

### **Warning #3**

Your words carry weight over life...  
Your life and the lives of others.

The weight is heavy!  
The heaviness only able to be carried based on the footing of your foundation... the  
base of your faith.

Why then do you toss it, toss them, toss your words around with little regard to the  
damage they cause as they are tossed to and fro?

You were given a strength that you are abusing...

Like a weight lifter given the strength to spot and support others but instead is picking  
up the weights and throwing them, tossing them around in a flurry...

in a rage of immaturity... like a toddlers tantrum.

The very ones you are supposed to be strengthened for... are being wounded on your  
watch by the very weight of your words...

when you were given wisdom to watch the words as they come together and are formed  
and are spoken into existence.

You were given a gift and have taken what I gave to relieve the weary, protect the weak,  
and rally the worshipers... and have weaponized it to protect yourself from the very  
process you've been praying for.

You desire to produce oil, to be pressed, to have a full portion for my return...  
and yet you hide like a coward behind your walls, safe in the confines of your comfort...

your complacency in the former ways you have come to me to drink the milk you cry  
for...

A child not wanting to be weaned.

This is not a time for nursing... men do not latch on to women to suck them dry and  
drain their vessels... vessels given for a purpose... to feed infants.

Are you an infant or are you a man?

Then get off the milk!

I gave you power and authority...

A position, not only in your home, but in my Kingdom as head...

but you are pacifying on the milk of infants,

playing protector to no one but yourself.

A puffed up chest with a heart smaller than that of a child's, hiding behind the rib you beat on... while pounding your chest with pride.

Playing tough when someone is watching...  
then whining like a woman when no one's there to stroke your ego.

You need attention in the gym because the mirrors have distorted your view...  
the reflection giving the facade of a man when you don't even know what a man looks like!

Your "strength" came from "steroids" not time spent earnestly and honestly...  
True strength is Mine and only found and grown in Me...  
In showing up consistently in My training...

But you lack the self discipline, the self control... to even continue to show up!  
Your eyes have fooled you.  
You are weak!

Ignore the bulges on your biceps and see the lack of bruising on your knees.  
Knees that you only fall on when you come whining about the weight I created you to carry.

Look at yourself and see the truth in your tantrums...  
A child throws tantrums, not a man!

You are tearing up those entrusted to you... throwing weight around with your words,  
throwing wisdom out with it...  
To keep yourself free...

free from the fear and insecurity that others may see how much of your muscle is fake.

You cannot hide forever behind the facade of "faith" that was inflated with a needle...  
A poison given to you by a "physician"...  
I am THE PHYSICIAN... WHO FOOLED YOU?!

The remedy is not found in a quick fix...  
THAT STRENGTH WILL NOT STAND.  
True strength is found in hard work, in the crushing...

And you are too childish, too attached to your milk to be made into men.

FORSAKE YOUR FITS, YOUR FACADES...

Find your footing by falling from the feet that have falsely fortified you and bow before Me.

Bare the burden of the weight placed on you, the heaviness of your headship...  
By humbling yourself to My process of making men...

Men equipped with oil...

Men who understand the gifts given to them and their position as provider, protector, and priest of their homes.

Your fits are not fitting of a man!  
Stop flexing and fall on your face.