The Real Last Move of God June 21, 2008

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The real last move of God doesn't need a man to lead it, doesn't need a band to hype it, doesn't need a building to corral it, doesn't need a billboard to promote it, doesn't need intercessors to pray it in, doesn't need a TV show or even a microphone to barker it, doesn't need a PR program to defend it. Can't take up an offering for it or seed into it, can't hype or manipulate it, can't own it.

It has already begun in the secret places of men's hearts, men who rarely even know one another. It is already taking place in the hidden corners of David's cave of Adullam where a few misfits and malcontents have hidden out in Jesus and are being quietly shaped into a might army of glorified sons. A few here and there are being knitted together in love whose light, when they cross paths, becomes greater than the sum of the two, or three, or four, or whatever number they are.

It is the light of life, the very life of God they radiate, exposing the darkness and causing turmoil everywhere they go—unspoken, but spoken against; loving, but hated by the world; merciful, but treated unmercifully; strong through brokenness; powerful in weakness; mighty men of valor without guile or malice; strong and powerful in the Lord without gender.

Released one by one, becoming two by two, becoming four by four, then eight by eight—on an exponential curve. Yes, a movement to end all revivals.

Can't start it, can't stop it, can't own it, can't harness it, can't telecast it, can't alter it, can't do anything about it. It is already in motion and is bigger than any man or collection of men. It is the coming forth of Zion, the ushering in of Tabernacles—the feast of Ingathering; that is, Jesus gathering into Himself His true assembly of called-out-ones.

These are those who are called, chosen, and will be found faithful. Nevertheless, whosoever will may come. Either way, all were known before the foundation of the world.