

Pastor Dwain and Cross Life

When you try to get into the "right" circles (of spiritual/Christian significance), you are limiting me. Let me open doors no man can shut. Let me lead you, throw open avenues that have not been taken for my kingdom, for you are about my business, you are building My kingdom. It seems to be glamorous to do what others have done. Behold I am doing a new thing. Follow my still small voice. Do not resist the gentle nudge within. Obey me, even if you will be looked down upon. It is my plan, not theirs. Many will criticize, out of selfish ambition. Do not be swayed by man's opinion. Keep to my path I have set for you, keep close, close to my heart. Watch and see what I will do. My own hand, will cover you, will lead you. All things will pass; the day to day frustrations and feelings. My Love remains, Love me. Love them as I have loved you unconditionally, your faith will move mountains. Open blind eyes for blind eyes will see, the lame will walk. You will be called blessed and favored of the Lord because you have obeyed and have not looked at the end result as a means of recognition by man or by leaders. The season of who's who in ministry is over. I am taking My kingdom. My ministry is in my hands. Man has tried to control, channel it for his own purpose, and in the process has become a hireling. I am sending out the Shepherds with compassion, the shepherds with my purpose and my interests. To care for my flock, not profit from it.

Cross Life Word #2

For I am doing a work in this church that no man can claim or take glory for. Many will seek My Presence for the first time in this place. They will experience the healing power of My Presence as they enter into worship because there is no

pretense. You have made room for me to move, and I will make room for you to grow. I am changing your heart, changing your mindset as you make room for me. Put Me ahead of your agenda or what others have done before you. You have given My ministry back to me to control and my kingdom is being built and furthered here. When you hear the sound of rustling in the leaves, you know the wind is blowing. I have heard the sound of true worship in this place. I have heard the sound of freedom, my spirit moving among my people, stirring the hearts of men, stirring the hearts of the unbeliever. Fruit is born as obedience is lived out. My Presence lingers and dwells among those who live out a life of holiness after they leave this place- they carry my Presence. You are carriers of my glory here. You are carriers of my glory to a lost and dying world, to the thirsty and the downtrodden. They will know My Presence because you wear it. They will see my hands as you feed them, clothe them, and hold them. Do not shrink back from this calling. Do not question my ways of making this happen.