

## WOE CALIFORNIA: THE GOLDEN STATE IS TARNISHED!

Woe to you, California, the golden state is tarnished! Your shoreline is polluted; your land is scorched and dry. Crops are languishing in the field. The fresh springs of water have dried up and your wells are depleted. Where is the life-giving flow of My Spirit? Where is the fountain, the water of My Word that gushes forth with a mighty cleansing stream? Where is the hunger for My holy presence? Where is the desire by My people to hear the uncompromised Word of God that pricks the heart and convicts the conscience? I tell you, it has become outdated in many places, cast aside like an old garment. My Word has been diluted and polluted like the water in your land. You have muddied the waters with your feet; you attempt to work up a flow through your own fleshly efforts, by utilizing the foot pumps of Egypt. You have erred, calling sensationalism a visitation of My Spirit; you have embraced strange practices for worship in spirit and in truth. Woe to you, California. You have turned your back on Me, like an unfaithful spouse. You have become wanton and careless, and now your beauty is being stripped from you. I blessed you with mighty moves of My Spirit, which in times past, have brought forth ministries that would touch the nations. Mighty revivals emerged and ministries were born through the tears and the travail of unknown, humble men of God who wept between the porch and the altar. Appointed ministries were planted within you like noble vines upon the fresh soil. But now, you have become like a degenerate vine. You grow upon an unplowed field; you are untamed, undisciplined, given over to weeds and hardened clay. I had expected an abundant harvest to be produced from your fields, for your gifts were flourishing and My power was present for a time. But now you see that Heaven has withheld its rain; your fruit is inferior and the land has been burnt with fire. Your apostasy has caused it to be so.

Instead of the golden reflection of My divine nature, I see the tarnished ways of the world among the congregations of My people. The culture of entertainment has permeated your assemblies; the sins of the prodigals are ignored; the vices of the wicked are not addressed. Instead of the call to repentance and holiness from your pulpits, there is a call to inclusive membership in your clubs. Instead of the call to cross-carrying obedience, there is an appeal for tolerance, as not to offend the multitudes. Your soothsayers prophesy falsely; you seek them out, and not Me. I see a strange fire burning upon the altars of your mega-ministries; I smell defiled bread, and not the fresh manna of heaven. The tables in your land are full of meat being sacrificed to idols. You have accepted the customs of the pagans; you have embraced the forbidden practices of the foreigners who live among you. Some of the strangers who enter your land and have mingled among your population, devise their plans. I tell you, some will rise up to bite you like a serpent. You have rejected Me and My Commandments repeatedly; you have shed innocent blood continually; you have celebrated perversion completely, and have made it your law. For these things, the land shall mourn.

Yet in the midst of this, I offer redemption, an opportunity for the mixed multitude to turn to Me, for I weep over them, and I long to gather them unto Myself. In spite of their hardened hearts, I plead with humanity. For within your borders, I have a Remnant, a people who have not bowed to the god of this age. And they are Mine, My Beloved, in whom I have placed My Spirit and My heart. They are hidden from the eyes of the world; they seek no glory for themselves, nor do they aspire to build their own kingdom that

others may take notice. Mine are those who wait upon Me, who seek Me continually. They have set their faces like a flint to do My will, and not their own. They weep over the abominations in the land and intercede for the lost. Their good works are as incense that arises before Me, and so do I intervene in their behalf. Their pleas for mercy upon this wayward generation have been heard. And so it is to My beloved Remnant, that I disclose what I am about to do. I call to you, to stand upon your watch and cry out now for My mercy as My righteous judgment begins. For I say, California, your calamity is near to come. Invasion is at your gates and borders; destruction is at hand. Woe to you, California, the iniquity is full in many of your cities, and judgment must come, for I am a God of justice and the wicked shall not go unpunished. I say to My people: prepare! I call to My Beloved: “cry out”, pray for the people of California as well as the nation. You have been the salt that has preserved it and kept it from total ruin and spoilage. In My mercy, I give a window of time that many may turn to Me, for I am not willing that even one should perish. I watch for the prodigals to return to Me; I wait for the rebellious to cry out to Me. Did I not say that the Harvest is the end of the Age? And is this not upon you now? Be ready, My reapers, for My visitation comes, and My glory shall be revealed. I will pass through the land, and I will shake all that can be shaken. And when I do, I shall receive a Harvest unto Myself, an inheritance of sons and daughters. I will gather them together and bring them into My barn.

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