

The Cry Of Our New Birth

By Bob Torango

Matt 3:1-3

In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea , And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. (KJV)

Can you hear it? The Cry that is. The Cry of creation, The Cry of the earth and The Cry of the heavens, The Cry of the oppressed, The Cry of the hurting, The Cry of triumph, The Cry of victory, The Cry of deliverance. The Cry is a universal act of giving voice to a myriad of emotions and reactions found in life and in death. In this article, we want to focus on a certain Cry that accompanies the various aspects of God's dealings in our lives. I am fairly confident that each one of you that read this writing will have had a number of moments in your life when nothing else would suffice the situation but to have an inexpressible Cry to break forth from you, a Cry that you could not hold back or control. You would have had better success at trying to hold back the waves of the ocean than to have quenched that Cry of your innermost being. It is a Cry that can be totally involuntary, convulsive at times, even embarrassing to us when we find ourselves in a public atmosphere and we find that no matter how we abhor the spectacle of being out of control of our emotions, The Cry within us could not be stopped from giving it's voice.

The kind of Cry that I am writing about usually comes from great pain and pressing, a catastrophic event that demands expression beyond our usual mannerisms and appropriate behavior. It is quite common in our society to see grieving family members of a departed loved one lose all control at the funeral service, even falling to the ground or fainting from the agony of such a loss. The Cry has no rules of engagement, no care for propriety, laying waste to our pride and our polite demeanor. Indeed, when there is such loss in our lives, The Cry is a built-in survival mechanism, a gift from God Himself to mankind, and is a method of releasing us from the ruinous grief that would normally just fester and cook within our heart-soul, until it brings us to a dark place from which there is no return. But thanks be to God, The Cry has it's own agenda and purpose, to give voice to the unspeakable sensations that we are feeling inside of us, which normal behavior would only serve as a spoon to stir the ingredients of our pain, but doing nothing to cleanse us from our silent struggle. For this reason, The Cry has been imbedded within humanity, to bring us to a place of

deliverance from the insanity of such destructive events.

Psychologists will work long hours with a patient that has been so traumatized by certain events of their lifetime that they have buried the memory of those events deep within their being, which for whatever reason, they were unable to give voice to The Cry within their heart and as a result they found it impossible to walk out of that house of darkness into the Light of a better Day. It is not uncommon for some people to face personal trauma of such degree that they enter into a state of shock, a type of safety net that is genetically found in all of us, that acts as an emotional paralysis mechanism which creates a misty, dream-like world of consciousness and enables that person to function as though the event never happened. But eventually the tragic moment will have to be revisited and faced in the days ahead. Since I was first called into the ministry at a young age, I have counted it a great honor to be able to minister to the grieving and hurting loved ones during a time of tragedy, such as the death of a loved one. I make a point of telling all of the friends and family of the surviving loved ones that the real time of need in their life will not be during the memorial service, but in the weeks or months ahead, for that is when The Cry will have to be made, in order for the grieving to come to the surface and be given it's final expression of closure over the ordeal. Without that closure, the grief will be like a cancer that drains the individual of their strength and vitality, always haunting them with moments of despair, which arrive at endless cycles throughout the days and nights, with no rhyme or reason, just arriving out of the inner most parts of the heart in a volcanic reaction of grief that renews the despair of loss as though the days had not passed by at all since that original moment of loss. Closure is made possible by that emotional and spiritual release that I have chosen in this article to identify by the term, The Cry.

As sons of God and kings and lords in the making, we should be aware that we are living in a time that is extremely crucial and significant for us and for all of creation. God is doing something in us that is inexorably calling us apart into a side chamber with Him that will absolutely cause us at times to question our sanity. I know that is strong language, but I mean for it to be so. We must be conscious of the fact that we can no longer live in more than one world and be subject to more than one Master. I cannot stress this enough to us at this time. You have no comparisons in the past for what the Lord wants to do in your life and in your being. What He is doing today has never been done before on the scale of what is being done in the sons of God. We have been given the distinct privilege to follow the Lamb of God from His cross into His throne. Others of past generations have been made to gaze into this dimension without actually entering into the experience of it. We have been commissioned of God to follow Jesus Christ through

the entire journey, being changed by His ascension Life from the nature of a servant of sin and corruption into the nature of the overcoming conqueror of Christ. We have not been called to be servants only, but servant-sons, sons that have come to an intimate relationship with the Father, serving Him as a son would serve his father. We have become intimate with His sufferings, finding ourselves personally involved in His plan and purpose for creation. We have put our head on the chopping block, offering ourselves as a living sacrifice for His glory. Our thoughts are no longer on ourselves, but we are being dealt with by the unflinching eye of the Lord, searching our heart and our mind for anything that does not speak of life and glory. We are being pressed out of measure by this weight of predestined ordination of the highest order in Christ. It does not come cheap, nor is it a light thing that God is dealing with us in such a manner. Something immense and full of consequence is being worked in us that has a definite end to it, a design that was in the mind of God from the beginning. What is taking place now in the first fruit company of sons is not some kind of variable act of testing just to knock the rough edges off us, but it is a very precise dealing, being carried out in a definitive order and sequence that is working a curious work of God in His called out ones.

For this reason, I believe we should be reminded not to quench the spirit of God as it moves within us and upon us. By this, I don't refer to us quenching the spirit speaking in tongues through us, or for us to stop shouting in our services or other type of quenching that has been referred to in the past by those that have spoken about this command from the scriptures. The quenching of the spirit of God that I am talking about is the imminent response that comes during times of great change and upheaval. I am speaking of The Cry, that is starting to form in our mouths and in our actions in this Day of all Days. I feel it coming on in my own being, The Cry that has been found in every significant time of God's moving in the heavens and the earth. This Cry has been sounded out from the prophets of old, from Jesus Christ in the days of His flesh, from the early church during it's time of rebirth, throughout the corridors of time. The Cry has always given it's voice of testimony at crucial times of God's dealings with mankind, testifying that something is being birthed, out of great pain and travail, without propriety, without politeness, giving no regard to the inquisitiveness of the onlookers, it gives it's voice of release and deliverance that signifies the move from one thing into another thing.

There is no doubt in my mind that we are in the moment of transition from one dimension of living into another. One world is coming to an end, with a loud sound of elements passing away, thrones and dominions being tossed down, upheavals of our soul, deep waters rising to the surface and the very landscape of our

existence being transformed and transfigured. Peter saw a great time of change coming and faithfully wrote it down for us.

2 Pet 3:9-13

The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. (KJV)

Oh my! Nothing subtle here. No hint of any polite wooing of God upon His people in this picture, no sign of cozy snuggling up to the elements of the earth, living in some kind of truce with the old world from which we have come, but this is truly a scene of trauma and loss! A great noise of heavens passing away, filling the atmosphere with a great volume of sound of renting and dissolving, fires raging with a great crackling noise of nuclear holocaust, heat that is not simmering, but a FERVENT heat, with great purpose behind it. What a scene is described here by the Apostle Peter, and it is not in some far off age of God's wrath being poured out on a sinful world, but this scene, my friend, is happening even as I write these words to you, in the hearts of sons of God there is a passing away taking place and a renewal following. Glory to God! We are being seized by our God, apprehended for His service, and in so doing we are finding many of our life long habits and traditions becoming expendable. What we used to get away with in the Lord, we are no longer able to do so. Old heavens that were so easily accessible for us to slip into and out of in times past are now anathema to us. What seemed to be no big deal at one time in our spiritual walk is now evidently a very big deal to God. No more winking at our ignorance from our Master, no more polite gestures and gently rhythms from Him for these sons of God at this particular time. The time of Birth is at hand, and it is not the time to ask for another aspirin and go to bed. It is time to prepare ourselves for the trauma of bringing into existence that which thus far has been in secret. It is not a time for the faint of heart, nor for the spineless faith of the soul, but it is time for the New Man to make an appearance in the house of clay, and in so doing, when he arises all other principalities, powers, dominions, thrones, heavens, orders, doctrines, theological positions, thoughts and actions must be torn down and brought

under his scepter.

It is the time to Cry aloud and spare not, to lift up your voice like a trumpet, to give expression to that which has been inexpressible. The Cry is starting to rise into the throats of the elect of God, and it is bringing us out of our dream state into a full awakening of reality. That reality is not a rosy world made up of lollipops and ice cream rivers, which we create with our own finite minds, creating a false paradise which buries us in an alternative world of our own making. It is not a reality that colors everything as God and declares that there is no need for any change at all. That is a condition brought on by a creature that cannot handle the situation at hand. That kind of mentality is the result of teachers who have grown weary of the arduous birth process, so they start to create another scenario for themselves which in their own minds exempts them from a birth process. But, the fact remains, whether we want it or not we are pregnant with a Day that will not be delayed from it's time of appearing. Many would rather not be pregnant at all, desiring to go on with their life as it is. They do not relish the hormonal changes that happen when birth is imminent. It is not a pretty sight when we are brought to the birth. Groanings come forth from us that we would rather not express. As it is right now, many of us cannot minister the way we want to minister. We can't be trusted to speak with calmness and good manners. Speaking for myself, I am a mess right now. When the word of the Lord comes forth in me, it is out of my control and many times I hear a Cry in me that is embarrassing to my flesh. I want to be eloquent, reasonable and have all of my thoughts together at such times, being able to speak with at least some dignity and structure. But, I confess that I am not able to do so right now. There is in my mouth a Cry that is guttural and full of abandonment. It is demanding and not to be put off in some corner of my being, but I am in the midst of a pressing within me, something in the spirit of the Lord is breaking forth and I have no control over it.

I know, I know, a prophet has control over his own spirit and everything should be done in decency and in order. I have quoted that many times, but I confess that at this particular place in the birth process, although it may be only for a short season, I do not feel decent or orderly! I feel a birth coming on, and it has it's own agenda that I am not able to control with my desire for decency and order. Go into any birthing room and watch a birth take place and then tell me if it was decent and in order! I was blessed to be in the room with my daughter, Michelle, when she brought forth her first born son, Deryk. It was both a great time and a terrible time! I would take nothing for the experience of being there to hear that first Cry from Deryk's mouth as he made his appearance known to all near and far. But, being a part of the process to get to that point is not something that I ever want to go through again. Our dear daughter

who is normally so sweet to be around, so thoughtful and caring was no where to be found. Instead, there was a young lady in the throes of birth, and politeness and compassion were discarded in favor of survival and instinct. To begin with, Michelle thought she would experience as much of the birthing process as she could without the numbing effect of medicine. That lasted all of about 5 minutes. Soon, she was screaming at the nurse, "Where is my shot?!!", something my loving daughter would never do in her right mind. Things quickly degenerated from there, as her blood pressure went sky high and people started telling her to push. Her husband, Tony, was trying to be a good support to her at this time, and having gone through all the trouble to go to the birthing classes Michelle dragged him to, he was positioned near her face, and was urging Michelle to breathe, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. From my strategic position, which was out of harms way, I could tell by her expression that Michelle was starting to grow impatient with this frenetic urging. I could hear her speak out between her pushings for Tony to lay off the breathing stuff. Tony, who by now was thoroughly caught up in the birthing process, continued to breath into her face, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, until like a clap of thunder in the heavens, Michelle landed a right cross to Tony's cheek, and cried out, "I AM BREATHING YOU DUMMY, NOW GET OUT OF MY FACE!". Yikes. Where is my daughter? Who is this wild woman that just smacked her husband with great impunity? Ah, it was the best of times and it was the worst of times! Needless to say, Mama Char removed Tony from his prior position and situated him out of arms reach, which I by some ancient knowledge had already accomplished for myself. Decency and order? Ha. Finally, as Michelle continued in the birthing process, face growing red from the unbelievable amount of energy she expelled in pushing at the right times, amidst great groanings and straining, the babe came forth and The Cry was heard, which brought great joy to every heart, including Michelle, who wondrously reappeared as her sweet self, albeit a very tired but very happy young mother. In a moment of great release and birth, Michelle was never to be the same. Her world passed away with a great noise that day. Gone was the young single girl who went where she wanted to go, and did what she wanted to do, concerning herself only with her own desires and goals. Now, there was a young woman that instantly became maternal in nature, holding this most precious of all gifts to her breast with eyes full of wonder and awe, even allowing Tony to get back in her face as they both gazed at this new life. Now, Michelle's world was forever transformed into a world that was centered around this new life and all of her future decisions were altered with an inherent instinct that this young lady was now a mother who brought forth a child for which she would give her life to see it thrive. It was one of the most moving experiences of my natural life, but one that I have no desire to participate in again. Michelle gave birth to 2 more children, Landon and Jourden, and I

was content to stay outside the room, with lollipops and ice cream rivers running through my mind. Ahh, isn't life grand? Alas, here I am today in my own birthing chamber, and if you were wise, you won't come within arms reach of me either, for this is not about me anymore, it is all about HIM!

There are many different definitions of cries that are made and we can follow many of those types of cries through the scriptures. Not surprising, there are several different Greek words that have been translated into the English word, "cry" in the King James Version. One of the more relevant scriptures that refers to The Cry is found in the verse that I have chosen to be our key verse for this writing, which speaks of "one crying in the wilderness", which deals specifically with John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus Christ. The following is the Strong's definition for this particular Greek word translated "crying".

994 boao (bo-ah'-o);

apparently a prol. form of a primary verb; to halloo, i.e. shout (for help or in a tumultuous way):

In case you are like myself and you are unfamiliar with the old English usage of the word, "halloo", Websters Collegiate Dictionary lists 3 varieties of how this word is used. It is associated with the English word, "hollo", and is defined in the following manner.

1. To call or cry hollo; to utter loudly; Holler.
2. An exclamation or call of hollo.
3. Used to attract attention, as when a fox is spied during a fox hunt; used as a call of encouragement or jubilation.

It is to be noted, that this is not a hopeless cry of despair or desperation. It is a cry of impending consequence, to get the attention of someone, or to draw attention to an event or cause. It is the same Greek word used in the following verse, depicting Jesus during His passion of the cross.

Mark 15:34

34 *And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? (KJV)*

Again, to view this as a hopeless cry would not be true to the context of Jesus and His mindset concerning His position in the plan of God. He already acknowledged that His Father had given Him a commandment to lay His life down, and in so doing the Father would give Him the power to lay it down and also to raise it up.

John 10:17-18

Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father. (KJV)

Perhaps this is why Mark 15:34 has such a different connotation in the Emphatic Diaglott of the New Testament. It reads as follows: ***“And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, ‘Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabachthani?’ which being translated, is: “My God! To what hast thou surrendered me?”*** What a vast difference from being forsaken by God! Rather, the Son of God knew that the Father had surrendered Him to this death, and He was exclaiming of the immensity of this occasion, which was so encompassing in it’s curious work of salvation that Jesus “hallooed” the occasion, brought attention to it’s significance and broadcast it to all that was present. For us that have come to the knowledge of His full measure of grace, not only to those that believe but to all of those that do not yet believe, this single act of surrender has changed us forever and transformed our perspective of what Jesus did for creation on the cross. His sacrifice reached to the deepest depths of man’s sin soaked being, and cleansed the soul of man from the scarlet stain of adamic corruption into a pureness that is likened to the whitest snow. Oh marvelous grace, Oh wondrous love that drove our Savior to “halloo” creation from the cross and announce His willing surrender to such a fate. For in Him there was no darkness at all, but He had perfect vision of what the Father had intended for Him to experience. That is the cry of the Savior of all men, and it is a similar cry that is being heard today out of many sons in the making.

My spirit is crying out today, not out of self-pity, or in hopes of being soothed nor to be given a way of escape out of my instruction and schooling in the Lord, but my Cry is that of an alarm being sounded in all of Mt Zion and the beautiful City of God . I hear the same Cry today out of many that are standing on the walls of Jerusalem , who keep not their silence but they are raising their voice in alarm at the hour that is upon us. Why do we Cry? We Cry because we know this is not a common time in God, but a very special moment is at hand. This hour is not to be taken lightly, nor is it time for us to slumber or laze about in ease and comfort. It is a time to be discomfited, to be roused from our bed and to stand to our feet and become awake with expectation. The Cry of this hour is similar to the Cry that proclaimed the impending appearing of Jesus of Nazareth 2,000 years ago. As John cried with such alarm and compassion, so we are crying today, but our cry is bringing forth another appearing of the Lord, not in one single man, but in many sons, saints of His appearing, who will show forth the nature

and character of this Son of God, speaking with His voice, doing His will, walking with His power.

Our Cry seems to be gaining intensity today, as we start to get a better view of the immensity of our part in the plan of God. If we are truly the people of His visitation, and if we are truly those select few that He has chosen to appear through, then I am sure that our Cry is a “halloo” to the preponderance of our role in His kingdom. We are doing weighty things, saying weighty things and our actions and words are having an affect upon the world at large. Would you believe me if I told you that you are changing the world by your walk in the spirit of God? It is the truth! We don't have to be a company of thousands to change this world. It is a fact that numbers have no bearing upon how we are to go about being transformers of this age. What will change this present world is not thousands or millions of believers, but it will only take a few to walk in the light of the Day to bring a transforming presence to this earth. Our Cry is not to have more people in our midst or to be accepted in the larger congregations of the religious systems of men. Our Cry is to speak with the voice of the resurrection, to be one with our Lord, to be anointed with His anointing, to be endued with power from on high. In order to be the company of saviors sent from Mt Zion to visit the earth with the express purpose to cut off the house of flesh, then we must come into a unity with one another of such purity and magnitude that has never been seen in the earth before. Unity of such measure cannot come with millions of people doing their own thing. It can't even come with hundreds of people doing their own thing! For this reason we have been whittled upon by God's discriminating hand to bring us to a true sense of oneness in Christ. Oneness is not accomplished by getting all of the sons on the same page regarding the “doctrine” of the kingdom of God . This unique oneness is identified by all of the members of the Body of Christ being of the same Mind, moving through the earth with a singular purpose and defined goals.

The Cry of the hour is to become that for which we have been apprehended. We are giving notice to heaven and earth that this is not just another cycle of time, or another common generation that lives it's days out and then passes the glory off to another generation, but the “halloo” is given by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit as a witness to us that we are a “chosen generation”, a “royal priesthood”, the “planting of the Lord”, the “mouthpiece of God”, the “regeneration of the Son of God”, all of which signifies that we are not just passing through this world, but we are sent by God at a specific age to bring to this world the unveiled glory of the Son, in an open display of a manifestation in the sons of God. Jesus is to appear in the sons of God, as Light Bearers of His glory, whose brightness will outshine the sun and whose appearance is brighter and more illuminated than the most precious of jewels. For this we

Cry, that we would be the forth shining of the Son, His express image, His countenance upon which the nations will gaze and be changed by that unmarred visage. We Cry to see creation set free from the prison of corruption, to see a new heaven and a new earth, to see death destroyed from off God's creation, to see the end of all sickness and pain, to see safety and peace come to every man and woman, to see Jerusalem established as a praise in all the earth, to see the end of a limited life and experience the birth of an unlimited Life. For this we groan and we Cry, and count our life as nothing and all of our own knowledge and understanding we regard as dung, compared to the glory that is to be revealed in us. This is the reason we Cry, this is the reason we have forsaken the glory of men, the accolades of our peers, allowing ourselves to be seen as foolish, weak, of no reputation, without pride or conceit, so that we can be hid in Christ, alive unto God, swallowed up into His glory, submitted to His will, enveloped in His power, for this we Cry. To see every prisoner made free, to see every man awaken in His likeness, to see the Good News published throughout Zion, to see the Gospel of Jesus Christ proclaimed from the Mountain of God, to see the valley of dry bones erupt with life, to see the lions mouth shut, to hear the clear, pure sound of resurrection shouted out from those that have clean hands and a pure heart.

We have heard what men think, what men believe, what men ascribe as truth, but now it is the time for the Lord to be heard. Prepare yourself to hear a new sound in the earth, a voice without respect of person, a heavenly voice that will shake us as we have never been shook before. The Lord is bringing every thought into captivity, bringing to us a clear focus upon what really matters at this crucial hour in His Plan. We are being turned inside out, as the Day starts to seize us with it's power and glory. We cannot remain human in our expression. We must speak as God would speak, without regard for the flesh of men. In this Day, we will stand in the midst of great leaders of this world, men and women who have gained much respect and honor in the ways of the world, but they know nothing about the ways of the Lord. When put into this position, we must not speak out of our own substance, but we must speak with an authority of a higher dimension. I have no doubt that there are those that are seeking out our counsel in this most profound moment in God. We may not be aware of it and it may not be something that most of the sons of God are aware of, but the Word that has been in the midst of us for these many years is something that is rare and uncommon in this world. Even in the church world, the glory that is found in the midst of Kingdom believers has a unique sound that is instantly recognized as different and unusual. As a result, there are those that are still in the clutches of Babylon that are starting to look our way, as Moses looked aside to the burning bush, so are we in this present world, a people set on fire by the fiery substance of God, yet not destroyed.

You must become aware that the world is looking for answers and they are not finding any of those answers in a religious system that has institutionalized God to such a point that they have recreated Him in their own image and likeness. Gone from their midst is the Shekinah Glory, replaced by the charismatic personalities of celebrity ministries, which only appeals to the soulish appetites of the religious minded puppets that crowd the mega-churches of the world, reveling in their man-worship. Ah, but now I ask you, dear friend, can you hear it? Can you hear it? The Cry. A sound coming out of the throne of God, a battle Cry, a victory Cry, a Cry of one that once was dead, but behold, He now forever lives!

I hear that Cry today in a chosen few, those that have thrown caution to the wind and are taking a stand for Truth to be heard, no matter how politically incorrect that stand is, they continue to please God instead of men. Oh yes, there a few today that you can hear a certain sound coming from them, in their writings, on their tapes, a new sound of spirit and life. There is a great glut of so called, "kingdom truth", being sent out today and it is sad to say that much of it is only a rehashing of old doctrinal battle grounds, calling itself "new truth", when in reality it is only a repackaging of an old, rotting glory that is ready to pass away and give way to that which has been hid behind the veil. That Glory which is being "hallooed" today will not share itself with the former glories. It will not allow itself to become just an accessory to that which has been until now, but this most excellent Glory will cause those old glories to pass away and lose their relevance in our lives. Not that the old glory was wrong or unneeded, for each glory is instituted by God and is not to be taken lightly. But that which is passing away was only instituted UNTIL the more excellent Glory was ready to be revealed. My dear friend, we are in such a time.

So, Cry aloud and sound the alarm, people of the most high God. Lift up your voice and be not ashamed of that which the Lord is performing in the midst of you. Surely the Author and the Finisher of your faith will not leave your house undone, but salvation and restoration is at hand. Bring forth the Birth, and sing a new song unto the Lord. Let the barren sing and those that have stood the test rejoice, for the Lord has not brought us to this Day to bring forth wind, but yea, in you is the seed of promise and that which has been spoken to you by the mouth of the Lord will be performed in your life time. Your children and your children's children will partake of that which has being birthed out from you. Your house will not be termed forsaken or desolate, but I will restore you as at the first and no longer will you be shut up in a tight place as a fatted calf, but now is the time for your release. The Word that I have hid within you will be brought out in due season and at the set time of your God. Come not down from that place wherein the Lord has placed you, but be as a Tree of the Lord, planted beside the still

waters. Be not troubled nor dismayed at your situations, for I will deliver you out of them all and set your feet upon holy ground. Neither will you be ashamed in the Day of my appearing, but stand still and see the salvation of your God. These enemies that you see today, will be seen no more at all in your land. Get ready for the abundance of the Lord, for there is the sound of the abundance of rain in the land of the living. Your land will bring forth the early fruit and the Lord will increase your harvest. Your countenance will shine with the glory of the Lord and your tears will only be of joy for the mercy of the Lord. I have heard your Cry and I have been moved by reason of your travail. I will deliver you from all of your fear and will give you perfect peace. I will enlarge your heart and bring forth in you the essence of my Love. I will turn the heart of your enemies toward you and remove your reproach. They will see Me in you. I will make you a tour de force of love and mercy in the land of the dead. At the sound that will Cry out of you, the dead will raise and the sick will recover. The blind will see, the deaf will hear and the unbelieving heart will be converted. I have called you forth to be a blessing to those that are hurting. In you is the power to remove the veil from their understanding, so quench not My spirit, but yield to the moving of My spirit. Do not try to justify yourself, do not try to qualify yourself, do not speak for yourself, for I have already justified you, qualified you and I will speak for myself. Leave it to Me. Do not touch the realm of the ark of the covenant, lay not your hands suddenly upon anything, but trust in Me to be your guide and your compass. Now, stand to your feet, lift up your hands, wash your face and put on fresh garments. The Day is upon you and there is no retreat from this point on. Don't look back, face the rising of the Son, and let me do my wondrous works in you. I will not fail. So says the Lord!

