

A *Song* of **Prophecy**

No topic is so magnetic as the study of prophecy because it ignites a burning desire for the return for our Beloved.

“Is he here yet?” she asks.

She has no fear; she lives in love—for him. She has entered into a blood covenant that remains sealed, never to be broken until death.

She listens as he urges her never to lose sight of him, to remain vigilant, to watch and stand by his side during the long and weary times of this evil age and to be ready for the deception and dark troubles brewing on the horizon.

She keeps him always in sight. She knows he can see the dark forces against her; the hideous creatures that seek to destroy her. They hide in the shadows and lurk. They team up with wicked men in governments all around the world. Puppeteers of all that is evil, they plot and scheme relentlessly behind the scenes. Sometimes, their activities surface and the horror shakes her, but she does not crumble. She grows in strength leaning further and deeper into her Beloved.

He grips her arms and reassures her that he will never leave her or forsake her, but she must listen to his warnings and become wise so that she does not become tricked, confused, and walk away—from him.

His eyes like burning crystal, he pleads. “Some are falling away—no longer watching,” He cries.

He points to the people—hundreds, thousands, millions, billions coming and going. “Look! In the **Sardis Church** (Revelation 3:3) they have not remembered what they have received and heard. Repent! **If you will not wake up, I will come like a thief, and you will not know at what hour I will come against you**”?



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“No! My Lord! **Here I am,**” *she* replies.

“Not everyone is awake.” Again, He watches the people.

“You.” He sighs. “You—are **not** the children of darkness (I Thessalonians 5:2-6). For **you yourselves are fully aware that the day of the Lord will come like a thief in the night.** While people are saying, ‘There is peace and security,’ then sudden destruction will come upon them as labor pains come upon a pregnant woman, and they will not escape. But **you are not in darkness, brothers, for that day to surprise you like a thief.** For **you are all children of light, children of the day.** We are not of the night or of the darkness. So then let us **not sleep, as others do,** but let us **keep awake and be sober.**”

He reaches out and gently caresses her hand, softly repeating, “You’re children of light—*of light.*”

“Yes, my Lord,” *she* replies. *She* frowns, peering from the corner of her eyes, *she* spies the strain in his eyes, tightness in his posture. “You worry.”

He hesitates, lifting her chin their eyes meet. The gentility of his caress spasms into contractions, squeezing into her hand. *She* gasps.

“Many will fall away, my Love. So many will be tricked, confused, shaken. Watch!”



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“My Beloved, **Here I am.** I am watching and it grieves me, too, that the leaders of the world are wicked. They are full of deceit, craftiness, and corruption. I see the thievery of the economic plays of my people, stealing from the middle class and the poor all around the world. I see the wayward religious leaders who have lulled the people to sleep and lead many astray. I see a medical structure that relies on science to heal. I see education that has left the educated wanting. But, you know my Lord that I suffer patiently in this world of rebellion for the kingdom whose ruler and maker is God. It is in you and your kingdom that I have pledged my alliance and my pride is *only* in you.”

“But,” *she* leans towards him and whispers, “there are times when I don’t want to watch anymore—just hide my head in the sand because my Lord—my people are still rebellious, arrogant, self-righteous and wayward. We’re unworthy.”

“Rebels, yes! Unworthy—no, no, no,” He voice mellows into a warm embrace. “My Father has loved you from the beginning and I love you. We have never stopped loving you. My Father says that those who remain faithful are **His**, precious and honoured in His sight (Isaiah 43:1). You are the descendants of Abraham from whom the whole world will be blessed. Watch! I am coming to reconcile you with me and make one, the two houses. It was a long time ago, but look, though you were scattered, yet in **that distant land** you will remember our Father—in

heaven! You and your children will survive and return” (Zechariah 10:9).

“We’re going—home?” she asks, her voice breaking.

“Our Father’s promises are true and sure. That is why you’re watching, so that you will **discover** and **SEE** the promises come into fruition. You’re watching, so that when the time comes, you will **BE** ready without those offensive spots (misinformation), ugly wrinkles (traditions of men), and foul smelling blemishes (false truths). You should not be swayed or tricked because I have warned you to remain vigilant. Clothe yourself in truth, honesty, humility, and righteousness. Don’t side with evildoers, don’t mix with rebels, don’t linger around the sly and crafty. **Run!** Fellowship with God-fearing people. Only they will return home. My promise for your return is true and sure.”

“We’re going home!” she shouted throwing her arms up, her head resting against her neck; she skipped in a circle. “Home—after all these years.”

He watched silently, fixed on her; he smiled following her as she moved. “Our Father promises—and when that happens you and your whole family will know that God is the LORD” (Ezekiel 37:13).



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She tugged his arm. “Now?”

“Shhh—Listen! I have asked you to watch, so that you will be ready.”

He followed her eyes commanding her attention. “Grow! Grow—in grace and knowledge. The fiery trials during Jacob’s trouble will bring you into perfection—there will be a great falling away. It will be a time like no other—a time of great growth in great pain.”

He suddenly, knelt down on one knee and kissed her hand. She jumped back and froze.

Her throat went dry as she croaked, “My—Lord.”

He whispered, looking up at her, “One day soon you will call me, husband.”

She knelt down and replied, “I will **never stop watching** our Father’s promises come true; I will **never stop watching** His plan for mankind unfold into wonderful pages in time; I will **never stop watching** His gentle hand weave in and out of our world; I will **simply never stop watching—HIM.**”



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He released a long sigh. “Now, share with your people your watch. Keep them awake and on their toes. I hope they will want to share with you. I know this task will be difficult and I will not apologize for that because correction is truly needed, but in the darkness are gems more beautiful than the eye can behold. A revival is on its way. I know it won’t be easy as the storm clouds roll in, but you are the children of light. I will guide you and show you the way. Trust in me. Evil, no matter how powerful it may appear, it can not touch you. You won’t be surprised by the horror that they will release; you are the wise children of the day.”

She nodded.

“I have to go,” he said. “I am preparing a place for you. When I return, will I find you?”

“My Lord!” she gasped. “Of course, I will see you and call out to you, ‘**Here I am.**’”



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