred-foot wave hitting land up North. The surge of water from this massive wave leveled all the trees as it moved inland and when it retreated to the open ocean it dragged all the large trees with it.

What does it all mean? I think the natural is once again speaking about the coming supernatural. As the natural event actually took place so will the supernatural actually take place in the Spirit. How will it all unfold I don't know. The spiritual wave that heaven plans to unleash will definitely be a clearing of the way according to the dream. But will it be reviving and refreshing, or will it be refining and restructuring?

Obviously it's not going to be a small event. My guess is that heaven is about to deal with the ugly side of religiousness. That hundred-foot wave swept away some of the giants of the land. I now believe the ugly religious giants that have defused the light and distorted the way, are about to come down. If the natural is truly speaking of the supernatural, then heaven is about to do some serious tree removal.

The Windex Angel

Heaven may validate me, but the dark side was working overtime to somehow discredit me. Those caught up in the dark side have been throwing out rumors and stories trying to assassinate my character for some time now.

The blatant lies and the twisting of my words have become relentless. They've slung enough mud that some of it is bound to stick. And you know the dark side is doing a good job when those close to you start believing their lies. Clearly the dark side absolutely hates it when I receive prophetic revelation.

They know that I am receiving supernatural intelligence and when that intelligence is released it usually exposes their dark influences along with their demonic strategies.

If they are able to assassinate my character, then whatever prophetic intelligence I receive will carry little weight. And if those close to me turn on me, then that gives darkness another resounding victory; for they know that I have enough perspective to effectually release heaven here on earth. A perspective designed to expose their strategies.

Because of their relentlessness, I have forced myself to run a tighter ship. I have found that one of the ways that they have been able to pull this stuff off is because of the loose ends I have hanging out there, and they love to pull on loose ends.

This has forced me to yank up the bootstraps of integrity. Acting with more integrity and cleaning up loose ends should minimize the assassination attempts on my character.

Attacks on prophetic character are probably a given, but why help them along the way. I realize that this is not a personal thing; it's more of them wanting to silence the prophetic voice in me. But where it becomes personal is when their assignments are designed to affect the family unit!

When those rumors, stories and lies start flying around I usually find myself heading off into a spin cycle where I just beat myself up. Then in the midst of my personal flaying, heaven has a way of showing up, speaking amazing words of comfort.

It's like an angel coming with a bottle of Windex cleaning the windshield of my life, allowing me to see things with a clearer perspective. The amount of times I have gone through the spin cycle, one could probably fill a pickup truck full of empty Windex bottles. The dark side may be ruthless, but I have found that the God of heaven is more faithful than those ruthless ones. Ya gotta love those Windex angels.

The Road Paved

Recently I found myself going through more of life's crushing circumstances. The roadway seemed to be getting smaller and smaller. One day as I was walking on a pebbled roadway near the horse ranch, heaven started to speak about a certain narrow road that has been laid for all of us, a road established with lives that have been broken and only through brokenness did they qualify to be positioned on this roadway.

A narrow humble road founded by heaven and paved by those who have laid down their lives from serving self to serving others. Those lives have allowed the grinding process of circumstances to mold true character, a refining process of character endorsed from heaven itself.

As I continued to walk, I was overwhelmed again and again by all who have laid down their lives so that I could proceed on this road today. Past generations of chosen people who have paved the road for this present generation. Those very lives that have suffered for heaven's sake are the same lives that even now look down as they cheer while seeing the baton passed for the continuance of the things of heaven here on earth.

I stopped and continued to look down upon that road, my heart pounded with the awesome revelation of it all. I was then hit with an overwhelming sense of responsibility, a sense of allowing the process to have its finished work in my life.

At a time when some of the most amazing things are about to be released from heaven, I felt a need to stay close to this roadway, for heaven embraces the humble and brokenhearted and will not turn its face from those who have chosen to walk this path. I was humbled by the fact that each pebble in that road represented a life that was willing to lay itself down in order to pave the way so that others and I could walk on this roadway.

The Golden Light

In a vision there were four of us in a circle facing each other. A small fiery ball of golden yellow bright light appeared beside our heads.

I saw the light enter the left temple of the person beside me and as it passed through the center of his head and behind his eyes. His eyes beamed with an amazing golden light.

Then it slowly exited the right temple and went into the left temple on the next person. His eyes also lit up with that golden light. When it entered my left temple and moved behind my eyes everything I viewed had a bright golden hue to it. This golden light just beamed out of my eyes. Then it left my right temple.

When I woke up I could still feel the affects of that golden light on the back of my eyeballs. All day I felt a weird sensation behind my eyes.

When I asked heaven about the golden light, — this was the response; " And the Lord whom you seek will suddenly come to his temple for he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap. He will purify the sons and purge them as gold and silver. And when tested they shall come forth as gold."

I realized the dream represented a people whom heaven plans to establish. A people refined to the point where they will not misrepresent or misinterpret heaven.

Hitting the Beach

On this day I was with two friends and both these guys wanted to get baptized. They thought the same thing I did, — that if baptism was good enough for the Son of God, then it should be good enough for them, and so they asked me, and another friend, if we would do the baptism.

I reflected on my own baptism and how off the charts that experience was for me. So I said, "Let's do it boys! " They mentioned a place out on a beach where they surfed, so we made our way towards an isolated bay close to City Park.

It was a cloudy day, but when we entered the water something amazing happened. The clouds parted and the sun shone on the very part of that beach where the four of us were standing. It was like a spotlight from heaven over the four of us.

After baptizing these guys in the ocean, standing in the spotlight of sunrays, — the sky rolled back to that cloudy day that it all began with. As we looked up we knew something special had just happened. There was no doubt that heaven just witnessed their baptisms.

The four of us stood there stunned and amazed that heaven actually peek in. Then we looked up towards the top of the ridge behind us, and we saw a dozen or more people standing there just as stunned as we were, — they too had witnessed the whole event. All I know is that baptism has a way of becoming an amazing event every time it comes into play.

Dreams and Visions

This was the weekend that I spoke at the university campus amphitheater on dreams and visions. Those who had asked me to speak had seen how heaven had released me into the language of dreams and visions.

They saw me wrestle with it for years as I tried to unravel the mystery of the language. Many of them were my mentors and as I hung around them they saw me grow.

Now, years later, it was time for me to speak on it. It had taken years to understand how to process the revelation that comes from dreams and visions into a place of proper interpretation.

The next phase for dreams and visions was to find the proper presentation for the interpretation, — because heaven's mandate is to establish restoration through the application. Presentation plays a big role in the restoration process. This was what I wrestled with for years.

The other reality was that a lot of dreams and visions never find their way to the presentation level, — they were strictly orchestrated for personal understanding and personal instruction only. My struggle for years was to discern if the dream and or vision was meant to go to that next level.

I shared all this with the group at the amphitheatre plus a great deal more. After I spoke, the whole back row of the amphitheater approached me. This group was from out of town and for months they had been struggling with this whole thing of dreams and visions.

They found themselves caught up in an unfamiliar language. They had no grid nor understanding on the topic. They thought that I could probably help unpackage it for them. So they asked me if I would visit their town, their community, and meet the rest of their group.

Well once a week I drove up to that small town and entered a house that was crammed with people who were all filled with dreams and visions. In every meeting you could see heaven blowing on the embers to release the language of dreams and visions.

This went on for over a year. It was an amazing time. For me it was not only a time of releasing but also a time of learning on how to become a good teacher. Heaven was truly interested in launching this group.

After a year it was time for me to leave because I had taught this group everything I knew. I had nothing more to give. It was time for the training wheels to come off and for them to walk on their own.

I also knew that they were about to enter into the fiery trials needed to refine their prophetic characters. This refining was going to be a one on one, between each of them and heaven, because prophetic language, and true character, goes hand in hand.

Since my departure the molding process has kicked into high gear as each member from that group found themselves tossed into the refining fires. A fire designed to mold them into the vessels of gold and silver. Vessels designed to walk in true character, as they became a voice unto the Lord.

A Minor Breakdown

Another season had come and gone with much to process. Standing at the front doors of transition, I realized my time in this city had come to an end. My job came to a grinding halt; the small horse ranch lease has expired. It all is coming to a close. It was time to move on, — but to where?

A year ago I somehow prophetically knew that this was all going to end, and here I was at the threshold of change again. There was a sense in the air that heaven was behind all this, but they were all keeping a low profile that week. Something about obedience and the need to step out in faith.

So we decided to packed up the truck and trailer and head out of town. I didn't know exactly where we as a family were going, but only three hours out of town the radiator in the pickup blew.

Slowly we coasted downhill in the direction of an empty campsite. Empty because we were traveling in the off-season with summer still a month away.

I was stressed about the whole move because first of all, we really didn't know where we were going, and secondly, money was a little on the tight side. It was another one of those faithful and stressful moments of stepping out onto the plank again.

As I was worrying about the family, heaven stepped in and said to look at the whole move as an adventure and nothing more. Well as we were coasting into the campground on a dead stick, I had this strong feeling that the adventure had just picked up a few notches.

Evening came and I was still undecided about where to move the family, but then I had a dream.

The next morning I knew exactly where not to go. The dream showed that we were about to head down the wrong highway, but now with the compass all tweaked up, we can all head in the right direction, — but we still had a radiator problem.

As we sat around the campfire the next morning we were wondering about our options. I noticed two people walking towards us from the opposite side of what ended up being a very large provincial campground.

As the two entered our campsite they mentioned that I could find a radiator for my old truck if I went down a certain country road, turned onto the last driveway, knocked on the door of that house located at the end of the driveway. The exact radiator I needed for my 79 Dodge pickup truck would be sitting on the living room floor! Then they left!

Well I followed that country road and sure enough the radiator was sitting in the living room of that house. I went back to the truck and installed the radiator and off we went.

That was weird! Wow! Obviously heaven has plans for us. We finally made it to that new town called home, and little did we know about all the surprises that awaited us.

The Three Jockeys

It was a scary day when I found out that who I really am is split into three parts, those being body, soul, and spirit, — and all three parts were jockeying for prime position. I have found that when the body speaks, it's usually saying, " I need, I need, — I want, I want, — Me, Me, Me," The body is the part that thinks it has all the answers. But the body is really that temporary monkey suit that should actually focus on staying healthy.

The soul is that part of me that gives me some type of identity. The soul is that part that asks all the questions. But when my body does weird things like fall into cravings, addictions, or if it decides to strut around like some peacock, — it can really mess up the soul, and the next thing I know I'm walking with a false identity that's totally warped out. With that, the body now draws everybody into the " Who Am I Club ”.

The spirit is the one that needs to steer the whole ship. When ignited by heaven the spirit calls out for a greater presence of the one who created the body and soul. It's the spirit that has access to the one who invented the whole package and is the one stirring up all the right questions.

Why? — Because the one who created it all is trying to give us all the right answers. The spirit is really the part that needs to be fed the most, and when it's chomping on a nice healthy diet, it will keep the rest in line.

Now I don't have this thing all figured out, but the one thing I do know is that it all depends on how I'm working the food chain. Whoever gets fed the most usually gets top billing. So when I feed the wrong part of me I'm usually in for a heck of a day. That I found out the hard way. Now when I wake up, I feed the guy that needs to be fed first, and with that, I was able to cancel my membership to the “ Who Am I Club ”.

The Pioneering Road Warriors

It was early morning and as I drove down a narrow highway, tucked in the middle of nowhere, my eyes suddenly caught sight of twenty or more pioneer wagon wheels, all piled up on the side of the highway. Instantly I

was downloaded with heavenly revelation; the presence of heaven was all over these wheels for some reason. I pulled over and stood in front of the wheels reflecting on the historical journeys they may have made during those arduous pioneering days.

Then I heard heaven clearly say; “ The wheels will turn once again for we are at the turning of time. Like the pioneers of the past who turned to carve their way into new ground, so will it be in these latter days. Chosen pioneers for these times will be released to walk in an amazing demonstration of heaven. They will clear the way for many to advance into the light. They will cut down the giants who have overshadowed the glorious light. These pioneers will build roadways, bridges and outposts for the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Wow! As I continued to stare at the wheels I realized heaven is giving notice of the times ahead. A release from heaven that will be very unfamiliar. Heaven plans to unleash the pioneers of today. My thoughts were on the unleashing. How would it be applied? What form would it take?

Then I noticed a small pioneering church that looked like something from an old western movie. I walked into that small historic building and noticed all the original old pews. Heaven started to download more revelation. I realized that the original pioneers who were part of this small outpost, tried to contain what heaven was releasing instead of running with the renaissance of creative kingdom expression.

For some reason, creative expression swung into self-preservation. Rather than running with the prototype that heaven was establishing here on earth, it turned into a non-expressive stereotype, handcuffing not only heavens creativity, but also heavens continual flow of Gods commanded presence. I realized that this was not the intent of the original pioneers.

Somehow the giants of the land had the ability to overshadow the things that heaven was releasing. The counterfeit was allowed, and given license, to come in and exalt itself, which resulted in the releasing of dead works, and the killing of heavenly expression.

But what I have come to believe now is that this region is about to enter into some amazing times. Heaven is about to release the pioneering road warriors of today, — pioneers who will once again clear the way for heaven's creative expression.

Pioneers who will slay those self exalted ones who seem to rule with their dead works. These pioneering road warriors will be those who have a history of walking with God's manifest presence, and have a history of heaven residing all around them.

As I walked out through the back door of this historic building, I noticed a small fenced graveyard. It was the graveyard of the original pioneers. That's when I heard heaven say, " The pioneering Spirit will rise up once again and walk with an amazing release of the Kingdom of Heaven."

I went back to my car, got my camera and took pictures of everything. It was one of those moments in time that you do not want to forget, and that you just can't wait to see unfold.

I'm Just a Normal Guy

I haven't figured out completely why heaven separated me and tossed me into this journey, why this alignment between heaven, my life, and the unfolding of all these bizarre events. Having experienced what I have, I realized that according to eternity I'm only visiting this planet anyway.

So as a good traveler who is passing through, I should really pursue that heavenly part that seems to be landing all around me. This makes sense to me. I'm really just a normal guy having this heavenly experience, which is starting to feel more like this spiritual guy having an earthly experience.

I'm willing to take on the tours that heaven is offering. Sure I'm wired up a little different, but it's this curiosity in me of seeing where the great adventure might lead me that has caused me to accept these experiences. I do know that God is no respecter of persons, so these heavenly experiences are surely available to others.

I'm sure that walking into the things of heaven was never meant to be difficult, but once walking in, difficulty does have a way of showing up. I've started packing a little more Tylenol for those extremely difficult moments.

Some of these experiences have a way of maxing me out. At times when launched into these adventures I have felt like I've jumped off a diving board hoping the empty pool below gets filled before I hit bottom.

The one thing I have found is that if heaven is calling me to walk the plank, then heaven will show up and fill the pool. It has this timing thing worked out pretty good. Heaven gives this whole walking the plank a unique name — Faith! So the question isn't will the pool get filled? The real question is will there be ten feet of water, or just a foot of water when I hit bottom?

This is where the Tylenol comes in handy, especially when the heavenly majority all voted towards that one foot of water. It all has something to do with character building I think. Not sure, — but I'm learning some amazing lessons while feeling the pain.

The Bride Revealed

The past season had me identify the bride in the original vision. Obviously it represented the Bride of Christ. The serpents illustrate the many dark influences and the undermining forces that were constantly battling against that Bride, — which leads me to believe that the past season was really the beginning of many seasons still to come.

The sword undoubtedly represented prophetic revelation, designed to be fitly and strategically spoken, — something I'm still learning. The reason for prophetic revelation was to unveil the masks of religiousness and expose the deceptive forces that have nestled behind those masks.

The very rock that we stood upon was a picture of the chief cornerstone of spiritual authority " Jesus Christ " himself. The most powerful of names that I have come to know since my journey began. A name, which I have learned to stand upon.

When battling for the Bride, I found myself fighting for her restoration, and for her rightful place in a Kingdom that clearly wants to unfold before her. Obviously the fight is far from over, and I have to believe there is more to come, which means more revelation, more opposition, and more refinement.

The Breath of Life

I had dream/vision where I was sitting alone and then someone approached me from behind and placed their hand upon my one shoulder. As the breath of the one that stood over me hit me, I instantly knew it was the Lord himself. Words itself cannot describe the breath of God as it impacts you. The clashing of two worlds, — the supernatural invading the flesh.

The very moment that breath cascaded upon my head and rippled down my shoulders, I instantly knew that by this breath, — things were created, things were established, things were restored, renewed, revived, revealed and refreshed.

That cascading sensation, — like a wave, passed its way through every molecule in my body, leaving an amazing freshness as my body totally surrendered to its unbelievable presence. An intense goodness flooded through every part of my being. Every cell instantly sensing the creative authority of the creator. A profound sense of the commanded authority of an absolute God.

As the continual blasts of His breath waved through me, my breath fell into the rhythm of his breath. My spirit slowly aligned with His Spirit. As He stood behind me His breath impacted my back, powered through and captured my breath. I saw a collective breath with the expression of God having a powerful creative component to it as it was released upon the surrounding environment. It moved with such creative expression.

The glory of God swirling in every breath as it flowed with such an expression of His glory. What a sensation! A display of supreme power and amazing grace all wrapped in one. When I woke up all I could think about was the intense life behind every breath as it passed every cell and molecule in my body.

That dream/vision was probably my third dream regarding the breath of the Lord. Obviously it's an important piece of information and for some reason heaven was putting their finger on it. The whole sensation of that breath resided in the room for quite some time. I just drank it all in!

Obviously my curiosity got the best of me and I had to research this very unusual phenomena. A good place to start, — the book of Genesis. This is what I found, “ The Lord God formed man from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul.”

1500 years later the Lord speaks to Ezekiel about a valley of dry bones. As he breathed on the valley of dry bones an army stood up. The creativeness of His breath brought life upon those slain bones. God raised himself an army!

The bizarre thing is that Jesus shows up with the apostolic model and does a little breathing of His own in the Book of John “. . . as my Father has sent me, — so do I send you!” and then He breathed upon them and said “ Receive the Holy Spirit.” And with that breath the apostolic age was born.

Then I stumbled upon a Hebrew meaning for the word salvation, — to take a breath. That pretty well summed up the research for me! My overall sense is that as it was in the beginning with the apostolic age so will it be in these later days, — but with greater intensity.

The breath of the Lord plans to impact through a multitude of creative applications. My guess is He’s looking for those that will breath with Him as He breaths upon them. Those that will take a breath, — His breath!

Chapter 3 - Desert Training Refined

Preparing the Pioneers of Today

This second phase of desert training was a serious work of refinement that cut deep into the heart. Six years of extreme highs and lows. A time of betrayal from those who were very close to me. The final betrayal taking over two years to recover while relocating myself in a new city

The Stable Experience

Took the family out on a country drive. It was a beautiful summer day and we made our way to a friend's acreage. As he showed us his place we slowly made our way into the barn. Suddenly he had an unction to deliver a prophetic message. As he began to speak I collapsed to the barn floor while the presence of heaven fell all around.

He said that heaven had strategically placed me in this specific time for a specific purpose. That I would receive a well trained horse for the approaching battle. Then he compared me to a horse trained not to flinch during combat. He saw me as a warrior striking the ground with my lance igniting spiritual fires. He saw my heart burning for the things of heaven and saw me as one of those forceful men taking back the land that was stolen.

Still lying on the ground, I tried to get up, but to my surprise I found myself under a horse that was named Warrior. Instantly I was reminded of the vision where all the horses had gathered around the end of my bed.

I realized this event only confirmed my need to continue towards whatever heaven has coming for me. For if there is any truth to all this — spiritual fires will be ignited once again.

Renaissance in the Arts

As an artist, I felt that heaven was about to unleash another renaissance in the arts. I began to create art that was very prophetic; when people looked at my work, they were impacted with the power of heaven. People were weeping as they became healed. The art spoke deep within.

I was as surprised by this as anyone else and I realized I had touched on something huge. Perhaps heaven was about to release another artistic renaissance.

I knew that the first renaissance of heavenly expression happened in the sixteenth century through artists like Michael Angelo, Leonardo Da Vinci, and many others. A second wave occurred in the 1960's. We are now at the threshold of a third renaissance and it could be big.

When the visions came I felt the need to illustrate them because writing them out didn't do a whole lot of justice to what heaven was trying to express. I would spend days and weeks putting art pieces together.

It was like going into heaven's treasure house and bringing the jewels back to earth and throwing them on a canvas.

Good art can do good things, but what I discovered is that when art is anointed it can channel the power of heaven, causing amazing effects in people.

I realized that this third wave of art will be used as instruments of destruction against the surrounding dark influences. It will have the ability to cause paradigm shifts as heaven manifests through the art. It will have the ability to transform our worldview into one in line with heaven.

We have lost the art of symbolism. Heaven is full of symbols and part of the renaissance is to redeem that which has become distorted.

Somehow we have synchromeshed the cultural symbols of this world with our perspective of heavenly symbols, and with this amalgamation we have come up with something that is somewhat distorted.

To have a greater understanding of this amalgamation here is an example of two world cultures that have intertwined: Certain places in Africa are very expressive, western civilization comes in with its culture and the African art forms of expression become distorted, and in some cases they are absolutely squashed.

Now apply that understanding to the bigger picture and we can see how the undercurrents of world cultural influence have the ability to distort heavens art forms.

I believe that the time of renaissance is a time to redeem what has been distorted.

With the renaissance comes heavenly revelation and one of the main reasons for revelation is to bring restoration. This restoration now brings the unfamiliar things of heaven and replaces the familiar.

It will challenge the familiar things we value and give it more of a heavenly perspective bringing the unfamiliar to the forefront.

It's like heaven releasing a whole new generation of creative spiritual warriors.

Another Mountain

Every now and then heaven would download revelation about the spiritual men in this new city where I lived. I tried to piece it together, but as months went by it all started to come into focus. According to heaven, these men were viewed as eagles for the surrounding region, but they were hindered from being the prophetic eyes that heaven called them to be.

Not that they didn't see — they did. They flew into the heights of heaven and saw with amazing perspective, but they were unable to channel the very things they saw, and so these eagles eventually isolated themselves and went into hiding.

These misunderstood ones never quite received the release nor the reception to speak out what they were prophetically discerning. Instead they were labeled as the young guns in the spirit and quietly pushed aside. Those older were not willing to embrace these young guns for two reasons; one is fear of losing control, and the other is not willing to risk on the prophetic revelation that could somehow be distorted through the presentation.

Being accountable for these young guns was not on the top of their list, — but any good revelation was extracted and released without the proper recognition, giving them all the accolades.

Sidelined, these men removed themselves, for they were not looking for position, nor were they looking for recognition. What they were searching for was a place of release. A safe place to try out their prophetic wings. A safe place where they could crash and burn as they experimented with the prophetic. A safe place where they could pick up the pieces and try again.

Instead, what they found was a microscope that continually analyzed their lack of true character, with a constant verdict that continually disqualified them. Now I was hearing heavens cry for the "Men of God to arise!" In the last city heaven's call was for the Bride to Arise; in this city the call was for the Men to Arise.

Five more months went by and I was finally able to piece it all together. A tremendous wind storm hit the lake and the city, destroying most of the giant trees in the main park. Again it was the natural speaking of the coming supernatural.

Are the religious giants in this region hindering the prophetic voice from the men? Were the agendas of these religious giants overshadowing the light that shone through these eaglets?

Heaven plans to clear a way so that these men can stand up. If the natural is truly speaking of the supernatural, then the religious giants in this region are about to come down. How it all unfolds, I'm not sure, — but it will be interesting to watch.

Spring was in the air and on this weekend I was standing on my front porch, thinking how nice it was to be in this new town, having a new job, meeting new friends, when all of a sudden I heard the words; “ Go to the mountain! ” Not again! I looked up and said “ Lord I need confirmation.”

Well twenty minutes went by and a friend from the last town I lived in pulls up the driveway in his red pickup truck and said; “ I woke up this morning having a sense that maybe we should take a trip up the mountain today, — Waddaya think? ” As we stood there sharing our mountain revelations someone else in a white van pulled up to the driveway and said; " You guys feel like taking a trip to the mountain? "

Obviously we're going to the mountain today! But the real question is which mountain? We were surrounded by mountains! As we gathered around the front porch we heard a buzzing noise above us. We all looked up and noticed a wind dial on the neighbors roof violently twirling around.

I Never saw a wind dial twirl around like that before. As we all watched, — it suddenly stopped dead and pointed north as if an invisible hand was directing it. This obviously led me to question the guys about the north mountain, and what I got was an amazing history lesson about a mountain that we were now determined to climb.

We all jumped into the pickup truck and drove towards the top of that mountain. When the road ended we hiked the rest of the way up. And when we finally reached the very top of that mountain, we were able to see the whole city and valley below, along with the surrounding mountains.

Then I heard heaven's call over the city: “ Men of God arise! ” I kept hearing it over and over again. This was the reason why we had been directed to the top of a mountain. Heaven wanted the three of us to call out to the north, south, east and west for the men of God to arise.

For the men in this region to take flight once again. And with the solid backing of heaven we shouted from the mountaintop; “ Men of God arise! Men of God arise! ” We cried out to the North, South, East and to the West.

The next thing I knew, we were fanning spiritual flames as if we were fanning a huge spiritual campfire. The spiritual flames intensified, the presence of heaven became so thick on that mountaintop that it was like we were actually in heaven. We stopped to look up, — the sky was on fire! A red wildfire appear from the south side of the horizon and traveled right across to the north side while at the same time the flames were flickering east and west.

We stood there awestruck as we watched a display of incredible color. We knew something was launched in the spirit and it definitely had something to do with the releasing of eagles. Heaven was calling for the men to take their rightful place in the prophetic.

That night as I watched the local evening news, the first thing they mentioned was the evening sky and how awesome the fiery hues were as they hung over the valley.

As time went by I continued to write about what heaven was downloading and it all had to do with the men in this region to arise with their prophetic voices. The writings were a cry for the former eagles to embrace the arising eaglets. I was passionate about the revelation and found myself filled with anticipation. I waited patiently for the arrival of men to not only step up, but to also take their rightful place. Nothing like watching the prophetic unfold before you.

But as I submitted my writings, once again they found their way into another filing cabinet. I have my share of special filing cabinets scattered throughout various cities. As I watched this new filing cabinet take shape heaven said that I was only accountable for doing my part, — my hands are clean. No need to get all worked up. I realized once again that I was just the delivery boy.

In times past, when I saw filing cabinets getting stuffed, I’d force myself out of indignation to push the revelation through, — only to be disappointed. I found that when revelation steps upon people’s agendas and people’s programs, people have a tendency to kick back. And those mule kicks can really hurt at times.

But I have also learned from the past that heaven will personally take care of man's agenda if it's in the way of heaven's agenda. Plus I've learned the hard way about just getting in the way. Once again heaven is telling me to step aside, — and step aside I did.

Meantime the spiritual eagles of the city started to gather at a place nicknamed “ The Eagles Nest.” How ironic! At times there would be 300 men in one room like Spartans. These were powerful times; the portal of heaven opened up as they gathered. The prophetic call to “ Arise ” unfolded before my very eyes.

These eagles would spread their wings and the updraft would take them to the high places of heaven, — to the very throne of the one who rules heaven and earth. The revelation that came from those spiritual thermals was absolutely stunning as the Lord of heaven released His Kingdom upon them. Amazing Kingdom perspective came during those times of gathering

Outside the eagle's nest, tension was building up. The very force that once sidelined these eagles was now pounding on the front door once again.

Then it all went sideways. The very ones called to release have put their hands to the silencing of these eagles. Before my eyes I saw prophetic synergy being dismantled. The updraft turned into a downdraft by the hands of the very men who were called to oversee. Within a very short time, — all was scattered.

A few months later a fire broke out in the valley. Like the fiery red sky that filled the valley on that prayerful night, an actual forest fire now filled the sky on the exact same location. That catastrophic wildfire upon the valley uprooted people forcing many to see with a different perspective.

Like the giants that went down during the windstorm in that city park, so did some of the religious giants come down in that same region.

The very ones that did the silencing now found themselves being silenced. Heaven was definitely stepping in, creating that needed shift, for heaven was determined to release its eagles and remove the obstacles.

Heaven must have an amazing plan for this region, and it's making a clear statement that the men in this region need to be restored into their rightful place. Only when this key is locked into place, — that the rest will be unlocked.

When the Winds Blow

Many times the winds of circumstance have tried to blow down the things I value in my family life. While being blown around I would cry out for the peace of heaven to come and save the day but most of the time those windy experiences did not end quite the way I expected.

But with each passing storm I have learned a little more about how to sail and how to be a better sailor. My many sailing experiences have helped me define the four dark winds that have continually challenged my life.

These winds are drastically different than the winds of heaven, for the winds of heaven are refreshing and usually come with some level of goodness.

It's those dark winds with their dark influences that have caused havoc in the lives of people, and have filled up correctional institutions, asylums and hospitals. It is these winds that I have found myself brushing against.

The first of these four winds is that subtle wind that tries to deceive and slowly steer me off course. The second is that gale force wind that bangs upon the front door of my life to intimidate. The third one comes as a tornado trying to rattle me big time. The forth one is that hurricane.

I found that with discernment I can avoid the first wind. It's only when I deal with my fears and phobias that I can sail through the second wind. The third wind of tornadoes has a lot to do with issues and usually there's a lot of yelling and screaming in this storm.

Getting to know boundaries usually helps me sail around these storms. But the hurricanes are storms that have been strategically planned to cause some kind of displacement. It will hit my family, my finances, my business, and my friendships. These hurricanes are strategically designed to somehow displace me mentally, physically, and spiritually.

I find that when this storm hits I need to get to the centre where there is peace, because once unleashed, it has no plans of stopping. When it hits I need to find to be thinking straight, my heart needs to be at a place of peace, cause if I don't this storm will have its way with me. As the storm passes, and I'm in that place where I need to be, I can then handle the aftermath without falling apart.

I have sailed my share of storms and I have tried to glean from each storm on how to be a better sailor. The one important thing I have learned is that I need to take the eye of the storm wherever I go. Sure heaven has the ability to stop any storm, but I also realize that heaven requires me to be a good sailor. That can only happen if I allow heaven to train me up and take me sailing.

Building a Big Family

Today I had a need to define this whole thing about the Father of heaven and the Kingdom that surrounds Him. What I have found is that one of the key elements that drives the Father, is His desire to have a big family, which was the very reason for sending his Son. Since creation His plan has never changed.

I remember when I first entered His Kingdom. I was like a kid resting my head on his dad's chest and the Son of God welcomed me to His Father's house. I felt like I was adopted into this amazing family.

I realized that his house and my worldview clashed. But in the midst of all the clashing, my new found Father would come and He would speak amazing words of comfort. I have learned that whenever heaven speaks it reflects the heart of the Father.

This relationship with the Father is also a two-way street and not this thing where He speaks and I tremble. He wants to have family fun, which is why He has given us access to angels, His Son, and the Holy Spirit.

I have discovered that the Holy Spirit is an actual person, omnipresent and omnipotent — the ultimate super hero. I also found out that the Son is with the Father and it is the power of the Holy Spirit doing most of the work down here on earth.

As I learned more about the Father I also learned more about the dynamics of His Kingdom. Reality is that His Kingdom is in direct conflict with the kingdom of darkness, and there are some very dark things out there that we contend with continually.

The last thing darkness wants is for us to embrace the true Voice of the Father, and so counterfeits continually try to overshadow His Voice by tossing in a wrench.

I have discerned the Voice of the Father and I have also felt the impact of that wrench from the counterfeits, and what I now know is that when my heavenly Father speaks it is heart to heart and directed to the very heart of the matter. It's all done in love.

He embraces with His arms of love as a father loves his child. He will speak as one who loves absolutely. He longs to restore the thing that is lost, stolen, or broken down. When He speaks to me, He draws me unto himself and I find myself melting in His presence and an amazing peace comes to still the waters that have a tendency to rage in my life. I hear words of hope, faith and his words are directed to the very fabric of who I am in him.

The counterfeit does all the finger pointing. He will speak words that are out of season solely intended to control and manipulate.

At times this is disguised under the banner of constructive criticism when it is really a web of deceit. Other times it's just a dog and pony show intended to lead us down the garden path.

Freedom never comes with his words, just more pressure and being under the thumb.

Our Father of heaven never disciplines with a blinding left hook, only the counterfeit does. Our Father in heaven is an amazing loving Father and He is building this present relationship for eternal reasons. His love is for ever and ever. He has some serious future plans for his family — and we are all in it!

Touring the Palace

Reading the word of God is like walking through a palace that has over sixty incredible rooms. His heart, His Kingdom, and His Voice, are all in this palace. As I explored, I found myself directed with revelation and inspiration, and as I walked deeper into that palace, — the tools from heavens own treasure chest began to carve and reshape my life.

The first room I entered was really the front porch of all creation, which then gave me access to the courtrooms. I visited the historical rooms of man and his God, which lead me to the rooms of philosophy and music where I began to hear the chords of deliverance for the first time.

Then I entered the business rooms and then the chapel of romance, and from there I found myself in the prophetic rooms that spoke of a bright morning star. Before I knew it I was in four rooms with the King himself — four amazing rooms that revealed the Heavenly Father.

Then I found myself in the hall where the work was actually done, and then into the rooms of communication and correspondence. Finally I was standing on the back deck where revelation of things to come is bestowed.

It is an incredible place. As I toured through his palace, I touched the waters that refresh and cleanse. I partook of the living bread from heaven. Light was before me as it guided my footsteps. More was revealed about the three that run this Heavenly Government. Revelation was released in understanding the love of God.

I felt that I actually walked with Him as He shared of His Kingdom and His plans for eternity.

Star Light Star Bright

One night I was sitting outside stargazing. It was a clear night and I could see all kinds of stuff streaking across the skies. The stars were extremely bright that night and I remember saying, “Your creation is awesome, Lord.”

Then I heard this response: “What you are seeing up here is similar to what I see when I look down there.”

He continued, “Those that are His in Spirit are viewed as shining stars by all those who are looking down from heaven. As heavenly stars shine up the dark skies in the heavens, so are those that are His shining up a dark world down there.

When you see stars up here, we see stars down there.” Wow!

The Storms Continue

In spite of these off-the-wall experiences, I'm really no different than any other guy who's trying to raise a family, pay his bills, and keep the wheels of commerce going, — except I find myself continually pulled between life's struggles and the processing of a prophetic voice that heaven grafted into my life.

My life has been walking from storm to storm, surviving one only to find myself launched into another. It has been tough to see the end of the tunnel, and this day added to what became another long arduous week.

Mentally challenged by the overwhelming circumstances in family and finances, I again felt pressed to the max. I tried so hard to make it work, only to come short again. Caught up in emotion, I drove down the road, not knowing where I was going, but thinking that perhaps if I drove fast enough the weight of the world might drop off my shoulders.

I looked up and asked if it was possible to smile in the midst of the surrounding storms. I continued down the road and ended up driving right into an actual storm. Darkness fell all around me.

Then out of the darkness beams of light broke through the clouds and landed around my car. A rainbow appeared, arching from one side of the road to the other, and the rays of sunbeams glistened upon every single raindrop that was falling.

The twinkling of raindrops upon that dark backdrop looked like diamonds as they were hitting my windshield. What an amazing sight. As I drove through the rainbow with diamonds falling all around me, I had to smile. Right then I looked up realizing just how creative heaven can get when they answer prayer. God, you are amazing.

Releasing the Pioneers

I had a dream that I was a passenger in a car going down the main street of a large city that I knew very well. I knew that just around the corner coming up was a huge cathedral-looking building that had been

established during the pioneering days. When we drove around the corner I was devastated by what I saw.

The building looked like the remains of a battlefield but the rest of the neighborhood was still intact with all its beauty. As I walked through what was once the front door of a cathedral, I saw the remaining inside walls. Even though the building looked like it had been leveled by a bomb; everything was cleaned up and whatever was left was freshly painted. There was a small group of ladies standing behind a counter selling memorabilia.

When I looked beyond what had once been a back wall; I saw a small graveyard of the original pioneers. When I realized that I was walking through a museum, — I woke up.

The actual city in the dream was about a thousand miles away from where I lived. I wondered what it is that heaven was trying to tell me and why. A few weeks went by and I met an elderly gentleman who was carrying a shofar. I have always been intrigued by those horned instruments.

During biblical times the shofar was used to communicate battle signals. As he sat there with that four-foot-long shofar in his hand; he said he was called by heaven to hand it over to the very person who was going to use it for a specific assignment. He didn't know who that person would be, but that heaven would show him, — he just needed to wait and be directed.

As we sat there waiting, I asked him if I could try the shofar. He handed it to me and within minutes I was getting this amazing sound. It sounded like something out of the old movies. The guy was shocked and said that many men have tried to blow the shofar but never captured the true sound. As I continued to fine-tune my shofar skills he looked at me one last time and said, “ You're the one, — it's you! ”

Well days after receiving the shofar, I received a business call from the very city that was in the dream. Next thing I know, — I'm on a plane heading to the big city with a shofar in my guitar case.

A friend met me at the airport and as we drove into the heart of the city we pulled over for a quick coffee where I spotted a tourism brochure. As I opened up the brochure I noticed the many museum tours; then I spotted the very building in the dream, it was one of the tours. Like in the dream, — this building was now a museum!

Instantly we jumped back into his car, and like the dream, I became a passenger in a vehicle that was now going down the very same street. As we turned the final corner, — there was that majestic cathedral. As I pulled myself out of the car, I realizing the assignment has just begun.

The first thing that came to me was that heaven never planned for this building to be a museum. We walked into the building and I asked the person in charge if he could give us a bit of a tour. At the end of the tour I asked him to show us the graveyard. Shocked he responded by saying that the original founders were not buried in a graveyard but in the building. Only a select few knew. It was a catacomb in a secret wing.

That night I sat at my friends place holding the shofar in my hands; realizing that the vision had been completely confirmed, — the building, the museum, the gravesite. But now what?

When I woke up the next morning it all started to slowly come together. I realized that the original pioneering spirit as released by heaven was never meant to end up as a museum. Heaven wanted to liberate the pioneering spirit so that people could once again touch the things of heaven.

At the sound of the shofar a procession of angels would be released to bring back the former glory. I then sensed heaven telling me to blow the shofar seven times inside the cathedral at the heart of the sanctuary, so off I went to ask for permission to blow the shofar.

It was interesting trying to explain my reasons, but finally the man in charge told me I could blow the shofar around noon on Wednesday, which was exactly two days away. Well that night I had doubts, — this whole thing was starting to have a weird feel to it. What am I doing?

The next day as I was going for a walk, out of nowhere, I met an elderly lady in her late eighties, and she begins to tell me that her parents were among the original pioneers in this area, and that she remembers as a young girl going to that glorious majestic cathedral.

I was stunned as she continued on about the building. The chances of meeting this lady was one in a million, — and that's when I realized it wasn't by chance; it was a confirmation. This heavenly confirmation was to relieve me of my doubts.

She continued to testify that her family was part of what heaven released during those early glorious days. She remembers the year of

division, and how it dismantled the momentum of a powerful pioneering move; how the amazing glory that was there — just faded away.

I realized the division she described was the war zone in the dream. It must have been an ugly divisive time. After hearing her testimony I was even more convinced that heaven wanted to restore and give continuance of the former glory. I knew the blowing of the shofar would release angels to activate the restoration process. But why me? Why have some out of town guy come and blow a shofar? I'm sure there must be a local that could handle the job? None of this makes sense!

Wednesday showed up and it's now noon. With nobody in sight to pass over the shofar, I realized it's time to step forward and just blow the shofar. Well I'm sure everybody in that neighborhood heard the shofar's battle cry for restoration, — especially those in the building! The seven blasts inside that cathedral was extremely loud!

Later on that week heaven downloaded a few more locations within the city on where to blow the shofar. All the locations seemed to be very strategic, — seven locations, representing seven strongholds, all receiving seven blasts from the shofar. At one location, while blowing the shofar, visible power was released. A shockwave in the spirit impacted the people in a one-block radius. Obviously something was unlocked and released. It was a powerful thing to watch.

After taking care of heaven's business, along with my own, I packed up the shofar and headed home. Every now and then I'd hear amazing stories about what transpired in that city. As for me, — I've moved on never knowing what heaven has in store for me next. But something inside me is telling me that I will be back.

Eternity

Today was one of those days where I gathered all my thoughts on eternity. My years of mental references have me believing that eternity is going to be a place where we will have lots of fun with lots to do for the one who rules and reigns eternity and heaven.

My journey makes me believe that my life adventure really has a dual purpose: one is for the present adventure and the other is for the coming eternal adventure. The training, suffering and character building in my present-day adventure will help me in eternity.

As God rules and reigns I believe that I will have the opportunity to play the parts he has for me, and for all of us in eternity. From the very beginning of my journey, I've believed heaven does things for eternal reasons. The Father sent his Son for eternal reasons. The big reason why we're here is to make that decision about our eternity. So I believe that what I do every day has an eternal component, and whatever I do in the present aligns me for whatever those eternal purposes may be.

I've come to know that the Father's plan was always to build a big family. I've also come to know that the family planning comes with a heavenly government that has everything to do with unity, and I believe He is trying to establish that unity, that family, that teamwork here on earth as it is in heaven.

Most of us are getting it all wrong down here. It really has to do with serving instead of being served. There are no business cards or passing orders down to the next level with this government. It's all about serving one another. For me it's an opportunity to get it right while I'm here on earth; serving here on earth will help me to serve in eternity, — it's almost like training ground.

Obviously God sees things a whole lot different than we do when it comes to life. First He sets up eternity then He helps His people get through their earthly life so they can enjoy the eternity that He has for them. He then sends a gift our way to solidify that eternity, which ends up being the greatest eternal gift of all, — His only begotten Son, the eternal one Himself.

Conference of Angels

Recently I connected with a group who were becoming well known as troubleshooters for the kingdom of heaven. I was always amazed how heaven showed up at their weekend conferences, but most importantly, I was even more amazed at how they worked as a team.

Everyone had a valuable part to play, and as a team they worked the field together. At times those conferences would start out slow, but eventually would break into a weekend of unleashed power from heaven. Because of those powerful weekends of setting people free, this group was continually invited to different cities.

At one particular conference in a city not far away there must have been three hundred people. Finding a breakthrough on that first day was tough and it ended being more of a teaching session. The second day it seemed to be going in the same direction. For some reason people had no desire to open up.

As I sat there watching the afternoon session I was completely surprised by the many angels descending upon the meeting. So many to the point where I was squinting my eyes because of the heavenly illumination. They all lined up against the back and nobody noticed.

I sensed their eagerness to get involved but the teaching continued. I watched with anticipation wondering if the leaders ever planned to cut away from their programming and dial in on the angelic.

Finally I walked over to a speaker and I whispered into his ear, “The angels have landed and the room is full. They look like they really wanna jump in on the meeting.” He looked at me stunned, for a moment there time just froze, and then spoke about the arrival of ministering angels.

As I sat down I was instantly downloaded with prophetic revelation. I realized the angels came to release the silent ones, — those that had been silenced for some time. Heaven revealed that many had the gift of prophetic revelation; people designed to speak prophetic intelligence but had never felt the freedom to release that revelation.

Intimidation was one reason, being misunderstood another, not feeling qualified, walking in fear, and the list went on and on. Without that inaugural safe place to help release their voices, — they all fell silent. Some walked in silence for years. No wonder the room was silent for the first day and a half. The prophetic intelligence residing in them was intel given by heaven, and it needed to be released.

Well on that day, God sent angels to release those who were silenced, — to have them speak and be that prophetic voice.

After the receiving that revelation, I made it quite clear why the angels were here. The speaker leading the conference openly invited anybody who had that feeling of being silenced to stand up, — and most of the floor stood up.

The angels of salvation were then invited, and when the Lord released them, — the place went ballistic. People wept with joy as they began to prophecy. They knew the days of silence were behind them.

As the Kingdom of Heaven came with power, the schemes behind the silencing were rendered. It truly was an amazing time of release and many were released to now be a spokesperson on behalf of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Person of Importance

Many times I have found myself interacting with this one called Holy Spirit. I have come to know Him as an actual individual who is omnipotent and omnipresent. Like Jesus, he is part of the Godhead. He is that powerful front man for the Kingdom of Heaven in our present age.

His presence could be described as a blanket that covers a lot of territory at one time. Very gentle towards mankind, He speaks with amazing comfort. He brings incredible perspective, for he is per-spective.

He is the one who has given the needed wind to my sails and He is also the one who has charted my course. He nudges me forward when things are down. He is patient and kind. His desire is to see me complete and become everything that heaven has designed me to be.

He is that fresh breeze that is able to give clarity and He brings life to those areas that have been beaten up. Every word He counsels is backed up with the power needed for me to press on, for He is able to clear the way.

When I wait upon him, He never disappoints. He is backed up with a ton of angels and the unleashing of His power has everything to do with heaven landing here on earth, be it healings, miracles, or just basic perspective. Through sincerity and humility of heart I can have an amazing session with him.

He comes with a wonderful presence of heaven, and unbelievable revelation. He represents the Voice of Heaven and the Power of Heaven. But like the meeting where the angels showed up and nobody noticed, — so it is with him. I can actually miss out because of my busyness. But if I continue to pursue Him like a trustworthy friend, I'm always amazed at what happens, because in reality, He really pursues me more than I can ever pursue Him. Why? Well it has something to do with building a family.

The Desert Experience

I really look at myself as an ordinary guy having an extraordinary adventure. But this adventure of shaping the prophetic voice has driven me into two major desert experiences. What I personally found out about these two deserts is that they were needed to shape the prophetic voice.

If the prophetic voice in me is to lead, then the molding process for true leadership had to take me into the desert. But the toughest part about my desert experience was that those who were close to me also felt the heat of the desert, and that made the tough times even tougher.

I realized that as I went from one desert experience to the next there were no short cuts. In my first experience I found that the prophetic things I said had a way of heating up the environment all around me.

Speaking what was on the heart of heaven led me to a place of rejection, isolation and solitude. This was my place of personal humiliation. It became a place of major scrubbing, sculpturing and polishing, and this was not a quick process. This is where I heard a lot about myself that I did not want to hear. I found out later that this was an important part designed to carve out a character that would help me later on to endure almost anything.

Then it became a quiet place of communion where I found the invitation to come apart, — apart from my fears, my phobias, any false identities, and apart from a world that would want to lead me away from all that heaven has for me.

This desert place also presented an opportunity to become that place of intimacy with the one who rules heaven, — if I would allow it.

It was a long grinding process, but after enduring this, I entered my next desert experience. A place of personal suffering causing me to have compassion for others that I never really had before. A place where I've learned to go the extra mile for others, a place where I realized I need others around me for heaven's purposes and not just for my own.

It was at these times of great need that I found others with even greater need supplying mine. As they helped me, heaven helped them. I found during those desert times that the person who resides in that quiet place alone with his God is going to have the heart of his God in whatever message he decides to speak. And with those times of intimacy comes power. I'm still a work in progress; I still see my footprints in the sand every now and then, but I press on with what I've learned from my desert experiences.

Rocking the Cafe

I woke up with a vision that heaven wanted to establish something that had an “ Outside the Box ” feel to it. Maybe open up a coffee house gathering place with live gospel rock music with a message. I thought about it all morning. I phoned a friend, a major drug dealer for the West Coast who got radically saved, — and the same vision was on his heart.

A week later we connected with a lady who was in charge of the local hall. We shared about our vision for a Gospel Café. Days later, a surprised phone call from her saying we can have the weekends free. Well the next thing you know we officially opened “ The Solid Rock Revival Café ”.

The bands that played were well known bands who played the bar circuit at one time. Months prior, one of the bands entered a major recording studio to lay down their debut album, when all of a sudden heaven decided to crash the recording session. Within weeks they changed all the lyrics to their songs, and not long after, we connected, and they became the house band for the Revival Café.

We eventually ended up with a handful of these bands and rotated them every weekend. We designed large “ The Solid Rock Revival Café ” posters and distributed them throughout the Universities, High Schools and Colleges. Every weekend we rocked that cafe in the west end of town.

We heard stories of people showing without knowing how they ever got there. These stories made us realize that the angels of salvation were playing a big part in leading people to the Revival Café. If heaven made a way for this cafe to open up, — then heaven must have plans to fill it.

That gospel cafe seated several hundred people and it was crammed most of the time. It was amazing to see so many lives touched and so many lives changed. One of the guys working with us was a major drug dealer who worked the west coast circuit from Mexico, California, Oregon, Washington, right up to Canada.

Getting busted in Canada, and while serving his time, heaven decided to invade his life and absolutely rearranged his dome. Not long after, he became one of the original four members working the cafe. The four of us worked “ The Solid Rock Revival Café ” for almost two years, — many lives were touched.

We as a group decided to go hard-core and become volunteers at both the maximum and minimum-security jails. We connected with some tough characters and some of the toughest got nailed by the Spirit of God.

We then did a huge concert with our cafe house band at the maximum security prison. It was a day when heaven had lots to say to the prisoners about real freedom. That day was a game changer for many.

Chapter 4 - Wisdom Revealed

Revelation, Interpretation, Application, Restoration

The following few years heaven clearly defining the apostolic model of today — a model designed to carrying his presence. A model giving continuance to a presence that has continually sifting through our fingers.

It truly was an amazing season of wisdom and revelation.

The Plan is the Plan. There is No Other Plan.

When heaven has a plan, and focuses on that plan, there really is no other plan! Plus there are only two ways to activate that plan, the easy way or the hard way, directly or permissibly, “ Option A ” or “ Option B ” whatever the direction may be, it will find its way through.

Now the voice being used to deliver that plan also has options on how that plan is going to be received. Either with open arms or with a possible uprising.

I have learned that in the shaping of the prophetic voice, one learns to take the hits when the plan is not coming together as expected, and that some of the hardest hits can come from those that are very close, be it friends or relatives.

It seems that the closer they are, the harder the hit. Even when a plan goes awry, it’s still the plan, and according to heaven, “ Option B ” is then activated. This second option does come with its bruises, — and that the suffering of the one, for the good of the many, is also part of the plan.

The amazing thing is that when a voice truly speaks on behalf of heaven, then what was prophetically spoken will eventually come to pass. But when it travels through “ Option B ”, that whole process takes a little more time.

Why? Because heaven now needs to clear the roadway by removing all the obstacles first prior to pushing “ Option B ” through. The plan eventually passes, but how ugly it gets, — is up to the receiver.

When man pushes aside “ Option A ” then heaven has no choice but to run it through “ Option B ” but it can all run a whole lot smoother if “ Option A ” gets high priority. It has a way of unfolding something extremely beautiful, presenting something that is absolutely heavenly, without generating casualties.

You see “ Option B ” and the clearing of the way usually comes with casualties. And the spiritual body count that follows usually depends on the hardened levels of stubbornness, and rebelliousness, that is holding back “ Option A ”. When heaven’s on the move, — ya might wanna to get out of the way.

The Story

One day I took a serious look at the model of leadership out there. After seeing much of mans example on leadership I needed to know more about heavens example on leading. Somehow I knew that heavens example will eliminate the body count that mans example was leaving behind.

There has to be a way of walking in leadership without getting caught up in mans example? Why is true leadership so hard to find? So many questions were running through my mind that day, but that evening I received a dream showing the anointing of heaven being watered down through man's version.

I saw a massive lineup of people who had amazing stories bringing them all some type of fame. All the fame was based on them being able to tell The Story, but it wasn't actually The Story.

They were called to tell The Story but it turned out to be their own story and it was their story that brought them the different levels of fame for it was through the different media's that their story found release, which in turn brought them fame.

Many were touched by their story and it caused amazing response. The many who responded also walked in their story instead of The Story. Heavens version of The Story also causes a response but The Story was never designed for numbers. It was designed to respond with a demonstration of heavenly Kingdom power.

Those that walked in The Story did not allow themselves to be tainted with their story even thou the line was thin. They chose the narrower way of just telling The Story as it was and that gave way for a greater anointing where signs and wonders followed the things they spoke.

Those that told their own story did not completely learn how to let go of self, and so as they tried to tell The Story, it actually became their own story, which in turn led other people to express their own stories, and the cycle continued and the line up just got bigger and bigger, and in the dream the line up was massive, absolutely huge.

What the dream was saying is that there are a lot of storytellers out there and that bad leadership came from those who continually add to their story. True leadership comes from those that actually live The Story.

Mystery Revealed

My journey brought me into the presence of some powerful forces. While in the midst of those forces I have identified who the absolute powerful one really is. And he's way ahead from the rest of the pack. That hidden piece of revelation was something I had to assemble all by myself.

As I witnessed those power demonstrations of healing, restoration, redemption, along with the disarming of the demonic through the power of the manifested prophetic word, — He, Jesus, has clearly shown me that He absolutely is Lord, King, Savior, and Redeemer.

That child tucked in swaddling clothes during that first Christmas, who demonstrated resurrection power through that first Easter story, clearly showed me that He is who He claims to be!

The bazaar thing, — someone else claimed those very same titles. That special someone appeared way before Jesus' time. That someone was the very someone who appeared before Moses and came up with the original commandments. He too makes his claim as Lord, King, Savior, and Redeemer! Obviously there can't be two of them.

When spending many a nights tearing both claims apart, I came to an amazing discovery.

First of all there's no way that two claimants can claim the same thing, absolutely no way, — unless the two are somehow related way beyond Father and Son. And that was when the greatest mystery of all started to unraveled before me.

The ancient one of old was the same one that appeared two thousand years ago in that manger. They are the same. God had manifested himself in the flesh. That's the only conclusion I can come up with.

That revelation made me realize that the Father just didn't have a special Son to demonstrate perfection. He was more than a demonstration, and He was more than perfection. He was actually one of the originals that had His hands tied in the joint ownership of both heaven and earth.

He was part of the original governing body right from the beginning. Matter of fact, based on their own investigation, the early apostles also concluded that He, Jesus, was at the very beginning taking an active roll in creation.

It's a similar story with the Holy Spirit. He too was more than a secret service agent, or some rushing wind; He, like the other two, also played a vital part in joint ownership, for He too was part of the original governing body.

That revealing piece of revelation shrouded in mystery really put all the other pieces together. It really gives a complete understanding behind the Ark of the Covenant. It gave a greater understanding of what Jesus meant when he said “ I and my Father are one. ” and “ When you see me you see the Father. ”

Also, — If the salvation plan really was a covert operation to draw the adversary into activating the ultimate sacrifice, then it had to be a mystery. And because of that hidden mystery, the adversary, without knowing, crucified the Son thinking he was totally dismantling God's plan from setting up a physical kingdom, when in fact God was establishing a greater spiritual Kingdom, which was totally released by the sacrifice.

By his own cravings of wanting to rule the world, the adversary without knowing ignited salvation. Which means Jesus did lay His life down for us. He did allow Himself to be crucified. And now that the salvation plan, along with eternity, kicked into high gear, — it really was, and forever will be, the three of them ruling and reigning.

When all the mystery unraveled before me, all the evidence stared back like two bugged eyes on a goldfish demanding a verdict.

And to me that verdict was; “ Great is the mystery of godliness! God was manifested in the flesh! ” Then, I flipped open the bible and this is what I read; “ Let US make man in OUR image ” — there they are, the three of them actively partaking in creation!

Packaging the Prophetic

The shaping of the prophetic voice has a lot to do with the packaging of the word before the actual delivery takes place. A lot of that involves making sure those personal issues, — hurts, resentments, bitterness, and a many other possibilities do not end up in the package.

If there is a lot of that in the package then there's a good chance that the package is coming from strange origins. Whatever that origin is it's not good and it's giving the package a bit of a distortion. Especially when the package looks like it's trying to straighten out everybody's problems, when it's going in that direction, you may need to rethink the package before any delivery.

What's happening is the package is carrying a lot of weird stuff and that weird stuff is mixed in with heavens stuff. Now when I deliver that weird stuff, — stuff gets ugly. People start digging in their closets searching for that Louisville slugger. This is not the response you want.

The amalgamation of all that stuff has a way of stirring up the pot when there really is no need to stir up the pot any more than what heaven is planning to stir up. After seeing the Louisville a few times I've learned that packaging the prophetic is important and that takes a bit of a learning curve.

Counterfeit packages are out there and I've seen many cowboys shooting off their prophetic guns. But this only happens when the commissioning of that prophetic voice railroads our need to love one another. Strutting with our prophetic badge will get us into all kinds of trouble. The prophetic voice really comes out of love for one another. Anything outside of love means that the package should be inspected.

Once inspected, and it shows all the signs of being a carrier of weird stuff, — I usually post mark it " Return to Sender ".

Prophetic Grid

I have come to realize that prophetic revelation and prophetic intelligence always has a way of appearing when the kingdom of heaven is being defined before us. I realize that many, if not most, have no true understanding on how this Heavenly Kingdom actually functions.

The massive impact of this Heavenly Kingdom was realized when Jesus came and clearly stated that He was here to take care of His Fathers business, and his Fathers kingdom.

If the adversary had known that the Father placed His Kingdom here on earth through His Son he would not have nailed Jesus to the cross, because the moment he did, the unleashing of that Kingdom intensified.

When I was first activated into that Kingdom, I was awestruck of its heavenly properties. But as time went by, my perspective of this Kingdom shifted away from the rose garden that I once perceived it to be. My engagement started to look more like the battlefield that it really is.

Through my misguided conclusions I found myself in a place where getting stomped on in the rose garden became a regular thing, and I wondered how it was even possible to be part of a heavenly Kingdom, — and at the same time get slapped around and ragdolled.

This new Kingdom was looking more like the place I came out of. So I did a bit of homework, and I realized that I neglected to understand the corporate dynamics of this heavenly Kingdom. Like the animal kingdom where there are certain parameters, — so is it with this heavenly Kingdom.

I realized that it was very important for me to grasp how this Kingdom relates to my present reality, and how to recognize this invisible world within this present natural world, — this world within a world.

John the Baptist came and said the Kingdom is at hand, and then Jesus came and said it was here; his Fathers Kingdom had arrived with supernatural power to set people free.

An interesting fact is that there was never a blind person healed prior to Jesus' coming. The things He did were signs that His Fathers Kingdom was at hand. Jesus is the divine reposessor sent by the Father to take stolen land back, to shatter the strongholds of darkness.

Jesus came to carve out the kingdom of darkness like a cancer and expand His Fathers Kingdom, which means expanding His Fathers family by setting the captives free.

The gospel of this new Kingdom didn't include the rebuilding of a physical kingdom, but the unleashing of a heavenly Kingdom here on earth.

Now that I know what I know, I realize why all the square dancing. The Kingdom of Light is battling the kingdom of darkness, and that battle is happening in my own backyard. These kingdoms are in constant conflict, — attacking and counterattacking.

Most of the time I never had a clue how thick the battle really was. I would sense the possibility of neutral zones, but in reality neutral grazing zones are rare, and that bit of revelation came at a great personal cost. I thought that controlling this present natural world would be an easier job than trying to tap into the spirit world. I was wrong on so many counts. Our battles in most cases are against things unseen.

Apostolic Release

The release of the apostolic model as outlined by heaven is a movement that heaven has placed on the top of their list of things to do. One of the key elements is that it has lots to do with the eagles, — young and old! Heaven's direct will is that the former generation play their part in releasing the new generation, for it is the new generation of eagles who will play a pivotal role in the fresh release of the apostolic.

Both are key for the unfolding apostolic. Some of the new eagles, to the natural eye, might have that motley look to them. But it is these ones that will push back this present darkness. According to heaven these are the ones chosen for the front lines. If allowed, — they will lead the way!

Like the times in Jesus' days where the former rejected the obscure one from the manger, even now they are rejected because of the many jealousies and the ongoing attempts of self preservation. By the choices made, the former of today will have that option of being an active participant, or a spectator of all that is about to unfold.

When it comes to careers we can pick and choose, but when it comes to things according to heaven, the picking and choosing is done for us. Heaven knew all of us before we were born and has a keen idea of the direction we need to be going.

It's a calling waiting to be fulfilled, and it's up to us to tap into that. We are called to the path heaven has for us. But many in this present time are jockeying themselves into position, carving out their own personal agendas, and trampling the insignificant and the obscure.

This has become a huge hindrance to the apostolic process. One can easily notice those jockeys as they position themselves on the front lines with their strong horses. With the direct will of heaven being pushed aside, heavens permissive will kicks into gear. Heaven plans to launch.

If the former continue to walk in their jealousies and self-preservation then those obscure ones that have gone through the desert training will be personally released by heaven. They will display an amazing demonstration of power as Jesus did.

They will refuse the pedestal of life, not unlike the former who refuse to lay down their titles and identities. They will usher in an amazing demonstration of the Fathers Kingdom as Jesus did. The latter demonstration of heaven will be greater than the former demonstration.

It's going to be another manger experience, and out of the stables will come the obscure ones who have been chosen for a time such as this. As Jesus came with an amazing demonstration of his Fathers Kingdom so will the obscure. Eye has not seen and ear has not heard what is about to unfold.

Warrior Dance

Recently, I have been caught up in some powerful times of intercessory dance. The uniqueness of this dance has the amazing ability to release something powerful.

While caught up in the synergy of it all, I see the many streams of heaven activated, along with various apostolic ministries. This amazing and well-orchestrated dance finds a way of getting all those around involved. Those who allow themselves to play their part of the dance find themselves experiencing a greater personal release.

The group in a whole is being synergized with music, worship, dance, and the prophetic, all displaying a renaissance of absolute freedom that's totally shrouded with chords of deliverance! Ordinary people caught up in a heavenly thermal, A combination of personal release and fierce corporate intercession all working as one; creating an amazing transformation as the commanded presence of heaven lands all around.

As I engaged in the dance, it was always different, but having the same powerful results, — the amazing creativity of an apostolic release in dunamis proportions.

When I entered the dance, I found myself at a spiritual location different from the last dance, making the reasons for doing it, and the application in the way of doing it, different every time.

Like being transported to a different city or town; making me believe that musically, heaven has different chords of deliverance for every region, city and town. That's because the DNA of every region, city, and town are uniquely different, and so will the application be different.

I've experienced it many times. With every experience, knowledge was given on how it is to be release. Could be that what I was seeing was something ahead of it's time, or it may be something that we've lost and that it's now time to recapture it.

Raiders of the Lost Ark

My curiosity got the best of me when it came to the Ark of the Covenant. I sensed heaven stirring this thing up inside me; according to heaven the Ark is an extremely important piece of hardware. The only thing I really knew about the Ark was what I had seen in an Indiana Jones movie. My dad gave me a huge book dated back to the year 1885, and in it I saw a very old etching of the Ark.

The original image needed restoration so I scanned it, enhanced it, and threw some color into it. The image jumped out of the screen and hit me with the awesome presence. The Presence of God filled the room. There was no doubt about me continuing my research; somehow the Ark and the Presence of God were connected.

What I found is that the Ark not only represented the presence of God, but also the glory of God. Those who originally handled the Ark, traveled continually from campsite to campsite while roaming the desert.

The Ark at that time was part of a transportable tabernacle that was 75 feet wide and 150 feet long. This tabernacle consisted of three sections; the outer court, the inner court, and the Holy of Holies. The Outer Court was

fenced and not covered, but the Inner Court and the Holy of Holies were covered. The Ark of the Covenant sat in the Holy of Holies.

The Ark was three feet nine inches in length, and two feet three inches in width and height; it was made of wood and it was completely covered with plated gold, sealed with a solid gold lid which representing the Mercy Seat. On each end of the Mercy Seat was a Golden Cherub facing inward and bending down over the Ark. Two gold rings were attached to the body of the Ark on each side through which passed the poles overlaid with gold. These poles were used in carrying the Ark from place to place, and the poles were never taken out.

There were strict guidelines when transporting the Ark. It had to be covered and only certain people were qualified to carry the Ark. The Holy of Holies was the residing place for the Ark, which was also the dwelling place of the Presence of God. Only the high priest could enter and only he could see the Ark.

Anyone venturing into the Holy of Holies was instantly struck dead by the Presence of God. The high priest was solely in charge of the Day of Atonement, an event that took place once a year where the sacrificed blood was sprinkled on the Mercy Seat for the atonement. The Ark was named the Ark of the Covenant because it contained the Two Tablets of the Covenant laws which Moses received.

My continued research directed me to King David, the one who slew the giant Goliath. A King known as a man after God's own heart.

When it came to this transportable tabernacle, there were a lot of details with respect to running the tabernacle and these details came from the Lord himself. These were His requirements with respect to His presence and His glory. Details needed to be walked out as they were laid out.

Now David comes in the picture and for some reason all these details get pushed aside, those who are creatively handling of the Ark in their own innovative way are all still alive. How is it that possible?

It was through this creative process that I first saw the presence of God taking on a different form; that the emphasis was not necessarily on the Ark, but more on the presence of God that came with the Ark. At that moment I began to see the bigger application for the presence of God.

What the presence really wanted was to dwell in the hearts of mankind. David was a forerunner on the future intentions of where the presence really wanted to dwell. It was never meant to be in a box. It was meant to be with those that have a heart after God. David was a glimpse of the future intentions of Gods dwelling place with regards to His presence.

After a short season with David, the Ark went from a transportable tabernacle back into a permanent temple. When Solomon reigned over his dads kingdom, the Ark, along with the Presence of God, was directed once again into a permanent temple.

As I continued my research I discovered something amazing. The temple, many years later, was destroyed and the presence left, only to reappear many years later through a person known as Jesus. Jesus stated; " I and my Father are one." and " I only do what the Father is doing." This presence of the Father was the very presence that dwelled in the Ark of the Covenant, in the Holy of Holies.

Prior to Jesus no blind person was ever healed, but when he appeared the blind were healed, giving proof to the very presence that he walks in. I began to see that the Kingdom, which the presence represented, is unlike any other. Then an epiphany, — the Ark of the Covenant was actually emblematic of the coming Christ. It totally defined Jesus! The Ark, the presence, and Jesus, were somehow connected.

I then reflected on the construction of the Ark. The materials expressed the wisdom of Jesus. The gold represented the sovereign authority of Jesus. The Day of Atonement portrays Jesus as both the mediator and the ultimate sacrifice for global reconciliation. The sprinkling of blood on the Mercy Seat signifies His sacrificial death and His loving kindness to all mankind. The whole Ark symbolizes power and administration, which is the very office Jesus resides in.

When Jesus was crucified, the massive three-inch thick veil that covered the entrance of the Holy of Holies, where the Ark resided, ripped in half from the top down, signifying that God himself ripped the veil so that His presence would be permanently released from the Holy of Holies.

His presence would never dwell in that type of environment ever again. After Jesus rose from the dead He said to His disciples that the comforter, which is the Holy Spirit presence of God, would be released for

all to have access. Meaning the presence would become available to all who wished to pursue it. Making it available for anyone today!

The most amazing thing about the whole research was finding out about a God who so desires to dwell in the hearts of mankind, and that He would go through all this to clearly define His presence and make His presence accessible for all. He truly does desire to build a big family.

For some reason we have added so much to the simple fact that all He wants is a big family. His presence to be embraced by our presence!

The Beauty of Wisdom

I have personally seen the wisdom of heaven work on many fronts. When wisdom is fitly spoken it can render ugly strongholds, renders lording principalities right down to healing that one person with a broken heart. It can be a mighty sword or a small surgical instrument able to accomplish the minutest of surgeries.

This wisdom is prophetic intelligence that carries an amazing punch backed with the full measure of heaven. To the one who is able to grasp this wisdom; it becomes a powerful offensive and defensive weapon. It is prophetic intelligence that has the ability to cut to the core of any situation; it will unfold, uncover and unravel anything that is cloaked or hidden. It is able to restore, rejuvenate and revive.

It's like the breath of God breathing life into a hopeless situation, realigning it in accordance with heaven. I have found that wisdoms main purpose is restoration, and for that very reason wisdom is very accessible for those who want to pursue it for all the right reasons.

When you spread open your arms and pour out your heart, — it is amazing how close wisdom really dwells. And when wisdom shows up it will probably surprise you for the wisdom of heaven is not from this world and when wisdom lands you might find yourself swimming against the familiar streams that have embedded themselves.

At times the beauty of this wisdom has absolutely taken my breath away, for it is a beautiful thing when wisdom shows up in the room.

Wake up Little Cowboy

According to heaven, what I have found is that the process is more important than the end result. How I get there has more value than actually arriving. The real treasures are usually picked up along the journey. What I pickup, and what I lay down, will define who I am and what I will become. There's usually lots of wisdom to walk out during the process and it's a big mistake to rush the process.

When I am called to go a certain direction, — am I willing to go even if the cost is high? Am I willing to go through fires to get to the other side? How will I respond when I suffer? How will I respond when I have setbacks? Will I point the finger? Will I walk over people? Do I recognize my weaknesses? Will I allow my strengths to get me into more trouble?

When right is right but somehow it's all wrong, will I force what I think is right? Will I lay down those things that I need to lay down? Will I sacrifice others to save myself? Will I clean out my closet or will I add to those things that are already hidden? When there is an opportunity to reach out will I actually reach out or will I choose to just plow through? These are the real challenges.

According to heaven, — true character is built during the process. The fires along the way will refine that character.

Having gone through some of my own adventures, I am convinced that heaven is way more interested in my process than my achievements.

When I get to wherever I'm getting too, and I see a body count behind me, there's a good chance I'll be taking another lap around the mountain. Why? Because the sacrificing of others was never ment to be part of the process. It's a bit of an eye opener when I think progress is being made and then that surprising moment; I'm picking up the same candy wrapper that I dropped a few days ago.

That's a big sign that I'm on my second lap around the mountain. When that lap count continues to grow and the whole journey starts to have that merry-go-round feel to it, that's a big sign that I have a few issues that I need to deal with. That's when I need to look in the mirror and wake up the little cowboy in me and get serious about the process, — “Wake up little cowboy”.

I'm on Holidays

I drove four hours to visit family when all of a sudden the unexpected happened. The moment I drove into the city boundaries a weird presence smothered the car, — it was dark and intrusive. I looking up asking about the presence, and prophetic revelation started coming my way.

What I received was that the present darkness over that city had the manipulating powers to hinder the releasing of leaders, — the very leaders whom heaven planned to unleash for that city.

But I didn't drive here to get into some prophetic night watch. Oh no! " I'm on holidays! " I shouted. And so I kept driving into the heart of that city. Turned on my car radio, singing away, hoping to lose all the prophetic airwaves.

But heaven was not about to let me go. That night I received a dream. I dreamt I was on a passenger ship. It was a good size vessel like an ocean liner. Various types of vehicles were on board. I was with a familiar friend and as we walked through the ships hull, a commotion started in the aft. The structural integrity of the ships frame started to fail all around.

It started collapsing from the aft and slowly worked its way to the bow of the ship. Water started to pour through the structural damage. People fell and were swept away by the rushing water.

I noticed people were more interested in hanging onto the framework than letting go. Eventually those who hung on perished as the water overpowered them. The ship continued to fall apart. The collapsing picked up speed, and the possibility of getting everybody out was slim.

The person that was guiding me, directed me ahead of the destruction, and as we ran through the hull, the collapsing intensified even more. We finally made it out through the bow of the ship onto solid ground. When I woke up, I wrote out the dream in my journal.

I continued on with my holidays, but as soon as I got back home, heaven downloaded the interpretation of the dream. The dream was exposing the ugly presence in that city. Obviously heaven has plans for that city and seeks to position some unfamiliar leaders. Man also has his plans, and those plans are all centered around keeping the familiar.

The vessel was a picture of an existing structure that man has entrenched himself with. The ship had its hey day, but heaven clearly sees that it's time for a refit. Heaven will not contend and it intends to dismantle unless man is willing to realign itself with heavens new season.

The Kingdom of heaven came first and any structure raised by man needs to facilitate the Kingdom of heaven, not the kingdom of man with his attempts to represent heaven. I have never found the Kingdom of heaven to be routine, but things have become very routine in the present structure.

Jesus was quite the innovator. Somehow any structure raised needs to facilitate the freedom to innovate. It needs to be moving and morphosising with continual expression. The collapsing of the ship started at the rudder, which is symbolic of those steering the ship. People hanging off the framework represent those not willing to change and adapt to heaven's plans. Heaven intends to bring a halt to the structure and activate its leaders.

Jesus represented the Kingdom and brought amazing Kingdom life. It's been said that if the life He lived was completely recorded, you could fill a ton of libraries. Then why is it that man clings to a structure that continually needs a defibrillator program to keep it alive? It doesn't make any sense and I'm sure it doesn't make any sense to all those in heaven.

Obviously a changing of the guard needs to happen if heaven plans in build a big family. After receiving and sharing this prophetic revelation, I was told that the dream confirmed the present situation. That the structure is not working. Things are collapsing and they are at a crossroads trying to figure out which direction to go. Key people were hanging on to the present structure, while others knew it was time to let go.

The dream clearly identified the situation, along with heaven's desire to release leaders of it choosing for the coming movement.

I'm Only Visiting

One of my downfalls is worrying about what people think, especially when things start to look a little chaotic. As I struggle, I worry about the reactions of people as they see me struggling. I also worry about those who feel the direct impact of my struggles.

I've also come to realize that the chances of struggling and stumbling around in this lifetime are pretty good. The chances of being misunderstood are even greater, especially when heaven decides to enroll you in one of its special programs on character refinement.

The chances of looking good are pretty slim, for these programs are designed to squeeze you, expose you, so that those around you can see what you're really made of, — especially when the pressure is on.

Well heaven decided to pump me through a nice character defining program designed just for me. Giving me that amazing opportunity to see what really dwells within me. To deal with those false identities that I have cultivated through the power of self-preservation. Heaven knew everything about me and this program was designed so that I could see the real me instead of the one I've propped up.

It's strategic in design with the sole purpose of cutting loose those things that I need to walk away from in my life. The other part of this program was that looking good was never a priority according to heaven. That coming out on top was never the goal in life.

What really is priority, is that good or bad, — I belong to a heavenly family and that the Kingdom of Heaven has faithfully committed itself to me. The very parts of me that are weak, gives heaven an open invitation to come strong. Not only for me, but also for those around me. Because through my weaknesses, heaven then plucks me out of the fire, and with the plucking, people then realize that God really is watching out for me.

I have found that just sticking to the program and staying low helps me focus on what really is priority. I've also learned not to worry about my identity and what people may think about me because according to eternity, I'm just visiting this planet anyways.

In the past I've always felt like a vagabond going from one identity to another trying to land on something solid to give me that needed identity. I realize now that true identity comes from heaven. True identity does not come from what I do and what I have, but is based on who I am according to heaven and what I leave behind when processing any given situation.

Knowing what I know now, I don't worry as much about what people think. Nor do I worry about what my business card says. Like I said, — I'm only visiting!

Identity Crises

During a conference I had a vision where I saw many people whom at one time had a strong desire to walk into the things that heaven had placed upon their lives. But a season of personal storms pounded upon their lives as they now scrambled under pressure.

Those overwhelming circumstances absolutely compressed these people, stuffing them into a life of complacency. With that compression, the counterfeit now slides into position, replacing all that heaven had for them. In the vision I saw a counterfeit life with its counterfeit identity shroud death over their real identity.

I saw the mask of false identity placed upon the face of true identity taking away that powerhouse life that heaven once had intended for them. Now walking in a powerless life along with the continued pounding of circumstances, people now find themselves thrown into complacency.

The vision showed that a large group of people were not walking in their true identity. When I came out of the vision I realized that many of them are here for the weekend. The conference was full of people who needed to be decompressed.

Heaven had plans to disrobe the counterfeit, expose it, and reveal the access points that caused this false identity to have its way. I knew that God wanted to breathe a freshness upon them and to start the process of decompression.

During the conference, the vision was shared publicly to see if it had any value. It was amazing how stood for the decompression. As stood in awe, heaven showed up, and the decompression started.

The counterfeit and all those false identities were dealt with. Spiritual death was disrobed and a fresh breath of heaven was released. For almost two days the decompression took place. There was an amazing presence of heaven, and for most who were at the conference, those levels of Gods manifested presence was unfamiliar ground.

The freedom that was being injected was profound. People were totally released from the weight that was upon them. I stood in the back just absolutely amazed as the power of heaven released them into the freedom of who they really are. The transition from the false to the true was amazing.

The White Box

As I laid back on my couch, a prophetic movie started to play through my head. What I saw was a big white box and in it were white box leaders. They were discussing their writings and trying to iron out their up-and-coming speeches based on their important new findings. Outside the white box the winds were blowing hard. I then saw a person walking against the raging wind. The wind was spraying him with all kinds of dirt and mud.

Prior to the winds picking up he looked somewhat clean, but now in the midst of the storm he's looking a little tattered. He made his way to the white box for cover, walking in, he looked a little beat up. The white box leaders sat him down and presented their latest speeches and writings. Upon finishing their presentation they sent him on his way.

Days later he came back to the white box looking even more beat-up and dirty because the winds were still blowing heavily all around. Those inside the white box decided to sit him down again. This time they decided to take him through a counseling session and show him more of their writings. His time was up and once again he found himself outside the white box facing the winds.

As he stood there leaning into the winds, he reached into his coat and tucked close to his heart he pulled out an amazing jewel. The light from that treasured jewel beamed out from his coat as he slowly slid it out. Partway out he looked upon his hidden treasure and then slid it back into his coat close to his heart. I noticed there were others like him and they huddled together from time to time and would share of their great treasures.

As they stood up against the winds, I looked over and saw the leaders of the white box once again discussing their latest finds and organizing the next main event. Off they went to put their latest speeches and writings together.

When the vision ended this was the interpretation that heaven gave me. The white box represented a structure that was initially built to help people; for the real treasure was in the people. The white box leaders were always discovering bits of treasure, while those outside had the real treasure hidden in their hearts. They had the pearl of great price.

If the white box leaders had only tapped into the hearts of those outside the box they would have discovered the greatest treasure of all. But the white box leaders were more interested in the things they valued and forced those values upon the people.

The primary value of the white box when it was initially created was to value people, to help them along their way, but somehow things got all sidetracked. The white box is a picture of something propped up illuminating its clean image, when in fact it has missed the mark.

Now with its bold image it's become somewhat dysfunctional as it stares out into the world. Heaven has always been known to deposit its heavenly treasures in the hearts of people, and those who have received those heavenly deposits are usually not the obvious ones.

We need to spend the time to find the hidden treasure that heaven has deposited upon those that truly belong to heaven, which means putting our own agendas aside at times.

The Dimensions are Many

The many attributes of the One who Rules and Reigns Heaven are immense. There are so many dimensions to His reality. As a heavenly Father with many sons and daughters, His various attributes are deposited in each one with infinite combinations. At the forefront of each son and daughter stands that single feature which rises above the rest, thus making everyone unique. One may stand out with unconditional love, another may walk with huge levels of compassion and mercy, while another may walk with a powerful prophetic flavor, another in art and creativity, another in music; and it goes on and on into infinity.

Then I see the strangest thing happen, and I have watched this throughout my entire journey. Man comes by and tries to punch everything through a cookie cutter mold, trimming away the very uniqueness of each creation. Instead of tapping into the uniqueness of each individual, — man shuffles them through a doorway where their uniqueness is now being distorted and manipulated. Then they all join the “ Who Am I Club ”.

The Boyz

God made us unique and it's that uniqueness that he wants in our walk with him. He is not looking for clones, nor does he desire to alter our personalities and pump us through some mold. Sure he's probably looking to trash a few things but what he's really searching for are those individual personalities who are willing to walk it out and talk it out.

When I think of the original twelve, I can only imagine what it was like recruiting this bunch. When I think of John, he strikes me as this peace, love, Woodstock-type. If he had lived in the 1970s he probably would have driven a flowered Volkswagen van. A mellow laid back dude, deep thinker, probably one of those silent types.

Then Jesus got hold of him and sent him even deeper. Well this silent one became one of the Sons of Thunder, so when peace, love, and Woodstock met the greatest love of all, one can only imagine the transformation that happened in his life.

Now on the other side of all this I see Peter. I picture him with some pretty rough edges. He strikes me as a Popeye, William Wallace type. He was probably the anchor of the fishing fleet. His men admired him, his brother followed him. He struck me as a kick the door down first, think about it later type of person.

He was probably a type of who would lead the brawl, bodies flying all over, only to wake up the next morning trying to make sense of it all. Jesus saw in him the ability to stand for what he believed, — the plan now was to tweak it a bit.

So far I've only begun trying to figure these guys out and we've got Dr. Love and Hulk Hogan. Let's take a look at Matthew. He reminds me of a chicken hawk and a government rat. A taxman who was despised by all. He probably knew and heard every sales pitch under the sun. If there ever was someone who walked in a false identity, this was probably the guy.

He also knew how to save his own bacon and how to doctor up the records. In his workplace he heard nothing but stories and he was probably a great storyteller himself, and then on one specific day the real story walked up to his tax table and said to him, "Come and follow me".

We now have Dr. Love, Hulk Hogan and the Government Rat. Now can you imagine these three guys in the same room? When you actually think about it, it would be hilarious. With Luke jumping on board, this motley crew had an opportunity to get balanced out.

Luke was probably the only stable professional one out of the whole bunch. As a professional doctor he had to figure things out. As a humble educated historian traveler he got to hang out with the three amigos.

Luke, being the professional, struck me as the one who probably asked all the right questions. As one who was in the healing profession he got to hang out with the greatest healer of all.

Now Luke's educated cranium gets totally rocked when Simon the zealot shows up, Simon the Middle East extremist. This guy had one thing on his mind and that was to overthrow the Romans.

Can you picture Luke and Simon having a conversation? His one-track mind probably got him into all kinds of arguments during the round table discussions. He most likely saw Jesus as the one who was finally going to rid the Romans from the neighborhood.

But after all the inaugurations, these hard nosers ended up with a great argument for the hard nosers of the world. Then there's Thomas. Imagine walking down the street with this guy. All you would hear is, "I don't think so! I doubt it! Get out of town." Jesus probably had some serious one-on-ones with him.

Then there were the young guns like John Mark who became known as a runner because when things got heated up, — he'd bailed on everyone. But in the end he was the go-between for Peter and Paul.

The bottom line is that Jesus picked out some people with amazing personality and he tweaked them a bit. He didn't clone them nor did he force them to express things a certain way.

Ignited by heaven they creatively expressed the things of heaven in their unique ways. They all came to know a God that is very innovative, and in their individual ways they expressed the things of God.

Now I'm convinced the game plan hasn't changed a whole lot for today. He's still looking for some very real, unique people.

No Need to Back Pedal

The mind at times can be very weak, and even for the strong it can become a fragile place, always retreating back to that familiar dwelling place. With the spirit being born the second time around, the battle ground between the familiar and the unfamiliar is set into motion.

Through the written and the prophetic word, the mind begins to explore the unknown. As the mind drinks from those wells, the process of renewing the mind begins.

Up to that point the mind has already walked a complete life in the old stomping grounds. A life that has continually defaulted to its old way of thinking. Our fears phobias and insecurities will always cause it to back pedal. Only when drinking from the renewed well will it have a chance of being rejuvenated and restored to its true form.

As the mind is being renewed it sees glimpses of where it can go in the spirit, an unfamiliar reality of a destiny at hand, which if allowed it will replace the present familiar reality.

Because of its continual defaulting, a person may never walk out their true destiny. Those who walk in their fears and insecurities, thinking they've reached that destiny are in most cases walking out an illusion, something known as second best.

There is a way of overcoming all this and that is when anxiety hits, creating overwhelming stress, that would be the perfect time to pony up and partner with the Holy Spirit and be still. Instead of allowing the mind to revert back to that place of worry, — be still and let the mind know that God is able to still the flood of any circumstance.

When I'm still I am allowing the greatest authority in the universe to step in. I am giving room for heaven to dismantle the situation, along with the strategies that in the past have caused me to revert back into that familiar box where only a cheap rendition of freedom dwells.

When I'm still I'm allowing the unfamiliar things of heaven to come with an answer that has a resounding sense of freedom. I'm giving room for that place that rightfully belongs to me, that place that heaven has uniquely carved out for me, — that place called destiny.

Who is That Masked Man

Another prophetic movie started playing through my mind and what I saw was a man taking off his white collar in front of a congregation of people who were all wearing simple white t-shirts. When the man wore his white collar the people paid him much homage to the point where they were almost bowing before him.

Then the man laid down his collar, and when he put on a simple white t-shirt, the crowd responded and embraced him as one of their own. Communication opened up and they talked about everything under the sun.

What heaven was emphasizing was this bizarre thing called piousness, and how it hinders effective communication. This form of piety carries two ugly masks. One mask hides a person from who they really are as it kills real expression, real passion, and real emotion.

The other mask hides the person behind a false identity, allowing him to keep all things hidden. Piousness is really known by its true name, false humility. It's that ugly form of religiousness that has the ability to hide the real you and prop up a false identity, — and in some cases that self-preserving identity comes with a really nice title.

For heaven to be effective here on earth it needs real people who will openly dialogue with open hearts. People with real expression, real passion and real emotion. There is amazing power in just being ourselves, and with that we become very transparent. People then see the power in being transparent. There is amazing freedom to express ourselves and to allow heaven to deal with the real issues at hand.

With the real issues we can then take on the real tasks, and with the real tasks we become true ambassadors for heaven. Without this reality we walk in the dark streams of pretentiousness, and with that the obvious questions arise, — if a bit of who we are is a lie then how great is that lie? If there is that little bit of darkness then how great is that darkness? If we are not up front about who we are then how much of who we are is really up front?

Now when I see a pretentious person heading in my direction, a question runs through my mind — “ Who is that masked man? ”

Doing the Body Count

Today I watched a gentleman extend favor to someone he hardly knew, solely because he saw loyalty from friends who were committed to stand by him in the midst of an ugly situation, — and it was ugly.

He messed up in a big way but his friends were willing to stand by him and ride it out with him. Because of that loyalty, — a helping hand was extended.

Which is something rare cause today we live in a world where we have this natural ability to quickly sell each other out, or just hang them out to dry. Today I saw something different.

We live in a world with much tension and that tension is gelled with self-preservation. You never really know when you're about to get sold out. And in most cases that selling out is not done by strangers. A lot of the times it's by those that are close.

I've seen those who walk with true character sold out, by those close to them, who walk with lack of character. The reason is that many walk in the spirit of compromise today. And when compromise stands in front of integrity, — two powerful things stare back.

One is that powerful force of conviction for change, the other is that powerful force that begins the process of selling out. One has the power to surrender, the other has the power to scheme.

One dies to self, the other seeks self-preservation. One builds upon true character, the other solidifies that false identity. One is quiet as a lamb, the other can get as ugly as a cornered rat, — and the battle rages on.

Then the one walking with integrity will eventually get sold out. The preserving of an image normally comes with the sacrificing of others, and heaven really wants us to deal with that form of sacrificing.

I found that there is a way to truly test if we are walking in that spirit of compromise, and that is to look behind and see if there is a body count of hurt and division.

That body count could very well be the ones that we've sold out and walked over to get to where we are today.

Grabbing the Reigns

We need to allow heaven the time it needs to respond, because not allowing heaven its proper timeframe could be catastrophic. Grabbing the reigns and manipulate things into an advantageous position for whatever gain can hurt us down the road.

Whatever the means, — from throwing out the carrot to dazzling the crowds, it draws those eyes that should be looking towards heaven, and redirects them to ourselves.

Even more dangerous is bypassing heaven, trying to make the spiritual connection ourselves. I have learned that heaven sees all the pieces. Heaven has great vision and we need to stop running ahead. It's very similar to the delivery of a newborn child, — there's that waiting time in the waiting room!

There is a time and a season for everything, but for us here on earth this waiting is a very unfamiliar thing, especially when we've grown up in a world of fast food service. There is a very good chance that we will have to wait for heaven's answer, for it will come in heaven's timing.

When you pray, your prayer goes up to heaven and the angels put it in a prayer intercession bowl. When the timing is right the bowl gets tipped and the prayer is released back to you along with the answer to your prayer.

Because the true concept of prayer is unfamiliar to a lot of us, the answer to our prayers may not come in the package that we would like it, or in the way that we would expect it. That's why the answer in many cases may surprise us when it arrives.

The fact is that the one who revealed heaven to us is also the same one who is very faithful. It was Him who tapped upon our hearts and made Himself known to us. So it only makes sense that we should trust Him to tip the bowl with the answered prayer, and in its proper timing.

If we are part of His family, then we are part of His plans, which makes us part of His strategy. And strategy has everything to do with timing. It's important to wait for Him to tip the bowl, which will most likely come with an answer that will have the greatest impact. When the answer finally lands here on earth, — you'll know. Why? Because it will come with some level of power.

Wisdom from Above

My many years into this journey have made me realize that the wisdom of God is what keeps it all together. This wisdom comes from the very heart of God. And discernment, direction, knowledge, and understanding all come from this wisdom, tipping the scales in our favor and revealing the heavenly direction that heaven desires us to go.

This wisdom brings the very presence of God. When spoken, it will render schemes, strategies, and expose that which is hidden. It is always available and will become present when one searches for her like hidden treasure, presenting itself in a fitting and timely way. It is amazing the doors it can open and those it can close. It has the ability to align and organize.

We are entering a season where the wisdom of God will have its defining moments through those very vessels that will drink daily from her fountains and wells, for this wisdom is both fresh and deep.

When manifested this wisdom will separate and bring to light and establish the things of heaven here on earth. Though powerful when spoken, it is like apples of gold in settings of silver. These choice words will restore, rebuild, and restructure, while dismantling the hidden things of darkness.

This wisdom is not like any other wisdom for there is none like it. It is truly unique in design and stunning when it displays itself.

Chapter 5 - Preparation for Destiny

The Square Dances that Oppose Destiny

It's a season of dotting the i's and crossing the t's. The revelation released was to prepare me for a destiny with the understanding on how to stay within the confines of destiny. The revelation was not only to clear the way, but also to sustain the way, which then allows me to tap into the continual outpouring of creative expression, — on heavens behalf.

Destiny Approaching

It has been a tough season, especially the last year. I sense that the years approaching are all about new beginnings.

But in order to have that fresh new beginning I need to somehow leave the past behind; to break away from a past that seems to hang around like a ball and chain.

In order for that to truly happen I need to forgive all those close to me who have slandered me with their lies, and railed me with their false accusations, along with those who have set me up to save their own skin.

This also includes those, who in their divisive ways, have walked away with family members. This is huge and it's not going to be an easy task to accomplish, but it is time to move on, — I need to move on.

The reality is that those I forgive today may never change, but this forgiveness has more to do with the change in me. They may continue to walk with blood on their hands, but I am moving forward with forgiveness.

This way, the past will no longer have the power to dictate the present, nor the future of my life. It truly is time to leave the past.

To press into the destiny at hand, for the season is about a new beginnings, new adventures, new strategies, which of course brings new adversaries, sending us into new battlefields, giving us new victories.

All past training has been purposeful for this new beginning. I need to explore this new adventure before me, take that new ground with the power to create that comes with it.

I have become the wiser, and new strategies will help me to rise above my new adversaries, and I will chart new victories.

The Kingdom of Heaven will be upon those who pursue destiny, and that includes me.

The years of hardships will be replaced with favor, and with that favor, I will have the ability to bless those around me. To see those around me walk in a greater freedom.

Don't Worry! Be Happy!

I have to confess that the one thing I constantly worry about is tomorrow. Heaven says to let tomorrow worry about itself. Tomorrow can take care of itself. Life is more than worrying about the past or the future. It's about today.

The one thing I know without a doubt is that heaven does watch over me, and that the Lord has been very good to me. He has plucked me out of many fires and that in itself is an amazing testimony.

My real security is in knowing that his presence surrounds me continually. He does direct my path and he is a light unto my feet. He knows when I am happy and he knows when I am hurting.

The reality is that on any given day bad things can happen, but I need to continually walk in the good that heaven has for me today. The vastness of today is like the many colors of the rainbow. So when it comes to today, the sky is the limit.

It's those uncharted waters that heaven steers me into that makes me so nervous about tomorrow. Again it's that nervous thing of embracing the unfamiliar. But I need to trust in the fact that heaven does watch over me, and that they will continue to watch over me. Don't worry! Be happy!

Restoration of a Classic Vehicle

A number of months ago I started restoring a classic 68 Camaro from the ground up. All the new parts for this classic car slowly made their way into the shop. The car was sandblasted and I aligned it with all the new panels plus restored the doors to their original form.

The strange thing is that years ago I had a dream that I restored my older brother's vehicle and here I am doing it! My senses told me that there was something very prophetic about this car and the restoration process. The restoration of a classic ministry will be similar to the restoration of this classic car. The restoration of the one will unveil the restoration of the other. Heaven plans to speak volumes through the process, the natural speaking of the supernatural.

It is important in any restoration project to outline what the look, the handling, and what the power is going to consist of. With that the metamorphosis of a classic vehicle begins. In the initial tear down, I saw what parts I needed to replace, and what parts could be reuse, along with understanding the extent of the restoration, and the modifications needed to make this vehicle truly into a vehicle for today.

I knew that a key part was going to be the alignment from front to back, because without this, the restoration process would end up being an even bigger challenge. What is meant to be an adventure could become a continuous struggle if the misalignment is not addressed.

As I allowed the overall alignment process to take its place, I felt a greater stability, which then allowed me to walk away from the frailties and flaws from the past. An important element if I am to move forward. As for the car restoration; the waiting of those parts as they individually show up was a great frustration. Finally when they did arrive, I was able to move deeper into the restoration process.

During the assembly, I realized every part was as important as the others. Big or small they all have equal value; new or used they were all needed to complete the restoration. And it was during the assembly process that I needed to patiently wait for all the right parts to come in.

With the car; one of the biggest challenges was the assembly of the doors along with the alignment of the windows. This part of the process spoke volumes about doors and windows in our lives, not only personally, but also in a corporate setting. I realized the need to be patient and not to rush the process because it needed to be absolutely plumb.

The vehicle I began with was a vehicle that most people would have walked away from. It needed serious work for it had a history of big hits and the evidence of those hits was very clear as I stripped the vehicle down. The misalignment was very obvious.

The restoration of something from yesterday into something for today is going to be a bit of a transition. The vehicle of today needs to perform and handle better than it did in the past, and this adds more to the design modifications. I forced myself to tap into the wisdom of the old along with the wisdom of the new, and amalgamate the two.

With that wisdom, I was able to press deeper into the vision into the restoration for the vehicle. Mentally that was a big stretch and it forced me to tap into the wisdom of others, which finally directed me to the completion of the restoration.

The primary focus for this restored vehicle was to capture the original pioneering spirit and integrate it with the power and culture of today. It was obvious that the restoration process plans to chart into some unfamiliar territory as the vehicle is being restored and transformed. I have found that entering into the unfamiliar is a big part of the creative process.

Looking at the finished product, I have come to the conclusion that a key part of the restoration process is that innovative pioneering spirit, combined with a refined spirit that can work with the good, the bad, along with the ugly and the new.

What originally launched me into the restoration adventure was that visual of the finished product and I remember thinking, " Now that is going to be an awesome vehicle." And there she is with all her beauty totally restored.

Now I'm only guessing but I have to believe that God probably says the same thing about us while He's visualizing that finished product in our unfinished state.

The Religious Distortion

Religious distortion continually leaves its destructive trail as it tries to engage in people's lives. It's created some of the biggest square dances in my own life.

This distortion packs a lot of power and a lot of deception; so much so that those walking in it are blinded because of the overpowering false identity that has shrouded them, which in most cases was birthed out of fear and anger, issues that were never dealt with.

Religiousness, in its ugly concealed form, is a term I discovered from those close to me, who twist the things of God to get what they want, and then present the whole package as something completely influenced by heaven.

When in fact it has everything to do with control, positioning, manipulation, and that ugly thing called self preservation. The masks worn by these dance partners are piety, false humility, and distorted prophecy, prophesying with some measure of truth, then manipulating and massaging that truth to obtain their desires. It is that distortion of truth that gives the religious spirit its power, and it's staggering how many are oblivious to it.

One of the big motivators is money, and the prophesying of money, along with position. With position comes the ability to control and influence. With its piety it has a way of crushing the spirit on one hand, while encouraging with the other, only to backhand and crush again.

It's a setup for that spiritual death blow, — and when that happens, it stands there proclaiming that the very death that showed up at the door was from one's own doing. This thing is self righteous and when it speaks it has a way of twisting everything it needs to its advantage.

It presents itself as the wisdom of God, thereby elevating itself, but only at the expense of others. Accountability is not on the top of its list. Taking ownership only happens when there is personal glory. It has a way of playing with the emotions of others.

When it speaks, — it's on the good it has accomplished. Others who have helped are only mentioned after it has been recognized for its good deeds first. When it all goes bad it will ultimately sacrifice someone to preserve its image.

This is all done in the name of religion and with false humility. Those who walk in it, to whatever degree, actually feel they are motivated by God, being deceived, they now deceive others.

But to those who are awakened, God uses this display of religiousness as examples of what not to do. If you find yourself faced with this deception, the best thing is just to be silent and to walk away and not look back. Why? Because in most cases when confronted, this cornered rat starts lashing out with everything it has, and with every bit of trash it has on you. And before you know it everybody is trash talking.

The reality of it all is that the person that you are walking away from, is in most cases totally blinded by the religious spirit they walk in. Never forget that it's not the person that you are separating yourself from, but that ugly religious spirit.

The Glory

I am more convinced even now that the glory cloud that we've read about in the past is wanting to land once again in a big way during this approaching renaissance of an amazing apostolic season. The unfolding of it will be for this present generation.

How it lands, — I don't really know. Will it look like an actual cloud? Well I'm not sure but it will come with an amazing aroma and an awesome presence. Reality is that it's probably not going to come anywhere close to how some perceive it will come.

The scary thing is that those who feel prepared for it, and those whom assumed the position for it, will most likely end up being spectators as they watch the glory go by. It's those that have already packaged it, and now feel they are the chosen ones to unpackage it, that will most likely miss it.

The reason being is that the apostolic as heaven unveils it, and the coming glory how heaven unfolds it, — work hand in hand. There has to be an alignment of the two. For what is about to unfold is very unfamiliar and it will come with the element of surprise.

The present day model of the apostolic is in somewhat of a dysfunctional state. The many reasons is because of prophets and others who have assumed the leadership, controlling the duties of an apostolic model that is trying to break out with plumb-line accuracy.

People have not quite caught on with the apostolic process as heaven has intended for today. A key element of the true apostolic model is the ability to make the five-fold team work. An anointing giving someone the natural ability to make things flow. Like a conductor of an orchestra, he is able to set everything in motion.

The apostolic of today has everything to do with team work, and I'm not referring to the teamwork behind the business model that we have been so easily captivated with. This conductor, shaped by heaven, may not even call himself an apostle, he might even dislike the very title, but he completely understands how all things function and how all things work together.

Presently, we have apostles who are being policed by those who have assumed the apostolic position, but it's the true apostles that keep everything moving forward. They are hands on and they are called to creatively express.

When others who are not called, assume the position of apostolic authority, then the whole apostolic process starts to head down the garden path, and then things start to get a little hairy. It's that flip-flop approach that has given the apostolic its present form. It kind of looks like the real deal but in many ways it will be powerless, always wondering why it's not able to get down the track to the finish line.

With this apostolic form, the glory cloud has nowhere to really land in the measure it desires. This form will say and do all the right things but it will miss that aroma and presence. The favor of God has been replaced by the political punch and the appropriation of lands will have more value than the people. When in reality the appropriation of lands has everything to do with the people. Those appropriating the land as a business deal will perceive this appropriation as the favor of God.

It's those very ones who have stamped out their own business cards that feel they are the chosen ones for such a time as this. Reality is that the very ones that God has chosen are the very ones that He is presently trying to drag out of the caves. It's these obscure ones that He has personally trained in the wilderness. He is now clearing the way for them to get to the front lines. They are the ones familiar with the presence of God, and heaven is now pushing them forward.

Even now the very fringes of the coming glory are upon us. It is the invisible part of that coming glory that is aligning us for the visible tangible glory that is about to follow. God's focus is to align all things and prepare us with the full measure of the coming visible glory, and that glory will absolutely stun the world.

The glory that came into Solomon's temple was so vastly different than the glory that came in that little manger, but it was the same glory. So will it be vastly different in our time. Why I am saying all this? Well if ever there was a time for us to put our ears to the ground and discern the coming events, — now is the time!

In Closing

I never did end up becoming that great artist but somehow I did end up being one of the many paintbrushes in the Masters hand. As my life was brushed on the canvas of life, I began to understand how the times and seasons truly work under heaven, — very important if I am to align myself with the full benefits of heaven.

I've learned how movements in the spirit are ignited and what it takes to keep them burning. I've learned about heavenly perspective verses worldly perspective and lots about religion verses relationship, — plus I've learned how to walk in the midst of all.

I've learned much about myself and lots about a world that truly wants to plow its way through my life. As I embraced those that rule and reign heaven I've learned that stepping out onto the plank is an important part of life, and that learning to trust in our God is an important process in life.

But the biggest lesson of all was learning about a God who is very faithful. The moment he caught my attention, he was not letting go, — for he is committed to watching over me.

This is truly where the journey begins for us all. A journey where ones life has the potential to touch the many. A journey where the ordinary represents the extraordinary. A journey where it's not only about us, but also about those that he sends us to.

There's a lot I haven't included in the book, but my hope is that there is enough material here to glean from for your journey, and for the shaping of your voice; a voice designed to speak boldly on heavens behalf when the time is right! I know the Lord has designed me and molded me for a purpose, and I plan to venture on into all the things that heaven still has for me. My hope is that this book inspires you to walk into all that heaven has for you.

One day we will all have an opportunity to sit around heavens campfire and share of our amazing and unique journeys before the very God who rules and reigns. Until that day may you walk in the challenges that heaven has set before you for there is a heavenly host waiting for you to put you best foot forward. May you walk in the freedoms that heaven has for you, for the sacrifice to give you that freedom was huge, — absolutely huge!

Prophetic Word

“ I have brought you to this place and it is not by chance. I have orchestrated it all. So rest in me and be at peace with those around you.

Take care of every loose end by seeing everything through completely and with integrity, and in a right spirit. You have been blessed with much, and much wisdom will blossom from it.

Never forget the fresh manna that heaven has for you, for without it things may go awry. So come and sit around my fire and do not fret about your well doing, I am more interested in your presence than your well doing.

I have much to share with you as we walk into the amazing coming season. Ask for wisdom and wisdom will have its way and much more, for you are mine and I watch out for those that are mine.

Heaven watches over you. Everything that was done in the past has a purpose. It was all allowed, for your past has prepared you for the plans ahead. I have great plans for you. Don't be rushed, but wait upon me.

Place your hands to what is before you, but at the same time wait upon me. I am aligning things for your great adventure.

I have called you friend, and as you press into your journey with me, I will take care of those around you that are a part of you. I will also deal with those around you for I am your shield and rampart.

I watch over those that are mine. You have friends in high places, make no mistake about it. Heaven watches over you.”