

Visitation of the Lord! by Julie Meyer:

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The Lord came to me and said, "I want you to meet My friends." I am really excited thinking I was on a journey to meet Isaiah, Jeremiah, Peter, Zechariah, Moses. He took me by the hand and we started flying around in the sky, kind of like a cartoon loop to loop. I was not scared even though I was extremely high above the ground and the earth. We were just flying round and I could feel the breeze on my face. I could feel His hand holding my hand and I was so high off of the ground and loved feeling the wind on my face and I was so aware that I was not afraid, just holding onto His hand. All of a sudden I saw His face change. He set His face intently to the earth and we started to head directly to the ground. I looked at Him, I looked at His face and I could see in His eyes and in His face a determination.

Isaiah 50:7

Therefore I have set My face like a flint

I kept thinking we would surely not hit the ground, but I looked at His face and it was set and I felt this horrible dread come upon me, even though I was holding His hand. We were flying very fast in a head dive toward the ground and He was not looking like He was going to turn around. All of a sudden we exploded right through the ground. I felt the pound on my head. It was like watching an action movie. I could hear the sound of the earth exploding around us like the sound of standing right beside a rocket ship as it blasts off into space. It was deafening. We were traveling right through the earth and the Lord's face never turned to the left or the right; it was set, straight ahead. I could see with my eyes every moment of coming near the earth, hitting the ground and blasting right through it. I could see the earth, the rock, the water, a burning fire, and I could feel the very tearing and burning of my skin. It was like my skin was really feeling the rock and earth tear my skin as if it was really happening to me. I could feel horrible pain in my dream.

All of a sudden we came to the other side and burst out through the earth. I stood there and I looked down at my body and it was all torn, my skin was torn, and I could feel the pain of it, but it was not about me. Jesus looked at me, right up close in my face, eye to eye, and He said, "

I want you to meet My friends." I was crying because all of my body hurt. I was thinking surely He would notice how badly I was hurt and how badly my skin was wounded and torn, but He did not. I looked around and it was a very crowded place. I had never been here, but I knew it was India. It had a horrible smell and there were a lot of people everywhere and I was following the Lord. He was not even looking at me. It was like He wanted me to feel the pain of the tear of my skin. There were little children everywhere.

There were beautiful young girls in cages and He was with each one of them. He would just stand there with them. The seemingly forgotten of the earth were those whom the Lord called His friends. I saw children lying on the ground with flies on their skin, and I saw them pass from this horrible life to the next and the minute they awakened in eternity, He was there, for each one, He was there. **NOT ONE** of them is forgotten in His eyes, not one of them.

The sadness of what I was seeing, along with the agonizing pain my body felt, left me crying and crying. The Lord came over to me and got right up in my face and I thought it would be about me, I thought He would notice my pain, at that moment, but He said, "**Until your heart is torn and ripped like your flesh is now, you do not know my friends.**" It was absolutely more than I could take in. I was right there watching children die, mothers take their last breath, disease spreading, and young girls being sold and He kept saying, "**Until your heart is torn and ripped like your flesh is now, you do not know My friends. You do not know Me.**" Then when I sunk into a heap of tears, to my surprise, He got right into my face, eye to eye and said in a low whisper, "**It is time to dance.**" He said it like it was His secret weapon, the dance.....

He started doing this dance with His feet, like a stomping. Those perfect feet that revealed the very scars of death and life were dancing this rhythmic, tribal stomp – the feet of the Lord who stomps out injustice. It was the most powerful dance and stomp I have ever witnessed. To watch the Lord himself, with the scars of passion dance upon the injustice of His friends. He said it again, "**Until your heart is torn and ripped in two, you do not know My friends. You do not know Me.**"

Then He grabbed my hand again and we headed right straight through the center of the earth and again, I could feel the horrible pain of my skin and flesh ripping and tearing right off of my bones and that thunderous sound as we were blasting right through the earth. All of a sudden we were standing in a doctor's office, like a clinic. My first thought was of myself and how much pain I was in. I felt as if I had no skin on my bones, like it had all been ripped off. He said again, "**I want you to meet my friends.**" I looked around and I saw a trash can filled with babies. I could see heads and hands and tiny feet and babies filled trashcan after trashcan. Some were still alive and moving, their skin was burned, some of their heads were crushed, some were completely whole, their eyes wide open and starring. I felt as if I was in shock. The Lord looked right up into my eyes with His eyes and He said, "**Until your heart is ripped and torn like your flesh, you do not know my friends. These are my friends.**" I was standing there as another baby was thrown by his leg into the trash can, a whole baby. I could feel the very thoughts of the Lord.

"Oh the silent of the earth, the seemingly forgotten ones. YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN! YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN! YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN!"

They were silent in that room on earth, but they had a voice that has the ear of the Father, God Almighty.

Their screams never cease throughout the corridors of eternity. They are day and night and night and day, crying out and they **HAVE THE ATTENTION OF HEAVEN. THEY HAVE THE ATTENTION**, the Ear, OF GOD ALMIGHTY. I started screaming out. "**YOU DO THIS NOT IN VAIN, LOU. YOU DO THIS NOT IN VAIN, LOU Engle! YOU DO THIS NOT IN VAIN, LOU!**" I could see through the Hall of eternity and that Heaven knew the very name of Lou Engle. Lou knows the friends of the Lord. I could hear the continual cry of the babies throughout the corridors of Heaven, the seemingly silent of the earth, the forgotten of the earth, but they have the ear of the Father and they are day and night and night and day crying out for

justice on the strong of the earth, crying out for justice on the very ones that took their lives. But.....in eternity **THEY HAVE A VOICE!!!** Day and night and night and day.....crying out for justice on the seemingly strong of the earth.....and **THEY** have their **FATHER'S EAR!** And again, the Lord looked straight into my eyes and said, "**Until your heart is ripped and torn like your flesh is now, you do not know my friends, you do not know Me.**"

I stood there sobbing and sobbing and then He got right in my face again, right up close to my eyes, and said in a low whisper, "**It's time to dance.**" He started that "**New Dance**" with those perfect feet that tread the high places of the earth, now those feet were dancing and stomping, right in the middle of this abortion clinic. It was so powerful. It was always at the time when I was the most broken and the most undone that He would say, "**It is time to dance. It's time to war, to dance is to war.**" He would stomp, with this new rhythm, this stomp with His feet. It was not the two-step, it was the Judge stomping out injustice, with His very own feet and He said, "**Just wait until the earth joins me in this dance, few have joined me and I am extending the invitation but you can only dance when your heart is the most torn and broken.**"

Then He came up to me again and said, "**I want you to meet some of My friends.**" And right through the earth we went, yet again. I could barely stand. My heart was broken. My skin was torn. I looked down and it looked as if a bomb had exploded right next to me. We were walking down a very, very busy street. He was ahead of me and I was in so much pain, I wanted Him to walk slower, but it was not about me. He wanted me to feel the pain, because He wanted my heart to **KNOW** the pain and embrace it and take it as my own. He waited for me to walk right beside him. This place I knew was Israel. At different times I would see Him tip His head at someone, as if to say, "**Hello**" or "**Shalom**". He did not speak, He only tipped His head. He would catch their eye and then tip His head back and I would look at the person He was tipping His head to, and I saw their eyes bulge. I looked inside of them and I could see a light go on. I could see, just in a glance, Jesus opened the eyes of their heart and they could literally **SEE** Him, as Jesus, the Messiah. I could literally see on the inside of them as we walked down this path in Jerusalem that all of a sudden the eyes of their heart were opened and a small flame started to burn on the inside of them.

Some of the people He tipped his head to I knew were of great authority, heads in the Jewish community – Rabbis. I could literally see in a glance the Lord opening up their eyes; I could see the Lord appearing. He was appearing to some of the top rabbis in the land, and just with a glance and a nod, this flame of revelation started to burn on the depths of the inside, in a second the eyes of their hearts were opened.

Ps 102:16

For the LORD will rebuild Zion and appear in his glory

We followed these Rabbis up to their room and they went up into the upper room of their house and I was watching these Rabbis fall on their knees and cry out, “

This Changes EVERYTHING. This changes EVERYTHING.” I could see the Lord go over and start to blow on that tiny ember of revelation on the inside and little by little it started to burn like an unquenchable fire. I could see this small flame of revelation become like ‘fire shut up in their bones.’ I saw that this fire would continue to burn until the appointed day would come when these Rabbi's could hold it in no

longer and they would shout it from the top of the mountains, "Yeshua is Messiah".....YESHUA IS MESSIAH!" I actually thought about how we pray for this in our little prayer meetings from Kansas City, that Jesus would appear, appear in His Glory. He really, really is.

I looked over and this was the first time I saw the face of Jesus and He had tears running down His cheeks and I could hear Him saying, "Oh Jerusalem, Oh Jerusalem." I could feel in my heart the passion and the love that He had for Israel. And I could feel the hurt of a lover when no love is given in return and He looked at me, yet again, and said, "Until your heart is ripped and torn, just like your skin is now, you do not know My friends. You do not know Me." I could feel deep in my being the depths of love that He had for Israel. Like Jacob loved Rachel, Like Elkanah loved Hannah, yet His passion extended far beyond natural love. I was yet again crying and crying and the salt of my tears stung the wounds of my flesh, yet I could not stop crying and right when I thought I could take nothing more, and I had fallen to a crumpled heap on the floor, He said in a low whisper, "It is time to dance."

All of a sudden we were right in front of the Wailing Wall and He started again, this stomping, stomp, this rhythm, this dance with those perfect feet, like none I have ever seen. It was always at the point where I felt the most brokenness and grief that He would say, "It is time to dance." I could feel the presence of power and I could feel the power of this dance, dancing upon injustice. Oh what a sight to see when the Son of God and His perfect feet come spinning around and dancing on injustice. Jesus kept saying, "It's time to dance. It's time to dance." There is a new dance coming, that will just come out of our worship and our hearts for the poor of the earth, for the seemingly forgotten, but whom the Lord calls His friends and just when our hearts are the most broken, THAT is when it is time to dance. Oh, what a sight to see when the King of Kings, the Judge of the earth and His Perfect feet that show the scars of passion, begin to dance and stomp out injustice. It is a literal dance. It is a literal stomp! It is time to dance. And I knew this in my dream as we were walking down the streets of Jerusalem, right up to the wall, where He started His dance. I knew that He was revealing Himself to very, key people in the Jewish community, very high rabbis in the Jewish community even in the middle of the dance. I saw their eyes bulge. I could look inside of them and see their hearts begin to pound. I could see the Lord put inside of them, "a knowing" that He and He alone was the Messiah. For such a time as this the day is coming when the top appointed rabbis of the earth, in the timing of the Lord – He will stir up their hearts and they will explode on the inside and run to the highest places in Jerusalem and shout to all Jerusalem, Yeshua is the Messiah. Yeshua IS MESSIAH!

Blessed Is He who comes in the Name of the Lord. Right now, they are hiding it and asking themselves if it really did happen. It is already set for an appointed time and in these days ahead, He is appearing and opening up the eyes of men's hearts and then He will come and set their very bones on fire. I could see these rabbis exploding with the word of the Lord, proclaiming His appearing. It is happening. It is set for an appointed time. It is happening today.

Jer 20:9

But if I say, "I will not mention him or speak any more in his name," his word is in my heart like a fire, a fire shut up in my bones.

Then yet again, He said, "Until your heart is torn in two and your heart is ripped in two, just like your flesh is, you do not know My friends."

It is time to dance!

BIOGRAPHY:

Julie Meyer has been a worship leader at the International House of Prayer, Kansas City since 1999.

Julie's heart has been soaring in the winds of romance from the book of Song of Songs. Knowing her King and Bridegroom through the lens of the scripture and prophetic experiences has led her to write many spontaneous choruses and worship songs.

Her worship leading and prophetic songs have inspired many to lean into their Beloved.

Her three sons, Isaac and twins Jesse and Joe, all serve and play on worship teams at the House of Prayer and Julie helps her husband Walt with homegroups and youth gatherings that support the growing community at the Missions Base. Julie and her family reside in Kansas City, MO.