

## KNIGHTS QUICKENED



29-Sept-2020

*(In the night, last night, I woke to read words about our love for Jesus and intimacy with Him. Then went back to sleep and had meaningful dream about young people coming to my house. I was then awoken with words of a different dream spoken to my mind. After typing it, then this special message came: )*

(Message from Jesus: )

You have no idea how many of us are excited to speak. This the day of Hebrews 12:1-2. This is the day when the prophets WILL get to speak. Yes. And even appear and disappear, guide and help you. Those stories, those passages were not just to fill up space, but they really are going to happen.

Have faith and take the ride of life, the wild ride to the next era of action. You think those things are in the past, or you just missed the station or the train kept going and never stopped there and now it's too late? Hold on to your hats, because the next place coming up is bigger than the last "Era of Action" stop. And it's going to jolt you into reality.

You are going to need to call on the keys, My personal Escorting service to escort you right through land mine after land mine; through jagged windswept rocky mountain edges, and down right into the very valley full of villains, and then right up again to escape their clutches for the next ride of your life. You like a thrill? Let me tell you, you were born for adventure, and that is what you are going to get.

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 wondered 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. In front 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 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. )

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")

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.

Now get on with seed sharing.

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(Note: The interesting thing about this vision here is the word "Awakening", especially where it says, "My wind begins to blow on their clutter filled life, it begins to make a tune, an **awakening** tune." Why is that amazing? Because today my 15 year old son and dad are flying to another state of the country to watch an orchestra play a piece of music that he, my son composed. It's a very short piece, the style is a fanfare, the kind of "tatada!" music that announces something great is about to happen. He composed it months ago.

It is astounding that they selected it to be played by all these musicians, and that they payed for him to come and watch it being played live. On top of that, they are having it be the first one performed at the whole concert; it opens the event!

And what is the name of this piece of music that he composed? "**AWAKENING!**" Wow! So this message goes along with this vision here, as well as what we all are praying for the Lord to do with all His trained warriors around the globe. Before this son was born—the one whose "Awakening" music is being played tomorrow—the Lord told me he was like a Knight being sent to me to help me use the New Spiritual Weapons.

I pray as his music is played, that many, many others around the world will awaken and put on their spiritual armour. And like the vision depicted later on this file, given to someone else, it was the young ones that were to rise up again to be victorious.

One further point of interest: He has in his ancestral line, many, many years back, someone who was called "The Black Knight." Maybe that is to remind us of another one, depicted in the dream of knights in ML#76 (see text below) who went on before us, a spiritual Father, who wants to rally the youth, now, today to rise up and be victorious. (See "A Dream about Hearts Aflame" ML#2703)

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"KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR" (From: Dear Rahel ML#76)

... they have joined the Army of the Lord--the truly militant and aggressive Gospel Army of the Children of God, maybe a cover sketch of a knight in Shining Armour would be appropriate, with the proverbial gigantic, two-handed, flat-bladed, double-edged, broad-sword of the Word of God held high in a rallying call to Attack the strongholds of the Enemy... Each piece of his armour could be labeled clearly according to Ephesians 6, holding high the Banner of Love by a following Standard-Bearer, along with a Trumpeter obviously sounding the Call to Attack, with another Officer or Officers, or Soldiers or Knights plainly beckoning others to follow the fray!

12. MAYBE I AM PARTIAL TO THIS KNIGHTLY REPRESENTATION OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER because of my own childhood fondness for the days of Chivalry (I read every one of Sir Walter Scott's books--all 16 heavy tomes, as well as many other famed volumes on the Knights and their Crusades of those dark Middle Ages!). But I think the Lord must have a fondness for this idealistic representation of His own Warriors, because this is the way I HAVE SEEN THEM IN SEVERAL SPECIFIC VISIONS HE HAS GIVEN ME. IN FACT, THE FIRST ONE I EVER HAD ABOUT US, when we were only a tiny family with one or two helpers, God showed a significant scene that at the time I did not even understand--of this tiny band of KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR, with their squires at their side, returning weary and wounded, bloody, dirty, bedraggled, and even discouraged as they returned from some defeat in battle. As they approached this walled city, great and grey, somber and forbidding, looking as it were for rest and refuge, they were cruelly turned away, and sent on their way: the city would not have them! So they trudged on by, tired and worn and somewhat discouraged, till they came to a little village where a filthy beggar lay in the ditch by the wayside pleading for help. They reached down, picked him up, and placed him on one of their already overloaded beasts, compassionately--and suddenly, as they rode on toward the sunset, approaching the horizon, instead of diminishing, they grew--they actually grew in size and in glory, shining radiantly, filling the whole sky, and being received into Heaven. Josh will remember the vision. I told him about it when he first travelled with us on our first tiny team! Hallelujah! (Tongues and Weeping!) "EVEN AS I HAVE SHOWED THEE IN THE PAST, SO HAS IT BEEN DONE UNTO THEE! THOU DIDST NOT UNDERSTAND, FOR THOU DIDST NOT FORESEE THE FUTURE. Thou wast this tiny band, thou and thy little ones, and that city which rejected thee was the System of this world, ruled by thy enemies! And THAT BEGGAR WHICH THOU DIDST HAVE COMPASSION ON, was the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind--THE REJECTED YOUTH OF THIS GENERATION--unloved, unwanted, and uncared for! (More tongues and tears) Which thou didst lift in love to bear with thee upward unto Me, as even thou didst grow in stature and in size unto the day of thy reception into My Heavenly Kingdom!" (Pause) "This is the picture and this is the interpretation, and this is what has been, and what will be! Hallelujah! FOR INDEED THOU ART MY ARMY AND THOU ART MY WARRIORS, and I will glorify thee above all thy Enemies and receive thee even unto Myself in that great day when I shall judge them, and the Battle is o'er!"

13. Some of you may also remember the vision we had of that terrible battlefield where it seemed everyone was lying around dead, wounded, or dying, and defeated--all young people, until this KNIGHT IN BLACK ARMOUR CAME ALONG AND RAISED A RALLYING CRY TO ARISE AND RENEW THE BATTLE, AND MARCH ON TO VICTORY, whereupon you all leaped to your feet and shouted in response, and girls were all standing around behind us surrounding us like angels, praying and encouraging us on our way. You picked up your strewn and discarded weapons--Bibles, notebooks, pens and papers--and marched on triumphantly to victory! Hallelujah! AND THE BLACK KNIGHT DISAPPEARED AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD COME--AND I HAD THE IMPRESSION THAT THE BLACK KNIGHT WAS YOURS TRULY, USED BY THE LORD TO RALLY YOU AROUND HIS BANNER and send you on to Victory! Praise the Lord! And then of course YOU'RE ALL FAMILIAR WITH OUR RECENT VISION OF ABNER, IN BOTH OF WHICH HE APPEARED AS A RADIANT KNIGHT in shining, silvery armour! Praise the Lord! The Lord must know I like this particular symbolism, so He inspires and pleases me with it. So why not Use it in some of our illustrations, such as the cover of our New Revolutionary's Handbook? Amen? PTL!

14. It would also interest you to know, I'm sure, that when I was viewing a videotape of CBS News recently, in which the commentator was comparing you, the Children of God, to the world-famous CHILDREN'S CRUSADE OF MEDIEVAL TIMES, THAT I WAS SUDDENLY AND UNEXPECTEDLY STRUCK BY WITNESS OF HIS SPIRIT THAT THIS WAS INDEED GOD'S OWN COMPARISON, INSPIRED OF HIM!--That this famed Youth March across the Europe of the Middle Ages, led as I recall by Peter the Hermit, in a sincere effort of youth to serve God and a condemnation of the lethargy and indifference of their elders, was indeed like unto us.--And that, like them, though we may be persecuted, reviled, spat upon, maligned and ridiculed,--and accused of every sin, along with our leadership--and though we too may be slaughtered in some future encounter with the Enemy, and seem to be frustrated, defeated, and scattered, but nevertheless, LIKE THE FAMED CHILDREN'S CRUSADE OF THAT DAY, WE SHALL HAVE BEEN A TESTIMONY AGAINST THE WICKED AND INDIFFERENT GENERATION OF OUR FATHERS, who like them, will afterward, when failing to repent in response to this, God's final warning by His own Youthful Children, also be judged by a mighty and terrible invasion of our Enemies, which may wipe the older generation from the face of the earth, as it nearly did Europe! What a Comparison! What an inspired analogy!--And God set **His seal upon it!**

16. .. I believe it began in Germany, as I recall, and they say that to this very day, as a result of this bygone Children's Crusade, there are still Colonies of fair-haired, blue-eyed, Nordic and Germanic types scattered throughout the Alps and other parts of Europe, where you would not expect to find them! WHO KNOWS WHAT AN INFLUENCE THESE ORIGINALLY YOUTHFUL COLONIES MAY HAVE HAD UPON ALL EUROPE? WHO KNOWS WHAT IMPACT THEY MAY HAVE HAD UPON OTHER YOUTH OF THEIR OWN GENERATION?--TO DROP OUT, FORSAKE-ALL, AND FOLLOW in an attempt to serve God?--full-time!--however misguided, frustrated, or defeated their parents say they became? THE PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE THE PIED PIPER OF HAMLIN EITHER--BUT THE KIDS LOVED AND FOLLOWED HIM!--and who knows where they went, or what new life they began? The parent-historians have hushed this up completely, and God only knows what the real truth was! And who knows what the Ministry of Truth of 1984's anti-Christ world will be saying about us!--"That deluded and deceived and futile generation of youth who followed a fictional fairy-tale character called Jesus, whom they thought was going to change the world--but as you can see, He never came to save them--and we have all but wiped them out!" Most likely, that will be their story in the anti-Christ history books of that day! BUT HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST, AND GOD WILL LAUGH LAST, WHEN HE HEAPS HIS OWN JUDGMENTS ON THIS DERISIVE, SCORNFUL, AND CHRIST-HATING GENERATION, FOR THEIR REJECTION OF US AND OUR MESSAGE! BELOVED, THE OUTLOOK FOR US IN THIS WORLD AND OUR FUTURE HERE, COULD HARDLY BE DARKER!--BUT THE UPLOOK COULD HARDLY BE BRIGHTER OR MORE GLORIOUS! Hallelujah! He's gonna stop the world so we can get off! Praise God! Thank you Jesus! Well, that was a surprise! PTL! (End of letter excerpt.)

*(Note: When I received the vision and message at the beginning of this file, I did not remember at all the details of the message given in ML#3522, from "New Spirit Word Power" 2004. But when preparing this message to send, I thought of these "Knights of Victory". I looked it up and was blown away with the similarities of the messages. Both the new one, and what is below it, from ML #76 of a Black Knight, and gathering discarded weapons of the Word. Here in "Introducing the Knights of Victory" it speaks of sealing and encasing, and anointing with serum, the Word and truth, and Knights that shine with light! Wow! They all go together so well.)*

### **Introducing the Knights of Victory!**

**171. (Jesus:) Behold, the fighting Knights of Victory, mighty spirit helpers who are available to the people of the keys!** They defy the Devil's darkness and those he uses to spread it in an attempt to capture the children of light, My Endtime children, My children of David.

**172. These knights are fighters for Me.** They hate all that is evil, all that prevents My truth from being absorbed by My children. These knights are fearless. Darkness flees, for these Knights of Victory are knights of light. They are the embodiment of the truth of My Word. They are cunning fighters; they defeat the Enemy at his own game. They appear in black armor, taking on the surroundings of those they rescue and fight for.

**173. Once the spirit of My child cries out in desire to embrace My truth and walk in My light, the elixir of My Knights of Victory is poured upon them, enveloping them in a protective spiritual bubble.** Then as My children obey, My power is released. My Knights of Victory are transformed from their stealth mode to shine with the fullness of My light. No demon of darkness can withstand the Knights of Victory.

**174. Their armor is made up of My keys; their beings, the truth of My Word.** They have the liberating serum to rescue all those in need and to defeat the demons of Hell. They keep the fighting serum of your Father David. Father David's fighting serum! This spiritual serum will enable all those who receive it to submit to God, resist and rebuke the Devil, and fight him until he is defeated in your life! As the life of the body is in the blood, there is a spiritual counterpart. Your spiritual veins carry the spiritual life, My Word, which sustains your spirit.

**175. In these Last Days, you need to fortify your spiritual life so that you may be able to withstand the attacks of the Evil One.** I have given you the keys of the Kingdom. I have given you the weapon of praise. I have promised to give you whatever you need. I now give you the fighting serum of your Father David.

I give you the Knights of Victory, mighty beings of valor!--Warriors, uncompromising, unflinching in their dedication and service to Me, and now available for you, My loves! Call on the keys. Use your weapon of praise. Call for the Knights of Victory if you are in need, and take unto your spirits the fighting serum of David.

**176. This serum will make your spirits impervious to defeat.** It keeps your spirits strong and the Enemy is unable to enter in. It encases your spiritual veins that carry My Word, which flows through your spirit with an impenetrable casing. The casing acts like steel, and the Enemy's influences are not able to break through. At the same time you are strengthened, you become brighter with the light of My Word, and more resistant to the lies of the Enemy. Finally, you are as those I have sent to help you, a knight of victory, a fighter who loves to fight for Me, who loves to destroy the works of the Devil, who joys to proclaim My truth and set the captives free.

**177. You are all destined to be My knights of victory,** sustained by the fighting serum of David, empowered by My elixir, men and women whose armor is made of the keys of the Kingdom, carrying My weapon of praise! Rejoice! The Knights of Victory are given to the children of David that they may march forth into the period of strengthening to emerge as My mighty army of the End! *(End of message.)*

**178. (Question:)** Do we each have a personal "Knight of Victory"? Or are we supposed to call on them collectively?

**179. (Jesus:)** The Knights of Victory are special reinforcement angels. They are a band of knights who will come to your aid when you need them. They are not necessarily personal spirit helpers, as not everyone would need a personal Knight of Victory at all times.

**180. The Knights of Victory are especially for when you're fighting major battles, and when you need reinforcements in the spirit.** That is why I have instructed you to call on them as a collective body. In their unity is strength found.

**181. You could ask Me for a special spirit helper to help you be victorious if you need more help in this area on a regular basis,** and I would give one to you. But it would not be the same as these Knights of Victory, who work together to defeat the Enemy in very difficult and trying times. *(End of message.)*

**Summary--The Knights of Victory are mighty spirit helpers--knights of light who defy the Devil's darkness.** They appear in black armor, taking on the surroundings of those they rescue and fight for. Their armor is made up of the keys; their beings, the truth of the Word. They have the liberating serum-- Father David's fighting serum--to rescue all those in need and to defeat the demons of Hell. This spiritual serum will enable all those who receive it to submit to God, resist and rebuke the Devil, and fight him until he is defeated. It encases your spiritual veins that carry the Word, which flows through your spirit, with an impenetrable casing.

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**ISA.60:1** Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.

**ISA.60:2** For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

**ISA.60:3** And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

**ISA.60:4** Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

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**PSA.68:17** The chariots of God are **twenty thousand**, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

**LUK.14:31-32** Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with **twenty thousand**? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace. [GOD'S IS THE BIG ONE—THE OTHER NEEDS TO MAKE PEACE WITH HIM OR THEY WILL LOSE!]

**1CH.7:9** And the number of them, after their genealogy by their generations, heads of the house of their fathers, mighty men of valour, was **twenty thousand and two hundred**.

**SoS.8:12** My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof **two hundred**.

**MAR.6:37** He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy **two hundred** pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?

**ACT.23:23** And he called unto him two centurions, saying, Make ready **two hundred soldiers** to go to Caesarea, and horsemen threescore and ten, and **spearmen two hundred**, at the third hour of the night.



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**ACT.27:31** Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved. [SEALED; LIKE NOAH IN THE SHIP—WATER TIGHT—SERVANTS OF GOD SEALED.]

**ACT.27:32** Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off.

**ACT.27:33** And while the day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take meat, saying, This day is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing. [FASTING THROUGH THE STORM. LIKE THOSE SEEKING JESUS WERE FASTING BEFORE HE BLESSED THE FEW LOAVES AND FED THE HUNGRY]

**ACT.27:34** Wherefore I pray you to take some meat: for this is for your health: for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you. [LIKE JESUS TOLD US.]

**ACT.27:35** And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all: and when he had broken it, he began to eat. [JESUS TAKES US, BREAKS US AND FEEDS THE HUNGRY WITH US—AND MULTIPLIES THE FEW IT STARTED OUT WITH.]

**ACT.27:36** Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat.

**ACT.27:37** And we were in all in the ship **two hundred** threescore and sixteen souls.

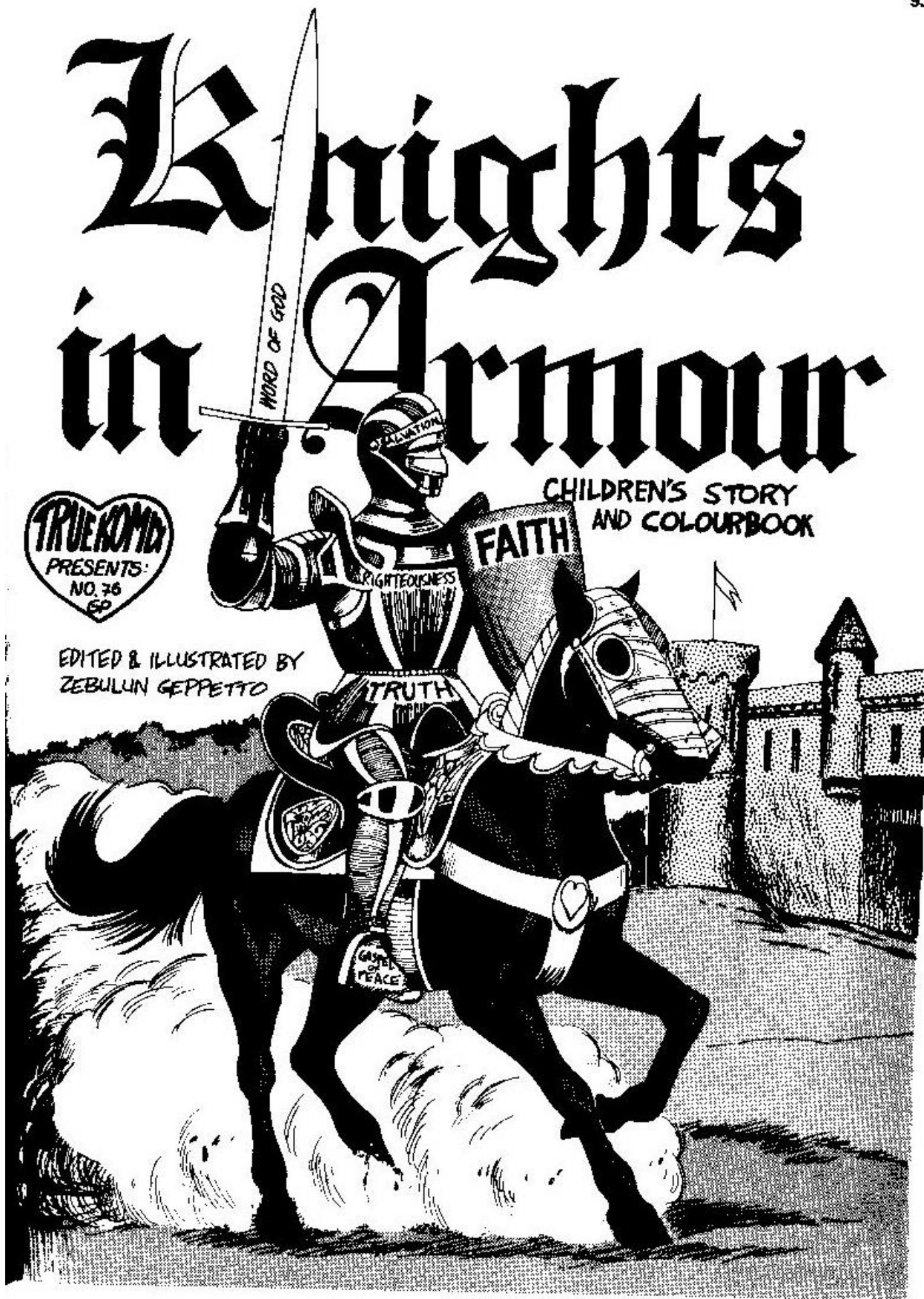
(NOTE: On the next pages is the very old illustrated Komic of the vision described in “Dear Rahel” ML# 76, that was produced in the year ‘76. I scanned it years ago.)

# Knights in Armour

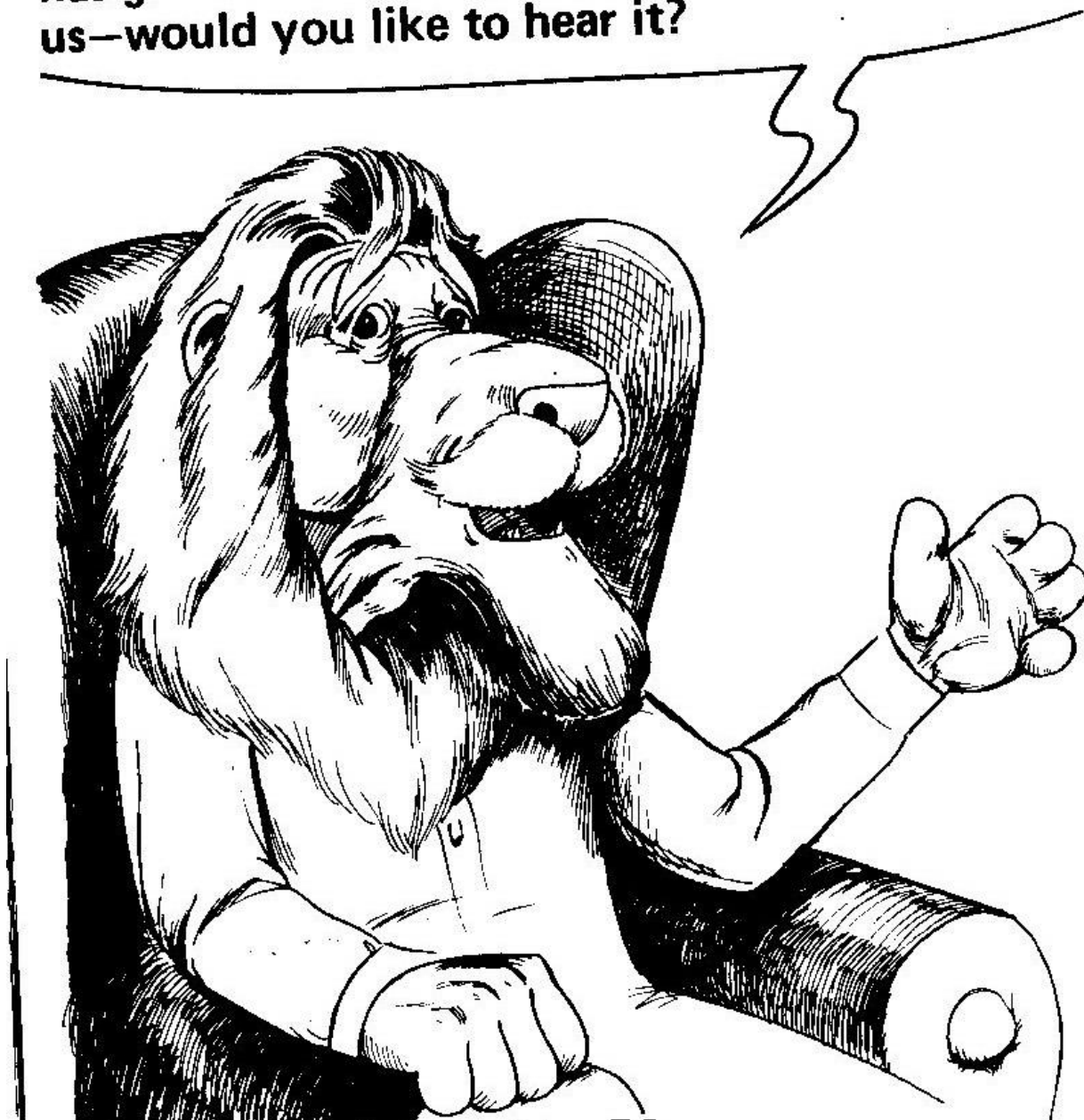
CHILDREN'S STORY  
AND COLOURBOOK

TRUEKONDA  
PRESENTS:  
NO. 76  
6P

EDITED & ILLUSTRATED BY  
ZEBULUN GEPPETTO

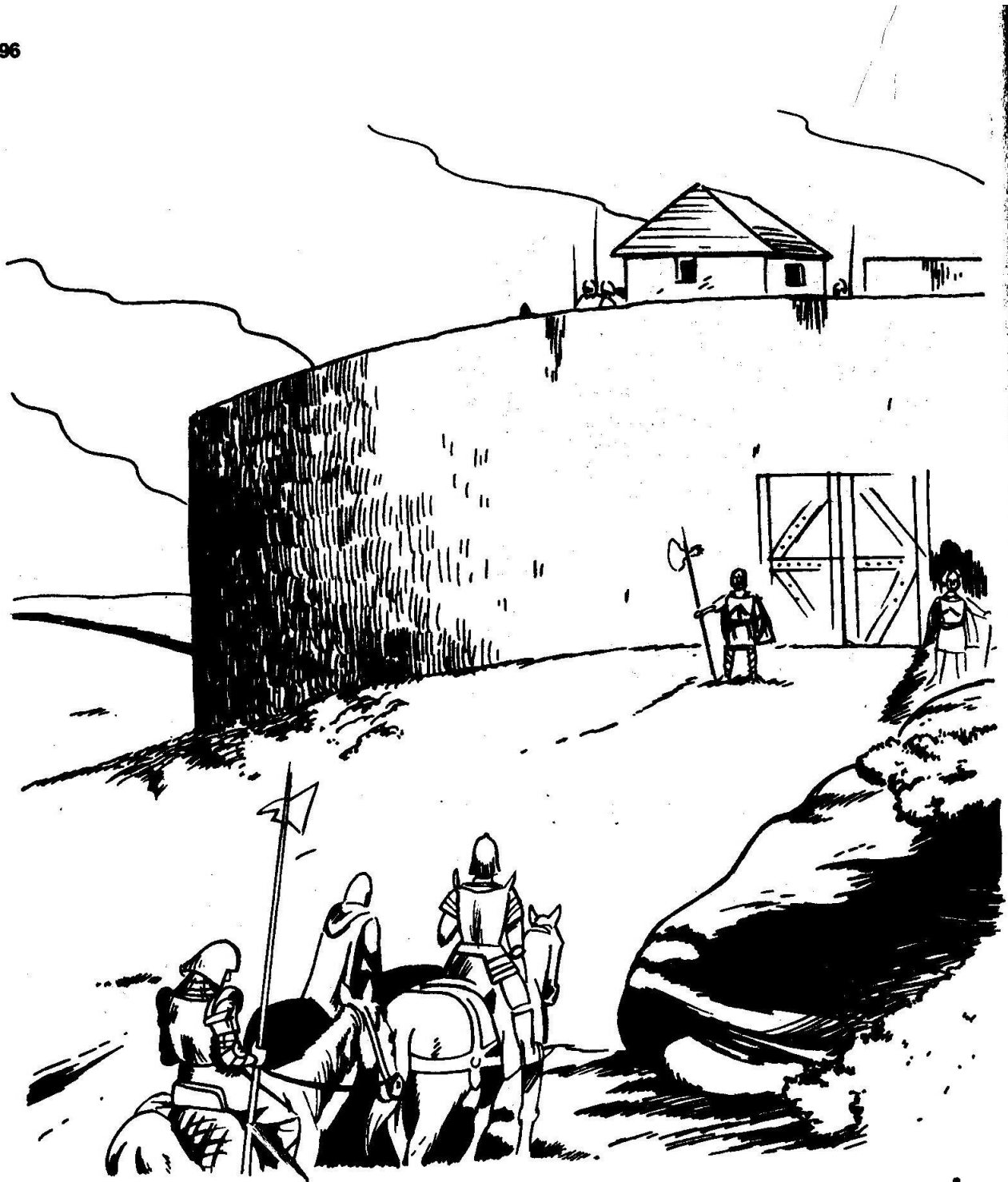


Maybe I am partial to the Knightly representation of the Christian soldier, but I think the Lord must have a fondness for it too, because this is the way I have seen them in several visions He has given me. In fact, the first I ever had about us—would you like to hear it?





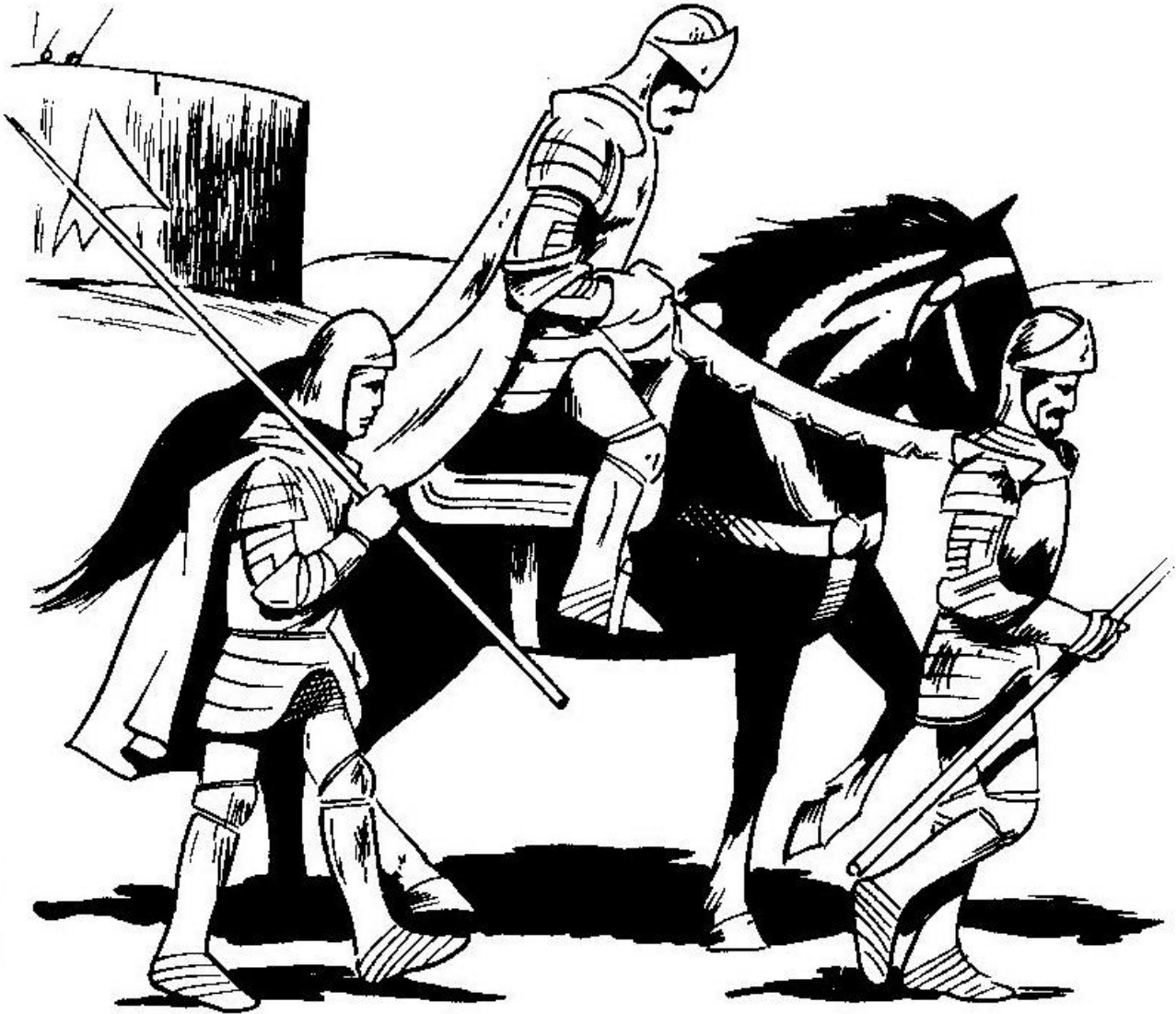
**This tiny band of Knights in armour, with their squires at their side, returning weary and wounded, bloody, dirty, bedraggled, and even discouraged as though from some defeat in battle.**



**As they approached this walled city, great and grey, somber and forbidding, looking as it were for rest and refuge, they were cruelly turned**



**away, and sent on their way: the city would not have them!**



**So they trudged on by, tired and worn and somewhat discouraged, till they came to a little**



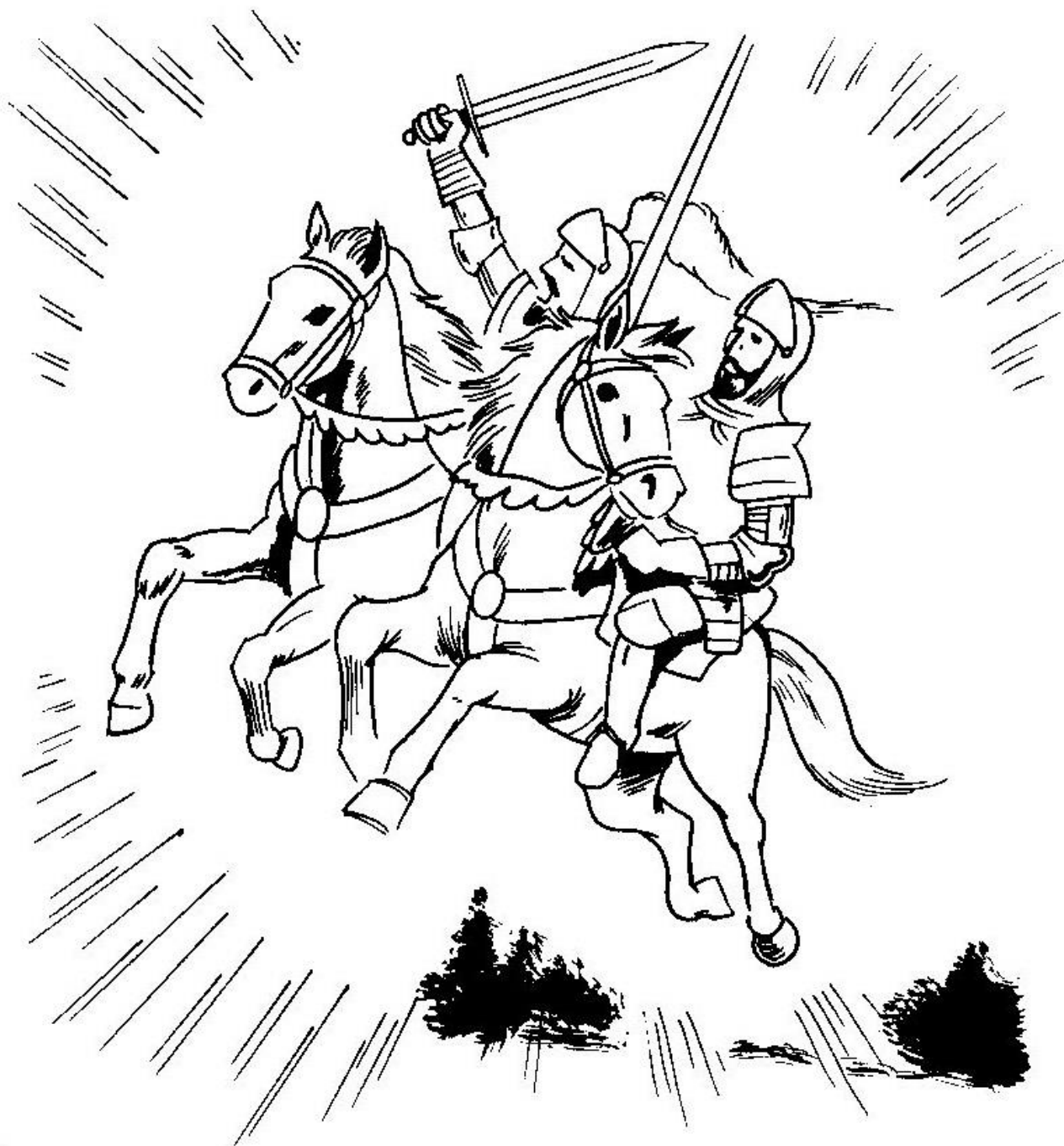


**village where a filthy beggar lay in the ditch by the wayside pleading for help.**

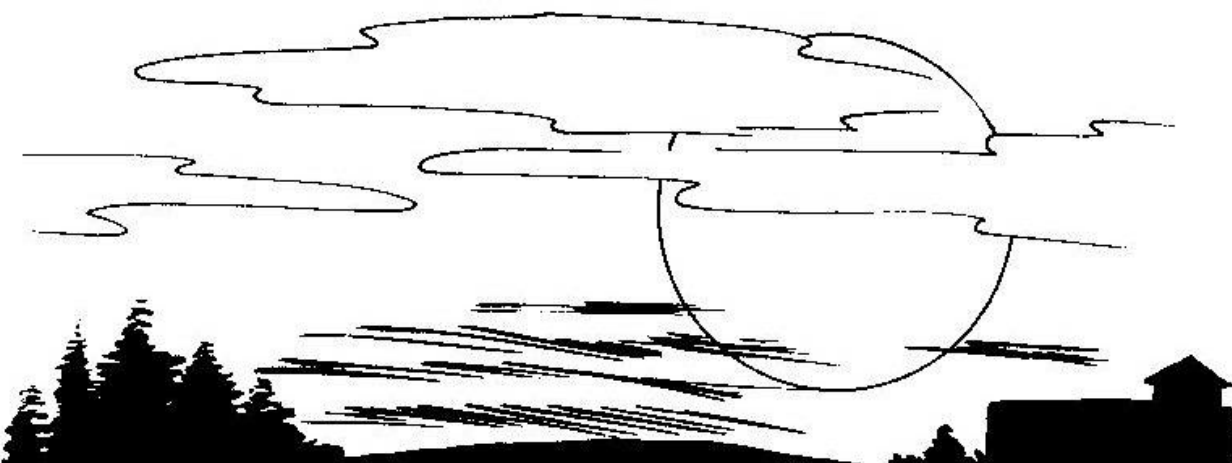




**They reached down, picked him up, and placed him on one of their already overloaded beasts, compassionately—and suddenly, as they rode toward the sunset, approaching the horizon, instead of diminishing, they grew—they actually**



**grew in size and in glory, shining radiantly, filling the whole sky, and being received into Heaven. Hallelujah!**



**“Even as I have showed thee in the past, so has it been done unto thee! Thou didst not understand, for thou didst not foresee the future. Thou wast this tiny man—thou and thy little ones, and that city which rejected thee was the system of this world, ruled by enemies! And that beggar which thou didst have compassion on, was the rejected youth of this generation—which thou didst lift in love to bear with thee upward unto Me, as even thou didst grow in stature and in size unto the day of thy reception into My Heavenly Kingdom! ”**



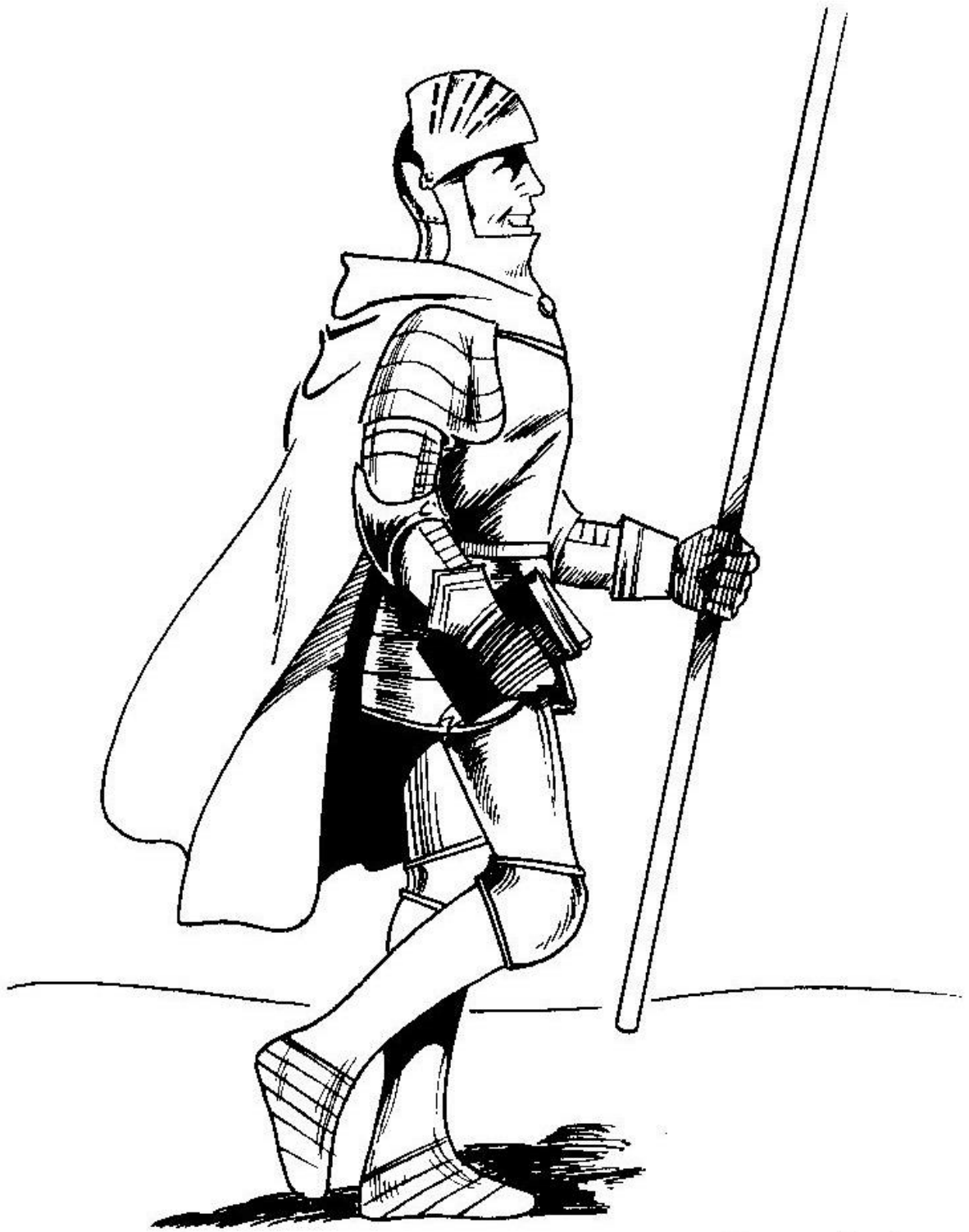
**Another vision we had was of a terrible battle-field where it seemed everyone was lying around dead, wounded, or dying, and defeated—all young people.**



**Until this Knight in black armour came along and raised a rallying cry to arise and renew the battle, and march on to victory!**

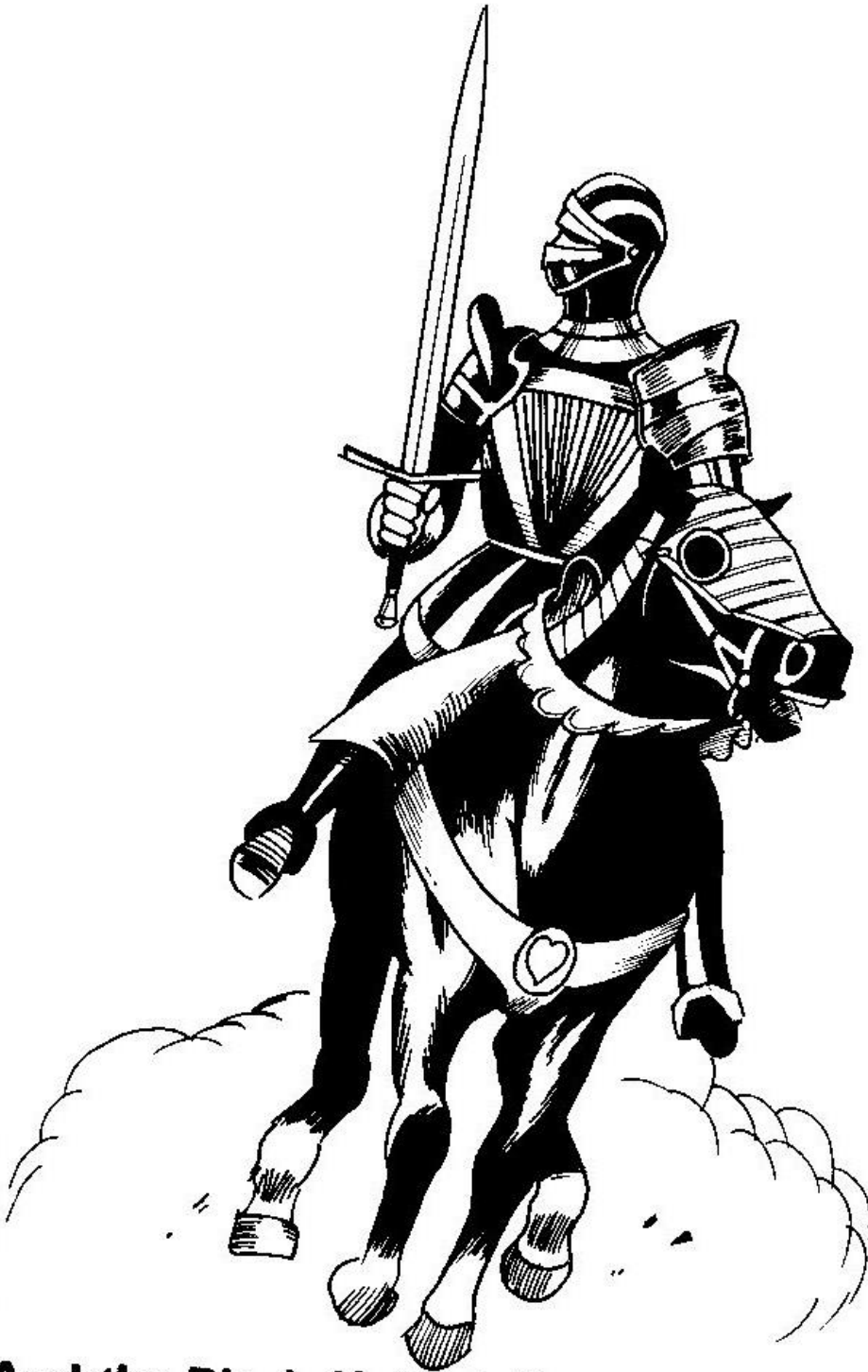


**Whereupon you all leaped to your feet and shouted in response, and the girls were all standing around behind us surrounding us like angels, praying and encouraging us on our way.**



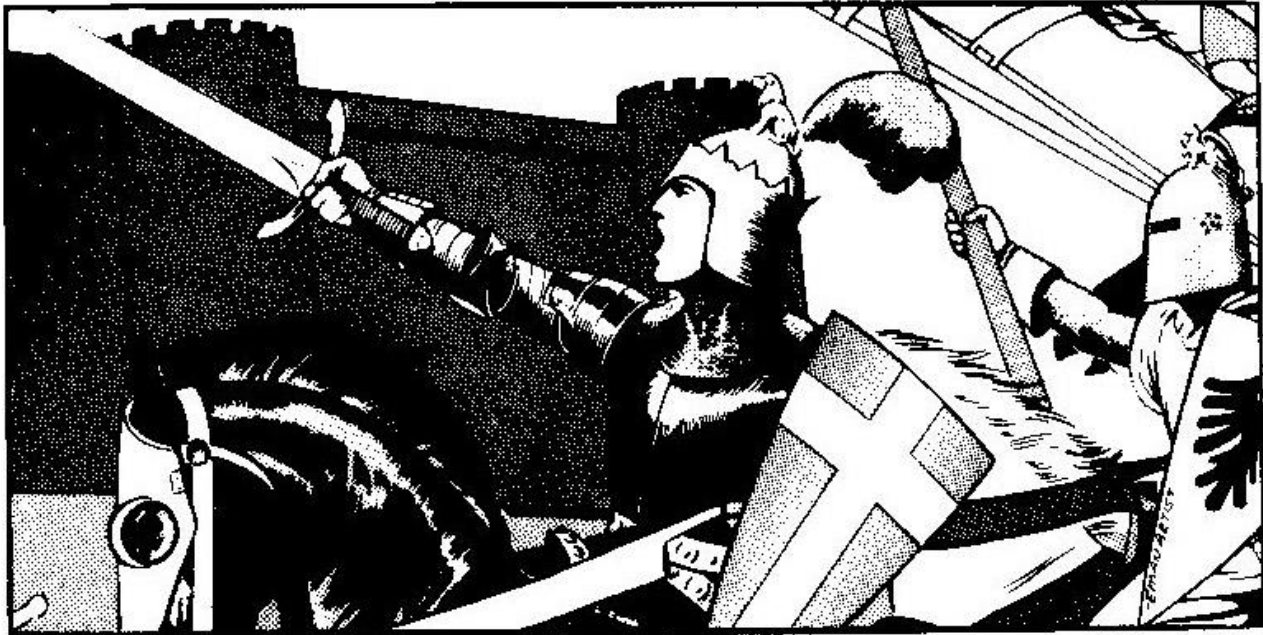
**You picked up your strewn and discarded weapons—Bibles, notebooks, pens and paper—and marched on triumphantly to victory! Hallelujah!**





**And the Black Knight disappeared as mysteriously as he had come—and I had the impression that the Black Knight was yours truly, used by the Lord to rally you around His Banner and send you on to victory! Praise the Lord!**





**The Lord has also compared us to the world-famous Children's Crusade of medieval times! This famed youth march across Europe in a sincere effort of youth to serve God and a condemnation of the indifference of their elders, was indeed like unto us. And that, like them, though we may be persecuted, we shall have been a testimony against the wicked generation of our fathers, who, like them, when failing to repent, will be judged by an invasion of our enemies, which may wipe the older generation from the face of the earth, as it nearly did Europe!**

**Beloved, the outlook for us in this world and our future here could hardly be darker! —But the uplook could hardly be brighter or more glorious! Hallelujah! He's gonna stop the world so we can get off! Praise God! Thank You, Jesus!**

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