



Joel

A man with a shaved head and a dark jacket is walking towards the camera on a busy city sidewalk. He is holding a large white sign with black text. The sign reads "THE END IS NEAR" in large, bold, sans-serif capital letters, with "Joel 1:1-14" written below it in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font. The background is a blurred city street with many other pedestrians walking in various directions. There are buildings, trees, and a traffic light visible in the distance.

**THE
END
IS NEAR**
Joel 1:1-14

**A Call to Genuine
Repentance**

The word of the LORD that came to Joel son of Pethuel: Hear this, you elders; listen, all you inhabitants of the land. Has anything like this ever happened in your days or in the days of your ancestors? Tell your children about it, and let your children tell their children, and their children the next generation. What the devouring locust has left, the swarming locust

has eaten; what the swarming locust has left,
the young locust has eaten; and what the
young locust has left, the destroying locust has
eaten. Wake up, you drunkards, and weep;
wail, all you wine drinkers, because of the
sweet wine, for it has been taken from your
mouth. For a nation has invaded My land,
powerful and without number;

its teeth are the teeth of a lion, and it has the fangs of a lioness. It has devastated My grapevine and splintered My fig tree. It has stripped off its bark and thrown it away; its branches have turned white. Grieve like a young woman dressed in sackcloth, mourning for the husband of her youth. Grain and drink offerings have been cut off from the house of

the LORD; the priests, who are ministers of the LORD, mourn. The fields are destroyed; the land grieves; indeed, the grain is destroyed; the new wine is dried up; and the olive oil fails.

Be ashamed, you farmers, wail, you vinedressers, over the wheat and the barley, because the harvest of the field has perished.

The grapevine is dried up,

and the fig tree is withered; the pomegranate, the date palm, and the apple—all the trees of the orchard—have withered. Indeed, human joy has dried up. Dress in sackcloth and lament, you priests; wail, you ministers of the altar. Come and spend the night in sackcloth, you ministers of my God, because grain and drink offerings are withheld from the house of

your God. Announce a sacred fast; proclaim an
assembly! Gather the elders and all the
residents of the land at the house of the LORD
your God, and cry out to the LORD.

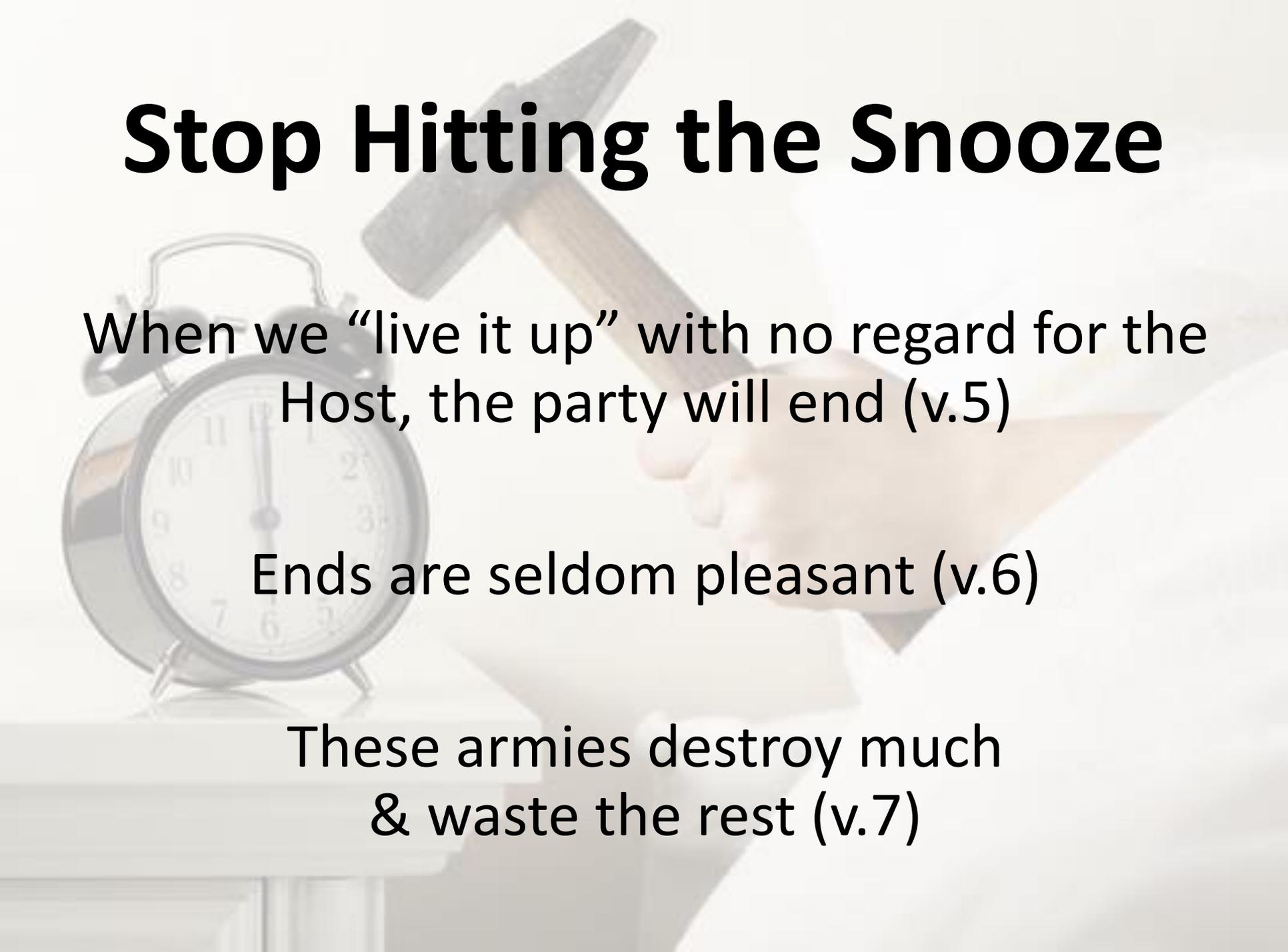
Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Recognizing the times (v.2)

A history lesson from the right perspective
(v.3)

Judah's economic system was about to
collapse (v.4)

Stop Hitting the Snooze

A hand holding a hammer is positioned to strike an alarm clock. The background is a light, neutral color.

When we “live it up” with no regard for the Host, the party will end (v.5)

Ends are seldom pleasant (v.6)

These armies destroy much
& waste the rest (v.7)

Is There A Priest in the House?

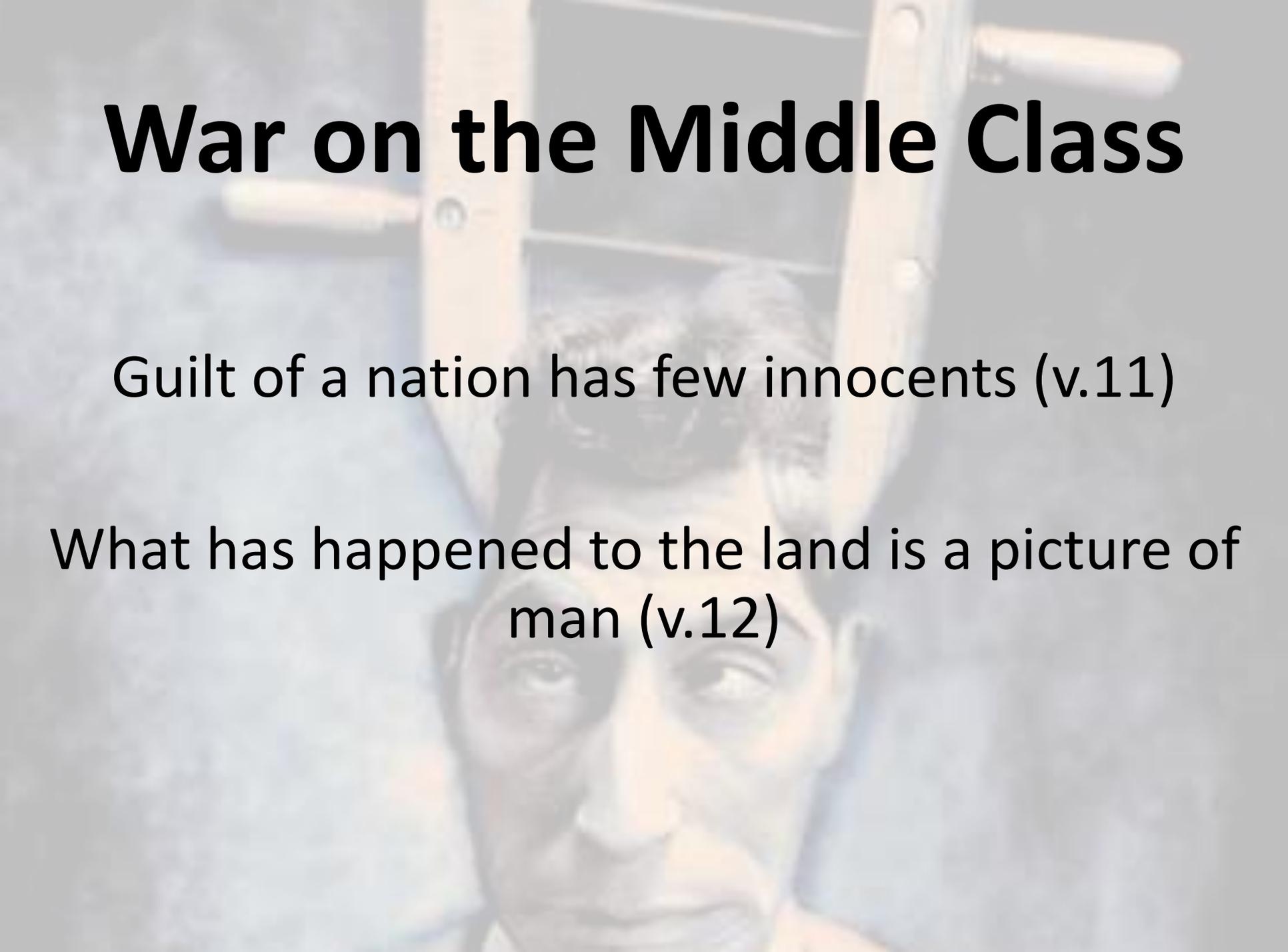
Repentance as grief (v.8)

Prescribed worship will stop (v.9-10)

A call for the religious leadership to lead the way in mourning and grief (v.13)

A call to join together for repentance (v.14)

War on the Middle Class



Guilt of a nation has few innocents (v.11)

What has happened to the land is a picture of
man (v.12)

What About You?

Are you awake?

Are you grieving over what is happening?