

## Vision of the Bank

March 11, 2008

### Matthew 6:19-24

*<sup>19</sup> "Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. <sup>20</sup> But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. <sup>21</sup> For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.*

*<sup>22</sup> "The eye is the lamp of the body. If your eyes are good, your whole body will be full of light. <sup>23</sup> But if your eyes are bad, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light within you is darkness, how great is that darkness!*

*<sup>24</sup> "No one can serve two masters. Either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and Money.*

It's raining eggs in the lobby. White droplets the size of eggs are raining down. When they hit the floor, they open. The outer shell disintegrates and leaves behind a golden liquid. Quickly the room is filling up with this golden fluid. It's lighter than oil and beautifully fragrant. It's quickly up to my neck and over my head.

There's no fear. I can breathe in this new atmosphere though it does make everything look funny - that underwater flowing kind of image but, with a bright golden tint.

Fish and people, both large and small, are swimming in the now liquid filled lobby.

Hmmm... the pressure is building in the room as more and more rain falls, and golden liquid is added to the already full room.

A release is coming, I can see it and then it happens... all the doors burst open. First the continent marked doors and then the main entrance doors. The window where I first saw Love is also open and the golden liquid flows out, completely taking with it everyone in the room.

I ride the current out through the main entrance doors, down the front steps and right into the open back door of a waiting vehicle. It's the yellow cab. Jesus, once again the driver, looks at me and says, "There's something else you must see." and takes off.

We pull up to a bank. I peek out the cab window and I can see that it's large, it's old and it looks really good on the outside. Jesus says to me, "Go inside. I'll wait for you out here. I'm not welcomed in that place."

I go because he said go, but I don't want to go alone. That's when I sense and can now see that Wisdom and Revelation are with me.

We walk up the impressive white-ish grey stone front step together. Wisdom and Revelation seem agitated or irritated walking up these steps. Oh, now I understand, these are the steps of pride... Hmmm... they didn't bother me as much as it did them. Apparently, I am more accustomed to the steps of pride than I should be.

As I walk up these steps, I can see how dirty they really are. There's dirt and grim in the crevices, litter and trash on each step, blood stains, old and new. I suddenly feel sick to my stomach.

We reach the top of the stairs and I take hold of the door handle. Neither Wisdom nor Revelation will open it. It's the first time I open a door, without an impact on me.

Wisdom and Revelation are even more unhappy about entering the bank than they were about ascending its steps. This is the seat of pride - it's bastion, it's temple. Once inside, I see the lord of this place. He sits behind a desk dwarfed by his massive girth. He resembles "Jabba the Hutt" from Star Wars fame, but he has many arms each one reaching out to grab

another possession from within this bank and stuff it into his mouth. This is gluttony at its worst and it's disgusting. His appetite is insatiable.

I turn to Wisdom and say, "I want to go now!" He replies with a pained look on his face, "Not yet."

To the right I notice many levels of balconies encompassing the perimeter of the room. This creature has already picked clean the lower levels and is now feeding off of the upper levels. Dear Lord, He's eating the children! The levels are generations. The parents, grandparents, great grandparents on the lower levels have all been robbed, stripped bare and now he is eating everything on this children's level. There's not much left and there aren't many levels above them.

I must have seen all that was needed, because I'm now standing outside at the bottom of the steps beside the cab. Whew, I'm relieved to be out of that place!

I look around me, this place reminds of Wall Street in New York City. Across the street and a few buildings up another building captures my attention. Even without entering it I know that it's Power - earthly, human, and political power over men-type-power. I'm concerned that this is my next stop and that it will be even worse than Pride. I really don't want to go in there, but I will if I must. I will go wherever He says go.

The scene changes. I'm again in a pure white room without dimension or definition. I'm sitting at a small round table with Jesus. He says to me:

"These are the things that keep men from riding the elevator all the way to the top. They try to get there on their own by building their own kingdoms, instead of seeking mine."

Understanding fills my mind. It's the difference between giving and taking. It's the same lesson, the same choices:

- Spirit versus Soul
- Light versus Dark

- Life versus Death
- The Tree of Life versus The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil
- Heaven versus Earth
- His ways versus my ways

With that understanding, this vision comes to an end.