

Empowerment

(Part 4)

Col 1:16

16 For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him, and for Him.

God has purposed in Himself to have a people in the earth that have been empowered by His spirit. He is calling forth Sons that have been born of God and are true representatives of His nature and character. The Father wants to be seen in us without a hint of a cloudy haze that would distort His image. This is vital to the fulfillment of His plan to reveal Himself to lost creation. God has a message of love and salvation to deliver to His children, but if the messenger is not able to deliver this message in the spirit and mind of the Father, the essence of the love of God toward His loved ones will be missing and the message will be flawed. This is where, in my opinion, the church has always fallen short in telling the gospel story. This story is too overwhelming, too holy, too lovely to be delivered in an unemotional recital of words read in the scriptures. There must be inflection and timbre included with the words that are fitting to the momentous occasion of calling creation home to God. The mood of the message is as important as the wording. The groaning of the spirit must be heard in the messenger, the longing of the Father to be rejoined in a covenant relationship with those that have been subjected to vanity. The Song Of Solomon can hardly be read and truly understood properly without the reader feeling the longing of the lovers to be united. Love is more than language, it is inflection and timbre. These words are defined as: ?inflection: the alteration of a voice or sound; timbre: the quality of a sound that distinguishes it from other sounds of the same pitch or volume.? The message of life and reconciliation is not just a message of word, it is a message of love and joy. The Lord is wooing creation with His voice of heart-wrenching inflection and timbre and with a pitch and vibration that moves a sinner to tears and a saint to a shout. The story of salvation is a heavenly opera that is able to wring out of us emotions that are unknown in the natural world of sounds and events. Indeed, you have never heard true, pure singing until you have been so caught up in the Lord that you hear the angels singing in your midst. We have had many reports from people that have attended our yearly Conference that at times during the service they have heard a choir singing above and beyond the singing that was coming from the attending congregation. Others have heard musical instruments played that were not present in the building at the time. Oh, how grand, how magnificent the sound of that heavenly demonstration of music. It will cause you to fall to your knees and cry holy! The sound of the heavenly voices reaches into the hidden recesses of your soul and grabs you with such emotion that after it is gone you feel that you are wrung out of all strength and you are aware that you have heard the heart of God, as real as if you had put your head to His chest and heard the beat of it. When is the last time you have heard a ?message? and felt that way? Get ready! The new species of messenger will be sounding forth the good news of God?s love with vocal chords that have been anointed by the spirit of God to hit a note of sound that will stir the ancient memory of our soul and will

call us home. The sheep will be listening for the sound of the Shepherd's voice and will not follow another.

Why, you may ask, doesn't the world follow after the message of the church? The answer is that the message is one of a God that is a dictator instead of a God that is a Father. The message of the church is tainted with words of judgment promising harsh punishment for sins delivered without a voice of love. This nullifies the true reason for God's judgment, which is to bring us to correction and joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is the same scenario that is played out every day in an abusive home where the parents lash out at their children in a fit of rage, striking them with physical blows meant to bring them into submission but accomplishing the direct opposite. There can be no substitute for love. A hug will accomplish more correction than a blow to a child's body. I am not suggesting that a child should never be reprimanded, for I realize that any child will continue to mis-behave if given a free reign, but I do believe that the parent is responsible for punishment that exceeds the transgression. This happens more times than we would want to think about. The parent has a bad day at work, the car breaks down, the air conditioner goes out, and the frustration over these matters is unleashed upon the children, which, by the way, can't do anything right in the eyes of the enraged judge of the house. The result is a beating that is more therapeutic for the parent in venting their frustrations than it is for correction of the child's behavior. Judgment of any kind should never be administered in a spirit of rage or loss of sensibility. The result is much worse than if there were no punishment at all. The church, enraged over the continued rejection of their version of the gospel story becomes more and more abusive toward anyone that does not see things their way. Instead of being the magnet of God's love to creation, the church has become a judge of God's wrath that cannot be approached by anyone except those that have lost all hope of love in their life and they commit to the stranglehold of religion just to belong to a group that will give them a sense of security. This, dear ones, is the standard definition of a child that is abused. Some of us that have never been found in an abusive relationship have doubts whether or not the relationship is truly abusive. Why don't the abused children tell some one about their beatings if they are truly abused? Why don't they run away from home? The saddest truth of all in an abusive situation is that the abused individual, especially a child, is convinced that they deserve this treatment. Added to this is the reinforcement that is given to this submissive behavior by our societal mores that continuously drill into our children that their parents are the judges of their life and have the moral and legal authority to administer beatings whenever they see fit. The child is reinforced to never question the judgment of their parents by teachers, which are surrogate judges when at school, and by their playmates who are in ordinary relationships with their parents. The abused child is cut off, quite literally, from any hope of escape or explaining their situation to others. The result is a child that grows up to be either withdrawn and extremely low in confidence or esteem, or else one that acts out the acts of senseless violence upon society that were acted out upon them when in this abusive environment.

The world mirrors this same stereotypical attitude with the church. They are either scared to death of the church or they are violently opposed to it. What a tragedy it is to see the church in this shape. Whereas the church has been ordained to be the mother of the world's lost children, opening her arms with grace and love to all that are in need, she has instead been portrayed as an abusive judge in the earth, spitting out statements of eternal damnation and unthinkable horrors on all that do not follow her commands. No wonder the Lord is preparing another church! The church that is known as "mainstream" is a fake dear ones! She is a wicked stepmother that has no bond of love with the world at all. This wicked church loves the world in word only, and that only because the bible says she must! The lost children of the world are only her lawful responsibility, and by God, if they don't shape up she is threatening to throw them all into eternal hell fire. Raise up your Jerusalem O Lord! Raise up the true Mother of us all, bring her to us and let her lay her cool, soft hand upon the wounds that have been produced by the abusive, counterfeit church of religious dictators. Let her sweet kisses fall upon our head and let them take away the fear and anguish that has been inflicted upon the world's lost

children. Oh dear friends, can't you just envision the power, the dynamis and exousia that will be unleashed when the true, nurturing nature of the New Jerusalem, the beautiful Bride of Christ, the loving, compassionate, Mother of us all wraps her arms around us and holds us until the crying stops and cleans the dirt from us as she takes the filthy rags off of us that religion put upon us and she covers us in clean, silky linen made up of the righteousness of our Father.

Even now, as we speak out against the tyranny of an out of control religious mother of babylon, we see the damage that has been done and the scars that remain in the hearts of the people of God. Some still flinch and pull away when the hand of Christ is stretched out to them. For some, the message of a loving God that asks nothing of us but to believe in His love and come to Him to live with Him in peace and grace is too good to be true. For them, the abused offspring of a wicked guardian, beaten without reason, locked up in cult-like communities of religious bondage, forbidden to question the teachings and rules of their overseers, psychologically brainwashed into testifying to the goodness of their tormentors in order to stay in good graces and not be publicly humiliated, for them the message of unconditional love is foreign and suspicious. In their world of abuse, everyone has an angle, an ulterior motive, a con. Nothing is truly free in their relationship with the wicked mother. Yes, they have programs for the adults, a big gymnasium for the children, a beautiful building to gather in, but only if they continue to give their money to the wicked mother. In fact, they have come to the awful truth that mother only loves them if they support her with their money. Take the money away and mother becomes a tyrant accusing them of neglect and warning them of the consequences that come to them that dare to leave off from supporting her prison house. The wicked mother especially enjoys telling her forced child laborers about the tales of what will happen if they think they could ever leave her domain. She goes into great sickening detail in describing the terror that awaits them outside the walls of her prison. Giant scorpions with tails that sting and torment you, dragons that eat little children, starving children that cannot buy any food and will watch each other starve to death without having the mark of the beast, she tells them of devils lurking behind every door waiting to jump on them and make them slaves of evil. These are the bed time stories that the mainstream church puts her children to rest by. Instead of the true gospel story of our Heavenly Father and His grace and love and His eternal commitment to our redemption, they are told of God's eternal wrath against us for something that we don't even remember doing against Him. The fake church tells her young children that they are hopelessly evil and that all of their lives they will have to serve the wicked mother in order to earn their way to heaven. The abused are told that God can't even look on them, that He never heard their prayers before they came to live with the wicked mother, that God turned away from them in their sorrow. Whereas, the opposite is true. God always hears groaning creation and not one word intended for His ears goes by the wayside. Indeed, God has moved for us even when we were sinners and countless times saved us from destruction with or without our asking Him to. He has moved heaven and earth to keep us in this world and is constantly working on our behalf.

I want to attempt to strip the mask off the horror story of the gospel that the counterfeit church has preached and I want to tell you the real story, the gospel story, the story of Good News and not terror. Please read the following word with the understanding that the story of God's love toward man can never be told wholly in one newsletter, not even in a thousand books. I do, however, believe if you will read the following story and embrace it to your heart, and let God reveal to you His heart concerning His undying love for you, then perhaps I will have been able to empower you with the knowledge that the God we serve is first and foremost, the lover of our soul.

The whole plan of God concerning the creation of mankind is to have an expression in the earth. As it is now, God is a spirit, and is only heard or recognized of those that are in the spirit. The church, the true church, is to be His expression of love and salvation to the world. The gospel story, is a story of an unapproachable, unknowable, holy God birthing out of Himself a creation, made in His image and likeness, in order that God might have fellowship with His offspring, or those that are made up of His God-Stuff. God desired children, heirs of His essence, inheritors of His Godship. He could not find this

kind of relationship with anything that was created before man. When God made man a little lower than the angels, God literally lowered Himself into man. The gospel story is not about who we were before we took on flesh, the story of love and supreme sacrifice is one about an invisible, awesome, terrible God falling in love with the soul of man. Yes, with the soul. Whatever we were in the Father before we took on flesh, and there are many theories about our former state, it obviously is irrelevant. Whatever we were, it was not something that satisfied the longing of God's need for fellowship. There is simply no greater love story than this. The God that was never created. The God who has to swear by Himself because there was nothing greater than Himself to swear by, the lonely, isolated God that created heavens upon heavens and yet found nothing to fellowship with, creates a being formed in corruption, begotten in mixture, part life, part death, part good, part evil, and yet containing all the essence and substance of God Himself. Oh my dear beloved fellows, there is simply no story like this one. This almighty God, this seemingly all complete, all sufficient God looked upon this feeble, weak creature, ruddy with the color of the earth, fresh from the creative act, and fell hopelessly in love with it. Maybe it was when He placed His lips upon the lips of the man-child and gave him the kiss of life and stood back and watched this creature breathe in His life-breath and stand to his feet. The whole Elohim was in attendance, all the prior creations, all the angels, seraphims, winged creatures, each a heavenly wonder in their own right, and yet they all knew that here was a creature different from them all. This creature had something that nothing in heaven had ever seen nor experienced. This creature had a soul. God did not make us and form us of the earth in order to have fellowship with our spirit dear friends. He already had access to that. What is it that separates man from all the other created beings in heaven and earth? A soul. It is the soul that God was after when He mixed us with corruption. Ah, corruption, there is the problem. We can't see the reason for our corruption. Why didn't God just create us perfect, without mixture, without a fickle soul? Wouldn't it have been easier to start out with a perfect specimen and avoid the eons of separation and rebellion? Sure it would. But then again, as I have stated before, God would have the same things He had before this act of creation. Think upon this. As far as we know, everything else that was created before man was perfect, and God still was not able to fellowship with it in the intimate, Father-Son way.

Let me reveal a false, horror story from the wicked mother here. The corrupted church system has told her children that evil is so prevalent and so powerful that it was even in the angels of heaven, so much so that one day an angel called Lucifer tried to pull a rebellion in heaven and almost overthrew God from His throne. In fact, God was so scared of this angel that He had to cast him out of heaven so that Lucifer could not corrupt the other angels. Sound familiar to any of you that have been in the house of the wicked mother? I went to sleep many times with this story in my mind, wondering, "If God wasn't able to keep the angels themselves holy, how could He keep me saved?" The truth of Lucifer is that he was not an angel, but Adam. It would take another newsletter to lay this all out in the scripture, but let me just point out that Adam is the son of the morning, the son of God, the brightness of His glory, and it is Adam that fell to the earth and was cast out of the garden to toil in the flesh. Get rid of your childish nightmares of devils waiting to jump out at you in the night and of evil lurking in the shadows of this world! Hear this, children of fables! There is only one power in all heaven and earth, only one spirit, only one God, only one authority, and that is Almighty God! Everything else is only GIVEN power, GIVEN authority. Never in the unlimited reaches of eternity has anything TAKEN power from God. Oh Hallelujah! None of these principalities exist externally, they all exist internally. Take note, I did not say that they did not have an external manifestation, but the real seat of existence is in the dark recesses of our earthly, carnal mind. Oh friends, we think we have heard it all, known it all, read it all, and in truth we know nothing yet. We still have the veil of flesh over our minds when it comes to principalities and powers of the air. We are in store for some eye opening, suspender popping, hair raising, life changing, mind boggling, heaven shaking, earth rattling, grave opening, dead raising, truth ringing, chain breaking, I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my one eyes, experiences. Get ready!! Clean the house, light the lamp, stay awake and keep your eyes open. God

is starting to finish the mystery of the ages and I don't think it's going to sound anything like what the church has been preaching to the world. This word is coming straight from the lips of the Father!

Adam's story is not a story of evil being equal in dynamis to good, but rather the story of Adam is the story of a creature that was made with rebellion, not by his own craftiness, but by the design of the Master Creator. God did not have to suddenly think fast and act fast, as if out of surprise, when Adam was found to have sinned. Sin was expected, failure was expected, more than expected, it was predestined, designed as an integral part of the plan of God's redemptive love. Aha! There is the word that separates us from all other creations! Redemptive Love!! Why did Adam rebel? Why did he fall from the heavens and dash himself upon the earth? Why did he give up his shining light for a darkness of death? Because God had designed it so.

The soul is the object of desire in this story of God and His love for man. The soul, by itself, is corruptible, incomplete, in need of a covering, a head, a husband. The soul is weak, fickle, flirtatious, susceptible to sin and if not married will display unflattering characteristics that are earthly. If, however, the soul is ever wooed by the spirit, it is a beautiful thing, feminine in its nature, adding beauty and grace to its husband, completing the partnership of life. If we sin, we sin in the soul. If we overcome, we overcome in the soul. The spirit is never outside of the presence of the Father, because in essence and substance, it is the Father. When we speak of redemption, of salvation, of the change from corruptible to incorruption, we are not talking about our spirit, we are talking about our soul. Our spirit has never sinned, and indeed, it cannot sin, it was made in perfection. The great struggle of life is that we are a spirit eternally joined to a corruptible soul and as long as the spirit stays singular and the soul stays singular we will be a creature of good and evil, right and wrong, death and life. This is why we can be caught up into God one minute and the next minute fail miserably.

In times past some of us have felt that in order to become what God wanted us to be we had to get to that high place and stay there, which is, in all truthfulness, impossible at the present time. Neither I nor you can go through our everyday life jumping up and down, singing at the top of our lungs, speaking in tongues and expect ourselves to go to the store and pick up some groceries or go to work. We have missed the point of the high place. It is not a place to dwell in it is a place to be changed in. The high places of the spirit are experienced by us as a vital and necessary operation of bringing heaven and earth together in us, soul and spirit. When the marriage is complete, soul to spirit, we will not be going anywhere to obtain something, we will simply be.

So, in light of this process of love lost and love found, we are being guided by our loving Father through a lifetime of re-identification and re-generation. I will never lose my soul, or be without its influence. I, my spirit, must keep wooing my soul and courting it until there is a consummation of our love for each other. For the truth is, my soul loves my spirit. It loves to have my spirit lift it up into the presence of our God and at times it rejoices unabashedly in the heavenlies. The problem is, it is still fickle and susceptible. As Paul said,

Rom 7:15-21

15 For that which I (spirit) do I (soul) allow not: for what I (spirit) would, that do I (soul) not; but what I (spirit) hate, that do I (soul). Ed. Note: Continue to read the following verses inserting the titles of spirit and soul.

16 If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good.

17 Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.

18 For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not.

19 For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.

20 Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.

21 I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me.(KJV)

This is a story of a bad marriage if I ever heard it! The love story goes on though. Love that is eternally enduring, love that is never ending, this is the love that God loves us with. His great desire for

us is that He will continue to restructure our fallen minds and our spirit-soul relationship until He has a New Creature with which He can have true God-fellowship with. The only way He can have this type of fellowship is to make this redeemed man like unto Himself. In the present state of being, that being a divided state, we cannot look at God eye to eye. It would be a deadly act for us in our corruptible state. As a matter of fact, nothing that has been created thus far can look Him in the eye. The eye is said to be the window to the soul. If our eye is the window to our soul, then the eye of God is the window to the most sacred and frightful part of God. Looking into the eyes is an act for lovers. It is an intimate act that can be surprising when one sees things that were meant to be secret and hidden. It is an act that God means to be able to perform with this creature, man. Just the thought of it thrills my soul. To think of looking into the open, unblinking eyes of Jehovah God!

This reminds me of a recent discovery that Charlotte and I made while viewing old videos of our grandchildren. Although I truly love each one of my grandchildren and I marvel at the beautiful diversity of personalities and talents of each one, I have always had a close, spiritual connection with our daughter Michelle's oldest son, Deryk, who is 7 years old at the time of this writing. Michelle lived with us for a while when Deryk was born until she and her husband could afford to buy their own home, so Deryk was in our house from birth until he was several months old. This was a time of each one in the household doing what we could to help take care of the new baby. Ordinarily, I would have found myself mysteriously called by God to spend an exorbitant amount of time in my office studying or writing or just plain old hiding out so that I wouldn't have to get involved in the more messy affairs that I knew from past experiences would surely come from the early stages of rearing this baby. It has always amazed me how much mass material a little, tiny baby can expunge from both ends of its body. If it wasn't number one, it was number two, and sometimes both number one and number two at the same time, and then there was number three that usually ended up as a white paste all over the shoulder of my shirt, and then number four came along which made me think that the child had a hidden water tap somewhere in his mouth and he received particular joy out of holding all the drool in his mouth until Paw Paw lifted him up in the air over my face and then he turned the faucet wide open. The truth is, I loved it! I loved every single moment of that time with this small bundle of love that God gave to us. As a result, when Deryk had a stomach ache I was the one that volunteered to walk with him at all hours of the day and night. We bonded as close as two beings could bond. From the moment I laid eyes upon him I knew that God had given him to Charlotte and I in the spirit. It may sound strange, but I believe Deryk knew me in the spirit and our bond was not in the flesh, but on a higher plane. Recently, Charlotte and I were looking at some of the old videos and we found the video of Deryk's first trip home from the hospital. Each one took their turns holding him and eventually he ended up in my arms. We were amazed watching the video and seeing for the first time something that we had missed when it was happening. On the screen, as plain as day, we saw Deryk open his eyes wide and stare transfixed into my eyes for many long minutes and I was talking to him softly. Charlotte looked at me and said, "Honey, there was a spiritual bond taking place between you two right at that exact time?". It was plain as day. From that point on that boy has been my biggest admirer. We thought he never would be able to say my name. To our other grandchildren I was "BePaw", a mispronunciation of grandpa, but rather cute I thought. Well, Deryk couldn't get it, try as he may. He learned everyone else's name, Mama, Dada, Nana but he couldn't say mine, until one day in our van he looked at me and stared into my eyes for a long moment and blurted out, Paw Paw!! in a loud voice. Michelle told me later that week that she wished he had never learned my name. That was all he would say during each waking moment. Paw Paw, Paw Paw, Paw Paw, Paw Paw, on and on. In the days to come, I found myself looking at him and not being able to take my eyes off him and he would be returning the look. Our eyes just naturally met and we connected in a way that I haven't known with any other child. It was so bad, what with Deryk thinking that Charlotte and I were his parents instead of Michelle and her husband that we encouraged them to quickly find a house so that there would be a proper bonding of the child with them. As Deryk has grown older, and he has started school and taken

an active part in life, we haven't been able to spend a whole lot of time with him, but I still catch his eye every once in a while, such as last week in our church service, while leading singing, I looked down in the front row and there was Deryk, hands lifted up to God in praise and singing the songs of the Lord at the top of his voice, and Paw Paw knew that the bond was still there and that some day both Deryk and I will look into the eyes of the One that joined us together seven years ago, in a rocking chair, mesmerized by our love for one another.

Along with this great bond of looking into each others eyes in this day, we also know that there must be a certain sound come forth from those that God will use to present Himself to the world. The voice that will draw the world to God is the voice of the Father speaking through the sons. When this voice comes forth it will transcend doctrinal differences, religious knowledge, and ritualistic experience. The voice of the Father will speak to a dormant part of the lost ones conscience and will make a connection to an ancient yearning that is found in all of creation, that is, to be reacquainted with its creator.

The Father is not going to give this voice to anyone else save those that are destined to be the Word made flesh. The Word is more than just language, it is the essence of God's will expressed. The Word is the expression of God, complete with subtle shadings of wordless meanings. This is expressed in the Hebrew language through throaty sighing and respirational inflection along with the tongue. Our destiny is not just to speak the words of God, but to say them in such a way that only God could say them to His love, with passion and longing. The sheep will not be led by the word, or doctrine, of the shepherd, but will follow the unique sound of His voice.

It is this inflection of word that we are being empowered with. This takes exousia to perform it. We must have permission and authority from God to speak as God, but speak as God we must. We must find our identity in Him and allow His cleansing stream to wash the mud of Adam off us. So much emphasis is put upon the message in this day that we lose sight of the fact that the message is not enough, it must have a voice with it. That voice is the voice that prompted the people of Jesus' day to proclaim, "Never man spake like this man"! He spoke with authority (exousia) and everyone that heard Him recognized it with a long lost sense. What is this long lost sense? Why is it that Jesus was able to calm the man that roamed the graveyards and was not able to be constrained by any man and yet, when he met Jesus, he stood docile and in his right mind? What is this recognition?

I believe it is a proof of the following scripture.

John 1:4

In him was life; and the life was the light of men. (KJV)

John 1:9

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. (KJV)

Every man that has come into this world has been lit by the light and life of God. We have been made familiar with God and His voice before we took on flesh and at the sound of our Father's voice we are moved by it's familiarity, regardless of our beliefs or spiritual state. The sinner is moved by this voice as much as the believer for it is an ancient connection that is as much a part of us as our arms or legs.

I have been ministering in our local assembly about the scripture in Galatians 4:19.

Gal 4:19

19 My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you, (KJV)

If you will read the whole book of Galatians you will get a sense of why Paul would first of all call them "little children". They have been fathered by Paul into the gospel of Jesus Christ and His kingdom and have confessed with their mouth the confession of faith but their actions and lifestyle are not living up to their confession. We are faced with this malady in monstrous proportions in our own time. So many are being born into this "mystery" of the dispensation of grace that one would think the kingdom is on the verge of sweeping the land. I don't think so. What we are finding is that we have a bunch of children in our midst with their little petty natures that think they must have all the toys in their toy box

or else they are going to start screaming and kicking and biting and scratching.

Some of the preachers that are so called kingdom preachers are so immature, not in the scriptures but in the expression of God's nature, that I expect them to start holding their breath in the pulpit if the people don't bless them like they feel they deserve to be blessed. Spoiled Brats are what they are! If God doesn't move the way they expect Him to move they throw a fit. If God doesn't give a new house or a new car to them then they start threatening Him to quit preaching this word of the kingdom, because after all God, you know I could be a star in those other orders, so if you want me to continue preaching reconciliation and life then you better start shaping up and giving me what I want, when I want it. The truth is, they may never have said these words, but it is written all over their actions and inflections of their voice. "Little Children" is what they are, afraid of the big, bad wolf of the nominal churches. Some are so afraid of losing their reputation that they will go to great extremes to cover their tracks on reconciliation and other "disturbing" truths. Double talk becomes their specialty. Whenever they start to get anywhere near the word "reconciliation" they start to make qualifying statements and apologies for even suggesting that God might save every man. They, in fact, won't even mention the english word "reconciliation", unless forced to, all because of their fear of being "labeled" by the big, bad wolf and find themselves locked out of their big churches. Little Babies is what they are. Where are the MEN? Where are the WOMEN? Not little children playing with their Barbie and Ken dolls but those that have cast their lot with God and with this final consummation of the ages. I am tired of the games that people play. In this present state of being that Charlotte and I find ourselves in, there is no patience left in us with the whining crowd of those that confess to be in this word and then do nothing but childish acts of tattling against one another and trying to steal each others marbles, just so that they can come together in some meeting and compare how many marbles they have gathered since they last met. O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you? You think you are big shots in the kingdom, men and women to be reckoned with, filled with knowledge and stature in the eyes of men, but the truth is, you are little hellions, mischievous troublemakers, jealous twerps that have no sense of honor and respect. You join yourselves in packs and make your living by deceit and lies, tearing down others in order to build yourselves up.

This is a blight upon the face of God in the earth. Men behaving like children. Paul was letting the Galatians know that he had birthed them in the image of Christ but something has gone wrong with their development. Instead of expressing the form, or image, of Christ, they were expressing the image of Adam. Paul travailed in birth pangs for them to be reformed with the image of Christ.

In our beginnings we all were imprinted with the image of Christ, with His life and light. This image was embossed upon us and was our true identity or our base identity. Before I partook of Adam I partook of Christ. If you could peel my being like you would peel an onion you would strip away each layer until you arrived at my base self, which is Christ. He is my root, my center, my core. The same is true for every man and woman that has been born of the womb. Sinner or saint alike, they all are children of God. The problem with the sinner is that he is mis-identified through a process of false imprinting.

The world of science is well schooled in the procedure of what is known as "Imprinting". In fact, a movie was made recently and is showing in some theaters and on the way to the video rental markets in which "imprinting" is the central theme. The story line is that a young girl finds a nest of goose eggs in the field and she helps to hatch the baby geese. It is a very well known fact that baby geese, or goslings, are one of nature's creatures that go through a process whereby they get imprinted by the first thing they see when born. Usually this is the mother goose, but in certain circumstances it can be anything, a dog, cat, cow or human. The story line of the movie reveals that indeed the goslings think they are human and must be re-identified to their true self, which is a goose. Another aspect of the misprint of the young geese is that they are supposed to migrate from their birth place and then migrate back to the place of their birth. The young girl has to learn how to teach them how to migrate as other geese do, and with the help of her father, they fly with the geese on a migratory route of

geese. The suspense of the plot is that they couldn't teach the geese how to migrate back to the birthing place.

There are some interesting parallels to this story of the misprinted geese and to the misprint of ourselves. As we stated before, our beginnings, our base lineage is in Christ. He is our pattern, our first-born, our prototype. Notice though, that in the process of imprinting our vision, that which we first see when our eyes are opened, is that which we become and try to pattern ourselves after. Let me ask you a question. When were our eyes first opened? In Genesis we read,

Gen 3:4-7

4 And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die:

5 For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

6 And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

7 And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.

Gen 3:9-11

9 And the LORD God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?

10 And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.

11 And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked??(KJV)

From this day onward, Adam and all his children were misprinted by corruption, not by a mistake, but by design. The son of the morning, the morning star, the bright one became the toiler of the flesh, the man of sin, the enemy of righteousness. Man has never been able to be satisfied with the earth. As much as he tries to consume all the wickedness and filth that this world of thorns and thistles can offer him, the need for something else exists in him. Riches cannot satisfy him. Show me a rich man and I will show you a man that cannot get enough money. Howard Hughes went insane with the unquenchable need for money and the more money he had the more he needed. Why? Because every one that has come into this world has within them an ancient, timeless longing to be reconnected with their heavenly Father. We have been like the geese that were taught everything that the little girl knew about being geese, but there were some things that the girl could not teach them. Those things were things that had to come from way down inside of the genetics of the geese. I can tell you this about that movie. The geese come back home! Not because a human taught them, but because of who they were before they were imprinted with a false image. Our true image, our true likeness is not in fallen Adam, it is in the arisen Christ! Hear me when I say this, religion can only tell you so much about God, the preacher can only tell you so much about God, the bible can only tell you so much about God, this newsletter can only tell you so much about God, the final revealing, the final awakening to who you are is not going to come from without, it is going to rise from within you like the rising of the sun in the land. Trust God to finish your restructuring dear hearts! You are going to make it! We have migrated away from God by design, and some of us have been helped by religion to migrate even further than we would have if left alone, but our migration back to our original birth place is going to be done by divine intervention. A voice is going to lead us, a sound is going to ring true to our ears. An inner compass, that we have never used in our natural life force is going to be revealed in us and we will hear Him say, ?I am the Way, the Truth and the Life?. The Way home is through His truth and His life. No other life will do. The migration has begun in a few. They have quit following the pied piper of the church and they have heard the sound of the voice of Him that has been raised from the dead. That inner compass is pointing a different way, an opposite way, and they have to rely on that inner yea and amen to lead them home.

O Father, empower your people. We have been weak and weary, deceived by our own minds,

lied to by a false mother, led astray by our own lusts for the favors of the flesh and power with men. Heal us Lord, save us from ourselves and give us a new vision in this hour. Take the fear of the night out of us. May we no longer look toward you with dread and with doubts of your love for us. May we run to you Lord, like a child who needs the arms of its Father around it. Give us your name, your authority, your power. Expose it in us, wrap us in the vestures of your Kingship, give us your voice, your sound, your nature, your love. We want nothing in return Master, only you. No riches, no titles, no crowns, no goods, no lands, nothing but you Lord. Only your touch will soothe our thirst, only your embrace will drive out the ghosts of our past, only your voice will calm our shaking, trembling heart, only your love will bring peace to our troubled minds. Make us able to carry your crown, wield your sword, deliver your word. Finish your work in us. Cut away the old, rotten garments and clothe us with clean, white linen. We await your command, give to us your commission, call a holy convocation, a sacred feast, a gathering of the men of valor and form an army of salvation out of us. We desire to do your will, work your works, walk your walk. Amen.

By Bob Torango