

## 29-SEPT-2020\_knights quickened

(Jesus speaking: ) Why are the sheep asleep? The sirens of Satan have done this. The hohumness of life, the lack of really big, bad happenings was a tactic in itself to get them so bored they'd just rather sleep than live, really live.

But when My wind begins to blow on their clutter filled life, it begins to make a tune, an awakening tune.

“What? Oh...! We are going into battle? Why didn't you tell me in advance? What's going on?”

Up they will stumble, in a confused daze for a while, wondering what direction to walk on.

Then they come to a well of living water and drink. They are fully awake now. Their eyes start to see clearly and in focus. They see the hordes starting to approach. They see the dust being stirred up. The water acted for good, in the way that the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil did. It opened their eyes, but this time it's good. They suddenly know and are aware of what is going on. They are fully awake. The soul within them comes alive.

And then it hits them as they are standing by the well and seeing this coming dust, along with a rumble of horses, getting closer. They scream in terror, or in warning, as they are jolted into reality. They turn and run yelling out, trying to awaken and call others; and trying to locate their scattered weaponry that was left somewhere along the way while they wandered through the desert wilderness.

The horde is approaching faster now, and this man is getting nearly frantic. “Where's my sword? My helmet? My shield? Why, oh foolish me, did I go to sleep? Why did I throw these off before falling into slumber. ‘Don't need these while sleeping’ I told myself. But how foolish I was. The battle was always going to come, but it was just delayed in order to give us time to prepare, not time to sleep.”

Then he sees the gas blowing over the land; the green gas that had kept him asleep the first time. It's nearing him on his left, low over the land, it too is coming closer. Infront of him the invading armies are approaching. He instinctively knows that if that gas makes it to him before he can get his armour on, it will knock him right out, to sleep a sleep there is little chance of waking from. The approaching army will do what they will with him when they get there.

“Where is my shield? Oh, I found it now. Should help a little.” He mentally tries to remember each piece of armour he is meant to have on, and hopes to find it, or dig it up from its half-buried state in the sand.

What he doesn't see are the angels, the big, very big, tall angelic hosts with fiery swords that are keeping watch. They are even diverting some of the gas from hitting him, because he is on the right quest now, to find the right treasure—that which will actually protect and keep him.

The Angels even cause the ground yonder to act somewhat as a treadmill that spins with no forward progress, to hinder the approaching horde. The man does not know this, as he must feel the desperation to find and get on his armour. To him it seems as if they are running just as fast. And they are, but they are being delayed supernaturally to give him time to re-don his armour.

Now is the time of the awakening. It's the thirsty who will come to, awaken fully, and really notice what is going on. And they need a “nameless” well to drink from. They are burned and tired of being called by another's name, they just need to drink and not worry about the consequences of doing so. And that's where you come in. Gather from near and far, the stories, the spirit messages, the information that will teach and instruct, and prepare my humble and small army to fight the coming hordes.

(Note: Like in the prophecy “A new called out army”: You don't belong to this or that group of people, but are on My team of representatives there on Earth. You wear the emblem and are there on commission. Fall not into the trap of 'groupiness' but cleave to Me, Your Maker and Provider, and I shall sustain you. Link up to Me, get your orders from Me. I will direct your path. You are not to call yourself by another's name, ... associated with [only] a certain religious body of believers ... but a member

of all who are true to the faith.” End of excerpt. From file: 2018\_a new called out army)

And it will seem like they lose, because there are so many fighting against them. It will seem ridiculous to try. But it's a battle that is fought in the spirit, and the victories will likewise be seen primarily in the spirit. That is why you must walk by faith, not by sight. —Because you won't see a whole lot of good come for your efforts. You are on the wrong side of the veil to notice what's really happening. You are players, holding the spots for the Lord's spirit to work through you. Keep hold your spot and fighting on bravely.

“Hold off the hordes till I seal them” I tell those manning the field where my warrior band are getting ready and pulling themselves together.

With armour on, from head to toe, and a smile of surrender to their Lord and King on their face, they are ready. They heave a sigh of relief. So glad to be protected. Then they let out a battle cry with a yell and scream. It's not a time to relax. That's not what the gear is for, to help them just not go to sleep, but it's to cause screams of terror to be heard from the approaching evil horde.

So the man takes one more drink from the well of Living Water, and an angel, very tall, leans down and pours oil on his head. He is consecrated to God. But that is not all. A cloak of zeal covers him in the form of fire from head to toe. The fire burns on the oil he was coated with and is so hot it melts some of his armour, just enough to seal up any cracks, and to be molded to his shape. There is no way he can take it off now. It's on for good, and he is covered head to toe in a protective layer of molten, fiery metal.

More oil is poured on whenever the fire begins to soften. He has become a light, a fiery light of burning, and white hot armour. It seems he is dressed in white, but it's just because he's lit on fire so hot. And the flame gives a golden light. (See *“AS A TORCH CONSECRATED TO JESUS—A Prayer to Jesus. File name: a prayer\_as a torch consecrated to Jesus*)

The hordes don't make him scream in fear and cause him to take flight now. He stands his ground. Where? Right by the fountain of living water. The horses rear up now when they are driven close to this fiery warrior of light. Then they part. Any weapon that tries to lash out and hit him, simply vanishes. The swords that tried to hit him and whack at him, when pulled back are only half a sword, or less, as whatever went near the fire that was protecting him, was consumed. The hordes carry on just as swiftly, but they had to part to get around this fiery soldier and the stone well of living water that he stood beside. It too helped to protect him.

And now he sees what his mission is.

He nearly faints at the sight of what is left behind in the wake of that evil horde on their path of destruction.

Just then an angel catches him before he falls. He could hold his ground when under attack and in the path of the wicked ones, but he didn't now have the strength to bear the sight of something worse, worse than seeing a terrifying attacking horde.

The slayed and the half dead lay, scattered all around, the aftermath was what he was actually outfitted for.

“Take the living water to them now. Remember, that's all you needed to do, was drink. Simply take a cup of water to any survivors. Do it now before the clean up crew arrive to finish them off. You've got to get them awake and up again,” the angel holding the man says.

The instruction is simple enough, and almost mechanically, though dealing with things totally out of his expertise and zone of comfort, he fills a water sack, brings a cup, and goes to the first groaning wounded person he sees.

“Here, take some of this,” he says.

And on he goes, first to one then the other. He has to make it to as many as he can before it's too late. There is no way he can quench the full thirst of each one, at least not at first. He just needs to make the rounds first. Then once some have started to revive, he can give them some more and point them to the well, where they can get full satisfaction.

This is a parable to alert you that there are coming days of trouble. Get on and keep on the armour, and keep drinking of the living water. And be ready and have the means to share it with others.

Be wise and entertain no lies.