

Prophetic Word - A Lamentation

September 24 2020

My son write a lamentation for this people to hear. O my people, O my creation, O my son how I grieve over this people. How my heart longed for a fruitful field, a fruitful vine and trees of righteous in My land. But my valley yielded bitter fruit thorns and thistles.

O How I placed each tree in the valley, and each vine within my garden yet bad fruit and sour grapes were brought before me.

I covered the field with my clouds, I sent my rain and I provided the display of the sun for seasons and growth. Yet sour grapes were presented to me.

O trees of the valley and vines of My garden see how I now remove your light and bid my clouds to drop no rain upon you.

I speak to the earth beneath and It shall move from you. I command My destroyers to loose themselves.

O my People, O my creation O my son, I will take
My Glory from among the Nations and provide a
time of judgement says the LORD.

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