

5-2-13

My spirit laments as the days and hours pass by on the revelation of God's leading by His Spirit. Taking unto ourselves what is believed to be God's direction, fresh as the dew of the morning, fresh like the manna from heaven, storing it away and holding on to what was to be used days before.

My spirit laments for whatever God desired to bring to the body months ago that is being machinated and watered down under the control of man. What is the relevance of God's leadership by His Spirit if it is not given out in the hour it is received? It becomes like the manna stored away that rots. The people suffer because the revelation that is brought forward is not fresh and the bride is not stirred because men thought they lead the church.

My Spirit laments as I seek to ignite My church yet you desire a controlled burn. You honor firefighters in the face of the All Consuming Fire.