

Fren-09 Prophète D'incendie (Prophet of Fire)

by Art Katz

The sermon emphasizes the importance of following God's word and being aware of the subtlety of the world's things to avoid being trapped by its seductive powers.

Duration: 1:14:46

Scripture: Malachi 4:5

Topics: "Prophet"

Description

In this sermon, the speaker recounts a powerful experience of preaching the word of God on a university campus. The Christians organized a series of meetings, using unconventional methods to attract attention, such as putting up signs that said 'cats is coming.' Despite initial skepticism, the meetings drew a large audience, and the speaker reflects on the importance of examining the ministry of someone who can bring judgment upon a nation with a single sentence. The sermon emphasizes the need for repentance and true devotion to God in the face of opposition and apostasy.

Transcript

I tremble to wonder what could be next. But I know that we are on a particular collision course with God. It's evident that God has in mind something more than messages.

Something more than a seminar. And we want the more that He wants. This morning the Lord introduced a new theme for those who were there.

The prophet Elijah. It's hard to imagine that there could be a seminar on the subject of the prophetic word and that he should be excluded. After all, it was he and Moses who were with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration.

Representing the law and the prophets. Elsewhere Jesus said that he shall not come until Elijah comes first. We shall restore all things.

And as I said this morning emphatically several times, Elijah must come. And I anticipate his coming in his people. An Elijah band, as it were, doing the work of restoration.

This extraordinarily demanding task by one who himself has had an extraordinary preparation. To come to the utter selflessness in God that this prophet exhibits. As the Lord my God lives before whom I stand, it shall not rain nor dew, but according to my word.

And by these astounding words we are introduced to this remarkable character. I don't want to repeat this morning's message. But I would strongly recommend its tape.

Any man who can by the speaking of a single sentence bring judgment upon an entire nation such a man and such a ministry needs to be examined. Especially if God is anticipating and intending another such expression before his own coming. Who else could make straight the way for the coming of the Lord? To make the crooked places straight.

To bring down the mountains of human exaltation and vanity. To fill up the valleys of despondency and depression. For the coming of the Lord.

To reconcile the fathers to the sons and the sons to the fathers. To stand before the Ahab Jezebel coalition of the world. To which we are increasingly dear.

And to say without fear and trembling, as the Lord my God lives. Before whom I stand, it shall not rain nor dew, but according to my word. It shall not rain nor dew, but according to my word.

And for three and a half years there followed a drought according to the word of the prophet. And I want you to turn now to 1 Kings and the 18th chapter. When God tells the prophet it's time now to face Ahab himself.

And when we read in the 17th verse of the 18th chapter that Ahab saw Elijah, he said to him. Art thou he who troubles Israel? Have you ever experienced such accusation? All the shame if you haven't. Something is amiss there.

Something is wanting. If you have not rocked the proverbial boat. Caused ripples, caused disturbance, caused agitation.

In your obedience to the Lord. As I shared with the people this morning. I wish I had a dollar for every time I was told that I am destroying the unity of the body of Christ.

And yet the remarkable and paradoxical thing is that I have such a passion for exactly the unity of the body of Christ. That's exactly the basis for the accusation. When you're passionate for that which is true.

You cannot tolerate any facsimile thereof. In your jealous insistence for that which is authentic. There comes an inevitable conflict with those who are satisfied with something less.

The form of the thing without the power thereof. And they're going to be offended by your insistence. For the real conditions that will be required.

They want it only with a little hug and a banner. But you know it will not come without suffering and trial. And they want to stop their ears and gnash upon you with their teeth.

And you'll hear the accusation. Art thou he who troubles Israel? May there be more troublemakers from God in the earth. These are they that turn the world upside down.

These men being Jews do exceedingly disturb our city. And those words have not been heard for 2,000 years. And they need to be heard again.

By a people who will disturb. And bring divine tension. And not always placate men.

Men like Elijah. And the Elijah people. Whom God is calling in this hour.

So with these words I want to pray the Lord's blessing. Can I ask you to stand again for the word of God? And then my brother will read aloud tonight's text. Precious holy God.

God of Elijah. Does the God of Elijah live still? Before whom we can stand. Whose words we can speak.

That will affect even the elements. And invoke fire from heaven. We call upon you Lord.

As that God. That you might fall upon us tonight. In a glorious baptism of fire.

To eat up the dross. That keeps us from being. The people of God and the earth.

Who travel the earth. For God. Bless this word tonight my God.

Let it be nothing less than your own. Syllable for syllable. Give us hearing ears.

An open heart. That receives. That responds to the uttermost.

And do a work. And we'll thank you and praise you. Hear Lord we pray.

And give answer. Even this night. And we'll thank you in Jesus name.

Amen and amen. And he built with his stones a well in the name of the Eternal. And he made around the well a well of the capacity of two measures of seed.

He arranged the wood, cut the bull and put it on the wood. Then he said, Fill these four crutches with water and pour them on the holocaust and on the wood. And he said, Do it a second time.

And he did it a second time. And he said, Do it a third time. And he did it a third time.

The water flowed around the altar and the well was filled with water. At the time of the presentation of the offering, the prophet Elie went forward and said, Eternal, God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel, that we recognize today that it is you who is God in Israel, that I am your servant and that I have done all these things by your word. Answer me, Eternal.

Answer me so that this people will recognize that it is you, Eternal, who is God and that it is you who brings back their hearts. This is a description of an ultimate confrontation. I don't know if you have that kind of anticipation in your own spirit.

That somehow all history is moving us to a like moment. An ultimate conflict of kingdoms. A final showdown, as we say in America.

It seems like the earthly powers have everything that is impressive. And God's representative is but this one straggly prophet. This is perfectly fitting.

And in keeping with God's own character and way, that this unobtrusive wilderness prophet should confront all of the religious and worldly power in all of its eminence and prestige and majesty The simple man who obeys God's word against these many false prophets who eat at Jezebel's table. I don't offer this as a gospel fact, but I have a suspicion that the prophets who were then false at one time were real. I don't offer this as a gospel fact, but I have a suspicion that the prophets who were then false at one time were

real.

I don't offer this as a gospel fact, but I have a suspicion that the prophets who were then false at one time were real. And somehow the difference between the prophet who is true and the prophet who is false is at which table they eat. Daniel would not eat from the king's table in Babylon.

He refused all of those ornate and gorgeous delicacies. He was satisfied with simple fare. Elijah was fed by ravens or a widow woman.

But there is something seductive about food, about lifestyle, about elegance, comfort and ease. Something seductive about food, something that has to do with the delicious things that seduce our souls and have a remarkable capacity to compromise us. All you need do is to become habituated to these.

Let it begin however so innocently and get hooked on the world and its style. And you'll find yourself false. I don't want to sound like some kind of fanatic over the issue of food, but the Lord has dealt with us in community about it and opened to us a whole dimension of the sensuality of food of which I was completely convinced and completely ignorant and naive.

I don't want to belabor this, but how unthinking we are about the premises of the world which we have accepted without question. Three meals a day, supplemented here and there with snacks and other delights. So much of our life is spent in the preparation of it and the enjoyment of it, which goes far beyond the issue of sustenance and nutrition.

Of course there is the cleaning up that follows. And then what time is left? Who said three meals a day? We are an overfed and pampered people ruled by our appetite and the world has us hooked and trapped because we have not understood the subtlety of these things by which hundreds of the prophets of God who would not satisfy themselves with bread and water in a cave found themselves at Jezebel's table and were jerked by her by strings as puppets. It's with these that the prophet of God had his confrontation.

He commanded Ahab to send a message to all the sons of Israel and bring the prophets together at Mount Carmel. The remarkable thing is that the powerful king obeyed him and did not dismiss this as mere eccentricity. I don't think that this wilderness prophet was physically impressive but he bore a certain authority that even kings were compelled to acknowledge.

And the remarkable thing is that he did it. He assembled all Israel on Mount Carmel together with his prophets. And we read in the 21st verse that Elijah came near to all the people and said How long will you hesitate between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him.

But if Baal, follow him. But the people did not answer him a word. It was the silence of guilt convicted in their hearts even by the raising of the statement.

They were outwardly Jewish outwardly observant but inwardly in where their true life is they were whoring after false gods. And I think that this tension persists to this very hour and will to the end of the age. How long will you hesitate and halt between two opinions? Between sin and sociology between conviction and convenience between holy days and holidays between the word of God and the tradition of men between apostolic authority and church elections between priesthood of believers and an official clergy that dominates God's people by the sacraments and the list is endless.

If I would ask you tonight, are you in a tension between two opinions? How many people are in that conflict even tonight in this room? Infant baptism or believer's baptism? The belief that you've received all of God by the Spirit when you were saved or that you need a baptism in the Holy Spirit? I've marveled that in these very great and controversial questions that have rent the body of Christ historically that God somehow does not in his word, in his scripture give us airtight and conclusive answers He leaves, as it were, a room for which a tension of faith itself operates in which we must choose and decide between two opinions. Are you halting tonight? Is there something outward that seems to be Christian and acceptable to those who observe you? But is there something inward that is more true and fundamental in your life? That keeps you from following him, the Lamb of God whithersoever he goeth? And I think I know what it is that will end the confusion and the tension. Not some final, necessary, conclusive word but something from you by which your confusion will be resolved in the moment that you unequivocally determine to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

The prophets have an unerring capacity to strike at the heart of the issue What is the root cause of your confusion and your delay and your hesitation between opinions? The continuing reluctance to follow him And the people answered, not a word.

So he said, I alone am left The prophet of the Lord, but Baal's prophets are 450 Give us two oxen Let them choose one for themselves and make their sacrifice and I'll make mine We'll put no fire under it And let that God be God who answers by fire And the people said, but that's a good idea They liked that one Because they never expected that it would be answered Let this strange eccentric do his peculiar thing And he'll soon enough fade from view We won't have to listen to his goading and provocative questions And we can return again to the normality of our lives Be outwardly religious And enjoy what we will And the uncomfortable moment will pass And so these false prophets prepared their sacrifice And it says that from the morning until noon They cried out, O Baal, answer us But there

was no voice and no answer And they leaped upon the altar which they had made What a portrait of false religion Of whatever kind Even that which calls itself Christianity Don't you think that we can do with the faith What men have done with other things and convert it To a mere empty form of religion Are you too naive to think that paganism and idolatry Cannot hide behind the skirts of Christianity I tell you that there's no idolatry more fierce Than that which is conducted in the name of Christianity Sunday by Sunday In which men come to a false altar And are inducted into some kind of syrupy superficiality By which their conscience is relieved And they receive some dimension of psychological or religious satisfaction And can return right from the service even in that Sunday To unbridled

paganism and sensual delight The prophets prophesy falsely And the priests they rule by their means And the people love to have it so If you think that paganism and idolatry Is reserved only for distant places you're mistaken These men actually expected that they would receive an answer That's the hallmark of deception People who think that they have religious truth Speak the right words and invoke the right sound But in the ultimate moment of crisis and need There is none to answer None to hear And who has more right to speak this than a Jew in this generation Of the millions of my kinsmen who went up in smoke And prayed what religious things they could Had no actual knowledge of God in spirit or in truth Prayed their little rhetoric Their memorized children's prayers And there was no

one to hear And there was no answer Because the God to whom they called However much they invoked the name of the God of Israel Was not in fact that God But one of their own choosing And their own making Adequate for synagogue services But inadequate in ultimate crisis Don't be smug or assured that

we are in necessarily a better condition How many are there who call themselves Christian Who can invoke the name of the Lord glibly and easily Who do not in fact know Him And the Jesus whom they intone is one of their own making Some kind of sentimentalist A God who does not judge Who has no concern for righteousness Who always makes nice in this kind God of love God is love I remember speaking in America in a Baptist college I've spoken in many secular universities And we have had fiery

confrontations But nothing like what came to me at this Baptist college Sons and daughters of ministers Who were driven to a fury Foamed at the mouth An anger and an indignation that cannot be described A bitterness and a hatred Because I spoke to them of the God in truth Who is not some kind of religious patsy and sentimentalist Who shall judge the world That's what Paul said to the Athenians God has appointed a day in which He will judge the world By that one whom He has raised from the dead When they heard that some scoffed Oh, to those scoffers In the very university in which Tom was saved Eight days of extraordinary and dynamic meetings In which the Christians had put up strips of signs all over the campus One word, cats is coming, cats is coming I protested I said, you shouldn't use

my name They said, but brother, this is what the Lord told us These rebels are not going to come out to a conventional Christian outing But a former Marxist and a Jew That will intrigue them And they came out I'll never forget the first meeting The audience was as great as this In the student union building Where one o'clock every afternoon Some radical came and poured his filth and vile out over a microphone And that's where our eight days of meetings were to begin And we had a precious time of prayer together Then the circle of prayer broke And I was pushed forward toward the crowd To stand in the solitary place by the microphone And to be the spokesman for God You've never felt more alone How well do I understand Elijah when he said, and I alone am left It doesn't matter that there are

7,000 who have not bowed their knee to Baal As far as you are concerned In the moment of confrontation Facing the fierce antagonism of the unbelieving world And the anger and bitterness of your Jewish kinsmen You alone are left And you're not sure yourself for how long Well I opened my mouth by faith I shared about 20 minutes of a kind of gospel message And then as my practice is, I open for questions and answers The atmosphere was like that of the Colosseum This is what we've been waiting for Let us at that Jewish freak And there was one man, a student, way back to the wall Right directly in front of me I took one look at him and I knew he was trouble He had a smirk on his face from ear to ear He elbowed his friends and said, don't worry guys I'll take care of this Katz right now, this

is as far as this is going to go Do you believe in hell?

I had never thought about that question At that time I was only about 5 years old in the Lord There was a lot of questions about which I had never thought And not having been to YWAM, I didn't have a little directory of evangelical answers I had never thought about that question I didn't have a little booklet that told me all the right answers That's a joke I just breathed under my breath a prayer to the Lord I said, Lord, you got me here I'm over my head I've never contemplated this question Of course, I'm an evangelical fundamental believer I believe that it's in hell But to answer this man You got me here You answer him And believing that That for me to live is Christ Which means also for me to speak is Christ I opened my mouth In faith believing And hear the words that came out I said, dear brother I want you to know that there's a character A figure in scripture Who had a very deep reverence for words As I myself have had from my earliest atheist youth up He it is who said that we shall be held accountable For every idle word we speak He himself never spoke one And yet there's no other figure in scripture Who has spoken more prolifically about hell It is he who has spoken about a lake of fire Of being cast out into outer darkness Of

wailing and gnashing of teeth And I went on like that And I said that the hour is going to come Much sooner than you think When you're going to stand before him Whom you now presently despise And at that moment you're going to hear Your facetious question played back And the answer which God's servant gave you Which you were too stupid and unwilling to heed And must now experience Irrevocably and eternally Even while your legs turn to jelly standing before him Who alone is judge I watched that smirk come completely off his face It's as if a balloon burst And a little hot air went And he shriveled up to nothing And blew away And God went on from that point From glory to glory In the power of God that honors his uncompromising word Out of which we have here one fruit of those days Through whom we have all been blessed And the end is not yet There's a confrontation coming With false religion False values Even that masks itself in the name of that which we revere And when they did not get answer Because they had a false God Does the anguish creep your heart?

They leaped upon the altar which they had made This always marks false religions They get loud, they leap, they dance They turn up the amplifiers As if by all of these physical and outward exertions They can fabricate and fill the void Which can alone be filled by the presence of God To those who know him and love him And follow him Whithersoever he goeth It came about at noon that Elijah mocked them Or you say, brother, that must be a typographical error That's not polite I had an experience like this just a few days ago in Egypt You need to pray for me I cannot stand these Islamic calls to prayer When I hear those demonic wails My hair goes straight up I bristle all over And it comes blaring in by the loudspeakers right into the church With all of their oil, fortune, money They have bought properties right alongside of churches in Egypt And even in Israel Five times a day Four o'clock in the morning You are blasted right out of the bed By this demonic screech and howl By which you can even hear the panting of the breath of the man over the microphone So I made some reference to that in one of my messages at this evangelical church in Cairo And one of the leaders of the church took me aside privately And he said, very kindly, brother, you shouldn't speak like that After all, we need to be respectful for all religions I said, not me I have no respect for anything that comes out of the bowels of hell You need to examine your attitude, brother It's too French or Swiss Too polite Too condescending Too acceptable It lacks the fire of God It lacks the seeing of the prophets And you go on like that You'll find yourself making alliances In some kind of ecumenical mishmash That has every appearance of furthering the purposes of God And the unity of all religions And the three great faiths Which will destroy the prophets And lead the people of God into that which is false Elijah mocked them You know that the King James translators did not have the courage To literally translate the exact word They were too polite Where it says, has he gone aside?

The real words are Has he been required to use the men's room? Perhaps he's being detained by a bowel movement And subsequently he will answer You want to know why we don't have prophets? Because even the church can't tolerate them They're too ungainly They're too crude Too cultivated You never know what kind of an utterance they'll make You don't dare trust them They might disturb the service God says we need to disturb cities We need to shake the earth and turn it upside down We need to trouble Israel itself But if we will not tolerate ourselves being troubled Then somehow the service itself has become sacrosanct A kind of an aesthetic delight that must not be mod Free prayers, the sermon, the offering and the conclusion, the benediction How shall we trouble Israel?

We need to make room for such men And allow them and encourage them to come to maturity For there's a confrontation coming That can only be met in this fervor In this uncompromising intensity And they cried with a loud voice and they cut themselves According to their custom with swords and lances And their own blood gushed out on them Isn't that a remarkable paradox?

That this liberal Christianity that cannot abide or tolerate The blood of the Lamb Rejects the blood of God Too offensive for their own sensibility That all that Jesus gave us was a kind of moral example And due despite to the blood of the Son of God and His grace That in the last extremity will cut themselves and gush in their own blood Because it is a picture in the last analysis of what their real religion is Their own altar Their own blood Their own leaping and dancing Their own, their own, their own They order it, they do it, they perform it They invoke words about God But they're not His words It's a Christian culture A Sunday supplement It's their own And it's not His And a fire has got to come upon it What a contrast with the altar of Elijah He called the people and said, come

near to Me And they all came near to Him And He repaired the altar of the Lord which had been torn He took twelve stones according to the number of the tribes of Israel And with the stones He built an altar in the name of the Lord And here I just have to respectfully be silent My spirit is wiser than my mind It intuits the absolute rightness of what Elijah is doing And what we ourselves must do We who have been waiting for the glory of God to fall as fire Need to understand the conditions along by which it comes Not some kind of anxious and easy to perform charismatic conference By which the foundations are ignored But the foundational stones The absoluteness of truth Of righteousness Of faith which is more than just an agreement with correct doctrine But a mode by which we live The

hatred of iniquity And the various other things that are foundational to the body of Christ and the kingdom of God Need to be restored And this is the prophetic task Elijah must come And restore all things Before the day of the coming of the Lord The altar was broken down It was more than just collapsed by indifference or disuse But vehement and angry opposition to the foundations of God Before the sacrifice is the altar And before the altar the foundations There is a pattern here There is something appropriate to us In this historic episode God is speaking symbolically and prophetically even now Of a wood that must be arranged in order A statement even of the divine order of God for his people In relationship between men and women and husbands, wives, children The elders of God and the

authorities of the church He arranged the wood He cut the ox in pieces And laid it on the wood A true sacrifice Not something just verbal Something that we can easily afford Something cut up That brings blood That requires pain A real death A burnt offering Laid open before God On the altar of God On the foundations of God And even that yet requires one thing further He said fill four barrels with water And pour it on the burnt offering and on the wood Do it a second time and they did it Do it a third time and they did it Pour it on And the water flowed around the altar And filled the trench with the water This is the final thing that is wanting for God's fire to fall In the ultimate confrontation at the end of the age A true sacrifice of God's own people Laid out before him, exposed

Nothing concealed nor hidden On the foundations of God In the order of God But it cannot be offered dry It needs to be wetted Saturated Inundated By the tears of repentance For God's fire will not fall On that which is dry eyed Something needs to be poured out That has not yet been given A depth of repentance An anguish of soul A gush For the pitiful condition of the church For the terrible mixture For the halting between two opinions to this hour For the unwillingness and inability to follow the Lord To break and to weep For this and for our sins Is the condition for the fire of God Tears for the church A picture of true repentance for the apostasy of God's people Then it came the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice Elijah the prophet cried out to God O Lord God of Abraham,

Isaac and Israel Today let it be known that thou art God in Israel That I am thy servant and I have done all these things According to thy word Today, now, the moment has come When faith needs to be tested

When the issue of the true commitment will be revealed When God has got to answer by fire And if he does not answer It's more than just the disappointment or embarrassment of failure All Israel is gathered together under Elijah And all the false prophets of Baal Yes, there will be someone slain that day The prophet who has called all these things Believing that he has God's word In this extravagant foolishness Of competing altars Having mocked that which is false Today has finally come A moment now When God must answer Or we perish I want to ask you a question tonight Is your Christian

life a preparation for such a moment?

In which a today comes for you An ultimate confrontation personally Or corporately Or in the nation When God who is God must answer That this people might know That thou art God in Israel And that I am thy servant There is a degree to which I have prayed this prayer myself tonight Because I myself have not chosen this text It's given Lord, if I have spoken these things According to thy word Let this people know That the God of Elijah Is God still Let those that are sitting in this audience tonight Whose convictions are correct But only cerebral Who never have experienced the awesomeness of God Who have never been touched by his fire Who do not know him as the consuming fire Who are still blasé in their attitude Have a certain kind of religious nonchalance And are even increasingly eating

at the wrong table Lord, if I am thy servant And I have spoken these words according to thy word I ask for us tonight A baptism of fire We need it, Lord I need it There is a dross in my soul There is a faint taint of corruption A little bit too much levity and joking A too easy attitude about sin An inability to hate iniquity A want of a love for righteousness Easy messages Easy service There is something that needs to be burned out I need that one who baptizes in the Holy Ghost and fire Let it come tonight More than a message An event A living God Let it be today Then the fire of the Lord fell And consumed the burnt offering And the wood and the stones and the dust And licked up the water that was in the trench The precious vein of God Then the fire of God fell The conditions had been

met The true altar of God restored The true sacrifice and not the feigned laid upon it Cut up and bleeding and costly Watered with the tears of the saints A true repentance Toward God That there might be a fiery faith in the Lord Jesus Christ There is a reason why we are respectful toward other religions There is a reason why our cultural politeness exceeds our prophetic fire It is the dross that has clogged our life Haywood stubble Too much flirtation with the world Too great a delight in its delicacies and goodies We are incapable even of tears But when these conditions were met The fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt offering The wood, the stones, the dust When all the people saw it, they fell on their faces They did not have to be presented with four spiritual laws They did

not have to be told that God has a plan for their life Or will you accept Jesus And all the benefits that you will receive by so doing When they saw the fire of God as glory Falling on the sacrifice of God Inundated in the tears of the saints They fell on their faces And they cried out, the Lord he is God We just need to make a little adjustment for our hour Just to turn the phrase around Not so much that the Lord he is God But that God he is Lord Lord of all Lord of our privacy Lord of our substance Lord of our future Of our coming in and our going out Of vocation and profession Lord of all and the Lord of nothing Of people who fall on their faces at last And follow him Because he is Lord And no longer halt between two opinions Should I or shouldn't I Elijah said, seize the prophets of

Baal Don't let one of them escape And they seized them and they brought them to Elijah by the brook Kishon And he slew everyone Just as the prophet Samuel hewed Agag to pieces Elijah slew everyone

Absolute Unsparing To all that is false Elijah must come And restore all things Before the great and the terrible day of the coming of the Lord A people in the absoluteness of the prophet Unsparing to that which is deceitful Hypocritical Compromised Merciless to sin and deception However religious it appears Let not one of them escape Somehow God hears the prayers of that kind of man That the same mouth that is able to stop the heavens from its reign Is the same who can bring fire from heaven And if you have ears to hear it I want to say in conclusion that the issue of the end of the age is the

issue of fire There is a judgment coming God has appointed a man by which he will judge the earth Not by water but by fire And even this fire offers a redemptive hope That those who have been cynical and unhearing That if they will not turn for any other force, any other reason Will seeing that judgment yet repent For if they will not There is another fire which they must face Irrevocable Unceasing A fire that shall not be quenched The fires of hell Oh dear brother I was with you just up to this last moment But now you've gone a little too far Do you really believe in hell?

I'll tell you that there's believing and believing There's a believing that only gives mental assent to the stated truth Yes it's in the Bible But you do not believe it burningly Therefore as you do not know the terror of God You cannot persuade men And in this is the shallowness of our evangelism Appealing to men to accept Jesus on the basis of the benefit they'll receive Rather than of warning them of a judgment that is to come For which if they will not repent They shall eternally burn In a fire that shall not be quenched There needs to be a prophetic word of warning Brought to the sophisticated centers of the world Geneva and Lausanne And Paris and Munich A world living at Jezebel's table Utterly deceived in their delicacies Without any cognizance of the things that are eternal And

irrevocable Because they have not been warned Because the church is sleeping Or divided in its own petty differences Or caught up in its own entertainments Or is only a cultural Christianity in a Sunday supper Where are the flaming ministers of God Who cry out a warning To save men from the fire of judgment We need a baptism of fire And God is waiting upon us To restore the altar that has been torn down To think that worship is just mere redundant choruses And is not the offering up to God of a sacrifice that is costly It is already a worshipping at an altar that we have made There is something that needs to be exposed to the light Cut up and laid out And saturated with the tears of repentant saints For the malaise and ease of their own life Their own casual air To believe in hell

Technically But not burning Who cannot call a warning Who would be laughed off the stage of the world For they have not the authority of God's own speaking Because they will not hear His Who has called them to commandments And they yet hesitate between two opinions True revival begins at the beginning At the place of sacrifice Judgment begins in the church We need to cry out Let your fire fall upon us Give us tears That out of the ashes of that conflagration In which our culture is consumed away The aspects of our nationality in which we delight And every other kind of earthly corruption that has found its way in That cannot be enumerated nor identified For which the only answer is the fire of the consuming God That out of those ashes Will come the flaming ministers of God Who can cry out

a warning Of a day of the Lord which is at hand Which men cannot gainsay nor reject For it comes to them with fire With prophetic passion With the absolute unsparingness of an Elijah Elijah must first come In us I want us to bow our heads before Elijah's God tonight God has been cutting us in these days And there have been already cries of distress and repentance And we are grateful for every authentic response But we have not understood yet the totality of God The totality of His requirement We'd much rather just leap and dance and turn up the amplifiers He wants the sacrifice complete Whatever has yet been withheld Not

cut up, not laid out Not exposed to the light Not laid upon the true altar of God And inviting His fire He asks
it now I know that God will answer tonight With an event

An experience The falling of His glory A burning presence Which I myself desperately need Together with
you Which is the need of the church in this hour From the subtlety of its own idolatries Its lingering
paganisms However sophisticated The dross of compromise Of equivocation I invite you On the altar that
is established in the name of the Lord The true altar To bring what is yet withheld To cry it out before God
To name it and identify it So much as you yourself know To withhold nothing That the fire of God might fall
Bring not your words only But your tears Break, gush, coolly We have been dry-eyed too long Correct, yes
But dry-eyed We have not grieved For the dishonor that has come to God In the misuse of His name

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