

Clear speaking: We walk with you; that is all we can give you. We whisper encouragement in your ear; you listen, and then the enemy is allowed to come and try to blow our Words away. If he does, then go back over all that you've been told and bring those Words back to the square you've been told to stand on. Place your feet on them and resume standing on them, for they are truth.

It is this continual process that will eventually win the day. The enemy is determined to blow you off course, or push you out to sea, or sweep you off the mountain. This is your test of faith: will you continue to look to the Word and the Keys to stabilize you, or buoy you up so that you can make it across this last river, or reach the pinnacle?

I can give you a dozen word pictures, but it all comes down to making your stand, no matter what the enemy says. You have been given the more sure Word of prophecy; that is the mainstay. There is nothing else. Those who let go of the mainstay of New Wine let go of their sanity. The New Wine is truth, and truth resisted loses power over the mind. That's a very simple formula, but oh, does the enemy fight the truth. You are my mission, and I will not leave your side while you hold on to the truth of the Word that you are being given. I am His conduit, and I am plugged into you, and as long as your cap is open, the fluid of golden elixir continues to pour through. If, through majesty of choice, you close your cap, then the conduit is withdrawn; there is naught else to do. Fight to keep your cap open.



Dad speaking: You just have to believe you are right; that's all. You were right to not let go of the Words of David. You were right to come with me up to the next floor. Yes, you remember clearly what I did when those in that room got distracted with other things and lost interest in the Word—what else could I do but leave them there?

You know the saying, "it's all Greek to me"... well, in my dream, it was all "French" to me. And that is what New Wine is like to most people. It's so new and different that most people don't understand it, but as was said in the story, it is expected that some respect be shown.

But pretty soon our own kids began to get a little bored with the French reading and began to drift out of the room into another room where they were watching TV, and I could hear the TV blaring away almost drowning out the Bible reading! Of course, I couldn't understand French either, but I didn't want to embarrass the dear lady, our hostess, so I sat there listening respectfully. But I was very embarrassed that our own kids didn't have enough respect to sit there and listen even if they couldn't understand it! But instead they went into the next room to watch TV! (Listening Or Lamenting)



Dad continues: The Devil is like that TV; he's blaring away, trying to distract you from what's being read. It may be "French" at the moment, but in time understanding will come and you will be rewarded for your faith to hold on and just believe.

Finally I interrupted our hostess and gently suggested that maybe we'd better have the reading in English, since most of us understood English, including our hostess and her family, and since our own kids didn't understand French. She agreed, and I called our kids back in again. I didn't want to make a big fuss about it in front of strangers, but I was **very** upset about them walking out on the French family while we were having this Bible reading, so I was trying to be polite and not cause a big scene. (Listening Or Lamenting)

Dad continues: Well, you know the rest of the story; after a short while those kids apologized and went back to the TV to watch the rest of the show. So I took those that wanted to hear the Word of God and we went on up to the small garret bedroom to be alone with God and to listen to what He had to say over what man had to say.

Finally one of our own leaders apologized as he went out saying, "I'm sorry dad!—but it's such a good show we just hate to miss it! Please forgive us, but we've just got to see this show through!" So pretty soon, sure enough, all our own kids were out watching TV again!

WE COULD HEAR THE TV IN THE NEXT ROOM BLARING AWAY AND OUR OWN KIDS WERE LAUGHING AND NOISY. I became so angry finally that I got up, slammed the Bible shut and said so loudly that everybody in the house could hear me. "ALL RIGHT!--I'M THROUGH!--IF YOU'RE NOT WILLING TO LISTEN TO GOD, THEN GOD'S NOT GOING TO LISTEN TO YOU! He's not going to speak to you any more until you're ready to listen!" I just gave up and stomped out of the room and walked back upstairs. I remember passing the bathroom on the 2nd floor where I could see the father shaving in preparation for going to work.

23. The upstairs "upper room" is significant and usually symbolizes intimate fellowship with the Lord in prayer and devotion and meditation, the secret place for Bible study and prayer, the "closet". So just this little handful of us went way back upstairs to this garret bedroom apparently to continue this Bible study with the Lord.

26. "But God's not going to speak to you any more until you're ready to listen to Him!—and He's not going to listen to you either!" I can remember saying that so clearly!--"**You're** going to be asking **Him** to listen to **you**, but He's not going to, because **you** won't listen to **Him**!" And I woke up!--Boom!--Just like that!

Dad continues: So there you go—are you going to continue to listen to God no matter what, come hell or high water? Do you see what paragraph number it was when I woke up? Number 26—that's right, 26. This is the big year that everyone is going to wake up; you've just got to believe what you have been hearing in this small bedroom cave you've been sharing with me and all the other spirit helpers, and of course, Jesus Himself.

He's a big Chief and needs a big bed so that there's lots of room for all of us to sit on. You don't have to worry about there being enough room on this bed. It might seem a little cramped from your perspective, but there's enough room for a whole city and more. You are certainly

surrounded by a whole cloud of witnesses, and they are all eagerly waiting for the next event. They are all praying for you to hold on, keep believing, not lose interest, and to see this thing through to the end. I love you all very dearly.

Don't worry about all those downstairs listening to the TV; very, very soon the TV program is going to end, and that virtual reality showman Trump is going to be dragged off stage and booted down another set of stairs to land in the cellar.

Can you imagine the American people voting for a TV actor to be their president? And now that showman is leading them in an international war. They've all been watching far too much TV. Very soon Jesus is going to go into that room and switch off their show and demand that they sit down and listen to the Word; it will be in their own language, so they won't be able to make an excuse. But as those kids in my dream did, so will it be in the millennium. And eventually they will all drift off back to their worldliness and end up following the Devil himself.

I called our own kids back in again and said, "we're going to have it in English now, so you can come back in." I tried not to be dictatorial, but tried instead to firmly invite them, except they knew if they didn't obey voluntarily they'd have to reckon with me later! So they straggled in reluctantly' cause they'd gotten real interested in some good TV show, and they sat down grumblingly, saying or muttering under their breath, "Such a good show!--Why do we have to come back in here?" Of course this is all very symbolic: They got so interested in TV they didn't have time for the Bible!

Dad continues: Well, as you've discovered, the MO Letters weren't so symbolic after all, but instead just waiting for their fulfillment. And what a fulfillment! And look at that—we just found another layer. This is how many people in the millennium are going to behave: they are going to be exactly like these kids in this MO Letter and like the Children of Israel were when they thought they were going to die out there in the Wilderness with Moses. So what did they do? They began looking back at the leeks and onions in Egypt.

So there you go. Don't let the devil whisper in your ear, telling you that Jesus has brought you out into this wilderness cave to perish. You keep standing on His promises, reminding Him of them, and He won't fail to honor every one of them.

Love, your soon-to-be reunited-with-you Dad. xxxxxxx