

LAZARUS AND THE RICH MAN

We, as a people, are in the time of repentance. The Lord is shaking the earth to loose the foundations Lucifer has built over the last 6,000 years. The things people thought they could hang onto are being removed. Only our faith in God will remain.

I have been to hell before, both as a visitor and an inmate for 12 hours when I was 18. Going as a visitor did not fully impact me. However, as an inmate, I did not have a choice to leave. But, like so many things, I did not get the point at the time. Well I did get the lesson of the moment...I did not want to be there...but now there is a new lesson, so I was taken to hell once again last week – as a visitor.

There was a lot of emotional agony and anguish...this I have seen before. This was no surprise. As I looked around it was as I remembered, but I realized I had missed an important factor.

I have always believed that people remained unchanged in that domain, still as they were here on earth. In other words, a person consumed with greed while on earth was equally consumed with greed in hell. The difference was that they could no longer fulfill that desire so they were in complete agony.

This same teaching says that spirits only manifest their nature when in people. In other words, they are not capable of complex thought or emotion but continually trapped in the effort to manifest their nature.

Both ideas are dead wrong.

A spirit of fear in a person is not manifesting fear because it needs to express itself. A spirit of fear manifests fear in a person because it is his assignment to strike that person with fear. It is that spirit's assignment to plague that person with the issue resulting in fear. It is that spirit's assignment to destroy that person's life with fear.

And then I was shown what happens at death.

I will try to break this down into logical steps.

When a person is alive, they are exposed to generational and current spirits that inhabit the flesh. These spirits actually take up residence in the cells, tissue and bone. When I was delivered of a spirit of violence, my arms and legs were so bruised the next morning you would have thought that someone had violently held me against my will. However, no one touched me. I later learned that these spirits of violence (there are always more than one as they have entered on more than one occasion), lived in the tissue in these areas and, when they came out, it was if they had been forcibly ripped away. The bruising was where they had once been attached.

Now I can hear people saying, "But what about the parable of Jesus where the spirit returns with 7 friends?"

Yes, I have thought about that a lot. I have never had a spirit come back to me to set up housekeeping. Why? Because I send them all to the pit where they will be bound for 1,000 years. When they have gone to the pit, they cannot come back. I have also cancelled their assignments. But I do have several layers of spirits with the same assignment. In other words, because I get rid of one spirit of fear does not mean I get rid of the nest of them. Because I get rid of the spirit of fear of abandonment (asthma root), does not mean I get rid of the spirit of fear of being lost. Or the spirit of fear of high places, or any other fear. And because I get rid of one layer of spirits does not mean I get rid of the next layer at the same time. It takes due diligence and perseverance.

When the Israelites went into the Promised Land they did not get rid of every Canaanite at the same time. Some hid in bushes, some hid in the hills, and others hid wherever they could. So the Israelites had to search them out and hunt them down. We have to do the same.

So when I die, my body will get left in the dust. The spirit of God that gave me life and has sustained that life will return to the Lord. The spirits that cohabitated with me will go to find their next assignment. And my soul, the sum total of who I am, goes to either heaven or hell.

Now finally, my soul is free from all the influences that contributed to my character, that played a part in making me into me. They are no longer around to push the buttons that were so tender and inflamed. I am, for all intents and purposes, a free person.

Free from those influences and free from the worldly struggles (which, by the way, God never intended to happen) one can suddenly see clearly. Even from the spiritual state of being in hell, one can see clearly. And what one sees from hell is both life here on earth and in heaven. With the deceiving influences gone, they can look upon the world they left and the heaven they missed. They can actually see things as they really are, the reality of their words, their choices, their deeds...

They can now see the impact they had on the lives of others. They can now see the impact that the spiritual forces of fallen angels had on them.

And as they watch their family, their children and friends move along the same paths that they travelled, heading in the same direction they headed which landed them in hell, following the same influences that led them, the agony begins to settle in. They watch how lives are destroyed. Lives that could still be saved if truth was known.

When I saw this vision and finally understood what I had seen years ago, I immediately asked the Lord, "Is this scriptural?"

I then saw the vision of Lazarus and the rich man. Yes, I have read that many times in the scriptures, and I thought I understood it, but now I see more behind the story than ever before.

The rich man loved luxury. He had been brought up with money and knew nothing else. He dressed in the finest clothes. He ate the best foods. He lived behind walls and gates protecting him from the rabble that lived outside the gate. He distanced himself from the cares of the world and his fellow man. He cared only about himself and ensuring that he had every luxury.

His only concern was to increase the wealth he already had, ensuring his lifestyle. He wore purple, a sign of his influence and station. In those days, purple came from one source. It was called Tyrian purple and was produced from the mucous of the hypobranchial gland of mollusks. Cheaper purples extracted from fish or insects were used much later. A garment dyed with purple was worth its weight in gold. This man wore purple casually. He was extremely wealthy.

His house was large. There were at least seven people living in the house, excluding the servants and guards. A wall surrounded his house with a gate at the entrance, probably large enough for a carriage to enter. In all likelihood the man traded in some sort of goods and entertained dignitaries from Jerusalem, the government, royal house, and foreign lands. I assume this only because the greatest wealth came from trade. It may have been oils, spices, and foreign commodities. And Israel was right in the middle of all trade routes going to and from the empire of Rome.

Despite his indifference to the lower class of people all around, he knew that the beggar living at his gated entrance was called Lazarus. Perhaps his father sent the table scraps out to feed Lazarus since it was his house. His father or grandfather would have worked hard to amass his wealth because he knew the effort it had required. I again assume that the father was not raised in such wealth as his sons because the sons were quite spoiled. Human nature has a tendency to give to their children everything they themselves lacked. And this rich man had everything.

This rich man, whose name we do not know, maybe because his name has been blotted out of the book of life, was born with nannies, servants, guards, gardeners, private tutors, etc. He grew up in a world where his every desire was satisfied by someone else. If he was hungry, a master chef prepared exquisite creations. If he was cold, a servant brought him a cloak. If he wanted something from town, a servant fetched it. He was a man used to being served.

Even after death, he retained the natural assumption that he was superior. He might have been in a terrible place, but he still expected to be served. This expectation was part of him. He had been in a place of pampered authority all his life.

Realizing his current residence of hell did not change his heart. It was the realization of the loss of his station that jolted the rich man. There were no servants in hell and the one servant he recognized was the beggar sitting in heaven. And to top it off, Abraham was standing near this Lazarus.

In the spiritual realm, everyone is recognized. There are no strangers, no confused identities. The rich man, who had never seen Abraham, recognized the patriarch from over the chasm between heaven and hell.

Lazarus, who had once sat in a filthy, unwashed heap at the gate, was now sitting beside a cool stream of water. Again, I make the assumption that his clothes were clean and white. His hair was clean and tidy...no longer the tangled, unclean mess of life. His skin was healthy and glowing. There was no longer the signs of misery and desperation upon him. He was not a man who begged for scraps of half-eaten, discarded food. He was finally a man at peace.

The rich man recognized Abraham's place of authority. Abraham wore fine linen that glistened in the eternal sun. Around his shoulders was a purple robe of the finest, richest color. Everything in heaven is so rich in color. It is as if the color itself has life. Recognizing that authority and assuming that the authority would extend over both realms, the rich man asked Abraham to speak to Lazarus as if he were a servant and instruct him to bring the rich man a finger tip full of water.

The rich man was in such dire straights that he was willing to suck water off the finger of a servant, even someone he had not given a passing thought to in life. The reality of his predicament finally sunk into him. He saw that his life had not prepared him well. He saw that 30 some years of living a decadent life building his own kingdom, when he should have given thought to building God's kingdom was a terrible mistake. Instead of preparing for eternity, his eyes had been focused on what felt and tasted good at the time.

What cardinal sin did this man commit to land him in hell? He was presumably a respected Jew. He would have paid his tithes religiously, give to the poor...didn't Lazarus get his table scraps? He would have attended every temple Sabbath and Festival. He kept the law, paid his taxes, gave to the church, and associated with all the right people. He lived an exemplary life because he had to live up to the reputation of his father and be accepted by the ruling authorities.

Abraham did not point to anything we would consider a sin. The man did not commit murder. He did not commit adultery. He did not even covet, steal or lie. He did live a life of luxury while the man right outside his gate did not even have a roof over his head. He wore clothes worth their weight in gold while the man outside his gate was draped in dirt and rags. He wore fine linen, the symbol of purity worn by Egyptian, Greek and Jewish priests. Other than denoting a position of the highest honor, it was reserved only for the very rich as it was imported from Egypt.

In other words, the rich man spent all his time and money on himself and his own desires. Nothing was given to God's interests or desires other than that required by law. He did not give because he wanted to; he gave because he had to. By giving and obeying the law he assured himself of the blessing that followed. Many people are blessed because they follow the tenants of God without following the heart of the matter. He did not have a heart after God, for God's people or building God's kingdom. Giving God's people the scraps off your table because it is easier than throwing them out is not God's heart. God gives His best. He gave His only Son to spare the lives of those who hated Him, to offer them this one incredible and undeserved chance for redemption.

The rich man did not give his best. He gave his worst thinking it was good enough.

There is no record that this man was guilty of usury. There is no record that this man was guilty of breaking any of the laws of Moses except one. It is the same sin that destroyed the Amorites. It was the same sin warned against throughout Old and New Testament. It is the sin of not caring for the stranger.

Could it have been that Lazarus was put at the gate of the rich man's house to be a test? Was Lazarus put there as an opportunity for the rich man to find salvation... remember this was before Messiah was

revealed? The long years that this beggar suffered only prolonged the opportunity for the rich man to have a change of heart.

Lazarus obviously did not give to the church. He did not even have a widow's mite to offer as tithes. It is unlikely that he attended Sabbath or religious festivals at the Temple. If he could walk there, which I doubt, I imagine he would have been turned away or shunned. Lazarus was certainly not blessed. He had open sores quite possibly from an advanced diabetic condition. He was sickly, malnourished, filthy, and unlikely to have left his post at the gate lest someone else take this opportunity for food. He smelled, sputtered, and did things that were socially unacceptable. Considering it was law that every Hebrew man was given land in Israel, Lazarus' family had lost their land, home and livelihood.

There is no mention that he was a debtor. There is no mention that he was guilty of any crime or that he broke any law, although he most assuredly did break the law by not tithing or attending the yearly festival at the temple. There is no mention that he ever stole anything even though he was desperately poverty stricken. He was not even guilty of pharmakeia as he could not afford a doctor or any type of medical care. I assume he died of his disease at a fairly young age as untreated diabetes with open sores begins to affect other organs and functions.

What did he do all day in the hot sun and cold nights? He spoke to strangers who walked down the street. He thought of the Torah and prophets because every Hebrew boy learned the Torah and writings of the prophets. Life was not complicated in those days and school was certainly based upon religious teachings. There was not much else to think about. There was no distraction such as TV, books, iPods or MP3s. Every day was a Sabbath for this man as he rested on the Lord and the Lord's provision. There was nothing else he could do. And he was grateful for what little provision he received.

He was certainly not a bible scholar and depended mostly on memory. As the years went by, I suspect he couldn't remember things all that well. He could have suffered from a little brain fog from hunger, confusion from loneliness. We were never meant to be an island. We were created to be in relationships with one another. But people must have walked around him with a quickening step. No one talked to him. No one asked him how his day was going. No one offered to take him home, give him a bath, or help him with a job. I suspect the rich man lived in a very well-to-do neighborhood...but that didn't help Lazarus. He was no less an irritant than a mangy dog and was surely treated the same.

But despite his situation and condition, like Job, he did not curse God or blame Him. And for this, he was taken immediately upon his death to heaven by angels.

It distresses me when I hear people say that angels are emotionless beings that just do God's bidding. That lessens God and makes Him small. He created everything to have emotion and choice. Angels sing, not because they have to or are designed to, but because of the great passion that beats in their hearts. Angels minister to us not because they have to but because they want to. They obey God not because they have to, as proven by Lucifer and his fallen followers, but because they want to. It is their great love that fosters this desire.

I can almost guarantee you that Lazarus shared his food scraps with mangy dogs because it was his heart to be grateful. It was his heart to share what little he had, and it was probable that mangy dogs were his only companions and comfort.

The rich man gave the scraps from his table in order to appear charitable. How do I know this? I know this because if he had wanted to feed Lazarus, he would have sent out his best. Lazarus shared the scraps with the dogs because it was the desire of his heart. I know this because he did not have to give them anything at all. After all, they could have gone outside the city walls and scavenged in the dump for food.

We do not know why the rich man died. We just know that when he died he had an elaborate funeral befitting his station in life. There was not even a potter's field for Lazarus' burial. He would have been thrown outside the city walls into the dump. And there is no mention that angels came to take the rich man to hell. He was simply transported there.

The agony of his torment was not that he was prodded and attacked by demons for eternity until thrown into the Lake of Fire as many have said. His agony was knowing clearly what brought him to this place and that his family were on the same path. His father and 5 brothers would end up just where he was because they had the same attitude and approach to life. There might have been personality differences, but they shared spirits of luxurious selfishness. His agony was realizing why he missed the truth and how he contributed to his family missing the truth.

I believe Hitler will agonize over the folly of his insanity, every death weighing on him. Even though he did not personally kill the 50 to 70 Million people who died in a war he started, I can guarantee you that the face of every victim is seen by him over and over again. I believe that he is seeing precisely how every single person lived and died from the moment he made the decision to declare war on the world. I believe that because he is now freed of the spirits who pushed him into insanity, he regrets with great agony everything he caused to happen.

I am not discounting the fact that hell is an unpleasant place and a prison of unbearable circumstance. But the rich man's greatest distress came not from the fire and heat, but from the knowledge that his father and brothers would follow him.

We need to guard our hearts. Ananias and Sapphira followed the beliefs of the church in every way. They gave to the poor. They, like everyone else, had all things communal. They believed in the Messiah, Jesus, who died for their sins. They did all things according to what they were taught. But one little thing tripped them up. They lied to the Holy Spirit. They tried to appear to be something they were not.

It could be said that the rich man was guilty of the same thing. He appeared to be a giver, but he kept the best for himself. Lazarus had no such pretence.

Father God, check my heart. I bow before you and say, check my heart. I do not want to be a faux Christian. I want to follow in the way of Christ, in the way of honesty and truth. I don't ever want to be found trying to appear to you as something I am not. I am flawed. I fall down all the time. But Lord, I

know it is You who helps me up, to continue on. You have given me the gifts I have. You have given me the life I have. Without You, I would not even exist. I am here because of Your love and mercy. I can do nothing of myself. I owe everything to You and You do not feed me scraps from Your table. If I am in a tough time or a tough place, it is because it is Your best to bring me to a higher level and a higher place. Forgive me for my lack of faith and my grumbling. Father, I repent of my fear and cast it to the pit where it belongs. Father, I throw myself into Your arms and say, "I trust You completely!" I am naked before You because You alone see me as I truly am. I drop all my pretence and ask You to help me become the person You created me to be. Father, I ask that You help me to pick up the inheritance You have reserved for me from the beginning of time. Father, help me to be real. Help me to be honest with You and myself. Help me to develop Your heart in all things. Help me to see with eyes for eternity instead of eyes for today. Help me to be free of all spiritual fallen angels so that I can see clearly the real issues of life. Father, help me to see reality. Lord, I long to see what you see in Your world; help me to see clearly with purity into my world. Lord, help me to see myself as You see me in truth. Father, I need You to know, regardless of how imperfect I am right now, I love You. Help me to love You more. Help me to realize how much You love me. Lord, help me. In Jesus' name, amen.

God bless you all
Jessica and Susan