

Woe, Woe, Woe unto you, oh America, land of the free and home of the brave.

Have I not said, the nation who honors Me I will bless? And have I not blessed you for honoring Me?

Yet now you fight, scratch, and claw against Me, the One who established you, the One who set you free, the One whose Grace covers thee.

You call black white, and white black. You curse that which I have blessed, and you bless that which I have cursed. Your elected leaders knowingly speak lies for their own personal gain and for their own personal agenda, not for My agenda. Truth is far from your heart, far from your lips, far from your actions. I am Truth.

I birthed you out of your cry when you were under tyranny. And when I birthed you, you were humble and still before Me. I cuddled you as My own. I nourished you. I sustained you. And as you grew, I led you by the hand. I steered you to reflect Me in the earth.

You laid down your lives, as I did for you, both within and outside your borders, that others may live in the freedom and in the rule of My Peace which I alone made space for you to dwell. I am your Peace.

I formed you to be my city of light on the hilltop of the world to spread My Light and My Hope into the darkness of men's hearts, and to utterly consume the gross darkness emanating from the princes who rule the air.

I watched you grow and awaited the time you were fully grown and ready for love. Yet you gave your heart over to another lover. You are angry, proud and stiff. You are rebellious against the reigns of My Love which I placed within your heart, the One who birthed you, the One who sustains you even now.

You steal, kill and destroy. You devour the innocent. You legislate and decree against Me and against My Word. You no longer reflect Me and Who I AM. YOU have chosen to no longer be My own.

Rather than humbling yourself before Me as you once did, you now fight against Me, the One who has blessed you, the One who sustains you yet even now.

Behold, two score years ago My people who are called by My Name were distressed. They prayed and sought My Face and cried out to Me. I heard from heaven and I raised up My Cyrus to quench the evil consumption outside of your land.

Yet you gloried in yourself rather than in Me. Your heart became proud even the more. I gave you space to repent and sent my prophets to warn you, yet you would not relent. So, one score years ago I ever so slightly shifted My sovereign Hand of protection over you, hoping you would declare it is only by My Hand that you are sustained and that you are protected.

I hoped for your coming back to Me, oh people that I long for, people that I died for. That you would truly repent and see, it is I who sustains you, it is I who loves you. And as you were attacked from without, you were humbled. You bowed your head to Me for one hour. But soon you returned to your lustful and proud ways, determined to succeed in your own strength.

You went on to inflate yourselves into lofty places through your own vain imaginations. You conspired to take counsel against Me, and against My anointed. You said, "Let us break the bands of His rule and the cords of His justice. We will submit to them no more."

Then My people who are called by My Name prayed again. And I heard from heaven again. To your dismay I raised up yet another Cyrus with a forehead like flint, to dispel the darkness and to quench the stench coming from within your land. Your anger became even the more emboldened against Me. Instead of laying your life down for Me, you now lay down your life down to fight against Me.

So yet again, I ever so slightly shifted My sovereign Hand of My Grace protecting you from the pestilence from without, and protecting you from the wiles of your enemies from within, which both now seek to devour you – and devouring you they are.

Here is My Proposal to you, oh “land of the free”. Come, let us reason together. Repent! Bow your knee and bow your head before Me. Cry out to me as you once did. Repent of your self-serving and self-righteousness, and I will relent from my coming wrath. For a humble and contrite heart I will not despise.

There is no cost to you. It is free. Turn from your rebellion and return to Me. Submit to my Sovereign rule over you. For I AM the LORD and I release My Conviction of this My Truth over your entire nation this day, that once again I may nourish you in the path of Peace.

I now give you Space again to allow My Conviction to have its full work. I will watch you. I will see your response in the 11th hour, whether you will choose Saul or choose Me. This is how I will know where your heart lies. And the cup you drink shall be by your own choosing, says the Lord of Hosts – the cup of my Peace or the cup of my Wrath.

And if you choose not Me, I shall laugh at you. I will speak to you through my wrath which is now kindled white hot against you. As a lover scorned will I be unto you. You will know, and all the world will see, that I AM God and there is none besides Me...

Now unto my Remnant, those who are called by My Name within this great land. I see your cry for Truth. I see your cry for Peace. I see your cry for Justice for all. And I shall bring it to pass.

Those of you who have bowed unto Me and asked Me to purify your heart, asked me to cleanse your hands, who have sought the Righteousness that only I can give, Behold! I am here. I am Truth. I am Peace. I am Justice. I shall draw near to those of contrite heart.

Will I leave you or forsake you? Nay! You are my Beloved! I shall cover you with my wings in the midst of my storm, even in the midst of my wrath.

Only fear not, and pray without ceasing that hardened hearts will yield to my Conviction now moving throughout your land, that they will choose Me once again. That My mercy will prevail!

For the Holy Fear of Me will be reestablished in your land once again, says the LORD. And the remnant shall come unto Me and I shall nourish them with My everlasting Love. I will be their healing and I will be their God, says the Lord.

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