



**“I thought every step would be my last.”**

The hunger, thirst, and weariness had merged into a singular crisis. Surrounded by a fog that mirrored my mental state, I was trudging through a dense forest, stabbed continually by thorns and sharp limbs. My sole purpose had devolved from a great calling to simply not giving up before death took me. Each step was torture; death itself had become desirable.



**“Just when I was sure the next step would be my last, I saw a faint sparkle through the fog ahead.”**

I thought my mind was playing tricks on me. But I gathered all the resolve I had left to stumble forward a few more feet.

I saw it again. It could not be far. I was determined to reach whatever it was, even if it cost me my final breath.

This single point of light became my entire world.



**“It was the most beautiful water I had ever seen... like a scene out of heaven.”**

I emerged from the forest and fell on my face at the edge of a small lake. The water was a deep blue, sparkling from within, as if alive with light.

It occurred to me that it must be some kind of radioactive pool—that it could kill me to drink it.

“So what!” I thought. “I’m going to die if I don’t drink it, so I might as well try it.”



**“The more I drank, the stronger I felt. It was as if every cell in my body was being awakened.”**

Just moments before, I felt worse than I ever had. Now, I felt better than I ever had. I went from hell to heaven, from the edge of death to being more alive than I had ever been.

The water quenched my thirst and my hunger. My eyes had brightened, so that I could see through the fog. My mind was going at hyper-speed, but with order and precision.



**“The stream that feeds this pool was very close to you in the wilderness you just came through. You could have refreshed yourself with it, at any time.”**

I was startled to see a man standing so close that I could not believe I had not seen him approaching. “This water belongs to anyone who will drink it,” he said.

He then delivered a shocking thought: the life-giving stream was always near me in the wilderness.

“I did not see any stream,” I protested.

His reply was dispassionate and direct: “You didn’t see it because you didn’t look for it.”

**“Even the youngest disciples are taught where to find this water... Is there no discipleship left?”**

The visitor's question cut deep. He asked if I had a mentor to teach me such basic lessons. “No,” I answered. “And there is not much discipleship left.”

He grieved at this, explaining that the living water is always available to sojourners on the right path. Then he asked about the state of spiritual leadership. I confessed, “Spiritual fathers and mothers are rare in these times. The leaders have given themselves to building organizations more than building people.”





**“I am as guilty as anyone else. I have not been a good father or mentor.”**

The visitor’s inquiry turned personal:  
“What about you?”

I had to admit my own failure. “I too have spent more time building organizations than building people.”

He then asked a question that felt like the most important he could ask: “Would you do it differently if you got another chance?”

“I would like to try,” I answered, knowing I had always been clumsy in relationships but recognizing their ultimate importance.



**“What is coming is the greatest battle there has ever been on the earth. It is the last battle.”**

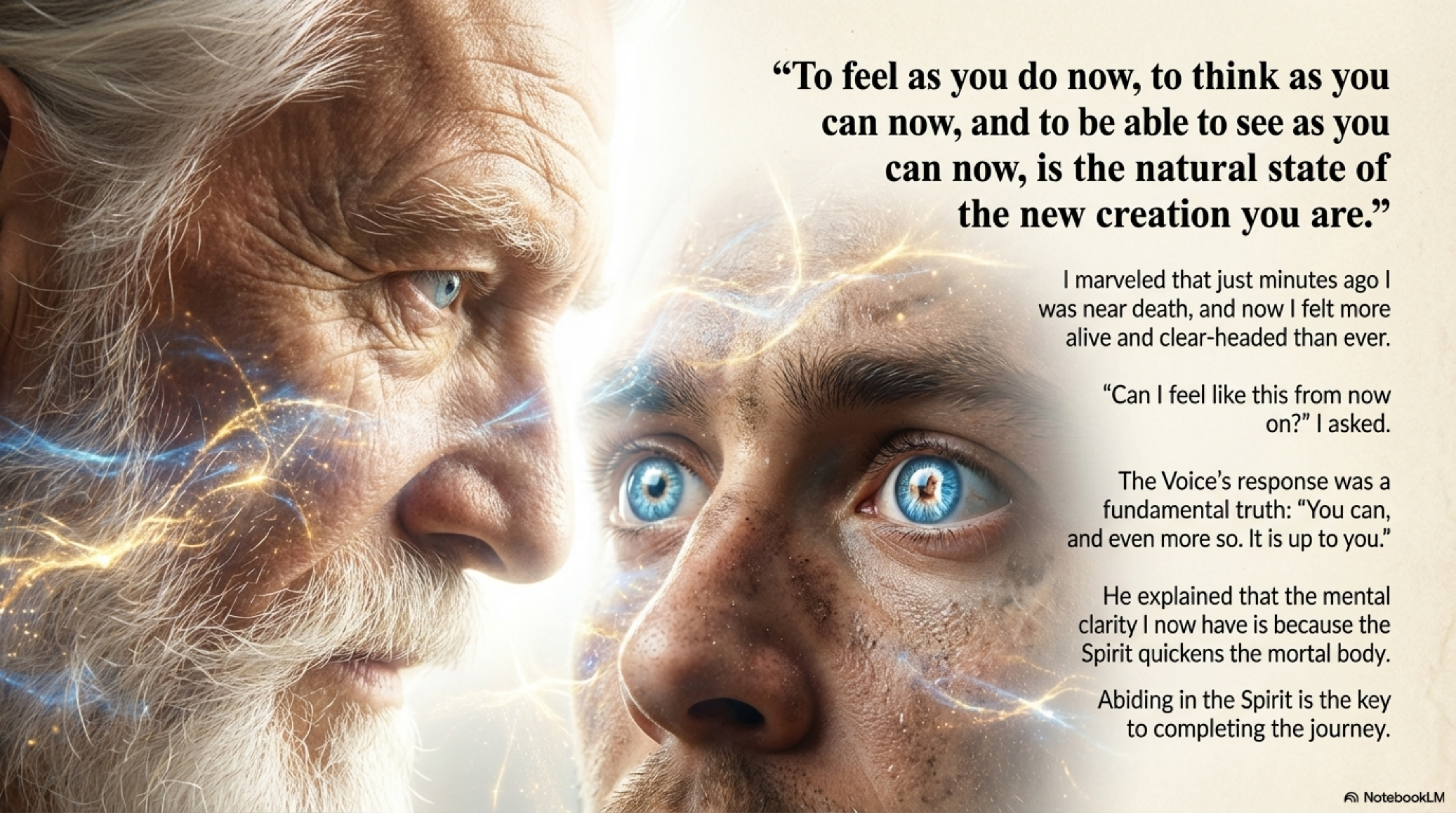
The visitor explained that very few are finding this path, and without it, they will not be prepared for what is coming upon the earth. **“We are here to prepare you for your purpose, to finish what has been lacking in your training.”** He lamented that **those who arrive are like an army that doesn’t know how to hold its weapons, unprepared for the climax of the ages, the ultimate battle between light and darkness.**



**“They are more than clothes. They are part of your armor. You will need it to get where you are going now.”**

The visitor presented a new set of clothes—a tunic, boots, a cape, and a hat. They were made of a material so thin and light they seemed to have no weight, yet I could not tear or even mark them. After washing in the pool, I put them on. They fit perfectly.

Then, after he had vanished from sight, his voice echoed from the forest, explaining their true nature and purpose.



**“To feel as you do now, to think as you can now, and to be able to see as you can now, is the natural state of the new creation you are.”**

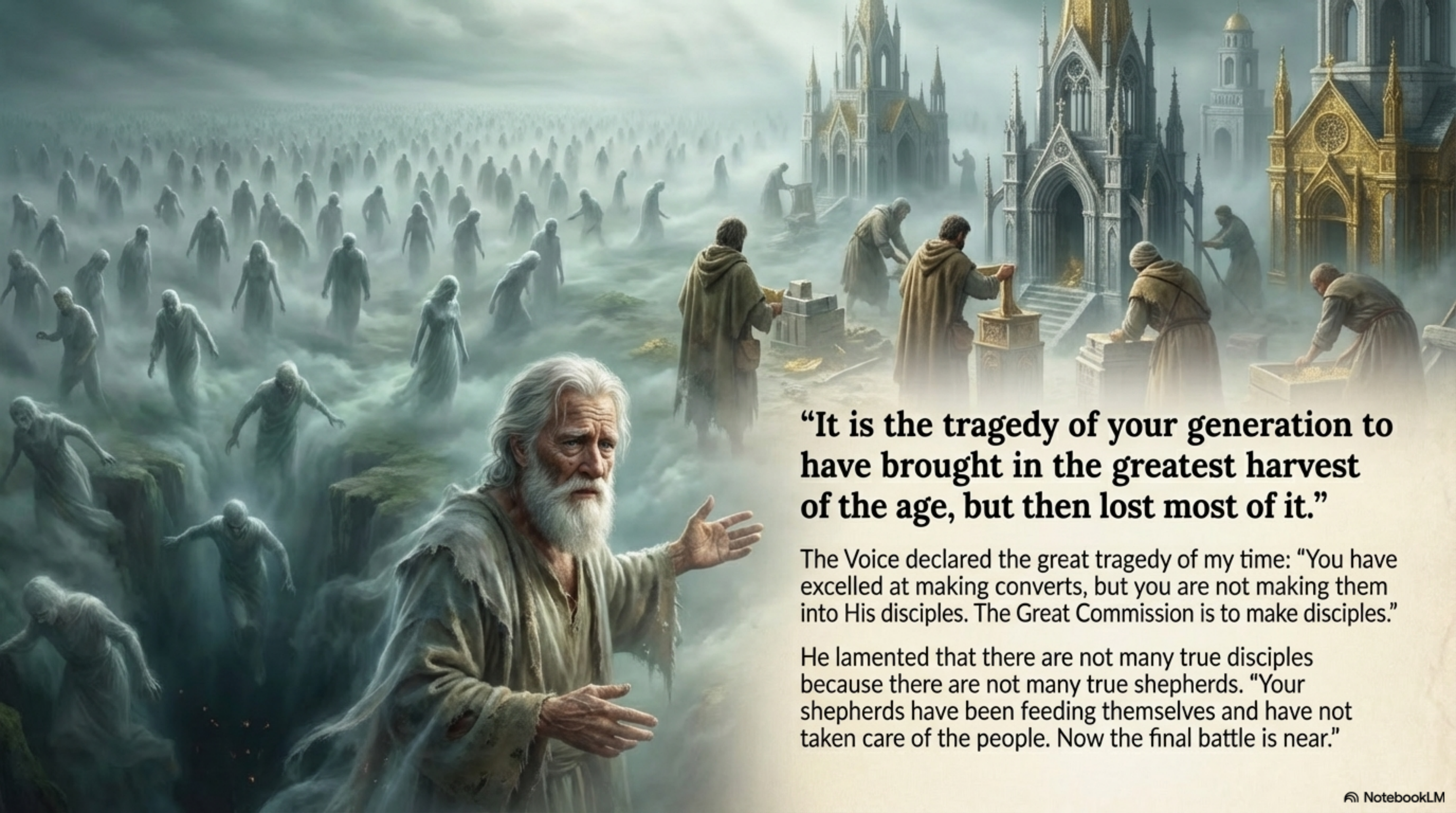
I marveled that just minutes ago I was near death, and now I felt more alive and clear-headed than ever.

“Can I feel like this from now on?” I asked.

The Voice’s response was a fundamental truth: “You can, and even more so. It is up to you.”

He explained that the mental clarity I now have is because the Spirit quickens the mortal body.

Abiding in the Spirit is the key to completing the journey.



**“It is the tragedy of your generation to have brought in the greatest harvest of the age, but then lost most of it.”**

The Voice declared the great tragedy of my time: “You have excelled at making converts, but you are not making them into His disciples. The Great Commission is to make disciples.”

He lamented that there are not many true disciples because there are not many true shepherds. “Your shepherds have been feeding themselves and have not taken care of the people. Now the final battle is near.”

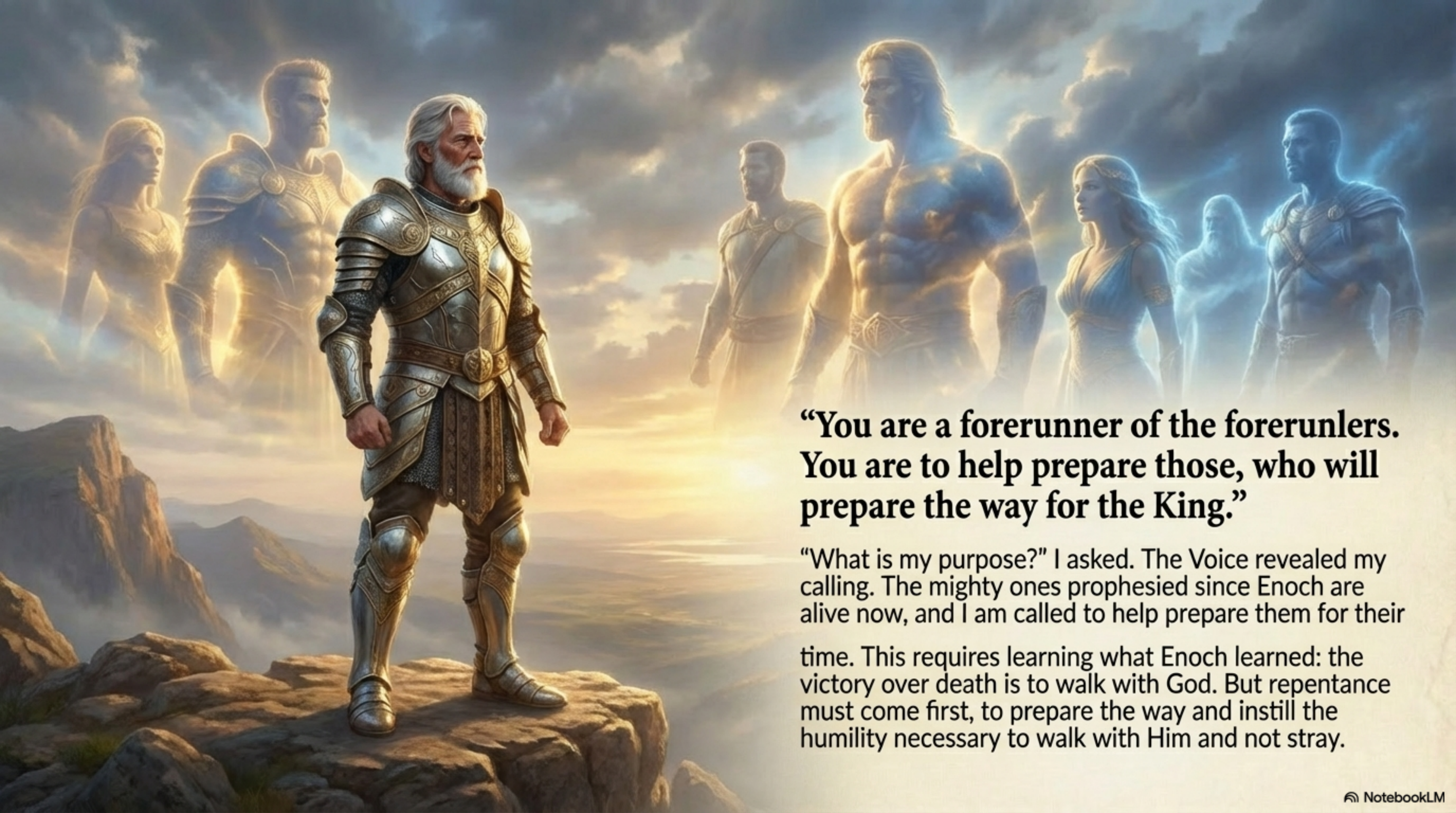


**“You have judged yourself rightly.  
Because you have judged  
yourself, you will not have to be  
judged, but you must repent.  
True repentance brings change.”**

I confessed that I was the chief of sinners, not for great transgressions, but for the sin of becoming lukewarm after seeing His glory.

The Voice identified my strength: “You are quick to repent. You are not afraid of an accurate evaluation of yourself.”

He explained that this humility is the foundation upon which victory is built. Repentance is more than feeling sorry; it is turning from the sin. This is the first step on the path.



**“You are a forerunner of the forerunners.  
You are to help prepare those, who will  
prepare the way for the King.”**

“What is my purpose?” I asked. The Voice revealed my calling. The mighty ones prophesied since Enoch are alive now, and I am called to help prepare them for their time. This requires learning what Enoch learned: the victory over death is to walk with God. But repentance must come first, to prepare the way and instill the humility necessary to walk with Him and not stray.

**“Your guidance must come from your heart, your spirit. You must see with the eyes of your heart more clearly than you see with these eyes, or you will not stay on the right path.”**

Everything seemed familiar, yet I couldn't remember being here. The Voice explained, “Everything here changes over time... The familiar things you are looking for, to give you bearings, are not the same, and you are not the same.”

There is more than one path, and all but one lead to ruin. To stay on the right path requires discernment, wisdom, and courage beyond human ability. You will need the Helper and you must never let the living water out of your sight again.



# Every day is a new beginning. Repentance is waking up again, to a new day.

As I followed The Voice, the thrill of the journey made me feel young again. I had the exuberance of starting over, knowing I was being given another chance. I had found grace. The Voice confirmed my thoughts: "The gift of being born again, is the great gift. It is the gift of starting over."

I was awake, as I had not felt for years. I was on the path again to the **greatest adventure: seeking the city that God is building.**

