

APRIL 1, 3 AM

BOOK OF DEEDS:

THE PRESENT SHAKIING OF THE CHURCH

The Lord woke me this morning at 3 AM to my place of waiting for Him. I was immediately in the spirit above the earthly and stood before the firmament above the earth as clear as crystal. I was to see the suffering, hear the cries, experience the fear and terror upon the continents of the earth. The Lord said, "I have set stages, as pages in a book." I am calling for a time of repositioning, kingdom orientation, and Teshuva (return to your first love.)

Immediately I saw a book that said, "The Wonders and Deeds of the Almighty." I felt in my ascent, heaviness. Literally, the bones of my skeleton felt as if they were shaking—I knew there was a severity in the atmosphere of my spirit. This section in this book began, "For my children, it will be as a turning page one after the other until it is full." On the page, I saw tears falling, and the pages were bloodstained. The Lord was not unmoved by the cries, nor by the fear and terror that was resounding in heaven. God said, "I have purposed this season to bring about an awakening of a woman who has fallen asleep, she has been an intoxicated bride. This season has been allowed to flow through my hands to move her feet that have become as iron towards me; to soften her hardened heart, and to unseat thrones. I turned the second page, and I saw a picture of a woman. She was like the woman on the former page. The woman sat over a thousand waters. But the seas were not still. They were raging like a storm across the surface of the waters, it took up the whole page.

On the next page, the same woman was descending under the waters. She was seen desperately trying to stay afloat, but she couldn't. She was being taken down by treasures that were attached to her ankles. Large and small chests filled with things that she cherished and prized too much.

I turned the next page, and the woman was identified. She was the church, the bride. The bride was seen descending ever deeper by refusing to let go of our treasurers. The scene took up the whole page.

I turned the next page, and upon the thousand waters were a number that could not be counted. It represented the shepherds and the people of God from every nation and tongue. Some were doing better and reached the surface because they let go of their treasures. Others had very little attached to them, so it was easier. Yet others remain buoyant because they had nothing attached to them as the robe of the Bride Groom was held fervently in their hand.

I turned the page again, I saw many shepherds being pulled down because they refused to let go. They have fattened themselves on their empires—securities—gold and silver—so their weight could not be sustained, and they sank. I saw a footnote on the page about a former righteous man, Jeremiah, during his time, he called the shepherds to account because they were concerned with their paneled houses filled with the goods of the people. They loved their things more than the Lord's sheep.

I turned another page, and joy and relief were upon it. Many shepherds were letting go allowing their treasures to break off, so they rose to the top of the waters. Many were finally free, and immediately they were able to hear my former voice and were able to listen to my present voice. It took up the whole page.

On the next page, seemingly like a new section, it began dealing with God's sheep. The same was happening to them as what was happening to the shepherds. They have enlarged themselves with earthly pursuits, fallen in love with things that rust and decay, and were descending as they refused to let go of their earthly treasures. But it seems many more of the sheep in proportion began to rise to the top. They seemed to understand the danger quicker, and as they rose to the top, they took a deep breath and began to feel joyful, feeling free and light again. In the final

pages of this section, or chapter, I saw a picture of the woman again. She was different. It took up the whole page, and I focused on her for a while.

I turned the page again, and she seemed to be in white apparel. It was a seemingly new garment, and there was a heavenly glow about her. You knew she was refreshed and renewed out of the storm. A thousand waters that sat upon began to grow calmer, her ears were bent towards the heavenly spheres, and she seemed to understand the more profound and more heavenly things as never before.

I turned another page again, and sadness rose within me. Many, sheep and shepherds alike, tightened their hold on their material things—they fought even harder to regain their former stature after the storm. But on the seemingly last page, the Lord showed me the same net in the previous vision in November of 2019. It was a net cast over the earth and was filled with an enumerable number of fish from different tribes and tongues. Joy was felt in heaven because millions came to receive the Lamb of God for their lives. They made it through the plague and found new life.

END OF VISION