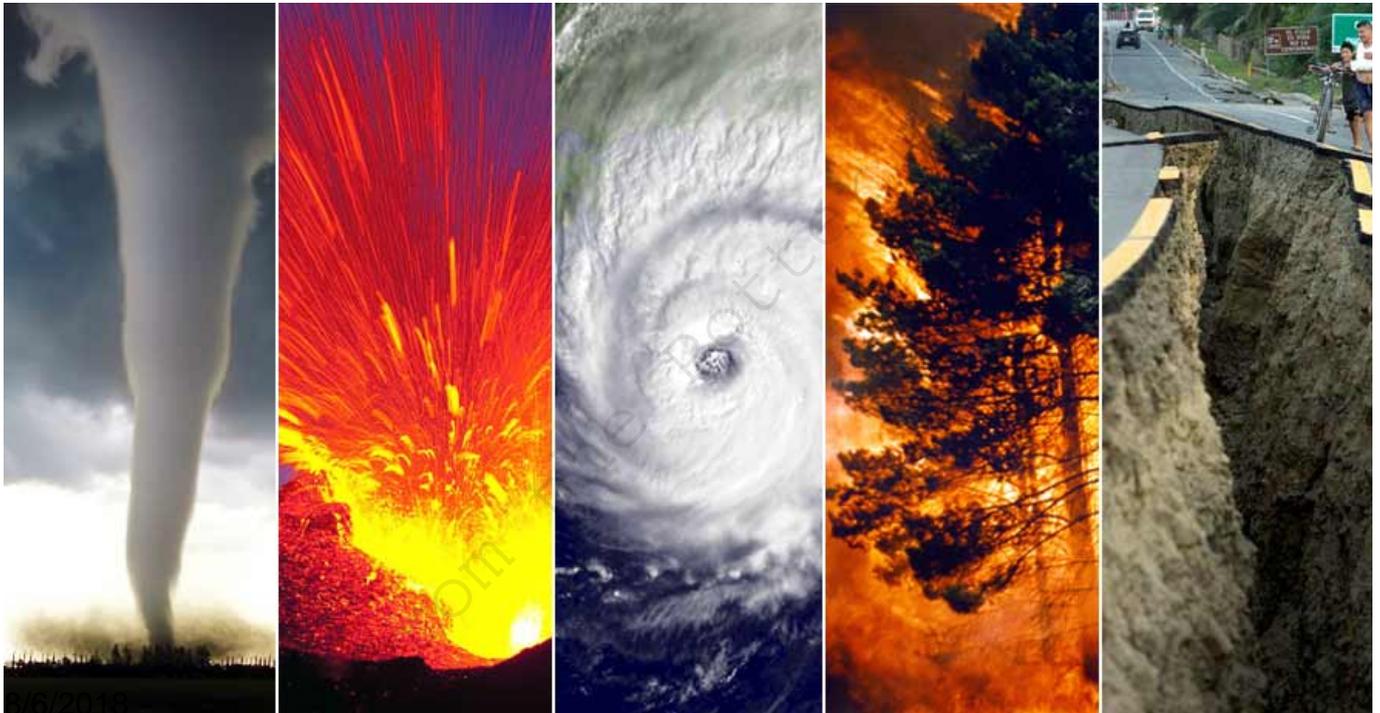
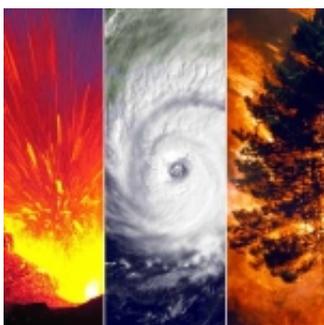

The messengers

Date : 06-08-2018



Matthew 24:7-87, Luke 21:11.

The messengers



I have sent the fires to drive you away from the places that I have marked for destruction and yet you do not leave. Your greed and desire for carnal pleasures tie you down like with chords. You have no desire to abandon your amorous ways. I have sent the floods to force you away from the low places, yes places that are low, dark and mysterious, evilly so, to a place of safety, to a high place, yet you still cling to them, you remember all the riotous festivities that are held there and the mixing of magic portions and the uttering of dark incantations and your soul refuses to depart from them. The price of the inn is outrageously high you can barely afford the roof over your own head yet you refuse to abandon the whorish city, you have become mesmerized by its lights and the desire for your fifteen minutes of riches and fame. Greed grips your heart; it digs its claws deep into your soul and you succumb to it. I have sent the wind

through the flat plains, violent winds, tunneling winds, destructive winds, winds that have destroyed your homes and businesses but have you fled to the sheltered places? No, instead in your arrogance and stubbornness you rebuild in the very place your last house stood. The volcanoes have belched poisonous smoke into the air and spewed liquid fire that creeps downhill and burns all that is in its path but do you flee from the rumbling mountain? No you do not, the pleasures of loose living on the island restrain you and you persist. Fools, where will you go when the volcano erupts violently and engulfs the entire island? Where will you go? How will you escape off an island that stands by itself in the middle of the sea? Yes, I have even sent the frost to chill you to the bones but have you taken precautions against this? No, you have not stored food or water. What will you drink or eat in the unending blizzard. Yes, I have sent my messengers, they have not been silent, they have not been unnoticeable yet man is still blind and deaf to my warnings. Do you not realize the time of warnings must come to an end that judgment may fall? Well it is time, the next fire will be for the roasting of human flesh, the next hurricane for the drowning of human bodies, the next tornado for the tearing of human limbs, the volcano for the entombment of entire populations and the next blizzard will set men in an eternal freeze and do not forget the earthquake that will bury so many so deep that no one will go searching for the bodies, they will be entombed in steel and cement in silent death. I have warned and warned, risen early and warned until my voice became unrecognizable even to myself for my throat has grown sore and patched. I will no longer warn, I will simply send my raging messengers to do my bidding in full force. What shall you say then? There will be no more legs to run on, no hands to claw your way out of the sunken pits, no voice to cry out for mercy, for when my messengers have completed their task instead of screams of terror there will be the silence of utter awe as you stare in amazement at the magnitude of my fury against you Oh wicked generation. The warehouses and merchant stalls will be no more for the land will lay desolate before me and will enjoy a Sabbath for a season. I have spoken what is your response?

Yahweh, Amen.