

Plowman

By Rev. Lora Allison

"Behold, the days are coming," saith the Lord, "when the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him who sows seed; and the mountains shall drip with sweet wine, and all the hills shall flow with it.

And I will bring back the captives of My people Israel; they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards, and drink wine from them; they shall also make gardens and eat fruit from them.

And I will plant them in their land, and no longer shall they be pulled up from the land I have given them," says the Lord your God. Amos 9:13-15, NKJ

PARABLE OF THE ARMY

A prophetic word given to the Church through Lora Allison, Fall, 1992

From the heart of God, there is coming a wave of living light. A glittering, shattering wave of pure, unadulterated light; a supernatural, laser quality light so white and so bright and so hot that it will annihilate and swallow all darkness before its path, eliminating and exposing the terror and fear, the deception, the horror, the apostasy so rampant in the world. It will expose the looks upon the faces of the living dead. Even as the brilliant light of a flash bulb having that quality of shock, so will this wave of light instantly flash across the face of the earth.

Many will run from this light, trying to escape. Their faces will try to hide behind their hands and behind the rocks and behind the trees. They will try to hide, but there will be no place to go. For the light, akin to no other, just IS. The light will follow into the deepest and darkest parts of all the earth. And it will be the age of wonder. For man will wonder about these times that are come upon the earth.

Here history will repeat itself, for Light came into the world, and man chose and preferred the darkness. And so again, some will simply reach for thick glasses of despair and loneliness, glasses of rebellion and unbelief. And as incredible as it might seem, these glasses will filter out the greatest light that the world has ever known or seen.

Those who choose not to be blinded by the light, but who look beyond the light into what it is revealing, these will see the dying and perishing pick up the glasses. They will their hands grasp for the tools of darkness. And there will be no ability to separate them from their implements of darkness, for the choice will be made. And quickly, almost as quickly as the light comes, they will grab and push, and they will secure their glasses of darkness to protect themselves against the light.

But there will be many men who will throw their glasses away, for they will be mesmerized by the light. They will peer into the blinding, stunning light, and their eyes and their senses will be seared, and they will no longer see any of the things that they have always seen before, for they will be seared forever.

And after the first moments of shock have passed, they will see through that wave of light into another world. A world of miracles. A world where the Word transcends the flesh. A world where the Word creates, even as it created when the earth was a vast and dark void, formless and quiet. The Word will create before the very eyes of man. The eyes that have been seared by this new light will see a forming out of those things which are unseen. They will see coming into existence those things which are seen. Where for many years there was an empty eyesocket, as the Word of faith is spoken in this season of accelerated growth, there will form a new eye: a new retina, a new pupil, a new eyelid, new eyelashes.

New limbs will grow, and those who have put on their glasses and smothered themselves under their blankets will NOT SEE. They simply WILL NOT SEE. Deception always finds its own answers. Deception always seeks and finds the path along which to run away, to its own way. For even as those who seek after Me as after silver and hidden treasure and find Me, says the Lord, those in the darkness who desire and seek deception will find. Those who desire and seek unbelief will find. Those who desire and seek rebellion will find.

For there is coming the matrix [Christ] and a pinnacle [highest place], a place that mankind has always desired to go, and tried to climb to, and could never reach. The pinnacle, out of the midst of Mount Zion, will be reached in a day, in an hour, in a moment, literally in the twinkling of an eye. And there will be change, great and vast and mighty change. You all shall be changed, in the twinkling of an eye. For the trumpet is sounding, the trumpet of the voice of the prophets, and change, CHANGE, CHANGE is in the air. Smell it, hear it, speak it, look upon it, for it is here. Gaze into that which your eyes cannot perceive. Hear and look into that which seems to be a wall, which seems to be a cloud, a haze, for it is a wall and a haze and a wave of light, says the Lord.

And the plowman, with his hand upon the plow, will look ahead down the furrows, and he'll see the haze coming. And to

him, it might look like a wave of dust. But his step will not falter and his eyes will not turn aside; his tread will be firm and his pace steady, as he walks down the furrows of the freshly turned earth. He has a job to do, and the time is short. His step will not falter, and as the cloud nears, closer, closer, he will brace into the wind, and he will hear its whistle. But his heart will be fixed, and he will not fear, nor will he turn aside. For he is going on an inner clock, an inner watch, on inner orders, and he will tread straight ahead. He will tread straight into the cloud, the veritable cloud of light.

And as the cloud-- which didn't appear to be light at all-- envelops him, and the plow, and the field, and the furrows, and all that the eye can see, he will not falter. His hand will stay upon the handle and his tread will go straight ahead. And once the cloud envelops him, and only then, he will perceive that it is a cloud of glory. And his heart will be fixed, and his face and his feet will go straight ahead.

For now, in the cloud of glory, plowing will continue. But it will be totally and literally without effort. For the cloud is a consuming cloud, consuming all the flesh. Consuming all the negative in man's emotions and will. The cloud takes man into a realm where he will continue in the task that he has been given, but the Word is made flesh before his very eyes.

And the plowman will notice the reaper at his side, and the sower of the seed, but it will no longer be clear who comes first or who comes last. It will no longer be clear whose task is here and whose task is there. And man will no longer fear that he will clatter and come and shatter the dreams of God. For the plowman and the sower and the reaper now work and labor together in the vineyards of their God and in His strength and in His power and in the cloud of the effervescent light, the shimmering rainbow lightning clarity of the cloud of great glory. Joy will be the very air that they breathe. Delight will be a skip in the step and a lilt in the heart as the plow cuts effortlessly through hard and crusted earth.

And the astonished eye of the plowman will see seed sown and scattered before the plow gets to the sower, but it won't matter. There is no longer time. There is no longer the "right order" for doing things. The seed of the Word will not return void, nor will it be snatched away. The army of the Lord, an army of sowers, reapers, and harvesters, an army of plowmen and waterers, and carriers of the light and the fire: **THAT ARMY WILL DEVOUR THE EARTH.** It will run upon the walls and the hills and the valleys of the earth, faster than light, deeper than darkness, more profound than sound. The army will advance and advance and advance, devouring the earth.

And these individuals that run upon the walls will no longer be carrying candles into the darkness. They will no longer be carrying torches lit with matches, lit with flint and tinder wet and reluctant to bear the light. They will no longer carry the light in their hand or wonder where the light comes from or how they can make it happen. Instead, the light will carry them; they'll ride upon it, and stride upon it, they will swim in it and walk upon it. The light will be the very air that they breathe and the wind at their back blowing them on toward their goal. For with the advancing great army of the Lord is the cloud of great glory, the cloud of awesome light, and they advance together.

All of the weapons of the enemy that have seemed so powerful-- alcohol, drugs, physical abuses, the murderous intents that have filled the hearts of men-- those weapons will be pitiful and small and ineffectual, child's play, before the great and awesome army of the Lord, before the cloudburst of laser light, the light of My glory, says the Lord.

And their weapons will fall, forgotten, by the side of the road, as drug addicts and prostitutes and murderers are enveloped and consumed by My light. They will leap from their beds and from their hells of darkness and join the army. They will join the relentless pace, the steady advance, the persistent onslaught of an army consumed by Light, an army that no longer fears the darkness, sees the darkness, or smells the darkness; an army not even aware of the darkness and the sin. There will be no consciousness of sin, for the army is consumed by light, by purity and by power.

And they relentlessly march onward in a straight and a unified path, not veering to the left or to the right.

And there is one standing order:

ADVANCE.

For further information about Lora Allison, see
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