

By The Blood of The Lamb & The Word of Their Testimony. - The Testimony of Daniel ben Judah

Dreams, Visions and An Audible Voice

By Daniel ben Judah

I was born in Louisiana in 1969 to two very young, unwed teenagers. Before I was born, my adoption to two wonderful parents had already been arranged through Catholic Church Services, and I was placed with my adoptive family immediately after I was born.

From my earliest memories, I knew that God was with me. I cannot explain how I knew it, I simply did. Along with that awareness came a sense of the presence of His angel watching over me. Growing up in the country, I did all the things a country boy would do, but I never spoke about my spiritual experiences. I kept silent about the dreams, the visions, and the times I heard an audible voice.

These experiences began when I was very young and continued throughout my life into adulthood. For many years, I assumed they were a normal part of life and that everyone experienced them. Because of that, I never thought much about sharing them with others.

I was raised in the Catholic faith till I was 17 years old and even served as an altar boy. Through the reverence of God I seen in my family and within the Church, I learned to reverence and honor God in like manner, and that was important to me. At that time, that was all I knew about having a relationship with Him.

Yet long before I understood religion, church doctrine, spirituality, or even who God truly was according to His Word, I knew He was present. By the age of four or five, I was already aware of Him. He seemed to be with me day and night ... in my thoughts, in my dreams, and later through powerful visions, and occasionally through an audible voice.

Living with these experiences was both a blessing and a burden. There were moments of great joy, wonder, and comfort, but there were also seasons of loneliness, and anguish. As a young child, I had no framework for understanding what I was seeing and experiencing. I didn't know what to do with these dreams and visions, and I didn't know anyone else who spoke about such things.

In many ways, these experiences separated me from others. Although I assumed everyone experienced them, growing up Catholic, I never heard anyone talk about visions, dreams, or hearing from God, except in a negative connotation. As the years passed, I realized that it was more common than I thought, but it was something not commonly discussed in my own circles, and so I carried these things quietly within me.

Looking back now, I can see that the hand of God was upon my life from the very beginning. Even before I was adopted, before I understood faith, before I could comprehend the things He was showing me, even before I knew His name, He was already present ... guiding me, protecting me, and revealing Himself in ways that would shape the course of my life.

Most of these experiences came through dreams and visions. Sometimes, and always unexpected, I would just find myself in the middle of a vision or dream-like experience, yet fully conscious and aware of my surroundings, yet, never with a sense of confusion or disorder. Instead, I seemed to enter these moments with complete clarity and situational awareness, as though I had simply stepped into another reality for a brief moment.

Many of the things I witnessed seemed insignificant or irrelevant to me at the time. Some appeared to serve no immediate purpose at all. I often struggled to understand why I was being shown certain things or situations. It was not until adulthood, after gaining greater spiritual discernment from my local evangelical churches, that I began to recognize and understand the meanings of some of these experiences. Others still remain a mystery.

I believe we are living in prophetic times, and that many of God's children are experiencing dreams, visions, impressions, and even visitations. While some experiences fade with time, others remain vivid and close to our hearts, as though they happened yesterday. Those are the ones that continue to speak to me and draw my attention back to them frequently.

What appears dim and incomplete through one person's perspective may become clearer when joined together with the experiences and insights of others. In this way, the collective eye of the Body sees more clearly than any individual.

With that in mind, I want to share some of my personal dreams, visions, and visitations. My purpose is not merely to tell stories, but to show how I arrived at the conclusions and convictions I hold today. I also hope that by sharing my experiences, others may be encouraged to share their own. Every testimony matters. Every perspective has value. Every piece of the puzzle is needed, if we are to gain a fuller understanding of what God is revealing to us in these days.

My First Prophetic Dream

One of my earliest recurring dreams began when I was about five years old and continued until I was around ten. Even as a child, I knew this dream carried great significance over and beyond ordinary dreams. Somehow, I understood that God was showing me something significant.

The dream always unfolded the same way. The day was always a happy day, but the sky was always dark and gloomy, as though a storm was about to break. I was always outside in the backyard, sitting on a very tall swing made of heavy iron pipe, its frame firmly anchored into the ground. Knowing the swing wouldn't rock, I would always swing as high as I could.

There was a tall wooden fence that separated our yard from the neighbor's backyard, and when I swung high enough, I could see over that fence, and always standing near the other side of that fence was always the same figure.

He appeared as an old man with shoulder-length dirty white greasy hair. He wore old worn black religious garments with an old black hat that resembled Jewish attire. His face carried an

expression of anger and hostility. Though I was only a child and couldn't fully understand such things, I knew with certainty that he was the devil.

Each time I swung high enough to see over the fence, he would always be there waiting. Always reaching upward, to grab my feet, as my feet passed over his side of the fence. His intent was always the same, to grab me, and prevent me from seeing into his backyard, to keep his endeavors hidden.

Yet no matter how hard he tried, I remained just beyond his reach.

Instead of being frightened, I confidently swung higher knowing he couldn't touch me. With each ascent giving me a new glimpse into his endeavors and territory. I became aware that God was allowing me to see things that were ordinarily concealed. Although I could not fully understand the meaning at the time, the message remained with me.

As I reflect on this dream now, I know God was revealing a calling that became clear later in my life. He was showing me that He would permit me to peer into the workings of the enemy's camp, to discern the true reality of things that often remain hidden from public view. So those things could be brought into the light for the benefit and strengthening of His people.

An Audible Voice

When I was around twelve years old, something happened that profoundly impacted my life and remained with me for years afterward.

It was during summer school break, one of those hot afternoons when it was simply too hot to be outside. I was home alone, sitting in my father's recliner, a place where I often set. Resting on a lamp table beside the chair, was our large family Bible. It was one of those oversized Catholic Bibles that many families in Louisiana displayed prominently in their homes.

I was especially drawn to that Bible because it contained Michael Angelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel. The artwork fascinated me. Even at a young age, I spent hours studying the beautiful details in those images.

On this particular day, however, I had not yet reached those pictures. Instead, I was slowly turning through pages that contained photographs of Catholic priests administering communion. As I studied the pictures and quietly pondered them, something unexpected happened.

A voice spoke to me. It was not a thought that passed through my mind. It was not imagination. It was an audible voice.

The voice seemed to come from behind me, yet at the same time it completely surrounded me. It was as if it came from everywhere at once. What amazes me most when I look back on that

moment is how natural it felt. I was not startled. I did not jump from the chair. I did not turn around to see who was there. Instead, I simply listened and replied.

The voice said, in reference to the photographs I was viewing: "This is what you will be when you grow up." The statement was clear, direct, and unmistakable.

Immediately, I understood that the voice was referring to a priest. Yet, it made little sense to me at the time. At twelve years old, I had no desire to become a Catholic priest. In fact, I could not imagine my life taking that direction at all. It seemed completely foreign to the plans, interests, and expectations of a 12-year-old.

Without hesitation, I answered back as though I were having an ordinary conversation. "No, I'm not. I'm not going to be a Catholic priest." As I considered what had just been said, the voice spoke again: "This is what you will be when you grow up." And again, I said no I'm not. Then a third time: "This is what you will be when you grow up." And like the first two times I said no I'm not going to be a catholic priest

Those were the only words spoken, but they carried a heavy weight with me, and certainty never left me.

For years, I didn't understand why those words were spoken to me and over my life. I only knew that the experience was real and that the words were spoken with graceful authority.

Looking back, I am still amazed by my reaction to a voice from an invisible source. Yet I felt no fear whatsoever. There was no panic, no confusion, and no sense of danger. The voice was peaceful and authoritative and speaking back to it felt natural.

About six years later, the meaning of that encounter became clear. I now understood that the calling upon my life was not that of a Catholic priest. Rather, I had been called to the priesthood after the Order of Melchizedek.

In my youth, I interpreted the message through the only framework available to me. God had spoken in terms I could recognize and understand. But it took years of spiritual growth and revelation before I realized that the calling He was pointing to extended far beyond my childhood understanding. The voice had spoken truthfully. It was my understanding of the message that needed maturity.

An Open Daytime Vision from 1988

When I was eighteen years old, I lived on my own by this time. I experienced a vision during the middle of the day that again profoundly affected the course of my life.

I suddenly found myself standing in a room in complete darkness, except for a brilliantly illuminated handrail leading up a staircase. The handrail shone with radiant colors, like a small, straight rainbow suspended in the darkness. It was the only thing visible.

The moment I reached out and touched it, a door at the top of the stairs opened, and an intense white light poured through the doorway. Instantly, I found myself standing at the top of the staircase.

The sudden transition startled me.

As I slowly stepped forward, I entered a vast room with high ceilings and polished floors. I paused and looked around in amazement, trying to take in everything I was seeing. It was then that I became aware that I was inside a vision.

I remember thinking, how incredible is this?

Although I had never encountered such a thing before, I somehow knew exactly where I was. This was the throne room of the Great King. It was also a council chamber and a courtroom. The room was magnificent beyond description, it was royal, beautiful, and majestic, yet at the same time possessing remarkable simplicity. Strangely, I felt no fear.

I walked forward in astonishment until I reached the center of the room. There, the overwhelming power of love, holiness, and righteousness flowing from the throne struck me with such force that I fell to my knees.

Though I never saw the face of the One seated upon the throne, I knew beyond all doubt that I was in the Great King's presence.

Arrayed on either side of the throne were 24 elders seated in a semicircle. Twelve appeared exceedingly ancient and represented the twelve tribes of Israel. The other twelve, though not as ancient, represented the twelve apostles. Each wore magnificent white robes, unique and distinctive, as though reflecting their family's insignia.

The setting reminded me of what I imagined the Roman Senate might have looked like, but infinitely more glorious, regal, and divine.

Angels stood throughout the chamber. Some were positioned near the throne, others along the sides of the room, while one angel flew above me in slow circles. I could feel its intense curiosity as it studied me. It seemed to be asking within itself, ... what kind of man is this, and why has he been brought here?

Although I could not clearly distinguish any faces, I somehow understood the thoughts, intentions, and emotions being communicated throughout the room.

Then one of the elders stood up and began asking me questions.

The questions concerned God's people on earth and matters affecting His assemblies. They were deep, piercing, and weighty questions, regarding responsibility, leadership, and the condition of God's people.

As I knelt there, I felt completely overwhelmed by the questions, I remember thinking, I am far too young for these questions.

At eighteen years old, I knew very little about the affairs of the Church. I had no position of authority, no experience, and no answers to give. Yet the elders continued to look upon me with full expectation of me to respond. I knelt there speechless.

Then something remarkable happened. The angel who had been circling above me was commanded by the Great King to approach the throne, and take the sword from the Great King's hand, and bring it to me.

Then the Great King spoke to me saying. "Take My sword and stand for Me in that day. In this sword is the power and authority you will need to accomplish My work."

Immediately, the twenty-four elders and the angels cried out together with one voice: "STAND UP! STAND UP! STAND UP! With the sword of the Great King!"

As I stood up in the middle of the room and raised His sword as high as I could, an eruption of cheering filled the chamber. The cheers became thunderous roars. Yet I understood that their celebration was not for me standing up. But rather they were rejoicing for the cause of the Great King, for the fulfillment of His purposes, and for the accomplishment of His Word.

Then, suddenly, a blinding flash of light erupted before me, and in an instant, I found myself in another throne room.

At first glance it appeared almost identical to the first. The arrangement was the same. The number of occupants was the same. The positions and attendants mirrored what I had just witnessed. Yet, everything was different. This throne room was one of gross darkness.

The throne was grotesquely ornate, covered in a thick layer of filth. The room itself was grimy, dark, and polluted. Everything felt empty, lifeless, and filled with death. The atmosphere was thick with anger & deception.

Once again, I found myself in the center of that chamber, kneeling down, But, this time, I had been forced to my knees.

The counterfeit elders murmured among themselves. Dark angels stood around the room and with one flying above me in a circle, but unlike the holy angel from before, this one radiated hatred and destruction. As it circled overhead, it cursed and blasphemed the name of my God while staring at me with fierce hostility. It bared its teeth as though trying to intimidate me into submission. Then a sword was given to that corrupt angel. That sword's purpose was destruction.

As it drew nearer and accelerated toward me, I suddenly heard voices breaking through from the first throne room.

They were the voices of the righteous elders and the holy angels. They shouted with authority: "Stand up! Stand up! Stand up and raise the sword you were given!"

Immediately I rose to my feet in that dark and corrupted courtroom and lifted the King's sword high above my head. Instantly, a brilliant white light burst forth.

The corrupt throne room, the corrupt council, the corrupt authority, the demonic sword, and everything associated with them were consumed and destroyed by the light of His sword. Nothing remained, and once again, mighty cheers erupted.

The elders and angels rejoiced, not for me, but for the victory of the Great King, for His righteousness, and for the accomplishment of His Word.

Then another bright flash of light, and the vision ended.

For a long time afterward, I struggled to process this. As prophetically simple as it seemed, the vision was far greater and deeper than anything I could fully comprehend at eighteen years of age. Its symbolism, its implications, and the weight of its message required years of reflection and spiritual growth. Over time, however, I came to understand that the vision was not merely about me as an individual, or the obedience of just one in the Body of Christ. The command to stand was not directed to me alone but to all who belong to Christ.

The message was clear: when God's people stand confidently in the authority He has given them and remain faithful to His Word, every counterfeit kingdom must ultimately yield to the light of His truth, regardless of what the circumstances or consequences look like.

The victory belongs to the Great King, and the will of His Word will be accomplished with or without us.

Another Vision from 1988;

Again, at 18 years old, I experienced another open vision that deeply impacted me and has remained with me throughout my life.

In the vision, I found myself observing a massive gathering of people. The crowd stretched farther than I could see, numbering in the tens of thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands. Before them stood two men positioned between two enormous Roman-style columns. Although the exact location was not revealed to me, I somehow sensed that this scene was taking place between the pillars of authority of the District of Columbia.

The two men stood with a great authority as they addressed the multitude before them. As they began to speak, their mouths opened wide, and their heads tilted back toward heaven. Suddenly, torrents of water burst forth from their mouths with tremendous force. The flow was powerful, unstoppable, and alive.

As the water descended upon the people, it separated into big droplets, and as those droplets descended to touch the heads of the people, the drops transformed into fire.

As the water and the fire fell upon the people, the people were changed. The people of God were no longer weak, passive, or uncertain. They became a mighty people—filled with power, authority, boldness, and purpose. They stood as a unified people under God, equipped and empowered to fulfill His will in the earth.

Within the vision, I understood that this outpouring was connected to a great awakening among God's people. It was tied to the outward manifestation of the Order and the priesthood of the Melchizedek in the land. A priesthood not confined by religious systems, but by Christ alone, A priesthood operating in divine lawful authority, and righteousness, for the will and purposes of God.

As I watched these events unfold, a profound sense of holy fear and awe came over me, as I saw myself as one of the two men standing between the columns.

That realization brought down the fear of God upon my head. The weight of what I was witnessing, and the possibility of my connection to it, left me deeply perplexed and overwhelmed. The greater intention of the vision was far greater than anything I could comprehend at eighteen years of age. I did not possess the wisdom, understanding, or the experience to be a part of such things. Yet the impression it left upon me was again undeniable. Even now, after almost 40 years, the vision continues to affect me.

I have often reflected on it and asked the same questions: What does one do with such a vision?

Whether the vision spoke of a specific individuals, of a future generation, or of the Body of Christ as a whole, the central message remains clear: God desires a people who are empowered by His Spirit, purified by His fire, and established in His authority. A people who will stand faithfully in their calling and reflect His kingdom on the earth.

We are only vessels through whom God's will and purposes are revealed.

Another Vision, mid 1990's;

Again, I received a vision concerning the condition of the Church, it was another vision, although simple, it affected me deeply and has remained with me ever since.

The impact of the vision was so profound to me that I shared it with church leadership shortly afterward. Unfortunately, the message was not taken seriously and dismissed with little concern or effect. Yet the burden of it never left me.

The vision was simply presented through imagery reminiscent of the children of Israel being delivered from captivity in Egypt.

In the vision, God's people (the church) had been brought out of bondage by His mighty hand. They had endured a long and difficult journey, and at last they arrived at the edge of a great body

of water. Before them, the waters had been miraculously opened, creating a clear and dry path to the other side.

The way had been made. God Himself had prepared it, and everyone could see it.

The people stood in awe of what God had done on their behalf. They recognized His power, His faithfulness, and His deliverance. After all they had endured, they rejoiced together. They set up camp at the mouth of the opened waters. There was singing, dancing, feasting, thanksgiving, and praise. The atmosphere was filled with gratitude for the freedom God had given them.

Yet something was terribly wrong. As I watched, I became aware that very few people actually crossed through the waters to the other side. The majority stood at the mouth of the waters celebrating the miracle before them, but they had not completed the journey.

The path to the other side stood open, yet the majority remained at the shoreline content to admire the miracle without possessing the promise that laid beyond it.

Then I sensed the sadness of God.

He looked upon His people with grief because the deliverance He provided was only the beginning, not the destination. He had opened a path to bring them into something greater, yet they had settled for standing at its entrance.

As I reflected upon the vision, I came to understand it as a picture of the Church then and now.

Many believers recognize that God has delivered them from many things and has called them to an even greater walk. Yet, few realize the deep forms of captivity that continue to hold their lives in bondage. Modern American Christianity, does not recognize nor understand the captivity they were born into, nor have they been shown how to come out of it in completion.

The vision revealed a people celebrating freedom while remaining at the threshold of their greater liberation.

At the time, I believed this described much of American Christianity. Sadly, today, I believe it describes an even greater portion of the body of Christ in America.

The open waters represented a path to greater freedom and maturity. But to walk that path requires more than just celebrating God's hand in our deliverance. It requires a courageous move forward, with a willingness to leave familiar territory, and the discernment to recognize both the purposes of God and the strategies of the adversary. The tragedy was that the way stood open before them, and few walked through it.

During this same period of my life, I began hearing a phrase in my spirit repeatedly. For months it came to me with persistence: "Know your enemy." I heard it over and over again.

At first, I paid little attention to it. Because the phrase sounded too cliché. I dismissed it as a common religious saying. But the repetition continued and I failed to recognize its importance to my visions.

Eventually, I could no longer ignore it. When I finally took the message seriously, I started a deep dive into the nature of national spiritual opposition, national deception, and the dark forces that moved and influenced God's people at will. I quickly discovered that I was once again peering into the backyard of the devil and the subject matter was far deeper than I had imagined.

What seemed like a simple instruction opened into an entirely new realm of understanding. I began to realize that many of the struggles facing God's people were not merely individual problems, but part of larger spiritual realities that have completely went unnoticed and unexamined by our church leaders.

An early 2000's Vision

When I was thirty-five years old, I was going through some major life trials with unrelenting tribulation, and it was during this season that I experienced another vision unlike any I had encountered before.

This time I was not caught up in the Spirit as I had been on other occasions. I was fully awake. Fully aware and standing in my own yard.

It was evening time, and I was watching a dense patchwork of small clouds move across the sky. The wind was pushing them steadily from east to west, and I was quietly observing their movement. Then everything seemed to slow down gradually, as though time itself was slowing.

As I watched, I noticed what appeared to be a face emerging from within the patchwork of clouds. At first, I dismissed it as perception, as imagined shapes or figures. Was I imagining it? Was my mind imposing patterns where none existed? Yet the longer I watched, the more unmistakable it became.

This was different. The image didn't dissolve when I focused on it. Instead, it became clearer.

The facial features sharpened. I could distinguish the contours of the face, the type of gaze in the eyes, the texture of the hair and beard, and even the folds and details of the upper part of the robe or tunic. The image possessed depth and dimension. It was not a flat silhouette imposed upon the clouds; this was three-dimensional with the face fading in and out of the clouds.

Then another face emerged, and another, and then another, until twelve distinct faces stood out in the clouds, each one clear, detailed, and alive with expression.

The moonlight behind me helped to illuminate and shadow the faces like a master painter. They appeared suspended above the horizon, perhaps a hundred feet above the tree line. Their

presence stretched about 50 yards across the sky, and their faces seemed to be 20 or 30 feet tall, far larger than life.

What struck me deeply was they were all looking directly at me as if to communicate something to me. As though they were aware of my presence and had gathered for a purpose. For several minutes they remained visible. At times they moved in and out of the cloud formations, yet they remained together as a single assembly, like a living collage suspended in the evening sky.

My first thought was that they might be angels. But the closer I looked, the more details I noticed. Each face was unique, their hair, beards, clothing, decorative bands, earrings, and robes all differed from one another, each seemingly unique to their family. Their countenances, even in the clouds, conveyed ancient royalty, dignity, wisdom, and authority. They possessed a nobility unlike anyone I had ever seen or knew about. These were not ordinary men. Nor did they resemble anyone from the modern world.

The look in their eyes carried the bearing of kings. There was both gentleness and fierceness in their expressions, with a combination of mercy and strength that is difficult to describe.

Some were visible only from the neck up. Others appeared from the chest upward.

I knew that together they formed a unified company of patriarchs. They were the fathers of nations. Ancient Kings. Their appearance carried a Middle Eastern familiarity.

Over the years, as I reflected upon the experience, I came to understand that they represented the twelve tribal nations of Israel, the ancient patriarchs whose influence and inheritance continue to shape God's unfolding purposes in the earth.

In time, I realized they seemed to be the very same elders I had encountered years earlier in the throne room vision. The ones who had questioned me hard concerning the affairs of God's people and His assemblies.

As I was watching these faces move in and out of the clouds, something else appeared in the clouds to my right, or what would have been to their left. The image of a small dragon emerged, and it moved faster and steadily toward them as if to try and consume them.

This puzzled me greatly. The dragon appeared insignificant compared to the immense stature of the patriarchs. Yet its approach carried an unmistakable sense of purpose and confrontation. I understood that its presence was important, but I did not understand its meaning at the time.

The little dragon could obviously be seen as China, but I don't believe it is. I believe it is the image of the great beast of Revelations that would equate in modern times as THE THREE CITY STATES, with The Roman Empire/The Roman Catholic Church as the modern day Pergamon.

The Three City States are; The Vatican, The City of London and The District of Columbia. Three independent Incorporated entities, foreign to their perspective nations, working in concert together as one vessel for The Roman Empire. Now using Talmudic Zionism as their proxy, they are the only entities on the earth today perpetuating the Babylonian Financial System, for a New

World Order. With The City of London acting as the worldwide Financial Arm of the Vatican with the Dragon on its Coat of Arms. Follow the Money.

The Unholy Trinity of Global Control

Vatican City



City of London



Washington DC



Religion

Finance

Military

Three City States, completely independent of their respective countries

This particular vision has also stayed with me for a long time and its implications seemed connected to many of the dreams and visions that had come before it. It suggested continuity, a larger narrative, and a purpose that extended far beyond any single experience.

But I believe telling you these things will help you understand my level of confidence, and the manner in which I have written the 8 previous letters.

As the years passed, I began to understand that these encounters were not isolated events. They were pieces of a larger tapestry being woven over decades.

This is one reason I have chosen to share these experiences. Not to persuade anyone through spectacle, and certainly not to elevate myself through extraordinary claims.

But to provide spiritual understanding for the conviction in which I have conveyed the eight previous letters.

Confidence is often mistaken for arrogance when people do not understand its source.

The confidence with which I write comes from 40 years of education, from spending decades in trials and tribulation and from overcoming those experiences in love and humility.

Although some revelations explain themselves immediately, and others unfold over a lifetime, sometimes the greatest lesson is not learning what a vision means but learning to faithfully carry its weight until its appointed time and then conveying it without compromise.

At the same time, when God reveals a mystery to one man, doesn't mean He is under obligation to explain it to another.

My Testimony in Context.

In July of 1987, at seventeen years of age, I left home and moved to Southeast Alabama, more than 650 miles from everything familiar to me. I did not realize it at the time, but I was stepping into a season that would forever alter the course of my life.

A little over a year later, on September 7, 1988, God touched me in a way unlike anything I had experienced from Him before. Until then, most of my encounters with God had come through dreams, visions, impressions, or moments of divine intervention. But this was different. This was personal, intimate and transformative to my soul. It was the day that Christ called me into sonship by His grace.

It was an overwhelming, emotional, and deep experience. I was consumed with a burning fire and hunger to know my God and His Word. That same fire and passion rages within me even to this day.

Like many people raised in the Bible Belt, my early adult perspective of Christianity was shaped by religious evangelical culture. Through continual church attendance, an unrefined style of religious language, and church traditions, that always left me and many others like me deeply unsatisfied with no means of perpetual growth for our callings. Yet, I stayed loyal and committed, because I thought it was the right thing to do, although I continually pressed local leadership on theological questions that few seemed willing to address. I often saw a disconnect between leadership and congregations in most of our local churches. Even as a young adult, I wrestled with the apparent fact that most church leaders in south Alabama's were spiritually immature and above all, they seemingly just wanted to have their own church.

I saw many lives changed for the worse because of this. The majority were poverty-stricken people who were there in need of God but couldn't meet the financial expectations or the vision of those particular ministries. I saw this and heard it with my own eyes and ears. The church always talked about a religious spirit and how it affected people, and here I was seeing it firsthand.

Years later, our church became connected to the spiritual outpouring at the Brownsville Revival, through the fire in our youth. Without question, that season profoundly affected all of our lives. It awakened a deeper hunger and unification in the body and reinforced the conviction that Christianity was never intended to merely be a system of beliefs, but a living relationship with our loving God.

During this season, a missionary and apostolic minister from Mexico named David Hogan came to speak at our church. I had never encountered such a minister of God. He was not polished. He was not church correct. He was not interested in impressing religious people and was quite happy to step on their traditions, their formulas and their formats.

He spoke with a rawness, boldness, and conviction that challenged many of the assumptions I had inherited through religious indoctrination. He spoke of spiritual warfare, the dirty side of missionary work, incredible miracles, healings, confrontations with darkness, principalities and drug cartels, he spoke about them in a way and experience that few Americanized ministers could. Which always led him back to his intimate relationship with God. His ministry which was all over the jungles of Mexico had seen or was apart of over 500 people raised from the dead, at that time. His words confronted me, they were living examples that the bible belt was completely deficient of, and they were quite refreshing.

After one of these meetings, I asked him to pray for me. He took my hands into his own, examining my hands closely, rubbing the callouses on and below my fingers. Looking deeply into my eyes, with a smile, he chuckled and said: "Son, you know what you must do. Go do it." Those words burned into my soul, and so, me and my young family did just that. We went and we done it.

We took the gospel beyond the four walls of the church and ministered in places where most of our local churches dared to venture. We went into the proverbial highways and hedges of society that the church always talked about but never went to. We ministered to the local nightlife and entertainment districts. We shared Christ with people who were often overlooked, forgotten, and dismissed.

And God moved in there tremendously. Lives were touched. Hearts softened. People found freedom and hope. What amazed us most was their hunger for God and their despise for religion. We found a greater spiritual hunger among many outside the 4 walls of the church, than we ever encountered within them. Even singing amazing grace and other spiritual songs in bars, with the whole bar singing along. With tears of joy or weeping from conviction, where God moved freely without judgement or condemnation. Just as expected when things like this happen, immediately a new bar opened up right beside our up-and-coming business venture, and the name of this new bar was literally called "The Dark Side".

With total resolve, we believed God was calling us to establish a place and a platform that would impact not only our community with the gospel for the better, but the surrounding region as well. We developed plans, secured support, and received approval for a substantial business loan.

We even received approval to create a television program that would allow us to carry the character of Christ to this same demographic including into the tri-states area. The dream was within reach. Months of planning, sacrifice, and preparation had brought us to the threshold of fulfilling this vision.

Then, in a single moment, everything collapsed. Literally at the eleventh hour, on the Sunday night before the final agreement was to be signed early the next morning, our Christian business partner withdrew from the project. They had been persuaded by local religious church leaders who opposed the vision without ever taking the time to hear it. It became clear that the Religious Spirit, long holding dominion in the deep south of Alabama, had raised its judgmental head once again, through the influence of these religious men and women who took the opportunity to sharply strike down our endeavors.

The timing left no opportunity to recover. By morning, everything we had worked toward was gone. We were young, passionate, and admittedly inexperienced and uneducated in these types of situations. We were ignorant and had not yet incorporated our business and had invested virtually everything we owned into this project.

The collapse was immediate and catastrophic. We lost our business. We lost our savings. We lost all financial stability. We lost all means of support, and all means of constructive credit or debt. We even lost our home, our cars, everything! We found ourselves financially ruined overnight. What followed was not a difficult season measured in months. It was outright tribulation and devastation measured in decades.

For almost 20 years, my family and I lived beneath the crushing weight of financial devastation created by church leadership. We were forced to move thirteen times in fifteen years. We struggled to provide for our children. We lived with relatives on multiple occasions. Every financial setback was compounded and multiplied over and over again for decades. The drowning debt seemed never ending and impossible to escape. Every door was blocked. Every constructive attempt to rebuild was out of our reach, because it cost two to three times what it should have.

The emotional and physical toll was immense. The humiliation constant, and the stress was overwhelming. My health deteriorated. Severe hypertension and other physical conditions emerged. Anxiety and exhaustion became constant issues. It felt as though I was living in a prison with no visible exit date in sight.

While in the middle of the Kiln of God, He began speaking to me again, teaching me things I would not have learned any other way. When every earthly support system had failed, I had nowhere to turn but to Him. And there, in the middle of immense hell, He began revealing truths to me that would forever change how I viewed His Kingdom, His Word, and the world around me.

Some of the revelations were so extraordinary that I struggled to accept them at first. It forced me to search the Scriptures and the history books relentlessly, to confirm and test what I was shown. At times, God would lead me directly to the scriptures or the history text necessary to confirm what He was showing me.

The revelations were wonderful. But they never removed me from the suffering. All the pain remained. The hardship remained. The consequences remained. Through those years, the revelations comforted me, it proved God was still here with me, but He never removed me from the process.

Looking back now, I understand why. God was not merely trying to reveal things to me. He was refining me. He was stripping away layers of religion, pride, assumptions, misplaced loyalties, and bitterness. He was exposing things hidden deep within the church and within my own heart. He was teaching me the difference between religious systems and Kingdom structure and real Kingdom reality.

The fire was most painful, but most necessary. What was meant for destruction became preparation. It became God's greatest instruments of transformation.

Being tempered by fire is often mistaken for being hard, cynical, jaded and even bitter. In my case it is not. Rather, it produces a deep clarity. The longer I walked through that process, the more sharply I began to see things. The gray areas that once confused me became increasingly clear. Truth and error became easier to distinguish. Compromise became easier to recognize. Life became simpler, not because it became easier, but because the contrasts became clearer.

Things are what they are. Truth remains truth. Error remains error. Light remains light and darkness remains darkness.

Everything I endured became permanently etched into my soul by the fire of God.

The Church is not called merely to survive history. The Church is called to faithfully represent Christ within it. We are called to embody His truth, demonstrate His righteousness, proclaim His Word, and walk in the authority He entrusted to His people.

The hour demands maturity. The hour demands discernment. The hour demands courage and perhaps most importantly, the hour demands unity among those who truly belong to Him.

For we are not isolated stones scattered across the earth. We are living stones being joined together into a single structure. A holy people, a covenant people and a prepared people called the betrothed of Christ.

Every refining fire, every trial, every revelation, and every act of obedience serves one ultimate purpose: To prepare a people worthy of our soon coming Bridegroom.

