

THE ANGEL AND THE GLORY-FILLED BOWL

Virginia Beach, Virginia, USA

SEERSGATE SAYS:

I will recall those things to encourage others to seek God's will in operating a church service. There was a certain planning detail given that I was not aware of. It was the church's anniversary, and a guest speaker spoke at the early morning gathering. He was introduced as a prophet, a man of God. And with his speaking, he encouraged, and the people responded.

I know this church deals with many different people; they cater spiritually. They host the ones given for that season, but would they host a prophet yet to be heard of? I have a true way of knowing that they have been given a major detail that will change the way church service is done. They were leaders all those years ago; now, they lead this plan.

What is the way of the spiritual weight? It's heavy, and it's not a natural substance. Carrying this weight requires a yielding that cannot be faked by jumping and worshipping with a great show. Hearts are coming in line with God's heart. There will be shifts that will join with the spiritual weight, with the gathering of hungry people, turning this sanctuary into a Deity-driven tent of a Spirit-driven meeting place in an open portal to Heaven, without any restriction.

Here is how close this church gathering truly is. (I am not telling any lies about this way. My words can be tested with an earthly lie detector.) From Yahweh's perspective, gain the Great Holy Spirit's view and learn from His will.

The guest speaker made an open call to have those who were willing to come to the front, to come forward for a special prayer. Although my heart longed to take up a

place with those gathered near the front, I was commanded by the Great Way King Jesus to stay where I stood with my husband, all the way in the farthest back allowed to sit near.

I took a moment to look over the people gathered, and as we raised our hands to Heaven, this part of the story turned entirely supernatural in my seeing way. I saw a liquid come out of a giant bowl placed in the hands of an angel who appeared to be four times the size of the building's height. The liquid poured out of the bowl yet fell towards us as a silky, wavy, gentle flow. The liquid in the bowl poured out like a material—a cloth texture—gentle and slow-moving.

The angel kneeled on one knee to pour the liquid in through the ceiling. The bowl was the depth of how high the ceiling stood.

Every person was able to drink what was in the bowl. Some left while this was taking place. I wanted to yell so no one would leave while the angel poured the cloth-textured filling from the bowl. Gold-colored, cloth-textured liquid, shifting into something greater than any person could have given directly by the laying on of hands.

This angel stood over two hundred feet. How could anyone have a way to believe me? It doesn't matter.

Now, what was in the bowl? Glory.