

**Prophetic Word April 11 2023**

**Weakened in the Way**

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The LORD says the season now shall be seasons of torment. The morning shall bring horror and the evening shall bring torment. Behold My Vengeance says the LORD. You shall desire to die but I will not permit. You shall desire peace but I will send calamity. You shall pray for safety and receive a tumult. You shall be overthrown says the LORD.

I vindicate My Name. I am who I am. I shall be Glorified. I take My Glory from among the Nations. I am the First I am the Last. I am He who sets the Nations and Proves the People. Will you now say I am a God of Love? Who are you but to do My handiwork to do as I please. Shall I not display My Power and My Righteous right hand? Call upon your gods; let them save you. If I am your God, then where is My honor?

☐ The testing has begun.

Gather the Nations together says the LORD. Let them array themselves for battle. Close the doors of My house. Tear down the walls. Burn their merchandise. Behold I part the heavens. Will you now sing sweet lullaby's about Jesus the Savior? I am who I am and My Glory I do not share with a man. The LORD says you know neither the Scriptures nor the POWER of God.

Behold the days of sorrow are before you O People and Nations.

Your house has been left desolate. Scatter the Nations Remove Peace. Let death prevail. Come forth O My Mighty ones; slay, spare not. Desecrate the temples. When they seek Peace talk of war. Say it again, war war war says the LORD.

## Words of Knowledge

- Justice prevails
- My Righteous Rejoice
- Heaven's veil is torn
- Here I come to slay My enemies says the  
LORD

You who dwell by many waters, you have become rich in treasure. Your ill-gotten gains are gone. Sing O barren; she who has not has now borne and did not travail. For more are the children of the desolate than the one with a husband says the LORD.

Prophecy son of man Prophecy! My Holy ones are with me. It is I and I have the keys to hell and death. Loose My destroyers says the LORD. Quiet the heavens. Hide the sun. O moon be ashamed. O stars in the heavens remove from your positions. Rocks fall on us.



**The LORD provides an Ode for the wicked.**

**O My house, O my soul live in ease and take my  
toll; Strike the husbandman remove the son.**

**Take their fruit from the Son. Curse the wind  
and shake your fist. Who is this that has come  
to sit?**

**☐ Behold the Judge of all mankind**

The LORD strikes a riddle on the wall just as He did in the days of Belshazzar

At My feet, there is no defeat, from My throne,  
Grace is shown, come near me and sup with Me.  
For here do I send at 3 and strike with 3.

**Closing**