

9-Jan-2021_cooking for the great celebration

(Spirit helper speaking:) Feasts and delights of all kinds are being laid up. Every time a giant is slain, the bell rings in the cooking department of the great wedding feast, and a new dish is prepared to celebrate. The more you pray, the more the wicked ones fall--primarily, surprisingly, by their own devices.

Hearty meaty dishes are being planned and cooked up, in Heaven's special way, to celebrate every victory.

See, it wasn't just one team of angels who fought and won in some little battle, way off. But it's always a teamwork effort. Each team of angels have supportive angels; they have loved ones praying for them. And the victory of course effects many. So we all can celebrate the victories together.

So, when you see a big heaping, delectable dish at the wedding night feast, you can know that sometime back when you were still fighting on planet Earth—or perhaps a bit before your time—that a great victory was won. That's what it represents. And downstairs, way down in the basement where the renegades are locked up, is a team of very sorry criminals who “taste not the supper”.

Pray for victories and for My Kingdom's take over, and you'll be filling Heaven's banqueting table with delights. “You helped to cook this?” some might ask. And you can say, “Yes, through praying away the bastard.”

And bastards are what these fatherless ones are who have not come to the Father's table, but chose to go hunting for souls of men instead. Now they sit, in silence, in hungry silence. They wouldn't come when I called, but set themselves against the King of kings.

It didn't work.

So, help us throw a feast, and win great spoils of war. For the lost is to be found and sit once again at the Father's table.

That's what you can do to prepare for the “spoiling” time when all the goodies are pulled out of the storehouse, and joy is echoed all around the Kingdom.

God could just Bing! And sizzle away all His adversaries, but He wants there to be a fair chance. So His army is pitted against the opposition. Winner gets all. Loser, loses big time.

See, maybe that's why they, the enemy's team, are still at it. It's no honour to give up. No pride in conceding defeat. So they fight on, even though they know they are totally out gunned and out powered, and history was written before they even started making a move on their diabolical rebellion. They are doomed to lose.

Praise the Name of the Redeemer. Let His Kingdom reign forever more.

[Note: This message helped me some days later when an unusual food craving suddenly overtook me and was all I could think about. I turned those thoughts into prayers for supernatural miracles to take place for the many persecuted and imprisoned believers in that country, whose food type I was suddenly craving. And each time it popped up, I prayed again for them, so then on “Wedding Feast” that dish could be served, and victories could be won now for the Salvation and protection of God's children.]