

LETTERS TO A DEAD CHURCH



To those who have ears let them hear.

Table of Contents

1. Introduction
2. My testimony
3. To the church
4. I Would Rather Die Than Get Paid for This
5. What Were You Made For?
6. Unintended consequences
7. The Mold: The System that Shaped You.
8. The illusion of meaning.
9. The whisper you were taught to ignore
10. Too Busy
11. Entertained to Death: The Devil's Great Distraction
12. Are We Making Disciples or Building a Business?
13. Asleep at the Wheel
14. Why
15. Book, Chapter, Verse... But Do You Even Understand It?
16. Dead Religion.
17. Do You Even Have the Spirit of Truth?
18. Let the dead bury the dead?
19. Is God controlling everything right now?
20. Tongues: The Spirit of Truth or the Spirit of?
21. A Letter to the Church in Babylon
22. Have we become superstitious?
23. A Letter to the Church: On Judging, Discernment, and Offense
24. What is sin?

25. Are you born again?
26. Prove it by the Way You Live
27. What Is Repentance?
28. What they want vs what they need
29. The Calling
30. Why Do We Do Church Like This?
31. The Door
32. The Head Has Been Turned and the Supper is Hollow
33. The Shepherd vs. the Farmer
34. The Ten Commandments
35. What Is Marriage
36. To the Women of the Church: On Sex, Marriage, and Healing
37. When Do We Make Men of God?
38. Why Can't I Pray Like Them?
39. To the Teachers, Pastors, and Leaders
40. Childlike Faith
41. This is poison
42. To My Brother
43. To Pastor
44. The follow up with Pastor
45. Response to Pastor
46. The Beginning
47. Final thoughts

Introduction

This book is not a devotional.

It's not a leadership manual, a church growth strategy, or a feel-good Christian read.

This is a fire alarm.

A series of wake-up calls. A collection of letters written in tears, urgency, and love—because something is terribly wrong, and most people can't see it. Or worse, they don't want to.

I didn't write these letters to gain followers or make a name for myself. I'm not here to entertain you, flatter you, or sell you anything. I am not a pastor, a celebrity, or a theologian. I'm a slave of Jesus. A brother. A son. A fool. And someone who's been watching the state of the modern Church and grieving for a very long time.

What you'll read in these pages may offend you. It may shake your foundations. It may make you question everything you were taught. Good. That's the point.

Because the truth is: we've been lied to.

We've been handed a watered-down gospel wrapped in religious performance and cultural comfort. We've called buildings the Church, systems the Kingdom, and traditions the truth. We've settled for a Christianity that requires no cross, no dying to self, no repentance, and no real transformation. And then we've wondered why our homes are broken, our children are leaving the faith, and our churches are powerless.

But Jesus is calling His people out of the fog and into the fire.

He's NOT coming back for a bride addicted to the world, distracted by her idols, or asleep in her pew. He's coming back for a bride who is pure, awake, set apart, and in love with Him.

These letters are a journey—from deception to discipleship. From religion to relationship. From bondage to freedom. From pretending to burning.

You'll find confrontation here. But you'll also find hope. You'll find truth—sharp, unfiltered, but spoken in love. And if you read with a humble heart, I believe the Holy Spirit will meet you in these pages. Not because of who I am, but because of who He is.

This isn't the end. It's the beginning.

So I invite you—lay down your pride. Lay down your titles. Lay down what you think you know. Come as a child. Ask the Lord to speak. And if He does... obey.

Let the journey begin.

-Slave of Jesus

A voice in the wilderness. A brother. A servant. A son.

My testimony

I was born into a home where God was talked about—but never truly known.

Before I was even eight years old, probably 5 or 6. I remember being taken to different churches. My dad would bring us to Lutheran services, and later, he became Catholic. My mom, on the other hand, brought us to loud, emotional charismatic churches and Pentecostal conventions. I remember the altar calls. I remember asking Jesus into my heart—over and over again. I'd pray those desperate prayers, terrified and scared of the world around me. I talked to Jesus often, even as a child. I didn't know much, but I knew I needed Him. I begged Him to guide me. To save me. To help me make sense of everything.

When I was 11, my parents' marriage fell apart. What followed was a divorce that stretched on for nearly six years. My mom fought hard for full custody, and she got it. I only saw my dad five to ten times during that entire six-year period—and just once did I have an overnight visit with him.

After my dad left, my younger brother and sister were put into public school. My older brother went on to a technical college. But I was already behind, so my mom kept me out. In fact, my parents had pulled me out of school after kindergarten because I had a learning disability. My mom had planned to homeschool me—and for a while, she tried. Since she was going to homeschool me, they decided to homeschool my older brother too.

But during/after the divorce, things got worse. My mom was no longer able to teach. From first grade through twelfth grade, I never once completed a full textbook. I never graduated from anything. I was "homeschooled" on paper, but in reality, I was unschooled—left to figure things out on my own.

When I was young and still didn't know my ABCs, my mom grew so frustrated with me that she cut out the alphabet in sandpaper. She made me trace each letter with my finger—and sometimes even with the tip of my nose.

The world felt like a scary, chaotic place. I didn't understand why things were the way they were. But I kept talking to Jesus. He was the only one who never left. Even when I felt nothing—when it felt like I was talking to myself—I kept talking to Him anyway.

When I was about eight years old, we moved to a small town, and my mom brought us to the Baptist church where my dad's parents attended. I started going to Sunday school and Wednesday night youth group. I had three close friends I grew up with. We will call them—Maynard, Danny, and Adam. One of them was the pastor's kid. I went to conferences, youth events, and summer camps. I did all the "Christian" things... but I still never felt like I fit in.

Something always felt off. Everywhere I went—church, youth group, even at home—I was watching, observing, trying to understand why it all felt so hollow. I saw my friends go to school every day while I stayed behind. I saw them move forward while I was stuck. My own mother and siblings treated me like I was broken—like I just couldn't get with the program. But over time, I realized... it wasn't me. It was them.

My younger brother went off to medical school and didn't care about the lord. My sister got married, had three kids, and later pursued an open marriage that eventually broke her home. My older brother became a man who chased worldly wealth and flaunted pride in knowing better than everyone else. And my mom—though she claims to be a Christian—is the kind of woman warned about in 2 Timothy 3: “always learning but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.” I've tried to talk with her in love, to reason with her, but it always ends in confusion and attack. When it came time to confront my sister in love and concern regarding the choices she was making for her home, my wife and I were completely alone.

I watched all three of my childhood friends walk away from God. One turned to science and skepticism. Another said, “I prayed the prayer... and it didn't work.” The third started using meth at 14 and spiraled into a life of addiction and sin. Watching them walk away from the Lord broke my heart. I couldn't understand how none of it felt real to them—or to many of the people I saw in church, for that matter. But for me, I didn't see any better option than pursuing mine.

But I kept praying. Kept talking to Jesus. Kept begging Him to guide me. And somehow, through all of it, I held on.

When I was 14 and 15, my mom sent me to live on and off with my aunt and uncle. Those were some of the fondest memories of my childhood. There was peace in their home. There was structure. They gave me attention. I felt safe and loved.

But it didn't last. My mom didn't want the house in the divorce, and so we started moving—to an old ladies basement, to my grandparents' motorhome, to Branson, Missouri, back to another uncle's basement, to a hotel, and eventually to seminary housing when my mom decided she was going to Bible school. All of that happened between the ages of 16 and 17.

Still, I never fit in. Not in church. Not in youth group. Not in the world. I felt like I was missing the script everyone else had been given. I kept praying, kept watching, kept asking Jesus to guide me and show me what he wanted me to do with my life.

As I grew older, I longed for a wife. But I ended up doing married things before I was married. I knew better. The Holy Spirit was nudging me, but I didn't listen. So my Father let me feel the weight of my choices. I ended up in a hard marriage with a quarrelsome woman—a fighter, prideful and judgmental, always convinced she knew better. It was painful. But I held on. And that pain drove me deeper into my relationship with my Father in heaven, because there was nowhere else to turn.

My own family always took her side. No one fought for me. No one called to check in or offered encouragement. I was mocked for not giving up—for fighting for my marriage, even when it felt

hopeless. I can't count how many times I sat alone in tears, crying out to my Father to just hold me and give me strength to make it through another day.

And He did. He used that pain to shape me. Over the years, my faith grew. My relationship with my Father deepened. The Holy Spirit began pressing on my heart to be a missionary.

But how could I be supported by the very institution the Lord had opened my eyes to—the same American Church that looked nothing like the Church in Scripture? I had no community. No real brothers or sisters. I'd never had a circle where we could speak openly about the Kingdom of God with understanding and unity. Everything around me felt scripted, plastic, and powerless.

So the Holy Spirit gave me a plan. We sold our house. We stepped out in faith.

Then I discovered my wife had been hiding alcoholism. That season was brutal. I walked through it alone. Again—no phone calls, no support, no one asking, “How are you guys doing? Can we help?”

No. Just more isolation. More blame. More silence.

But I kept pressing into the Father. Begging Him. Pleading with Him to restore my home. To heal my family. To finish what He started.

And slowly... over the years... He has.

So you see, I've wrestled with something for a long time—something I still bring before the Lord even now:

How come so many people who were raised in church, who called themselves Christians, ended up with no real faith at all?

I've watched the people I grew up with—friends I worshipped beside, cried beside, went to youth group with—walk away from God entirely. Even my old youth leaders. I've seen people pray the prayer, get dunked in water, raise their hands in worship... only to become atheists, addicts, or just numb adults chasing the same empty things the world does. I've watched my own family—people who knew all the right Christian words—trade humility for pride, repentance for excuses, and truth for what's comfortable.

And I've cried out, “Lord, why? Why does none of it seem real to them? Why did I always feel like the only one who cared?”

It used to make me question myself. Maybe I was the problem. Maybe I was too intense. Maybe I didn't understand faith the right way.

But I know better now.

It's not that I'm special—it's that I've always needed Him. Not religion. Not a group. Not a church event. Him.

When I hear Christians say things like:

“You need community... you need friends... because when hard times come, if you don’t have people, you’ll fail...”

Or:

“No man is an island...”

I don’t hear truth.

I hear the serpent speaking.

Because I’ve never had community.

I’ve never had a support system.

I’ve been on the island alone with God and man has truthfully only been in the way and caused confusion.

I’ve walked through the fire with no friends holding my hands, no church surrounding me, no safety net.

And yet—I’ve stood.

Not because I’m strong.

But because He is.

You see, it’s not other people we need to depend on—it’s the Lord. He gives us everything we need. So when I hear Christians say those things, they sound like they’re leaning on crutches.

They don’t know how to walk with the Lord alone.

They don’t know how to sit in silence with Him.

They don’t know how to be broken and still blessed.

They don’t know how to find strength when no one is texting, no one is calling, no one is checking in.

They think community is their foundation—when it’s only supposed to be a blessing.

But I’ve learned firsthand:

If your faith can’t stand without people propping it up, it’s not real faith.

Because the truth is...

God strips everything away so you learn who your real Provider is.

So you learn what it means when Jesus says, “My grace is sufficient for you.”

So you learn that man is not your source.

If your friends are your lifeline—then Jesus is not your Lord.

They’ve become your god.

And that’s why when I walk into churches and hear people clinging to “community” as the answer for everything, I don’t feel encouraged.

I feel grieved.

Because I’ve walked alone with the Lord.

And I’ve found that He is enough.

And He met me. In the silence. In the tears. In the confusion. In the loneliness.

He taught me to walk with Him.

He’s shown me that most people haven’t walked away from Jesus—they’ve walked away from the version of Him they were sold. The Jesus of programs. Of performance. Of religious appearance with no power. They were never taught to truly surrender. They never encountered the Holy Spirit in truth. They never died to self. They never heard His voice. They never learned to walk the narrow road.

But I have.

And now I see clearly: it was never about them. It was always about the One who never left me.

The Father has been writing this story the whole time.

And I’m still listening.

You see, they always tell you that you need to share your testimony.

But what if your testimony doesn’t fit in a meme?

What if it’s not catchy or dramatic or easy to digest in 60 seconds?

What if your story isn’t a tidy before-and-after—just a long road of pain, prayer, wrestling, and childlike faith that refuses to grow old and die?

My testimony isn't something I can sum up on a stage or put into a three-point sermon. It's not a conversion moment—it's a conversation that's been going on my whole life. One long prayer. One long walk. One long cry of, "Jesus, help me."

And the truth is... most people don't have the attention span to listen.

They want quick, clean, Christian-sounding answers.

But I didn't get a quick or clean life.

I got silence. I got confusion. I got betrayal. I got abandoned. I got forgotten.

But I also got Jesus.

I got Him in the secret place. In the tears. In the pain. In the middle of nowhere. I got Him when nobody else was around—when there wasn't a church service or a worship team or a small group. I got Him in the dark. I got Him in the wilderness.

So no, I don't have a testimony that fits in your template.

But I have one that's real.

And if you're still enough to listen—you'll hear it too.

Now, my wife, our children, and I live between two small primitive cabins.

One of our cabins has electricity and a well. The other is completely off-grid—we pump our water from the creek and have a wood fired bathtub. Both have outhouses. We live simply, by choice.

Almost every week, I take my family to a different church—not to be entertained, not to be fed, but to listen. To observe. To test. To see what the Holy Spirit has to say. Then we come back home and talk. We wrestle through what we heard. I disciple my children by walking them through the contradictions they hear from different pulpits—always pointing them back to the Word, and the voice of the Spirit.

You see, the Holy Spirit is teaching me how to be a fisherman of men. So while I'm in these churches, I'm not just sitting there passively. I'm watching. Listening. Asking questions. Talking to people. Trying to build relationships—not for the sake of socializing, but to plant seeds. To challenge. To encourage. To disciple, when possible.

I'm praying for the day when I'll be casting out nets. I'm actively searching for the remnant. I'm looking for those whose ears still work, whose eyes can still see, whose hearts haven't gone hard. I'm trying to make disciples—not followers of me, but of Jesus.

Because if the Spirit of God has taught me this much—me, a man with no degrees, no credentials, no support—then I know He can use me to teach others too. Not with clever arguments. Not with flashy words. But with truth.

And I know that truth still sets people free.

I'm not raising my replacements, a.k.a. Kids to be successful in this world.

I'm raising them to be powerful sons and daughters of God—fully dependent on their Father in heaven for everything.

Because if the Lord can teach me—a natural-born fool, unschooled, rejected, neglected, overlooked—and pour out wisdom beyond words, then I know what He can do for them.

He does what He says He'll do.

He said the Holy Spirit would teach us through all things. I testify that it's true.

Jesus said, "Your Father will give you everything you need." I testify—it's true.

Paul said, "Let perseverance finish its work, so that you may be mature and complete, lacking nothing." Again, I testify—it's true.

He said, "I will write my law on their hearts."

And again—I testify that this is true.

Because when I actually started reading the Bible—really reading it, not just skimming or quoting it—I was well into adulthood. And what I found shocked me.

I didn't feel like I was reading a list of things I needed to try harder to do.

I wasn't overwhelmed with rules I hadn't heard before.

I wasn't convicted because I'd never done what it said.

Instead—I saw my own story on the pages.

I saw things the Lord had already been doing in me.

I saw truth that had already been planted deep in my heart—years before I ever found it in the text.

I saw things He had been shedding off me. Things He had been pruning.

Things He had already begun shaping me into—long before I could point to a verse.

That's how I knew: the Holy Spirit had been writing His law on my heart all along.

No man taught me.

No seminary trained me.

No program disciplined me.

The Holy Spirit did.

Because the Word is alive—and He was already living in me.

Now I need man for nothing.

I have lived a life completely dependent on my Father. He has provided. He has taught. He has led. So to be honest, the opinions of man don't carry much weight with me anymore. I've been refined by fire—not by seminaries or systems, not by books or credentials—but by pain, silence, faith, and obedience.

My whole life, people have tried to explain "the way of the world to me". Tried to teach me how things are supposed to work. But most of it has been noise. Rubbish. In one ear, out the other.

The world shouts, but it's the Holy Spirit who gives volume to what actually matters.

When I was working, I used to meet with people from all walks of life. I would ask questions. I didn't care if I was sitting with someone who just sold their company for \$140 million or someone living in a trailer park—I listened. And the Holy Spirit taught me.

Because you can learn something from everyone—but it's rarely the thing they're trying to tell you. It's usually what the Spirit reveals between the lines. That's what He gives volume to.

And that's how I've been raised—not by this world, but by my Father in Heaven.

You see, I've spent years observing the world around me. And one thing has become painfully clear:

I live in a culture obsessed with comfort, convenience, and being well fed.

Here in America, people deprive themselves of nothing. They chase pleasure like it's purpose. Always looking for the next upgrade... the next business venture... the job promotion... the raise... the new car... the "better" something. But they're completely blind to the fact that all of it—all of it—will burn when the fire comes.

I've traveled to third world countries. I've seen the poor. The ones with dirt floors and no plumbing. And do you know what I saw? Joy. Peace. Gratitude. Smiles that weren't fake. People who had nothing, yet were content.

Then I come back to the USA and I see a different kind of poverty—spiritual poverty in the land of excess. We are like livestock fattened for the slaughter. Gorging ourselves on food, entertainment, and pleasure while growing more prideful, more gluttonous, more slothful, more envious, more lustful, more greedy, and more angry with every passing year.

And the worst part? Nobody sees it.

Even when I tell them—they don't listen. It's like they've been programmed by a machine. A system. They don't realize that everything they've built their life on is made of plastic and paper—ready to be swept away in a moment.

So yes—I could afford to live in a big house. I could drive something flashy. I could play the game and still be debt-free. But I won't. If my brother made himself poor, I can at least live like I'm poor. And truthfully, it's funny and sad to see how people look at us and treat us at times.

So we live the way we do because my father has given me freedom because character matters more than comfort. And the Kingdom of God matters more than the kingdom of this world. Like scripture says when the Son sets you free you're truly free. I now see a world that is shackled by all of their standards that they need to live.

I choose to live like a poor man—not because I have to, but because the world's riches aren't rich to me. I deprive myself—not to suffer for suffering's sake—but to stay sharp, humble, and awake. I live simply to rebel against the system that's trying to lull everyone to sleep.

And it breaks my heart that most people can't see it. Even people who claim to know Jesus.

But I'm done trying to fit in.

I'm not here to blend. I'm here to follow Jesus and point others to him.

The narrow road doesn't come with upgrades.

So Who Am I?

I'm not who the world says I should be.

I'm not the sum of my education—because I never had one.

I'm not defined by church titles, degrees, stages, or approval—because I was never given any of that.

And while I may be “successful” by this world's standards—I choose to live as if I'm poor.

Not because I have to... but because I want to.

Because the riches of this world aren't worth the cost of my soul.

Because living poor in the flesh has made me rich in the Spirit.

And I'm more than okay with that.

Because I wasn't raised by this world.

I've been raised by my Father in Heaven.

You see, I've always been treated like the one who couldn't get with the program.

Misunderstood. Laughed at. Left behind. I was the kid who couldn't keep up, the brother who was always “off,” the man who didn't fit in the church pews or the family gatherings. I've been dismissed by pastors, ignored by leaders, betrayed by my own blood. I've sat through sermons where Jesus was talked about, but He wasn't present. I've cried out in rooms full of people and found no one to cry with me. But I have never been alone.

Because I've heard my Father's voice.

He didn't teach me through textbooks or conferences. He taught me through tears. Through silence. Through pain. Through discipline. Through wilderness. He refined me with fire—and I didn't run from it. I stayed in it. And I found Him there.

He taught me that when you walk by the Spirit, you don't need man's permission. You don't need applause. You don't need a platform. You need obedience. Faith. Childlike trust.

That's how I live.

I've seen the systems. The church machine. The American dream. I've walked through them and watched them devour people from the inside out. People stuffed full of pleasure and fattened on comfort—yet starving for meaning. I've seen gluttony dressed as blessing, pride celebrated as wisdom, and lukewarmness passed off as balance. I've seen the very things Scripture warns us about being used to build “Christian” lives.

So I've chosen a different road.

He said the Holy Spirit would teach you through all things—and I testify, it's true.

He said your Father in heaven would give you everything you need—and again, I testify, it's true.

Paul said when perseverance finishes its work, you'll be complete and lacking nothing—and I am living proof.

So who am I?

In the eyes of the world, I am a fool. I am poor. I am uneducated and I am Unknown.

But I am a son of the Most High God. A slave of Jesus Christ. A man refined by fire, trained by the Holy Spirit, and sent by my Father to call others out of the system that is killing them.

I don't need what this world calls success. I don't need what the church calls normal.

And I will keep walking this narrow road until I see my Father's face.

-Slave of Jesus

Just a man with childlike faith since he was a child.

A tiny mustard seed was planted—

watered through years of seeking, trusting, childlike faith and obeying.

And as it grew, it pushed through the soil of hardship,

sent down deep roots in the dark,

until it became something far greater than anyone expected.

Something alive.

Something extraordinary.

A man who has died—

and been reborn through a long, painful birth.

And now, it is no longer I who live,

but Christ who lives in me.

To the Church

What if we've misunderstood what it means to repent?

We've handed people a prayer and called it salvation. We've taught that belief alone is enough, without surrender. We've comforted sin instead of crucifying it. But what if transformation takes more than attendance, more than emotion, more than a moment at an altar?

What if true repentance looks more like recovery?

The 12 Steps—originally written for recovering alcoholics—might just hold more truth about spiritual rebirth and sanctification than much of what's preached today. Not because they replace the gospel, but because they reflect it.

Let me show you:

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.

This is the first crack in our pride. It's what Jesus called "poverty of spirit." (Matthew 5:3) It's saying, "I can't do this. I've tried. I've failed. I need help." Romans 7:18 echoes this: "I want to do what is right, but I can't."

2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.

Faith begins when we stop trusting in ourselves and look up. "Anyone who comes to Him must believe that He exists and that He rewards those who sincerely seek Him." (Hebrews 11:6) This is not intellectual belief—it's desperate hope.

3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.

This is surrender. It's what Jesus meant when He said, "If anyone wants to be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Me." (Luke 9:23) It's not partial—it's everything.

4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

We don't like this part. But repentance isn't vague. It's surgical. David prayed, "Search me, O God... point out anything in me that offends You." (Psalm 139:23–24) This is about letting the light touch every corner.

5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

This is James 5:16 in action: “Confess your sins to each other and pray for each other so that you may be healed.” Not hiding. Not sugar-coating. Honest confession. Healing begins in the light.

6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.

Are we ready? Or are we just sorry? Jesus didn’t call people to feel bad—He called them to follow. “Go and sin no more” (John 8:11) is only possible if we’re truly willing to let Him change us.

7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.

This is the prayer of someone who knows they can’t fix themselves. “Ask, and it will be given to you.” (Matthew 7:7) This isn’t self-help—it’s total dependence on God.

8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all.

Repentance isn’t just vertical—it’s relational. Jesus said, “If you’re offering your gift at the altar and remember someone has something against you, go be reconciled first.” (Matthew 5:23–24)

9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.

This is the fruit of repentance John the Baptist talked about: “Prove by the way you live that you have repented.” (Luke 3:8 NLT) It’s not enough to feel sorry—we must set things right.

10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it.

Repentance is not a one-time prayer—it’s a lifelong posture. Paul said, “I die daily.” (1 Corinthians 15:31) We don’t graduate from humility.

11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God...

This is what Jesus meant when He said, “Abide in Me.” (John 15:5) Not perform for Me. Not impress Me. Abide. A daily, personal, surrendered relationship.

12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message... and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

This is discipleship. The Great Commission wasn’t, “Go and make believers.” It was, “Go and make disciples... teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you.” (Matthew 28:19–20)

Church, how have we strayed so far?

Why are addicts experiencing more transformation in recovery rooms than people sitting in pews? Why do they confess more deeply, humble themselves more often, and walk more honestly than many who claim to follow Christ?

Maybe because they're desperate. And maybe that's what's missing in us.

Jesus didn't come for the healthy. He came for the sick. He came for the broken. But until we admit we're sick, we'll never be healed. Until we surrender, we'll never be transformed. Until we die to self, we can't be raised to new life.

Recovery isn't just for addicts—it's for anyone who wants to be made new.

So maybe it's time to start over.

Not with a new church service or another book or a better plan.

But with a searching, fearless inventory.

With confession.

With humility.

With surrender.

With the cross.

And with Jesus.

No shortcuts. No disguises. No performance.

Just real repentance.

And real life.

-Slave of Jesus
and a fellow traveler on the narrow road

I would rather die than get paid for this

This Message Is Not for Sale

Years ago, my Father in heaven put it on my heart to be a missionary. I didn't ask for it—it was planted in me.

And as I grew, the Holy Spirit began to open my eyes.

I started to see the deception, the dysfunction, the rot hiding beneath the gold plating of the modern Church.

I knew the calling on my life wasn't going to be funded by the very system I had been sent to wake up.

So the Lord gave me a plan.

He showed me what to do.

And it wasn't easy.

My family had to make sacrifices. We had to work. We had to lay things down.

But because we listened—because we obeyed—we now walk in the fruit of that surrender.

We have financial freedom, not because of a megachurch paycheck or donor list, but because the Lord provided.

We are now self-funded missionaries.

We don't need a stage.

We don't need support letters.

We don't have to beg the Church for money to do what the King of heaven has already told us to do.

I once heard someone say, "If God gives the vision, He'll give the provision."

That's not just a quote for me—it's reality.

I've lived it.

I've seen it.

He is faithful.

Don't you realize how it used to work?

The priests lived off the temple—fed by the offerings, sustained by the sacrifices.

But those offerings only came when the people sinned.

Their livelihood depended on disobedience. Their provision was tied to guilt.

The more sin, the more sacrifice. The more failure, the more food on their tables.

But that's not the way of Jesus.

He gave Himself as the final offering.

He didn't come to keep the temple system alive—He came to tear the veil.

He didn't come to perpetuate the priesthood—He came to fulfill it.

He didn't come to live off sin—He came to destroy it.

And still—I've never claimed that right.

I'm not writing this because I want anything from you.

I'd rather die than lose the joy of knowing that I gave what God gave me—freely, with clean hands and an unpolluted heart.

Because this isn't mine.

I can't boast about it.

I didn't choose this life—it arrested me.

It burns inside like fire, and I must speak.

Woe to me if I don't.

If I were doing this for my own gain—for my own name, platform, or comfort—then yes, I'd deserve a paycheck.

But I'm not.

This is holy.

This is sacred trust.

And I refuse to defile it.

I will not turn His cross into a commodity.

I will not package the blood of Jesus into a product.

I will not put a price tag on what was paid for in full.

But what have we done?

We've rebuilt the temples.

We've filled them with performers and plastered Jesus' name across the marquee.

We've staffed the altars with hired hands and turned the sacred into a brand.

We've sold tickets to His table, passed offering plates like vending machines, and used the gospel as bait to build our platforms.

We've made merchandise of the truth—and called it ministry.

Pastors salaried like CEOs.

Worship turned into concerts.

Conferences charging hundreds to “encounter God.”

Sermons behind paywalls.

Testimonies reserved for subscribers.

T-shirts for \$35 and deliverance for \$99.

We've made Christianity look more like capitalism than Christ.

But I won't touch it.

I don't want it.

I won't sell what was never mine to own.

Because the Kingdom of God is not a business.

The gospel is not a service.

And Jesus did not die to make us employees of religion.

This message is not for sale.

I will write.

I will speak.

I will obey.

And if I must go hungry to do it—so be it.

Because my reward is not here.

My supply is not in man.

And the words I speak were breathed by the Spirit, not printed in a marketing packet.

I didn't sign up for this—I was seized.

And now, I owe everything to the One who gave everything.

So no, I won't sell His blood to build a brand.

I won't exploit His wounds to fund my comfort.

I will go where He sends me.

Say what He tells me.

And live like a man who has nothing—yet possesses everything.

Because this is a sacred trust.

And this message is not for sale.

—Slave of Jesus

What Were You Made For?

The tomato plant knows why it exists. It doesn't struggle with identity. It doesn't run after other plants to ask what it should become—it was made to produce fruit, and that's exactly what it does. Every bird, every tree, every creature in creation fulfills its purpose without question. But man... man, the one to whom all of creation was given, doesn't even know why he was made.

We chase things—titles, houses, money, degrees, approval, influence—and we call it purpose. But all of that burns. We're building sandcastles and calling them kingdoms.

We spend decades chasing careers that don't matter in eternity. We pour ourselves into degrees that cost more than they give. We obsess over promotions, applause, and being seen—while heaven weeps over the souls we've neglected, including our own.

We work overtime for bigger houses we're barely home to enjoy, buy cars to impress people we don't even know, and numb our emptiness with entertainment, substances, or busyness. We're addicted to the grind and we call it "providing." We worship productivity and call it discipline. We idolize success and call it blessing.

But in the end, none of it lasts. None of it makes us clean. None of it makes us whole. The Kingdom of God is not impressed with our resumes. It's not moved by our followers, our investments, or our degrees. It's built on obedience, humility, faith, love—and most of all, on knowing the King Himself.

People say, "I'm a good person," or "Why would God send me to hell?"

But that question reveals how little we understand Him.

Why would God force someone to spend eternity with Him when they had no desire for Him now?

Why would He make you live forever in His presence when you spent your whole life avoiding Him, resisting Him, replacing Him?

You didn't want Him in your home.

You didn't want Him in your plans.

You didn't want Him in your heart.

So why would you want Him in your forever?

This life is a breath. Eternity is forever.

And yet—we've traded the eternal for the temporary.

We've traded intimacy with the Living God for a paycheck.

We've traded the glory of His presence for a diploma on a wall.

We've traded the approval of heaven for the applause of men.

We've traded seeing the face of God... for dust.

What happened to us?

We simply failed to be what we were created for.

We were created for Him.

To know Him. To walk with Him. To love Him. To obey Him.

“And this is the way to have eternal life—to know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, the one you sent to earth.” (John 17:3)

We were made for His glory.

“Everyone who is called by my name, whom I created for my glory, whom I formed and made.” (Isaiah 43:7)

But we've forgotten. We've wandered.

Still, the Lord hasn't stopped calling.

“Look! I stand at the door and knock. If you hear my voice and open the door, I will come in, and we will share a meal together as friends.” (Revelation 3:20)

He wants us back.

Not to shame us—but to restore us.

Not to enslave us—but to free us.

Not to use us—but to walk with us... again.

You see, we were warned.

The Lord promised He would never again destroy the earth with a flood—and He's kept that promise. But He also made it clear: when this world has run its course, when it has fulfilled its purpose, when the wheat has been gathered and the tares exposed—it will be destroyed by fire.

“By the same word, the present heavens and earth are reserved for fire, being kept for the day of judgment and destruction of the ungodly.” (2 Peter 3:7)

This isn't mythology. This isn't a metaphor.

It's a warning. A fire is coming.

Not just to the wicked—but to everything that wasn't built on Jesus.

Everything we built for ourselves—our careers, our empires, our reputations, our ambitions—will be tested.

And if it's not of Him... it will burn.

Because only one Kingdom is eternal. Only one foundation will remain.

In the book of Acts, the Church didn't need buildings, stages, or seminaries. They didn't pay men to teach them how to talk about God. They knew Him. They were filled with the Spirit, walking in power, obedience, humility, and truth. They made disciples, not fans. They were willing to die for the gospel because they had already died to themselves.

But today... we attend services, check boxes, and call ourselves Christians, all while still living for ourselves. We gather around teachers to hear what we want to hear. We trust diplomas and platforms more than the Spirit of God. We confuse information with transformation. We're lukewarm—and we don't even know it. And too blind to see it.

This is not the Church Jesus died for.

Where is the power?

Where is the fire?

Where is the discipleship?

Where is the repentance?

Do you even know why you were made?

You were created for Him.

Not for your dreams.

Not for your career.

Not for your Instagram ministry or your perfect suburban life.

You were made to know Him, to walk with Him, to bear fruit that lasts. But instead of producing fruit, we produce content. Instead of being filled with the Spirit, we're filled with opinions. We are distracted, deceived, and dead inside—but dressed up nice on Sunday.

We've drifted so far from the Lord's ways that we now believe someone who needs a paycheck or applause to talk about God or teach His Word has something more valid to say. But did Jesus ever tell us to go to school to learn about Him so we could then disciple others?

We've been told that our purpose is to work—and yes, I understand that in this broken and fallen world, we need money to survive. But don't be deceived: my Father didn't put me on this earth to work for Walmart—or to take a job as a pastor. And He didn't put you here for that either. He didn't create you to chase a degree or get good at this world.

We've lost sight of how far the world—and even the Church—has strayed from God's ways.

Let's look at Jesus. He didn't charge admission to the Sermon on the Mount. He didn't pass a basket after feeding the five thousand. He wasn't collecting tithes so He could afford to preach. He gave freely—because He received freely from the Father. He was sent, not hired. And He warned us about hired hands who run when the wolves come, because their hearts aren't truly with the sheep. “I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd sacrifices his life for the sheep. A hired hand will run when he sees a wolf coming. He will abandon the sheep because they don't belong to him and he isn't their shepherd. And so the wolf attacks them and scatters the flock. The hired hand runs away because he's working only for the money and doesn't really care about the sheep.” John 10:11-13 NLT

The apostles didn't start ministries to make careers out of preaching. Paul worked with his hands so he wouldn't be a burden to anyone. They preached because they were compelled by the Spirit of God, not because it paid the bills. In fact, it cost them everything.

Today, we elevate people based on credentials, degrees, charisma, or influence. We platform those with smooth words and polished images, while ignoring the ones crying out in the wilderness. But God has always spoken through the lowly, the rejected, the ones with nothing to prove and nothing to gain—only the fear of the Lord and the fire of His Spirit burning in their bones.

So I'll ask again: how can someone who needs a paycheck or applause to speak have anything truly worth hearing?

The ones who speak truth are the ones who would say it even if it cost them everything—because they aren't speaking for men. They're speaking for God. They would still speak if it meant rejection, poverty, prison—or death. Why? Because they've already died. They've died to this world, and been reborn by the Spirit. They no longer live for applause, acceptance, or survival.

They live for the Kingdom.

They speak because they must.

Not for profit. Not for praise.

They speak because the truth burns inside them, and they fear God more than they fear man.

And I get it—some people think I've gone off the deep end with my faith. What they don't understand is this: I used to live like them. I used to think like them. But the more I step away from the current of this world and walk in the direction the Holy Spirit is leading me, the more distant we become.

The world, it keeps chasing the same empty things, sinking deeper into darkness. But I'm walking toward the Light. As Scripture says, "For once you were full of darkness, but now you have light from the Lord. So live as people of light" (Ephesians 5:8).

We are like plants. A tomato plant grows from seed, bears fruit in three to four months, and dies by month six. Humans grow from seed too—and we have our fruiting season somewhere between the ages of 10 and 50. Maybe, if we're lucky, we live to 100. Yet we think we're intelligent. But what does God see? What is time for Him?

Are tomato plants intelligent? How about dolphins? Or how about dogs? They don't question their purpose. They simply do what they were created to do.

But we—we are the ones who've deviated. We are the ones doing what we were not created for. We chase vanity. We exalt ourselves. We trade purity for pleasure, obedience for ambition, truth for tradition.

We're filthy on the inside. And we weren't made for that.

We think we're wise because we study the words of those who came before us, never stopping to ask if those people were deceived. One bad actor—or even one well-meaning but deceived voice—can lead an entire world astray. That's why we must test everything. We must question everything. As it is written: *Let God be true, and every man a liar.*

"Whoever wants to be first must take last place and be the servant of everyone else."

Then He took a child into His arms and said, *"Anyone who welcomes a little child like this on my behalf welcomes Me, and anyone who welcomes Me welcomes not only Me but also My Father who sent Me."* (Mark 9:35–37)

How many presidents, elected officials, even policemen or anyone with "power" do you know who doesn't want the position of power that they are in? Power is in our fleshly nature. It corrupts. That's why Jesus flipped the whole idea upside down. If you want to be great, you have to be low. Think about the Beatitudes. Think about the fruits of the Spirit. Do you see those in the halls of earthly power?

God even calls women to submit to their husbands—because He knows how much power a woman carries. Man is weak to her. So the one who holds the power is called to submit to the one who is weak to it. It's a divine design of humility. Everything about God's Kingdom is upside down from this world.

And if you have the Holy Spirit, these things aren't confusing. They're simple truths. Because it's the Spirit of God revealing them.

So pay your taxes. Try to live at peace on the earthly level, because you have real work to do that you'll be hated for. But don't lose sight of what you were made for. Focus on the Father. Focus on the Son. Walk in humility, repentance, and love. Ask Him to set you on fire—to burn bright and reflect His glory in this dark world. When you endure in faith and obedience, He will make you ready to produce a harvest. He will make you strong enough to enter the house of the strong man—Satan—and tie him up, and plunder what he has stolen.

For those who have ears to hear—let them hear.

Return. Repent. Be still. Listen. The Lord is calling His people back—not to religion, but to Himself. Not to church culture, but to the Kingdom of God.

Come out of the fog.
Come out of the lie.
Come into the light.

-Slave of Jesus

I am not a hired hand. Nobody supports me, but my father who sent me.

Unintended consequences

Everything we do has an outcome.

Not always right away. Not always loud or obvious.

But seeds grow. Choices take root.

And in time... the harvest comes.

Eating a Twinkie might not hurt you.

Not the first time. Maybe not even the fifth.

But over time, the pattern—the repetition—has a consequence.

Poor health. Obesity. Disease.

We don't often see the result of a single moment, but the weight of many moments—that's where life is shaped.

The same goes for smoking a cigarette.

You might inhale and feel nothing at all.

No sickness. No shortness of breath.

But light up every day, again and again, and the damage comes.

The lungs pay the price.

The body begins to fail.

And you wonder... When did this start?

It started with a single yes.

A single compromise.

A single seed.

And it's not just with health—it's with life.

With parenting. With sin. With love. With money.

Every decision carries a consequence.

Every “yes” to the flesh will eventually become a “no” to the Spirit.

Every indulgence has a cost.

And sometimes, the ones who pay that cost... aren’t even us.

Let me tell you a story.

There was an old man who had a son.

The son made a series of reckless choices.

He got a young girl pregnant—someone barely old enough to care for herself, let alone a child.

She didn’t have support. No safety net.

No family standing behind her.

And when the baby came, she tried.

But she didn’t have the resources or strength to fight a legal battle when the father demanded custody.

She gave in—not because she didn’t care, but because she didn’t have the power to fight back.

And so the son became the legal parent.

But he wasn’t ready to be a father.

He wanted the role—without the responsibility.

He wanted the title—without the sacrifice.

He wanted to win—not to raise.

The old man—his father—saw all of this.

He knew his son was not capable.

But instead of confronting him, he followed him.

Moved into the same apartment complex.

Close enough to help.

Close enough to rescue.

Groceries. Money. Bill payments. Childcare.

Month after month, the old man made life easier for his son.

He watched him waste time, neglect his child, pursue pleasure over parenting.

And instead of correcting him, he covered for him.

He thought he was showing love.

But he was shielding him from the very consequences that could have led to repentance.

The son grew more entitled by the day.

More arrogant. More selfish.

He didn't work. He didn't try.

He fed himself but neglected his son.

He stared at screens while his son sat alone.

He spent money on himself—on games, gadgets, food—while the real needs in front of him were ignored.

And that little boy... he watched.

He absorbed.

He saw a father who was physically there, but emotionally and spiritually absent.

He saw laziness modeled as normal.

He saw selfishness accepted as standard.

He saw a man-child, not a man of God.

And unless something breaks, that boy will become what he sees.

Because children always do.

Unless someone breaks the cycle.

The old man believed he was helping.

But he wasn't.

He was keeping his son from ever growing up.

He thought love meant protection.

But love without correction is not love—it's enablement.

And enablement eventually becomes destruction.

He erased the consequences—and so he erased the opportunity for his son to feel the cost of his choices.

He gave, but didn't teach.

He supported, but didn't discipline.

And in doing so, he passed down a legacy of passivity and entitlement.

This is how legacies are made.

And this is how legacies are lost.

Not in a moment of failure—but in thousands of small ones.

Not in a loud explosion—but in quiet permission.

Not in obvious evil—but in what seems like kindness.

The devil doesn't just use destruction.

He uses comfort.

He makes dysfunction livable.

And before you know it, what should have been unacceptable becomes normal.

We must wake up.

Because grace is not the absence of consequence.

Grace is the invitation to change course before the consequence crushes us.

Mercy is not permission to continue.

It is an open door to repent.

We reap what we sow.

God is not mocked. (Galatians 6:7–8)

And just because the seed hasn't sprouted yet, doesn't mean it's not growing.

So what are you planting today?

What are your children watching?

What legacy are you leaving?

What comfort are you funding that is actually feeding destruction?

Sometimes the people we think we're saving are the very ones we're crippling.

Let today be a turning point.

Let your harvest begin to change.

Because doing this... will lead to that.

Every time.

So we must pay attention.

We must be mindful.

Because this leads to that.

Every action is a seed.

Every word we speak.

Every compromise we make.

Every habit we ignore.

It's all planting something.

So ask yourself...

What is this that you're doing?

Is this staying silent when you should speak?

Is this letting your kids raise themselves while you zone out on your phone?

Is this tolerating sin in your home in the name of "grace"?

Is this enabling someone you love because it feels easier than confronting them?

Is this chasing your own comfort while someone else pays the price?

Because whatever this is... it's going to grow.

And it will become that.

That broken marriage.

That rebellious child.

That spiritual dullness.

That addiction.

That rigid old man or woman.

That moment you wake up and wonder, "How did I get here?"

You don't fall into that overnight.

You get there one this at a time.

So ask the Holy Spirit to search you.

To reveal the seeds in your life—both the good and the bad.

And then choose wisely what you're going to plant from this day forward.

Because doing this... will lead to that.

Every time.

-Slave of Jesus

The Mold

A Letter About the System That Shaped You

(How the General Education Board Helped Rewire Society)

Most people never stop to ask why they live the way they do.

Why do we wake up, go to work, send our kids to school, chase careers, pay mortgages, and measure success by titles and income? Why is life so rushed, so pressured, and so... uniform?

Did you ever wonder who designed this pattern?

Let me tell you something that's not a theory—it's documented history.

In 1902, John D. Rockefeller, one of the wealthiest men in American history, established the General Education Board (GEB). The board was backed by over \$180 million from the Rockefeller fortune, and its stated purpose was to improve education in the U.S.—especially in the South.

But “improve” depends on your definition.

The GEB didn't just aim to teach reading and math—it helped restructure American education. One of Rockefeller's key advisors, Frederick Taylor Gates, wrote in Occasional Letter Number One (1913):

“In our dreams... we have limitless resources, and the people yield themselves with perfect docility to our molding hands... We shall not try to make these people or any of their children into philosophers or men of learning or men of science. We are not to raise up from among them authors, educators, poets, or men of letters... The task we set before ourselves is simple... we will organize children and teach them to do in a perfect way the things their fathers and mothers are doing in an imperfect way.”

Let that sink in. They don't want you to think.

Their goal wasn't to raise thinkers. It was to raise workers—compliant, trained, and ready to fit into the industrial machine.

Does that sound like a system built by the Spirit of God... or by the spirit of control?

Does it sound like the freedom my Father gave us—or the captivity the enemy dressed up in structure?

The School Bell Echoes Still

More than a century later, you can still feel their fingerprints.

The modern education system is standardized, compartmentalized, and performance-based. It prizes obedience, compliance, and repeatable tasks—the perfect recipe for factory workers, office drones, and consumers.

Think about it:

- Children are trained to sit for hours, ask permission to speak, memorize instead of think, and follow bells and schedules.
- Creativity is boxed in. Deep spiritual questions are off-limits.
- Schools prepare students to take tests—but not to seek truth, ask why, or understand who they were created to be.

It worked. Society today runs like a well-oiled machine—on autopilot. But it's not the Kingdom of God people are living for... it's a manufactured life they never chose.

You were raised by a system that was never interested in who you truly are—only in what you could produce. You weren't shaped to think, to question, or to seek truth—you were molded to obey, consume, and conform. The goal wasn't wisdom. It was compliance. And what began in boardrooms with Rockefeller and Gates has become the invisible framework of nearly every life today. But this isn't just social control—it's spiritual warfare. Scripture warns us about people who live this way: "unthinking animals, creatures of instinct," driven by appetite, not by truth (2 Peter 2:12). Paul wrote that "their god is their belly" (Philippians 3:19)—they live for whatever they want, whatever feels good, whatever the system says is success. That's what this machine was designed to create. And if you've never questioned it, you might still be in it.

This Was Never the Father's Design

Jesus never called us to fit in.

He didn't die so we could earn diplomas, buy houses, and retire at 65.

That's not freedom. That's just a prettier version of Egypt.

We've been molded—and many don't even realize it.

"Don't copy the behavior and customs of this world, but let God transform you into a new person by changing the way you think."

—Romans 12:2 (NLT)

It makes sense why Scripture warned us not to conform to the world—because the temptation to conform is constant.

But we're not only told to resist the mold.

We're also told not to live for the approval of man.

"For am I now seeking the approval of man, or of God? If I were still trying to please man, I would not be a servant of Christ."

—Galatians 1:10

The system trains you to seek approval—from teachers, bosses, peers, and strangers on a screen.

But the Kingdom trains you to live for One voice.

Not the crowd's applause. Not your résumé.

Just the quiet approval of the Father.

"Well done, My good and faithful servant."

That's the only review that matters.

You weren't created to follow schedules.

You were created to follow the Shepherd.

So What Now?

I'm not writing this to make you afraid—I'm writing it so you'll wake up.

I'm writing this so you'll stop and ask:

- Who taught me what success is?
- Who told me what kind of life I'm supposed to live?
- Have I been trained by the Spirit... or programmed by the system?

I didn't always see the mold.

For years, I thought success meant fitting in, checking boxes, and making people proud.

But the more I tried, the more I felt like something eternal was being buried.

It wasn't until the Spirit started confronting my assumptions that I realized:

I wasn't free.

I was just functioning.

The system is built on fear—fear of failure, of falling behind, of being left out.

But fear is not from God.

“God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power, love, and a sound mind.”

—2 Timothy 1:7

So why does the system feed fear at every level?

Because fearful people are easy to manage.

And if we don't break the mold, our children will inherit it.

They'll grow up thinking it's normal to be overworked, spiritually numb, and disconnected from purpose.

But they were born for more—and it's on us to show them what freedom looks like.

Jesus doesn't mold people into workers.

He transforms them into sons and daughters.

You don't have to be what the world told you to be.

You don't have to live in the mold they handed you.

Break it.

This isn't just a message.

It's a jailbreak.

The Spirit of the Lord is calling people out of the machine.

Out of the assembly line.

Out of the sleepwalking life they were handed.

He's calling people to live with purpose, walk in truth, and obey His voice—not the system's.

Start small. Fast from the noise.

Ask the Holy Spirit to re-teach you what the world taught you wrong.

Open the Word with fresh eyes.

Question every assumption that didn't come from the Father.

Take off your uniform.

Unplug from the matrix.

Leave Egypt behind.

You were never meant to be molded by man.

You were meant to be led by the Spirit.

May the scales fall from your eyes.

May the lies lose their grip.

May you remember who you are—

not a machine, not a number,

but a son, a daughter, a vessel of glory.

—Slave of Jesus

A man not trained by the system, but taught by the Spirit.

The Illusion of Meaning:

A Letter About Meaninglessness

“Meaningless, meaningless,” says the Teacher. “Utterly meaningless. Everything is meaningless.”
— Ecclesiastes 1:2 (NIV)

But don’t misunderstand him. Solomon wasn’t some depressed, bitter man. He wasn’t broken by failure—he was broken by success.

He was a man who had everything this world could offer. Riches. Wisdom. Women. Power. Prestige. Wine. Accomplishments. He didn’t dream of these things—he owned them. He denied himself nothing. And yet in the end, he knew: None of it mattered.

“I denied myself nothing my eyes desired;
I refused my heart no pleasure.
My heart took delight in all my labor,
and this was the reward for all my toil.
Yet when I surveyed all that my hands had done
and what I had toiled to achieve,
everything was meaningless, a chasing after the wind;
nothing was gained under the sun.”
— Ecclesiastes 2:10–11 (NIV)

I’m concerned that many today are confused about Ecclesiastes. They read it as though it’s hopeless. But the message isn’t hopeless—it’s sobering. It’s a warning. It’s the testimony of a man who tried to find meaning in everything—and found it all empty. A man who tasted every fruit this world had to offer... and still hungered.

I’ve always found this world strange. Since I was a child—unschooled, overlooked, and neglected—I stood on the outside and watched. I watched my friends wake up in the morning, go to school, do as they were told, come home in the afternoon, and repeat. Day after day. Never questioning. Never slowing down. Just rinse and repeat.

Then I watched them grow up. And what changed? Nothing but the location.

Now it was: wake up in the morning, go to work, do as they’re told, come home in the evening, and repeat. Five days a week. Week after week. Year after year. They traded desks for timecards, textbooks for emails, but the system stayed the same.

And no one seemed to notice.

I watched people live entire lives for things that don't matter. I saw them wrap their identity in logos and brand names. Arctic Cat. Polaris. Chevy. Ford. Estée Lauder. Pottery Barn. As if the right outfit, the right vehicle, the right kitchen decor could tell them who they are.

But it can't. It never could.

People don't know who they are anymore.

They know what they've bought. They know what they've posted. They know what their job title is. But they don't know why they're here.

So let me ask you directly:

What's your identity?

Who are you really?

Have you ever done anything that actually mattered—or have you just been deceived your entire life?

Don't answer too quickly. Don't shrug it off. Sit with the question. Let it burn through the noise.

Because if Solomon was right—and he was—then anything that isn't built on God is meaningless.

And if that's true, then it's time to stop chasing vapor and start seeking the One who gives breath.

Jesus said it this way:

“Anyone who listens to my teaching and follows it is wise, like a person who builds a house on solid rock...

But anyone who hears my teaching and doesn't obey it is foolish, like a person who builds a house on sand.”

— Matthew 7:24, 26 (NLT)

That's the problem.

Too many have spent their whole lives building on sand. Chasing comfort. Career. Applause. Likes. Leisure. But it's dust, and when the storm comes—it collapses.

We were made for more.

“Now all has been heard;
here is the conclusion of the matter:
Fear God and keep his commandments,
for this is the duty of all mankind.”
— Ecclesiastes 12:13 (NIV)

Solomon understood that even though he had everything, none of it truly mattered. He called it all meaningless—because, without eternity in view, it was.

But that was before the cross. Before the resurrection. Before the Spirit was poured out.

We have something Solomon never saw in his lifetime: a Savior. A harvest. A Kingdom that never ends.

So now—what we do can matter. If it's done in faith. If it bears eternal fruit.

We can leave behind more than just memories—we can leave behind footsteps of faith for others to follow. Seeds for a harvest that will never die.

That's the message of Ecclesiastes.

You were not made to drift through this life like everyone else. You were not made to rinse and repeat until you die. You were made to know the Living God.

You were made for fire—not fog.

You were made to live with purpose. To pour out your life for the Kingdom.

To know your Father. To love Jesus.

To walk by the Spirit—not be herded by the system.

So again I ask:

Who are you?

What are you doing here?

What are you living for?

Because when the end comes—and it will come—everything built on sand will wash away.

But those who know the Rock... will stand.

— Slave of Jesus

If you're not living for the King... it really is meaningless after all.

The Whisper You Were Taught to Ignore

I'm concerned.

Not just about the state of the Church—but the system we live in.

Because what we call “normal life” isn't neutral.

It's formation.

It's conditioning.

It's a carefully crafted program that starts the moment we're born.

From day one, we're told what to do, how to think, what's important, and who to trust.

We're told how to live. How to succeed. How to fit in. How to survive.

We're told, “You are so special”—but no one stops to ask *what that actually means*.

Because when everyone is special, no one is.

And when we pump up self-esteem without truth, without repentance, without a cross—we don't raise up children of God.

We raise up narcissists.

We breed a generation so self-focused, so self-defensive, so convinced of their own greatness, they don't see their need for God at all.

The world taught them to “follow your heart”—but Jesus said the heart is deceitful.

The world taught them “you do you”—but the gospel says “die to yourself.”

The system taught them to chase their dreams—but the Spirit says “take up your cross.”

So tell me:

What spirit is forming our children?

Who shaped the way you think about success, identity, gender, truth, work, love, education?

This world is not neutral.

It's not passive.

It is not your friend.

But we are never taught how to listen.

Not to the still, small voice.

Not to the One who speaks in the quiet.

Not to the whisper of the Spirit.

We're taught to follow orders.

To meet expectations.

To be practical. Productive. Self-sufficient.

We're told to listen to teachers, bosses, leaders, and experts—

But never to pause.

Never to be still.
Never to wait and hear from the Lord.

We are disciplined by the world before we even know what the word *disciple* means.

We're trained to trust in our own understanding.
Our own strength.
Our own effort.
Even in church—how many are truly taught to wait on the Lord?
To sit in silence?
To hear His voice... and obey?

Instead, we're handed more noise.
More programs.
More busywork.
We're trained to perform—
Not to listen..

But the Spirit doesn't shout.

He whispers.

And if you've been trained your whole life to obey every other voice but His—what happens when He finally speaks?

You don't hear Him.

Or worse—you ignore Him.

The Spirit of God is speaking.

Jesus said, "When the Spirit of truth comes, He will guide you into all truth." (John 16:13, NLT)

But if we're too distracted, too busy, too hardened by the rhythms of this world—we'll miss it.

We'll live our whole lives being "Christian"... and still be led by the flesh.

"My sheep listen to my voice; I know them, and they follow me." (John 10:27, NLT)

That's not a metaphor—it's the difference between knowing Him and just knowing about Him.

Because the devil doesn't need to make you hate God.

He just needs to make you love yourself more.

More than obedience.

More than holiness.

More than the cross.

He just needs to make you trust your own way.

And if the system keeps you busy enough, proud enough, and confident in your own understanding—you'll never stop long enough to hear the whisper that says,

"This is the way—walk in it." (Isaiah 30:21)

The truth is: you were made to walk by the Spirit.

Not by the system.

Not by self-help.

Not by strategy or religion or human wisdom.

You were made to be led.

By the quiet voice.

The gentle nudge.

The conviction that stings and saves.

The peace that passes understanding.

The Spirit who speaks in secret—but leads in power.

So the real question isn't, "Are you trying your best?"

It's, "Are you even listening?"

Because the One who raised Jesus from the dead wants to lead you.

But He won't compete with the noise.

He won't fight for a spot on your calendar.

He speaks to those who want to hear.

"Be still, and know that I am God." (Psalm 46:10, NLT)

Stillness is not weakness.

It's surrender.

It's where strength is born.

It's where sons and daughters are made.

But the world hates stillness.

The system is allergic to silence.

Because in the stillness—you might finally wake up.

You might finally hear.

And you might finally realize...

you've been following the wrong voice your whole life.

But the Lord is calling you back.

Not to performance.

Not to religion.

But to the whisper.

To the walk.

To the Word.

To the Spirit.

So stop.

Be still.

Repent.

And listen.

Because if you don't learn to hear His voice...

You'll keep following everyone else's. And everyone else is on a wide path to hell.

So stop listening to them!

-Slave of Jesus

Too busy

I would like to start off by sharing a story that represents the devil's trap in this world.

"There was once a businessman who was sitting by the beach in a small Brazilian village.

As he sat, he saw a Brazilian fisherman rowing a small boat towards the shore having caught quite a few big fish.

The businessman was impressed and asked the fisherman,

"How long does it take you to catch so many fish?"

The fisherman replied,

"Oh, just a short while."

"Then why don't you stay longer at sea and catch even more?" The businessman was astonished.

"This is enough to feed my whole family," the fisherman said.

The businessman then asked,

"So, what do you do for the rest of the day?"

The fisherman replied,

"Well, I usually wake up early in the morning, go out to sea and catch a few fish, then go back and play with my kids. In the afternoon, I take a nap with my wife, and when evening comes, I join my buddies in the village for a drink — we play guitar, sing and dance throughout the night."

The businessman offered a suggestion to the fisherman.

"I am a PhD in business management. I could help you to become a more successful person.

From now on, you should spend more time at sea and try to catch as many fish as possible.

When you have saved enough money, you could buy a bigger boat and catch even more fish.

Soon you will be able to afford to buy more boats, set up your own company, your own production plant for canned food and a distribution network. By then, you will have moved out of this village and to Sao Paulo, where you can set up HQ to manage your other branches."

The fisherman continues,

"And after that?"

The businessman laughs heartily,

"After that, you can live like a king in your own house, and when the time is right, you can go public and float your shares in the Stock Exchange, and you will be rich."

The fisherman asks,

"And after that?"

The businessman says,

"After that, you can finally retire, you can move to a house by the fishing village, wake up early in the morning, catch a few fish, then return home to play with kids, have a nice afternoon nap with your wife, and when evening comes, you can join your buddies for a drink, play the guitar, sing and dance throughout the night!"

The fisherman was puzzled,
“Isn’t that what I am doing now?””
-Author unknown

Are we waiting on Him, or Is He waiting on Us?

Jesus said,

“These things and greater will people do in my name.” Yet, the church today acts as if we have nothing to do—like children waiting for their parents to come home from a night out. But that mindset doesn’t align with scripture.

Nothing will change as long as we keep living for this world, thinking we can just sprinkle a little Jesus on top. We are called to live for the Lord! We are a new creation in Christ—existing in this world, but not of it. We should be on fire, eagerly awaiting His return, not asleep at the wheel, like a “non-player character” in a video game. I’m going to remind you that the NPC’s die in the game and have no chance of moving on. It is the job of the player character to overcome the obstacles and win!

It’s time for the bride to make herself ready.

We are warned against being slaves to the lender, yet we willingly sign up for 30-year mortgages to buy houses—houses that, in the end, the state often takes to cover elderly healthcare and living expenses. We are trapped in a system that enslaves us, yet we don’t even see it.

We’ve been deceived into believing that the things around us matter.

We’ve been deceived into chasing the “American Dream.”

We’ve been deceived into thinking we need the big house—with the 30-year slave payment.

We’ve been deceived into thinking we need the new car—with the monthly payments.

We’ve been deceived into believing in all the “needs” the enemy dangles before us.

But are they really needs?

With of these so-called “necessities,” we have no choice but to become wage slaves—trading 40+ hours a week just to pay for things that don’t matter in the Kingdom of God.

We’re too busy to disciple others, let alone do meaningful Kingdom work. Worse yet, we don’t even take our own faith seriously.

By the time we reach retirement, we’ve spent 70 years in the world, with only a watered-down version of Jesus. And then, because of age, we’re no longer in a position to do what we could have when we were young.

All that time—gone.

Time we can’t get back.

Time that was handed over to the enemy in exchange for stuff that will be thrown away or donated and that’s before the fire in the end.

And for what?

We are living unnatural lives—lives that do not reflect how the Lord calls us to live. And because of this, we struggle with depression, anxiety, and a host of other physical and mental burdens.

We have lost our freedom.

We have lost our time.

We have lost our effectiveness for the Kingdom.

And when we stand at the end of our lives, what will actually matter?

1. The love we had for others—because of our relationship with Jesus.
2. The souls rescued from the grip of the enemy.

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!

EVERYTHING ELSE IS A DISTRACTION!

We need to love and invest in people so they will be open to the message we bring. No one wants to hear from pride-filled Christians who aren’t authentic. Jesus repeatedly warned,

“Beware of the yeast of the Pharisees.”

It’s time to move beyond the self-serving gospel and the man-made traditions that religious leaders preach. The time has come to break free from the mold the enemy has cast for us.

We’ve been trapped in it for so long that we’ve grown into its shape—unable to clearly see the ways of the Lord.

Think of cultural foot-binding or head-shaping—practices that force people to grow into unnatural forms. The Church has been shaped in much the same way. We've conformed to a mold that was never meant for us.

For example, If you tie a grown elephant to a post, it will rip it out of the ground.

But if you tie a baby elephant to a post and keep it there as it grows, it will never try to break free—because it believes it can't.

This concept is based on a real phenomenon known as learned helplessness.

We are that elephant.

But the truth is—we can break free.

And it's time we do.

-Slave of Jesus

Entertained to Death:

The Devil's Great Distraction

The devil doesn't need to destroy you. He just needs to distract you.
If he can keep your eyes on the world, your hands full of stuff, and your heart chasing comfort—he's already won.
You won't burn with purpose. You won't weep for the lost. You won't pray with fire. You won't live like you're dying.
You'll sit. Scroll. Consume. Numb.

New car. New phone. New house. New job. New series. New trip. New recipe. New success.
More money. More influence. More upgrades. More content. More entertainment.

„But for what?

Are we really so bored, so numb, so directionless, that the best use of our lives is chasing things that pass away?

We say we follow Jesus, but our lives chase comfort, attention, security, and dopamine.

We live like this life is our prize.

But it isn't.

What are we doing here?

Do we even remember the purpose?

Do we understand the assignment?

Do we know what time it is?

Or have we been so entertained, so coddled, so distracted, that we've forgotten we're in a war?

The devil isn't coming with horns and fire—he's coming with convenience and distractions.

He doesn't need to persecute you if he can pacify you.

He doesn't need to turn you evil—he just needs to keep you comfortable and unfocused.

Because a numb church is no threat to hell.

We are the most entertained generation in history—and the most spiritually asleep.

Do we really have nothing better to do with our lives than chase more?

More likes.

More upgrades.

More comfort.

More followers.

More status.

More control.

More money.

How did we get here?

How did we get so foolish that we believed life was about us?

How did we fall for the lie that we exist to serve ourselves, while claiming to serve Jesus?

“You must give up your own way, take up your cross, and follow Me.” — Luke 9:23

We’ve replaced the cross with a couch.

We’ve replaced sacrifice with self-care.

We’ve replaced purpose with platforms.

We’ve replaced worship with amusement.

The devil doesn’t need to steal your Bible—he just needs you to scroll past it.

He doesn’t need to burn down your church—he just needs you to be more focused on tithing than on repentance and dying to yourself.

He doesn’t need to make you hate God—he just needs to make you love yourself more than your creator

Satan doesn’t need you to reject God—just to prioritize yourself. That’s enough to destroy you.

“You shall have no other gods before Me.”

But what if the god is... you?

And it's working.

We've been tricked into spending our energy, money, and focus on things that won't matter in eternity.

We've been lulled to sleep by Netflix, football, real estate, and retirement plans.

And we call it blessing.

But it's not a blessing if it makes us spiritually dull.

It's not a blessing if it makes us forget God.

It's not a blessing if it numbs us to the suffering of others.

It's not a blessing if it makes us lukewarm.

It's not a blessing if it pulls us off the battlefield and into a fog of self-preservation.

"No soldier gets entangled in civilian affairs, but rather tries to please his commanding officer."
— 2 Timothy 2:4

We are soldiers.

We were not saved to build kingdoms here.

We were not saved to be entertained until we die.

We were not saved to collect comfort, but to lay down our lives.

Jesus didn't die so we could be "happy."

He died so we could be holy.

He rose so we could walk in resurrection power—not distraction.

"Watch out! Beware of all kinds of greed. Life is not measured by how much you own." — Luke 12:15

So again I ask: what are we doing?

Will we keep numbing ourselves with endless entertainment and distractions, while our neighbors die without truth?

Will we keep upgrading our homes and neglecting our spiritual houses?

Will we keep chasing success and neglecting the lost?

This isn't condemnation—it's a call to wake up.
To fast from the noise.
To sit with the Lord.
To ask Him what matters—and what doesn't.
Because one day, we'll give an account.
Not for how nice our life looked, but for what we did with what He gave us.
"Everything is meaningless," says the teacher, "completely meaningless... I observed everything going on under the sun, and really, it is all meaningless—like chasing the wind." — Ecclesiastes 1:2, 1:14
We weren't made for the wind.
We were made for the fire.
But the fire doesn't fall on distracted people.
It falls on the surrendered.
Let the Church wake up.
Let the distractions fall away.
Let the idols be exposed.
Let the fire return.
It's time.

We don't need another show.
We don't need another upgrade.
We need to repent.

We need to throw off every weight that slows us down and every sin that so easily entangles us.
(Hebrews 12:1)
We need to shake off the fog and rise up in the Spirit of truth.
We need to burn again.

The world doesn't need more distracted Christians—it needs dead men walking.
Dead to self.
Dead to the world.
Alive to God.

Let the fire fall—not on our platforms, but on our altars.

Wake up, Church. It's time.

-Slave of Jesus

The only thing that matters to me, is that I live to please my commanding officer. I choose to not care what any man thinks of me.

Are we making disciples or building a business?

“Write this letter to the angel of the church in Laodicea. This is the message from the one who is the Amen—the faithful and true witness, the beginning of God’s new creation:

‘I know all the things you do, that you are neither hot nor cold. I wish that you were one or the other! But since you are like lukewarm water, neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth! You say, “I am rich. I have everything I want. I don’t need a thing!” And you don’t realize that you are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked. So I advise you to buy gold from me—gold that has been purified by fire. Then you will be rich. Also buy white garments from me so you will not be shamed by your nakedness, and ointment for your eyes so you will be able to see. I correct and discipline everyone I love. So be diligent and turn from your indifference.

‘Look! I stand at the door and knock. If you hear my voice and open the door, I will come in, and we will share a meal together as friends. Those who are victorious will sit with me on my throne, just as I was victorious and sat with my Father on his throne. Anyone with ears to hear must listen to the Spirit and understand what he is saying to the churches.’”

— Revelation 3:14–22 (NLT)

Jesus said to the people who believed in Him,

“You are truly my disciples if you remain faithful to my teachings. And you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.”

— John 8:31-32 (NLT)

But do we remain faithful to His teachings?

Jesus told us to care for the widows and orphans.

Are we doing that?

He told us not to pray with lofty repetition, babbling like the Gentiles.

Yet how many of our prayers sound exactly like that?

He told us not to pray publicly on street corners and in synagogues to be seen by others.

But isn't that what we do every Sunday?

He said when we give, don't let our left hand know what our right hand is doing.

So why do we parade our giving with offering plates and donation campaigns?

And where does that money go?

Not to the poor. Not to the orphans. Not to the widow.

Not to those who are hungry or homeless or in need.

It goes to salaries, buildings, business expenses, and programs.

It goes to keep the machine running.

But Jesus didn't teach us to build businesses in His name.

He told us to deny ourselves, pick up our crosses, and follow Him.

He didn't tell us to go to seminary.

He didn't tell us to become professionals.

He didn't say we needed a certificate to preach.

He said we must be born again.

He said we must die to ourselves.

He said we must make disciples—not attend services.

“Jesus replied, ‘I tell you the truth, unless you are born again, you cannot see the Kingdom of God.’”

— John 3:3 (NLT)

“Therefore, go and make disciples of all the nations... Teach these new disciples to obey all the commands I have given you.”

— Matthew 28:19-20 (NLT)

But where are the disciples?

Where is the obedience?

Where is the transformation?

I have been in countless churches—large and small, old and new—and I have yet to see the fruit that comes from real discipleship.

I see people who claim to be saved but still live exactly like the world.

I see people who say they have the Spirit of God, but they cannot discern good from evil.

They chase money, comfort, entertainment, and reputation, then claim it is “blessing.”

They are lukewarm—neither hot nor cold—and Jesus said He will spit them out.

They are still on milk, when by now they should be teaching others.

They are spiritual infants—never weaned, never trained, never changed, stale, lukewarm.

“You have been believers so long now that you ought to be teaching others. Instead, you need someone to teach you again the basic things about God’s word. You are like babies who need milk and cannot eat solid food... Solid food is for those who are mature, who through training have the skill to recognize the difference between right and wrong.”

— Hebrews 5:12-14 (NLT)

And yet they’re told they’re fine.

They’re made to believe that if they show up and give money, they are “good Christians.”

They’re handed a sermon, a smile, a performance, and sent back out into the world unchanged.

If this is the Church of Jesus Christ, why does it look nothing like the book of Acts? Why do the people look nothing like Jesus?

Why is it run like a business, perform like a concert, and operate like a corporation?

Why does it depend on tithes, talent, and technology instead of the power of the Holy Spirit?

The early Church had no building, no budget, and no branding.

But they had fire.

They had unity.

They had power from on high.

And they had the Holy Spirit—not just in name, but in truth.

Jesus said,

“I will send you the Advocate—the Spirit of truth. He will come to you from the Father and will testify all about me.” — John 15:26 (NLT)

“When the Spirit of truth comes, he will guide you into all truth... He will not speak on his own but will tell you what he has heard.” — John 16:13 (NLT)

But we don't trust the Spirit.

We trust systems.

We trust denominations.

We trust seminary.

We trust degrees.

We trust men approved by other men.

We trust stage lights and strategies.

But not the quiet voice of the Holy Spirit.

Jesus said,

“I tell you the truth, everyone who sins is a slave of sin... So if the Son sets you free, you are truly free.” — John 8:34-36 (NLT)

But where is the freedom?

Why are we still slaves to sin, to fear, to lust, to greed, to addiction, to a mortgage?

Why are we still following man, rather than being led by God?

“Anyone who belongs to God listens gladly to the words of God. But you don't listen because you don't belong to God.” — John 8:47 (NLT)

We have traded obedience for attendance.

We have traded holiness for hype.

We have traded the power of God for powerless religion.

And we don't even see it.

“Watch out! Don't do your good deeds publicly, to be admired by others... When you give to someone in need, don't do as the hypocrites do... When you pray, don't be like the hypocrites who love to pray publicly... But when you pray, go away by yourself... Pray to your Father in private.” — Matthew 6:1-6 (NLT)

Do we only invite our church friends to our tables?

Do we only break bread with those who will invite us back—who look like us, talk like us, and think like us?

Jesus said not to do that.

He said:

“When you put on a banquet, don’t invite your friends, brothers, relatives, and rich neighbors. For they will invite you back, and that will be your only reward.

Instead, invite the poor, the crippled, the lame, and the blind. Then at the resurrection of the righteous, God will reward you for inviting those who could not repay you.” — Luke 14:12–14 (NLT)

But we don’t do this.

We host potlucks and dinners for ourselves.

We invite those who make us comfortable.

And we call it “fellowship.”

But Jesus didn’t command comfort.

He commanded compassion.

He told us to invite strangers, the poor, the outcasts—not so we could get anything in return, but because that’s what love does.

And yet we wonder why there’s no power in the Church.

It’s because we’re too busy rewarding ourselves, while the ones Jesus called us to reach remain outside our doors.

What if we’ve built something Jesus never told us to build?

What if we’ve been lied to?

What if what we call “church” is actually a cleverly disguised counterfeit?

What if the systems we trust are the very thing keeping us from Jesus?

Paul wrote:

“Are we beginning to praise ourselves again? Are we like others, who need to bring you letters of recommendation... Surely not! The only letter of recommendation we need is you yourselves.

Your lives are a letter... written not with pen and ink, but with the Spirit of the living God... on human hearts.” — 2 Corinthians 3:1-3 (NLT)

Now we have colleges and universities that are writing letters of recommendation for all of their students who they've approved and the church goes along with it.

“Let every man be a liar, but God be true”. —Romans 3:4

The Church is not a business.

It is a Body.

No walls.

And Jesus—not man—is the Head.

Return to Him.

Repent.

Follow.

And make disciples.

Not members. Not fans. Not attendees.

Disciples.

Let those who have ears to hear—hear.

I understand this mindset because I used to live in it. I used to run a business. I used to work for money, chase success, and think like the world thinks. But then the Lord took away my need to work for money and told me, “You work for Me now.” There has been a complete shift in my life—a Spirit shift. I no longer live by the same mindset I once did, because the Spirit of God transformed my thinking, my desires, my direction. So when I speak boldly, I’m not speaking as someone who doesn’t understand you—I’m speaking as someone who used to be you. But now I see. And that’s what grieves me—because I know the patterns, the excuses, the blindness, the dead spiritual state. Many are walking, talking, breathing—yet completely dead inside. There is no life in them. And they don’t even know it. Like a “none player character “ The flesh lives, but the spirit is dead. That’s why they can’t understand me—it’s not that I’m crazy, it’s that they’re still bound. And unless they’re born again, they will stay that way.

Warning to “church” leaders: Call your congregation to come and die—which is the first step of repentance and discipleship. Stop selling them comfort. Stop entertaining goats and calling them sheep. Stop excusing sin. Stop sugarcoating the gospel. Call them to the cross.

If your ministry is truly anointed by God, He will provide for it.

The Holy Spirit does not need your fundraisers.
He does not need your branding strategy.
He does not need your hustle.
He does not need your cafés and bookstores.
If God is not sending the provision, it may be because He never sent the vision.
If you have to market it, manipulate it, or manufacture it—stop. Let it burn down!
A ministry built by human effort must be torn down by holy fire.
The Church doesn't need another performance, personality, or product.
It needs men and women who are crucified with Christ.
It needs leaders who lead from the altar, not the stage.
It needs shepherds who smell like sheep, not CEOs who sit in offices.
Let your ministry die if it wasn't born of the Spirit.
Let the fire of God consume every false altar you've built.
Because He is coming—and He will cleanse His temple.

-Slave of Jesus

Maybe I'm foolish enough to still believe He speaks...
Loved enough to answer when the King calls.
Childlike enough to say, "Yes, Lord—whatever You ask."
And hated enough by this world to know I must be doing something right.

Asleep at the Wheel

They say the world doesn't understand God.

But sometimes, I think the world sees the Church more clearly than the Church sees itself.

There's a lyric from a band you'd never expect or likely ever heard of—The Bloodhound Gang.
Not a worship band. Not a pastor. But listen:

“You've got Jesus on the dashboard and the devil under the hood. Get up—you're asleep at the wheel.”

And somehow... they nailed it.

That one line says more about the state of modern Christianity than most sermons I've heard.

We display Jesus like a bumper sticker.

A cross necklace. A Bible verse in the bio.

We hang His name from our mirrors but drive our lives like hell.

We sing songs to Him on Sunday, and serve Satan in silence the rest of the week.

We have the appearance of godliness—but deny its power.

We have the words—but no authority.

We've memorized prayers—but we've lost intimacy.

We're noisy—but powerless.

And maybe that's why the lyric hits so hard:

Because deep down... we know it's true.

Jesus said you'd know a tree by its fruit.

Not its leaves. Not its symbols. Not its stickers.

Fruit.

And if you pop the hood on much of today's Church—you don't see the Holy Spirit burning.

You see pride.

Greed.

Control.

Performance.

Worldliness.

Self.

The engine's dead or worse—driven by another master.

And still we wonder why our lives lack power.

Why people aren't being healed.

Why demons aren't cast out.

Why sin doesn't flee.

Why we speak but nothing moves.

It's because Jesus is on the dashboard... but He's not behind the wheel.

And most are too asleep to notice.

This is not the faith of Peter.

This is not the boldness of Elijah.

This is not the life Jesus bled for.

He didn't die to give you religion.

He died to give you life—abundant, obedient, surrendered life.

A life where He is Lord... not decoration.

Driver... not hood ornament.

Master... not mascot.

So let this be a wake-up call:

Get up.

You're asleep at the wheel.

And eternity is not a road you want to drift on.

It's time to pull over.

Check the engine.

Repent.

And give Him the keys.

Because if the devil's been driving...

then Jesus isn't even in the car.

And that should terrify you.

-Slave of Jesus

Why?

I'm sitting in church right now, asking myself, why?

- Why don't I feel the Holy Spirit in this place?
- Why do I rarely sense His presence in churches?
- Why do we pledge our allegiance to a building or a group of people? Did Jesus ever ask us to do that? Did Paul ever write about it?
- Why do so many church leaders sound like they're not praying to the Lord but at the congregation?
- How often have we heard a sermon clearly directed at one specific person—when correction should have been done privately?

Worshiping the Father is meant to be intimate.

Think about it—what woman can truly be vulnerable and intimate with her husband in a room full of bright lights and watching eyes? The only answer I can think of is... a performer. Someone acting out an imitation of intimacy, not the real thing. That's not what worship is supposed to be.

And yet, when I look at much of the modern church, I don't see the pure, devoted Bride of Christ. I see something else—something compromised, something distracted, something that has lost its first love.

What Are We Building?

I hear talk of expanding the stage, making it bigger, more polished. But wouldn't it make more sense to remove the stage altogether? Is it not just a tool to elevate people? Do we really need someone standing above the congregation? Does anybody that needs to get paid in pats on the back or with money have anything to say worth hearing?

Paul said:

"Yet I have never used any of these rights. And I am not writing this to suggest that I want to start now. In fact, I would rather die than lose my right to boast about preaching without charge. Yet preaching the Good News is not something I can boast about. I am compelled by God to do it. How terrible for me if I didn't preach the Good News! If I were doing this on my own initiative, I would deserve payment. But I have no choice, for God has given me this sacred trust."

—1 Corinthians 9:15-17 (NLT)

Absolutely—conviction is essential when it comes to teaching. We're not just responsible for what we say, but also for what we don't say when we should have.

Let's read that line again:

"If I were doing this on my own initiative, I would deserve payment."

That's a heavy statement. It forces us to ask:

- Are those who preach for a paycheck doing it out of true obedience to God—or out of their own ambition?
- Have we turned ministry into a career instead of a calling?
- Are we more concerned with maintaining a church than being the Church?

Paul was clear—his preaching wasn't about profit. It was a sacred trust. Yet, so much of modern Christianity operates like a business rather than a body. And if we're not careful, we start feeding a system rather than following the Spirit.

So, if someone is getting paid to preach, are they doing it on their own initiative? Have they been trained by God or by man's religious institutions?

I can't remember a single meaningful, life-changing thing I've heard from a pulpit. But I do remember everything the Holy Spirit has taught me.

"But when the Father sends the Advocate as my representative—that is, the Holy Spirit—he will teach you everything and will remind you of everything I have told you."

—John 14:26 (NLT)

We have relied so much on human teaching that we've lost faith in the Spirit of Truth to teach us. And in doing so, we deny His power.

What Are We Living For?

Jesus warned us many times about the Pharisees and their teachings, calling it yeast that spreads and ruins the whole batch. Today, that same religious spirit blinds people to the truth. The Pharisees clung to traditions, replacing faith with rituals, placing burdens on people that God never intended.

"This false teaching is like a little yeast that spreads through the whole batch of dough!"

—Galatians 5:9 (NLT)

And here's something interesting: yeast eats sugar, produces alcohol, and releases gas.

Google it. Yeast puffs up whatever it's in. Just like pride.

The Pharisees were puffed up with knowledge but lacked understanding. They were full of religious appearance but void of substance. And isn't that exactly what we see today?

Jesus said, "Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it. But small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it."

—Matthew 7:13-14 (NIV)

That should shake us.

Why Are We Even Talking About Salvation?

I hear people say with confidence, "I know I'm saved." But is our focus on salvation just about escaping hell?

John the Baptist didn't preach about escaping hell—he preached, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is near!" Jesus didn't heal people and tell them, "Congratulations, you're going to heaven." He told them, "Your sins are forgiven."

I don't long for heaven just to avoid hell—I long for Jesus. And if Jesus weren't there, I wouldn't want to be there either.

And then there's this: "Do you believe in God?"

Does God need our belief? Even demons believe in Him.

Yet, we speak as if God is some child in a race, needing our encouragement—"Come on, God! You can do it! If only more people believed in You!"

No. God is God. Our belief doesn't validate Him. He doesn't need us to prove He exists. But we need Him more than we even realize.

The Danger of Empty Religion

One of my sons once asked me why I say people follow the appearance of things rather than the real thing.

I gave him this story:

Imagine a man named Tyson who becomes a Christian after learning from another man, Rodney. Tyson watches everything Rodney does and notices that during worship, Rodney stands on his hands and pees his pants.

Tyson assumes this is part of true worship, so he learns to do the same. As time passes, more people join the faith and adopt the tradition—standing on their hands, peeing their pants. No one questions it. Eventually, it becomes so ingrained that questioning it would make you a heretic.

Sounds ridiculous, right? But how different is it from the way churches cling to rituals without ever asking why? I literally know a pastor who taught people how to hold their hands during worship, explaining what different variations—hands raised high or low, palms up or down—are supposed to mean.

As if God is impressed by technique. As if our way of doing things makes worship acceptable. Reminder, my Father is after our hearts! This sounds like a superstitious generation to me.

Reminder, my Father is after our hearts!

Jesus said, “But the time is coming—indeed it’s here now—when true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth. The Father is looking for those who will worship Him that way.”

—John 4:23 (NLT)

So many people in the church—including leaders—don’t even understand what that means.

The Only Thing That Matters

“But the Holy Spirit produces this kind of fruit in our lives: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control. There is no law against these things! Those who belong to Christ Jesus have nailed the passions and desires of their sinful nature to his cross and crucified them there. Since we are living by the Spirit, let us follow the Spirit’s leading in every part of our lives. Let us not become conceited, or provoke one another, or be jealous of one another.”

—Galatians 5:22-26 (NLT)

When we are truly on fire for Jesus, the world will notice—not because we have the best programs, the biggest buildings, or the most eloquent sermons. They will notice because we burn for Him.

At the end of the day, it’s only ever been about Jesus.

Our role? Repent. Humble ourselves. Surrender. And disciple others into a real, living relationship with Him.

— Slave of Jesus

Book, Chapter, Verse...

But Do You Even Understand It?

From a Son of God, to those who mistake memorization for revelation

Have you ever noticed how the “good Christians”—the confident, self-assured ones who are convinced they know the Lord—are often the loudest to shout “Book! Chapter! Verse!”?

But I’ve noticed something.

The ones who quote Scripture with robotic precision—those who seem to have all the verses lined up like weapons ready to fire—often have the least understanding of what they’re actually saying.

Is understanding just memorizing information?

Or is it something deeper?

I can memorize something. I can repeat a line word for word and still not understand a single part of what it means.

You see, if I simply repeat a verse verbatim, all I’ve proven is that I have a functioning memory. That’s not faith. That’s not intimacy. That’s not discernment. That’s not even wisdom. That’s a test score.

But if I hear something—read it, receive it—and then I respond to it by explaining what I understood, what it meant to me, how it pierced me, how the Spirit revealed it to me—that’s different. That’s living. That’s Spirit-breathed, you can listen and know if I understand what you’re trying to tell me.

Because my Father isn’t asking me to memorize His words like a classroom assignment.

He wants His truth to be written on my heart.

“I will put my laws in their minds and write them on their hearts. I will be their God, and they will be my people.”

—Hebrews 8:10

So let me ask you:

Does the Father want you to memorize, or does He want you to understand?

When I hear someone rattle off a perfect “book chapter verse” quote, I’m often concerned. Why? Because I’ve seen it over and over again—people can quote it, but they don’t live it. They don’t understand it. It doesn’t look like fruit—it looks like pride wearing a Bible verse like a badge.

And let’s not ignore this either: when you quote a verse verbatim, all you’re really doing is exposing what translation you read.

Do you speak Paleo-Hebrew? No?

How about ancient Greek or Aramaic?

Me neither.

So when someone starts building their faith on a translation, I have to ask: is NIV your religion? KJV? ISR? Cephher? NLT?

My Father is not impressed with your translation.

He’s looking for transformation.

Are you being led by the Spirit?

Or are you just parroting what you read?

Because the Word of God is not just ink on paper.

It is Spirit.

It is life.

It is fire in the bones of the one who truly receives it.

And you don’t get that from memorizing. You get that from surrender. From intimacy. From quiet hours before the Lord. From weeping over His heart. From letting Him wreck you and rebuild you in truth.

This isn’t school. This is a marriage.

Here’s a question for every groom out there:

Do you want your bride to read about you? Or do you want her to know you?

Do you want her to study your texts and memorize your favorite quotes?

Or do you want her to walk with you, know your heart, hear your voice, love you and respect you enough to care about what is important to you?

It’s the same with the Lord.

You can “book chapter verse” all day long, but if you don’t know Him—you’re no different than the Pharisees Jesus rebuked.

“You search the Scriptures diligently because you think that in them you have eternal life. These are the very Scriptures that testify about Me, yet you refuse to come to Me to have life.”

—John 5:39–40

It’s the same thing today.

We’ve got people digging through Torah scrolls like they’re decoding some spiritual algorithm—as if salvation is a formula and understanding is a math problem.

But saying “Jesus is Torah” is like saying Elon Musk is a Tesla.

Trying to understand God by studying Torah is like trying to understand Elon Musk by studying a car he made. You’ll see glimpses. You’ll see traces of His design. But you won’t know Him.

You won’t know His tone.

His laugh.

His corrections.

His mercy.

His presence.

His tears.

His timing.

The Holy Spirit is the Word.

Not the word written with ink, but the Word that breathes, that moves, that convicts and comforts and cuts and heals.

The Word before translation.

The Word before language.

The Word that speaks directly to your soul, bypassing every commentary, every denomination, every theological gatekeeper.

So let me ask you:

Do you have the Spirit?

Or do you just have information?

Because if all you have is “book chapter verse,” you might know the text—but you don’t know the Author.

And the Author is alive.

And He is calling us into something far deeper than religious repetition.

He is calling us into relationship.

-Slave of Jesus

Since I was a child, I’ve asked the Lord for guidance and authenticity in my life, longing for Him to show up and use me for His kingdom. It wasn’t till I was in my 30’s that I actually started reading my Bible, I then realized the Holy Spirit had already been at work in my life, convicting and changing me long before I understood it. The Bible became a confirmation of His ongoing work, not just for correction, but as a living, active reminder of His presence and guidance. The word is alive, and he writes it on our hearts if we humble ourselves and repent.

Dead religion

Man clings to what he can see, because he has lost the substance of what he can't.

You can't take a picture of a true encounter with God.

You can't frame it, replicate it, or ritualize it.

You can't bottle it or turn it into tradition.

But we try anyway.

And that's how dead religion is born.

1. Sikhism

Sikhism, like many other religions, began with a man who claimed to have encountered God—Guru Nanak. According to the story, he disappeared while bathing in a river and was presumed dead, only to reemerge three days later saying he had been in the presence of the Almighty. His first words were, “Na koi Hindu, na koi Musalman”—“There is no Hindu, there is no Muslim.” It was a radical declaration, meant to dissolve the lines man had drawn between people and point all eyes toward the One God.

From that encounter came a new way of thinking: there is only One Creator, and He dwells not in rituals, but in spirit and truth. Guru Nanak taught that all humans are equal regardless of caste or creed, that God is not accessed through intermediaries or traditions but through direct relationship, remembrance, and humility. He rejected lifeless rituals and empty ceremonies, calling instead for a life of service, honesty, and devotion. These revelations were later captured in the Japji Sahib, a foundational Sikh prayer rooted in the truth he received during that divine moment.

Maybe he did encounter God. Maybe something real happened at that moment.

But as always, the issue is not the moment—it's what man does with it afterward.

Instead of seeking the same living encounter for themselves, people built traditions around the man who had the experience. They preserved the memory but lost the fire. They turned a divine moment into a system of visible symbols:

- Kesh: uncut hair

- Kara: steel bracelet
- Kanga: wooden comb
- Kachera: special cotton undergarment
- Kirpan: ceremonial dagger

Outward signs meant to reflect inner devotion. And maybe at one time, they did.

But over generations, the signs remained while the substance faded.

This is what man does.

We cling to the physical because we've lost the spiritual.

We hold onto what we can see because we've forgotten the God we can't.

We took a picture of it. Not with a camera, but with our minds.

We froze the moment. We built a system around it.

We clung to the outward expression instead of the inward encounter.

And then we passed it down like a family heirloom—generation after generation—never realizing that what we now carry is the shell, not the substance.

God does not dwell in daggers or bracelets.

He wants the heart.

He wants obedience, not ornaments.

Guru Nanak said, "There is no Hindu, there is no Muslim"—a call to unity in the Spirit.

But we built a religion of rules and robes instead.

We honored the messenger and forgot the message.

We looked at a man who may have truly known God—who may have stood in His presence—and instead of seeking that same presence for ourselves, we started clinging to the relics he left behind.

We held up his comb, his sword, his clothes—thinking somehow they carried the holiness he once encountered. And just like my friends Rodney and Tyson, who stand on their hands and

pee their pants when worshiping, hoping to absorb some kind of sacred energy, we built our faith on someone else's moment instead of meeting God ourselves.

We honored the garments and forgot the glory.

We held the signs, but lost the Spirit.

Why? Because we'd rather trust what we can see than reach for the fire we cannot hold.

2. Islam

And Islam?

Do you really believe the God who created all things—

The One who separated the land from the water, who set the stars in motion, who spoke into the void and formed life...

...did all of that so you could kneel on a mat five times a day and face a man-made direction?

Do you think the God of all creation—the Eternal, the Invisible, the All-Knowing—created mankind just to demand robotic ritual and repetitive phrases in a language many don't even understand?

No.

This is not divine.

This is man's idea of what divinity should want.

This is the kind of worship man has always wanted:

A God in a box. A system to control. A checklist to master.

A god made in man's image—not the other way around.

Five prayers a day. Always in Arabic. Always facing Mecca.

A black cube at the center. A ritual perfected, memorized, regulated.

But if God is Spirit, why must He be sought in one direction, in one language, in one formula?

The very religion that claims to be the purest monotheism is obsessed with formulas, direction, law, and a prophet who made sure his own name was preserved and honored like the God he claimed to serve.

But a true prophet?

A real messenger of the Most High?

He would disappear so that God might be glorified.

He would remove himself entirely.

He would decrease, not demand remembrance.

Because it's not about the prophet—it's about the Holy One.

3. Catholicism

Catholicism is no different.

I was once invited to see the Shroud of Turin—what many believe to be the burial cloth of Jesus Himself. I went out of curiosity and to watch and see what my Father had to show me.

But when I got there, it wasn't even the original.

It was a printed replica—not even on linen, just a copy.

And yet there were people kneeling before it.

Mats rolled out. Eyes closed. Hands lifted.

Not to the Living God—but to an image of a cloth that might've once touched Him.

Do you see it?

We've become so desperate for a touch of the divine that we'll worship shadows.

We'll bow before copy paper.

We'll cry over statues.

We'll place gold around the neck of a dead "saint" and call it holy.

We burn incense and whisper prayers to the air, hoping the echo of someone else's faith might reach Heaven for us.

But it won't.

Because the veil was torn.

Because the tomb is empty.

Because Jesus is alive—and He is not in the cloth.

He is not in the statue.

He is not in the cathedral.

He is not in the hands of the priest or the smell of the incense.

He is where He has always been—

With the broken, the humble, the hungry, the seeking.

Not behind glass, not framed on a wall,

but alive inside those who truly walk with Him.

Conclusion

Whether it's Sikhs with their swords, Muslims with their mats, or Catholics with their relics—

We reach for the shadow, not the Light.

We cling to the outer garments, and forget the bleeding Savior who tore the veil.

We've done the same thing over and over again.

We've traded the living God for lifeless symbols.

We've reached for the shadow and called it sacred.

We've clung to the garments—and forgotten the bleeding Savior who tore the veil with His own body.

Our friends Rodney and Tyson—they just got caught up in the things they could see.

But they're standing on the relics of other men's faith,

balancing on physical things like trophies—

missing the living fire of the One who is still speaking.

We were not created to bow to men, face cities, repeat phrases, or follow systems.

We were created to walk with the living God, like Adam did in the garden.

To be filled with His Spirit, to shine His light, to reign with Him forever.

The true God doesn't want slaves of ritual—
He wants children who know Him.
Sons and daughters transformed into His image.
We were never meant to carry on tradition.
We were meant to walk in the fire of living faith.
Not to worship the image of the moment,
but to live in the presence of the One who made it.
So if you're clinging to garments and relics, prophets and postures—
Let go.
And walk with the God who still speaks,
who still moves,
who still burns like a consuming fire—
and let Him take over you.

-Slave of Jesus

I once read the Qur'an—not because I was curious or searching, but because I love studying the enemy's lies, tricks and games. And do you know what happened?
It made me love Jesus even more.
Because the more I see the counterfeits, the more I cherish the original.
The more I read their prophet, the more I longed for the voice of my Shepherd.
The more I see the rituals and laws and fear-based obedience,
the more I desire the love, power, and truth of the One who calls me friend.

Do You Even Have the Spirit of truth?

From a Son of God, to the Church that Claims to Know Him

In the Old Testament, God sent prophets. Men who carried His words like fire in their bones. He would speak through them to warn, to guide, to reveal what was to come. But in the New Testament, something greater was promised—not just messengers who speak for God, but the very Spirit of God living within man.

Jesus said that what we would have is greater than what they had before. That's a massive statement. Because the prophets were the highest form of communication between God and man. But now? The Holy Spirit—the Spirit of Truth, the heart of the Father—is offered to dwell in us.

So let me ask you:

How do we receive the Holy Spirit?

Do we need to go to church regularly?

Or maybe we also need to volunteer at church?

Do we need to read our Bibles a lot?

Maybe it's listening to worship music daily?

Or is it going to school to study theology?

Maybe it's all of the above?

Or...

What if I told you my Father is grieved—even disgusted—by all of it? Because the truth is, most who engage in these things have never actually met Him. They speak of God, but they don't know Him. Their hearts are filled with pride, spiritual arrogance, and blindness. They don't even grasp the most basic truths about who He is.

What was the message that Jesus brought?

What have you actually learned from Him?

See if you were truly listening to the Holy Spirit, you'd quickly discern how confused the modern church is.

“It’s not what goes into your body that defiles you; you are defiled by what comes from your heart... For from within, out of a person’s heart, come evil thoughts, sexual immorality, theft, murder, adultery, greed, wickedness, deceit, lustful desires, envy, slander, pride, and foolishness.”

— Mark 7:14–23

I can’t count the number of churches and worship gatherings I’ve attended over the years where there were affairs going on among the worship teams or staff members. Divorces to accommodate the sin. And no one says a word.

“I can hardly believe the report about the sexual immorality going on among you—something that even pagans don’t do... And you are so proud of yourselves. But you should be mourning in sorrow and shame. And you should remove this man from your fellowship.”

— 1 Corinthians 5:1–2

Do we even read the Bible anymore?

Do we honor God?

Or are we just running a religious club, desperate not to offend anyone, recruiting new members like a marketing campaign while ignoring the filth in our own house?

We don’t clean ourselves up. We justify the mess.

We tolerate sin in the name of love.

We accept pride in the name of leadership.

We idolize performance, position, and numbers.

But Jesus said what we have now is greater than what they had before. And what did they have before? The prophets. I can’t think of anything closer to God than a man who carried His word like thunder and trembling.

So what if the Spirit of God—the Holy Spirit—not only gives the words of God like the prophets did, but also His eyes to see what He sees, His ears to hear what He hears, and His heart to feel what He feels?

What if someone truly filled with the Holy Spirit could walk into a church and discern those struggling with perversion?

What if they could see the women who dominate their husbands in rebellion against the order God established?

What if they could walk through a ministry or orphanage and feel the fraud, the embezzlement, the abuse?

And what if all of it was confirmed as truth later?

Would the rest of the “missionaries” believe them?

Or would they say, “That’s just their opinion”?

Would they accuse them of being judgmental, or would they fall on their faces in repentance?

Let me tell you something personal.

When I was a child, my parents took me on a tour of an estate owned by a powerful and affluent American family. There was one room—the pool room—that filled me with dread the second I walked in. I didn’t understand why, but I held my parent’s hand tightly and kept repeating how scared I was. I felt death in that room.

Over 30 years later, I was watching a documentary on child trafficking. They mentioned a specific estate and showed disturbing images of a pool room—believed to be the site of unspeakable acts and murder. The moment I saw the pictures, I contacted my brother and asked him the name of the estate we had visited all those years ago. He confirmed it—it was the same place.

That’s not something you can make up. That’s not emotion. That’s discernment.

That’s what the Holy Spirit does.

He doesn’t just give you gifts.

He gives you sight.

What if someone filled with the Holy Spirit could walk through a grocery store and see what God sees?

What if they could feel the grief of the Spirit in a church service filled with lights and noise, but absent of truth, holiness, or reverence?

What if they could see right through smiles and titles and sense the abuse hidden in plain sight?

If that unsettles you—it should.

Because it means you may have built your faith around activities and not relationship. Around tradition and not truth. Around membership and not surrender.

Church, do you even know if you have the Holy Spirit?

Because if you did, you wouldn't be playing games.

You wouldn't be okay with sin.

You wouldn't just sing songs—you'd burn with holiness.

You wouldn't just teach sermons—you'd tremble with the Word of God inside you.

You wouldn't be recruiting people into your system—you'd be calling people to repent and follow Jesus, no matter the cost.

So I'll ask again:

Do you have the Holy Spirit?

Or do you just have... church?

Repent. Fall on your face. Seek Him with your whole heart. He is not far. But He will not be mocked.

He's coming back for a pure Bride.

Not a polished performance.

Not to be serviced by men on Sunday morning.

"Jesus said to the people who believed in him, 'You are truly my disciples if you remain faithful to my teachings. And you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.'" John 8:31-32 NLT

I can't see anything more important than remaining faithful and obedient to Jesus' teachings.

-Slave of Jesus

If the pot is not stirred, it's going to burn.

Let the Dead Bury the Dead

We talk and say things like “God took them home,” or “Why didn’t God save them?”

But do we really believe that? Or is that just more manipulative deception from the devil—another subtle tactic to make us think that God is the bad guy in all of this?

Are we really trusting God—or blaming Him?

And while we’re at it... are we even supposed to have funerals?

“As they were walking along, someone said to Jesus, ‘I will follow you wherever you go.’ But Jesus replied, ‘Foxes have dens to live in, and birds have nests, but the Son of Man has no place even to lay his head.’ He said to another person, ‘Come, follow me.’ The man agreed, but he said, ‘Lord, first let me return home and bury my father.’ But Jesus told him, ‘Let the spiritually dead bury their own dead! Your duty is to go and preach about the Kingdom of God.’”

(Luke 9:57–60 NLT)

Interesting...

Are we following Jesus—or are we still living for this world?

And when we do go to these funerals—are we even hearing the truth?

Because I’ve sat in services where the pastor said, “The Lord took him home.”

But I knew the life that person lived.

I saw it.

They didn’t talk about Him. Their actions looked like that of any other person. Then they died.

Their life reflected love for the world, not for the Lord.

So how did the Lord take them home—if they were never even alive to begin with?

If they never died to themselves, how could they be alive in Christ?

If the pastor never preached repentance, never called the people to the cross—then what gospel did they even hear?

Because Jesus said:

“Whoever wants to be my disciple must deny themselves and take up their cross daily and follow me.”
(Luke 9:23)

If the person in the casket never died to self—never picked up the cross—how did the Lord “take them home”?

What Scripture says that?

The truth is, many of the people we bury were already dead long before their heart stopped beating.

Dead in sin.

Dead in self.

Dead in religion.

And now the ones standing at the pulpit—still don’t tell the truth. Maybe it’s because they themselves have eyes, but cannot see and ears, but cannot hear? Maybe dead religion is all these people have ever known?

They preach comfort over conviction.

Flattery over fear of the Lord.

Memories over the message of Jesus.

And the whole room leaves believing a lie—that we all just float up to heaven because a man in a suit said a few soft words.

But Jesus didn’t speak like that.

He said, “Let the dead bury their own dead.”

Why?

Because either you’re alive in Him,

or you’re already dead..

But here’s something we don’t talk about...

Many Christians live as if God is some cosmic puppeteer—pulling every string, orchestrating every event, as if we're just actors on a stage with no real choice or responsibility. They say things like, "God is in control," and yes, in the end He will reign fully, undeniably, eternally.

If we are victorious in Christ—if we overcome—we will sit with Him, judging angels, crowned in glory.

That's where this is going.

But is God controlling everything now—even in the lives of those who say, Jesus, but don't obey him, and do not remain faithful to his teaching?

Where is the evidence that the God of holiness is directing the steps of people who don't even obey His voice?

We've misunderstood His sovereignty.

We've turned a divine invitation into a scripted play.

What if life isn't a puppet show—but more like the story of Job?

God created the heavens and the earth. He formed man from the dust. He breathed life into him—and then gave him a command:

"Do not eat from this 1 tree."

Why?

Because love requires choice.

He made man for Himself. He wants our hearts.

He wants us to choose him and love him by choice.

He wants us to burn for Him.

He'd rather us be cold than lukewarm.

He wants us to choose Him—not by force, but by faith.

"I know all the things you do, that you are neither hot nor cold. I wish that you were one or the other! But since you are like lukewarm water, neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth!"

Revelation 3:15-16 NLT

And that choice is still before us.

Every day, every hour, every breath—we are choosing:

Life or death. Fire or comfort. Truth or compromise. Jesus or self.

Yes, God speaks. He warns. He convicts. He moves.

But He will not force.

He has given us the ability to choose wisely.

So the real question isn't whether God is in control...

The question is: Are we submitted to Him?

Or are we just living for our houses, our comfort, our black mirrors?

Because when you're dying—what matters?

Jesus told us to pick up our cross and follow Him.

Do we?

In the end, our whole life will be summarized.

Will your life be summarized by how hard you worked, what you owned, how much you achieved?

Or will it be said: "They lived selflessly. They loved deeply. They brought souls to the Kingdom." Will, the Lord of lords and king of kings, my father say "well done my good and faithful servant. Here come and sit at my right hand, all that I have is yours"?

What are we really living for?

— Slave of Jesus

When the Spirit leaves my body and this skin-suit drops dead, wrap it in linen, burn it, bury it, or leave it at the morgue—I won't care. Just don't embalm it. Don't try to preserve what's already gone. The Spirit will have left, and I'll be free. I won't be here anymore, so why cling to a corpse? Don't go and visit year after year because I won't be there.

Is God Controlling everything—Right Now?

A Letter to the Sleeping Church

“God is in control.”

It’s the phrase we toss around when the world gets dark.

But what do we mean when we say that?

Do we mean that every wicked act is God’s will?

That every death, every lie, every ounce of suffering is orchestrated by Him?

Or do we just mean, “He’ll get us through it”?

And if that’s what we mean—why doesn’t it look like people live like they believe it?

Why do we say it, then walk headfirst into pain like it’s inevitable, like defeat is just part of the deal?

I know a man who claims to be a Christian—wife, kids, church on Sundays. He tried to raise his daughter right. She waited for marriage, stayed pure, and trusted her dad to help guide her. But when she started dating, she ended up with an unbeliever that she dated for several years. It ended painfully. Then someone new came around.

Her dad couldn’t stop talking about him—but not about his prayer life, his love for Jesus, or his servant’s heart. No, all he talked about was the job, the salary, the savings account, the house, the car, Security, success and status.

They got married fast. Within a year, the guy cheated and divorced her.

This woman who honored God with her body and waited for the covenant of marriage—was betrayed. And the man who was supposed to protect her was too busy being impressed by worldly things to see what was coming.

I’ve tried to talk to him. But he doesn’t hear me. He listens to celebrity pastors with book deals and podcasts. He quotes prosperity preachers but doesn’t walk in discernment.

He still talks about money—his parents’ retirement, their house, their bank account. I want to shake him and say, “That’s not even yours!”

He's blind to the fact that the enemy showed up in a faint shade of off-white, whispered, "Follow me," and pointed him straight toward comfort and compromise. And he said yes.

The wild part? He's not even that successful. I've never chased wealth—but God has provided more than I need. All I've ever wanted was Jesus.

Is This What We Call Control?

Why do people keep making the same bad decisions?

Because we've misunderstood who's ruling this world.

Scripture says something different:

"Satan, who is the god of this world, has blinded the minds of those who don't believe."

—2 Corinthians 4:4 (NLT)

"We know that we are children of God and that the world around us is under the control of the evil one."

—1 John 5:19 (NLT)

"The time for judging this world has come, when Satan, the ruler of this world, will be cast out."

—John 12:31 (NLT)

Did you catch that?

The ruler of this world—right now—is Satan.

Not Jesus. Not the Father. Not yet.

Yes, Jesus reigns in Heaven. Yes, His return is certain.

But right now the world lies in the grip of the enemy.

And the Church is pretending everything is fine.

Yes, God is sovereign.

But sovereignty doesn't mean micromanagement. It doesn't mean He's pulling the strings behind every rape, genocide, abortion, war, overdose, or trafficking ring.

God gave authority to man.

Man gave it away.

And man continues giving it away—every time he chooses fear over faith, comfort over obedience, silence over truth, or self over surrender.

Wake Up—This Is a War Zone

Look at this world through Heaven's eyes:

People are being stripped of purpose, bound by fear, and too numb to fight.

This is not Eden.

This is not the Kingdom.

This is not a playground.

This is a battlefield.

And you're in it—whether you want to be or not.

But instead of fighting, we're building careers.

Instead of praying, we're scrolling.

Instead of proclaiming, we're performing.

Instead of suffering for Christ, we're settling for comfort.

We are being tested—just like Job.

But unlike Job, we have Jesus.

Satan came before God and asked to destroy Job. God permitted the test, but it wasn't God who killed Job's children or struck his body. It was Satan.

And he's still doing it today.

The difference is—we've been given power.

“Look, I have given you authority over all the power of the enemy... Nothing will injure you.”

—Luke 10:19 (NLT)

“The Spirit who lives in you is greater than the spirit who lives in the world.”

—1 John 4:4 (NLT)

“The Son of God came to destroy the works of the devil.”

—1 John 3:8 (NLT)

Why don't we live with authority?

So why are we blaming God for what the devil is doing?

Why do we sound more like Job's friends—justifying suffering—instead of sounding like Jesus, who healed the sick, delivered the oppressed, and walked in power?

God is not controlling the darkness.

He is waiting.

“The Lord isn't really being slow about His promise... He is being patient for your sake. He does not want anyone to be destroyed, but wants everyone to repent.”

—2 Peter 3:9 (NLT)

The harvest isn't ready.

The wheat and the weeds are still growing.

When my father's harvest is ready, he will return.

And while God is outside of time—He's still allowing time for repentance.

But Church—why are your hands still in your pockets?

Why are your mouths shut?

Why are your knees unbent and your swords sheathed?

If Satan is ruling, and God gave us His Spirit—

Why don't we look like the apostles?

Where Are the Radical Ones?

“And ALL nations will hate you because you are my followers.”

—Matthew 10:22 (NLT)

Jesus didn't exclude America.

“If the world hates you, remember that it hated me first.”

—John 15:18 (NLT)

“Yes, and everyone who wants to live a godly life in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution.”

—2 Timothy 3:12 (NLT)

If there’s no persecution in your life—have you stood for Jesus at all?

Where are the Pauls?

Where are the men and women who run like their soul depends on it—because it does?

“Don’t you realize that in a race everyone runs, but only one person gets the prize? So run to win!”

—1 Corinthians 9:24 (NLT)

“I press on to possess that perfection for which Christ Jesus first possessed me...”

—Philippians 3:12–13 (NLT)

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have remained faithful.”

—2 Timothy 4:7 (NLT)

But today?

Christians aren’t running.

They’re lounging.

They’re scrolling.

They’re soft.

They know more about memes than Scripture.

They’re more disciplined in diet and fitness than prayer and fasting.

They’re offended by truth—but comfortable with sin.

They’re not walking in the Spirit.

They’re parked in pews.

Waiting.

As if God hasn't already moved.

But He did.

He sent His Son.

He sent His Spirit.

He sent you.

So what are you doing?

“As the Father has sent me, so I am sending you.”

—John 20:21 (NLT)

“Go and make disciples of all the nations...”

—Matthew 28:19 (NLT)

We're not waiting on God.

He's waiting on us.

We've confused His patience with permission.

We've mistaken His sovereignty for control.

But God is not a puppet master—He's a Father.

And He gave you a sword.

He gave you armor.

He called you to war.

But you're treating it like a vacation.

Church—Wake Up

“This is all the more urgent, for you know how late it is; time is running out.

Wake up, for our salvation is nearer now than when we first believed.”

—Romans 13:11 (NLT)

The enemy is working overtime.

The world is deceived.

The Church is asleep.

And all we can say is “God is in control”...?

Where are the believers rising in power?

Where are the ones praying with fire?

Where are the ones casting out darkness, healing the sick, preaching the Kingdom, and dying to self?

Jesus will return.

Satan will be cast out.

Righteousness will reign.

Every knee will bow.

But as in the days of noah, when the rain starts falling—it’s too late.

“Then the devil... will be thrown into the fiery lake of burning sulfur... and they will be tormented day and night forever and ever.”

—Revelation 20:10 (NLT)

“He will wipe every tear from their eyes... There will be no more death or sorrow or crying or pain. All these things are gone forever.”

—Revelation 21:4 (NLT)

We know how the story ends.

But are you living like you believe it?

Because right now—we’re in the middle of a war.

Not a sitcom.

Not a business plan.

Not a retreat.

A war.

You weren’t saved to be safe.

And if you’re living safe, you probably didn’t die.

You were not filled with the Spirit to be silent.

And if you're silent, you're probably not filled.

You were not called to follow Jesus so you could blend in.

We were called to be set apart.

“Choose today whom you will serve...”

—Joshua 24:15

As for me?

I will not sleep.

I will not bow.

I will run.

Because my King is coming.

And I want be found faithful.

-Slave of Jesus

Tongues: the Spirit of Truth or the Spirit of?

Something's been weighing on my heart, and I need to speak plainly. I've been seeing more and more confusion in the Church—especially around the Holy Spirit—and I recently witnessed something that stirred me to write this. It's time we examine what we're calling "spiritual," because not everything that looks like God is from God.

I was once at a conference and heard someone teaching about the importance of speaking in tongues.

"You should pray and ask for the gift of speaking in tongues and to be baptized by the Holy Spirit," he said. Then he continued, "If you don't have the gift of tongues, you should practice speaking in tongues—just start letting out whatever syllables come to your tongue, and with practice, it will come."

But when I read the Gospels, I hear something different from Jesus. He says the Holy Spirit will come upon us—that it's not something we can force, fake, or practice into existence. That's exactly what we see in the book of Acts and throughout the New Testament: the Spirit comes—He is sent, and He fills.

Jesus said:

"Judgment will come because the ruler of this world has already been judged. There is so much more I want to tell you, but you can't bear it now. When the Spirit of truth comes, He will guide you into all truth. He will not speak on His own but will tell you what He has heard. He will tell you about the future. He will bring me glory by telling you whatever He receives from me. All that belongs to the Father is mine; this is why I said, 'The Spirit will tell you whatever He receives from me.'"
—John 16:11–15 (NLT)

And Paul writes:

"In the same way, the Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray for, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us through wordless groans."
—Romans 8:26 (NIV)

Jesus also said:

“But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you. And you will be my witnesses, telling people about me everywhere—in Jerusalem, throughout Judea, in Samaria, and to the ends of the earth.”

—Acts 1:8 (NLT)

So why are teachers telling people to practice speaking in tongues in order to be baptized by the Holy Spirit? Where did we get the idea that we can manufacture what only God can give?

The only posture we’re invited into is humility—coming before the Lord empty and surrendered, knowing we are nothing apart from Him. Only then will the Holy Spirit bring forth true fruit within us. Dying to self is the clearing of the canvas. If we aren’t dead, then pride, self-effort, and religious performance smear the surface—and what do we expect the Lord to paint on a filthy canvas?

We act like we have something valuable to offer... like maybe more words will impress Him. But Jesus didn’t say, “Soon I must go, but after I see that you’ve been practicing, my Father will send the Spirit of ‘Nice’ whom I’ve promised.” No. If you haven’t truly humbled yourself—if you haven’t died to self—then the devil may have whispered, “You’re a good person,” and handed you a counterfeit: the spirit of Nice. You need to get out of the Lord’s way, repent, and be made new.

Isn’t it strange that some denominations elevate tongues as the ultimate outward sign of the Holy Spirit? Shouldn’t unconditional dependence on and allegiance to truth be the true evidence and fruit of the Spirit?

Tongues, unless interpreted, only edify the one speaking. It does nothing for anyone else. Paul himself said:

“I would rather speak five intelligible words to instruct others than ten thousand words in a tongue.”

—1 Corinthians 14:19 (NIV)

And yet, many still make tongues the focus.

But consider this: imagine going to another country, sitting in a church where you don’t speak the language, and the Holy Spirit gives you ears to hear and understand—and even the ability to respond in their native tongue. That would be a real miracle and the congregation would be able to identify. Or think of the Amish. Their services are spoken in Pennsylvania Dutch. What if someone just a few blocks away, unfamiliar with the language, walked in—and the Holy Spirit gave them understanding, and they responded in English? The whole congregation would be stirred. The fire of God would fall—not because of a show of tongues, but because the Spirit of truth and power brought unity, clarity, and glory to Jesus.

But what are these tongues I keep hearing—without interpreters, without clarity, and without order? Are we willing to admit that some of what we’re calling “Spirit-filled” is just emotional noise? Where is the discernment? Where is the reverent fear of the Lord?

Paul was clear:

“If anyone speaks in a tongue, two—or at the most three—should speak, one at a time, and someone must interpret. If there is no interpreter, the speaker should keep quiet in the church and speak to himself and to God.”

—1 Corinthians 14:27–28 (NIV)

What we often see today is chaos disguised as worship, performance masked as anointing, and pride camouflaged as spiritual gifts. The Holy Spirit is not a showman. He doesn’t babble nonsense. He speaks what He hears from the Father. He glorifies Jesus—not the man on the stage.

“God is not a God of disorder but of peace—as in all the congregations of the Lord’s people.”

—1 Corinthians 14:33 (NIV)

And yet, the Church seems obsessed with the supernatural without discernment. But signs and wonders mean nothing if they aren’t rooted in truth. Pharaoh’s magicians turned staffs into serpents too (Exodus 7). Just because something is “spiritual” doesn’t mean it’s from God.

“The coming of the lawless one will be in accordance with how Satan works. He will use all sorts of displays of power through signs and wonders that serve the lie.”

—2 Thessalonians 2:9 (NIV)

The enemy is not showing up with horns and a pitchfork—he’s wearing robes, quoting Scripture, and giving people goosebumps. He masquerades as an angel of light (2 Corinthians 11:14), deceiving even the elect if possible (Matthew 24:24).

We must test the spirits (1 John 4:1). We must stop settling for hype and start seeking holiness. The fruit of the Spirit is not tongues—it’s love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control.

“Against such things there is no law.”

—Galatians 5:22–23 (NIV)

Where are these fruits in our pulpits? In our worship sets? In our daily lives?

A counterfeit spirit will let you sing loud but live lukewarm. It will let you speak in tongues but not tame your own. It will let you clap on Sunday and curse your brother on Monday.

True revival starts with repentance. Not noise. Not hype. Not a fog machine and a fake tongue.
But silence, surrender, and the fear of the Lord.

If we want the fire of God, we must lay ourselves on the altar.

Let the Church return to the Spirit of Truth.

Let us not be drunk with emotionalism but filled with the Spirit—sober-minded, surrendered, and sanctified.

-Slave of Jesus

A Letter to the Church in Babylon

To those who call themselves Christians,

To those who fill the pews but starve in the Spirit,

To those who wear the name of Jesus but walk in the ways of the world—

Hear the Word of the Lord.

You have been deceived.

You have traded the voice of the Shepherd for the roar of the crowd.

You have built empires in the name of God but serve Mammon.

You preach blessing but forget the cross.

You sell salvation like a product and call it revival.

You have made church a business, ministry a brand, and truth a matter of personal taste.

“You say, ‘I am rich; I have acquired wealth and do not need a thing.’ But you do not realize that you are wretched, pitiful, poor, blind and naked.” (Revelation 3:17)

You are the church of Laodicea.

Lukewarm. Proud. Unaware.

And unless you repent, you will be spit out of His mouth.

You gather in buildings but refuse to become the temple.

You worship with lips, but your hearts are far from Him.

You tithe mint and cumin, but neglect justice, mercy, and faithfulness.

You have the appearance of godliness, but deny its power.

You speak of grace, but there is no fear of God before your eyes.

You’ve made salvation easy and discipleship optional.

You have taught people to “pray the prayer”

but not to pick up the cross.

You have taught them how to serve the church

but not how to know Jesus.

You have trained them to obey the pastor,

but not the voice of the Holy Spirit.

The truth is:

Many who say “Lord, Lord” do not know Him.

Many who stand behind pulpits are not sent by God.

Many who fill auditoriums are on the wide road to destruction.

And you—if you do not turn—will be among them.

This is not about condemnation. This is about mercy.

This is a rescue mission.

A fire alarm.

A final warning.

“Come out of her, My people, so that you will not share in her sins, so that you will not receive any of her plagues.” (Revelation 18:4)

Come out of religion.

Come out of the false church.

Come out of the systems of performance, popularity, and prosperity.

Come back to Jesus.

Not the Sunday Jesus.

Not the American Jesus.

Not the logo, the brand, or the catchy worship song.

But the Jesus who said: “Deny yourself. Take up your cross. Follow Me.”

The Jesus who turned tables.

Who wept over Jerusalem.

Who called sinners, but told them to sin no more.

The Jesus who didn't fit in your world

because His kingdom is not of it.

It is not too late.

Repent.

Strip off the costume.

Fall on your face.

Ask for fire.

Ask for the Holy Spirit.

Ask to be discipled in truth—not tradition.

Let Him wreck what man has built, and rebuild what only He can sustain.

“Yet even now,” declares the Lord, “return to Me with all your heart, with fasting, with weeping, and with mourning.” (Joel 2:12)

The time is short.

The harvest is ripe.

And judgment begins in the house of God.

Let the remnant arise.

Let the Bride make herself ready.

Let the sons and daughters be filled—not with religion,

but with the Spirit of the living God.

You have one Master.

One Teacher.

One Savior.

One King.

His name is Jesus.

Come back to Him while there is still time.

-Slave of Jesus

Have we become superstitious?

I've been sitting with something heavy on my heart. Something that has echoed quietly for years but now feels like a warning crying out: have we become a superstitious people?

We were warned, weren't we? That there would be a day when people would cling to outward forms, go through motions, honor God with their lips while their hearts remain far from Him. The Lord spoke through Isaiah, "These people say they are mine. They honor me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me. And their worship of me is nothing but man-made rules learned by rote" (Isaiah 29:13). Jesus later repeated this same warning: "Their worship is a farce, for they teach man-made ideas as commands from God" (Matthew 15:9).

I can't help but look around and wonder—is that where we are now? Have we exchanged faith for fear, trust for tradition, intimacy for routine?

Superstition isn't just something you see in folk religions or paganism. It has crept into the Church. It looks like lighting candles, taking communion, wearing the right clothes, saying the right words, attending the right services, giving money—and thinking that somehow these acts in themselves will protect us, bless us, or earn us favor. But isn't that just another form of control? Isn't that what pagan nations did—trying to manipulate the spiritual realm through ritual?

True faith is not about what we do to avoid punishment or gain blessings. It's about knowing Him. It's about walking with Jesus. Obeying because we love Him, not because we fear what might happen if we don't.

Paul asked the Galatians this piercing question: "After starting your new lives in the Spirit, why are you now trying to become perfect by your own human effort?" (Galatians 3:3). That is the question we need to ask ourselves. Are we walking by the Spirit—or are we just trying to manage our way into righteousness?

I've come to see how easy it is for people to get caught up in religion and completely miss relationship. To get so focused on what's seen, what's tangible, what looks "right," that we forget why we're doing it—or even who we're doing it for. We start to treat God like a system to be managed instead of a Father to be loved. Like a far-off deity to appease rather than the indwelling Spirit to surrender to.

This is what happens when the Church loses the Holy Spirit. We start to rely on performance, feelings, and systems to make us feel spiritual. But Paul warned us: "They will act religious, but they will reject the power that could make them godly. Stay away from people like that!" (2 Timothy 3:5).

The Church today is full of forms. But where is the power? Where is the holiness? Where is the fire that burns up compromise and produces repentance, transformation, obedience? Have we

traded it all for superstitious Christianity—doing things “just in case,” just to feel safe, just to check the box?

Paul said in Colossians: “You have died with Christ, and he has set you free from the spiritual powers of this world. So why do you keep on following the rules of the world...? These rules may seem wise... but they provide no help in conquering a person’s evil desires” (Colossians 2:20–23). That’s what superstition does. It might look good on the outside, but it has no power to change the heart.

But the Holy Spirit does. Relationship with Jesus does. Not religion, not fear, not performance—just Him.

I believe the Father is calling His people out of superstition and into sonship. Out of fear-based religion and into Spirit-led obedience. Out of systems, into surrender. Out of routine, into repentance.

Don’t just do the thing. Don’t just go through the motions. Superstition is doing things not for the One you love, but out of fear of what might happen if you don’t. And when fear becomes your master, you don’t walk in intimacy—you carry a shell. A hollow form. You might still look “Christian” on the outside, but the fire, the love, the voice of the Shepherd—you’ve lost touch with it all. And the tragedy is, you might not even know it. Stop and ask: Am I doing this because I know Him, love Him, and am led by Him—or am I just afraid not to?

“Obedience is better than sacrifice, and submission is better than offering the fat of rams” (1 Samuel 15:22). The Lord wants our hearts, not our rituals. He wants worshipers “who will worship the Father in spirit and in truth” (John 4:23–24). That’s what He’s looking for.

We were never meant to follow Jesus by following systems. We were meant to follow Jesus by following Jesus. And He is not a superstition. He is not a ritual. He is not a Sunday. He is the living God, and He wants to walk with us daily.

Let’s lay down our religious charms and false securities. This isn’t a new problem. The early Church faced the same deception. Jude wrote with urgency to call believers back to truth, warning that “some ungodly people have wormed their way into your churches, saying that God’s marvelous grace allows us to live immoral lives” (Jude 1:4). He saw it even then—how grace was being twisted into license, how empty religion and false authority crept in unnoticed.

He warned of those who claim authority from dreams, who scoff at truth, who live only to satisfy their desires. He called them “shameless shepherds who care only for themselves,” “trees in autumn doubly dead,” and “wild waves of the sea” (Jude 1:12–13). Does that not sound like the age we live in?

Yet Jude didn’t just warn—he exhorted. “But you, dear friends, must build each other up in your most holy faith, pray in the power of the Holy Spirit, and await the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ” (Jude 1:20–21). That is our way forward: not in fear, not in ritual, but in faith, in Spirit, in mercy, in love.

Let us walk with sober hearts, full of mercy, rejecting sin but rescuing the lost—not in superstition, but in Spirit and truth. He is able to keep us from falling. And He will bring us into His glorious presence without a single fault—but only if we follow Him, not systems..

-Slave of Jesus

A Letter to the Church: On Judging, Discernment, and Offense

We've all heard it—"It's not our place to judge." Or, "Don't judge people." But what does that actually mean?

To understand, we need to look at what a judge really is. A judge reviews facts, weighs evidence, considers multiple angles, and ultimately delivers a verdict. A judge has the power to condemn. And yes, condemnation belongs to God alone.

Romans 14:10 (NLT) says, "So why do you condemn another believer? Why do you look down on another believer? Remember, we will all stand before the judgment seat of God."

But is that really what we're doing when we speak truth, call for repentance, or hold one another accountable?

We must ask ourselves:

- What is the intention behind our words?
- Are we trying to cut someone down—or are we speaking out of concern and love?
- Are we gossiping—or addressing something in the proper context with the right heart and the right people?
- Are our motives pure—or rooted in pride, bitterness, or self-righteousness?
- Could our words socially condemn someone—or could they bring healing and light?

Far too often, "Don't judge" is weaponized to silence truth. To shut down concern. To suppress correction. It's become a shield for sin and a muzzle against discernment. And this isn't just a mistake—it feels like a design.

And we must ask: Who benefits when the Church refuses to correct itself?

The enemy does.

We are watching a generation of believers become afraid to speak truth, afraid to correct sin, afraid to even discuss hard things—because we're terrified of being labeled "judgmental." And yet, Jesus Himself told us:

John 7:24 (NLT): “Look beneath the surface so you can judge correctly.”

Not if—but how. Jesus commanded righteous judgment—humble, discerning, Spirit-led.

Galatians 6:1 (NLT) says, “Dear brothers and sisters, if another believer is overcome by some sin, you who are godly should gently and humbly help that person back onto the right path.”

That’s not judgment—it’s love. It’s restoration. It’s discipleship.

But love like that takes courage. It requires maturity. It requires the Holy Spirit.

And most of the time, the ones shouting “Don’t judge!” the loudest are the ones void of wisdom, discernment, or understanding. They quote Jesus without understanding His Spirit. They use His words to protect compromise.

Ephesians 5:11 (NLT) says, “Take no part in the worthless deeds of evil and darkness; instead, expose them.”

Yes—expose. In love, in truth, and in humility. Not to shame, but to restore. Not to condemn, but to awaken.

Still, in today’s culture, truth has become offensive. And offense has become the tool to silence anything that challenges comfort.

If it makes someone uncomfortable—it’s “judging.”

If it convicts someone—it’s “hateful.”

If it calls for repentance—it’s “legalistic.”

The world is so easily offended, and sadly, much of the Church has adopted this same fragile spirit.

But offense is not the fruit of the Spirit. And as followers of Jesus, we are not called to be easily offended—but to be unshakable in truth, patient in love, and humble in correction.

Psalms 119:165 (NKJV) says, “Great peace have those who love Your law, and nothing causes them to stumble [or be offended].”

Proverbs 19:11 (NLT) says, “Sensible people control their temper; they earn respect by overlooking wrongs.”

The enemy uses offense to make us afraid to speak. We don’t want to upset people. We don’t want to be misunderstood. We don’t want to lose friends, followers, family. But that fear is not from God.

Galatians 1:10 (NLT): “Obviously, I’m not trying to win the approval of people, but of God. If pleasing people were my goal, I would not be Christ’s servant.”

Jesus was constantly offensive to the religious and to the comfortable. He loved deeply—but His words divided. Truth always does.

Matthew 11:6 (NLT): “And blessed is the one who is not offended because of Me.”

The truth is: offense exposes the heart. It reveals pride, wounds, and self. The mature believer lays those things down and asks, “Lord, are You speaking through this?” The offended believer walks away unchanged.

Proverbs 27:5-6 (NLT): “An open rebuke is better than hidden love! Wounds from a sincere friend are better than many kisses from an enemy.”

1 Corinthians 5:12-13 (NLT): “It isn’t my responsibility to judge outsiders, but it certainly is your responsibility to judge those inside the church who are sinning.”

Church—it’s time to grow up. It’s time to lay down the fear of man, the idol of offense, and the lie that silence equals love.

There’s a difference between judging to condemn and discerning to protect, correct, and heal.

Jesus didn’t avoid uncomfortable truth to preserve people’s feelings—He spoke in ways that pierced the heart. And His call to repentance was love.

We need less fear of judgment—and more fear of God.

We need less offense—and more obedience.

We need less silence—and more Spirit-led boldness.

A Church that refuses to correct itself will be corrected by fire.

Let us judge rightly—not with condemnation, but with wisdom, truth, and the love of Jesus.

-Slave of Jesus

What is Sin?

Sin, Self, and the Spirit

A Letter to the Church About What Holiness Really Is

There are many things I've heard Christians say are "sin"—things they've been taught in church, often repeated for years—yet they aren't backed up by Scripture at all. I'll be addressing some of those in other letters. But in this one, I want to focus on just one issue.

Because how we handle this particular topic reveals something deeper:

Whether we actually understand what holiness is—or if we've just been trained to act religious.

The modern Church has become a hollow shell—polished on the outside, but powerless within. A beautiful veneer that appears righteous, but underneath? It's weak, confused, distracted, and bound. We've traded purity for performance, holiness for hustle, and repentance for repetition. And worst of all, we've stopped asking the most basic question: What is sin?

We preach against it, build systems to manage it, and invent new categories to label people with it. But do we even know what it is?

Let's be real. Most churches today don't define sin by scripture—they define it by discomfort. If it's messy, controversial, or culturally inconvenient, we call it sin. If it looks respectable, familiar, or profitable, we ignore it. But true holiness cannot grow out of that kind of confusion.

The Word says:

"Brothers and sisters, stop thinking like children. In regard to evil be infants, but in your thinking be adults."
—1 Corinthians 14:20 (NIV)

But many in the Church still think like infants—just not when it comes to sin. Not childlike in faith, but childish in understanding. Untrained, undisciplined, and unrepentant. Claiming to walk with Jesus while living like the world.

Paul didn't mince words:

"Think carefully about what is right, and stop sinning. For to your shame I say that some of you don't know God at all."
—1 Corinthians 15:34 (NLT)

Have We Really Arrived?

If Paul was saying these things to the early Church—people who lived just decades after Jesus walked the earth—do we really believe we’ve figured it all out now?

Like we’re so diligent, so trained, so Spirit-led that there’s nothing left to examine?

Like the warnings weren’t really for us, but just for them?

We act like we’ve graduated. Like we’ve got the right system now.

We check the boxes. Go to church. Memorize verses.

Raise kids in “Christian homes.”

And then live as if the goal is just to make it to retirement—and eventually heaven.

Do we really think that because we show up to church on Sundays, raise our kids, and keep a Bible app on our phones, that we’re born again, Spirit-filled, and ready for heaven?

Have we reduced the gospel to a routine?

Work hard. Raise the kids. Pay the bills. Go to church. Wait to die.

Is that really what Jesus died to give us?

We come at this like fools.

Like nothing more needs to be done. Like the battle’s already over.

But Scripture warns us that the devil is still deceiving.

That we are living in a culture that is over-stimulated, overworked, and overfed—yet still starving spiritually.

“Be still and know that I am God.” —Psalm 46:10 (NLT)

But who is still anymore?

We scroll. We rush. We numb. We consume. We perform.

And then we say we’re fine.

But are we? Or are we asleep at the wheel?

Jesus didn’t save us so we could coast to heaven.

He called us to die daily, to pick up our cross, to walk in the Spirit, and to wage war against the flesh.

This isn't about information.

This is about transformation.

And most churches aren't offering that—just religious sedation.

Sin Is Rooted in Knowledge and Choice

Let's start at the beginning. In the garden, God gave Adam and Eve one rule: Don't eat from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Before they ate, they were like innocent animals. Unashamed. Unaware. But once they ate, their eyes were opened. They knew. And once you know—your actions carry weight.

“Everyone who sins is breaking God's law, for all sin is contrary to the law of God. But Jesus came to take away our sins... Anyone who continues to live in Him will not sin. But anyone who keeps on sinning does not know Him or understand who He is.”

—1 John 3:4–6 (NLT)

Understanding is the line. A baby doesn't feel guilt when it does wrong. A toddler might kick you or scream in your face and not feel anything—because there's no moral compass yet. But you and I—we know. And we are accountable for what we know and what we think we know.

That's why sin isn't just about behavior—it's about awareness, motive, thought, and the condition of the heart.

Sin is a matter of separation from God.

The question isn't just, “What are you doing?”

It's: “Can you do it with the Lord?”

Does it draw you closer to Him, or does it pull you away?

I know that might sound basic, even childish. But that's the point.

The Lord sees everything. He sees you when you're going to the bathroom. He sees you when you're having sex.

So are those things dirty? Shameful?

No—they're not. Not when they're done in His design.

But when we take what He made to be holy—like sex—and we use it outside of covenant, that's when it becomes sin.

That's when it becomes shameful—not because of the act, but because it's no longer with Him.

Because it breaks intimacy with the One we were made for.

What Sin Is Not

I've been to churches that teach sin as a list of bad actions. They say, "We're all sinners. We can't stop sinning. That's why we need Jesus." But that's only half the truth—and a half-truth is a lie in disguise.

Let's talk honestly.

When I was 13, I asked a youth leader why masturbation was a sin. He said, "Because it's lust." But how is a 13-year-old boy, who's never even seen a woman naked, "lusting"? I wasn't picturing anyone—I just had hormones I didn't understand. So what exactly was I sinning against?

Nowhere in Scripture is masturbation even mentioned. Not once.

The Bible is extremely detailed when it talks about sexual sin—whether it's adultery, fornication, incest, or even bestiality.

"Do not have sexual relations with an animal and defile yourself with it. A woman must not present herself to an animal to have sexual relations with it; that is a perversion."

—Leviticus 18:23 (NIV)

If God made sure to include a line about not sleeping with animals, do you really think He just forgot to mention masturbation? Or maybe... maybe the issue isn't the act—it's the heart, the motive, and the conscience.

"To one who knows the right thing and does not do it, for him it is sin."

—James 4:17

Here's where it gets real.

Instinct, Conscience, and the Real Root of Sin

Apes and chimpanzees masturbate. So are they sinning?

Of course not.

Because they don't have moral accountability.

They aren't made in the image of God the way we are.

They don't know purity, covenant, or holiness.

They act on instinct, not intention.

There's no sin where there is no knowledge.

“Remember, it is sin to know what you ought to do and then not do it.”
—James 4:17 (NLT)

Animals don't think about female anatomy. They don't fantasize. They don't have spiritual conviction. But we do. And that's the difference.

“People judge by outward appearance, but the Lord looks at the heart.”
—1 Samuel 16:7 (NLT)

Jesus didn't say, “If you masturbate, you sin.”

He said:

“But I say, anyone who even looks at a woman with lust has already committed adultery with her in his heart.”
—Matthew 5:28 (NLT)

The issue isn't hands—it's heart.

The real battlefield is the mind—your motives, thoughts, and desires. That's where sin begins. That's where holiness is either forged or faked.

Could the Act Without the Lust Actually Be Discipline?

Here's something the Church rarely considers:

Could a single man—discipline his mind, refuse to lust, take captive every thought, and still release physical tension without violating God's design?

And could doing that actually help him avoid the very sin Jesus warned about?

It's possible.

Because again—the sin is not the act. It's the intent.

If a man can master his mind, guard his heart, and keep himself from objectifying others, that's not sin—that's training.

“I discipline my body like an athlete, training it to do what it should.
Otherwise, I fear that after preaching to others I myself might be disqualified.”
—1 Corinthians 9:27 (NLT)

It's better to release that tension in private—surrendered to the Spirit—than to let it build until it burns.

Far too many young men in the Church are never taught discipline.

They bottle up their desires, pretend to be pure, and then explode—through porn, manipulation, or shallow relationships they call “love.”

But let me ask you plainly: Let's be honest—do you know any man who has never masturbated?

If apes and monkeys do it because of how their bodies are wired, are we really saying God gave us the same biology just so we'd fail?

That doesn't sound like a good Father. That sounds like a trap.

The problem isn't the body.

The problem is silence.

No one teaches boys how to rule over their thoughts, discipline their urges, and submit their strength to the Spirit.

So we shame the act—while ignoring the heart.

And we leave men alone in their struggle, wondering if they're broken or beyond hope.

The Goal Isn't Control. The Goal Is Purity.

This isn't about justifying sin. This is about clarifying it.

We've made people feel ashamed of their biology instead of teaching them to steward it in holiness.

We've obsessed over what people do with their bodies and ignored what they do with their minds.

But God wants the whole person—body, mind, and soul—submitted, disciplined, and free.

“We destroy every proud obstacle that keeps people from knowing God. We capture their rebellious thoughts and teach them to obey Christ.”
—2 Corinthians 10:5 (NLT)

If a man can do that—if he can master his mind, flee lust, reject fantasy, and walk in real purity—that man is far holier than the one who never touches himself but secretly fills his heart with pornography, envy, or self-righteousness.

But here's the part the Church refuses to talk about.

We tell our boys not to lust—while the girls standing in front of them are wearing leggings so tight they leave nothing to the imagination, shirts cut low enough to draw the eyes, and nobody says a word.

We've stopped talking about modesty.

We've stopped protecting our sons.

And now we're leading them to the slaughterhouse—then blaming them for getting eaten alive.

“And I want women to be modest in their appearance. They should wear decent and appropriate clothing and not draw attention to themselves...”
—1 Timothy 2:9 (NLT)

Modesty isn't just an old-school virtue—it's a command rooted in love.

If you love your brother, you won't intentionally stir up a war in his mind.

Yes, men are responsible for their eyes—but women are responsible for how they present themselves. Both matter. Both carry weight.

But in today's Church, we treat this like it's no big deal.

We're afraid of offending people—so we stay silent.

And in our silence, we let lust grow in both the men and the women—because no one is being taught how to walk in holiness anymore.

The Spirit Is the Teacher—Not Shame

Shame will never make you holy.

It might modify behavior for a moment, but it cannot transform the heart.

Only the Holy Spirit can do that.

Let Him lead you—not into performance, not into fear, not into outward appearances—but into purity, honesty, and truth.

Because real sin doesn't begin with your hands—it begins in your heart.

And when the heart is surrendered to Jesus, the body follows.

You don't need to control the outside—you need to be transformed from the inside.

“Let the Holy Spirit guide your lives. Then you won't be doing what your sinful nature craves.”

—Galatians 5:16 (NLT)

Only an image-bearer with a conscience can violate that conscience.

That's why a chimp isn't guilty when it acts on instinct—but you and I are accountable for what we know.

So why is the Church so busy condemning things the Bible never even defines as sin...

while ignoring the deeper sins that Scripture confronts plainly?

Pride.

Bitterness.

Control.

Neglect.

Self-righteousness.

These are the things Jesus came to destroy—not just the obvious ones that make religious people feel clean.

Confusing Shame with Sin

This is where the Church has gone wrong:

We've confused shame with conviction.

We've replaced the Spirit with social pressure.

We've created a list of sins that make people feel ashamed—while ignoring the ones that God actually named.

Here's what it looks like:

- We rebuke the smoker outside the building... but we never confront the gluttony inside.
- We idolize fitness and nutrition... but we stay full of pride, bitterness, and unbelief.
- We turn modesty into a dress code... while ignoring the lust and insecurity that lives beneath our polished exteriors.

We've created a system that's backward. We strain out gnats, and swallow camels.

“You blind guides! You clean the outside of the cup... but inside you are full of greed and self-indulgence.”

—Matthew 23:24–25 (NIV)

What Sin Really Is

Jesus summed up the law in two commands:

1. Love God with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength.
2. Love your neighbor as yourself.

Sin is anything that violates those two things.

It's selfishness.

It's pride.

It's anything that hardens your heart—toward God or others.

The root of sin isn't money—it's self.

And self must die in order for the Spirit to live.

How You Respond Is Who You Really Are

Let's forget the big, visible sins for a minute. Forget alcohol, cussing, or what someone's wearing. Let's talk about the stuff nobody wants to touch.

Let's talk about how you treat people when:

- Your children are tugging and pulling on you, and your head is pounding.
- Your wife withholds intimacy.
- Your husband forgets your needs.
- Someone lies to you, steals from you, or mistreats you.
- Your mother was reactive. Your father was cold. Your spouse is emotionally unavailable.

What comes out of you then?

That's where sin lives—or dies.

Do you snap? Withdraw? Blame? Get passive-aggressive?

Do you replay offenses in your head? Fantasize about what you wish you had said?

Do you get harsh with your kids but call it “discipline”? Do you starve your spouse of affection but call it “boundaries”?

This is where sin exposes itself—not in theory, but in your home.

“Out of the overflow of the heart, the mouth speaks.” —Luke 6:45

“If you are angry with someone, you are subject to judgment.” —Matthew 5:22

“Do not repay evil with evil or insult with insult, but with blessing.” —1 Peter 3:9

We become who we are through the choices we make in these moments.

You can't blame your trauma for your temper forever.

You can't blame your spouse for your hardness of heart.

You can't claim to be full of the Spirit if you're ruled by your reactions.

“Be angry, and do not sin... and give no foothold to the devil.” —Ephesians 4:26–27

The Seven Deadly Sins vs. The Fruit of the Spirit

We warn people about the “seven deadly sins,” but we rarely teach them what’s supposed to grow in their place.

Deadly Sin	Fruit of the Spirit	Beatitude
Pride	Gentleness, Love	“Blessed are the poor in spirit...” (Matt. 5:3)
Greed	Goodness, Kindness	“Blessed are the meek...” (Matt. 5:5)
Lust	Self-Control, Faithfulness	“Blessed are the pure in heart...” (Matt. 5:8)
Envy	Joy, Peace	“Blessed are those who mourn...” (Matt. 5:4)
Gluttony	Self-Control	“Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness...” (Matt. 5:6)
Wrath	Patience, Peace	“Blessed are the merciful...” (Matt. 5:7)
Sloth	Faithfulness	“Blessed are those who are persecuted for doing right...” (Matt. 5:10)

You can't fake fruit. You can't force it.

It only grows when you're rooted in Jesus.

“Remain in Me, and I will remain in you... apart from Me, you can do nothing.”

—John 15:4–5

This isn't about rules—it's about transformation.

Inventing Sin

Paul said the world “invented new ways of sinning” (Romans 1:30). But let's be honest: so has the Church.

We've created extra laws and traditions that God never gave.

We've convinced people they're sinning because they wore jeans, listened to music, or drank wine.

And the scariest part?

“If someone believes it is wrong... for him it is sin.”

—Romans 14:23 (NLT)

That means if I teach someone that playing the drums is sinful, and they believe me... then they actually do sin when they play. Not because God said so, but because I bound their conscience with a lie.

“When you sin against other believers by encouraging them to do something they believe is wrong, you are sinning against Christ.”

—1 Corinthians 8:12 (NLT)

This should terrify pastors and teachers who have elevated man-made tradition above the Word and Spirit of God.

The Real Battle: Flesh vs Spirit

The question isn't just “Are you sinning?”

The deeper question is: What's growing in your life?

“Those who are dominated by the sinful nature think about sinful things, but those who are controlled by the Holy Spirit think about things that please the Spirit... letting the Spirit control your mind leads to life and peace.”

—Romans 8:5–6 (NLT)

Self must be crucified.

Desire must be disciplined.

The flesh must be trained like an athlete.

“I discipline my body like an athlete, training it to do what it should. Otherwise, I fear that after preaching to others I myself might be disqualified.”

—1 Corinthians 9:27 (NLT)

Final Thought

Some Pharisees once asked Jesus, “Are you saying we’re blind?”

He said:

“If you were blind, you wouldn’t be guilty. But you remain guilty because you claim you can see.”

—John 9:41 (NLT)

It's better to be blind and admit it... than to be confident and lost.

Church, it's time to stop pretending to be holy.

Let's actually be holy.

Not by rules.

Not by shame.

Not by fear.

But by dying to self and walking in the Spirit.

Because holiness is not performance.

It's not appearance.

It's not behavior.

It's fruit.

And fruit only grows where there's life.

Your brother,

-Slave of Jesus

One who has counted the cost—and found nothing in this world worth more than obedience to the One who died for me.

Are you Born Again?

I see it everywhere.

Christians pray a prayer—ask Jesus into their heart—and bada bing, they’re “saved.”

The pastor marks it down in his log of salvations and announces it from the stage.

Now, don’t get me wrong—there’s nothing wrong with asking Jesus into your heart.

In fact, it’s good. You should. And then You should invite Him to take over your life and become your Lord.

But then—you should keep seeking Him.

And then you should keep seeking Him.

Then you should start knocking.

And keep knocking.

And keep knocking—pounding on the door until it opens.

And beg and keep begging. Pleading. Crying out for Him to do whatever it takes to make you come alive and burn for Him.

Because Jesus said, “Keep on asking, and you will receive what you ask for. Keep on seeking, and you will find. Keep on knocking, and the door will be opened to you” (Matthew 7:7). But for most people, that’s where it ends.

They’re taught that if they pray a simple prayer, they’re done. Sealed. Saved. Box checked.

And from that moment on, they’re told, “There’s nothing you can do to separate yourself from God.”

My wife, long before I met her, went through “confirmation.”

She was told something I’ve heard echoed in so many churches—not just Lutheran ones:

“There is absolutely nothing you can do to separate yourself from God. You are locked and sealed into your salvation, and nothing can take it away.”

And people believe it.

It absolutely blows my mind how many Christians are being taught this—how many just accept it without question.

But how can that be true if Jesus said, “Only those who actually do the will of my Father in heaven will enter” (Matthew 7:21)?

What happens if you stop following Him?

What if you reject His Spirit?

What if you ignore that quiet voice—the gentle nudge, the conviction, the warning?

What if you walk right back into your old life like nothing ever happened?

Are we really sealed... no matter what?

What about resisting His guidance?

What about turning your back on the path He set before you?

What about choosing your own way over His—again and again?

This is what breaks my heart.

Because I see this being preached—openly, confidently, and constantly—and no one seems grieved.

No one trembles. No one weeps.

The Church should be ashamed.

Do we even believe the words coming out of our mouths?

Because I have childhood friends—people I grew up with, that were sitting beside me in church pews, in Sunday school, at Wednesday night youth group—who have told me, “Yeah, I prayed the prayer. It didn’t work. God must not be real.”

“I tried that. It didn’t work.”

But Jesus never said to try Him. He said to follow Him. He said, “Keep on seeking, and you will find. Keep on knocking, and the door will be opened to you” (Matthew 7:7). But instead, we’ve been taught to say the prayer... and then move on.

Back to school.

Back to work.

Back to the mortgage and the car shopping.

Back to the system.

And even the Christian system—the one meant to point people to Christ—is failing to disciple. Failing to lead people into true, authentic relationship with the living God. It gives them religion and routine, but not rebirth. It gives them performance and programs, but not power.

And the result? A generation that thinks they've tried Jesus... but never truly met Him.

So, did anything change?

Did your heart change?

Did your desires change?

Did your life begin to bear fruit that actually looks like Jesus?

Because the Word doesn't say, "Repeat after me and you'll be saved." It says, "Repent of your sins and turn to God, for the Kingdom of Heaven is near" (Matthew 3:2). That's not a one-time emotional moment. That's a spiritual U-turn.

And John the Baptist didn't say, "Believe really hard." He said, "Prove by the way you live that you have repented of your sins and turned to God" (Matthew 3:8).

So I'm asking—where's the proof?

That doesn't sound like cheap grace or emotional confession. That sounds like death... and rebirth.

When I was reborn—it wasn't a moment. It wasn't a goosebump at the altar or a box I checked.

It was a long, painful, bloody birth.

I died.

And I didn't just die once—I've been dying ever since.

Paul said it like this: "My old self has been crucified with Christ. It is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me" (Galatians 2:20).

And again, "We know that our old sinful selves were crucified with Christ so that sin might lose its power in our lives. We are no longer slaves to sin. For when we died with Christ, we were set free from the power of sin" (Romans 6:6–7).

Being born again isn't a slogan.

It's not Christian branding or some mystical transaction in heaven.

It's a real transformation.

It's a funeral... and a resurrection.

And if you didn't die—how can you claim to be alive?

You must be born again.

To be saved, you must be reborn.

And being born again requires transformation—not just of your beliefs, but of your heart, your life, your path, your actions, your thoughts.

Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like a mustard seed planted in a field. It is the smallest of all seeds, but it becomes the largest of garden plants; it grows into a tree" (Matthew 13:31–32).

That seed is the Holy Spirit.

And if He truly lives in you, something will grow.

But you must listen and be obedient.

It may start small, but it won't stay small. You'll change. Your life will bear fruit.

But here's something few talk about:

You can have the Holy Spirit... and still not be saved.

You can experience His conviction, feel His presence, even witness His power—and still choose your way over His.

Jesus said the Spirit would "convict the world of its sin, and of God's righteousness, and of the coming judgment" (John 16:8).

That conviction is real.

But conviction alone doesn't save you.

The Holy Spirit can be with you—pressing in, drawing near—but until you surrender, you are not born again.

There were/are/will be people who healed the sick, prophesied, cast out demons... and still heard,

"I never knew you. Get away from me, you who break God's laws" (Matthew 7:22–23).

That's terrifying.

It means you can move in gifts and still not be transformed.

You can feel the Spirit and still walk the wide road.

You can “look anointed” and still be lost.

You must be born again.

But what happens when you ignore that seed?

When you resist the Spirit?

When you silence the voice that convicts you and keeps trying to lead you off the broad road?

Jesus said, “Anyone who speaks against the Holy Spirit will never be forgiven, either in this world or in the world to come” (Matthew 12:32).

Blaspheming the Holy Spirit isn’t just making fun of God—it’s saying “no” to Him.

It’s ignoring Him when He’s trying to get your attention.

It’s pushing away the very One who was sent to save you—to lead you to repentance, to show you the truth, to give you real life.

It’s when you keep saying, “Not now,” or “Maybe later,” until you can’t hear Him anymore.

Or until your life ends... and you never gave Him your heart.

And by then—it’s too late.

Blaspheming the Spirit is choosing your way over God’s, again and again, until your heart goes cold.

I can’t say exactly where the line is...

All I know is—I don’t want to be found ignoring the Holy Spirit, only for my skin suit to give out and realize I ran out of time.

No more chances.

No more conviction.

No more whispers.

Just judgment.

If the Spirit of God lives in you, there will be proof.

Not perfection—but transformation.

Not religion—but relationship.

Not pride—but humility.

Not compromise—but conviction.

So let me ask you:

Did you really die with Christ?

Have you truly been born again?

Or did you just have a moment... and then move on?

Because Jesus didn't say, "Accept Me."

He said, "If any of you wants to be my follower, you must give up your own way, take up your cross daily, and follow me" (Luke 9:23).

Many will be shocked in the end when He says,

"I never knew you. Get away from me, you who break God's laws" (Matthew 7:23).

That's not for the atheist.

That's for the one who thought they were saved.

Paul warned of them: "Such people claim they know God, but they deny him by the way they live" (Titus 1:16).

And James didn't hold back either: "So you see, faith by itself isn't enough. Unless it produces good deeds, it is dead and useless" (James 2:17).

So don't be fooled.

You must be born again.

Not in theory.

Not in emotion.

Not because a preacher said so.

But because the Spirit of God tore you open... and made you new.

Jesus said, "I tell you the truth, unless you are born again, you cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3:3).

And again, “Humans can reproduce only human life, but the Holy Spirit gives birth to spiritual life” (John 3:6).

This is not optional.

You must die to yourself and be reborn by the Spirit before your body dies.

Because if your body dies first—before your spirit has been made new—then you were still living for your flesh... and your flesh goes to the grave.

But if you surrender and die to yourself now—before your body dies—then your spirit comes alive.

You’re no longer a slave to your body.

You’re free.

You overcome.

You move on.

You must be born again.

So does your body belong to you? Or do you still belong to your body?

—Slave of Jesus

You say you’re a Christian, but have you been reborn into a child of God?

Prove it by the way you live

“When the crowds came to John for baptism, he said, ‘You brood of snakes! Who warned you to flee the coming wrath? Prove by the way you live that you have repented of your sins and turned to God. Don’t just say to each other, ‘We’re safe, for we are descendants of Abraham.’ That means nothing... Every tree that does not produce good fruit will be chopped down and thrown into the fire.”

– Luke 3:7–9 (NLT)

To the Church in America,

I write with tears in my eyes and fire in my bones. I don’t understand how we’ve gotten here—how we can claim to follow Jesus while living no differently than the world we say we’ve turned away from.

John the Baptist didn’t coddle crowds. He didn’t sell them comfort or offer them feel-good sermons. He confronted them with truth: “Prove it by the way you live.”

So I ask you, Church: Where is the fruit?

We claim to have repented, yet we chase after the same things the world does—status, security, possessions, and comfort. We might listen to “Christian music” but we cling to our pride and politics while preaching a grace that demands nothing. We talk about being saved, but avoid the surrender that real discipleship requires. We celebrate being Christian, but forget that repentance must be seen in a changed life—because the axe is still at the root of the tree. That warning wasn’t just for them—it’s for us. And yet, what do we see? Christians working nonstop to build wealth, living like unbelievers, stuffing their lives with convenience and calling it blessing. But Jesus made Himself poor. He laid everything down. He walked the road of suffering. And we’ve taken up the Cross as if it’s a nice symbol for our jewelry and T-shirts—but the Cross was a place of execution. It was violent. Shameful. Reserved for criminals and traitors. To be crucified was to be crushed, humiliated, stripped of everything. So how can we say we’re following Jesus when we avoid everything He walked through? Have we truly become His disciples—or have we just borrowed His name?

You say you’re safe. You go to church, you’ve been baptized, you know the songs. But John said, “That means nothing.”

Do you understand? Nothing.

God doesn't need your church attendance or your family heritage. He's looking for hearts that are broken and lives that are bearing fruit—fruit that proves repentance.

What kind of fruit?

John made it simple: If you have two shirts, give one away. If you have food, share it.

Live differently. Love radically.

Die to yourself. Walk by the Spirit.

Be generous, holy, humble, and honest.

Seek the lord, not yourself.

Be a disciple, not just a believer.

But instead, I look around at the American Church and I see a mirror of the world. Same values. Same greed. Same fear. Same comforts. Same divorces. Same obsession with image. Same obsession with self. We've built platforms instead of altars. We've traded the narrow way for the easy way—and convinced ourselves it's the gospel.

"Then he told them a story: 'A rich man had a fertile farm that produced fine crops. He said to himself, 'What should I do? I don't have room for all my crops.' Then he said, 'I know! I'll tear down my barns and build bigger ones. Then I'll have room enough to store all my wheat and other goods. And I'll sit back and say to myself, "My friend, you have enough stored away for years to come. Now take it easy! Eat, drink, and be merry!"' "But God said to him, 'You fool! You will die this very night. Then who will get everything you worked for?' "Yes, a person is a fool to store up earthly wealth but not have a rich relationship with God." Luke 12:16-21 NLT

How did we get so blind?

The man said, "I know what I'll do—I'll tear down my barns and build bigger ones. Then I'll store up everything I need and enjoy the rest of my life in comfort." But God said to him, "You fool. This very night your life will be demanded from you."

How do we not see? We've been raised from childhood to do the same thing—to work our whole lives, store up comfort, retire, and die.

And somehow we still call it blessing.

But Jesus called it foolishness.

So how do we keep pretending this is the narrow road? How do we kid ourselves into believing we're following Him, when we're walking the very path He warned us about?

It's because we stopped listening to the voice in the wilderness.

We silenced the warnings. We dulled the sword of the Word. We buried conviction under layers of noise, programs, politics, and traditions. We told ourselves we were “safe,” and never noticed we’d drifted far from the only One who actually saves.

So how do we wake up?

We must return to the wilderness.

We must find the burning ones.

We must make disciples.

We must show fruit.

We must follow the fire—not the fog.

We must stop clinging to this world and start walking the narrow road of Jesus—the road marked by the Cross, not comfort.

This isn’t judgment—it’s mercy.

This is a call to come out of deception and step into the light.

This is a plea: Bear fruit. True fruit. Holy fruit. Lasting fruit.

Think about it—every voice of fire in Scripture was forged in the wilderness.

Jesus withdrew: “But Jesus often withdrew to the wilderness for prayer.” (Luke 5:16 NLT)

Paul went away: “When this happened, I did not rush out to consult with any human being. Nor did I go up to Jerusalem... Instead, I went away into Arabia...” (Galatians 1:16–17 NLT)

John the Baptist lived in the desert: “At that time John the Baptist was preaching in the Judean wilderness...” (Matthew 3:1 NLT)

Moses and Elijah were called into the lonely places:

“Moses stayed on the mountain forty days and forty nights...” (Exodus 34:28 NLT)

“Elijah got up and ate and drank, and the food gave him enough strength to travel forty days and forty nights to Mount Sinai, the mountain of God.” (1 Kings 19:8 NLT)

But look at us now: our lives are filled with constant noise, movement, entertainment, and distraction.

No wonder we can’t hear Him.

Repent—not with your lips only, but with your life.

The axe is already at the root.

And every tree that does not produce good fruit will be cut down and thrown into the fire.
So I say this as a warning to anyone reading:
It is far better to already be burning for the Lord when He returns—because if you are not, you
yourself will be burned up.
The fire is coming. And only what is holy will make it through the Fire.

-Slave of Jesus

What Is Repentance?

Most people think they know what repentance is.

They've heard the word in church.

They've mouthed the prayer.

They've whispered, "I'm sorry."

But repentance is not a performance. It's not a line you recite or a feeling you fake.

It is not a quick apology, a little guilt, or a promise to do better.

It is a spiritual earthquake.

It is a collapse of self.

It is love grieving that it wounded Love.

You know how some furniture looks like solid wood, but underneath it's just sawdust and glue—pressed into shape, cheap, hollow?

That's how most repentance looks today. Polished on the outside. Useless underneath.

But that's not what God is after.

He wants the kind that shatters you. The kind that exposes the rot. The kind that makes you realize you've sinned not just against a law—but against a Person.

If you can look at your sin and feel "fine," that's your first problem.

If your chest isn't tight, your stomach doesn't turn, and your eyes stay dry—you're not seeing your sin for what it is.

Because when love is real, failure hurts.

When you love someone and you've wounded them, you don't just brush it off.

You don't stay calm.

You don't move on.

Jesus said the greatest commandment is this:

“Love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength.”

And the second is like it:

“Love your neighbor as yourself.”

So if you’ve sinned against God—how can you love Him and feel nothing?

How can you shrug, pray a polished prayer, and go back to scrolling your phone?

Where is the mourning? The grief? The change?

Too many say they’re sorry, but only because they got caught.

They’re not broken. They’re just inconvenienced.

And because it costs them nothing, they do it again.

That’s not repentance. That’s damage control.

Even Judas felt bad.

He gave the silver back. He said, “I have sinned.”

But it wasn’t repentance. It was despair.

He couldn’t live with the guilt, but he never surrendered to the mercy of the One he betrayed.

Remorse is not repentance. One leads to death. The other leads to life.

Paul said it like this:

“Godly sorrow brings repentance that leads to salvation and leaves no regret, but worldly sorrow brings death.”

Do you want to know what real repentance looks like?

Hold up a mirror. Look at the Beatitudes. Look at the fruit of the Spirit.

Do you see yourself?

Are you poor in spirit? Do you mourn your sin?

Do you hunger and thirst for righteousness?

Are you merciful, pure in heart, gentle, faithful, self-controlled?

Or are you still clinging to your image, managing your reputation, calling it “grace” while you keep sinning on purpose?

I knew someone who apologized often. But their “sorry” had an expiration date.

If you didn’t get over it fast enough, they got mad.

Their repentance came with conditions.

“If you really forgave me, you wouldn’t bring it up again.”

But that’s not repentance. That’s manipulation.

Repentance doesn’t pressure. It doesn’t rush healing.

Repentance waits. It proves itself. It lays down its pride.

Because here’s the truth:

If we don’t change today the things we hated about yesterday, we’ll be stuck in yesterday—forever.

Like a computer stuck in a boot loop.

Repentance is like surgery.

You don’t rub ointment on a tumor.

You cut it out.

That’s what Jesus was getting at when He said, “If your hand causes you to sin—cut it off.”

He wasn’t calling for self-harm. He was calling for death to self.

He was calling for repentance.

He doesn’t want stained glass. He wants a broken spirit.

He’s not impressed by your denomination, your heritage, or your church attendance.

If Jesus walked into your sanctuary today, would He join the service?

No. He’d be where He always was—among the broken, the humble, the poor in spirit.

The religious don’t understand repentance.

But the sinner who falls on their face in the dirt and cries out for mercy—that's who the Father runs to.

Repentance doesn't begin with you. It begins with the Holy Spirit.

You can feel guilty. You can feel ashamed.

But conviction only comes when the Spirit reveals the truth and your soul finally listens.

If you're still full of yourself, there's no room for Him.

And the Spirit will not dwell in a heart that still worships sin.

So let me ask you—do you really want to repent?

Then stop making excuses.

Stop measuring yourself against lukewarm Christians.

Stop defending your dysfunction.

Stop trying to be forgiven without being changed.

Say this instead:

"It doesn't matter if you believe me. I'm going to change. No matter what. No matter the cost. Even if no one ever trusts me again—I will be who God is calling me to be."

Repentance says:

There is no good in me.

I don't deserve forgiveness.

But by His grace, I can be made clean.

So get over yourself—and get on your face.

Some people repent only because they're afraid of hell.

But fear of punishment is not the same as the fear of the Lord.

If you're just trying to avoid consequences—you haven't repented.

You've just panicked.

Repentance isn't driven by fear—it's driven by love.

It says, “I broke His heart, and I want to make it right.”

It says, “I can’t stay in this pit one second longer.”

It says, “I want Him more than I want anything I’d have to give up.”

The Church says, “Once saved, always saved.”

Jesus says, “Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is near.”

That was His first sermon.

So why did we bury repentance under lights, fog machines, and “grace” slogans?

Why did we stop preaching the one message Jesus never stopped preaching?

He never said, “Accept Me.”

He said, “Follow Me.”

If your life has no fruit, no holiness, no transformation—then who are you following?

Because the Jesus of Scripture demands surrender.

He demands death.

He demands everything.

He doesn’t need your stage.

He wants your cross.

Most people struggle to repent.

But here’s something I’ve said for years:

If you can’t humble yourself and repent to someone you can see—

How will you ever repent to the One you can’t?

We all have something to repent for.

We’ve all sinned. We’ve all hurt people. We’ve all broken God’s heart.

Confess it.

Repent of it.

And let Him change you.

Because if you're still managing sin—

You haven't murdered it.

If you're still playing with grace—

You haven't thrown yourself on it.

If you're still looking for loopholes—

You're not looking for holiness.

So I'll ask you one final time:

Have you repented—or just regretted?

And how long will you risk your soul pretending there's a difference?

— Slave of Jesus

What They Want vs. What They Need

Most people say they love their children. They love their students. They love their church.

But what does that love actually look like?

Lately, I've been thinking about how easy it is to mistake indulgence for love—how often we give people what they want rather than what they need. And not only is this common—it's celebrated. It feels generous. It feels good. It feels peaceful.

But it's a peace with mold growing underneath it. A peace built on rot.

“There is a path before each person that seems right, but it ends in death.”
—Proverbs 14:12 (NLT)

As the saying goes, “The road to hell is paved with good intentions.”

The Candy and the Consequence

Take the typical grandparents. They know what food nourishes and what food destroys. And yet, they pass out sugar and desserts by the handful to their grandkids. Why? Because it makes them smile.

But what are they really giving them?

A moment of pleasure in exchange for long-term damage and instilling bad habits.

They are instilling habits that will destroy their health and teeth. That's not love. That's appeasement.

Sometimes, we give people what they want so they'll like us.

Do we ever stop and think about cause and effect?

But we keep doing it.

Why?

Because we want to feel nice.

Because we don't want the discomfort of saying no.

Because we'd rather have a smile in the moment...

Than character in the future.

“A prudent person foresees danger and takes precautions. The simpleton goes blindly on and suffers the consequences.”

—Proverbs 27:12 (NLT)

The truth is: Doing this always equals that.

Whether it's sugar, money, addiction, bad habits, or false assurance—cause and effect never lies.

The Father Who Meant Well

Same with the old man I once wrote about—the one who kept giving his son money every month.

On the surface, it looked like support.

But underneath, it was fueling entitlement, enabling laziness, fertilizing pride, watering arrogance and slowly destroying the very son he claimed to love.

He gave what looked like love...

But it wasn't.

We think giving people what they want is love.

But is it?

The Mold in My Own Home

I'm watching this play out in my own home.

I know what would make my son light up—what would make him laugh and say, “this is awesome!” Or “this is so much fun”

But I also know what those things produce.

When he gets everything he wants, he becomes:

- More selfish
- More easily annoyed
- More drawn to comfort
- More hostile to correction
- Less patient with his siblings
- Less sensitive to the Holy Spirit

And slowly, the very things I gave him—thinking they’d bless him—begin to rot his character.

They become idols.

So I ask myself:

What kind of father would I be if I gave him what he wants...

Knowing it would grow mold in his heart?

“And have you forgotten the encouraging words God spoke to you as his children? He said, ‘My child, don’t make light of the Lord’s discipline, and don’t give up when he corrects you. For the Lord disciplines those he loves.’”
—Hebrews 12:5–6 (NLT)

The Softening of a Generation

We live in a world of comfort, abundance, and self-gratification.

Big houses. Quiet rooms. Private TVs. Personal screens. Tailored entertainment.

It’s peaceful... but is it good?

That “peace” often comes at the cost of:

- Less family time
- More self time
- Less character

- Less fire
- Less hunger for God

We're not helping—we're softening.

We're not loving—we're spoiling.

We're not guiding—we're appeasing.

And the Church is doing the exact same thing.

We call it "discipleship."

But really, it's coddling.

We see rebellion.

We see fruitlessness.

We see selfishness.

And instead of sounding the alarm, we say:

"It's a journey."

"You're growing."

"God's not done with you yet."

Meanwhile:

- No fire
- No repentance
- No transformation

Just a community without power.

"They will act religious, but they will reject the power that could make them godly. Stay away from people like that!"
—2 Timothy 3:5 (NLT)

Shepherds or Entertainers?

We know the truth would hurt.

We know it would offend.

So we don't speak it.

Because we don't want to lose them.

We want them to like us.

We don't want them to leave.

Because we want to help them.

But are we trying to help them...

Or just make them like us?

Because there is no freedom in half truths.

Are we shepherds... or entertainers?

Jesus never gave people what they wanted.

He gave them what they needed—truth.

And many walked away.

“At this point many of his disciples turned away and deserted him.”
—John 6:66 (NLT)

The Seed That Took Root

I once knew a guy whose brother came out as gay.

He was a Christian—raised in church, believed the Bible, even claimed to stand for truth.

And when his brother told him he was gay, he was disgusted.

He struggled with it.

He didn't agree with it.

He knew it was wrong.

But fast forward a few years...

He gets married—to a woman.

Then they divorce.

And now?

He's come out as gay himself.

What happened?

A seed was planted.

Jesus talked about seeds.

And the truth is—they're everywhere.

What you see.

What you hear.

What you entertain.

What you try to "understand."

If you don't take those thoughts captive, they will take root.

"We destroy every proud obstacle that keeps people from knowing God.
We capture their rebellious thoughts and teach them to obey Christ."
—2 Corinthians 10:5 (NLT)

You don't flirt with perversion.

You don't analyze it.

You don't study it.

You crush it.

You don't "try to understand" why a gay person does the things they do—
because the moment you understand, you're already being deceived.

And I've said this before:

If you try to understand it long enough,

One day... you will understand it—

Because now it's growing in you.

And by the time you realize what's happened... it's already taken root.

“Temptation comes from our own desires, which entice us and drag us away. These desires give birth to sinful actions. And when sin is allowed to grow, it gives birth to death.”

—James 1:14–15 (NLT)

This is why we don't entertain it.

We don't play with it.

We don't try to sympathize with perversion.

We take every thought captive—immediately.

Because if you don't love the truth,

You'll fall for the lie.

And if you keep trying to make space for sin,

Eventually God will let you have it.

“So God abandoned them to do whatever shameful things their hearts desired.

As a result, they did vile and degrading things with each other's bodies.

They traded the truth about God for a lie.

...Even the women turned against the natural way to have sex and instead indulged in sex with each other.

And the men, instead of having normal sexual relations with women, burned with lust for each other.

Men did shameful things with other men, and as a result of this sin, they suffered within themselves the penalty they deserved.”

—Romans 1:24–27 (NLT)

This isn't about hate.

This isn't about judgment.

This is about a generation that is dying because no one is warning them.

A Church that is affirming rebellion instead of confronting it.

A people who love feelings more than they love truth.

“Some ungodly people have wormed their way into your churches, saying that God’s marvelous grace allows us to live immoral lives. The condemnation of such people was recorded long ago, for they have denied our only Master and Lord, Jesus Christ.”
—Jude 1:4 (NLT)

Keep your mind clean.

Keep your heart guarded.

Because the enemy is always planting seeds.

And the Church needs to stop watering them.

When Conviction Meets Compromise

I can’t even count the number of times I’ve seen Christians boldly claim to stand for truth—until it gets personal.

They’ll say they believe homosexuality is wrong.

They’ll say they’re against perversion, against gender confusion, against the distortion of God’s design.

But then their child comes out...

And suddenly, everything changes.

Suddenly, they’re “supporting them.”

Suddenly, they’re showing up at pride parades.

Suddenly, they’re smiling in photos under rainbow banners—all in the name of “love.”

But that’s not love.

That’s compromise.

What happened to truth?

What happened to conviction?

Your child says they're gay...

And instead of lovingly calling them to repentance,

You affirm their rebellion.

You enable their deception.

Your daughter says she's a boy.

And instead of helping her renew her mind...

You help her destroy her body.

“God created human beings in his own image.
In the image of God he created them;
male and female he created them.”
—Genesis 1:27 (NLT)

Male and female.

Not “whatever you feel like today.”

Not “choose your identity.”

You were born a boy? You are a boy.

You feel like a girl?

That feeling needs to be examined—not celebrated.

We don't fix the body to match the mind.

We renew the mind to match the truth.

“Don't copy the behavior and customs of this world, but let God transform you
into a new person by changing the way you think.”
—Romans 12:2 (NLT)

This is what we've done:

We've taken objective truth...

And tried to bend it to accommodate our subjective feelings.

We don't want to hurt anyone's feelings.

So instead, we hurt their soul.

This is not love.

It's fear.

It's cowardice.

It's appeasement disguised as compassion.

You're not helping your child when you affirm their confusion.

You're handing them over to destruction—while telling yourself you're being loving.

“Wounds from a sincere friend are better than many kisses from an enemy.”
—Proverbs 27:6 (NLT)

Do you love them enough to wound them with the truth?

Or will you flatter them all the way to hell?

Because the truth doesn't change—no matter who it offends.

God's design doesn't change—no matter how your child feels.

And love doesn't mean affirming rebellion—it means calling people back from the edge.

If you truly love them, you won't support their parade.

You'll get on your knees and pray for their soul.

You'll weep.

You'll fast.

You'll fight for them in the Spirit—because you know where that road leads.

The road to destruction doesn't look like destruction.

It looks like pride.

It looks like “love wins.”

It looks like a rainbow.

But at the end of it...

Is death.

“There is a path before each person that seems right, but it ends in death.”
—Proverbs 14:12 (NLT)

Real Questions, Real Love

So whether you're a parent, a pastor, or just someone who claims to care about others—ask yourself:

- Do I love them enough to say “no”?
- Do I love them enough to confront their comfort?
- Do I love them enough to ask, “Is this really where you want to end up?”
- Do I love them enough to sacrifice being liked... to help them grow and become holy?

Because true love doesn't always give.

Sometimes it withholds.

Sometimes it corrects.

Sometimes it says, “This may hurt—but it will heal.”

What About Our Prayers?

Now think about the average Christian.

They've been told:

“Just say the prayer. You're saved. You're good.”

So they go on with life.

And then they wonder:

- “Why doesn't God answer my prayers?”
- “Why does it feel like nothing's changing?”
- “Why do I still feel stuck?”

I remember that place.

I remember praying for stuff... for blessings... for more of what the flesh wanted.

I had said the prayer many times.

I had checked the box.

But I was still in love with me.

My prayers were selfish.

My desires were carnal.

I wanted God to bless my plans.

To fix my problems.

To give me more.

But was what I wanted even good for me?

Would it have sanctified me?

Drawn me closer to Him?

Or made me more numb, more self-reliant, more content without Him?

“Even when you ask, you don’t get it because your motives are all wrong—you want only what will give you pleasure.”
—James 4:3 (NLT)

The Flesh Must Starve

It wasn’t until I started praying,

“God, do whatever it takes to make me burn for You.”

When I first started praying that, it was terrifying. Deep down, I knew what it meant—He was going to strip me. Break me. Refine me in ways that would hurt. But I’ll tell you this: the more He refined me, the less I cared about anything in this world. I just wanted Him. I didn’t care what it was going to cost. I didn’t care what He had to take away. All I knew was that I had tasted something better—and I couldn’t go back.

You cannot love both God and money. (Matthew 6:24 NLT)

Because that's all that matters—His Kingdom.

Not how long we live.

Not what we have.

But that we live for Him.

Even our prayers have become sugar-coated.

We're asking God for dessert... while we're rotting on the inside.

And the tragedy?

There are pastors doing the same thing.

Handing out candy-coated sermons.

Telling people they're "good with God"

—when there's no fruit.

No fire.

No repentance.

“You can identify them by their fruit, that is, by the way they act.”

—Matthew 7:16 (NLT)

So people pray.

And wait.

And wonder why God doesn't move.

But maybe...

He's waiting for them to move.

Sometimes, Withholding Is Love

What if He's silent... because He loves them?

Because they're not born again?

Because they're not listening?

He's not our genie.

He's not here to bless our rebellion.

He's a King.

A Father.

A Consuming Fire.

“For our God is a devouring fire.”

—Hebrews 12:29 (NLT)

And sometimes, His silence is mercy—meant to drive us to repentance.

He could give us what we want...

But He loves us too much.

He'd rather starve our flesh so our spirit can come alive.

Do You Love Them Enough?

If we truly love others—our children, our friends, our church—we must do the same.

We must tell the truth.

We must plant the seed.

We must stop handing out sugar...

and start handing out life.

Because real love doesn't always say yes.

Real love says:

“This may hurt... but it will heal.”

And that's the kind of love the world is dying for.

—Slave of Jesus

The calling

The devil doesn't mind you calling yourself a Christian.

He doesn't mind your church attendance.

He doesn't mind your good morals.

He doesn't mind your Bible studies.

He doesn't even mind your ministry.

As long as you never actually die.

As long as you never actually give up control.

As long as you never surrender your life.

As long as you never walk in the Spirit.

He will let you have just enough religion to pacify your conscience—

Just enough morality to ease the guilt—

Just enough truth to make you think you're free—

While he quietly rules your life through fear, pride, selfishness, and the opinions of others.

He doesn't need you to worship him.

He just needs you to keep worshiping yourself.

To keep calling your plans "God's will."

To keep attaching Jesus to a life He never authored.

The devil is a master manipulator.

He doesn't need to turn you into a Satanist.

He just needs to convince you that you're saved... when you've never truly repented.

That you're free... when you're still in chains.

That you have the Spirit... when you're still living by the flesh.

That you're following Jesus... when really, you're still following the world—with Christian language wrapped around it.

But there's a voice.

Still. Small. Constant.

Calling you out. Calling you deeper. Calling you to die.

To come out from among them.

To lay down your life.

To give up your plans.

To lose your reputation.

To forsake your comfort.

To pick up your cross.

To actually follow.

And you feel it, don't you?

The shaking. The dividing. The Spirit of Truth exposing the games, the performance, the emptiness of religion.

You've seen behind the curtain.

You've tasted something real.

And now nothing else satisfies.

You can't keep both.

You can't walk in the Spirit and keep holding hands with the world.

You can't call Him Lord and still be your own master.

You can't live like the world, love like the world, fear like the world, and think the Spirit of God is leading you.

Wake up.

This isn't a game. This isn't a lifestyle brand.

This is war. This is death. This is the narrow way—and few will find it.

Not because it's hidden, but because it costs everything.

Jesus isn't something you sprinkle on top of a life you never surrendered.

He's either your whole life, or He's nothing at all.

You're either being led by His Spirit...

Or you're being deceived by another.

He's not calling you to attend more services or to join a ministry.

He's calling you to the altar.

To die.

To come and lose your life... and finally find it.

Will you follow? Or will you go back to sleep?

-Slave of Jesus

Why Do We Do Church Like This?

Why do we need a program? Why do we need someone on stage with a microphone? Why is there a plan, a time limit, an order of service, and a script to follow?

I'm genuinely asking.

Because I'm trying to piece it together. I'm not trying to tear anyone down—I'm just wondering why we do what we do. Why does it look like this? Who told us this was the way?

I keep wanting to ask these questions out loud, but every time I do, I'm met with silence. Or worse—a look that says, Don't stir the pot.

But what if the pot needs to be stirred?

When I read the Bible, I don't see programs—I see people who were full of the Holy Spirit. I see people who gathered to share what the Lord was doing. Who came together to encourage, teach, pray, repent, and walk in the light together. That's what I long for.

I don't want a production—I want fellowship.

I want to meet with brothers and sisters who are hungry for the Kingdom of God. I want to talk about Jesus. I want to open up the Word of God together and share what the Lord is showing us. I want to hear what He's doing in your life, and I want to tell you what He's doing in mine. Not because we're following a script—but because it's overflow.

Isn't that the point? Shouldn't the Church be full of life, because we're walking with the Living One?

But truthfully... in most places I go, I don't hear people talk about Jesus unless it's part of a scheduled time. Unless a pastor is preaching. Unless a worship leader is singing. Unless it's time for "church." And that breaks my heart.

Because don't we usually talk about what's most important to us? Don't we usually bring up what's on our hearts?

Some talk about sports. Some talk about their careers. Some talk about the newest phone, their favorite show, their latest vacation. And maybe none of those things are wrong in themselves—but when they're all we talk about, what does it reveal?

You will know them by their fruit.

Jesus said that. And I'm starting to wonder if the reason we rely so heavily on programs is because there's not much fruit. So instead of overflowing from the Spirit, we try to manufacture the feeling with structure, music, and nice messages. We fill the silence with service—but not with the Spirit.

Could this be why so many churches feel empty? Not because there's not enough people—but because there's not enough presence?

And see—this isn't just a problem for me. It's worse than that. It's a problem for the Kingdom of God. It's a disgrace that someone could claim to know Jesus and still live halfway in. Paul said, "My life is worth nothing to me unless I use it for finishing the work assigned me by the Lord Jesus—the work of telling others the Good News about the wonderful grace of God." (Acts 20:24, NLT)

Paul had conviction. He had joy. He had a purpose. And friend, if you call yourself a follower of Jesus, then you have the same calling.

Jesus didn't invite us to pray a prayer and keep living the same way. He said, "If anyone would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."

So how can we say we're carrying our cross if we're not even excited to talk about Him?

How can we say we're living for the Kingdom if our conversations say otherwise?

I'm not trying to be harsh—I'm just done pretending this is normal.

I want Jesus. I want His Kingdom. I want to walk with brothers and sisters who are alive—who carry the fire of the Spirit and want to talk about what God is doing today. Not last year. Not just in Acts. But today.

Isn't that the Church?

And if it's not—then what are we doing?

-Slave of Jesus

"So then, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will vomit you out of My mouth."
Revelation 3:16 NKJV

THE DOOR

My heart is heavy and my spirit stirred—not out of anger, but out of deep love for the Body. I write this not to condemn, but to awaken. To shake the slumbering soul. To plead with those who have ears to hear. Because not everyone who says “Lord, Lord” will enter the Kingdom. And I fear many are sitting comfortably behind a door that leads only to destruction.

You say you are saved. But from what?

If a man was drowning and another man reached out his hand and pulled him into a boat, you would say the man had saved him. You would see the evidence: the man would no longer be in the water. His life would look radically different in that moment. Something happened.

If a man was locked in a prison cell for years and then the warden opened the door and told him, “You’re free to go,” and he walked out into the sunlight... would he live the same way he did in captivity? Would he sleep on the floor and eat stale bread on purpose? No. You’d know he was free by how he lived—he wouldn’t chain himself up again. If you saw him walking in freedom, you’d believe the door really had been opened.

If a slave was being beaten, shackled, and oppressed, and someone came and paid the price to set them free, you’d say they were rescued. And if they went back to the same master, or kept wearing the chains, you’d wonder if they even knew they were free. But real rescue changes how you live. The chains come off. You walk differently. You speak differently. You belong to a new master now—one who doesn’t abuse, but loves.

But in the modern Church, someone simply says, “I got saved,” and there is often no evidence of rescue. They’re still drowning in sin. Still slaves to the same habits, desires, attitudes, and idols as before. But now with a church membership card and some religious language.

You have been told all you must do is believe—as if belief alone was the requirement to follow Jesus. That if you simply accept Him, or repeat a prayer, you are “saved.” But what is this salvation, if your life looks just like the world’s? What is this faith, if it requires no death, no cost, no obedience?

The Church has created a two-step formula for salvation:

Step 1 — Ask Jesus into your heart.

Step 2 — Come to church on Sunday.

And for the more advanced:

Step 3 — Give 10% of your income, plus bonuses during pledge season.

And yet there's no mention of true repentance. No death to self. No discipleship. No daily surrender. Just a formula to feel safe and stay the same.

The Word says:

“They will act religious, but they will reject the power that could make them godly. Stay away from people like that!”

—2 Timothy 3:5 NLT

Many of you were handed a Jesus made in man's image. A convenient god. A Sunday-morning savior. A smiling, non-offensive teacher who blesses your life but never asks for it. But that's not the Jesus of the Bible. The true Gospel is a call to come and die.

“If you do not carry your own cross and follow me, you cannot be my disciple.”

—Luke 14:27 NLT

“My old self has been crucified with Christ. It is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me.”

—Galatians 2:20 NLT

What if people took their faith and relationship with God as seriously as they do recovery in Alcoholics Anonymous?

AA doesn't just hand out good feelings and coffee. It gives you a structured, humbling, soul-searching process for transformation. The Church gives people a slogan. AA gives people a path.

You say you know Him, but do you obey Him? You call Him Lord, but do not do what He says. You sing worship songs, but your heart is far from Him. You were baptized into lukewarm water, not into fire. You were told grace covers all, but you were never shown what true grace is: the power to live holy in the midst of a crooked generation.

Here's the AA 12-step program:

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol — that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

There is more honesty, humility, repentance, and fruit in this program than in any church I have ever seen or visited.

“Such people claim they know God, but they deny him by the way they live.”
—Titus 1:16 NLT

Many of you are hiding behind man-made doctrines, titles, and traditions. You’re trusting a church membership, a pastor’s approval, or an emotional altar moment. But Jesus said:

“You can enter God’s Kingdom only through the narrow gate. The highway to hell is broad, and its gate is wide for the many who choose that way.”
—Matthew 7:13 NLT

Remember, this was Jesus talking to the religious people of that time. Are you sharper than they were?

The Church has turned salvation into a moment, not a journey. It has replaced sanctification with attendance, and repentance with routine. It offers you a place to belong without telling you that you must die to self. It tells you God loves you—but forgets to mention that He disciplines those He loves. It welcomes you in—but doesn’t warn you that the road is narrow, and few find it.

But Jesus did.

Jesus is the Door. But the door leads somewhere. If you haven't left your old life behind... if you're not carrying your cross... if you've never lost your life to find it... then you've stood at the door and never walked through it.

Have you entered the narrow gate? Or did you climb in some other way? The narrow gate is not simply a doorway—it is a Person. And to go through it, you must become like Him. You must forsake this world. Lose your life. Hate your sin. Pick up your cross. Follow the Lamb wherever He goes.

You were sold a formula, not a faith. But there is no formula. There is only one Way—and it is narrow. And few will find it.

The lukewarm will not enter. The proud will not enter. The religious will not enter. Only the humble. Only the broken. Only the surrendered and only the child like. Judgment will begin in the house of God.

“For the time has come for judgment, and it must begin with God’s household.”

—1 Peter 4:17 NLT

“I know all the things you do, and that you have a reputation for being alive—but you are dead.”

—Revelation 3:1 NLT

If Alcoholics Anonymous requires more surrender and repentance than your church does...

You're not in the Church of Jesus Christ.

You're in a business wearing a cross.

You've heard the warnings. But have you listened?

I urge you—tear your heart, not your garments. Fall on your face. Cry out for mercy. This is not a game. This is not about religion. This is about eternity. It's about truth. It's about the Lord..

“Don't tear your clothing in your grief, but tear your hearts instead.”

—Joel 2:13 NLT

“I correct and discipline everyone I love. So be diligent and turn from your indifference.”

—Revelation 3:19 NLT

This may be your final call. The Door is open—but it will not stay open forever.

Come. Now. Before it shuts.

Have you walked through the Door?

-Slave of Jesus

I am not an alcoholic, but I live in a taverned world—where the wine of deception flows freely and truth is rare on tap. And so, I live in recovery, not from the bottle, but from the world's intoxication. As long as I breathe its air, I will be recovering from its grip.

The head has been turned and the supper is hollow

I write to you not to condemn but to awaken—to stir the heart that may have grown numb beneath the weight of religion. I write as a brother, deeply grieved by what I see and hear, not only in the world but in the very place that calls itself by the name of Christ— American church.

There is a system many of us have been born into, and few have ever questioned it. A system that pays men to speak about God. A system that promotes titles, stages, microphones, and glamor. Where flashy lights and expensive sound systems drown out the whisper of the Holy Spirit. Where the homes of pastors and believers are out of order, and no one seems to notice—or care. Yes, they're out of order. They're out of godly order—not working, like a vending machine that just stole your money.

I've seen homes where the man no longer leads, and the woman—though she smiles outwardly—carries a raging wrath and a contentious spirit, becoming the one who steers the house from the shadows. God made man the head, but the enemy, crafty as ever, made the ungodly woman the neck so he could use her to turn the head in whatever direction he pleases. “But there is one thing I want you to know: The head of every man is Christ, the head of woman is man, and the head of Christ is God.” (1 Corinthians 11:3)

And still, we gather in buildings and call it church, while ignoring what's happening behind closed doors. This isn't just a problem among casual Sunday box-checkers—it's happening in leadership, perverting everything from the top down. I want to be clear: this is not an anomaly. This is not a rarity. This is the majority of the time. I don't know—I'm not confident if I've ever seen an American Christian home that has godly order in it.

We've made faith a performance and Christianity a career. We build ministries like businesses, complete with résumés, degrees, salaries, and schedules—but where is the Spirit of Truth? Jesus said He would send the Holy Spirit to teach us all things (John 14:26), and yet we've replaced that promise with seminary, programs, and hired teachers.

How is it that we've become more excited to listen to paid professionals talk about God than to sit at His feet and listen to His Spirit?

I can't remember the last time I sat in a Bible study and everyone heard the same Spirit from the same chapter. Instead, it's as if we're all reading with different lenses and hearing through different filters—man-made, denominational filters. Without them, many feel blind. But the truth is, with them, they cannot see. Their vision is clouded by tradition, and their hearing dulled by doctrine.

And what about communion? This, too, has become a religious performance—set apart from meals, stripped of relationship, and turned into a hollow tradition. We gather, pass a cracker and

a thimble of juice, bow our heads, and call it holy. But have we forgotten what Jesus actually said?

He was celebrating Passover with His disciples—a feast meal, not a ritual. He took bread and a cup from the table and said, “Do this in remembrance of Me.” He didn’t say, “Take this, institutionalize it, make it sterile, and call it sacred.” He said remember Me. Remember My body, My blood. Remember My love. Remember My sacrifice. Remember what it means to walk together in unity as one body.

In 1 Corinthians 11, Paul wasn’t telling the Church to practice communion more reverently—he was confronting the sin of division and selfishness. “But of course, there must be divisions among you so that you who have God’s approval will be recognized!” (1 Corinthians 11:19). Some were getting drunk, others going hungry. They had completely missed the point. Paul says, “When you meet together, you are not really interested in the Lord’s Supper. For some of you hurry to eat your own meal without sharing with others. As a result, some go hungry while others get drunk.” (1 Corinthians 11:20-21)

Why? Because their hearts were not in it. Because they were eating and drinking without honoring the Body—not just the broken body of Jesus, but the living, breathing Body of Christ—each other. “For if you eat the bread or drink the cup without honoring the body of Christ, you are eating and drinking God’s judgment upon yourself.” (1 Corinthians 11:29)

This isn’t about failing to follow a religious formula—it’s about failing to live the life it points to. We’ve made a ceremony out of something that was meant to shape our daily posture of humility, repentance, and love. So I ask do you remember Jesus when you sit down and share a meal with your family and friends?

We say we follow Jesus, but we live like the rest of the world. We chase careers, take out loans, buy the dream house, and sprinkle a little “Jesus” on top once a week. That’s not faith. That’s not the narrow road. That’s a system of comfort wrapped in the language of Christianity.

I say this in love: Wake up. Examine everything. Tear off the traditions that have numbed your heart and deafened your ears. Remember Him—not just in bread and wine, but in how you live, how you love, and how you walk in truth.

With love,

-Slave of Jesus

(A brother who wants you to see)

If you believe I’ve spoken too strongly, too boldly, or too harshly—then please don’t take my word for it.

Read 1 Corinthians 11 in full—slowly, prayerfully.

Ask the Holy Spirit to show you what's true.

Below is the chapter in its entirety—not as tradition, but as a mirror.

Let it reflect back what's truly in our homes, our hearts, and our churches. Please, I encourage you to read this in different translations. Don't just take my word for it, or the new living translation's word for it, because as the scripture say, "it is the glory of God to conceal a matter it is the glory of kings to seek it out." "Keep on asking, and you will receive what you ask for. Keep on seeking, and you will find. Keep on knocking, and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks, receives. Everyone who seeks, finds. And to everyone who knocks, the door will be opened."

"And you should imitate me, just as I imitate Christ. I am so glad that you always keep me in your thoughts, and that you are following the teachings I passed on to you. But there is one thing I want you to know: The head of every man is Christ, the head of woman is man, and the head of Christ is God. A man dishonors his head if he covers his head while praying or prophesying. But a woman dishonors her head if she prays or prophesies without a covering on her head, for this is the same as shaving her head. Yes, if she refuses to wear a head covering, she should cut off all her hair! But since it is shameful for a woman to have her hair cut or her head shaved, she should wear a covering. A man should not wear anything on his head when worshiping, for man is made in God's image and reflects God's glory. And woman reflects man's glory. For the first man didn't come from woman, but the first woman came from man. And man was not made for woman, but woman was made for man. For this reason, and because the angels are watching, a woman should wear a covering on her head to show she is under authority. But among the Lord's people, women are not independent of men, and men are not independent of women. For although the first woman came from man, every other man was born from a woman, and everything comes from God. Judge for yourselves. Is it right for a woman to pray to God in public without covering her head? Isn't it obvious that it's disgraceful for a man to have long hair? And isn't long hair a woman's pride and joy? For it has been given to her as a covering. But if anyone wants to argue about this, I simply say that we have no other custom than this, and neither do God's other churches. But in the following instructions, I cannot praise you. For it sounds as if more harm than good is done when you meet together. First, I hear that there are divisions among you when you meet as a church, and to some extent I believe it. But, of course, there must be divisions among you so that you who have God's approval will be recognized! When you meet together, you are not really interested in the Lord's Supper. For some of you hurry to eat your own meal without sharing with others. As a result, some go hungry while others get drunk. What? Don't you have your own homes for eating and drinking? Or do you really want to disgrace God's church and shame the poor? What am I supposed to say? Do you want me to praise you? Well, I certainly will not praise you for this! For I pass on to you what I received from the Lord himself. On the night when he was betrayed, the Lord Jesus took some bread and gave thanks to God for it. Then he broke it in pieces and said,

“This is my body, which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me.” In the same way, he took the cup of wine after supper, saying, “This cup is the new covenant between God and his people—an agreement confirmed with my blood. Do this in remembrance of me as often as you drink it.” For every time you eat this bread and drink this cup, you are announcing the Lord’s death until he comes again. So anyone who eats this bread or drinks this cup of the Lord unworthily is guilty of sinning against the body and blood of the Lord. That is why you should examine yourself before eating the bread and drinking the cup. For if you eat the bread or drink the cup without honoring the body of Christ, you are eating and drinking God’s judgment upon yourself. That is why many of you are weak and sick and some have even died. But if we would examine ourselves, we would not be judged by God in this way. Yet when we are judged by the Lord, we are being disciplined so that we will not be condemned along with the world. So, my dear brothers and sisters, when you gather for the Lord’s Supper, wait for each other. If you are really hungry, eat at home so you won’t bring judgment upon yourselves when you meet together. I’ll give you instructions about the other matters after I arrive.”

1 Corinthians 11:1-34 NLT

The Shepard vs the Farmer

What is the Lord really after?

Is He after perfection? Spotless lives, free of mistakes?

Would we tie a child to a high chair, feed them daily, keep them from danger—but never let them walk, explore, or make mistakes? Would we call that parenting? Or control?

If we raise our children like farmers—enclosing them in tight rows, managing their output, punishing every error—we may keep them safe, but they may never truly live. They may never come to understand their need for love, for grace, for truth—for the Lord.

But my Father is not a farmer.

He is a Shepherd.

And a Shepherd doesn't put His sheep in cages.

He leads them out to graze, to move, to follow His voice across valleys and hills. He gives them room to walk, and yes, to stumble—because He knows when they wander, He will go after them.

“If a man has a hundred sheep and one of them wanders away, what will he do? Won't he leave the ninety-nine others on the hills and go out to search for the one that is lost? And if he finds it, I tell you the truth, he will rejoice over it more than over the ninety-nine that didn't wander away!”

—Matthew 18:12–13 (NLT)

He rejoices when the lost are found—not when the found pretend they were never lost.

He's not after a perfect track record.

He's after your heart.

“I want you to show love, not offer sacrifices.
I want you to know me more than I want burnt offerings.”
—Hosea 6:6 (NLT)

What if I told you I found the Lord?

And what if I told you I didn't find Him at the altar of my perfection—but in my brokenness?

I found Him when I fell apart.

I found Him when I had nothing left to offer but surrender.

And He didn't meet me with a lecture.

He picked me up and held me like a good Shepherd does.

“The Lord is my shepherd; I have all that I need.
He lets me rest in green meadows;
he leads me beside peaceful streams.
He renews my strength.
He guides me along right paths, bringing honor to his name.”
—Psalm 23:1–3 (NLT)

This is the Shepherd.

This is our God.

He allows space.

He allows mistakes.

Not because He's soft on sin—but because He knows true life doesn't begin until we realize our need for Him.

Jesus said it Himself:

“Now go and learn the meaning of this Scripture: ‘I want you to show mercy, not offer sacrifices.’
For I have come to call not those who think they are righteous, but those who know they are sinners.”
—Matthew 9:13 (NLT)

The spirit of the farmer does not only live in the Church—it is the spirit of this world. It is the way of the systems, the schools, the governments, the corporations. It plants rows and expects uniform growth. It trains for output, not for freedom. It values performance, not presence. And nowhere is this more obvious than in the way we raise and educate our children.

The modern education system has become a factory for minds. It lines up children in rows like seedlings, forcing them into identical molds, measuring their worth by how well they conform. Their days are structured for control, not for wonder. Their questions are silenced in favor of the

“right answers.” Their unique design is ignored in pursuit of efficiency. The Spirit has no place here.

A child is a soul to be led. A heart to be understood. A voice to be heard. A mind to be awakened.

But this world does not shepherd its children—it farms them. It prepares them to be consumers, to be workers, to be followers of men. It does not teach them how to think, but what to think. It does not draw them into truth, but into a system of survival and self-preservation. And we wonder why, when they grow older, they do not know who they are, or what they believe, or why they are even alive.

The shepherd walks with the sheep. He knows them by name. He protects their innocence. He leads them to living water. He does not force, but guides. He does not condition, but cultivates.

The Father is a Shepherd. But this world is ruled by farmers. Even our education has been corrupted by control. And now generation after generation is growing up deformed—not in their bodies, but in their souls.

Do not be surprised, Church, that we are now reaping what was sown in the fields of this world. We handed our children to the farmer. And the fruit of that farming is spiritual death.

But there is still a Shepherd calling. There is still a Voice in the wilderness saying, “Come out from among them. Follow Me.”

You see, if we farm people, we might control the entire herd—but in the end, what do we have?

Nothing more than oatmeal.

Bland.

No color.

No flavor.

Lukewarm.

“But since you are like lukewarm water, neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth!”

—Revelation 3:16 (NLT)

We are not meant to be oatmeal Christians—mass-produced and flavorless.

We are meant to be set apart, love, live, look and act different.

“You are the salt of the earth. But what good is salt if it has lost its flavor? Can you make it salty again? It will be thrown out and trampled underfoot as worthless.”

—Matthew 5:13 (NLT)

“Don’t copy the behavior and customs of this world, but let God transform you into a new person by changing the way you think. Then you will learn to know God’s will for you, which is good and pleasing and perfect. “Because of the privilege and authority God has given me, I give each of you this warning: Don’t think you are better than you really are. Be honest in your evaluation of yourselves, measuring yourselves by the faith God has given us.”

—Romans 12:2-3 (NLT)

God isn’t looking for people who perform well in a pen.

He’s looking for sons and daughters who follow the voice of the Shepherd—who know His call, who trust His leading, and who run back to Him when they’ve lost their way.

He’s looking for good shepherds who smell like sheep.

He’s not afraid of your mistakes.

But He is grieved when you stop seeking Him.

So maybe the question isn’t, “Am I perfect?”

Maybe the question is, “Have I come home yet?”

And before you answer—maybe it’s time to take off your shoes and your socks.

Look at your feet.

Do they look like they grew freely?

Or have they been shaped and pressed by something you didn’t even know was there?

Have they been bound—not by cloth, but by culture?

Not by pain, but by tradition?

Like the ancient practice of foot binding, where little girls’ feet were broken and reshaped to fit a standard of beauty and submission... many of us have walked our entire spiritual lives in shoes that were never made for freedom. The Church—out of tradition, fear, or control—may have shaped our feet to fit in rather than follow Him.

What if those Nikes you've been wearing were never about running the race—but keeping you from running at all?

What if lies wrapped your feet so tightly, you didn't even know you weren't walking in freedom?

Take off your shoes. Take off your socks.

Look at your feet.

Really look.

Do they look like they grew in freedom—or were they molded by something?

Were they shaped by truth—or just tradition?

Were they bound by the well-meaning habits of those before you?

By a church culture that never questioned what it inherited?

By shoes that looked good on the outside—but deformed your walk over time?

And maybe you're young.

Maybe your feet don't show the signs of being bound—yet.

But that doesn't mean the binding isn't already happening.

My advice? Look at the feet of those you're following.

Ask yourself—am I walking a different path?

Or if I keep following in their footsteps...

Will I end up shaped just like them?

Because tradition doesn't ask for permission.

It just hands you the shoes—and expects you to wear them.

Because a free sheep doesn't walk like a bound one.

And a child of God doesn't move like a prisoner of tradition.

“If you are faithful in little things, you will be faithful in large ones. But if you are dishonest in little things, you won't be honest with greater responsibilities.”

—Luke 16:10 (NLT)

So if we can't recognize the little lies...

How will we ever identify the BIG ones?

If we can't question what shaped our feet, how will we ever run the race set before us?

We say we want revival.

We say we want truth.

But how can we carry the weight of truth if we're still blind to the subtle, hidden deceptions we've worn for years?

Shake it off.

Because a free sheep doesn't walk like a bound one.

And a child of God doesn't move like a prisoner of tradition.

Traditions are often times just peer pressure from dead people

Before you turn the page—pause. Please think about what I'm saying. This isn't just about shoes or some poetic metaphor. It's about deception. Subtle. Familiar. Woven into the very world we walk through. Our feet have been bound not just by religion, but by society, culture, SCHOOLS, expectations—by what looks good on the outside but warps us on the inside. And if we can't recognize the little lies—the ones hiding in our habits, in our traditions, in our comfort—how will we ever discern the big ones?

The truth is, lies are everywhere. And the most dangerous ones won't look like evil. They'll look like light. Like truth. Like righteousness. Scripture warns us: "Even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light" (2 Corinthians 11:14). He's not coming with red horns and a pitchfork—he's coming dressed in the most faint shade of off white, with just enough truth to sound convincing. Are you or will you be able to discern?

Jesus said, "False messiahs and false prophets will rise up and perform great signs and wonders so as to deceive, if possible, even God's chosen ones" (Matthew 24:24). That's how close the imitation will be. So if we can't see the little deceptions in the world—how will we ever see the ones that have crept into the Church?

Discernment isn't about being suspicious "Solid food is for those who are mature, who through training have the skill to recognize the difference between right and wrong" (Hebrews 5:14). We

need that kind of sight in this hour. Because there's a way that seems right, but in the end leads to death (Proverbs 14:12). And many are walking that way with shoes they never questioned.

So take a closer look at your walk.

Fate and Feet: Three Chinese Girls in 1900s – A Barefooted Servant, a Bound-Foot Lady, and a Christian with Unbound Feet



Even the Christian in the photo is wearing shoes that look familiar—shoes that resemble the ones we wear today. But don't be fooled by their modern style. Like most shoes today, they still bind the feet. Maybe not as drastically as the middle girl's, but they still shape and constrain us,

affecting the way we walk. We've been molded by them—hobbled, even—and we've come to accept it as normal. I'd rather go barefoot like a servant, unbound and free.

So look again.

Do your feet look like the ones on the left?

Because if they don't, if your toes are curling under... they've been shaped—bound by something— bound by something while you weren't even paying attention.

And it wasn't my Father who did it.

It was the other guy. The bad guy.

The one who wants you tied up, disfigured, and unaware.

Maybe it wasn't a pair of Nikes.

Maybe it was something more subtle—

A pair of shiny dress shoes, made not to honor my Father... but to impress other men.

Like the Scripture says:

“Are you a slave? Don't let that worry you—but if you get a chance to be free, take it. And remember, if you were a slave when the Lord called you, you are now free in the Lord. And if you were free when the Lord called you, you are now a slave of Christ.”—1 Corinthians 7:21–22 (NLT)

As for me—

I've chosen to be a slave of Jesus, and nothing else.

The Shepherd is calling.

Come walk with Him.

He will teach your feet to dance.

-Slave of Jesus

We need shepherds who smell like sheep, not CEOs who sit in offices and present themselves as important to others.

The Ten Commandments

1. Put Jesus First.

God must be your first love—above your phone, your job, your family, your comfort, and even your own dreams. Anything you give your time, attention, or affection to before Him becomes your god. If you think about something more than you think about Jesus, it's already taken His place. He doesn't want part of you—He wants it all.

2. Don't Worship Idols.

Don't make anything—even good things—into something you worship. That could be money, success, a political party, a cell phone, a person, or even ministry. If it takes His place in your heart, it's an idol.

3. Honor God's Name.

The Lord is holy. It's not a slogan, a joke, or a way to sound spiritual. Don't say "God told me" if He didn't. Don't use His name to back your opinions, or boost your business. If you slap His name on your lifestyle, your brand, or your company—and then live or operate in a way that misrepresents Him—you bring shame to what is sacred. Don't attach God's name to your hustle just to make more sales. When you carry His name, you represent the King of the Universe—so honor Him like your life depends on it. Because it does.

4. Keep the Sabbath Holy.

Set aside time to rest and spend with God. Don't treat every day the same. If you're always working, scrolling, or distracted, you're not giving Him the space He asked for. Rest, remember, and worship.

5. Honor Your Parents.

Respect and care for your parents, even when it's difficult. Speak to them with gentleness—not out of obligation, but from reverence for God. True honor isn't just obedience—it's loving them enough to bring the truth, even if they've been deceived. Sharing the gospel in humility and sincerity is one of the greatest ways to honor them. But if you're grown and have your own family, protect your marriage and children above all. An ungodly grandma, even with good intentions, can destroy from the shadows.

6. Do Not Murder.

Murder begins in the heart. If you harbor hate, bitterness, or rage, you're already killing in your spirit. But this command isn't passive—it's not just "don't kill." It's a call to protect what is holy, to stand for the innocent, to confront evil when the Spirit leads. Elijah didn't shed blood for himself—he acted in obedience, tearing down the altars of deception.

David didn't kill Goliath for glory—he ran toward him in faith, because Goliath mocked the living God and defied His people. You don't get to decide when justice is served—but if the Lord calls you to stand, then stand with fire in your bones and purity in your heart. Let your hands be clean, but never cowardly.

7. Be Faithful in Marriage.

Guard your heart, your eyes, and your desires. Stay faithful—in action, word, and thought. Love and honor your spouse deeply. You can't betray someone you truly love, so lay down your life for them the way Christ laid down His life for you.

8. Do Not Steal.

Don't take what isn't yours—whether it's money, credit, time, or someone else's idea. Be content and trustworthy.

9. Don't lie to your neighbor.

But be Led by Righteousness.

Don't lie to protect yourself or harm others. Speak with honesty, integrity, and love. But remember—truth is not just words, it's alignment with God's heart. If you ever face evil and must speak in a way that protects life and honors God—like hiding Jews from Nazis—then let your words serve righteousness, not the devil's agenda.

10. Don't Covet.

Don't obsess over what others have—their house, their spouse, their lifestyle, or success. Comparison will poison your heart and blind you to God's goodness in your own life. Trust that what He has given you is enough for today, and stop reaching for someone else's story.

-Slave of Jesus
It's time to get real

What Is Marriage?

“I can hardly believe the report about the sexual immorality going on among you—something that even pagans don’t do. I am told that a man in your church is living in sin with his stepmother. You are so proud of yourselves, but you should be mourning in sorrow and shame. And you should remove this man from your fellowship.”

— 1 Corinthians 5:1–2 (NLT)

“It isn’t my responsibility to judge outsiders, but it certainly is your responsibility to judge those inside the church who are sinning. God will judge those on the outside; but as the Scriptures say, “You must remove the evil person from among you.”

— 1 Corinthians 5:12-13 NLT

“Didn’t the Lord make you one with your wife? In body and spirit you are his. And what does he want? Godly children from your union. So guard your heart; remain loyal to the wife of your youth.”

— Malachi 2:15 (NLT)

“A man who commits adultery has no sense; whoever does so destroys himself.”

— Proverbs 6:32 (NIV)

“Marriage should be honored by all, and the marriage bed kept pure, for God will judge the adulterer and all the sexually immoral.”

— Hebrews 13:4 (NIV)

“Anyone who divorces his wife and marries another woman commits adultery against her. And if she divorces her husband and marries another man, she commits adultery.”

— Mark 10:11–12 (NLT)

“So they are no longer two, but one flesh. Therefore what God has joined together, let no one separate.”

— Matthew 19:6 (NIV)

“Brothers and sisters, if someone is caught in a sin, you who live by the Spirit should restore that person gently. But watch yourselves, or you also may be tempted.”

— Galatians 6:1 (NIV)

“Preach the word; be prepared in season and out of season; correct, rebuke and encourage—with great patience and careful instruction.”

— 2 Timothy 4:2 (NIV)

“Have nothing to do with the fruitless deeds of darkness, but rather expose them.”

I'm grieved.

Because I see so many in the Church today treating marriage like a contract, that can just be torn up—

Not a covenant.

What is marriage to us anymore?

A ceremony? A honeymoon? A sleepover?

A season of convenience until it gets hard?

A season of pleasure until we're no longer pleased?

Have we forgotten what Jesus said?

“Jesus replied, ‘Moses permitted divorce only as a concession to your hard hearts, but it was not what God had originally intended.’”
(Matthew 19:8, NLT)

When it comes to marriage, Jesus spoke plainly:

“And I tell you this, whoever divorces his wife and marries someone else commits adultery—unless his wife has been unfaithful.”
(Matthew 19:9, NLT)

So why is the Church full of remarriage, infidelity, divorce-for-convenience, and easy exits?

Why do pastors remarry people like it's nothing?

Why do we wink at adultery and say “God understands”—when it wasn't even His idea?

This isn't just a personal matter.

It's a matter of integrity, covenant, and truth.

“For I hate divorce!” says the Lord, the God of Israel.
‘To divorce your wife is to overwhelm her with cruelty,’ says the Lord of Heaven's Armies.
‘So guard your heart; do not be unfaithful to your wife.’”
(Malachi 2:16, NLT)

But the Church has become comfortable with it.

Some even encourage it—because it’s messy to fight for restoration.

It’s unpopular to challenge someone’s remarriage.

It’s offensive to ask someone to repent and reconcile with their original spouse.

But the Gospel is offensive.

And truth will always confront the flesh.

Marriage is a holy covenant.

You didn’t just say vows in front of people—

You made a covenant before God.

You became one flesh with another soul.

“This explains why a man leaves his father and mother and is joined to his wife, and the two are united into one.”

(Genesis 2:24, NLT)

It’s not just “playing house.”

It’s not just feelings.

It’s spiritual.

It’s binding.

It’s sacred.

And unless there was infidelity—Jesus said remarriage is adultery.

Have we forgotten what we signed up for?

Have we treated promises made before God as optional?

Do we believe our emotional peace matters more than obedience?

I’m not writing this to shame people.

I’m writing this because truth sets people free.

You can repent.

You can stop calling adultery a second marriage.

You can stop pretending God approves of what He clearly calls sin.

And if you're in a struggling marriage right now—don't run.

Don't look for a way out.

Seek the Lord.

Forgive.

Reconcile.

Let God refine you through it.

Let Him burn away your pride.

Because the world says, "You deserve better."

But Jesus said:

"If any of you wants to be my follower, you must give up your own way, take up your cross daily, and follow me."

(Luke 9:23, NLT)

Let marriage be holy again.

Let covenant mean something again.

Let the Church stop playing house and start honoring the God who gave us the picture of Christ and His Bride.

I've watched churches gather around a woman who's crying—

And instead of helping her stand for her marriage,

They help her walk away from it.

They come in with hugs and moving boxes.

They find her a place to rent.

They say, "The Lord can do anything," as they escort her out of the home she vowed to build with her husband.

But where is the Church when the marriage is crumbling?

Where is the boldness to say:

“Sister, the Lord can heal this. But you’ve got to fight.”

Where are the friends who will say the hard things in love?

“Ma’am, you’re extremely overweight. You need to put the spoon down, stop blaming him, and start loving him again.”

“Sir, you need to guard your eyes, repent of your pride, and speak gently to your wife.”

Isn’t that what love looks like?

Jesus said:

“And you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.”
(John 8:32, NLT)

But I’ve seen the opposite—

People too afraid to tell the truth.

Too polite to confront.

Too scared of “judging” to actually love.

So they pat broken people on the back,

Tell them, “It’s okay,”

And walk them out of the very covenant God called them to fight for.

That’s not compassion.

That’s compromise.

We’re watching marriages fall apart—

Not just because of sin,

But because no one is willing to say the hard things that can save them.

Truth isn’t harsh when it’s wrapped in love.

Correction isn’t cruelty when it’s given to restore.

And silence isn’t kindness—it’s consent.

Let the Church rise up again—

Not just to comfort people in crisis,

But to call them to holiness in the middle of it.

Because sometimes the greatest act of love...

Is telling someone:

“You’re wrong—but you don’t have to stay there.”

And don’t even get me started on what’s happening inside the Church.

I can’t count the number of times I’ve seen affairs happening among church staff.

A youth leaders sleeping with their former student—

A college girl who once sat in the youth group now “in love” with the man who taught her the Bible.

And instead of repentance, we get cover-ups, divorce, silence... and remarriage. And the man stays on staff.

Affairs between worship team members.

Remarriages that began in secret sin,

Now paraded down the aisle with fake blessings and worship songs playing in the background.

And no one says a damn thing.

Where is the Church?

Where is the fear of the Lord?

Where is the grief over sin in the house of God?

Do we think God is blind?

Do we think He applauds our harmonies while our hearts are full of adultery?

Have we forgotten what Jesus said?

“You have heard the commandment that says, ‘You must not commit adultery.’

But I say, anyone who even looks at a woman with lust has already committed adultery with her in his heart.”

— Matthew 5:27–28 (NLT)

“Not everyone who calls out to me, ‘Lord! Lord!’ will enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Only those who actually do the will of my Father in heaven will enter.”

— Matthew 7:21 (NLT)

It's not enough to play church.
It's not enough to sing songs and fill seats.
If the house is full of sin, and no one is calling it out—
Then the whole thing is sick!
And we will answer to God for it.
So I'll ask you plainly:
Will we keep playing church while the house burns?
Will we keep blessing what God calls sin?
Will we keep protecting reputations instead of souls?
Or will we finally wake up?
Repent.
Speak truth.
And let the fire of God purify His people again.
Because judgment begins in the house of God.

What's even more heartbreaking than the rising divorce rates in the world is that the Church is not far behind. According to recent data, approximately 25% of practicing Christians still end up divorced. Among non-practicing Christians, the number climbs closer to 50%—nearly indistinguishable from those who don't profess belief in God at all. That should wreck us. That should shake us to the core.

If we claim to follow Jesus—the One who laid down His life for His Bride—how do we justify walking away from our own? If we truly have the Spirit of the Living God within us, why are we still breaking covenant like the rest of the world? Even a 15% divorce rate among believers should grieve us. Because behind every percentage point is a broken vow... a shattered family... a desecrated picture of Christ and His Church.

The fact that the numbers are even close between the world and the Church is not just troubling—it's evidence of how far we've drifted from holiness, obedience, and the call to die to ourselves. We've made marriage about feelings instead of faithfulness. We've made happiness the goal, rather than holiness. And the Church should be ashamed.

Consider the breakdown of divorce rates across religious groups:

- Evangelical Christians (a subset of Protestants): 26%
- Born Again Christians (non-evangelical): 33%
- Protestant Christians (general category): 51%

(This likely includes Evangelicals, mainline denominations, and those who identify as Christian but do not actively practice their faith.)

- Catholics: 28%
- Mormons (Latter-day Saints): 7%
- Muslims: 8%
- Hindus: 5%
- Buddhists: 10%
- Sikhs: 6%
- Jehovah's Witnesses: 12%

This isn't just about numbers. It's a mirror. A mirror exposing the heart and health of our faith communities. While some religions emphasize strong family structures and covenantal commitment, the data reveals that cultural Christianity—especially in the West—has largely failed to reflect the transforming power of the gospel. Where is the holiness? Where is the fruit of the Spirit? Where is the fear of the Lord?

If I didn't know any better, I'd almost believe the Sikhs and the Hindus have more conviction than the Christians. Their divorce rates are lower. Their family units seem stronger. On paper, they look more faithful to their covenants than the ones who claim to follow the living God.

Thankfully, I do know better. I know religion doesn't equal righteousness. I know outward structure doesn't mean inward transformation. But still—this should shake us. Because if the Spirit who raised Jesus from the dead lives in us, why do the numbers tell a different story? Why do we, who have been entrusted with the gospel of truth, look so much like the world we're called to be set apart from?

The truth is, much of what calls itself "Christian" in our day is just cultural religion—devoid of power, conviction, and surrender. And the world is watching. They see the hypocrisy. They hear our words and watch our lives, and the disconnect is loud.

As Brennan Manning once said:

“The greatest single cause of atheism in the world today is Christians who acknowledge Jesus with their lips and deny Him by their lifestyle. That is what an unbelieving world simply finds unbelievable.”

God, have mercy. Let the fire return. Let holiness mark us again. Let covenant mean something again. Let the Church reflect Christ—not just in word, but in life.

Let it return to our hearts. Let repentance rise from the ashes of compromise. Let broken marriages be restored—not replaced. Let the Church stop mirroring the world and start reflecting Christ again. The time is now. Not for more silence. Not for more watered-down “understanding.” But for truth. For repentance. For fire.

So let the Church take marriage seriously again.

Not as a contract we can tear up...

But as a covenant we must honor.

Let husbands lay down their lives like Christ.

Let wives love with reverence and faith.

Let pastors stop remarrying people in sin.

Let worship teams stop singing with unrepentant hearts.

Let church boards stop protecting reputation at the expense of righteousness.

Let us stop counseling people out of their covenant, and start contending for it again.

Because every broken marriage is more than just a statistic—

It's a shattered testimony.

It's a war zone where the enemy steals, kills, and destroys.

But God is still in the business of resurrection.

So let the fire fall.

Let the house be cleansed.

Let repentance begin.

And let marriage once again reflect the glory of Christ and His Bride.

Not convenience.

Not culture.

But covenant.

He is coming for a pure Bride.

Let us be ready.

-Slave of Jesus

The Husband's Creed

This is my wife. There are many women, but this one is mine.

My wife is my best friend. Aside from the Lord, she is my life. I must master her as I must master my life.

Without me, my wife is useless. Without my wife, I am useless. I must service her true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill us. I must shoot him before he shoots us. I will protect...

My wife and I know it's not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make.

We know that it is the hits that count. We will not aim at our union...

My wife is human, even as I [am human], because she is my life. Thus, I will learn her as a sister in Christ. I will learn her weaknesses, her strengths, her parts, her accessories, her eyes and her mouth. I will keep my wife clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other. We will be one!

Before God, I swear this creed. My wife and I are the defenders of TRUTH. We are the masters of our enemy. We will lead others to the Savior of life.

So be it, until victory is the Lord's and there is no enemy, but peace!

*Credit the the usmc "the riflemen's creed"

People have a tendency to look with their earthly eyes and see that the grass is "greener" elsewhere. I'm telling you that the grass tends to be greener where you water it, but the problem is, so many people don't want to water or care for their garden.

They'd rather let it grow over with weeds and go find another garden to rob from.

I'd rather care for my own garden and watch it continue to grow and bear fruit than be in anyone else's dried up and unweeded garden.

The path to a successful marriage is narrow, and it does NOT involve looking out for "ME" first. It involves picking up our Cross and enduring pain, oftentimes by those we love, to BENEFIT those we love.

To the Women of the Church: On Sex, Marriage, and Healing

This letter is written by the wife of a man who calls himself a Slave of Jesus. I am his wife—not just by covenant, but by choice, by love, and by grace. I write to you as a sister in Christ, as a fellow traveler on the path of healing, and as a woman who has been humbled, restored, and forever changed by the mercy of God.

I was raised in the Lutheran Church, and from a young age, I made the decision to save myself for marriage. I had the True Love Waits Bible. I wore a promise ring. I took it very seriously. I truly wanted to honor God. But in college, I met a guy I thought I would marry. I let down my guard, we had sex—and then shortly after, he broke up with me. I was devastated. I felt used, ashamed, and heartbroken.

Instead of turning back to the Lord, I let that pain harden me. Over time, I began to see sex as something shameful—something dirty. Sadly, I carried that into my marriage. What should have been a place of safety and joy became complicated, rigid, and painful. I didn't realize how much I was depriving my husband—not just physically, but emotionally and spiritually.

For a long time, I made sex about how I felt. If I didn't feel close, or didn't feel like it, or thought something wasn't right emotionally, I held back. I believed the lie that intimacy had to come after emotional closeness—when in truth, intimacy often restores that closeness. It's not the reward at the end of a good marriage—it's part of what keeps a marriage strong.

As I grew in my faith, the Lord began opening my eyes. I realized that this wasn't about me—it was about loving my husband the way God intended. I came to understand how deeply important sex is—not just for connection, but for protection. For unity. For healing. For joy.

Scripture makes it plain:

“The husband should fulfill his wife's sexual needs, and the wife should fulfill her husband's needs. The wife gives authority over her body to her husband, and the husband gives authority over his body to the wife.”

—1 Corinthians 7:3–4 (NLT)

But the truth is, many of us come into marriage with very different expectations. And often, it's because we came in with very different reasons.

Why Many Women Get Married:

- Security and Stability: Emotional and physical safety, financial support, and a stable future are often strong motivators.
- Desire for Family: Many women grow up dreaming of children and a home—marriage is seen as the path to that.
- Love and Connection: Women tend to place high value on emotional intimacy—being known and loved deeply.
- Companionship: A longing for a faithful partner to grow old with and build a life beside.

Why Many Men Get Married:

- Sex and Physical Intimacy: Especially in Christian circles where sex outside marriage is discouraged, this can be a major motivator.
- Respect and Honor: Men often seek someone who will admire and support them.
- Stability and Purpose: Marriage gives structure, motivation, and a deepened sense of direction.
- Partnership: A woman who will help carry the load—spiritually, practically, emotionally.

And what happens when those expectations clash?

If neither partner dies to themselves, if neither surrenders to the Lord, these differences can become battlegrounds.

- She may feel unloved and used.
- He may feel disrespected and rejected.
- Both may feel unseen.

But when both come to the cross—when both see marriage not as a transaction but as a covenant before God—something beautiful happens.

Marriage becomes a refining fire, not just a romantic dream. A place of sacrifice, not just satisfaction. That's what makes it holy.

Marriage is about giving. About laying our lives down for one another, just as Christ laid down His life for us (Ephesians 5:25). It's not about control—it's about love. The world says, "My body, my choice." But in Christ, we say, "My body, Your will, Lord."

And let's be honest: in the Church, we hear a lot about not having sex before marriage.

"Don't do it. Don't do it. Don't do it."

But once the vows are said—where's the encouragement? Where's the teaching on how much intimacy we need inside of marriage?

We forget that Scripture says:

"Do not deprive each other of sexual relations, unless you both agree to refrain from sexual intimacy for a limited time so you can give yourselves more completely to prayer. Afterward, you should come together again so that Satan won't be able to tempt you because of your lack of self-control."
—1 Corinthians 7:5 (NLT)

God's Word couldn't be clearer: withholding intimacy leaves room for the enemy.

And sadly, I've heard far too many Christian women say things like, "If I don't feel like it, I'm not doing it." That's not God's design. That's the voice of culture, not the voice of Christ.

We wonder why so many men in the Church are struggling—why they're turning to pornography or falling into affairs. Men are going hungry, and many wives are pretending it's not their responsibility to feed them. But if we don't, someone—or something—will.

I once heard a friend say, "Women are trying to make their husbands like women." That hit me hard—because it's true. So many of us expect our husbands to connect like us, feel like us, talk like us. And when they don't, we assume they're emotionally immature, or something's wrong. But nothing is wrong with how God made them. They're not broken. They're just different.

God created men with a deep physical drive—not as a flaw, but as part of their design. Trying to make them less "needy" doesn't make them more spiritual. It just makes them more isolated. And in marriage, isolation is dangerous.

When your husband is beside you—sleeping in the same bed, living in the same house—it is only natural for him to desire intimacy with you. If you continue to withhold that from him, and then he goes to work and spends his day around other women, you are leaving a wormhole wide open for the enemy to creep in. Whether it's an emotional affair, physical temptation, or pornography, Satan is always looking for an opportunity. And when a man is starving at home, it

only takes one seductive smile or private conversation to set his heart on fire in the wrong direction.

I once heard about a pastors' conference where, after the sessions, pornography use in the hotel rooms skyrocketed. These were pastors. What does that say about the condition of our Church?

The Bible says:

“Each man should have his own wife, and each woman should have her own husband.”

—1 Corinthians 7:2 (NLT)

That's not just about exclusivity—it's about responsibility and provision. You are the one God gave to your husband—for love, for intimacy, for spiritual oneness. If you don't give yourself to him, where is he supposed to go?

Today, physical intimacy is a regular and joyful part of my marriage. Yes, even daily. Even when I have a headache. Even when I'm tired. Even when we've had a rough day. Because this is one of the ways I love him—not just with my words, but with my body, my time, my heart.

And I want to be clear: it's not a chore. It's not a duty. It's a gift.

“Marriage is honorable among all, and the bed undefiled...”

—Hebrews 13:4 (NKJV)

What once felt shameful, the Lord made pure. What once felt like a struggle, He turned into joy. Because when we obey God, healing flows.

If you've struggled like I have, I want you to know: there is hope. Jesus can heal what feels broken. He can renew your heart, reshape your mind, and restore your marriage. But it starts with surrender—not just to your husband, but to God.

Don't let your past define you.

Don't let the culture disciple you.

Don't let shame hold you back from healing.

Let God restore what was always meant to be beautiful.

With love and honesty,

A Wife Who Was Healed

When Do We Make Men of God?

The world says: Strong men create good times. Good times create weak men. Weak men create hard times. Hard times create strong men.

But I ask you—when do we make men of God?

Not in good times or hard times. Not through wealth or war. Not by comfort or chaos.

Men of God are not shaped by circumstances. They are shaped by surrender.

They are forged in repentance, in humility, in obedience.

They are not the ones who rise above, but the ones who fall low.

Who go to their knees, not in defeat—but in reverence.

Who cry out to the Lord and expose every hidden place.

Who repent—not just to God, but to their children, their spouses, their friends.

Cry. Show weakness. Let your walls come down.

Pride has hardened too many hearts. But the broken and contrite heart—God will not despise.

And don't be fooled by how the modern church talks about the cross.

They've turned it into something soft—comfortable, symbolic.

But the cross was brutal. It was murder.

It was a Roman execution stake—a place where flesh was nailed and left to die.

No man carries a real cross and survives.

The true cross doesn't just inspire you—it kills you.

It puts an end to pride, performance, and self.

It exposes everything. It demands everything.

The world will keep cycling through strong men and weak men.

But the Kingdom is built by dead men.

Crucified men.

Men who no longer live, but Christ lives in them.

If you want to be a man of God, don't just fight hard times.

Die to yourself. And live unto Him.

-Slave of Jesus

Why Can't I Pray Like Them?

For years, when I was younger, I couldn't understand why I couldn't "church pray" like so many people at church. Why?

It honestly made me wonder if I even knew the Lord like they did.

But as I matured, as I grew in the Lord and my understanding of Him, I started asking a different question:

"Who are they talking to?"

And the answer came—not from a pulpit, but from Scripture:

"And when you pray, do not be like the hypocrites, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and on the street corners to be seen by others. Truly I tell you, they have received their reward in full. But when you pray, go into your room, close the door and pray to your Father, who is unseen. Then your Father, who sees what is done in secret, will reward you. And when you pray, do not keep on babbling like pagans, for they think they will be heard because of their many words. Do not be like them, for your Father knows what you need before you ask him."
—Matthew 6:5–8 (NIV)

And yes, that was Jesus talking.

Then I read about Elijah:

"O Lord, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, prove today that you are God in Israel and that I am your servant. Prove that I have done all this at your command. O Lord, answer me so these people will know that you, O Lord, are God and that you have brought them back to yourself."

Immediately the fire of the Lord flashed down from heaven...
—1 Kings 18:36–40 (NLT)

And Peter:

“Silver or gold I do not have, but what I do have I give you.
In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk.”
—Acts 3:6 (NIV)

What I began to realize is this: it’s not about how we sound.

It’s not about the emotion, the repetition, or the volume.

It’s about the Lord. It always has been.

There’s nothing I bring to the table but my heart, my love, and my obedience.

And my Father desires a dialogue—not a performance.

He already knows there’s no power in me without Him.

But what matters most... is that I know it too.

Peter didn’t “pray” like we hear today.

He didn’t say:

“oh Lord God you are such a good God and thank you Jesus for this paralyzed Man here that needs to be carried and set down over here at this Beautiful Gate everyday to beg for money. I ask oh father God that if it's your will, oh Lord Jesus I ask, oh Lord you are such a good God. I ask you that he will walk one day yes! oh Lord father God but only if it's your will oh Lord God. I pray for our sister Sarah and I pray for her husband Todd and I pray for their 3 children, I pray for Alison, and I pray for Thomas and I pray for Gus. As you know father God Todd isn't living at home anymore since his problems with drinking and his problems with ladies so as you know father God Sarah kicked Todd out until he quits his drinking and gets help with his problem with pornography. So oh father God, Sarah's car also needs to get an oil change and she is short \$150 for bills and groceries this week and oh father God Lord Jesus if it's your will Lord God I ask you that you would find a way to help her with the \$150 she needs for groceries and bills and and I ask that you would pave the way for her cars oil to be changed but only if it's your will oh lord God and oh father God yes Jesus thank you Jesus and oh fatherus Lord God you oh Lord God are such a good God and thank you again Jesus for this man here. I ask again that if it's your will he could walk one day, but only if it's your will AMEN!
Come on James! Let's get inside, church is about to start."

You get the point.

It’s like we use 500 words to say nothing—to cover unbelief with religious language.

And then we call it faith.

Compare that to how the first Christians moved:

They knew what they carried.

They gave what they had.

And what they had was the will of God—pure, clear, and full of power.

We've drifted.

We've become noisy but powerless.

Religious, but not Spirit-led.

Maybe... just maybe... the devil is at the wheel, and we're too deaf and blind to notice.

The early Church spoke with authority.

Today, we often babble with doubt.

And we wonder why nothing happens.

Let's return to simplicity.

To truth.

To the kind of prayer that moves Heaven—not men.

The kind that flows from knowing Him, not impressing others.

Because the real ones knew:

It's not about the words.

It's about the power behind them.

—Slave of Jesus

To the teachers, pastors, and leaders:

You Will Be Held to a Stricter Judgment

I've been silent long enough. Watching. Listening. Pleading with God to raise up voices who would not compromise. But now I see why He made me one of them.

So I will speak.

If you are a teacher, a pastor, a worship leader, or someone who leads others in the name of Christ—please, hear this.

Not from me.

But from the Spirit of Truth.

“Not many of you should become teachers, my fellow believers, because you know that we who teach will be judged more strictly.” — James 3:1

You stand before people now—but you will stand before God soon.

And on that day, every careless word, every twisted verse, every withheld truth will echo in His courtroom.

You've claimed to speak for God—yet you've led people into emotionalism, entertainment, man-made traditions, and false assurance.

You turned worship into a concert, the pulpit into a platform, the sanctuary into a theater.

You've built empires on tithes and offerings, twisting Scripture to sustain your platform while starving the sheep of truth.

You offered lights and fog machines when what they needed was fire.

You handed out slogans when they needed the sword.

“Woe to the shepherds who destroy and scatter the sheep of My pasture!” — Jeremiah 23:1

“You have not strengthened the weak or healed the sick or bound up the injured... You ruled them harshly and brutally. So they were scattered for lack of a shepherd.” — Ezekiel 34:4–5

You taught people how to speak in tongues—but not how to crucify their flesh.

You platformed charisma but neglected the cross.

You told them to invite Jesus into their hearts—but you never told them He comes to rule, not visit.

You skipped the part where He said:

“Deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Me.” — Matthew 16:24

You comforted people on the wide road instead of calling them to the narrow one.

You baptized crowds who never repented.

You praised decisions instead of inspecting fruit.

You told men they were saved—when they had never been born again.

“They dress the wound of my people as though it were not serious. ‘Peace, peace,’ they say, when there is no peace.” — Jeremiah 6:14

“You nullify the word of God for the sake of your tradition.” — Matthew 15:6

We’ve turned Christianity into a matter of convenience—like a drive-through.

Quick. Painless. Packaged.

But just like fast food, there’s nothing truly nourishing about it.

No sacrifice. No depth. No cost.

Look at the Church in other nations—where following Jesus costs something.

Where there’s real pushback.

Where gathering with other believers means walking miles, sometimes barefoot, just to worship the Father in silence.

No lights. No stage. No coffee bar.

Just hunger.

And yet here? We complain if the service goes too long.

We pick churches based on comfort, not conviction.

We’ve mistaken blessing for ease and approval for fruit.

But Jesus never said it would be easy. He said it would be costly.

“You will be hated by everyone because of Me.” — Matthew 10:22

Not hated unless you live in the United States.

Not hated unless it's election season.

Hated. Period.

If you're following Him.

So if the world isn't pushing back...

If your message is always met with applause...

You might not be following the real Jesus.

This isn't being taken seriously.

There shouldn't be a church on every corner.

Not if this were truly the narrow path.

But there is—because this isn't the narrow path.

It's wide.

It's popular.

It's comfortable.

And it's filled with people who think they're saved—but have never been born again.

“But the gateway to life is very narrow and the road is difficult, and only a few ever find it.” — Matthew 7:14

You coddled people in their rebellion—telling them they're “in a process” or “still growing.”

But where is the boldness to say, “I'm afraid you're not born again. I don't see the fruit.”

Not to condemn—but to warn. To call them back before it's too late.

If you've traded truth for applause—repent.

If you've built your platform on manipulation and empty slogans—repent.

If you've drawn people to yourself instead of Jesus—repent.

You will not only be judged for what you said—but for what you were too afraid to say.

Your flock is your responsibility.

You will stand before the Lord and give an account—for every soul that sat under your leadership.

Past. Present. And future.

You'll answer for the ones still in the pews... and the ones who walked away.

You'll answer for the ones who stayed lukewarm because you were.

And for the ones who left the faith—because of you.

“If the watchman sees the sword coming and does not blow the trumpet to warn the people... I will hold the watchman accountable for their blood.” — Ezekiel 33:6

“Each of us will give a personal account to God.” — Romans 14:12

Many of you have feared man more than God.

You've feared being disliked more than being disqualified.

You've preached what was palatable—not what was true.

You've apologized for the words of Jesus.

You've softened the gospel to fit modern ears.

You've prayed for revival—but refused to preach repentance.

How is it possible that we've become this blind?

That we would walk into the same institutions that produce engineers, lawyers, MBAs—and expect them to produce pastors?

As if you could certify someone to carry the cross.

As if a degree could qualify a man to preach repentance, or letters behind a name could replace an encounter with the Living God.

How deceived must we be to think that any institution of this world is going to lead someone to the King of kings?

How naive to believe that the very same academic machine that trains people to chase money and prestige would somehow be the wellspring of holiness and truth?

Do you not see?

The devil isn't lurking outside those seminaries.

He's seated in the classroom.

Teaching them how to preach without conviction.

How to minister without the Spirit.

How to serve without surrender.

How to make disciples—of systems, not of Jesus.

And we call it "training."

But Jesus didn't train twelve men with textbooks.

He broke them.

He walked with them.

He crushed their pride and set them on fire with the Holy Spirit.

You don't need credentials.

You need to be crucified.

"Am I now trying to win the approval of man, or of God? ... If I were still trying to please men, I would not be a servant of Christ." — Galatians 1:10

This isn't about shame.

It's about conviction—the kind that drops you to your knees and breaks the pride from your bones.

That's what repentance is.

That's where grace meets you.

Not in your excuses—but in your surrender.

"When He, the Spirit of truth, comes, He will convict the world of sin, and of God's righteousness, and of the coming judgment." — John 16:8

"Those whom I love I rebuke and discipline. So be earnest and repent." — Revelation 3:19

This is not the time to protect your reputation.

This is the time to protect your soul—and the souls under your care.

Lay it down. Now. While you still have breath in your lungs.

Return to your first love. Be a shepherd who feeds the sheep—not a hireling who entertains goats.

“Preach the word; be ready in season and out of season. Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with great patience and careful instruction. For the time will come when people will not tolerate sound doctrine...” — 2 Timothy 4:2–3

“I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down His life for the sheep. The hired hand runs away when he sees the wolf coming... because he cares nothing for the sheep.” — John 10:11–13

Ask yourself:

Are you a good shepherd?

Would you lay down your life for your flock—

Or are you just a hired hand?

Because when the wolves come—and they are coming—only one of those will remain standing.

I say this with grief:

I’m not sure I’ve ever been to a single church—out of the hundreds I’ve visited—where I saw a true shepherd.

A man who actually leads.

A man who tells the truth, even when it hurts.

A man more concerned about offending God than offending people.

A man who doesn’t fear the sheep walking away—because he fears the Lord more.

The flock doesn’t need a celebrity.

They need a crucified man.

One who smells like sheep.

One who weeps with them.

One who bleeds for them.

The show is over.

The wolves are here.

The storm is near.

Feed the sheep—or get out of the way.

“His winnowing fork is in His hand, and He will clear His threshing floor—gathering His wheat into the barn and burning up the chaff with unquenchable fire.” — Matthew 3:12

This is your warning.

Not from a man—but from the Word.

The hour is later than you think.

The fire is coming.

And every hidden thing will be exposed.

Repent. Return.

Or be removed.

-Slave of Jesus

He is coming soon—ready or not.

Childlike Faith

To those who have ears to hear,

In a world obsessed with knowledge, status, and human wisdom, the Lord is calling His people back to something much simpler, much deeper, and infinitely more powerful: childlike faith. This letter is a cry to lay down worldly wisdom and return to the simplicity of trusting the voice of the Shepherd.

The Lord has shown me a deep burden:
Many of you are confused.
Not because the truth is complicated.
But because your hearts have stopped seeking.

You stand still, assuming you have found it.
You clutch your traditions, your understanding, your verses memorized by the letter —
but you no longer knock.
You no longer ask.
You no longer seek.
You have built a house on what someone else told you,
but have you truly asked the Lord yourself?
Did you ever knock?
Did you ever seek?

The Scriptures warned us.
“How can you say, “We are wise because we have the word of the Lord,” when your teachers have twisted it by writing lies? These wise teachers will fall into the trap of their own foolishness, for they have rejected the word of the Lord. Are they so wise after all?”
Jeremiah 8:8-9 NLT

Even the ones entrusted to carry His words were not always faithful.
Is it any surprise, then, that confusion has multiplied among those who trust the wisdom of men over the voice of the Spirit?

I ask you:
If the devil stood before you today and said his name was Jesus, would you know the difference?
Would you recognize the voice of the Shepherd?
Or have you only memorized His name without knowing Him?
Remember, the devil is not here dressed in red with horns breathing fire. He is beautiful and wearing the most faint shade of off-white.

Jesus said,
“My sheep hear My voice; I know them, and they follow Me.” (John 10:27)

The ones who follow Him do not live by education,
degrees,
seminary training,
or secondhand faith.
They know Him.
They know His voice.
They trust Him — like a child trusts their father.

Jesus said plainly,
“Unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.”
(Matthew 18:3)

I ask you again:
Do you have the heart of a child?
Or the mind of a well-schooled man?

A child believes his Father can do anything.
He is not bound by the limits that adults “learn.”
He is not bound by the rules of men.
He is not bound by gravity, by time, by language, by death.
He simply knows —
“My Dad can do anything.”
Elijah knew his father would show up with fire.
Is that the faith you have?

Or have you allowed this world —
with its rules, its science, its logic, its chains —
to shrink your faith into a dead thing?

Do you believe that you are trapped by the boundaries of what you have been taught?
That teleportation is impossible?
That flying is a fantasy?
That time must control you?
These are nothing to my Father.
He walks on water.
He raises the dead.
He parts seas.
He appears behind locked doors.
He speaks worlds into being.

Real faith is not about explaining why these things “can’t” happen.

Real faith says: "Nothing is impossible with God." (Luke 1:37)

Real faith is knowing He will show up with fire when you need him, as Elijah knew He would.

God is not looking for the wise according to this world.

He is looking for the broken, the humble, the childlike —

those who will believe Him at His word,

those who will trust His Spirit even when they do not understand,

those who will seek Him until they find,

those who will knock until the door opens.

Where is your faith?

Are you still a child?

Or have you become a scholar in chains?

Or maybe—

Maybe you're like most of the people I know.

Even those close to me.

Maybe you've settled.

Maybe you've made peace with the world.

You chase comfort to numb the ache,

convenience to avoid the cost,

wealth to secure your future,

and family to give you purpose.

And then—just sprinkle a little weekend Jesus on top.

A song. A sermon. A smile.

And you call it faith.

But there's no fire.

No tears.

No trembling.

No surrender.

No cross.

You live like this world is your home,

but you speak of a Kingdom you've never walked in.

This is not the way.

Jesus didn't die to make your life more manageable.

He died to set you on fire.

He died to crucify the old man—

to raise you in power, in love, in truth, in Spirit.

So I ask you again:

Where is your faith?

Has your fire gone out beneath the weight of a "good life"?

Have you traded your birthright for a bowl of comfort?

Repent.

Throw it all down.

Let the fire fall again.

Become a child.

Become a fool.
Become nothing.
And find the life that only comes
when everything else is left behind.
The Kingdom of God belongs to such as these.
Repent.
Come back.
Lay down your wisdom.
Take up trust.
Become a child again.
Follow Jesus not a professor.

For only those who become like little children
will enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

And as you read the letters of Paul —
I ask you:
Did Paul know he was writing most of what we now call the New Testament?

Or was he simply a man,
on fire for the Lord,
sprinkling his life out daily as a living offering,
pressing toward the prize,
running the race set before him,
longing only to see His Master's face?

Paul was not trying to build a library.
He was not trying to carve his name into the stones of history.
He was living —
burning —
dying —
loving —
pleading —
running —
with his eyes fixed on Jesus alone.

Yet today, many spend more time studying Paul's words than living the life Paul lived.

Many search his letters,
hoping that in them they will find eternal life —
but it is not Paul who saves.
It is Jesus.
Always Jesus.
Jesus Himself said:

“You search the Scriptures diligently because you think that in them you have eternal life. These are the very Scriptures that testify about Me, yet you refuse to come to Me to have life.” (John 5:39-40)

Paul’s life was meant to be a road sign, not a destination.

He pointed the way.

He said,

“Follow me as I follow Christ.” (1 Corinthians 11:1)

You are not called to worship Paul’s words,

or Peter’s,

or John’s.

You are called to know the Lord yourself.

You are called to live the kind of life they lived —

a life abandoned to the Holy Spirit,

a life poured out like a drink offering,

a life so surrendered that it becomes a letter written by the Spirit on human hearts. (2 Corinthians 3:3)

You are called to burn.

Not to memorize facts about those who burned before you,

but to carry the same flame in your own heart. And live as they lived!

So do you have a faith that lives?

Or a faith that studies those who lived?

There is only one Way, one Truth, one Life.

His name is Jesus.

He is not asking for your educated mind.

He is asking for your childlike heart.

He is asking for you.

All of you.

Repent.

Fall on your face before Him.

Ask for the fire.

Ask for the eyes to see.

Ask for the heart to believe again like a child.

And run the race —

not by the wisdom of men,

but by the power of the Spirit of God.

The Kingdom of God belongs to such as these.

1. “As the Scriptures say, “I will destroy the wisdom of the wise and discard the intelligence of the intelligent.” So where does this leave the philosophers, the scholars, and the world’s brilliant debaters? God has made the wisdom of this world look foolish. Since God in his wisdom saw to it that the world would never know him through human wisdom, he has used our foolish preaching to save those who believe.”

1 Corinthians 1:19-21 NLT

- God promises to destroy worldly wisdom.
- The “wise” missed Him — only faith saves.

2. “Stop deceiving yourselves. If you think you are wise by this world’s standards, you need to become a fool to be truly wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness to God. As the Scriptures say, “He traps the wise in the snare of their own cleverness.” And again, “The Lord knows the thoughts of the wise; he knows they are worthless.””

1 Corinthians 3:18-20 NLT

- Worldly wisdom is literally “useless” to God.
- It must be rejected for real wisdom to come.

3. “For jealousy and selfishness are not God’s kind of wisdom. Such things are earthly, unspiritual, and demonic. For wherever there is jealousy and selfish ambition, there you will find disorder and evil of every kind.”

James 3:15-16 NLT

- Earthly wisdom is “demonic.”
- It leads to disorder and evil, not life.

4. “What sorrow for those who are wise in their own eyes and think themselves so clever.”

Isaiah 5:21 NLT

- “Woe” (judgment, curse) is spoken against those who think themselves wise without fearing God.

5. “Don’t be impressed with your own wisdom. Instead, fear the Lord and turn away from evil.”

Proverbs 3:7 NLT

- Real wisdom is fearing God, not relying on yourself.

6. “Claiming to be wise, they instead became utter fools. And instead of worshiping the glorious, ever-living God, they worshiped idols made to look like mere people and birds and animals and reptiles.”

Romans 1:22-23 NLT

Here is this fool's modern translation:

They claimed to be wise.

They got degrees. They read books. They talked like experts.

They rejected the truth that comes from God, and instead clung to man-made

knowledge—lessons taught in classrooms by men approved by institutions, not by the Spirit.

They trusted degrees over discernment, professors over prophets, and systems over the Savior.

But in God's eyes, they became complete fools.

Because instead of worshiping the glorious, ever-living God—they gave their hearts to lesser things.

They bowed to what man made.

They honored screens more than the Spirit.

They chased likes instead of Light.

They didn't carve idols of gold and stone—they carried them in their pockets.

They worshiped selfies.

They adored technology.

They praised comfort.

They gave their time to cars, houses, clothes, careers, and entertainment.

They traded the Creator for created things.

And they didn't even realize it.

But it wasn't just ignorance—it was pride.

They didn't want to know God; they wanted to be God.

They worshiped their own intellect. Their own image. Their own opinions.

They weren't seeking truth—they were seeking affirmation.

And they found teachers who told them exactly what they wanted to hear.

So God gave them over.

He let them chase the lies they loved—until those lies owned them.

Their thinking became twisted. Their hearts became dark.

And though they claimed to know God, their lives said otherwise.

They rebranded rebellion as righteousness.

They called what was evil "love," and what was holy "hate."

They quoted Scripture without knowing the Author,

and used grace to justify the very sins Christ died to save them from.

They broke the first commandment, not with a golden calf—

but with a glowing screen and a selfie smile.

And still they dare to say, "I'm a Christian."

- Humanity's "wisdom" apart from God leads to total foolishness and idolatry.

In short:

- Worldly wisdom is proud, self-reliant, and blind.
- God actively destroys it and shames it.
- True wisdom looks foolish to the world but is the way of childlike faith, trust, and dependence on God.

The halls of human wisdom are filled with scholars in chains —
brilliant minds bound by unbelief,
experts in Scripture who have never met the Author,
men applauded for their knowledge,
but unknown by the King.
They speak Greek.
They quote Hebrew.
They debate doctrine and split hairs over text.
Yet they do not tremble.
They do not burn.
They do not believe like children.
The educated are far from Him,
not because He cannot be known —
but because they will not bend.
They will not become weak.
They will not surrender.
They will not be led by the Spirit like a child trusts his Father's hand.
But you —
You must choose another way.
Do not be bound in robes of reputation.
Do not wear chains of applause and tradition.
Do not let your mind become your master.
Fall down.
Become weak.
Become nothing.
Surrender your strength.
Lay down your brilliance.
Let your knees touch the dirt,
and let your heart cry out for the living God.
The Lord is near to the brokenhearted.
He gives grace to the humble.
He delights in the foolish things of the world to shame the wise.
So be foolish.
Be weak.
Be low.
Be a child again.
And you will find Him.
Not in the library.
Not in the classroom.
Not in the applause of men.
But in the quiet place,

where surrender breathes,
and the flame of love is kindled again.
So, what will you do?
Will you keep chasing knowledge and never arrive at truth?
Will you keep quoting men and never hear the voice of God?
Will you keep your chains polished and your reputation intact—
while your soul shrivels beneath the weight of pride?
Or will you become nothing?
Will you trade your strength for surrender,
your brilliance for burning,
your applause for the quiet voice of the Shepherd?
This is the way.
Down.
Lower still.
To the feet of Jesus—where the wise become fools,
where the strong become weak,
where the child climbs into the Father's arms and simply believes.
He is not far from you.
He is standing at the door, knocking.
Not asking for your intellect.
Not asking for your credentials.
He is asking for your heart.
Let go.
Fall like a child into the arms of your God.
Let the fire return.
Let the chains break.
Let the Word become flesh in you again.

-Slave of Jesus

A broken man with childlike Faith, where the spirit was made flesh again.

I met a young brother one day out in the wild—and he's a brother for life. Later, he asked if I had any advice or correction. I did. Not because I know it all, but because I've walked through the fire—and I care about him. Names have been changed to protect the free.
But

This is poison

...but the best \$1 apple fritters I've ever had.

I'm sitting in a smaller mega church. Enjoying my apple fritter — but is this teaching even spiritual milk? And worse — it's being served to people who don't even seem hungry. You can tell who their master is just by looking around. The vanity in the room is thick. How much time did people spend getting ready this morning — making sure they looked just right?

Has anyone ever called this out?

Are we here to impress God with brokenness, humility, and repentance — or to impress each other with appearance and status?

The pastor's message sounds good. Yes, it's biblically true. But who is he speaking to? Can they even hear it?

The irony is that he's preaching on humility... but am I really supposed to believe there's enough humility in this room to even hear the message?

You see, the devil doesn't just work through outright lies — he works through truth, misapplied. A pastor can preach an entire sermon using Scripture — everything technically correct — and still lead people deeper into deception.

How?

Because it's not just about the content of the message. It's about the audience it's being given to.

If he's preaching to a crowd who has never truly repented... who has never turned from sin, never walked away from the world, never died to self or surrendered their lives to Jesus — and yet he addresses them as Christians, calls them saved, tells them they're children of God simply because they once repeated a prayer — then the truth that follows will fall on deaf ears.

We cannot keep handing out sacred identities without evidence of new life. We cannot tell people they are children of God if we don't know — these are not words to use lightly.

Because this is what happens:

You create people who casually show up to church once a week to check a box while living for the world.

They're told they are children of God and that they're loved — but if they don't love the Groom, why would they ever live for Him?

Why would they sacrifice?

They believe they've already arrived.

They were declared "clean" without ever being washed.

They were handed an identity they were never transformed to carry.

And so every call to holiness, repentance, obedience, and death to self becomes just extra credit — optional. Not necessary. Because they were told they're already in.

This is why we must be careful with our words.

Not everyone who calls themselves a Christian is actually following Christ. And honestly, very few people in churches are actually following Jesus. Let me say that again... just because you go to church on Sundays, you've prayed the altar prayer and you carry a Bible does not mean you've picked up your cross and followed Jesus and have been born again.

Not everyone who prayed a prayer is saved.

Not everyone sitting in a church on Sunday has been born again by the Spirit of God.

We throw these words around — Christian, saved, child of God — with no regard for whether they actually apply. We use them as labels of inclusion instead of outcomes of transformation. And in doing so, we comfort people in their rebellion. We affirm people in their delusion. We tell them they're safe — when in reality, they're still lost.

And they were unintentionally lied to.

Given a false sense of security.

That's not love.

That's not truth.

And that's certainly not the gospel.

He's telling them they are the Bride.

But wouldn't you need to live a repentant life to be part of the Body?

Wouldn't you need to love the Groom to be the Bride?

Is the Groom coming for a Bride that isn't in love with Him?

This place is a perfect microcosm of American Christianity.

People are being made to believe they are something they are not.

They are being told they're already the Bride — and yet they live lives full of self, vanity, pride, comfort, compromise, and worldliness.

Shortly after worship, they played a commercial on the big screen advertising their “church university classes.” The ad said, “The Bible can be confusing,” so “we’re here to help you understand.”

Isn't that the job of the Holy Spirit?

But instead of teaching people to hear God for themselves, we've created entire systems built on secondhand knowledge. We've normalized being spoon-fed Scripture instead of being led by the Spirit. We forget that it's supposed to be like this.

“They demonstrate that God's law is written in their hearts, for their own conscience and thoughts either accuse them or tell them they are doing right.”— Romans 2:15 (NLT)

But knowledge — even biblical knowledge — without the Holy Spirit is just information. It doesn't transform. It doesn't convict. It doesn't lead to repentance or intimacy. Without the Spirit, even truth becomes a tool of deception in the enemy's hands.

That's one of the ways we've ended up with churches full of people who know about God but don't know Him.

People who know verses but don't walk in power.

People who quote Scripture but don't obey the Word.

Because head knowledge can't save you.

Only Jesus can.

And He didn't say, “My sheep will know Me by their doctrine.”

He said, “My sheep hear My voice and follow Me.” (John 10:27)

Aren't we supposed to humble ourselves, repent, and become less — so the Spirit can take over? So the Lord can teach us in and through all things?

But no one is saying that. Because this system doesn't need the Holy Spirit.

It runs just fine without Him.

It's polished. Programmed. Padded. Safe.

The problem with speaking softly and gently — instead of boldly and with conviction — is this: you can say the same thing, but one doesn't carry any weight. One doesn't pierce the soul. One doesn't offend the flesh.

Saying something too softly won't even cause a ripple in the pot — and the pot is about to burn.

“A good person produces good things from the treasury of a good heart, and an evil person produces evil things from the treasury of an evil heart. What you say flows from what is in your heart.” — Luke 6:45 (NLT)

This place needs to be stirred aggressively — or it's going to burn.

You have to speak to people with boldness and authority that can only come from the Holy Spirit.

You must tell them the truth:

Jesus died for you — but you need to humble yourself, repent, and die for Him.

These people aren't getting it.

The pastor is speaking too gently and talking to them as if they're all born again — but they're missing it.

He's taking truth and wrapping it in cotton balls.

He's talking to them as if they're the Bride — so they think they're on the path.

But no one's telling them the truth: they have work to do to get there.

Because if you start by telling people that all they need to do is pray a simple prayer — that they're now sealed, saved, children of God, part of the Bride — and that nothing more is required... then everything you say after that becomes meaningless.

You can't start with “You're already in” and then try to inspire people to seek, obey, fast, follow, die to self, and live holy.

They won't.

Why would they?

You told them there was no need.

They already got their ticket.

So when you gently suggest they do things for the Lord, it doesn't move them.

Because they were never convicted in the first place.

They were never told the truth:

That they're lost.

That they need to repent.

That they need to turn from the world.

That they need to die to self — not just pray a prayer.

And now we're building on a foundation that was never laid.

We're painting rooms in a house that doesn't even have walls.

We told them they were the Bride before they ever met the Groom.

If we're speaking to people as though they've already arrived — and if they don't even love the Lord — why would they do anything extra for Him?

They were told they were already in.

Already clean.

Already chosen.

Already children.

Already the Bride.

But there's no fruit.

There's no holiness.

There's no repentance.

There's no love for God — just love for being told they're already loved.

And that is not the gospel.

The gospel doesn't just affirm — it transforms.

It doesn't just say, "You are loved."

It says, "Now die with Him. Be buried with Him. And rise again — no longer your own."

I'm not writing this to condemn you.

I'm writing this because I've been there — sitting in the pews, playing the part, saying the prayer, hoping I was good... and I was lost.

I knew what I'd been told. I sat in a system my whole life.

I was told that because I knew the right things and said the right words, I was following Jesus.

But I wasn't.

And if the Lord hadn't shattered that illusion, I'd still be asleep inside a church, thinking I was saved.

Fortunately for me, I was always seeking my Father.

That's what terrifies me — that many are in that same place right now... but they're not seeking.

They've been told they're the Bride... but they've never met the Groom.

Told they're children of God... but still live like sons of the world.

Told they're sealed... but their lives bear no evidence of death, repentance, or holiness.

The gospel we've been sold is soft, safe, and shallow.

No cross.

No dying to self.

No leaving the world.

Just good feelings and better behavior.

But Jesus never said, "Believe the right things and you're in."

He never said, "Say the right words and you're in."

He said, "Follow Me."

And that road leads to a cross.

So test yourself.

Not against your emotions.

Not against your denomination.

Not against your church's traditions.

Test yourself against the words of Jesus.

He won't say, "Well thought."

He won't say, "Well attended."

He will say, "Well done."

— or He will say, "I never knew you."

This isn't about fear — it's about truth.

Because love tells the truth.

And if this stirs you — good. Let it.

Let it break you.

Let it strip you.

Let it humble you.

Because the Lord is not coming back for a lukewarm bride soaked in compromise.

He's coming back for one who has made herself ready.

One who loves Him and hates the world.

One who has died — and now lives in Him.

So please...

Don't settle for a gospel that doesn't change you.

Don't trust a message that doesn't cost you.

Don't be found wearing white robes when you never left the grave.

The time is short.

Wake up.

Come out.

And follow Him.

-Slave of Jesus

To my brother

Man... it's been a blessing getting to know you.

You asked if I had any thoughts, advice, correction—bro, absolutely I do. Not because I've got it all figured out, but because I've been through some real stuff. Hard roads. And I care about you.

You're at a crucial point in life right now. This stretch—you'll never get it back. These next few years will shape your whole course. Marriage. Work. Calling. Following Jesus for real. You're standing at the fork in the road, and the Spirit's saying, "Choose wisely."

I've been married almost 19 years. And brother—it's been hard. Really hard. But I wouldn't take it back. I love my wife. She knows I love her. But she also knows I speak the truth. I have to. I can't live any other way.

Our marriage started rough. Real rough. She ruled me. I was weak. She was loud, angry, reactive—all of it. It felt like war in the house. And I still loved her. I laid my life down again and again. Even when she mocked me. Even when she laughed at me for wanting to fight for us. Said I was pathetic for not wanting a divorce.

But I knew—I couldn't stand before My Father with a marriage I didn't fight for. I made a covenant. So I cried. I broke. I hit the floor and begged God to hold me. To just carry me through it. And He did.

That's where I found Him, Bob. Not in comfort. In the wreckage. In the lonely places. In the nights I felt like I couldn't take another step or breath. That's when I met the Father in a real way. He taught me how to endure. How to love when love costs everything.

So I'm telling you this because you've got decisions to make. You could go the safe route—get the job, build a life, marry a girl, do the 9-to-5.

Or... you run like Paul. Single-hearted. No distractions. Fully His.

Or—you walk the path I'm on. Marriage. Kids. Ministry. All of it together. And I'll tell you, brother—it's the hardest way. But it's worth it. It takes a strong man. And a strong woman. One who's burning for Jesus too. Because if she's not? You're gonna feel like you're dragging a house full of weight down the narrow road—and it'll crush you unless you're anchored in the Spirit.

Paul was right. When you're single, your heart is free. But when you marry, your time, your energy—it's divided. And if she's not on fire for the Lord, you'll be constantly pulled. Constantly stretched.

But if you're burning —and she burns with you? That's a house that'll shake the gates of hell.

If you burn with passion, it's better to marry than to fall into sin. But don't marry just to feel okay. Marry because the Lord says that one.

Because if you marry, you need to marry a woman who wants Jesus more than she wants you. You need a woman who knows why she submits. Who honors the Lord more than she needs to be understood. Who walks in love and obedience not for your sake, but for the sake of Her King.

I'd marry my wife all over again. Every scar. Every storm. Because the fire made me. The pain carved me into a man. And through that, she's coming alive too. She sees it now. It's all making sense to her. And I know—God used all of it. Every tear. Every fight. Every silence.

Brother, as far as correction—I guess it's more of a warning than anything. I know and appreciate the way y'all fight to keep vanity out of the women's lives. No makeup, simple dress—it matters. But I've noticed something, and I say it with love: vanity's creeping into the men more than the women. When I was your age, I drove a third-gen Mazda RX-7—bro, that car was fly. It pulled 1.17 Gs on a skid pad, handled like it was on rails. But looking back, I know part of that was pride. It's easy to start off thinking about health or excellence or discipline—and slowly let it become about appearance. About self. About control. We've got to be watchful, even in the good things. But bro—I've gotta say, I'm blown away by how mature you are for your age. The way you listen, the way you seek the Lord—it humbles me.

You shared with me that you believe you were raised in this Church/Christian group for such a time as this—and I completely agree. Bro, like Paul—he was raised a Jew, so he knew all their ways. You were raised in this group, so you understand the language, the expectations. That gives you an open door. And the truth is—if you were seen as conforming a bit more to their traditional ways, you'd probably be even more accepted. You'd likely have more influence among them. Even if you and I both know those aren't the things that really matter, just the appearance of walking in step with tradition could open more ears, soften resistance, and allow the message to hit deeper. Do we both need to get fitted?

So ask yourself, Bob—what are you gonna be a slave to? Everyone in this world is a slave to something.

A paycheck? Comfort? Expectations? Or the King?

You can go make money. That's fine. Just don't get shackled to it. Work a job if you need to. But whatever you do, make sure your life is about rescuing souls from hell first. That's what matters.

Because in the end, that's what matters. Whether you marry or stay single, whether you work a job or live in faith day to day—all that matters is that you live your life so that when you stand before the King, He says, "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

That's what I'm living for. That's why I stayed. That's why I laid down my life for a woman who didn't always love me back. Because that's what love does—it dies. It speaks the truth. It holds on when everything screams to run. It does what the spirit speaks even when the world tells you you are wrong. That's Jesus in me.

So go after Him, Bob. Go hard. Go all in. And don't look back.

Love you, brother.

-Benjamin

This letter was originally written to a pastor I met after visiting his church one Sunday. I had come in with a bold word and a heavy heart. I wrote this letter and mailed it to him.

To pastor,

It was good meeting and talking with you.

Early in our conversation, you made the comment that I sound like I have a lot of love for the Father but little for the bride. But I want to make something clear: I love the Bride. Deeply. I long for her to rise up in purity and power. I weep for what she has become, and I burn for what she was meant to be. I've given my life for her. That's why I speak the way I do—because love tells the truth. "Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth." (1 Corinthians 13:6)

But just because someone says they're the bride doesn't mean they actually are. Just because someone claims to be a Christian, or says they follow Jesus, doesn't make it true. Just because someone says "I love God" doesn't mean they aren't deceived.

As my Brother said, "You can identify them by their fruit, that is, by the way they act." (Matthew 7:16, NLT)

And again, "Not everyone who calls out to me, 'Lord! Lord!' will enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Only those who actually do the will of my Father in heaven will enter." (Matthew 7:21)

There is almost endless Scripture to back this up. But in this case, the enemy has run ahead of the gospel. He's gotten many to believe something entirely different: that they can live for this world, chase their dreams, build their kingdoms, sprinkle a little weekend Jesus on top, and call it good.

"They will act religious, but they will reject the power that could make them godly. Stay away from people like that!" (2 Timothy 3:5, NLT)

I've been watching the churches my whole life. My mom went to Pentecostal churches. My dad to Lutheran ones. My grandparents were Baptists. I've been to hundreds of churches over the years—mostly as a quiet observer, a fly on the wall.

And my Brother warned us:

"What sorrow awaits you who are praised by the crowds, for their ancestors also praised false prophets." (Luke 6:26)

And again:

“Make every effort to enter through the narrow gate, because many will try to enter and will not be able to.” (Luke 13:24) He wasn’t talking to the world. He was talking to the believers at that time.

This is serious.

The American gospel—the one preached to Laodicea—isn’t about self-denial or carrying a cross. It’s about upgrading your life. It’s about abundance, blessing, and prosperity. Fatten your belly, buy a bigger house, chase your dreams, and sprinkle Jesus on top. That’s the lie being sold in churches today. And it’s not new—it’s just the repackaged lie of the enemy: “You can have it all and follow God.” But Jesus said, “If any of you wants to be my follower, you must give up your own way, take up your cross daily, and follow me.” (Luke 9:23)

Like I said to you—I’m on the hunt for the real Bride. I believe she’s scattered. The remnant is scattered. So I take my family from church to church. We observe. We test. And then I disciple my wife and children myself. I’m looking for soldiers. I’m raising warriors for the Kingdom of God—not kids who are good at a system and advance through the world’s game and going to college. So they can depend on themselves and not God. I’m raising my children to depend on God and not themselves.

“So too, at the present time, there is a remnant, chosen by grace.” (Romans 11:5)

My life is a living offering to the Lord—poured out.

Not out of obligation, but out of desire. I deny myself not to appear holy, but because I want Him more than I want ease, more than I want any garbage of this world. I could build a life of comfort, with space and status and safety. I could chase the American dream. But I have seen that dream for what it is: a carefully disguised trap. And I want no part in feeding the flesh.

So we live in simplicity. Between cabins with outhouses and travel with the seasons to different states. Not because we must—but because I want to stay awake. I want to be trained for battle. For war. Because “the flesh desires what is contrary to the Spirit, and the Spirit what is contrary to the flesh.” (Galatians 5:17)

This isn’t legalism. This is love. This is war. I don’t want to be idle, I want to be alert and ready with oil in my lamp.

I fear many cannot tell the difference between a life lived by the Spirit and a life lived by the flesh—because the evidence of their lives is clear. Comfort, excess, distraction, passivity. No hunger for God. No fire. No fruit.

What you live for will show. And if you’re living for the flesh, it will rot.

“I plead with you to give your bodies to God... Let them be a living and holy sacrifice—the kind he will find acceptable.” (Romans 12:1)

You said maybe your church isn't the right place for me—and that might be true. Because I'm not looking to follow anybody but Jesus.

I didn't become who I am by hanging out with Christians or going to church services. I became who I am by walking with childlike faith since I was a child. By taking my faith seriously. By being alone with the Lord. By following no one but Jesus.

And understand this: my Father took away my need to work for this world. He gave me a plan to walk through to have residual income and be funded so I obeyed. He said to me, "You work for Me now." So now I go where he tells me to go and do what he tells me to do and say what he tells me to say.

So that's what I do. I'm in the disciple-making business. I'm in the fruit-producing business. That's the only business that matters.

Also, I want to say this gently but directly: earthly wisdom, religious knowledge, and even seminary education mean nothing to my Father who sits on the throne. He isn't impressed by degrees or eloquence—He looks at the heart. And before He builds anything lasting in a man, He first tears down every false foundation—the pride of intellect, the strength of self, the approval of men. Only through repentance and deep humility can we begin to be rebuilt by Him.

"I will destroy the wisdom of the wise and discard the intelligence of the intelligent." (1 Corinthians 1:19, NLT)

"The Lord detests the proud; they will surely be punished." (Proverbs 16:5)

"These people honor me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me. Their worship is a farce, for they teach man-made ideas as commands from God." (Matthew 15:8–9)

"God opposes the proud but gives grace to the humble." (James 4:6)

We must all come to Him like little children—empty-handed, teachable, surrendered. The deeper the repentance, the clearer the hearing. The lower we go, the more we receive. The path to power in the Kingdom always starts with brokenness, humility, and repentance.

I spoke to you about what's happening in the American church. Most people aren't living for the Kingdom—they're living for themselves. They haven't died. They haven't been raised to new life. They're not disciples. They're just religious. They've never truly picked up their cross. But "those who belong to Christ Jesus have nailed the passions and desires of their sinful nature to his cross and crucified them there." (Galatians 5:24)

I'm here to bear fruit.

I'm here to plant, water, and raise up as many as I can.

“By this my Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit and so prove to be my disciples.” (John 15:8)

“It’s not important who does the planting, or who does the watering. What’s important is that God makes the seed grow... and both will be rewarded for their own hard work.” (1 Corinthians 3:7–8)

Because when this skin suit—this body—drops, and I stand before my King, He won’t ask me how comfortable I was.

He won’t ask me how big my house was, or how many people liked me.

He’ll ask me if I obeyed.

If I loved Him.

If I bore fruit.

If I made disciples.

This life isn’t for building kingdoms on earth.
It’s for laying crowns at His feet in eternity.

Because when this skin suit—this temporary body—drops and my spirit is finally free, there’s only one thing I want to hear:

“Well done, good and faithful servant.”

Not from a man. Not from a pastor.

But from the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—

The One who sent Jesus, our Messiah, to show us the way out of this hellhole.

He is the Way. And I’m following Him out.

So I live now with that moment in mind.

And I’ll tell you this—I treat it like Kingdom multiplication.

The more people I awaken to repentance, surrender, and true discipleship, the more fruit is credited to my account. If I wake up a pastor or pastors, and they begin to call their churches to die to themselves and follow Jesus, that fruit multiplies to me too. It’s like spiritual downline impact—like multi level marketing, but not lame and totally awesome!

And I’m going after all of it.

Like I told you, I've never heard you preach—and to be honest, it doesn't really matter to me. But what I have heard taught in your church so far hasn't been bad. It was actually relatively good, it was just over your congregation's head. They weren't in a place to be able to understand and receive it.

So here's what I'm saying: I'm in a position to come alongside and help you and share what the Holy Spirit has been doing and sharing with me in my life.

To bring truth.

To call the sleeping awake.

To make disciples.

Because this isn't about filling seats.

It's about building an army.

And the King is coming.

Let me be clear: when Jesus returns, it's not going to be a fluffy day of clouds and rainbows for most people. He's coming back with fire—and if you're not already burning for Him, that fire won't warm you. It will consume you.

"He will come with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, bringing judgment on those who don't know God and on those who refuse to obey the Good News of our Lord Jesus." (2 Thessalonians 1:7–8)

"But who will be able to endure it when he comes? Who will be able to stand and face him when he appears? For he will be like a blazing fire that refines metal..." (Malachi 3:2)

So after this conversation—and after reading this letter—

unless your heart is completely hardened,

unless you are so deceived and so far gone that truth can't reach you...

I've already won.

But I don't believe that about you.

I believe your eyes are starting to open.

I believe you're beginning to see that we've become exactly what we were warned about.

I believe you're going to start taking repentance seriously—

in your own life, and in the lives of those you shepherd.

There's something missing.

And the first step is repentance—

followed by preaching repentance to your congregation.

And when that happens?

My score goes up. And so does yours.

This is a call to repent.

To shed everything man has ever taught you that didn't come from the Spirit.

To lay down the traditions, the titles, the systems—

and to rise up as a warrior for Jesus.

Because the King wants you in His army.

And so do I.

This isn't about shame—it's about awakening.

This isn't condemnation—it's an invitation.

—Slave of Jesus

P.S. Just to be clear—I haven't talked to anyone about this. I don't gossip. I'm not here to stir things up behind anyone's back. All I care about is this: my Father knows exactly what I'm doing.

And I answer to Him.

This is simply a follow-up letter regarding the meeting I had with the pastor, as mentioned in the last letter.

Dear pastor,

When we spoke for the first time, the conversation was intense—but even in the midst of that, I saw something in you. That’s what compelled me to write you that first letter. I was genuinely hopeful and cheerfully optimistic about meeting with you.

Honestly, after I left our last meeting, I felt grieved—not because you disagreed with me, but because you don’t seem to hear the urgency of what I’m saying. You spoke to me as though I’m judging people’s salvation. But was Jonah judging Nineveh when he called them to repentance? Was John the Baptist judging the Pharisees when he cried out, “Prove by the way you live that you have repented of your sins and turned to God”? (Luke 3:8 NLT). No—he was warning them. And that’s what I’m doing.

But you’re not hearing it.

Instead of recognizing the spiritual deadness I’m trying to expose, you dismiss it. You comfort people in their rebellion rather than calling them to repentance. You don’t seem to see it as a problem when no one is burning with passion for Jesus—and to your shame, I fear it’s because you’re not being led by the Holy Spirit yourself.

If you’re not ablaze with love for Him, how can you expect those you lead to be? As my brother once said, “The student is not above the teacher.” A student becomes like their teacher—but what happens when the teacher isn’t spiritually alive?

This is why I’ve said for years: people need to stop following man and start following Jesus. The Holy Spirit is my teacher, and He alone leads into truth and life. As where man has only tried to deceive me.

The Devil has crept into the American church—not red with horns, but dressed in a faint shade of off-white, whispering gently, “I am Jesus.” And the people believe him.

But I know Jesus—not the Sunday performance version, but the real One. He is my Brother, my King, my very Life. And you? You used words you couldn’t even define—catching yourself more than once. What happened to simple truth? What happened to words that cut to the heart instead of dressing up a sermon?

Did Jesus confuse the crowds with lofty theological language? No. He spoke plainly. Because He wasn’t trying to impress—He was trying to transform.

You talked to me about the importance of community—right after I shared how I’ve walked alone with the Lord for years, how He Himself has been my Shepherd, my Teacher, my Discipler... you tried to correct me.

I’ve been guided by God Himself, not by systems or groups. You see, even when I’ve been part of a church I’ve always kept my distance. If I had followed lukewarm Christians, I’d look just like them. But instead, I spend time in the secret place with the Lord, and that is why I am what I am—by His grace and by His Spirit. You see, among many other things He’s been stripping away my need or care for comfort and convenience, for the nice things of this world. So I ask you, in what way or ways have you been guided to not look like or conform to the ways of this world? Because from my vantage point, you look like the world. Bro, I’m telling you this because I can see it, but the log is blinding you. You’ve been trained by the world so you would naturally look, act and think like the world.

Will people ever stop and truly think?

Really stop—not just nod, not just repeat, but wrestle with the truth?

Every time I sit down with a pastor or a Christian who’s been trained by a system instead of being taught by God, it’s always the same script. The same phrases. The same hollow echoes. The same perversion of scripture and heart of God.

It’s not revelation—it’s regurgitation.

They write books based on books, and those books are based on other books, and none of it has ever touched the fire of God’s altar. It’s just recycled knowledge dressed up as truth.

But God is not after your theology—He’s after your obedience.

He’s not impressed with what you can quote. He’s looking for what you live.

You come at this like a counselor. But the wisdom of this world is foolishness to God (1 Corinthians 3:19). Counselors of this world want to guide people gently into improvement. But the Holy Spirit destroys the old man. He exposes, rips open, and undoes. You don’t improve—you die. And what’s born again is not a better version of you—it’s a new creation (2 Corinthians 5:17).

You talked about gossip when I brought up a couple in your church. That’s what concerned you—not their souls. I was warning you, not naming names, not slandering. And that’s telling. There is no correction in your house. No warning. Why? Because you’re afraid to offend. You’re afraid people might leave. And if they leave, the money leaves. And if the money leaves, the machine stops running. That’s the cost of compromise—and you don’t even see it.

You should be saying, “Brother, I’m concerned. I don’t see fruit in your life. Are you truly born again?” But instead, the church has built a culture that can’t remove a speck from anyone’s eye—because it refuses to remove the log from its own.

This is why people either become trained actors—learning how to look Christian without power—or they fall away entirely. Because they never met Jesus. They met a church. A brand. A business. A system. And they were handed the wisdom of man dressed up like God.

But my Father hates worldly wisdom. It gets in the way. It puffs up. It cannot transform. It leads people into pride, not repentance.

So I'm here, not because I think I'm something—but because I know I'm nothing. I am garbage apart from Him. But Christ lives in me (Galatians 2:20). And that is what you're seeing and hearing—the fire of the Spirit, not the polish of the flesh.

When I see you, I see a man who chose pastor as a career option. Your own words betrayed it: “sales was another option on the list for me.” Brother, this is not a job. It's a death sentence. It's a cross. And if you haven't died—what are you doing leading others?

You brought up the Mennonites—as if you'd caught a contradiction in me about “having community.” Let me make this clear: I've been walking as a lone Anabaptist for years—not because of community, but because the Holy Spirit is my teacher. Not man. I have had no community.

We bought another cabin last year, and one day I saw a Mennonite church while driving to town and told my wife, “I want to check that out.” Then months later, at a park, I met a man—and in the Spirit, we knew we were brothers. After talking for a while he learned more about me and what I've been doing. He asked me to visit his church and share what I see and hear. So I did.

And what I found were men who lead, women who submit in love, and a reverence for God that I've rarely seen anywhere else—except among the Amish. Will I ever become Mennonite? No. I'm one thing only: a follower of Jesus. But when I talk about spending time with them, it's because there's good soil there. People with ears to hear and eyes to see. And I haven't seen that anywhere else. And truthfully I keep looking, and when I find good soil, I'll spend time with them because the Scripture says “to those who have ears let them hear, for those who have eyes let them see.”

You want the truth? Most people are a pain in the neck. But I love them anyway—and that's why I speak boldly. That's why I warn. Because the road is narrow. And few will find it (Matthew 7:14). Not because it's hidden—but because they're too busy enjoying the wide road.

We are told to cast down every idol (2 Corinthians 10:5). To be friends with the world is to be enemies of God (James 4:4). Please, evaluate your life. Not through denominational lenses. Not through the metrics of church growth or smiling faces. But through the eyes of a Holy God.

Ask Him to tear you open.

Because the truth is: modern comforts are killing us. They don't help the Spirit—they suffocate Him. Hardship builds faith. Comfort & convenience builds self.

And I am not here to build myself or gather a following. I am not here to sell books or start a ministry. I am here to point people to the King of Kings, the One True God.

And this world will have to kill me to silence me.

I don't expect you to agree with everything I've said. But I do ask you to weigh it. Test it—not through the lens of your training or tradition, but by the Spirit of God and the Word of God.

I've lived a very different kind of life. Not one shaped in classrooms or church programs, but one forged in the wilderness—alone with God. It's a road few understand, and yet I believe there's value in the perspective it's given me. I'm not asking you to follow me. I'm asking you to sit with me. To listen. To wrestle with the things the Lord has shown me—not for my sake, but for yours, and for the sake of those under your care.

Truth isn't always comfortable. But I'm not speaking to condemn you—I'm speaking to wake you up. Because I care.

If you're willing, I'd welcome the chance to spend time with you—not to argue, not to debate, but to walk and talk together as men who claim to love Jesus. No platforms. No performances. Just two lives laid bare before the King.

I'm not here to hear more theology. I've been surrounded by it my whole life. I'm not looking for polished answers from someone trained by the same system that's produced powerless Christianity. It all starts to sound the same after a while.

But what I am hungry to hear is this: What has the Holy Spirit actually done in you? Not what you've studied. Not what you've memorized. But what has God revealed to you? What has He torn down? What has He rebuilt?

That's the kind of conversation I'm here for.

If you're open to that—I'm here. But if not, I have no desire to force anything. I'll simply shake the dust from my feet and move on, just as Jesus told us to do.

—Slave of Jesus

This is the third letter that I've written to try to reach this pastor.

Pastor,

I live a quiet life. I didn't come after you—you approached me. After service that day, you started the conversation. And I engaged because I felt the Spirit nudging me to speak. That's how this all started—not because I was looking for a fight, but because I've been carrying a burden for the Church for years.

I've visited many churches over the years. I've sat through countless services. And most of the time, I say nothing. I grieve. I test. I pray. I talk about what I see with my family. But I don't confront. I don't stand up. I'm not out here trying to "fix" pastors or expose every wrong sermon.

In fact, there's only been one other pastor I've ever confronted like this—and it was because we had been part of that church for a while. We tried. We were invested. But week after week, I saw spiritual emptiness, compromise, and deception. I tried to gently speak when the opportunities came. I kept my mouth shut for a long time. I waited. I wrestled. Until finally, the Spirit pressed on me so heavily, I couldn't stay silent. He untied my tongue. He said, "Speak." So I did.

That's what this is too. Not rebellion. Not pride. But obedience.

I didn't seek this out. But I will obey when the Spirit says move. And while I've visited many churches in silence, I've also been writing. Not just observations—but revelation. Correction. Grief. Truth. What the Holy Spirit is revealing. And He didn't give it to me to sit on. He gave it to me to speak.

You wrote a long response. But for all the words, the one thing that still stands out is the same: you are not being led by the Holy Spirit.

Why did you respond to my first letter?

It honestly looked like you needed to reassure yourself of something.

Why did you feel the need to tell me about your mortgage—how you only have seven years left on it? Or how you drive older cars?

Did you think that would prove something?

I've shared with you how the Holy Spirit has provided for me again and again—how I've lived by faith, seeking first the Kingdom, not a paycheck. I've worked far less than most people, yet I've never lacked what I've needed. Why? Because I trusted my Father to provide. If we dug a little deeper into your financial life, I bet we wouldn't find the fingerprints of the Holy Spirit... We'd find Dave Ramsey.

I didn't write to you because I wanted a resume. I wrote because I thought I saw a flicker of humility in you.

But what I see now is a man trained by the system to be deaf and blind.

I'm telling you plainly, from my eyes, it looks like you're not even seeking anymore.

You think you've already arrived. You think you're secure. But you're not.

You may think I'm wrong—but I'm telling you, this is the war of spirits.

The Spirit of truth vs. the spirit of this age.

The Spirit who convicts vs. the spirit who flatters.

The Spirit who strips a man bare vs. the one who comforts him in his compromise.

That's not an insult. That's the root of the issue. It's what I've been pointing at from the beginning. You didn't go to the Spirit—you went to your elders. You didn't fast. You didn't weep. You didn't fall on your face before God and ask, "Is this true?" You had a meeting.

A man came to you—someone who has lived a very different life than you, someone testifying about the power of the Holy Spirit—and you didn't even ask questions. You didn't pause to wonder. You didn't test what I said. You just sit there—confident in what you already think you know.

You don't even realize how blind you are.

I've tried asking you real questions—simple, honest ones. I asked you in what ways the Holy Spirit has corrected you, shaped you, taught you to not live or look like the world... and you ignored me. Every time.

You talk like an educated counselor. You live like the world. You dress like the world. You run your church like a business. And yet you claim to be set apart?

But the children of God are supposed to be set apart.

We're not supposed to blend in. We're not supposed to conform. We're not supposed to be admired by the world—we're supposed to be hated by it. We're not supposed to herd swine in their slop!

Jesus said we would be hated by all for following Him.

He didn't say, "Unless you live in America, where everyone claims to be a Christian."

There was no clause. No cultural exception. No fine print.

If the world loves you—it's not because you look like Jesus. It's because you don't.

He also said:

“What sorrow awaits you who are praised by the crowds, for their ancestors also praised false prophets.” — Luke 6:26 (NLT)

That's not a compliment. It's a curse.

And yet pastors today chase praise like it's a sign of success.

They measure fruit by admiration—not transformation.

But Jesus didn't say, “Well liked are the peacemakers.”

He said, “Woe to you.”

And I've told you—I don't see any difference between you and the world. And you just assume I'm crazy.

When in scripture, do we ever see the majority being the ones close to God? It's always the one who is alone, the underdog those who have spent time with the Lord.

And you didn't even stop to ponder it. You didn't test it. You didn't ask the Lord. You just dismissed me as unbiblical. Foolish. Arrogant.

But when I told you that the Holy Spirit has taught me and led me in all things—not by man, not by system, not by seminary, but by Him—you don't believe me.

Instead, you insisted that we need teachers. As if the Spirit of God is not enough. As if Jesus was lying when He said the Spirit would lead us into all truth.

But I'm watching what these “teachers” are doing. And they're not making disciples.

They're leading people off a cliff—into the abyss. Into hell. And you call it ministry.

You even snarked at the book the Holy Spirit compelled me to write. A book born out of fire, tears, grief, and obedience.

But of course you did. Because it didn't come from your institution. It didn't come with a degree or a stamp of approval. Or a letter of recommendation from an institution.

It came from the wilderness.

And you don't know what the wilderness sounds like.

And I'm concerned it's because you haven't spent real, honest, extended time with the Lord.

You've accepted counterfeits—like the approval of man, the safety of your position, and the comfort of doctrine and study.

But none of those things break you. None of those things strip you down until all that's left is Him.

You don't come out of that place quoting. You come out trembling—with a fire the world can't understand and the system can't contain.

And that's why you remain guilty.

Because you claim you can see.

That alone proves my point.

You call it wisdom. I call it dependence on man. And the irony? You told me you went to them, as if it validated your position. But it only exposed it. That's what they call "the quiet part out loud."

I'm just a fool. No degree. No paycheck. No elders backing me. And yet you needed a council to decide how to respond? That should shake you. But I fear it doesn't.

When I first met with you, I didn't think you were evil or malicious. I honestly believed you just weren't being sensitive to the Holy Spirit—that maybe you were too busy, too distracted, or too caught up in your role to hear Him clearly.

But now... it's becoming painfully clear: you don't actually believe in the power of the Holy Spirit.

You may say you do. You may preach about Him on occasion. But the way you live, the way you lead, the way you responded to my testimony—it tells a different story.

Scripture is clear:

"The Spirit teaches you everything you need to know." (1 John 2:27)

"He will lead you into all truth." (John 16:13)

"You will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you." (Acts 1:8)

And yet... you act like the Spirit is just a concept, a doctrine to defend, a line in a statement of faith. But not the spirit of God you actually listen to. Not a Voice you actually follow.

What baffles me is this:

I've tried to share my testimony with you—not to impress you, but to witness to the power of the living God. I've told you how the Holy Spirit has taught me things no man could have taught me. How the Lord has provided for us miraculously—again and again—as we've walked by faith and sought His Kingdom first.

And you showed no curiosity.

Not even one question. Not even a flicker of wonder. No hunger. No awe.

Nothing.

You weren't intrigued. You weren't moved. You didn't ask, "Tell me more."

You just... deflected. Dismissed. As if what I was saying couldn't possibly be real—or couldn't possibly matter.

That says everything.

Because a man of God may be skeptical—but he's always hungry.

A man led by the Spirit may test everything—but he still wants to see the fire.

But you? You didn't even look.

So I'll speak plainly—point by point—not for the sake of argument, but for the sake of truth. Because I love the real Jesus more than the system that wears His name without His Spirit.

"You've pigeonholed me as an apostate."

No. Your fruit did that.

If you had actually listened to what I said during our conversations—or truly read the letters I gave you—you would know that I've shown you, plainly, the evidence of your fruitless ministry. So no, I didn't put you in that category. You put yourself there. Long before I ever showed up.

I've spent most of my life in and around churches like yours. I know the language. I know the tone. I know the leadership structure. I've heard the powerless sermons, the crowd-pleasing messages, the emotional worship concerts, the shallow altar calls. I've watched the same patterns repeat over and over again: no transformation, no brokenness, no holiness, no fire—just a subtle, ever-present fear of man.

You say I'm judging you unfairly. But I'm not your judge. The Holy Spirit is. And I don't see Him in what you're doing. That's the issue. Not that you're imperfect—but that you're unrepentant. You can't see what you've become because the system has shaped you and blinded you.

“You see my training as worthless.”

Yes. And I’m in good company.

Paul said he counted all his training as garbage compared to knowing Christ. You say the same—but your actions say otherwise. You defend your training because it gave you access, a platform, a title. You quote Paul—but you don’t live like him.

Paul didn’t stand behind pulpits. He got beaten, imprisoned, shipwrecked, and thrown out of cities. He didn’t build institutions—he made disciples. He didn’t flash his credentials—he said, “Follow me as I follow Christ.”

Your training taught you how to speak. The Holy Spirit teaches you how to die.

One makes pastors. The other makes sons of God.

“You think being paid is compromise.”

It is.

You tried to justify your salary with Scripture, but you skipped the part where Paul said:

“I would rather die than lose my right to boast about preaching without charge.” —1 Corinthians 9:15

Paul didn’t just say ministry could be free—he made sure it was. So no one could accuse him of preaching for profit. Can you say the same? He led by example.

You say you’ve turned down money from controlling donors. Good. But would you still do what you do if the paycheck stopped? If not, you’re not a servant—you’re a hireling.

Don’t you realize that in the old covenant, the priest got fed when the people sinned? The temple veil was torn and the Levitical priesthood died with it.

You’re running a religious nonprofit. Jesus turned over tables for less.

“You believe I’m unbiblical for not submitting to elder authority.”

You’re confusing the voice of God with the voice of your board.

You quoted Hebrews. You quoted 1 John. But you ignored the part that says:

“You don’t need anyone to teach you what is true. For the Spirit teaches you everything you need to know.” —1 John 2:27

The Holy Spirit is not an assistant to the elder board. He is God.

Yes, fellowship matters. But what you’ve created isn’t fellowship—it’s a spiritual chain of command. Men sitting in offices deciding what is and isn’t from the Lord. That’s not the Church. That’s a corporate hierarchy wearing Christian clothes.

“Why give teachers if God teaches us directly?”

Can you even hear what you’re saying?

You asked why God gives teachers if we can all be taught by the Holy Spirit. Do you even hear what you’re saying? You just got done affirming that the Spirit of God lives in us—and yet you deny His sufficiency in the next breath. You asked the question, but you didn’t realize you were saying the quiet part out loud: you’re lifting up man’s position while diminishing the power of God.

That is not a small error. That’s the foundation of perverse teaching.

Yes—teachers exist. But do you know what they’re for? They are for the immature—for those not yet trained by the Spirit. They are for guiding people into repentance and laying the foundation of Christ. But once someone has received the Spirit, He becomes their Teacher. Jesus Himself said it:

“When the Spirit of truth comes, he will guide you into all truth.” —John 16:13 (NLT)

“You have received the Holy Spirit, and he lives within you, so you don’t need anyone to teach you what is true.” —1 John 2:27 (NLT)

But here’s the real tragedy, you’re already a teacher—and yet you need someone to teach you the basic truths of God’s word all over again.

You’ve been a Christian so long that you ought to be teaching the truth—but what you’re teaching is twisted, institutionalized, and powerless. So I say this plainly: you need to be disciplined. You need to be taught again—not by elders, not by seminaries, but by the Spirit of God.

And that’s what I’ve been trying point out to you—not because I see myself as better than you, but because I long for you to be my brother. But fellowship requires truth. And right now, the Spirit in me grieves when I’m around you—not because I hate you, but because I love you and can’t pretend your house isn’t burning.

You elevated the role of man above the power of the Holy Spirit without even realizing it.

Teachers are for those who need milk and are not ready for solid food.

But I'm telling you, the problem is that the teachers nowadays are keeping their flock dependent on milk and NOT preparing them for solid food.

Teachers are not replacements for the Spirit. They're not filters. They're not walls. Their job is to lead—not control. You've turned a gift into a position. And now you defend it as sacred when it's just... tradition.

Jesus didn't say, "You'll be safe if you follow teachers." He said, "My sheep hear My voice." If you're not hearing Him—what good is the role? You should quit and get a job in sales. It would be better for your soul than what's coming for it now.

"The Church has always struggled. Paul was patient."

He was patient—but he was not soft.

He named names. He wept over sin. He told people to hand the unrepentant over to Satan. He warned that wolves would rise from among the elders.

You say I'm too harsh. But harshness isn't the problem—silence is. You've been trained in diplomacy, not discipleship. In professionalism, not power. But love without truth is a lie. And patience without repentance is poison.

Paul would never penned swine in their slop, he would have thrown them out!

"You see yourself like a prophet, but you're more like Shimei."

Be careful.

Shimei cursed God's anointed. I'm exposing men who claim to be anointed while rejecting the authority of the Holy Spirit. You think your title makes you immune to correction. It doesn't. Saul had a title too.

I'm not John the Baptist. I'm not Elijah. I'm not anyone special. I'm just someone who listened when the Holy Spirit said, "Speak." And I've done what He's led me to do.

But what He leads me to do stands in stark contrast to what the rest of you are doing.

It's uncomfortable. It's inconvenient. It doesn't fit neatly inside your system. But it's Him.

And if you can't hear His voice in what I'm saying—it's because your ears have been tuned to another master.

You called me a wayward sheep and said you want to bring me back into the fold. But what fold are you talking about? Because if it's the fold of modern American Christianity—lukewarm, compromised, and powerless—then no, thank you. I've been led out by the Holy Spirit. And if you had the Spirit, you would recognize that.

Paul didn't coddle the lazy, the religious, or the deceived. He rebuked them. He warned them. He pleaded with tears. And that's exactly what I'm doing. You talk about fellowship and unity, but what unity is there between a swineherd and a shepherd? One pens pigs in filth. The other leads sheep to clean water and truth. A true shepherd lays down his life for the sheep—not his comfort, not his pension, not his platform. He leads them to righteousness, even when it's unpopular. It's about being a servant not a hired hand.

I'm not trying to scatter the flock. I'm trying to expose the wolves, the corruption, and the mold in the sheepfold that no one wants to talk about. And bring the wayward sheep back into the vine.

“You probably need the last word.”

No. I just need to obey.

But let me say this plainly: you've already proved everything I've been saying. The moment you chose to ask men instead of the Spirit—you exposed the root.

I'm just a fool. No church backing me. No elder board. No title. Just fire in my bones and a voice I can't ignore. And that's why I speak—not because I want to be right, but because I have to. As I will be held accountable for the things that I didn't say that I should have.

I am deeply grieved by all of this.

Do you understand what's happening?

When Jesus came 2,000 years ago, He didn't go after prostitutes or tax collectors.

He confronted the people who thought they were closest to God.

And they hated Him for it.

They called Him a sinner.

A blasphemer.

A drunkard.

A man possessed by demons.

And why? Because He didn't play by their rules.

Because He exposed them. Because He came with power—not permission.

So I'm not surprised when people like you look at someone like me and scoff, dismiss, or accuse. It's always been that way. The ones closest to religion are often the farthest from God—and they never recognize it when Truth is standing in front of them.

And then they killed Him—because He exposed their religious system for what it really was:

Dead. Blind. Corrupt. Proudful.

Jesus warned that the enemy is a master manipulator. A deceiver. A liar.

That he masquerades as an angel of light—

And that he would one day be sitting in the house of God, claiming to be God.

I'm telling you, that time is here.

And you don't even ponder it.

I don't hate you. But I am frustrated with you.

Because you're leaning on yourself/man and NOT God!

On what man has given you—not what God has revealed.

You are blind to how your institution has shaped you.

You have eyes—but you cannot see.

You have ears—but you cannot hear.

So I urge you:

Humble yourself.

Fall on your knees before the Lord.

Repent.

Pray the prayer of David:

“Search me, O God, and know my heart.
Test me and know my anxious thoughts.

Point out anything in me that offends You,
and lead me along the path of everlasting life.” — Psalm 139:23–24 (NLT)

And if it seems upside down that a nobody like me is confronting a man with position and credentials—it should. That’s how God works. He always has.

He chooses the weak to shame the strong. The boy with a sling. The voice crying in the wilderness. The man with no platform. I’m not claiming anything. I’m not special. I’m just willing and I have faith. That’s all He needs.

And here’s the truth:

It would be easier to entertain your arguments—if there were fruit. But there isn’t.

Not in your church. Not in your leadership. Not in the people sitting under you. I’ve seen it with my own eyes. I grew up around it. I walked away from the institution—not out of rebellion—but because the Holy Spirit led me out.

Because the Spirit of God is not in your system.

If Jesus were here today... would He call Himself a Baptist and go to your church? Would He go to church at all?

I’m telling you—if Jesus were here today, the ones practicing Torah would be trying to nail Him to a cross, and the Christians would be trying to get Him to pray a salvation prayer and come to their Sunday service. Because this world is blind—and filled with hate.

I don’t even call myself a Christian anymore. I’m a broken man trying to follow Jesus—and hated by the world for telling the truth. I have nothing to gain. But I speak because I fear God more than man.

I’ve asked you plainly: In what ways has the Holy Spirit stripped you? Refined you? Convicted you? Grown you? Led you to not live or look like the world?

And you avoid the question every time.

But isn’t that the whole point of walking with God? To be broken? To be crushed? To be remade into something the world doesn’t understand or recognize?

If the Holy Spirit really dwells in you, then where is the fire? Where is the evidence?

Where is the wilderness?

Where is the death of self?

Another question I keep wrestling with is this:

How could a man—any man—ever come to someone like you and show him that he's been shaped by a mold the Lord didn't build?

What would it even look like to tell a pastor he's been raised by a system that taught him to be fed, but never to fast?

To study, but never to hear?

To serve an institution, but never truly see?

Is there any room left in you to wonder if you've been trained by the blind?

Because if you can't imagine that possibility...

Then the devil has done his job.

And if someone can't come to you without being dismissed or labeled...

Then who do you actually answer to?

Because if the answer isn't the Holy Spirit—then you're not a servant. You're a gatekeeper.

And you're standing in the way of the very thing you claim to preach.

You said that you've been advised by your elders not to meet with me again unless one of them is present.

So go ahead.

Gather your elders—you might as well make it the whole church.

We can build altars. You can sing your songs and you can service your congregation as you do on Sundays.

And I'll simply pray that He will light the altar and that he will show you fools, which side is really serving God.

I'll simply ask my Father to show us which one of us is truly serving

the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—

The Creator of heaven and earth—

The One who sent Jesus to show us the path out of this world.

You said I probably need to get the last word.

But let me be clear—I don't.

This isn't my word. It's His.

And whether you dismiss it or dwell on it—whether you meet with me or hide—it will follow you.
Because the real last word won't come from me.

It'll come when you stand before the One whose Bride you've been entrusted to lead.

And on that day—titles won't matter. Salary won't matter. Elders won't stand beside you.

And the only thing that will matter is this:

Did you listen when He tried to warn you?

-Slave of Jesus

Beware of the east of the Christians they're just Pharisees in disguise.

The Beginning

To the one who has made it this far,

To the one who has read these letters, wrestled with them, cried over them, maybe even tried to resist them—

You are not here by accident. You are not alone. And this is not the end. This is the beginning.

You've just swallowed a hard truth—maybe the first real truth you've heard in a long time or ever. The kind that doesn't stroke your ego or coddle your emotions, but the kind that sets you free.

But now comes the question: what now?

What do you do when you realize the life you were handed was a lie?

What do you do when you wake up and realize your marriage, your home, your parenting, your religion, your comfort, your values—all of it—was built on the sand of this world?

You repent.

Not the shallow kind of repentance that says “sorry” and goes back to work.

Not the emotional kind that cries at an altar then posts a selfie the next day.

I'm talking about the kind of repentance that burns the bridges behind you. The kind that surrenders everything. The kind that follows Jesus into the fire, knowing there is no other life but Him.

We are living in a time of great sorrow. A time when the Church claims the name of Jesus, but walks in the opposite spirit. A time when homes are broken, hearts are numb, children are raised by screens and systems, and parents are chasing success while their souls decay.

You were lied to about what life is.

You were told to chase careers instead of character.

You were told to outsource your children to the world, because the world promised stability, safety, and success.

You were told college would validate you, money would secure you, and church attendance would sanctify you.

But now you know: none of that saves. None of that is life. None of that is Jesus.

And now that you see, you cannot go back.

You cannot unsee the truth. You cannot pretend it's not real. You cannot keep living like the goal is to survive or succeed in a world that is already judged.

You can't serve Jesus and Babylon. You must come out of her.

So what now?

You lay it all down.

Your image. Your plans. Your status. Your church games. Your pride. Your pain.

You bring it all to the feet of the One who died for you—and you don't pick it back up.

You repent.

You humble yourself.

You sit with the Lord and let Him teach you everything you were never taught by religion.

You let Him heal your heart, your home, your family.

You stop outsourcing your life to a broken system.

You raise your children in His ways, not the world's.

You start over. Even if it's costly. Even if it's lonely. Even if it hurts.

Because you're not called to a comfortable life—you're called to a crucified life.

And in that death, you will find true resurrection.

Some of you reading this are battling addiction. Some of you are numb. Some are filled with shame over how you've raised your kids or run your homes. Listen: repentance heals.

Repentance restores.

Repentance rebuilds what sin and compromise tore down.

Jesus didn't die so you could be a better version of your old self.

He died so your old self could be buried, and a new creation could rise in its place.

“If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old has passed away;
behold, the new has come.”

—2 Corinthians 5:17

So this is your moment.

Not just to agree with what you've read, but to act.

To turn.

To walk away from everything that's been built on the sand.

And to build again—on the Rock.

The Holy Spirit is not a hype-man. He is your Comforter, your Teacher, your Guide. He will lead you into all truth. But only if you are willing to be led.

So I say again:

Don't go back.

Don't look back.

Don't harden your heart.

Let repentance be your doorway. Let truth be your path.

Be childlike.

Let Jesus be everything.

This is not the end.

...This is your Exodus.

But hear me: it's not just about leaving behind false religion or broken systems. It's about laying down your life.

Most of you are in selfish marriages. You're not living to love—you're living to be loved. You're not dying to yourself—you're defending yourself. But Jesus didn't come to protect His comfort—He came to lay it down. And He said:

“Whoever wants to be my disciple must deny themselves and take up their cross daily and follow me.”

—Luke 9:23

That means every day—every conversation, every marriage fight, every moment of silence—you pick up your cross and die.

Husbands:

Love your wives like Jesus loves His bride. That means laying down your pride. Laying down your anger. Laying down your need to be right. Keep your eyes clean, keep your ears clean, keep your thoughts clean. Jesus bled for His bride—would you die for yours?

Wives:

Stop ruling your husbands. Stop manipulating and controlling. Stop disrespecting what God designed. This isn't about silence—it's about submission. And I'm not talking about a worldly version twisted by abuse or culture. I'm talking about the kind of godly submission that only the Holy Spirit can teach you. The kind that breathes life into a home. The kind that humbles you to pray instead of nag, to trust instead of dominate, to honor instead of undermine.

You cannot do this without the Holy Spirit. You can't love like Jesus, serve like Jesus, or build like Jesus without His Spirit living inside you. That's why you must die—so that He can live through you.

So start there.

Ask the Lord to show you where you've been selfish in your marriage, in your parenting, in your discipleship. Ask Him to crucify the old you and raise up something that actually looks like Christ.

Lay down your life—and don't pick it back up!

This is about becoming like Jesus now—so you can see the face of God one day without burning up.

Marriages can be restored. Families can be healed.

Jesus didn't come just to give us eternal life.

He came to show us how to live life to the fullest—now.

Repent.

Go to those you've wronged—your children, your spouse, your friends. Humble yourself. Confess. Cry. Let them see your weakness. Let them see that you are not above repentance. It's the only thing that can break the walls your pride helped build—the walls that have hardened hearts and shut down love.

And then go to the Lord. Weep before Him. Be undone. Be exposed. Let Him break you open so He can make you whole. True repentance isn't just an apology—it's a death. And only from that place can new life begin.

—Slave of Jesus

A man who's been watching this world his whole life and is no longer tongue tied to share it.

Final Thoughts

Most people write books to sell them. They shape their words around what people want to hear, or what will sell the most copies. But I didn't write this to make money.

I wrote it because there are things people need to hear.

Truth isn't a product to market. The Kingdom of God is not for sale. And I refuse to hide what the Holy Spirit has given me behind a paywall.

This book isn't here to flatter you. It's not here to make you feel good about yourself while you keep living the same way. I wrote this book to hopefully put an end to that.

I didn't write this to build a platform. I wrote it to warn the Church. To call you out. To call you up. To share what I've been shown—and what I cannot stay silent about.

So here it is. Free.

Because the truth should be.

-Slave of Jesus

As for me I am garbage that needs Jesus, anything good you see in me is not me you see but the Holy Spirit in me.

This ebook and other letters will be available for free to download at

letterstodeadchurch.com

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