

Prophecy for Ireland

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“My precious, Ireland...how I have called you from the depths to the heights. Beautiful gem that is both brilliant and hard, My eyes are upon you. My hand has been outstretched to you; offering blessing, and also with a summoning gesture. Yet, so many of you have surrendered your hearts to a stony hand, and to a harsh lord; preferring to be a serf over being a son. Knots are representations of your heritage. Surely, they truly depict your often-twisted confusion of belief, and your interlocked combination of truth with falsehood. Why do you harken back to the slavery of blindness, and to unholy blood bondage, when I have offered you freedom in My truth? Some of your fathers knew Me well. They served Me, not only on this soil, but also upon foreign lands. Now, you have set aside that which brings life, and have locked yourselves together with many things that will result in death. You have pride concerning the history of where your patriarchs walked, when you should agonize over the discrepancy between those footpaths and where you are now called to be.

I beautified you, My precious Ireland. I gave you water and beauty to feed and to enrobe you, but you chose strange fire to inspire you and to give you warmth. Under layers of history I planted a seed, which still lies dormant waiting to be germinated by confession, repentance, and holy love poured out in your tears. How long should I watch and wait, as you look to unholy powers to distinguish you, and to folklore from darkness to give you identity? How many more layers of rejection and rebellion must I endure? I am here, and I am calling out to you. Look up from your fixations and see My heart. Come...return to the words and to the commitments of covenant that I established with your forefathers.

You will be shaken, dear ones, so that the false foundations will crack; revealing their weaknesses established in rebellion. The strongholds have been comfortable and familiar to the point that you no longer discern the death and destruction within them. You shun the truth and battle against holiness. Battle itself has become a point of honor for you. You seek ascendancy and identity...even excuse and affirmation through your resistance and warfare. But where have you formed your allegiances? Have you formed them with Me? Have you allied yourself with My heart, with My causes, and with My people, Israel? No! Have you battled back the powers of death and hell that seek to pervert your nation into a dark slave for dark agendas? No! You have become a defender of rebellion and of warfare against truth and holiness. You have sided with the Destroyer as he seeks to devour My nation Israel. Rather than following the truth of your anointed forefathers, you have ingested lies and deceptions; choosing to fight for that which is error, but, which in your own eyes, appears to be justice. You have hated what I love. You have propped up that, which I am seeking to bring down. You have fueled unholy fires rather than quenching them, so that true light could shine forth from this nation. The burning, of the unholy fuel that empowers you, is a stench rather than a savor. It's light is a smoldering blackness, rather than the pure vapor of holiness being released to drive back the darkness.

What shall I do you with you, beloved Ireland? Should I turn My back on you? No...I will not, because of the covenant that I made in generations past with those of your people, who embraced Me and My way. For the sake of My nation, Israel, which was disbursed to bring My genetic into your pagan world, I will stretch out My hand to you once more. I shall sing over you again. Will you block your ears to My song? Will you turn away; preferring the songs of your flesh, and the sirens' songs of familiar spirits; fomenting the unholy appetites enticing you? Your dance is to be worship before Me, but few remember this purpose. What shall I do to stir your memory? Must I turn your blue skies into ashen darkness? Must I remove the green and turn your grasslands brown? Must I lift My hand for a time, so that you will experience the afflictions in your nation, that you have endorsed to be the afflictions upon Israel? In one heartbeat, the threats that surround Israel could appear over your land, if I withdraw the restraining powers.

And where will those, who call me their god, stand in the time of testing...those, who love their religious edifices and deceiving rituals; suggesting that they are a sign of devotion to Me? Do you not understand that I am not in these things, as you have made them to be a mixture of light and darkness? I do not abide in grey, for there is no shadow in Me. You must clean both the house and the altar, but first you must clean out your hearts and minds. Ireland, you need a great immersion and a great deliverance! How should I send this to you? How will you survive the full weight of the cleansing without great losses of life? Ask for the renewing of your minds NOW. Ask for the shackles to be broken now. You are in bondage to an evil power, but have no understanding of the depth to which you have surrendered your lives to the chains that hold you.

How many rainbows have I sent you ... a sign of My covenant with Noah for the human race? The conditions for human life in abundance are to make covenant with the Source of Life. If you choose to walk in the depravation and deceptions

that distinguish the rebellious from the righteous, surely I will not be able to bless you with the life that I long to give you. Come to Me, little ones...you, who long to see My face...you, who want to abandon all that is false to embrace pure truth. Come into My hand. Weep for your nation. Let your tears be the substance of the mikveh of your land, so that I will not have to bring the waters of destruction to wash away the refuse. The light will not go out with the flood of tears...rather the layers of generational wickedness, under which the flickering flame of holy faith abides, will be washed away in the deluge. Exposure of this buried flame will cause the fuel of My Spirit to descend into the heart of this nation. The tiny flicker will burst into glorious light; bringing a revival of truth, of love, of faith, and of identity in Me to break forth over the land. You will again love what I love, and you will again defend what I defend, rather than opposing Me. Your voices will be heard decrying the lies and rejecting the perversions, which are now being prospered by your leaders in the courts of the world. Your land will become clean, as you call for Holy Blood to nullify the legal right of the unholy blood that has been spilled upon your nation for generations.

Ireland you have a destiny, but it will only be realized through your identification with ME. Is this an impossible thing to accomplish against such a weight of historical and current day rebellion? Is it impossible to accomplish these things with time being so critically short? No...with ME all things are possible. Desire these things! Cry out for these things? Weep for these things so that all that is false will be removed...to be replaced by that which is eternally true.

This is your hour, faithful ones...you who know Me! Set your faces as flint toward the day of your nation's liberation. Invest yourself and your time in the role that you are to play in this great endeavor. It is not up to you to bring success, but it is your honor to decree it, and to facilitate it as I lead you in the way of all truth. Listen for My voice. Come out from among the mixtures, to humbly hold up the standards of My word. Stop seeing things as too great and too hopeless, for this perspective leaves Me out of the equation. Release My hand to manifest whatever I desire on your behalf. Trust Me to compassionately, and passionately, do the work necessary for your land to be renewed in life and in calling. I love you, Ireland! I set you as a gem among the nations...a hard, but steadfast beauty to shine forth My glory through you. You are to be the beam from a lighthouse, showing My people, Israel, the way home to safety through these days of treacherous water. Allow Me to do the resetting and the re-lighting that must take place for you to shine in the proper place, and in the true light that brings life. I am with this remnant. For the sake of the holy remnant, who cried out for your people in generations past, I have not abandoned you. Walk with Me NOW! Speak with My words NOW. Submit to My hand NOW, so that the coming flood will bring new life, rather than consuming destruction. This is My will for you. Arise!"

NOTE: When I heard these words about Ireland being a gem to be set up as a beam in a lighthouse, I saw the image of a beautiful green gemstone that appeared to be a brilliant cut, round, emerald. As the hand of the Lord reset and re-fashioned it, it transformed into a pure white, brilliant cut diamond of immense reflective power and size. Also, the image that I had of water immersion of the island of Ireland would be either a washing of by the tears of the faithful or by destructive tsunami arising from an earthquake. Either way, the island will be washed, but the people will choose the form of it.