***The Jeremiah Assignment***

*While using my home to help crack-cocaine addicts find eternal life in Christ Jesus, I was attending a little church…*

*I had very little understanding of the things of the Spirit of God since I had been involved with a denominational church for most of my life and they didn’t let Him out of their box.  I knew there were things that were wrong with this little church but I not only didn’t know what I should do or say about them but IF I should.  So I just remained as faithful to God as I knew how to at tha time in my life and believed that He would work all things out for good.*

*Things were spiraling out of order in big ways concerning my marriage.  My husband was having an affair with a beautiful woman in the church.  (I believe I baby-sat for her children while they were together once.)  Anyway, she was the sister of one of the elders of the board and her family had been involved with the church for a very long time.*

*So, I left.*

*I was very distraught and I knew that I needed a new church to fellowship in.  I needed to stay connected to the Body if I was to survive.  (Now, many other things had happened in the little church but I will not write them out here, but I was determined not to find another church that had similar pain for people within its walls.)*

*So I really prayed hard about what to do and where to go.  The Lord quickened me about the vision and dream I had had a couple of years prior.  Right after I got to Bradenton and received my healing, I had a vision.  It was about a City in Christ.  Then I had a dream which completed the vision in many ways.*

*I wrote a business plan according to the vision and had thought that I was going to build this place one day.  I found the plan among my papers all these years later and took it to my parent’s house to show my father.  He was very encouraging to me concerning the writing and the way the business plan was clearly laid oyt.  He asked me where I was going to build this place.  I answered that it would be in Bradenton, of course.*

*My mother spoke up then.  “Well, let me see that!  The way it sounds…” she paused here and read the table of contents.*

*“Yes!”  It is the same!  We already have on of these places in Bradenton!”*

*I was incredulous!  After all the whats and wheres and other details, my mother said, “Yeah, your daughter Melina was baptized in the Holy Spirit there when she came down a few years ago.”*

*My mind raced.  I wasn’t to build it but to become part of the one that was already in existence.*

*So it was a Wednesday and my mother said, “In fact, they have a service this evening.”  So I attended.  Many fascinating things happened that night to confirm that I should continue to fellowship there.*

*The next morning I went to their early Morning Prayer Service.  Afterwards a woman came up to me and said, “You have asked God for a minister to stand behind you and you have been disappointed before.  God wants you to have a minister to speak into your life now.  So I would like to take you over to meet Marilyn and Paul our Pastoral Ministers.  That is who you need to speak to.”*

*(Of course, that was exactly what I had asked God for that morning in prayer.)*

*They embraced me and immediately assured me tha I would be a welcome addition to the church family.*

*After several months of intense ministry with Marilyn in which many soulish healings took place, I had a distinct tugging to go back to the little church.  So I had prayed about it and the Lord spoke to me, “You will be my Jeremiah prophet in the assembly.  If they receive you I will make this place shine forth to the nations.  But if they fail to turn from their wicked ways, I will bring my judgment upon them.  I will close the book on them”*

*When I told Marilyn about feeling as though I should return, (I didn’t tell her what I heard from God and what He said.) she was very troubled by the news.  She felt that their policies and doctrines were false in many cases and since I had been hurt so badly there, she was not comfortable to have me go back there.*

*So we prayed.  After the prayer she looked at me with tear filled eyes and said that God said, “She is my Jeremiah prophet for this assembly.  If they repent I will make them a beacon to the nations and if they do not I will remove their lampstand.”  I jumped out of my chair!  “What does this mean exactly?”*

*Neither of us knew in a definitive sense…*

*However, the little church didn’t have service until 12:30 in the afternoon and it lasted approximately 3-4 hours.  Then everyone went into the dining hall and had food and fellowship.  The custom was that everyone was to bring a covered dish to share and a long table displayed all the various foods.  Then after the meal,service started again and went on until 7:30 or 8:00 pm.*

*I was not going to stop going to the new church, The Christian Retreat, so effectively I was in church from 8:30 am to 8:00 pm every Sunday.  I loved it!*

*Now one might think that I would have been excited to be call a prophet by the Lord and want to run to the assignment.  However, I was heavy with the burden of souls.  I took all of this so very seriously.  I didn’t want to fail God and thereby hurt anyone—myself included.*

*I went in and sat in my old seat.  Very few people spoke to me or acknowledged me which was fine.  Worship began and I got caught up in it, loving to worship the Lord.  About 5 songs into it the Pastor came out onto the platform and was weeping.  He motioned for the worship leaders to be silent for a moment.*

*What he said next I will never forget as long as I live.*

*He said, “As most of you all know, I have just returned from a trip to California where I was visiting a sister church.  On the return trip I was praying and thanking the Lord for all He had done and all of the things He showed me during the services there.  Suddenly, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself appeared to me!  Yes, that is right!  Jesus came to me, I saw Him face to face!  He told me that there were many things out of order in this church.  He wanted me to get things straightened out.  He said that if I didn’t He was going to bring His judgment.  He said that He was sending a Jeremiah prophet to help the church set things right.  He showed me who that was.  Sister Linda, will you please stand up?  Yes, that’s right!  He said that if the church got into alignment with the Word of God, He was going to make this place shine forth to the nations.  If not, well as I said, He was going to bring judgment.”*

*Then he had me come to the front and the church prayed for me and thanked God for sending me.  He hugged me and was still weeping.  He asked me if I could meet with him on Tuesday in the afternoon to discuss what the Lord had showed me.  I agreed and then went to sit down.*

*I fasted and prayed for the next couple days for the Lord to show me what He wanted me to say to this Pastor concerning what was out of order.  I knew what I thought, but* ***I*** *wanted to know what* ***He*** *thought.*

*After some time in prayer, the Lord spoke to me, “Get a pen and paper.  I will give you the word.”*

*So I began to write down things as I suddenly began to see faces and doctrines…*

*For instance, there was a worship leader who I didn’t know, but suddenly I knew that he was an active homosexual.  No, not reformed, active.*

*I wrote down everything as I saw or “knew” it.*

*At the meeting I was very confident that I had God’s answers for the little church.  It made me very excited to think of it becoming a beacon to the nations.*

*But the Pastor acted so very strange!  I didn’t know what to do about him.  He sat down in the chair across from me and put his hand on my thigh!  I moved it off and just looked at him.  He seemed to be laughing at me then…*

*I explained to him how I had taken this assignment very seriously and had been fasting and praying for the past couple of days.  He said, “Of course- of course!  I wouldn’t expect less of someone He sent to help out* ***this*** *church!”*

*Then, he put his hand back on my thigh!  I stood up at once and straightened my skirt, stretched and then sat back down.  He began to talk and the way he talked about the church was that they were somehow special and HE was somehow special to God, above other people.  He was very puffed up about how he saw his and the church’s position with the Lord.*

*As I was going down the list of items and telling him what the Lord had showed me, he was falling asleep!  I stopped speaking when I realized it and waited for him to snap out of it.  Only he didn’t.  So I nudged him and offered to come back and do this later, at a better time. He shrugged it off and laughed.  I said that this was a serious time for the church and for him and he seemed to get annoyed and gruffly told me to get on with it.*

*I began again and sure enough, he fell off to sleep again.  I left him the list for later review and I rose to leave.  He jumped up and asked me where I was going.  I told him that I had written my phone number on the page if he had any questions but that the list was pretty clear.  He apologized and I said it was no trouble.*

*The next day was Wednesday and I was determined not to miss God or fail Him in this assignment so I went almost an hour early to praise and worship in the sanctuary.  I did warfare and cleaned the house.  It was funny but there was another saint there who came to join me.*

*That evening the service was more glorious than I had ever remembered it.  I felt that the Lord was pleased with the heart of the leadership and their desire to set things aright.*

*The Pastor had apparently seen me in the sanctuary earlier because he said that it felt as though God had already cleaned the house.  He added that it was because some of the saints took the initiative that was necessary.  He looked at me and smiled.*

*I remember thinking that it was not right that the worship leader was still in his usual place.  He was not asked to step down.**[[1]](http://www.arisetozionministries.com/Visions.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftn1)  I made a mental note to ask Pastor why…*

*This church considered itself to be a “Holiness Church”.  The women were not to wear pants and the men all word dress suits.  Women also were not allowed to stand at the pulpit and preach or teach.  Except me.*

*Whenever I had to say something, if the Lord told me to speak, I would go to the pulpit, ignoring the complaints of the elders and deacons.  Interestingly enough, the Pastor would stand up behind me and put his right arm extended up as though he were extending his scepter to me or something ridiculous like that.  (Like he was a King.)*

*I attended the church and went to the Bible Study.  At the Bible Study I attempted to point out an error in their theology.  It was so offensive to my spirit and I felt the Holy Spirit leading me in the correction.  They were trying to say that there in fact is not a being of evil such as Satan.  They believe man is his own worst enemy and he is the fallen cherub spoken of in the Word.  I was suddenly able to quote verses and state truth like never before!  That is the best thing about being used by God; the Word that is in you is brought forth swiftly and accurately!  I love that!*

*Anyway, athe elders and deacons and the Pastor all exchanged glances with one another.  Then the Pastor smiled and said that I should see him after the group breaks up if I wanted to understand their stance further.  I responded that I did not desire to understand false doctrine further and they should re-examine their position.  I then reminded them that God Himself was trying to straighten out the church, not me.  I was simply an instrument He was using at the moment.*

*Then this one elder began to clear his throat and stood up.  He said that this was not a forum of debate, it was a Bible Study.  He went on to say that I was not qualified to correct men that had theological degrees since I was just an upstart woman who refused to know her place.  After all, no one has all the truth and no one is right all the time.*

*I am not one to fail God so I also stood.  I said, “Sir, you are correct.  No one is right all the time or has all the truth.  However, I was sent here for this very purpose and I am trying to fulfill my assignment and help when I am being led to help, saying what I feel I am to say.”*

*Another man shouted that I was out of order!*

*The Pastor had to quiet the room then because a furor broke forth.  He said that we had looked into the Word enough for one evening and that we should all go home and pray about it.*

*I stayed after and he told me that he was grateful that I was trying so hard to “help them”.*

*But he added that I needed to understand that many of these doctrines came by “revelation” and they were what made the church special to God.*

*I felt tears burn down my cheeks.  I went home and prayed for God to show them the Truth of His Word.**[[2]](http://www.arisetozionministries.com/Visions.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftn2)*

*I was unable to get to the church to do warfare before the next service on Wednesday evening.  While driving to church I was apologizing to the Lord about it and He said, “I didn’t ask you to.”*

*During service I felt that I should share what happened to me when the Lord healed me of Bronchitis.**[[3]](http://www.arisetozionministries.com/Visions.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftn3)  There was a time in the service for sharing and so I stood up to go to the front and tell the congregation the story.*

*When I got to the front and put the microphone to my mouth, this woman who was considered a “pillar of the church”, jumped up into the air and began to scream.  She had her two feet wider than shoulder length apart and she began to jump up the aisle as she had her fists making motions as though fighting something in the air.  She was yelling in “tongues” and coming at me as though we were going to fight.  I tried to ignore her and put the microphone to my mouth again and began to speak.*

*At that moment she began to scream again in “tongues”.**[[4]](http://www.arisetozionministries.com/Visions.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftn4)  It was to stop me from speaking and she made her way to me.  The entire thing was very threatening but I did not back down and I stood my ground to this demon.  The Pastor came and stood between us and then he asked me to share late whatever it was that I wanted to share.  I handed the mic to him and went back to my seat.*

*The incident was very disturbing but I just sat down and let God be God.  I was determined not to be pushy or controlling or even demanding in any way even if I felt that I was doing something I was supposed to do.*

*The next time we had service was Sunday and it was the Day of Prayer for the Persecuted Church.  The Christian Retreat service was so powerful!  There was a representative ther explaining about an article before the legislature concerning missionaries in other countries and their protection as Americans.  He brought a Petition for everyone to sign so that it could be made into law.*

*A very devoted missionary shared about how they crucified men in one country. We listened to her stories and we all fell on our faces and began to pray.  We were in lamenting prayer and a prophetic man received a vision of someone in another country who was incarcerated unjustly.*

*We were in such deep prayer and intercession that when it came time to end the service and clear out to make room for the next service, no one could move.  Pastor Phil Derstine made an announcement that he believed no one should move unless they absolutely had to since the Holy Spirit was moving in such power and might.*

*After the second service I got some of the petitions and thought that I would bring them to the little church.  (I felt that surely they would have a similar service.)*

*Instead, the service was boring and nothing was even mentioned about it being the Day of the Persecuted Church.  So, as soon as we went for break to the dining hall for food and fellowship, I went up to the Pastor.  I showed him the petitions and told him that we were remiss not to pray for the persecuted church at the very least.*

*Pastor wholeheartedly agreed with me and told me to stand up after the break and share it with the congregation.*

*What happened at lunch changed the minds of many people concerning me.  The “Pillar of the Church” came over to me while I was eating and stood over me.  I ate alone and very few people had anything to say to me.  (I discovered later that people talked about how I could “see too much” and people were afraid to socialize with me.)*

*She said, “I hope there’s no hard feelings about what happened on Wednesday.  Well, you know when the Holy Spirit moves we just have to go with it.”*

*“That was NOT the Holy Spirit.” I responded.*

*“WHAT?  Not the Holy Spirit?  Oh YES it was!”  She screamed.*

*I had been trying to hurry and finish with what was in my mouth while she was yelling so I could speak as soon as she stopped.  I swallowed and then stood to face her.*

*I firmly but in a normal tone said, “NO, it wasn’t.  He does everything decently and in order.  That was not in order or decent.”*

*“How DARE you!  Who do you think you are anyway?  You think you’re some big prophet?  You ain’t NOTHING!”*

*“I forgive you because you don’t know what it is you are doing.  But, we are to judge the spirits and I am telling you that was NOT the Spirit of the Living God.” I said in even tones in a matter of fact statement of truth.*

*“Well, we shall see about that!”*

*She was a thin black woman around 55-60 years old and she always wore a big hat to church.  She dressed very conservatively and acted very pious in church.  She called herself a prophetess but she was a gossip who gave “prophetic words” during service, which did not edify nor profit anyone because they were judgmental and self-righteous.  Many of the “words” she gave were derived from he gossip sessions.*

*Then I watched as she marched right over to the Pastor and began to whisper in his ear.  I saw him looking at me with disdain.  Then the whole table of elders was brought into the story as it was retold again with great animation.*

*By the time lunch was over I can only imagine what names I was being called…*

*When we went back to continue service, after worship, I stood as directed by Pastor prior to break, and went to the front to explain about the Persecuted Church.  It was not going to happen.  As I began to walk to the pulpit an elder who sat closer to it than I did, stood and raced up to say something.  One after the other of the various elders and deacons began to stand up and take the microphone.  They all spoke about different things, none of which were profitable, important or edifying.*

*Then this one deacon, who was an overweight white male, made motions like he was pulling two guns out of his holster then he shot me.  While he shot me he was yelling,*

*“It’s a hoe down!  NO it’s a show down!  Oh we gonna take a whore down!  Oh yeah, we’re gonna have a fight tonight!”*

*Then he blew the tip of his pointing fingers as though they had just shot me and put them back into the holster.  I was praying.  I asked the Lord for His protection and for His wisdom and answers for this situation.*

*The Lord answered me by saying, “I am opening your eyes.”*

*At that moment the Pastor stretched out his arms, looked up and began yelling exuberantly, “The Holy Spirit is falling!”  Then for a brief glance he looked at me and said, “It doesn’t look like the Lord is letting some people speak tonight no matter what I said.  He is the Lord!  Fall on us Holy Spirit!  Fall on us!”*

*I looked above his head and what I saw changed my life and how I understood things from then on.  There was a demon drifting down to the Pastor with a purpose.*

*He went into the Pastor and “settled in” as though adjusting oneself into a coat once the arms were put into the sleeves.*

*He was hideous!  He looked like a cross between a bat and a baboon.  He had a very large mouth like a baboon with sharp teeth.  His eyes were slits with ears that seemed to come off of them like a bat’s.  He had a very large and erect male organ with huge gonads.  I could see the outline of the demon while it inhabited the Pastor and operated through him.*

*As soon as the demon was fully settled the Pastor turned to face me.  I said aloud, “I plead the Blood of Jesus over me.”*

*The Pastor said, “Sister Linda, say, Holy Spirit fall through me!”*

*So even though I knew that I have the Holy Spirit within me and anything that would fall through me would not be Him, I was obedient and said, “Holy Spirit, only You fall through me.”*

*“Say it again like you mean it!”  So I repeated the same thing as before and he was looking up as though searching the air above me for something to fall through me.  It was creepy and I was fighting fear by saying in my mind, “I am God’s child, I am bought with a price, I am covered with the Blood of Jesus Christ…”*

*Unbelievingly, he came up in my face and this demon and I were inches apart, so that I was acutely aware of his rancid breath.  It was the most foul smell I have ever encountered in my life either before or since.  He demanded furiously, “Say, Holy Spirit fall through me!!!”*

*So I said, “Holy Spirit!  Fall through me!”*

*He huffed in my face and some of his spittle landed on my chin and cheek.  He turned away and went over to the mother of the woman my husband had an affair with.  He grabbed her double chin as she had her head up.  He jerked her neck back and forth and then sharply shoved her backwards.  A deacon was there to catch her and set her down to the floor, where one of the women covered her immediately with a cloth.*

*As the Pastor passed, a toddler fell from the pew and banged his mouth on the back of the pew in front of him.  He began to scream and had a mouthful of blood.  His mother took him home.*

*I saw hundreds of demons, smaller ones than the baboon/bat, and they were all over the people.  They were poking people in the eyes and ears, pulling their hair, spitting on them and doing lewd and sexual acts to them.  The church became a spiritual Pandemonium.*

*I had seen enough and asked God if I could leave.  He said, “Yes.”*

*So I hurriedly packed up my belongings and I proceeded to leave.  A couple that I had shared with about the petition asked me if they could sign it.  So I was letting them do that when suddenly the Pastor came running down the aisle straight towards me.*

*I wasn’t sure what he was going to do to me.  I again said aloud, “I plead the Blood of Jesus!”*

*He came up to me way too close, like in my face, and said, “Sister Linda, I know I told you to share about this petition and I still want you to share it.  So on Wednesday I will introduce you and NO ONE will have a chance to interfere.  OK?  So you will be first to speak on Wednesday’s service.  You’ll stand in the pulpit, I’ll be your covering as usual.”*

*All I could say was, “OK.  And Pastor, I love you.  I’m sorry.”  I was trying to maintain my composure because everything about me wanted to scream and cry for this deceived man.*

*He kissed me on the cheek and said he loved me too.  I couldn’t wait to get out of that place and even though some other people wanted to know what it was people were signing, I just said that I would share it on Wednesday.  I left abruptly.*

*I got outside and the tears burst forth from my eyes and I was kicking my feet to shake off the dust of the place.*

*I heard my name being called even though the crying and screaming in my mind was so intense.*

*“Sister Linda!  Wait!”*

*I turned around to see who called me and it was one of the oldest ladies in the church.  She was a quiet, sweet woman who sought the Lord with all of her heart.  I hoped the Lord had kept her safe through all of this.*

*She reached me and said, “I have to tell you something that I am sure you want to know!  I never saw an angel before!  Never!  But tonight I did!  You know when Pastor was having you say, ‘Holy Spirit fall through me’?  Well, there were four of the largest angels anyone could possibly imagine standing there holding a sheet over your head.  They each had a corner of the sheet.  Even though it wasn’t a sheet, cuz it was radiant!  It was glorious!”*

*“So let me get this straight…you saw four angels holding a radiant sheet type protective covering over my head while the Pastor was telling me to say that?”*

*“Yes!  That is exactly what I saw!  Isn’t that something?  I can’t figure it out!  I just don’t understand it, but I know that you would want to know what I saw.”*

*I kissed and hugged her!  I was so happy and grateful to my faithful God.*

*The old woman described the angels as so tall they had to stoop over to be in the church, even though the ceilings were so high.  She said they were so white they were glowing and very handsome to look upon.  They were statuesque, regal looking and they appeared to be very strong.  She was very excited about this!*

*I left her and got into my car, thanking God over and over again.  On the ride home I said, “I am so grateful that You got me out of there and I will never go back.”*

*The Lord replied, “Yes you will.”  I couldn’t believe it, byt would never argue with God, however I did ask why.*

*He said, “To proclaim my judgment upon this work.”*

*“Yes, Lord.”*

*I went home exhausted and fell on my bed.  I immediately began to pray for the Pastor.  But I heard the Lord say very clearly, “Do not bring him to my Throne Room again!”*

*This troubled me but I know His voice.  I asked Him, “Lord, his deception has made him lost?”*

*“I came to him, personally.  My righteous judgments are true.”*

*So, I went back to the church on Wednesday and when I went to the pulpit the Pastor said that I was permitted to speak from it.  I sang first before anything else, “Oh the Blood of Jesus…It washes white as snow.”  Then I said, “I don’t know why, but the Lord wants me to read this to you.  I read the entire chapter of Jeremiah 9 and I felt to read it from the Loving Bible so that the language was plain and readily understood by all.*

*When I finished reading I closed the Bible and the sound was so loud it seemed to reverberated again and again throughout the sanctuary.*

*He said to me, “I have closed The Book on this place.  I have removed their candlestick.”*

*I didn’t go back to my seat to sit, I gathered my things and proceeded out the door.  I never had to return.  I then kicked the dust off of my feet.

because a person can play an instrument or sing does not mean they should be leading worship.  It is called leading worship because they are supposed to lead the congregation as a corporate body to the Throne Room of God. If  they are in known sin, they are unable to do this.*

*[[2]](http://www.arisetozionministries.com/Visions.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftnref2) The Word of God is the authority for the Earth whether the entire planet accepts it or not.  We are not leaving this planet contrary to popular belief.  We will see a new Heaven and a new Earth be mad manifest and I can guarantee that the Word of God will be the absolute authority and will be accepted as such then.*

*[[3]](http://www.arisetozionministries.com/Visions.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftnref3) Read the Second to be Judged vision in this book.*

*[[4]](http://www.arisetozionministries.com/Visions.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22_ftnref4) The Gift of Speaking in Tongues is different than a religious spirit manifesting.  This woman was never really baptized in the Holy Spirit nor did she ever speak in the true gift of the Holy Spirit.  She is mentally ill from demonization.*