

## 5-Jan-2021\_the unbeatable force

(Jesus speaking: ) Once upon a time in a land not so far away a team of warrior men and women were preparing for the final show down, or fight, with a neighbouring village. Now it sounds wrong that they'd be fighting with others rather than getting along. However, the village nearby was a wicked one that was pillaging and raping and destroying all the good things that these good warrior were trying to set up. It was a terrible time in deed. Nothing seemed to be going really good for quite some time.

"Look up! Here they come!" someone shouted.

And sure enough, coming up over the crest of the mountain was a team of wicked horse men on horses kicking up dust, whipping their steeds and moving in for the kill on the weak ones of the good little village.

But they wouldn't get their way, at least not without a pretty decent fight.

On the weapons were strapped, and on the beasts the warriors went. They rode on beasts that were wild and could do more damage than any trained horse ever could. But they were trained by the top warriors to be a help to them in times of battle.

Battles like this weren't an everyday occurrence. Skirmishes yes, but full, all out war, where it's life for life, didn't happen all the time. But now it was the time.

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(Jesus continues: ) So my love, the war is on full steam ahead, and you are one of the dwellers in pleasant vill, or what is trying to be so. The wicked ones have been released, much like the beasts were let loose on the people in the arenas of Rome. Their wicked hunger has been building up, much like the beasts were made to be hungry and thus more damage could be done in a short amount of time.

The horses have been released with their vicious riders whose goal is nothing but death and woe, hunger and pillaging.

The page is turned to this next part of the story. But it's not all there is to the story, for good times will follow.

The ground will open up and down the wicked one's hordes will fall, right into the crack and be trapped for so very long. Just like a day with the Lord is like a thousand, so will a day be like a thousand for those in the pits of prison in the bowels of the hell they rode fiercely to.

We round them up, get them running to their wicked slaughtering, and then boom, right into the crack they go. Any stragglers are rounded up and picked up by their collar and dropped down, down, where they will sit cold and hungry, or hot and thirsty, or whatever each one deserves.

It will cause many to fear God in the latter days, when they know what has happened to those who opposed Him.

Fear God who can move Heaven and Earth at His whim, and fell all the nations of Earth in an instant—yet waits until as many as will be saved, do turn to Him.

