

# The Amusement Park and The Battlefield

Sometime on the morning of January 11, after a time of prayer, I had a mini vision. The vision was totally unexpected, but nevertheless appeared in picture form inwardly. It was a split-screen picture with two distinct images on either side. On the left side of the screen, I saw an amusement park, and on the right side of the screen, I saw a battlefield. I knew in the vision that it was a picture not to be observed, but rather a picture of choice.

I have learned through the years that when I see something like this, God is speaking, and it is important that I listen carefully to what He is seeking to reveal. I also know that it is important to record as soon as possible the vision or prophetic word so that nothing is lost. The following is what I believe to be a prophetic interpretation. As I began to sit and write over the next few days, the following was revealed to me in an allegory form. It is not to be understood prophetically word for word, but as an interpretation of the inward vision.

I saw a man, much like in the book *The Pilgrims Progress*, standing at a fork in the road. In front of where he stood were two gates of entry, one on the left and one on the right. It was as if looking at a split screen. These were not just still pictures, but entries into two moving worlds. They both met together in the middle and yet somehow, they were totally separate.

On the left appeared to be something like an amusement or theme park. It held all of the promise of fun, excitement, adventure, and attraction of every sort. There were lights, galas, and food from every cuisine all under the theme of Christianity. This wasn't just any theme park; it was a Christian Theme Park. It offered the promise of a life of self-fulfillment.

On the right side was a mostly dark and desolate looking land that offered, really, no promise of beauty. It appeared as the desolation of something like a World War I battlefield. Because of continual bombing, the cratered field had very little vegetation in sight. The amazing part was that I saw no soldiers, although I knew that they were there. They were either too few in number, or most had moved on to a forward position where the real fighting existed.

Back at the amusement park, there was a party spirit among everyone. The crowd was not hard to see here. In fact, it was very crowded. It was hard to squeeze through the mix of people.

The amusement park was designed to keep Christians happy and amused their entire lives, and never question their decision of choosing the amusement park over the battlefield.

At the gate were families and individuals, all entering in under a sign that read "The Gospel of Illusion." There were no tickets to be had, nor anything to be handed to the

gate keepers. No money passed hands, but only an oath was to be repeated. The oath was: "I pledge to believe whatever I see, hear, and feel with my physical senses, and I will not by any means consider any inward promptings that question or contradict the standards of the amusement park. I promise to ignore them and consider them man-made or satanic in origin."

Almost immediately, there was a strange peace that settled over each individual that took the oath. Each Christian thought, "This peace feels different than the one I felt when I first received Christ..." But as soon as they had that thought, they were immediately reminded of their oath to question nothing. And with that, there was a resolve that this peace could not be a counterfeit.

Once inside the gate, there seemed to be more options than could be imagined. The path of each corridor was wide and spacious, as if to make room for everyone. There were ministry theaters scattered about that people were crowding into. In each show, a gospel was preached that filled the audience with excitement. A gospel was preached that was so close to the truth, no one dared to mention that it gave no reference to self-denial, repentance, or obedience. In addition to that, it was confirmed by the emotional weeping of the crowd, hearing how good God was in providing such a wonderful life free from all condemnation. Tears and emotions were understood to be the presence of God.

Once a person left one theater, there was always something more to see and do. Strangely enough, there were at times sounds in the distance, almost too far away to distinguish. The sounds seemed to be coming from outside a dome that covered the entire park meant to impede outside interference.

The park played a sweet melody of Christian favorites through an intercom system. The music kept the crowds somewhat sedated, but every once in a while, something would break through like a radio frequency to override it only for a few seconds. The sounds seemed to be that of a war somewhere. There were battle sounds of swords and shields clashing, and bombs going off in the distance. There were directives that could be heard from a commander who instructed the army to continue to move forward and not stop. When the army heard that command, you could hear shouts of victory and singing. The army would also shout, "Come and join the Army of the Lord!"

Immediately after this strange override, you could hear a voice coming through the intercom trying to sound calm, but masking a real frustration. The voice would tell the park visitors to ignore what they had just heard, and that some rogue group was trying to plant a virus called "truth" in the park's internet system. The voice would then remind everyone that they should remember the oath to believe no outside interference.

There were so many rides to go on that the list seemed endless. One of the most favorite rides in the park was called "My Best Life Now." On this ride, you were exhilarated by all the promises of blessings and eternal security without commitment. You laughed, you cried, and you could hardly catch your breath at the top of the coaster

when you saw all the wonderful things that Christ had provided for you to have your “happily ever after,” with very little or no commitment on your part.

There was also the “Prosperity” ride. This ride promised prosperity for your personal benefit through a process of formulas. Giving a financial gift started the ride, and the way you made it go faster was to give more. Any time the ride slowed down only meant you were not giving enough. But just the excitement of becoming rich was enough to dispel all discouragement of why it really wasn’t working.

There were so many food courts. Food trucks and stands were everywhere you looked. The most popular food truck was the one for personal prophecies with no commitment of personal time in prayer or the Word. You could stop by and receive a personal prophecy of how great you were and all the magnificent plans God had for your life. And again, no words of self-sacrifice or crucifixion of the flesh were allowed.

There was even a dunk tank on one corner with a clown named “Fasting.” Each time Fasting was dunked, the crowd laughed wildly at the thought of the religious Church believing that fasting was still necessary when Jesus paid the entire price.

There were booths where you could drop by and give a donation to the poor, missionary efforts to Africa, or some other impoverished part of the planet. The booth promised a soothing of all conscience regarding any past disobedience to become personally engaged in evangelism. There was a promise of tears and a warm, fuzzy feeling of benevolence and affirmation.

And there it was again, but this time even louder. The interruption of the hypnotic music. The sound of war, battlefield cries, and the sound of billions of souls in a lost and dying world. Again came the reminder to ignore the interruption.

Although all the creature comforts were being so fitly interwoven with what appeared to be the true gospel, something was extremely wrong.

There was no real joy among the people. The crowd seemed continually dissatisfied. The energy that the people had at the entrance of the park soon after salvation seemed to be waning moment by moment. Now, they were sluggish, no contentment, complaining about everything. Nothing seemed to satisfy them. They wandered about like zombies. The further they went into the park, the more exasperated they looked.

Every once in a while, they got an adrenaline pick-me-up by attending a theater called “My Dream Home, New Car, or Next Vacation.” But that only seemed to last until the new was gone.

Trust among this group was little to none. There was a plastic kind of façade that never allowed the real person to be seen. Although they high fived and fist bumped, there was no real camaraderie. There was no real intimacy or trust that anyone really cared or had anyone’s back.

“Divorce” was an absolute favorite ride. The park provided divorce instantaneously for almost any reason. All that mattered was the individual’s happiness.

The further you went into the park, rides of immorality of every sort were provided with only a promise of God’s grace that shielded from all judgment.

Sometimes months, years, and even lifetimes would pass so quickly that no one noticed.

There were also many other phenomena in the park to be observed. There were places called “transport portals” where an individual could choose to be transported all the way back to the beginning of their salvation. They could go all the way back to the gates of choice. The only requirement for the transport portal was true biblical repentance.

But there was also another strange phenomenon taking place. The more that people moved toward the back of the park, they became entirely deaf to certain sounds. Although the battle cries and invitations from the Army of the Lord still interrupted the intercom system, this crowd could no longer hear the invitation.

Strangely enough, toward the back of the park was another exit. This exit was a gate into eternity. This exit required no sense of choice, and something like a gravitational pull was bringing everyone to this gate with or without their desire to go there.

The closer everyone got to this gate, groups were being formed almost instinctively. It seemed as if no one noticed that they had joined a group. It just happened. Sometimes families were separated from each other by these groups. A very large group was called “Loss of Reward.” Although this group never truly joined the Army of the Lord, they still retained enough to go through the exit gate and enter into Heaven, but with very little to show for a Christian life lived inside the park.

Still, another almost equally large group had formed which was called “The Five Foolish Virgins.” This group seemed to be all the more belligerent the closer they got to the gate. They were professing themselves to be wise, yet they had become fools. They never noticed that somewhere in the park, their internal lights had gone out.

They moved closer to the gate of eternity while always believing that they were prepared to enter into the gate that read, in bold lights, “The Joys of the Lord!” But something terrifying took place just seconds before each one’s entry into the gate. The lights of the gate would glitch and another sign would appear which read, “Wide Is the Gate That Leads to Destruction, and Many There Be That Find It!” With this, there was a gnashing of teeth and clawing onto the sides of the gates as they tried to hold their footing and stay in the park. But now, it was too late. All choices were over.

The battlefield side of the screen seemed to get very little attention given to me by the Lord in comparison to the amusement park side.

The battlefield represents the last-day Army of the Lord. These are the Revivalists. These are the ones who are becoming laser focused on their assignment to harvest the planet. These are the ones who are choosing every day to abandon their lives to become bondservants of the Lord. These are the ones who understand the call to become narrowly focused.

The Lord said to me, "This army will rescue millions; not only on the battlefield of this world, but they will rescue millions from the amusement park. They will rescue not only from the 'Loss of Reward' group, but also from 'The Five Foolish Virgins.'"

The Lord closed His visitation with me with this scripture:

**Revelation 7:9** After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

**Revelation 7:10** And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

**Revelation 7:11** And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,

**Revelation 7:12** Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, *be* unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.