

## Warning #1

The Father detests the proud.

He is fed up with the passiveness of three piece suite preachers claiming to proclaim truth they do not live by.

"Oh well if you can quote all of proverbs, if your praises are popular, or if you don't eat pork.

Your religious attempts to appease My wrath have purpose, no power, no love for people...

Not those you decided were Mine...

But those I know, I formed, I chose!

Who are you to call who are yourself Mine while hating your brother?

You're concerned with what is pagan, what is proper, while you prostitute yourself in public...

Protesting petty problems while playing lover to your Religious Spirit...

Letting it pimp you out to the practices of man and tradition while the world watches...

Watches as you sing "it is well with my soul" when you've forgotten your worship should be weeping and wailing for a world you've helped deceive.

Woe to you calling yourself Mine!

Mine are the mighty men!

Look at your women!

Where are your children?

Then look in the mirror...

You've forgotten your helmet,

You left your breastplate in the bed of your whoredom, your belt barely fits...

Your shield became heavy so you set it aside, Your sword is dull.

There's no iron sharpening iron!

Your feet are shawed with a fake peace that's made you passive while a war raged around your homes.

And you call yourself Mine? My mighty men?

You fools!

You fathered children and decided finances feed them instead of faith.

You forsook freedom for a 9-5 fanclub that would make you feel fulfilled...

a false sense of security about your position in your home

while you throw out your purpose hour by hour... binge watching politics, and useless passions, and provocative persuasions that pollute the very heart of your calling as a father,

As a man.

You can't lead from your recliner...

But you can follow from your face!

Your face to the ground before me... where is your reverence?

When was the last time you trembled before me?

Who do you think I am?

I am not the Father you think I am. I'm not the father you are. I discipline those I love!

You spared the rod and spoiled the loaf...

Leven has weakened your seed.

A puffed up generation, having the appearance of bread but the rise is not real...

Just an air pocket, empty, where My Spirit should dwell!

There's no nourishment coming from your seed.

You failed to work and knead the loaf.

Now I will raise up a generation, those children called bastards...

And bake them with my love, and form them on the counters of compassion, and knead out the imperfections, place them in the refining fire, and pull them out and display them in your fancy dishes...

Your glass temples, excessive buildings... the places used to display the molded bread you serve and call My body for a hungry world you've failed to feed.

I'll displace those who have displeased me in their wretched, religious "righteousness"...

And replace them with the now robed rebel... and the remnant gathered off the streets.

For I am no respecter of persons.

I will use the least of these, beg that you should become less!

The greatest in the Kingdom won't be the ones you expect... or better yet ACCEPT

From what I see from you... deeming who is worthy and who is not...

Apart from Me, there is no good in you... it's best that you remember that!

Repent husbands... your wives have gone astray...

After fighting battles alone for so long, it's it her fault she could not stay?

You're lacking love.

You abuse the rib I made, and then curse Me for the gift.

How dare you desire submission on a throne you are not even worthy to sit!

Get up from your bed and work the ground,

Toil for your reward...

I didnt leave you sleeping... you were suppose to awaken in gratitude for the woman who would call you my lord.

What an embarrassment you are... the self centered groom the mockers see

How are they to become a bride anticipating their Groom after the joke you've made of Me?

Is that a picture of the Bridigroom, you're true example of who I am?

No wonder they don't recognize sacrificial love... no wonder they don't trust My Lamb

You call yourself Mine? You call yourself men?

Jeremiah 51:30 says "the mighty men of Babylon have ceased fighting; they remain in their strongholds, their strength has failed. They have become women."

You call yourselves men?

Sitting comfortably in in your strongholds? Sleeping through the battle?

Where are you mighty men?

Rise up or be removed!

Repent or watch with regret from the pit as I raise up an army...

An army from the addicts and the beggars, the broken and forgotten, the overlooked and underqualified...

because I am God

and I call the humbled into Holy places,

the homeless into Heavenly realms,

the messed up, marked by mistakes, and the most menial of mankind...

And I will make them My mighty men.

Romans 9:20

"Who are you o man, who arrogantly speaks back to God and dares to defie Him? Will the thing that is formed say to Him who formed it "Why have You made me like this?" Does the potter not have right over the clay to make from the same lump one object for honorable use and another for common use? What if God although willing to show His wrath and to make His power known, has tolerated with great patience the objects of His wrath which are prepared for destruction? And what if He has done so to make known the riches of His glory to the objects of His mercy, which He prepared beforehand for glory?"

Who are you, oh man?