

Europe Calling

March 9-10, 2008

We've entered the Lobby and I see many people, all busy talking with one another. I can sense that Favor and Humility are near, but I can't see them. There's a couch in front of me, slightly to my left, and it's positioned in front of the fireplace beside the overstuffed chair. I feel drawn to it and take a seat on the far-right side - the side closest to the chair.

Looking around I notice, what a beautiful room this is. There is exquisite, finely worked wood trim around the fireplace, the door frames, and throughout the room. Gold accents highlight masterful plaster work on the walls and ceiling. For the first time I take note of the masterpiece level art work, adorning the walls throughout this room. Looking more closely, I can see motion and realize that the art work is alive.

The warmth of the fire combined with the comfort of this couch and the peace in the room, I feel sleepy. As I rest my eyes, I begin to hear music playing – it a Celtic melody played on some type of a flute and accompanied by an accordion. It's beautiful, captivating, and it's calling me.

I open my eyes to see beautiful, young Celtic women dancing and spinning around me to the music. As they move and twirl, their clothes leave behind them sparkling trails of color, somehow, I know that they are intercessors. Or more accurately they represent the intercession of the land.

Suddenly, Favor and Righteousness appear startling me. Favor stands in front of me eager and ready. Righteousness grabs me by the right shoulder and lifts me from the couch saying, "It's time, let's go." With Righteousness on my left and Favor in front, we pass by the door marked Asia and head straight for the door marked Europe. Before we reach the door, I turn to Righteousness and ask if we can bring Love along with us and he says, "Always."

Everything stops as I walk over to Love and ask, "Would you honor us with your presence on this journey?" She turns and looks at me with a

fierceness in her eyes that remind me of the Lion and says, "Yes, of course but we'll need Justice and Truth to compete this assignment."

Truth joins Love as we walk back to where Favor and Righteousness are waiting. I notice someone new standing beside Righteousness. He looks very much like Righteousness, but his uniform is white with gold trim., This must be Justice.

With our team complete we enter, the door marked Europe.

Psalm 89:14

Righteousness and justice are the foundation of your throne; love and faithfulness go before you.

Luke 18:1-8

¹ Then Jesus told his disciples a parable to show them that they should always pray and not give up. ² He said: "In a certain town there was a judge who neither feared God nor cared about men. ³ And there was a widow in that town who kept coming to him with the plea, 'Grant me justice against my adversary.'

⁴ "For some time he refused. But finally he said to himself, 'Even though I don't fear God or care about men, ⁵ yet because this widow keeps bothering me, I will see that she gets justice, so that she won't eventually wear me out with her coming!' "

⁶ And the Lord said, "Listen to what the unjust judge says. ⁷ And will not God bring about justice for his chosen ones, who cry out to him day and night? Will he keep putting them off? ⁸ I tell you, he will see that they get justice, and quickly. However, when the Son of Man comes, will he find faith on the earth?"

The entrance to Europe seems dark, then I realize that we're sitting on a train going through tunnels. Intermittent bursts of light from the outside illuminate the car. We must be passing stations or towns. It's hard to tell at this speed.

There are open seats in front of me, facing me. Wisdom and Revelation are beside me. Truth and Love are in the seats behind me and Righteousness and Justice are seated just behind them. I don't see Favor; He might be back at the hotel?

A very large woman enters our train car and sits across from me. Looking at her I can see that she is the church in this land. She's filled with Divine purpose and promise, but not yet pregnant. Another person enters our car, a man this time. He too happens to be extremely large. He comes in and sits beside the woman. As before, looking at the man I know that he is Faith. He is filled to bursting with the sperma (life) of God, but it's clear from his condition that he hasn't exercised in a very long time.

Wisdom leans over and whispers in my ear, "If these two would only come together there would be an explosion of revival upon the land."

I look over at this rotund couple and I see them arguing, bickering over who has more room and who is invading the other's space. I see a lot of contention and not much cooperation at all. Soon accusations and opinions fly like weapons blaming, wounding and attacking each other for their problems.

Revelation leans over and whispers in my right ear, "They're married." Truth leans forward between our seat and adds, "Yes, but they haven't been intimate for centuries." Wisdom again whispers into my left ear "This is a job for Love."

Without a word, Love steps out into the aisle. She walks forward, steps into my row, sits on my lap, leans back and disappears into me. Soon the voice of Love begins to speak through me like that of a firm and direct marriage counselor.

I look first at the church and I tell her:

"Your heart has grown cold, you've been angry and bitter for a very long time. Hope has been deferred, expectations have not been met, and you stopped believing."

With kindness I look her in her clouded eyes and say:

“You have grown fat on gourmet teaching and profound prophetic promises, but your refusal to personally, passionately and intimately embraced Faith has left you powerless and barren. Things have got to change.”

I see a tear form first in the corner of her left eye and then another in her right. I can hear her heart break and see the evidence of it all around her. Soon repentance is flowing freely.

Even Faith could see the change in her. I look over to him say:

“Faith, you haven’t worked in a very long time and you’re as good as dead. In the Father’s name, I ask you to embrace this church once again.”

I lay my hands on both their heads and pray:

“Heavenly Father may your sperma (life) be alive in Faith. Impregnate the church. Lord, let it bring forth life! Fulfill every promise and every purpose. Answer the intercessor’s cry and bring revival on this land, in Jesus’ name.”

When I mention Jesus’ name light explodes in the train. I catch a glimpse of the Church and Faith embracing and kissing as everything is washed out in white light.

I’m back in the lobby again, just inside the door marked Europe and this vision ends.

Sperma:

Strong’s Concordance G4690

“Whatever possesses vital force or life-giving power, of divine energy of the Holy Spirit operating within the soul by which we are regenerated.”

Matthew 13:37-38

“The one who sowed the good seed (sperma) is the Son of Man. The field is the world, and the good seed (sperma) stands for the people of the kingdom.”