

The Course of Events Leading to the Conviction that God is Coming to Judgment and Shall Purge His Floor

That We May See His Glory Very Soon

I began a fast on the 13th of this month (August, 2015) and vowed to the Lord that I would have one portion of coffee in the morning, and have only breakfast and supper, and that I would take no snack or any other food between meals; thus cutting my diet back by half (approximately), and largely taking away certain things that my flesh often craves. This all was in the design to increase sensitivity to the Spirit; whereas, the awareness that had been formed in me to the carnal appetites of my flesh was beginning to overrule that tenderness which I saw was necessary to hear from God as I perceived I would need to in the coming days.

So it was that about five days into this fast (17 August) I moved with my wife to the new house on E. Frank Edge... this, though, worked negatively during the first half of that week to impair my vision from seeing what I had formerly, by the grace of God, been seeing with greater and greater clarity. This void, though, created in me a deep brokenness the latter half of that week to return. Thus on Wednesday, when we found the news that Hannah was 50% effaced and 4cm dilated, I thought in my heart that this was most certainly the answer to my longing, and through this birth surely the Lord would greatly speak to us and renew my vision. Nevertheless, hope was deferred the next three days which caused me to greatly waver those days without the vision I was hoping for. I truly felt very low and driven on in the tempest of my own backslidings.

In hope of recovery, on that Friday I resorted to the memoirs of Jonathan Edwards and perused all 250 pages of it over the course of the day. I was astonished to see that those sermons of his which were (and remain to be) the most popular of his sermons, namely, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God", "Pressing Into the Kingdom", "The Folly of Looking Back While Fleeing from Sodom", and "The Excellency of Christ" comprised the entire scope of life's ministry! Through the burdens of these sermons, which are mostly to the use of awakening and rousing to action (with the exception of "The Excellency of Christ" which is much more the evangelical strain among these select sermons), he preached in his own way the burden of present-progressive salvation (*i.e.* Sanctification). I saw in many of his letters to saved friends, family members, congregants, and young people, that he was pressing them in the very ways and by the very doctrines that one would imagine he, as a Calvinist, only held would initially convert the soul, yet are not the primary expedient to keeping the regenerated soul in the way... it's not so! I found that he spoke much of "selling all" not just to *become* a disciple of Christ, but to *be* a disciple of Christ... This all greatly stirred my heart and renewed my mind to follow hard after the glory of God again, in the midst of discouraging circumstances.

This led to the tenth day of the fast (Saturday, 22 August) when Sean came by in the early afternoon. The talk that ensued in the car was one of the most eye opening experiences of the last five years of my life. I saw all at once the deception that I have unconsciously been under concerning my ministry to this lampstand; namely, in

how I have condescended to them in an evil way instead of seeking the glory of God, not just for myself (as in days of old... which is the only way I was believing I'd be able to see his glory today), but now not only for myself alone, but with all of the brethren, practically holding them to the covenant that the Holy Ghost holds me to the times when I most clearly behold his glory, or am led in the most pristine ways to sell all and seek after it by remembering his "power and his glory so as I have seen it in the sanctuary" (Psa. 63:2).

Journal entry from Saturday evening concerning this point:

"After a hard week wherein I had lost much vision, God has been pleased, this day, not only to remove all confusion from this week, but the previous five years of my ministry to these brethren. I have often been grieved and have even found my ministry to these dear saints a source great bitterness; not for that I do not love them (by no means!), but as I have sought to minister to them I have seen that I am not able to walk steadfastly in the glory that I have seen in times past. This has been a continual source of confusion and grief to my heart these past years as a pastor, nor have I been enlightened to the solution of this dire problem. Instead I have been leavened by the brethren so that when I am remembering God for myself I am not able to sustain the work because of how my heart is (it seemed by necessity) so quickly moved by the brethren. I have unconsciously adopted a manner of conversation towards the flock, wherein I seek to condescend to them and be as they are (to an unrighteous degree), where, I have JUST discovered, I leave the sober, grave, careful, fearful, zealous pursuit after the glory of God that I have seen, because, I vainly imagine, "How can I pastor them from such a lofty height?.. surely they will not understand, for they have never seen the glory of God..." And thus the eyes of my heart are seared and the brethren's eyes go on in blindness without the healing salve the Lord has given to me to administer in this lukewarm generation. INSTEAD, (I see so clearly now) I should have rather been selling all to press into the kingdom myself and instructing, yea commanding the people in the way of the Lord after me. This, sadly, I have largely left off in order to bear rule by my own means. O how I see so clearly now the ministry the Lord is setting before me, namely, that I would be the bloody husband to his bride that he has made me to be and mercilessly circumcise her children.

O God be gracious unto me and give more light - help thou me!

My seeking now is not alone, but among many brethren, and I have need to not only vainly seek to keep my own soul, but all whomsoever I would encounter along the way - faithfully reproofing their sins, as the Holy Ghost does me. This has been a key not only in regards to my ministry, but equally concerning my marriage. O I can see the King of glory riding forth prosperously to my aid... the aid of this unworthy wretch of a man - O glory to his eternally worthy name!

After this conversation we went to the church house and I made my way to the office, where I intended to lay prostrate before the Lord for while in prayer concerning these things. I was in the Spirit, when all of a sudden a deep sleep began to fall upon me, but with all the power of conscious thought, I said, "I don't want to sleep," and began to

resist, but before I knew what had happened, I fell into a trance and saw the Bible open before me and a voice saying, "Read Isaiah chapter 25, 26, and 27." That was all and I was completely aware again and gripped by the Holy Ghost and began to read these passages (at first not knowing what awaited me there, or what relevancy those chapters would have to the current burden weighing upon my heart, though I had read them and preached from them on multiple occasions). I was amazed at how precisely the Lord was speaking to so many of the burdens that were presently filling my heart, though many of the messages seemed somewhat dark to me at the time. I also saw during the time that I was in prayer, me standing before the brethren asking them, "When was the last time you saw the glory of God?" Sean believed we should have time to establish these things in our hearts and prepare to begin this burden the following day (except for the individual burdens I was set to prove regarding these things). I agreed and told him that I had faith that we would just pray and stand by night in the house of the Lord, hoping the Lord would open up his holy oracle.

Thus I left and preached this burden with much zeal and conviction to Kevin and then to Rick (both of them sighing and tears), Afterwards, I went and preached the things I was seeing to Hannah, at which hearing she was greatly moved and weeping. After this (about 7 pm), I left back to the church house to seek the face of God. I was greatly afflicted in some ways and very low in energy, but decided to press through and go outside in the night and cry out to God. I was strengthened and went back into the sanctuary to read and pray and minister before the Lord.

Late that night (around 10:50 pm), Mark tried to get in contact with me, but I told him I wasn't able (I was still sitting before the Lord in the sanctuary). Brett M., Jordan and others were also in the sanctuary at this time. After a little time passed (approximately 11:30 pm), I desired to sing to the Lord about his glory. Thus I went and grabbed the guitar upon which Sean had just broken the G-string, but I just played in the key of E and made my prayer to the Lord that he would show us his glory, cause his goodness to pass before us, and that his name would be declared to us. This ended and almost immediately I received a text message from Jordan, saying, "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty." I walked over and told him, "May it be." He responded, "I believe it shall be. I believe God wanted me to send that to you."

The following morning (23 August), Mark sent me a recording of a poem he wrote the night before. At the same time he sent it to Sean as well, and then afterwards sent it, unexplainedly, to Jordan. It was entitled, "The King In His Beauty", and was all about the very things that we had been so burdened over since the previous day. We were amazed! I then made my way to the church house, and walking in, Jordan asked, "Did you hear the word?" I asked if he was talking about Mark's poem and he said he was, I said that I had and I was amazed particularly because the word he gave me the night before. He was equally shocked. There was no explainable way these things were coming about other than the hand of God falling upon us all. I then called Mark and he explained to me a little bit of the order of events, particularly how that, almost simultaneously to me taking up the minstrel and singing to the Lord that he would show me his glory and Jordan delivering that word to me the night before, he was

given that word from the Lord and was led to send it, alone, to Sean and I... and Jordan... (*below is a brief explanation of the events from his perspective*).

I then received a message from Sean that Brett M. had just sent him (almost within the hour of receiving the word from Mark), saying, "*I wanted to subject this to you in hopes that it would encourage you. The Lord quickened me last night in regard to the upcoming meetings with isaiah 25:6-9.*" This is precisely what the Lord had just revealed to me in the trance the day before, but he heard this from the Lord at the very time all of the words were being given from the Lord the previous night in the sanctuary, and in the very context of these meetings!

Shortly after this I had to run back to the house quickly and as I went to the car I happened to cross paths with Jim who was just setting out to walk back to the house, so I asked if he needed a ride and he got in. I didn't have liberty, in the fear of God, to speak at all on the way there, nor on the way back until we just were about to arrive back at the church house, when I believed the Lord desired me to say, "Brother, just so you know, the Lord has been mightily speaking to us in signs and wonders that he is going to manifest his glory... among us all." He looked at me with much sobriety, and said, "Brother, I was just led to write a poem about that very thing this morning." I charged him to send it to me as quickly as possible and what inspired it, for I perceived the Holy Ghost had led my steps to discover this other piece of this glorious puzzle God is composing before us. This is what he sent:

"I had been hearing the brethren playing and singing to God in the church house and felt compelled to go outside and write the words to a poem that the Lord was putting on my heart. I sat outside on the steps behind the church house and the words came to me almost as soon as I could write them..."

*Through affliction Thou wilt cleanse us And purge us from our selfishness
Try us, prove us, Thou Our Father Make us know thy sufferings*

*So when thy glory flows from heaven And fills these empty vessels high We will give thee highest
praises Within them, Thou wilt abide*

*We do see you drawing nearer Though dark clouds of evil rise
Out of darkness, command your glory In our bodies come and shine Put us on to reverse curses,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind Slay fat shepherds, free the captives By thy covenant divine*

*Hallelujah! Christ is victor
None can take his heavenly crown Make us worthy of this calling Till we at thy throne sit down*

O that God would bring us all the way, and speak continually to this poor and afflicted people dwelling in the dust, that our dead bodies would live again, rising together with his dead body! In Jesus' name, Amen.

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Mark's perspective of events and "The King In His Beauty":

[words inserted in brackets are my own]

(All this was written before any contact with Jake, Sean, or Jordan)

Dear brethren *[elders]*,

As you may know I have been very sick and still am. Yesterday [Saturday] I was on the phone for over 6 hours calling everyone I had faith to call and preaching to them. This list included My mom, dad, sister, Jeff Rose (which went well!) and countless others in false christianity. Many flatterers were exposed and God was refreshing my bowels with a clear battle line again. My wife and I were up late into the night praying and cleaving to God together. I prayed and asked God to show me the next step. And I had these two dreams.

1. In the dream, Jake Gardner was leading a group through BUD/S and was a hardened soldier, all the brethren that were with him were thin but very muscular, like tri-athletes. No one had fat but no one was bulky with muscles, everyone had a perfect ratio of muscle to fulfill their task. The plan to make it through the trials was to simply look at the other brethren and we would be encouraged. We made it through the 1 segment of training including this very challenging "final event". We were all rejoicing how easy it was because we had each other. However, It suddenly dawned on us that we had only completed "indoc" and were were going to be entering 1st phase now! Jake and Sean had a very very sober and serious meeting and I got to listen. You both were discussing the upcoming difficulties in the Church and how things are different now, with this new awareness of where you are in the program. You mournfully concluded that in all sobriety that some brethren were not cut out for it and would be reassigned to other work. I was selected to go on but I had a very proud long haircut that I tried to cut off with the standard clippers but it only cleaned it up and even made it prouder, so I had to get these heavy duty special clippers that cut my hair much shorter than anyone else's, but I had to do it. Even though it made me look very weak, and gawkish. *[This part is significant of the pride among the congregation that needs to be shed in order to go on. Mark was allowed to go on but not without this pride being humbled. O may no one have to be reassigned, but rather take the humiliation requisite to continue.]* The laughing and rejoicing of the brethren was changed to a more sober and aware, but VERY close knit group of brethren. We all lined up and began to run, we had rejoicing knowing that we would be preaching to others who were not brethren who would be going through the intense tribulation we were about to enter.

2. In the second dream the Lord showed me that Michael Marcavage was putting his evil speeches into Matt Myer. However, Matt was being greatly humbled and was no longer able to answer the brethren again and was being preached to and was humble.

Late last night *[before the dreams]*, I finished all the phone calls I had made. My dad might have been reprobated, I was scorned by many people, devils manifested in hatred against me through two people. I am very sick and feverish, sweaty, and weak. I was feeling like i was crucified to the world and the world was crucified to me. I felt like I was resolved to go through with God to see his glory at any personal cost. I felt so weak and pitiful for what the Lord was worthy of so I asked if he would comfort me if he was accepting me, specifically by simply having my eye fall

upon a scripture he would speak to me, like when I was alone on the hills. I opened my unmarked bible and my eye fell on *"He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off. Thine heart shall meditate terror. Where is the scribe? where is the receiver? where is he that counted the towers"*. As I saw this scripture I saw a vision (a trance?), of thick buttresses and walls, a girth-y tower, purity and light and whiteness, and so many beautiful things. So I simply attempted to write down what I saw as I cried. It was mostly an answer to all the legions of enemies who were asking why I am doing what I am doing.

(Just Got off phone with Jake: everything following this point is written in light of our conversation 11:28am, Sunday morning)

Yesterday I was feeling consumed to see the glory of God. that is why I made all the phone calls. Afterwards I was preaching to my wife the words the Lord gave me when I was saved and how the Lord delivered her by me from false christianity. I was sobbing and telling her I wanted her to see what i see and she wanted to cry too. this was at about 11:10pm last night. I felt so unable to fulfill what I believed the Lord is calling me as a Christian to do so I looked to my bible... etc.

"The King in His Beauty"

*Watchman Look!
What do you see?
I see a land
of the King in His beauty!*

*I see a city inhabited high towers and walls shining on a hill
seen before all!*

*An Israelite indeed
each fig tree sat under where brother and brother never part sunder*

Where Holiness gleams as diamonds so bright and righteousness shines in the never dim light!

*I see saints and sinner no! I do never!
But pure congregation all knit altogether!*

*I see husband and wife free from all strife worshipping him
who gave them His life!*

Theres innocence here The children all play the nighttime is over One unending day

*the shepherd he sings
and leans on his stave
the adder it creeps
to delight the young babe!*

*The purity flows
as a soft gentle stream*

as young men see visions and old men see dreams

the Gospel of God Heard and believed the life of the Lamb by all is received

*So why you may ask do I strive and I fight
to obtain such a lofty and glorious sight?
as false teachers abound and wolves stalk their prey, as "beauty" is evil and goodness decays
as Antichrist rises with all blasphemy,
why waste my life on a "vision" or "dream"?
If you would lift up your eyes,
and know what I see,
you would die to behold
the King in His Beauty!*