

Word of the Lord 27th Nov 2022



### [AUDIO VERSION](#)

Hi everyone.

I received this word on the 27th of November 2022. I'm not going to make any comments on it.

I had asked the Lord during my quiet time, "What I must read?" And He said,

"I have fresh words for you, My daughter. Fresh insight and new angles..."

And then He began to speak.

Have you heard the report of what I will do? Have you heard of the power of My might? Have you heard there is no God like Me? Faithful and true, and yet fierce as I deal with My enemies. Have you heard there are none that can stand before Me; no one who dares to enter My presence unclean and wrongly clothed.

All around Me are the sounds of worship. Light is My dwelling place and order is established around My throne. Each has their place and their function. Each knows who I AM and shows Me honor. The mortal bow before the Immortal, the created bow before the Eternal One.

And yet... and yet, in the realm of My creation, there are those who use their breath to rail against Me. They are those who bend their knee before the prince of darkness. Did he give them breath? Did he put their bones inside their mother's womb? Did he carefully craft their DNA and call forth their existence? Fools! They honor that which they know not. They serve that which cannot save them in the day of My anger.

With boastful words, they lay claim to the destinies of men and dare to declare that I AM dead. Diabolical serpent servants! Darkness fills them and darkness will devour them. Tremble, you who slaughter the innocents and seek to hide deep your deeds of treachery. Know you not that I am He Who breathed the galaxies into existence. And yet you think I do not see your serpentine lairs of wickedness? Can you not hear the rumble of My anger? Even the sun and the moon cover their faces as I come to execute My righteous judgments. And yet you, mere mortals, dream of assisting in My overthrow. How dare you, the created, lift your fist against Him Who put your limbs together? Are you My equal that you call me to the battlefield like the steward of your serfdom? Tremble, you wicked, for the day of My righteous judgments comes speedily! While you focus on laying the tracks for your devilish takeover bid, My armies mobilize and prepare for a war you cannot win. Can the corruptible lay waste the Ancient of Days? Does darkness have power to drive out light? NO! You fools - fawning and bowing before a throne made by the one who fell from the heights of heaven. You give your allegiance to that which is already appointed destruction.

Deep in the earth, you set up your hideaways thinking to escape My wrath. Did you not hear? I am He Who makes the mountain skip like a calf; the One who can cleave a river in two and raise up the waves of the sea. Your refuges will be your tombs, you dark and devilish sons of the serpent - and your intricately laid plans of many generations are with nothing in the face of My righteous anger. Fire will devour the strongholds of your wealth, and ashes will be all that remain of your lofty ideals.

Ascend to My throne, you say? Sit and rule in the place where light dwells? I think not. It is written and I will execute My judgments on the heads of the wicked. And he who deceives them with promises of great reward for their services, will meet the judgment written.

Tremble, you who live carelessly, for the Righteous Judge comes and few will stand in that day. The bodies of those who would not fear Me will lie stacked like cords of firewood, and the tongues of the boastful will be silent in that day. The wisdom of man will lie humbled in the streets and the lofty aspirations of the wicked will be poured out like dirty water in the day of My righteous judgments.

Hide yourselves, My righteous remnant, in the shadow of My wing. Take refuge in the shelter of My Name - for the day that burns like an oven comes speedily and none can halt its approach. Selah.