

THOUGHTS ON THE DAY OF TWO CAMPS

Preface *An extraordinary meeting between brothers in Messiah prompted the following short paper being prepared by one. This work describes the walk of the priesthood and the sadness that comes when we break camp and go on to wherever the Messiah leads; still filled with fresh revelation and a longing to stay in that place that was so blessed by His presence.*

I woke up a moment ago after a good, deep nap, and I experience a wispy, mystic kind of sadness- a very strange sensation. And in the sensation, I understand something that I had not before, something I am to share with my brothers about today and the things that transpired.... And so I write these things that the Lord has showed me.

The sadness is over the departure of the power and glory that the Shekinah brought earlier today when we met and began to understand more of what He was about. A sadness that walks about looking for something/someone who is no longer there in the same way. I begin to wonder if it really happened; if it was not simply a dream. But then, I see the signs of what was- the lunch dishes, the map and books on the dining room table, and I know that it was real, but it is over for now in the way it was, and so it must be. It is time to move on- if we choose to. And then I am reminded of Jacob and his arrival at the place where he saw the Two Camps- on his journey back to the Promised Land- and part of the understanding comes.

Wherever the Lord takes His people, whoever they are, in whatever time it happens, there is always a choice of two camps in which to stay; both are His, and in either He is faithful to those that are His, but one camp is permanent, the other is temporary, and changes constantly. These are the choices we make at each stage of our walk with Him on the way to the Heavenly City. We can choose to stop along the way and set up a permanent camp, as so many have done, to that current Movement, that New Understanding, to establish a denomination or a new authority. However, as so many have not yet found, it will not remain the place of the New- it always gives way to the old understanding..... still of Him, but not with the anointing; not with the Ark.

For, HE is always having his Davids take the Ark and move it to a new place, leaving the old place without the Shekinah..... leaving perhaps an outer court, possibly even a Holy Place, as other brothers have shown us; but He has moved on to the Most Holy place, unbenownst to all except the over comer who ever keeps his heart and ears tuned closely to the still small voice and to the command to break camp and move on. And He leaves behind a remnant of His glory in the hearts and minds of the people who stay. They remember what it was like in the midst of the fire when He was there, and they look in vain trying to

duplicate that feeling, that power, and are ever doomed to miss it; however much the counterfeit is erected in its place to make His absence easier. This desire is to hold on to the way it was. That is the source of the strange sadness I feel now, at the close of the day.....between the evenings, as scripture puts it, when one day is ebbing, and the night of a new one begins to creep around us.

Even now, I can go outside and feel the rays of the setting sun warm upon my face, but all around me are the signs of evening, and night coming swiftly on. And I know that it must be this way, if I want to go with Him, that is.

For those who stay behind, they still remain under His care, as did the Hebrews that wandered in the wilderness until they died; and this will still be called His camp, but it is not the place of His fresh camp, the one where He is currently staying. Every place is the place of Two Camps; and we constantly choose which one we occupy. It is that which is called 'passing the night' vs. the dwelling in one place.

Ahead of me bekons the mystery of the Pleiades and their connection with the seven eklesia of Revelation; the mystery of 'another sign in Heaven, great and wondrous', that of the seven angels of Rev. 15; the wonder of the long, hard climb to the place on Mount Tzion where we just now begin to see the foundation more clearly revealed; the servanthood part of the Priesthood; the mystery of the Way ahead and our place in it. These things bekon, and if they are to be visited, and if the longing to understand is to be quenched and satisfied, then we must be on our way, leaving the sadness and desire to stay behind as excess baggage. . This is part of the denying. Only part of it.

This is part of the understanding of the Two Camps. And what an understanding it is!

This is what I was to share , and I am awed by it, even as I contemplate this page.....May His Blessing rest upon this understanding.