

## *In thought of Revelation 2 & 3*

### "What I See, What I Hear And What I Know"

Rev. Tyrone A. Jackson © 2006

Many of my Churches are on life support.

Through My mercy they still maintain a faint heartbeat.

But if they don't make a change, then **SHAME** will be the **DEATH OF THEM**.

Until I become the **Captain of your Ship**, you will continue to float adrift.

The Visions and Dreams I've given you, are great and mighty.

Yet your actions despise it like Esau, did his own inheritance.

You say how so? And I say because you're the Captain, and not I.

This is the **Foundation** of your **SHAME**.

You seed for much, but harvest a little.

You declare a lot but establish nothing.

You govern with worldly principles, and call it my standards.

Your perception has created a reality that leads to deceptions and many disappointments.

Your altitude is your current state created by your attitude towards me.

In addition, how you are perceived will determine how you are respected and honor among your company.

A good leader is respect and honored, but many despise a ruler.

You are arrayed like a beautiful wedding cake, yet you have the taste of dry wood.

Namely, because you don't apply the ingredients as I have instructed.

You always insist on doing your way, that's why the blessings have been delayed.

Forsake your doctrine of traditions in the flesh, and seek my face for a divine intervention.

Humble yourself and give me the Captain's seat,  
then you will see the promise land  
before you fall a sleep.

Many times I've visited but you didn't recognize my face, namely because you were out of place.

Who is your King? Who is your Captain?

Is it SHAME or is it ME?

This is the choice you will have to make.

You call me Lord, but you don't worship me as one voice.

What many call honor is actually the lie of convenience.

How long will you make excuses for your poverty?

You are sick, yet you will not take my medicine.

You treat my worship as an intermission to do other things.

This is why my glory hasn't filled this place.

Oh my people, how long will you be in denial of your famine?

How long will you tolerate another night with the frogs?

I've called you to the best, but you have settled for less.

Rend your heart and not your clothing. Humble yourself so that I may raise you up.

These are words to be taken personally and corporately. How you receive it will determine your course to come. Blessed or curse is your only choice.

You called some of my Prophets minor, because the words they spoke were not sweet to hear. But, if you look a lot closer you will see they had profound things to share.

You neglect the essential, only to find yourself short of your potentials.

Forsake your pride and seek advice for your state of illusions.

How long will you accept tomorrow as the day of your breakthrough?

Haven't I said that the Kingdom of God is at hand! Repent I say! And salvation will be yours today.

The Kingdom of God is in you, but yet you have relied on this world's point of view.

If I was your gold and if I was your silver then you would be rich indeed.

It's my Glory. It's my Splendor that will cause men to honor you. Treasures at your feet are what they would do only if my Glory was the center of this place.

Glorify me and I will glorify you before all men.

Stop all the chattering and stop all the flattering and get to that which really matters.  
Glorify Me!

This is not a word of prophecy to make you feel warm and fuzzy. But this is a word of admonishment to get you out of your state of misery.

I know of your troubled hearts and I've seen the tears you've shed in the night hours. On many occasions did you say that God doesn't care, why should I serve him anyway?

It's this type of mistaken tone and this ill heart that have kept you a prisoner of Shame for so long. It's apparent before all eyes that you're not serious about Me. Look how you come in and look how you go out, all feeble in your ways is what we see.

This doesn't please me nor does it inspire men to honor you.

I want to bless the multitude not just a few. Study my Word from Genesis to Revelation and you will see what caused my hands to bless a place, a people and a nation.

Many have sinned against Me in using my worship service as a time of intermission for other things. This is why they have missed my visitations.

A visitation of peace, joy and revelation is what you've missed because your lamps are not trimmed.

It's my Glory that releases the river of blessings. Therefore, seek me as one voice, one mind and one heart to experience the glories that has been ordained for you.

To my Churches I say, for some this is their first warning. To many I say this is your last of many warnings before your dreams are tombed in dirt.

Repent I say. Come to my altar to weep and mourn. Call a sacred assembly and a holy fast to make a change in this place.

Like a Watchman on a wall I blow my trumpet with a distinct sound for all to understand. Woe to him who ignore such a sound as this.

There's new strongholds on the arising to take the place of the one's you have yet to subdue.

If you can't handle the foot soldiers what will be your state when the horsemen come?

To your dismays you depend solely upon politics to fight your battles and win your wars. But let the truth be known. What you see in the nature is just a fraction of what is going on in the realm of the invisible.

Your levee of prayers, word and worship is no match for these stronghold of storms, all because your not one voice in this place.

I came to intercessory prayer to lean you some assistant but you was missing in action. Only a few soldiers was there doing a work that requires the hearts of many. Yet, you wonder why your forward progress is at a minimum. Here, I see a division.

I arrived at your worship to hear you as one voice but you weren't there. Yet, you wonder why your enemies haven't turned against themselves. Here, I see a division.

I stopped by to hear the preached word, but you didn't make it until the time of benediction.

Yet, you wonder why your world is full of turbulence. Here, I see a division.

For the tithes and offerings did I come, but even in this I see your heart was not in it. And you wonder why the Devour has emptied your house. Here, I see a division.

You are on life support and don't even know it. A spiritual transfusion is what you need to be revived.

I have tried to heal you on many occasions, but the medication I provided, you resisted it, because it wasn't sweet to your taste.

You bow to the words of man but deny what I provided with my instructions.

There was a time when the governments of the world would come to My Church, for advice. But now they laugh at you in your face. Oh, how you have fallen and yet you think you are ok.

You are worldly and causal in all your ways, that's why abortion is still an all time high.

A mighty giant you are, but while you sleep the history of your glory is being strip away.

You speak of my coming glory and this is true. But will I be resting upon you?

Eli grandfathered Icabod and the Prophet Samuel re-fathered my revelation back into the earth. What kind of father are you?

A house divided will not stand. More so, a house divided against me will be taken by the wind.

You say you are God-centered but yet I'm hardly ever seen. My glory fills the place where I am the center of everything.

Who is the center of your worship? Is it you or is it me?

I sent the words of my prophets many a times, but you dishonored me by not obeying their words.

This is why poverty has taken you like a strongman.

Yet you say how so? I have a house on the hill and a nice car in the lot.

But I tell you; all this can be lost in one day!

Him who has an ear let him hear! I'm separating the sheep from the goats, so that the world may see who is real and who is fake.

Causal Christians are the casualties of war with the flag of Shame, resting upon their coffin.

You say you hear from me when yet I have not spoken. When I did speak you would not listen. Now I have gone silent for a season.

Oh, if you would repent of your dishonorable ways, then I would speak once again.

But instead, of seeking my face for an understanding of your current situations, you buy sermons from the street corners, and say it's a word from me.

My sheep know my voice, but you have been living like goats dishonoring me before the site of many.

Repent! Turn around! Seek my face! Else, your glory will be given to someone else to complete my missions.

I long for you to fast and pray so that your heart may return to me once more. With great patient have I waited for you to return home to my present and my glory.

Oh, how long will you wallow in the pig's pen covered in the mud of shame?

Oh, how long will you be like a dog that has returned to his own vomit?  
My prodigal son when will you return? I have a ring, a robe and a fatted calf reserved for you.

Glorify me and I will glorify you. Honor me and I will honor you.

What some call full time ministry, I call it full time foolishness with the crown of frustrations. There's no excellence in your heart. Look how you come in and how you go out. The multitude imitates the very thing you do.

Woe unto him who leads my sheep astray.

The authority of respect has been stripped from you. The world doesn't acknowledge you because you operate under the power of your own flesh.

The methods of the flesh will not save a nation. It's my glory through the Church that will cause men to bow their knees.

You say you are the Church, but how can this be when I'm not the center of your attraction. I call my house to be a house of worship and prayer. But before my eyes I see the marketplace of thieves.

The people of God, in the house of God moves about like it's a supermarket, never focused on one thing at a time, but do that which appeases the flesh for the moment.

This I see among many churches both great and small.

I look for a church that will teach the principles of praise and worship and the art of prayer as one people and one voice. So much power they have denied because the lack of understanding in their hearts.

I'm the Lord who adds to the church, as it should be, but I will not add my honor on the foundation of dishonor.

So many people serve my tables out of eye service and convenience.

What will it take before you realize that your dedication is polluted before my sight?

Look at the cracks in your walls. Your floor is flooding with sewage water and creepy crawlers are infecting your place, yet you say all is well.

How deceived you are and the multitude knows it.

Oh, only if you would return to me, then your shame would be removed.

You think all is well because you don't feel the wind blowing. But a storm is coming and only a few are prepared.

Will it be a storm of peace or a storm of chaos when it blows your way?

There's a storm in the distant horizon, the size of man's hand. It's coming to wash the filth from my house. Woe unto him whose books are not in order.

Clean up My House! Else, you will be swept away in shame.

Deal with the spilled sewage before it flows out to the streets for all to smell and hear on the eyewitness news.

Let not a double-hearted man believe he will receive prosperity from my hands.

Ignore my ordinances and I will visit you in your calamity.

Reverence me and you will be rewarded abundantly. Peace will be your officer, Righteousness will be your taskmaster and Favor will be your shield for all times.

Wise men inherit glory, but shame will be the promotion for fools.

Many great men had ignored my words of warning about their personal sins and that which they allowed in my churches. Now some are recorded in the Hall of Shame.

What will be your state when I come again?

You reverence titles but not me. This should not be.

A house divided will not stand. More so, a house divided against me will be blown away.

There are many prophecies in the land, but only a few are true.

But that which is true, only a few will obey it and prosper.

Where my glory dwells healings will be established: Healings of poverty, sickness and diseases and fear from the terrors of the night.

Too long have you drawn strength from your fleshy reasoning, that's why you are so weak in stopping the works of darkness in your life and its surroundings?

The very sins that caused Sodom and Gomorrah to perish is now being established as Priests in my house.

Who will stand and rebuke such a thing?

Who will declare My Glory and make a stance for my righteousness in the earth!

This is the man! This is the people! This is the Church I will shield and honor with my Glory.

**Him who has an ear let him hear what the Lord is saying in these last days.**

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