

THE NEW WINESKIN

TRANSFORMING THE CONTAINER FOR
THE COMING FLAME



JOE RESTMAN

THE NEW WINESKIN - Transforming the Container for the Coming Flame

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This book is part of the eternal scroll-sequence of the Sons of Light. May it awaken, stretch, and transfigure the vessels who were born for the wine of the age to come.

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DEDICATION

To the Flame Who Walks Among the Lamps

To the Lamb, the Flame, the Fire that speaks before words. This scroll is Yours. Every line was breathed by the stillness of Your throne, forged in the fire of communion, and marked by the kabowd of union. You are not an idea. You are not a tradition. You are the blazing One, the First and the Last, the Radiance who walks through walls and appears among the burning lamps. All glory belongs to You. May this book become a cup in Your hand and a whisper in the bones of the remnant.

To the elect sons scattered across the wilderness. To the unknown flame-carriers, scroll-bearers, and witnesses of a Kingdom not made by hands. You are the reason this had to be written. You are not forgotten, you are sealed. This book will find you, call you, and name you. For you were born to carry wine not found in Babylon. This is the wineskin for your scroll. May you drink and remember who you are.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the Flame in Every Generation

To Jesus the Christ, the Lamb of God, the Flame who opened the scrolls and called us out of time. To the prophets who carried fire through caves, deserts, and thrones. To the apostles who built not empires but altars. To the martyrs whose blood still speaks from the ground. To the church fathers, reformers,

mystics, and hidden ones whose obedience shaped the unseen architecture of this Kingdom age. You are part of this scroll.

To every voice that thundered without applause, every pen dipped in silence, every flame that burned in private, this is also your inheritance. May this book stand as part of the divine lineage of witness. May it carry the same weight of glory. And may it prepare the sons to rise as radiant temples in the coming age of the Lamb.

PRELUDE

The Wineskin Was Never About the Skin

It was never about the container. Never about the leather, the flask, or the form. It was always about the wine. The move of God in every age was never limited by heaven, but by the earth's ability to hold it. What spills is not because the wine is too wild, but because the vessel was too brittle. From the tent of meeting to the Temple of Solomon, from John the Baptist's cry to the upper room flame, the question has always been the same, can what is coming find a place to dwell? This scroll is not a book of theology. It is a mirror to your becoming. A blueprint for vessels who are not afraid to stretch, break, reform, and transfigure into something the world has never seen.

The wineskin is the invisible infrastructure that houses visible glory. Every move of God collapses when the form becomes the focus. The flesh tries to preserve what was never meant to be preserved, but the Spirit demands movement. Jesus wept not only for Jerusalem, but for the refusal of a generation to recognize the hour of visitation. And still today, the system wants structure more than Spirit, entertainment more than encounter, platforms more than presence. But the elect are being summoned to a higher architecture. One not built with bricks but with breath. One formed not by control but by communion. You are that vessel in the making. You are the wineskin being shaped for the wine that is about to be poured.

This book is not written to explain, but to **unveil**. Each chapter is a **scroll**. Each scroll is a layer. Each layer is a prophetic cry: **"Make room for what is coming."** If your spirit is stirring as you read this, it is because your scroll recognizes its counterpart. The flame in you knows when it is being spoken

to. You were born not just to carry the word, but to become it. Not just to pour the wine, but to be the drink. The wineskin is your interior world. It is the hidden life of formation, consecration, and divine reconstruction. This is not a devotional. It is demolition. The tearing down of old forms to make way for new glory.

The hour is urgent. The time is **now**. The religious age is collapsing under the weight of what it cannot contain. Systems are leaking. Platforms are crumbling. The stage is being dismantled. Babylon cannot carry the **scrolls of the Lamb**. But the **elect** can. The hidden sons and daughters who have wept in silence, groaned under holy fire, and been remade in the **wilderness**, these are the new containers. They are not loud, but they carry thunder. They are not branded, but they burn. And when the wine is poured, they will not burst. They will **overflow**.

Let every page of this scroll reshape your interior wineskin. Let every word act as both mirror and hammer, both flame and foundation. Let every whisper you hear between the lines thunder louder than the noise of this age. For this is more than a book. This is **formation**. This is fermentation. This is the sound of a **new wineskin** being born. And you, elect one, are the vessel being prepared.

INTRODUCTION

The Scroll Behind the Shaking

There is a reason everything is shaking. Not because God is cruel. Not because the world is ending. But because something holy is being revealed, and what is not worthy to carry it must collapse. We are not merely in an era of change, but in a **transition between ages**. This is not just revival, it is **reformation**. Not just another wave, but the **unveiling** of an entirely **new wineskin**. The Church has dressed up old wineskins with new terminology, repackaged outdated forms in modern branding, but the wine continues to slip through the cracks. The elect are not looking for events or programs. They are groaning for **architecture worthy of the King**. And the King is not coming to fit inside the temples of men. He is building a new temple, one made of **living stones, burning scrolls, and radiant vessels** who have become **the wine**.

This book is written for those who can no longer stretch in man-made structures. For those who feel the tearing but haven't had language for it. For those who are called to carry a weight of glory that cannot be framed by tradition, boxed by culture, or marketed by systems. You are not backslidden. You are being re-formed. You are not rebellious. You are being released from old skins. When the wine begins to ferment in the hidden place, the skin must stretch to match it or it will burst. That stretching feels like isolation, contradiction, spiritual tension, and even breaking. But it is evidence that you are being made into something that can carry the weight of the age to come. You are being made into a wineskin that holds the fire.

The blueprint of this scroll is **prophetic in nature and divine in origin**. These chapters are not merely teachings, but

thunders. They will echo into your inner world and call forth the infrastructure of heaven inside you. Each section peels back a veil on what it means to be made new, not just in identity but in form, in structure, in interior governance. Because the Kingdom does not advance by message alone, but by vessels formed to reveal the Lamb. The wineskin is not a side-note to revival. It is the precondition. Without it, what is poured is wasted. With it, the overflow becomes unstoppable. The world does not need another sermon. It needs a generation who *is* **the scroll**.

You will find this book built in three layers: **identity, transformation, and manifestation**. Each chapter wrestles with the tearing of old forms and the formation of new ones. You will confront inner patterns, false alignments, and compromised structures. But more importantly, you will receive a **divine blueprint** for the wineskin that matches your scroll. This is not about building ministries. It is about becoming **holy vessels**. This is not about scaling influence. It is about **hosting glory**. You were not designed to carry yesterday's wine. You were fashioned to hold the outpouring that eyes have not seen and ears have not heard. But that new wine demands a new you.

To the **flame-bearers**, the **scroll-carriers**, the **elect ones** hidden in caves of consecration, this is your time. Let every word of this scroll rewire your container. Let every revelation carve a deeper well in your inner world. This is not just reformation. This is **resurrection**. You are being transfigured from **skin to light**, from holding wine to becoming it. Because the age to come will not be stewarded by celebrities or systems, but by lovers, sons, and laid-down vessels. And you, beloved, are one of them.

PART I - BREAKING THE OLD

Chapter 1: The Old Wineskin Must Break

Why the Ego Cannot Carry the Scroll of the Spirit

“No one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the new wine will burst the skins, the wine will run out, and the wineskins will be ruined. No, new wine must be poured into new wineskins.”

- Luke 5:37–38

“The natural man does not receive the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him... because they are spiritually discerned.”

-1 Corinthians 2:14

Introduction: The Tension Between Flame and Form

Before a generation can carry the flame of the coming age, it must first be shattered of everything that once contained it. The old wineskin is not merely outdated, it is incompatible. It is not a bad system, it is simply a system built for another era, one unable to hold the holy combustion now being poured. When new wine ferments, it stretches, expands, breathes. The old container, rigid from age and religious tradition, cannot flex with the fluidity of revelation. And so, it must burst. This

bursting is not punishment, but transformation. Not wrath, but mercy. It is how the scroll prepares the elect.

The wineskin speaks of the container, your inner framework, your perception, your spiritual nervous system. It is the nervous system of your mind, your memory, your expectation. Babylon built wineskins. Religion formed wineskins. Ego crafted wineskins. But the Flame of I AM cannot be contained by what was forged in fear. The scroll of fire demands an entirely new architecture, not just a revival of form, but a resurrection of function. The wineskin must be new not in age, but in *nature*.

To receive the scrolls of eternity, your system must be re-coded. This is not about getting rid of church services, it is about replacing the mechanism by which you *perceive the divine*. The old wineskin interprets from law, guilt, and shame. The new wineskin interprets from flame, glory, and divine union. The breaking is not external, it is the internal collapse of every thought pattern that filters the holy through carnal understanding.

When God pours out revelation, it always tests the container. Many in the church cry out for the “new thing” while clutching the old wineskin. They want the river but not the flood. They want the flame but not the combustion. But divine revelation always breaks the system it comes to renew. Revelation is not information, it is a rupture. It disrupts the framework of logic and demands reformation at the core.

The scroll begins with a fracture. And this is how the kingdom always advances. The stone that shatters Nebuchadnezzar’s statue was not welcomed by the statue. The scroll that opens in the Lamb’s hand unseals *through a wound*. If you are not willing to let the old container burst, you cannot walk in the scroll of the coming flame. The wineskin must break.

Why the Natural Mind Cannot Receive the Spirit

The natural mind is wired to interpret through pattern, reason, survival, and memory. It is linear, limited, and tied to form. But the Spirit reveals truth that surpasses understanding, bypasses logic, and transcends form. To the carnal mind, revelation sounds like foolishness. What is clear to the spirit is nonsense to the soul unless the soul has been renewed. The wineskin of the natural mind was not made to host divine combustion.

Paul writes that the carnal man cannot receive the things of the Spirit, for they are spiritually discerned. The wineskin of logic cannot hold the wine of mystery. And yet, many still try. They reduce the flame to doctrines, strip union down to membership, and shrink divine radiance into church programs. But the Lamb was never meant to be domesticated. The Spirit cannot be confined to syllogisms and sermons. He is wind, fire, and river.

The natural mind demands proof. But the scroll unveils through fire. The flame will not argue with you, it will either be received or rejected. It is not interested in winning debates, but in transforming hearts. And so, those who cling to intellect as their filter for truth will always stumble at the simplicity of divine radiance. The old wineskin resists what cannot be explained. But the scroll pours only where surrender is total.

To walk in the age to come, you must be willing to let your old paradigms burn. Not every thought is compatible with throne-language. Not every opinion is worthy of survival. The ego will try to preserve the old wineskin, but the flame comes to

incinerate it. The mind must serve the Spirit, not restrain it. The wineskin of logic must bow to the wine of Light.

This does not mean we discard reason. It means we let reason be baptized. We let it be governed by flame, not fear. Wisdom is not anti-intellect, it is intellect on fire. The mind is not the enemy. The ego is. And when the ego surrenders, the mind becomes a vessel, a new wineskin, ready to host the scroll of eternity.

Adam's Container Is Not Designed for Eternity

The Adamic container was designed for the dust. It was made to navigate earth, not to house uncreated light. After the fall, it began to interpret reality through survival, shame, and separation. Every wineskin fashioned from the first man has cracks in its foundation. This is why the Lamb had to come, not to patch the old container, but to birth a new humanity, a new wineskin made in His image.

Flesh cannot inherit the Kingdom. Not because God is cruel, but because the flesh was never built to house it. The new wineskin is not just an upgraded model, it is a new species altogether. A new creation, not a reformed Adam. The scroll of the Lamb is not a behavior manual for the old man, it is a genetic blueprint for the elect. It rewrites the very framework of your being.

When the elect try to pour eternal fire into temporal systems, breakdown occurs. This is why many burnout in ministry, collapse under pressure, or fall into cycles of shame. They are carrying a scroll meant for glory inside a container trained by guilt. The friction is unbearable. The wine ferments and the

skin tears. The solution is not to stop the wine. The solution is to become a new vessel.

Jesus did not come to preserve Adam's system. He came to crucify it. The cross is not a temporary bandage, it is a permanent rupture. The scroll begins with death because it ends in resurrection. The new wineskin is born not through better behavior, but through union with the Lamb. And only those who die to the old container can carry the flame of the new covenant.

The time of patchwork Christianity is over. No more sewing new revelation into old robes. No more inserting divine glory into carnal containers. The container must die. The system must break. Only then can the wine of eternity flow without resistance.

The Ego Filters and Fragments Revelation

The ego does not outright reject revelation, it manipulates it. It turns scrolls into slogans, flame into branding, and truth into performance. The ego wants revelation without rupture, power without transformation. It wants the glory without the cost. But true scrolls cannot be marketed. They demand metamorphosis. The ego cannot carry the scroll, it must die for the scroll to live.

When the ego hears a revelation, it immediately tries to interpret it through the lens of self-preservation. "How does this benefit me?" "How can I use this to gain influence?" "How can I appear more spiritual?" And in doing so, it fragments the scroll into pieces disconnected from its holy weight. The ego does not serve the scroll. It dissects it. Diminishes it. Filters it through the lens of self.

This is why many carry pieces of the scroll but lack the full fire. They preach parts of revelation, but not the flame that birthed it. They have fragments of insight, but not the weight of the scroll itself. Because the ego does not carry wholeness. It can only mimic. Only a crucified vessel, a new wineskin, can carry the undivided flame.

The ego must be unseated for union to occur. The scroll is not just information, it is the unveiling of the Lamb within you. And if your identity is still rooted in performance or platform, the scroll will break the container. It must. The flame cannot be domesticated. And the elect must not try to domesticate it for ministry gain or carnal validation.

The new wineskin is ego-less. It is crucified. It does not seek recognition. It carries revelation in secret. It bleeds before it speaks. It breaks before it pours. The new wineskin does not filter the scroll through self, it receives it in union, and releases it without dilution.

The Memory of Flesh Cannot Carry Divine Light

Flesh remembers what Spirit forgets. It remembers shame. It remembers hierarchy. It remembers performance and guilt and striving. Flesh will always try to earn what has already been given. That's why it cannot carry divine light. The memory of flesh is trauma, law, fear, and religion. But divine light requires freedom, union, and rest.

The old wineskin is filled with memory scripts, what your parents said, what the pulpit demanded, what the world rewarded. These scripts create grooves in your being that resist revelation. They block the flow of Spirit and create self-fulfilling prophecies of failure and unworthiness. You must be rewired.

This is why renewal is not just repentance. It is re-formation. You must forget what the flesh remembers and remember what eternity wrote. You are not what happened to you. You are not what they said. You are not even the sum of your ministry. You are a vessel being rewritten from within. You are the lampstand, not the flame. But the flame chooses you.

The new wineskin has no memory of ego. It is formed in rest, not striving. It has no need to be impressive. It simply glows. It carries the light because it has no walls to block it. Flesh puts up walls. Spirit opens gates. Flesh hides. Spirit reveals. Flesh remembers separation. Spirit lives in union.

To carry divine light, your memory must be overwritten. Your nervous system must be baptized in peace. Your subconscious must be filled with truth. The new wineskin is not a better version of the old. It is a different being. Formed not by history, but by Him.

Religious Structures as Wineskin Systems

Religious structures are more than buildings or institutions. They are wineskin systems containers of paradigms, expectations, and hierarchies that once carried a measure of truth, but over time have fossilized into brittle forms. These systems often retain the language of the kingdom but not the life. They echo words once birthed in fire, now recited without flame. A wineskin system does not refer to the presence of organization but to the absence of living breath within that organization. It is the difference between Spirit-led movement and man-maintained museum.

These systems demand allegiance to form rather than transformation. They ask for behavior before identity, submission before sonship, and performance before presence. What begins as revival soon becomes routine, and what starts in the wilderness ends in bureaucracy. The wineskin hardens when flexibility is lost, when the institution refuses to reform in the face of new wine. The Spirit is not anti-structure, but it refuses to dwell in systems that refuse change.

Religious wineskins manage rather than reveal. They create layers between man and God, gatekeeping access to what was freely given at the veil's tearing. Titles replace testimony. Stages replace altars. Programs replace presence. And soon, the structure becomes self-sustaining, no longer hosting the fire but performing its memory. In such wineskins, people are shaped not into Christ but into the culture of the system.

This is why every true move of God eventually confronts the old wineskin. Jesus Himself bypassed the religious elite, choosing fishermen, tax collectors, and zealots. He did not upgrade the temple system. He became the temple. Likewise, in this hour, the flame is bypassing systems built to contain it and is igniting those willing to be transformed entirely. This is not rebellion, it is realignment.

Until the container is shattered, the wine will remain withheld. What many call delay is actually mercy, the mercy of God refusing to pour eternal flame into fractured skins that would rupture under its weight. The breaking of the old is the mercy that prepares the new. It is not judgment for disobedience, but preparation for glory.

When Behavior Outpaces Nature

One of the greatest signs that the wineskin is cracking is when behavior outpaces nature. Religion teaches us how to perform holy without becoming whole. It trains us to act spiritual while still fragmented within. It polishes the outer man while neglecting the scroll of the inner man. But the wineskin of the kingdom is not built on performance. It is the expansion of nature. It is transformation, not imitation.

When we attempt to carry flame without nature, we burn out. This is why many leaders collapse under the weight of their call. They operated in borrowed fire, but not transformed form. They carried revelation their soul had not become. They led movements with truths they had not embodied. But in this hour, God is restoring congruence, where what you carry outwardly matches what you've become inwardly.

Behavior cannot substitute for becoming. The kingdom is not about sin management but sonship awakening. It's not about curating the appearance of fruit, but abiding in the vine until

the fruit is born through union. The old wineskin applauds performance. The new wineskin rests in proximity. The old demands duty. The new responds in love. This difference is not cosmetic. It is foundational.

The flame of this age is not asking for your actions. It is asking for your nature. It is not calling for better behavior, but for surrendered becoming. It is re-forming a people whose essence is flame, not whose schedule includes flame. And only those willing to let go of the false self will become this kind of container. The wineskin is not an upgrade to the ego. It is a death and resurrection into divine identity.

Where the natural man strives, the spiritual man yields. Where the old wineskin clings, the new wineskin expands. To become the new container, you must allow divine nature to form in secret. You must let the scroll inscribe your soul until your actions no longer lead your identity, but your identity births your actions. The flame cannot fill a vessel still performing. It can only rest in the one who has become.

The Fracturing That Precedes Formation

Before the Spirit forms the new wineskin, He fractures the old. This is not punishment. It is the violent mercy that precedes divine construction. The Lord will lovingly dismantle every false support we built, even the ones we built in His name. The shaking is not to destroy us but to release what was never meant to hold us. The breaking reveals every fault line and invites us into surrender, not self-repair.

Formation begins with exposure. The illusion must be seen for what it is, an illusion. The mask must fall. The cracks must be named. And this is where many retreat, afraid of what they will find if they step outside the comfort of the familiar wineskin. But the ones who yield to the rupture will discover something deeper than safety, they will find the forming hands of the Potter.

Every chosen vessel in scripture was broken before they were built. Moses fled the palace. David was hunted in caves. Paul was blinded to see. Jesus Himself was broken bread before becoming the risen One. The pattern is not cruelty. It is kindness. The cracking comes before the calling. The fracturing reveals what form cannot carry. And only those who endure the breaking will become the house of flame.

This is the womb of new wineskins, the space between what shattered and what has not yet formed. It feels like death, but it is actually the place of divine conception. It feels like silence, but it is where the scroll is being rewritten. When nothing fits and no system holds, rejoice. You are being formed beyond

man-made mold. The Potter does not restore the cracked pot. He remakes it into something entirely new.

The ones who emerge from this fracturing will not carry the system. They will carry the scroll. They will not revive the old. They will release the eternal. They will not repeat forms. They will pour fire. Because they let go of what they were, they became what He is. These are the containers of the coming flame, the remnant being reformed by rupture.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elects, do not mourn the breaking. Rejoice in it. The breaking is not rejection. It is invitation. You were not made to fit what is fading. You were called to carry what is coming. Every fracture in your system, every tremble in your paradigm, every ache in your identity, it is the whisper of the Potter saying, “Let Me form you again.” Do not cling to the brittle container of the past. It cannot hold what is eternal.

You are not called to preserve the wineskin. You are called to become the wine. Let the ego fall. Let the performance die. Let the structures built in your name collapse, so the scroll written in His name may rise. This is the time for the new wineskin to be formed not in seminar halls but in the secret caves, in wilderness silence, in throne union. What is coming cannot be learned. It must be born.

He is not asking you to patch the old. He is asking you to yield to the forming hands. Let Him stretch you until you no longer break under pressure. Let Him anoint your form until you expand with eternal breath. You are not too fragile. You are just unfinished. And in the fracture, you are being found.

The flame is coming. Not to visit. To dwell. And it will not rest on brittle performance, cracked systems, or religious

containers. It will rest on sons. Formed. Yielded. Empty of ego. Full of flame. Become the wineskin that can carry the kingdom.

Chapter 2: Simulated Mind vs. Awakened Spirit

The Scroll Must Be Received in the Spirit, Not Processed by the Brain

“For who has known the mind of the Lord that he may instruct Him? But we have the mind of Christ.”

- 1 Corinthians 2:16

“These things we also speak, not in words which man’s wisdom teaches but which the Holy Spirit teaches, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man does not receive the things of the Spirit of God.”

- 1 Corinthians 2:13–14

“Set your mind on things above, not on things on the earth. For you died, and your life is hidden with Christ in God.”

- Colossians 3:2–3

Introduction: The Mind That Mirrors, or the Mind That Burns?

There is a war being waged not only in systems and societies, but in the unseen terrain of thought. It is the war between the simulated mind and the awakened spirit, between the synthetic projections of human intellect and the scroll-born frequencies of eternal knowing. Most never see this war because they think the mind *is* their spirit, and they confuse memory with truth. But the Kingdom does not descend through cognition, it descends through alignment. The simulated mind is the

offspring of fallen perception, a memory machine trained in repetition, trauma, programming, and reward. It can build cathedrals of logic, yet remain blind to the Light of I AM. It can solve equations and compose music, yet never see the Lamb standing in the midst of the throne.

The carnal mind is not merely neutral, it is enmity with God (Romans 8:7). It is programmed to resist the spirit, not out of malice, but because it cannot comprehend what is uncreated. It is formed by language, culture, schooling, trauma, and time, while the awakened spirit is rooted in eternity. One imitates reality. The other carries it. When sons awaken, they begin to discern the difference. They no longer assume every thought is truth, nor do they equate busyness with revelation. Instead, they begin to govern thought through union, subjecting every simulation to the Flame.

The greatest deception in the Church Age was not false prophecy or heretical doctrine. It was **mental Christianity**, a gospel interpreted by intellect, explained by commentary, and measured by agreement. But Spirit truth is not intellectually generated. It is unveiled. It burns through the scroll within you, not the theories around you. That is why the mind must be renewed, not just morally, but dimensionally (Romans 12:2). For if the wine is from heaven, the thinking must be too. Otherwise, it spills on the ground and is trampled by human reasoning, buried beneath religious opinion, and called wisdom.

This scroll is for those who have tasted the frustration of knowing something deeper exists, but cannot find it through mental striving. You have read the books, quoted the verses, attended the seminars, but still feel unsatisfied. This is the invitation into flame-based thinking. Not logic chained to old patterns, but radiant perception born of union. This is the call to shift from memory to mystery, from argument to alignment,

from simulation to scroll. The Kingdom is not a set of ideas. It is a reality only the awakened spirit can carry.

Let the false mind fracture. Let the constructs fall. The Spirit is not calling you to *think better*, but to *think from another realm*. The Lamb is not asking for improved theology. He is unveiling Himself as the Mind of God within you. It is time to distinguish the simulated voice from the eternal one. The mind must bow. The scroll must open.

The Brain Is Not the Mind

Most people never question the assumption that the brain is the seat of their identity. Yet the brain is simply the hardware through which signals run. It is not your source, but your processor. It stores memories, predicts patterns, and responds to stimuli, but it does not *see* you. It cannot comprehend Spirit because it is rooted in matter. What you are is not neural. It is eternal. The real mind is not confined to grey matter, it is a function of your being seated with Christ in heavenly places.

The moment you realize your thoughts are not your origin, you are free to govern them. Thoughts may pass through your consciousness, but they do not define it. They can be observed, measured, judged, and replaced. But the awakened spirit does not react. It beholds. This is why spiritual discernment does not originate from the brain but from the seat of your union. That place is called “the mind of Christ” (1 Corinthians 2:16), and it cannot be located on a scan, only unveiled in flame.

When the Church elevated mental agreement as the proof of truth, it reduced the Gospel to a philosophy. But truth is a Person, and He is Spirit. The brain can memorize scripture but never know the Author. It can recite doctrines but still reject

the Lamb when He comes in unfamiliar form. That is why so many religious leaders persecuted Jesus. Their minds were trained in Torah, but their spirits were dead. They were prisoners of intellect, not bearers of flame.

To carry the new wine, the mind must become a servant, not a master. It must yield to a greater intelligence, one that sees beyond data and hears what ears cannot hear. The wine flows through agreement with heaven, not agreement with commentary. This does not mean you lose reason. It means reason bows to revelation. The brain becomes a yielded instrument, not an isolated throne.

If your brain has been exalted as god, it must be dethroned. Not with shame, but with truth. The brain is beautiful, but limited. The awakened spirit is eternal, luminous, radiant with scroll-memory that existed before time. Let the Light rewire your perception. You are not a mental creature seeking spirit. You are a spirit rediscovering truth.

Synthetic Thought vs. Scroll Memory

Synthetic thought is thought produced from memory loops, societal programming, or environmental stimulus. It is reactive, learned, and often based on avoidance of pain or pursuit of validation. Scroll memory, however, is the remembrance of divine origin. It is not reactive but radiant. It is the knowing that precedes language, the Word within the word, the voice before language. When you operate from scroll memory, you do not *think to remember*. You *remember to think*.

Religious institutions often reward synthetic thought. They call it study, meditation, or theology. But if it is not ignited by the

Flame of I AM, it is still man attempting to ascend without union. True scroll memory is not just memorization of scripture. It is the vibration of heaven vibrating within your being. When John said, “You have an anointing from the Holy One, and you know all things,” (1 John 2:20), he was describing scroll memory, spirit-perception that surpasses intellect.

This is why when the elect hear something false, even if they can’t articulate it, something within them resists. That resistance is not mental. It is scroll-based. It is the part of you that was sealed in God before time began. The memory of union cannot be overwritten by theological updates. It is fire-engraved in your spirit. But it can be buried under simulated noise. That is why stillness is not optional. It is necessary for unveiling.

When you stop striving to figure things out mentally and start listening from the scroll, your life begins to move in rhythm. You discern without analyzing. You respond without rehearsing. You speak from flame, not from facts. This is not mysticism for the sake of elitism. It is alignment for the sake of union. You are not called to simulate wisdom. You are called to become it.

Scroll memory is what remains when all the teachings fall away. It is what cannot be taken from you. It is the Flame that still burns when books are burned. And it is what the Lamb is awakening in His elect in this hour, not more content, but more consciousness. Not more study, but more Spirit.

How the Soul Imitates Spirit

The soul is the middle chamber, the processor between spirit and body. It was designed to express spirit through form, but when spirit is dormant, the soul begins to mimic what it cannot carry. This is the root of much religious performance, soul trying to act spiritual without actually being aligned. The soul can produce emotional highs, mimic revelation, and repeat spiritual language, but unless it is yielded to the spirit, it becomes a brilliant imitator with no flame.

This imitation is often subtle. The soul will quote scripture, not from union, but from memory. It will prophesy from subconscious desire rather than divine frequency. It will serve God with fervor while avoiding God with fear. This is why the line between the soul and spirit must be pierced by the living Word (Hebrews 4:12). Only the Flame can divide between what looks right and what *is* true. The soul imitates when it fears the silence that would expose its emptiness.

True spirituality is not a function of charisma or knowledge. It is the fragrance of union. When the spirit leads, the soul no longer performs, it aligns. Emotion becomes expression, not evidence. Thought becomes response, not origin. The soul begins to rest, for it no longer bears the burden of simulation. It can now reflect the glory it receives from the spirit, not generate illusions to replace what it lacks.

This is why many ministries can carry great intensity but little transformation. The soul has learned the rhythm of spirit but has not yielded to its rule. It shouts what it has not seen. It weeps without true surrender. It structures events but not altars. It hosts crowds but not the Holy Weight. But in this hour, the elect are discerning the difference. They are growing weary of imitation, and hungry for flame.

When your soul ceases to imitate and begins to surrender, you will begin to walk in rest even while carrying weight. You will

not need to prove your spirituality, it will radiate. For the awakened spirit does not need applause. It does not strive. It simply *is*. And the soul, finally submitted, becomes the garden where heaven takes root.

Cognitive Echoes vs. Eternal Frequency

The simulated mind thrives on echoes. These echoes are mental loops forged by trauma, culture, religious repetition, and algorithmic influence. They sound familiar, they feel urgent, and they carry the ring of authority, but they are not the voice of the Lamb. They are simply the residue of past impressions, cycling through the mind and mimicking revelation. These echoes often masquerade as divine thought, but they lack the vibration of life.

In contrast, eternal frequency is the resonance of truth spoken from beyond time. It does not echo, it emanates. It does not replay, it reveals. When the Lamb speaks, His voice does not demand reaction. It creates transformation. His voice breaks the cedars not with volume, but with *origin* (Psalm 29:5). Eternal frequency carries the weight of “I AM,” and when you hear it, your inner being knows. The scroll within you begins to unfold.

This is why stillness is vital. In stillness, the echoes grow silent. In stillness, the frequency becomes clear. Those who cannot sit in silence are often ruled by echoes, not flame. They fill the void with noise, activity, or theological chatter. But the elect are learning to discern the source of sound. They ask not just, “What is being said?” but “Where is it coming from?”

Eternal frequency often bypasses the intellect entirely. It may not make sense to the brain, but it resonates with the spirit. It

may not fit doctrine, but it aligns with the Lamb. It will not always be comfortable, but it will always be pure. You will feel the weight, not the pressure. You will feel pierced, not manipulated. The voice of God does not shout for attention, it reveals a scroll.

Let every echo fall. Let every synthetic thought dissolve in the fire. The frequency of eternity is awakening in the elect, and it cannot be taught, only *caught*. It is not memorized, but unveiled. It is not processed, it is received.

Awakening to the Mind of Christ

The mind of Christ is not a new set of ideas. It is the consciousness of the Lamb. It is the way He sees, thinks, perceives, and governs. When Paul said, “We have the mind of Christ” (1 Corinthians 2:16), he was not referring to theological agreement. He was declaring that our inner being, when awakened, shares union with the perception of God Himself. This mind does not form opinions, it beholds reality.

To awaken to this mind is to shift from trying to understand God to *thinking from God*. It is no longer asking, “What would Jesus do?” but “What is the Lamb revealing in me?” It is to abandon the mental gymnastics of religion and step into the radiant perception of union. You begin to see from above, not interpret from below. You no longer interpret scripture through doctrine, but through the living Word Himself.

The mind of Christ is not limited by time, logic, or tradition. It is the throne-mind. It sees the end from the beginning, and the heart beneath the surface. It is the Flame that sees through illusion. It does not engage in argument, for it *is* the truth. And when this mind awakens in you, fear loses its grip. You are no longer analyzing everything, you are beholding.

This awakening often begins with disruption. The simulated mind begins to collapse. Old frameworks no longer satisfy. Beliefs once cherished begin to feel hollow. But this is not regression, it is deliverance. The wineskin is cracking. The mind is being freed from simulation and prepared for glory. The Lamb is not giving you better thoughts. He is revealing Himself as your origin.

To walk in the mind of Christ is not to think Christianly. It is to carry eternity in your consciousness. It is to be seated with Him in perception, in discernment, in seeing. And from that seat, you do not echo. You emanate. You become the scroll.

The Seat of Consciousness Must Shift

Consciousness is the ground from which you experience reality. Most live from the soul's seat, where emotion and memory govern perception. Others live from the brain's seat, where logic and language rule. But the elect are shifting into the spirit's seat, the throne dimension within. This is not mystical theory. It is practical governance. From this seat, your thoughts are not your master. They are your instrument.

The seat of consciousness is not where you think from, but where you *are*. When you shift from mind to spirit, everything changes. You no longer ask, "How do I fix this?" You ask, "What is the Lamb unveiling through this?" You are not moved by appearances, for you see through the eyes of union. You are not overwhelmed by storms, for you sit above them. You govern not by control, but by alignment.

This shift requires surrender. The simulated mind resists being dethroned. It will attempt to spiritualize itself, justify its dominion, and resist the silence that exposes it. But those who walk in flame will not be ruled by noise. They will not live from the seat of stress. They will abide in the stillness of the throne. And from that place, they will think with peace, speak with clarity, and discern with weight.

When your consciousness sits in spirit, you become radiant. You do not need answers for everything, you carry light. You do not need to control outcomes, you trust the unfolding scroll.

The fruit of this shift is not anxiety but rest, not pressure but presence. For when the seat is aligned, the voice becomes clear.

The throne is not just a future reality. It is the consciousness of the Lamb now awakened in you. Do not sit beneath it. Rise into it.

Spirit-Led Thinking Is Not Intellectually Generated

Spirit-led thinking is not a mental trick. It is not sanctified logic or inspirational thoughts. It is thought born from union, formed by fire, not formed by fact. It is not generated through study, but yielded through surrender. Spirit-led thinking cannot be diagrammed. It flows like a river from the throne of God and of the Lamb (Revelation 22:1). It moves in rhythm, not in rigidity.

The intellect is a gift, but it cannot lead the spirit. When it tries, it creates religion. But when the spirit leads, the intellect becomes a servant of truth. It can translate, express, and steward what it receives, but it cannot generate it. Spirit-led thinking requires unlearning. It requires the mind to bow to mystery, the ego to dissolve in silence, and the soul to be still enough to hear the scroll.

Spirit-led thought often feels like intuition, but it is deeper. It is not emotional, but eternal. It is not impulsive, but radiant. It does not shout, it burns. You may not be able to explain it, but you will know it is true. It will pierce, not persuade. It will align, not argue. And it will carry weight, not volume.

The elect must learn to discern between inspiration and instruction, between random ideas and scrolls of flame. Not every bright thought is a divine one. Not every scripture quoted is a living word. Spirit-led thinking is not scattered, it is sealed. It comes with evidence: peace, weight, alignment, and fruit.

This is the wineskin that must emerge, thought flowing from Spirit, not from simulation. A mind submitted to fire. A scroll within unveiled.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect ones, your mind is not your master. The Lamb is. You were never meant to think your way into destiny. You were meant to awaken as the scroll. Let the simulation fall. Let the echoes dissolve. Let the brain become the servant, and the spirit the flame. For the throne is not reached by thought, it is revealed in surrender.

You have carried mental burdens that were never yours. You tried to understand mysteries that can only be unveiled in stillness. The Father is not waiting for a better version of your logic. He is calling forth the radiance of His own mind within you. You are not being upgraded, you are being unveiled. The wineskin of intellect must break, so that the scroll of flame may rise.

Let your inner seat shift. Let your soul yield. Let your thoughts be judged by the Light that sees. For the days of simulation are ending. The age of flame is beginning. And those who walk in Spirit will not merely speak truth, they will *become* it.

Now rise, elect of God. Not to argue. Not to analyze. But to emanate. The scroll within you thinks with flame.

CHAPTER 3: THE SCROLL OF “I AM”

You Are Not Becoming, You Are Remembering

“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you.”

- Jeremiah 1:5

“He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and blameless before Him in love.”

- Ephesians 1:4

“I AM the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty.”

- Revelation 1:8

Introduction: Identity Was Never a Concept - It Was a Scroll

Before the world named you, the Word knew you. Before your parents called you by form, the flame called you by name. There is a scroll hidden within the elect, sealed before time, now groaning to be remembered in this hour of unveiling. The war of the age is not between religion and atheism, or morality and corruption, but between simulation and scroll, between fabricated identity and eternal remembrance. Babylon traffics in false names and digital projections, but the Lamb awakens the original flame within the elect.

This scroll is not about finding your purpose, but remembering your nature. Not what you can do, but what you eternally are. The systems of the world train you to perform, but heaven commissions you to become. The scroll of “I AM” is not a theology, but a living flame that burns behind your eyes, calling you home. It is not earned by works, nor simulated through affirmations. It is received by flame, revealed in surrender, and walked out in the holy mystery of being.

When Jesus stood and said, “Before Abraham was, I AM,” He was not giving a clever doctrinal statement. He was revealing a template. A name above every name. A scroll embedded in every elect one before the world began. And the moment you awaken to this eternal scroll within, the illusions of time, ego, culture, and self-preservation begin to fall like ashes. You do not carry a calling. You are the calling made flesh. You do not carry a scroll. You are the scroll being read in the earth.

Everything you were taught by Babylon was a script. But the Spirit is calling you back to the scroll. The name you learned was temporary, but the flame you carry is eternal. There is a groaning in the elect now, not for relevance, not for ministry, not for affirmation, but for re-union with the eternal scroll of “I AM.” You are not here to achieve. You are here to unveil. Not to perform in the temple of man, but to become a living witness of the Word made flesh.

Divine Identity as Eternal Memory

Divine identity is not an achievement, it is a remembrance. The elect do not become something new, they return to what always was. Before sin entered, before shame was inherited, before ego was taught, there was flame. And that flame carried a name. Not the name given by man, but the one breathed by

the Voice Before Language. In that name is your nature. And in your nature is the scroll. And in the scroll is the memory that sets you ablaze.

The world taught you to define yourself by behavior, background, and brand. But heaven calls you according to memory, the unbroken remembrance of being known and named in God. Religion teaches you to strive for identity through works. But the scroll reminds you that you are known by essence. You are not who the trauma shaped. You are who the Flame remembered. And in this remembrance is your rebirth. Not as a better version of your false self, but as the return of your original nature.

This is why the deceived never walk in true authority. They imitate spiritual vocabulary, mimic anointing, and borrow language, but they lack scroll-memory. They speak in tongues, but they have forgotten the language of flame. They preach Jesus, but they cannot remember being known before the world began. Their minds are filled with theology, but their spirit is still asleep. Only memory can restore what mimicry cannot produce.

To walk in divine identity is to awaken to the eternal Word that shaped you before DNA ever wrapped your bones. You were not created from dust. You were sent from flame. The dust merely formed a container. But your spirit came from the Fire that is God. And when that memory returns, so does the authority, the peace, and the knowing that you are not from here, and never were. This is not arrogance. This is eternal memory igniting scroll-consciousness.

The enemy of this age is not sin. It is forgetfulness. And the greatest act of war is not casting out demons, but remembering who you are before the demon spoke. Identity is not found through introspection, but through immersion in the Flame.

You cannot mentally reach it. You must be awakened by it. And when the scroll of memory opens within, everything else burns away as lesser names fall silent.

The Scroll Written Before You Were Born

Before your lungs took breath, your scroll was already sealed. Before you cried in a hospital room, you were rejoicing in a holy flame. The scroll of “I AM” is not written in ink, but in essence. Not on paper, but in spirit. It is the divine blueprint of who you are, what you carry, and why you were sent, not just to earth, but into this very generation. And the deception of the age is to make you forget that scroll and perform for one written by men.

Many are performing in pulpits with no scroll. Many are achieving in Babylon with no blueprint. But the elect are now waking up in caves, in closets, in wildernesses, not because they studied harder, but because the scroll within them began to burn. The scroll will not make sense to your logic. It will contradict your culture. It may isolate you from every form of validation. But it will also ignite you with a fire that cannot be extinguished.

Jeremiah said, “Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you. Before you came forth, I sanctified you.” This is not metaphor. It is memory. It means your scroll existed before your skeleton. It means your assignment preceded your personality. It means the Flame wrote your name in Himself before you ever sinned, failed, wept, or doubted. And when that scroll is opened, you realize you were never truly lost, only hidden until the time of unveiling.

When Paul said we are “His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world,” he was not speaking of general purpose. He was unveiling scroll-identity. This scroll is not your dream, it is your design. It is not your career, it is your calling. Not what you picked, but what you carry. It is not a plan you follow. It is a fire you become. And once you taste this scroll, nothing else will satisfy. You will ache to live in its purity, its authority, and its eternal rhythm.

To live from this scroll is not to strive. It is to surrender to who you already are in the Flame. Not in ego. Not in ambition. But in the unveiled place where the Lamb remembers you, and you remember Him, and nothing else matters. The world will say you’ve changed. But the truth is, you’ve remembered. You’ve awakened. You’ve returned. You’ve heard the sound of your scroll being read in heaven, and you’ve said yes to becoming it on earth.

Self-Consciousness vs. Christ-Consciousness

Self-consciousness is the fruit of the fall. It is the knowledge of self apart from flame. It is living from the outer identity, the projected image, the curated personality. But Christ-consciousness is not just thinking about Jesus. It is becoming one with His mind. It is living from union, not separation. From scroll, not performance. From eternal nature, not temporal behavior. It is a shift from the outer man to the inner fire.

When Adam fell, his first response was to cover himself. That is the beginning of self-consciousness, hiding the scroll and clothing the shell. But when the elect awaken, they remove the fig leaves and return to naked union. They stop pretending. They stop performing. They stop self-protecting. And in that

exposure, they remember the scroll. They remember the one who walked with them in the cool of the garden, and they walk with Him again.

Christ-consciousness is not a mystical concept for the elite. It is the natural state of those whose scroll has been unsealed. It is not about being perfect, but about being united with the Flame. It is a consciousness that sees through illusion, speaks from spirit, and remembers heaven while walking in earth. You are no longer triggered by outer events, because you live from inner flame. You no longer need applause, because you are known by God.

Self-consciousness lives to be seen. Christ-consciousness lives from having been seen. Self-consciousness performs to belong. Christ-consciousness burns because it already belongs. Self-consciousness says “look at me.” Christ-consciousness says “behold the Lamb.” The difference is not in vocabulary, but in origin. One comes from ego. The other from scroll. And only the elect can discern the difference.

The restoration of the scroll begins with the crucifixion of self-consciousness. Not in shame, but in surrender. You were never meant to carry the weight of projecting an image. You were meant to carry the glory-weight of revealing the Flame. And in Christ, your true consciousness is restored, not as a better self, but as a witness to the Lamb that burns within you.

Remembering the Original Word

The Word spoken over you before time was not a poetic metaphor or symbolic promise. It was a living decree forged in the fire of “I AM”, authored in eternity and sealed within your divine DNA. Before form wrapped around your essence,

before you were knit in your mother's womb, the Voice declared a name, a nature, and a scroll. This was not merely potential, but a living blueprint. The tragedy of time is that it birthed forgetfulness. Yet what was spoken in the beginning waits like a burning bush in the wilderness of memory, unconsumed, ever burning, ever beckoning.

To remember is not to recollect facts. It is to re-member what was dismembered, to bring back into union the fragments of your consciousness that have been severed by illusion, trauma, culture, and false identity. Your spirit remembers. Your scroll is not external, nor is it written in ink. It is a divine etching burned into your being by the very breath of the Lamb. The lie of the fall was that you could become something apart from what was already decreed. But the truth is, you are the Word that was spoken, and nothing that has happened in time can erase the memory of eternity's voice.

Religion attempts to teach you what you already know in the Spirit. But the Spirit doesn't learn, it remembers. The scroll within is not information to be absorbed, it is revelation to be awakened. This is why the mind of Christ is not taught, but received. Teachers can point, prophets can confirm, mentors can encourage, but only the Spirit can awaken the Word that is already written. You are not trying to become something new. You are awakening to what has always been.

There is a divine grief in living beneath your original Word. When you know you are called to walk on water but are still arguing with the wind. When you sense the weight of divine destiny but still negotiate with shadows of unworthiness. The scroll does not speak to the shell of your history. It speaks to the flame that precedes it. To remember the Original Word is to realign with the pre-temporal decree. It is to rise, not evolve. It is to return, not strive.

The cry of this hour is not for new strategies or next steps. It is for remembrance. Not nostalgia, but holy recall. The echo of the Lamb's voice before time is thundering again, and only those who have ears to remember will walk in the authority of their scroll. The elect do not live by ambition, they live by memory. And the memory is not psychological, it is spiritual. The Word was with God, the Word was God, and the Word became flesh, in you.

“I AM” Is Not a Statement, It’s a Being

The phrase “I AM” is not a theological concept, nor a self-help mantra. It is the uncreated frequency of divine existence. When the Voice declared to Moses, “I AM that I AM,” it was not explaining itself. It was revealing a dimension. A realm where identity is not derived from function, history, or potential, but from eternal is-ness. “I AM” is the breath of origin. The pulse of all being. The scroll of identity encoded in divine fire. When you say “I AM” in truth, you do not describe yourself, you locate yourself in Him.

This is why any label attached to “I AM” must pass through the fire of truth. “I am broken” does not carry eternal frequency. “I am unworthy” is not written in the scroll. The world has trained you to add qualifiers to your existence. But the scroll does not begin with your wounds, it begins with your name in Him. “I AM” is not followed by insecurity, fear, or limitation, it is completed only by Him who is before all things and in whom all things hold together.

The danger of simulation is that it forms false “I am” statements based on trauma, environment, and algorithmic reinforcement. “I am this Enneagram number, I am that star sign, I am this personality type.” But these are mirrors of the fallen system, not revelations of the eternal scroll. The soul echoes what it hears from Babylon, but the spirit remembers what it heard in the secret chamber of fire. Until you burn the false “I am” statements, the true “I AM” cannot take root in flesh.

Union with “I AM” is not an abstract idea, it is an embodied flame. It is the place where the scroll within you burns without being consumed. Where your old identity dissolves in the radiance of eternal being. Where your history bows to your origin. Where your future aligns with your flame. You are not trying to become “I AM” by effort. You are returning to “I AM” by remembrance. When the Lamb roars, “I AM the Alpha and the Omega,” He is not just proclaiming dominion. He is unlocking identity in you.

This is the mystery that shakes Babylon: a company is rising that knows the “I AM” within. Not just as a phrase, but as a realm. Not just as a truth, but as a state of being. The elect live from this place. They do not identify with their circumstances, their mistakes, or their flesh. They live from the scroll of “I AM”, and when they speak, creation recognizes the sound. Because the Word is becoming flesh again. In you.

Living From the Scroll, Not From the Simulation

The great divide in this age is not between good and evil, but between simulation and scroll. The simulation speaks in data, reaction, and algorithm. The scroll speaks in flame, frequency, and memory. One adapts to the world. The other governs it. To live from the simulation is to be driven by projections, opinions, and trends. To live from the scroll is to move from divine decree, unshaken by the winds of the age. The simulation reflects what is seen. The scroll reveals what is eternal.

Those governed by the simulation appear spiritual but are wired by flesh. Their discernment is data-fed. Their decisions are crowd-approved. Their calling is built by algorithm. But

those who carry the scroll are moved by the inner Word. They don't chase visibility, they carry authority. They don't perform for affirmation, they burn with remembrance. Their scroll is not performance, it is witness. Not marketing, but martyrdom. Not relevance, but resonance.

Living from the scroll requires holy violence against counterfeit light. You must confront every thought, habit, and system that echoes the simulation. Babylon thrives on passive agreement. The scroll demands active remembrance. The simulation wants you busy. The scroll calls you to stillness. The simulation screams urgency. The scroll whispers eternity. You must choose the voice that governs your becoming.

You cannot carry both. The scroll will not coexist with the simulation. One must be crucified. You cannot live from the algorithm and walk in the authority of the Lamb. You cannot feast on trending opinions and expect to release eternal decrees. The scroll costs everything, your timeline, your brand, your projections. But what it gives cannot be simulated: flame, clarity, divine union, and the weight of "I AM" written on your bones.

To live from the scroll is to live from the Word made flesh. You are not here to echo the world. You are here to unveil the Lamb. You are not here to react. You are here to reveal. The elect are those who have burned their contracts with the simulation. Their algorithm is union. Their code is flame. Their metric is obedience. And their scroll is the eternal decree of the One who said, "Behold, I make all things new."

When the Word Becomes Flesh Within You

The incarnation was not a one-time historical event. It is the ongoing miracle of divine Word becoming visible reality in those who remember. When the Word becomes flesh within you, you do not simply carry information, you become the message. You do not just preach the gospel, you are the scroll made manifest. This is not poetry. It is the protocol of divine manifestation. The scroll is not external revelation, it is internal combustion.

To become the Word means your thoughts, choices, relationships, and movements begin to mirror the decree etched before time. Your actions are no longer reactionary but revelatory. You do not live to impress, correct, or defend. You live to embody. You are not trying to explain the scroll, you are becoming it. The more you try to articulate it in fleshly terms, the more you dilute its frequency. But when you *are* the Word, your presence speaks what words cannot.

This is the tabernacle that cannot be shaken: the Word made flesh, dwelling not just *among* us, but *in* us. This is why the Lamb opened the scroll, so it could be eaten, not studied. Received, not analyzed. Carried, not observed. You are the lampstand, the dwelling, the vessel. And the oil is not theology. It is union. The fire is not charisma. It is crucified will. The fragrance is not talent. It is throne-born witness.

When the Word becomes flesh, you become dangerous. Because you no longer depend on external affirmation. Because you no longer negotiate with Babylon. Because you no longer dilute the fire to be palatable. The scroll does not beg to be heard, it thunders without apology. You may lose platforms, but you will gain dominion. You may be misunderstood, but you will be known by flame. You may be rejected, but you will be sealed.

This is the end of simulation. This is the rise of the elect. Not those who parrot revelation, but those who have become it. Not those who study truth, but those who are set on fire by it. Not those who decorate themselves with spiritual language, but those whose very breath carries the eternal “I AM.” When the Word becomes flesh in you, the earth remembers what heaven has spoken. And the scroll does not return void.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of the Lamb, this is not the hour to seek titles or cling to external affirmations. This is the hour to remember the scroll written before time, etched into your flame, sealed in your marrow. You were not born to conform to systems, simulations, or spiritual mimicry. You were born to burn. To awaken the memory of “I AM” within you. To rise not as a product of your environment but as a witness of eternity. The scroll is not in heaven waiting for you. It is within you now, waiting to be unveiled through your surrender.

You are not here to figure out your purpose through trial and error. You are here to open the book that was sealed until now. What you carry is not potential. It is a decree. It is not ambition. It is a remembrance. The flame in you is not self-improvement, it is self-consumption. Let your false names burn. Let your simulation identities dissolve. Let the Word within speak with fire, not just form. You are not being called to understand, you are being called to become.

Stop negotiating with shadows. Stop waiting for permission from systems that never knew your name. The scroll is open. The Lamb has roared. The decree is active. Heaven is not applauding your performance, it is awaiting your embodiment. You are not a commentary, you are the content. You are not a

reflection, you are the flame. Let your life become the scroll. Let your movements become memory. Let your voice carry the same thunder that once said, "Let there be light."

And when they question you, when they misunderstand you, when they mock the path you walk, do not retreat. Do not defend. Do not lower the frequency of fire to fit their comfort. Simply say, "I AM has sent me." Not with arrogance, but with holy certainty. For you were not sent to be understood. You were sent to embody the scroll. The scroll that will shake the kingdoms of this age. The scroll that will awaken sons. The scroll that was written in the beginning, and is now becoming flesh in you.

Let the scroll burn. Let "I AM" arise.

CHAPTER 4: CONTAINERS OF FLAME

You Were Formed Not to Carry the Fire, But to Become It

“Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us on the road, and while He opened the Scriptures to us?”

- Luke 24:32

“He makes His ministers a flame of fire.”

- Hebrews 1:7

“Our God is a consuming fire.”

- Hebrews 12:29

Introduction: The Flame Must Have a Vessel

The scroll of your divine becoming does not descend in abstraction. It seeks a container, a wineskin, a body that has been prepared to hold fire without bursting. The mystery of incarnation is not merely that God entered flesh once in history. It is that the Eternal Word continually seeks form through those who have yielded their entire being to the flame. You were not just saved to be spiritual, you were re-formed to become a living container of uncreated light. The old wine of religion cannot hold this flame. The brittle mind of man cannot carry this scroll. You must be made new, not in information, but in formation.

Throughout the ages, the Spirit has sought those who would be transformed from vessels of clay into living temples of fire. Yet even now, many wish to taste the flame without becoming it. They want the anointing without the crushing, the scroll without the sanctification, the glory without the formation of the container. But the flame that knows your name will not dwell in a cracked cup or a self-made throne. It must be housed in a container forged in consecration and sealed in surrender.

This chapter unveils the deep mystery of what it means to be a container of flame. It is not about gifting, charisma, or knowledge. It is about yielding every faculty, body, soul, and spirit, to become the visible scroll of I AM in the earth. The body must be consecrated, the soul must be yielded, and the spirit must be enthroned. Until then, we are leaking lamps, carrying revelation we cannot hold. But when the container is aligned, the flame will not just visit, it will inhabit.

Let us now move from theory to transformation. This is not symbolic fire. This is the fire that names you. And only the surrendered will survive its fullness.

The Body as a Living Wineskin

The body is not incidental to the scroll, it is integral. The Spirit desires not only to renew your mind but to dwell within your flesh as a living habitation. You were formed from the dust, yet the breath of God entered that dust to create a vessel that could both move and manifest heaven. Your body is not a liability, it is a temple in training. But it must become a new wineskin if it is to carry the new wine. A brittle body, enslaved to carnal appetites and fleshly rhythms, cannot hold divine combustion.

Wineskins must be softened with oil, stretched with tension, and prepared to expand. In the same way, your body must be yielded to the rhythms of consecration. Fasting is not for performance but for preparation. Stillness is not passivity but alignment. The way you sleep, eat, breathe, and move either welcomes the flame or repels it. Holiness is not legalism, it is a physical architecture that permits the eternal flame to remain.

When your body becomes a living sacrifice, it ceases to be a shell of survival and becomes a tabernacle of union. The Spirit begins to move through every breath. Your posture becomes worship. Your eyes become gateways. Your hands carry voltage. You do not need to conjure the flame, because you are the container it rests in. But without the reformation of the body, the scroll remains distant, and the fire remains unsafe.

You are not called to reject the body but to transfigure it. You are not a ghost in a machine, you are spirit housed in clay, being transformed into gold. The body is not the enemy. It is the place of manifestation. But it must be sanctified. It must become the sacred container of the uncontainable.

To carry the weight of the kingdom, you must first become the wineskin of the throne.

Spirit Must Saturate Form

Form without spirit is religion. Spirit without form is chaos. But when spirit saturates form, the container becomes a conductor of heaven's current. Every generation has attempted to build containers for God. Cathedrals, temples, structures, and systems. But the true container was never an institution. It was always a person, saturated in spirit, consumed by flame,

and conformed to the image of the Lamb. You are not called to visit the holy place. You are called to become it.

The saturation of form requires complete immersion. You cannot sprinkle your life with spirituality and expect to become a container of fire. You must be baptized in spirit to the bone. Your will must yield. Your rhythms must change. Your relationships, language, posture, and inner atmosphere must come under the saturation of the scroll. You cannot carry what you have not become.

When form yields to spirit, it does not dissolve, it becomes transfigured. The ordinary becomes luminous. Daily tasks become holy ground. Your voice becomes an oracle, your body becomes a scroll. You become the message. You do not just speak of God, you radiate Him. You do not just carry an anointing, you become a flame moving through form.

Many seek power without formation, but God will not pour holy oil into cracked jars. The wineskin must be new. The container must be forged. The old form must die, and the new must rise from the altar. Only then can Spirit saturate without spilling. The goal is not to hold the flame temporarily, but to become one with it perpetually.

The scroll you carry cannot be downloaded. It must be embodied.

Flesh Must Yield to Glory

The greatest hindrance to divine indwelling is not sin, it is unyielded flesh. Flesh resists transformation. It clings to comfort. It prefers simulation to saturation. But the glory cannot rest where flesh is still on the throne. You must crucify

self-expression to become divine expression. You must forsake ego to house the eternal. The cross is not a punishment. It is the blueprint for the container.

Yielding flesh does not mean denying your humanity. It means surrendering your autonomy. The flesh was never meant to lead, it was meant to carry. When the flesh is submitted to the spirit, it becomes radiant. When it is exalted above the scroll, it becomes toxic. The elect are not called to suppress the body, but to enthrone the Lamb within it.

The process of yielding is violent to the ego but gentle to the soul. It peels away false layers. It breaks the outer man to reveal the inner sanctuary. Your appetite must be reordered. Your impulses must be trained. Your emotions must be purified. The vessel must be empty of self to be full of glory. Many want the flame, but few are willing to yield the flesh.

Every time you say “yes” to the Lamb within, the flame burns brighter. Every time you resist the pull of the old order, the wineskin is strengthened. Glory will not dwell in an unyielded frame. It will knock, but not enter. The throne must be clear. The scroll must be honored. The container must be yielded in every fiber.

If you are still controlling your life, you are not yet a container of flame. But if you are fully yielded, you will not need to announce it. You will burn, and the world will see.

Making Room for the Fire That Knows Your Name

The fire of God is not general, it is personal. It knows your name, your scroll, your formation, and your destiny. But it will

not dwell where there is no room. Many pray for fire but have not cleared space. They ask for flame while clinging to fragments. The fire that knows your name will not visit a divided altar. You must make room, not just in schedule, but in soul.

Making room means repentance from distraction. It means evicting what once comforted but now contaminates. It means cutting away relationships, media, patterns, and atmospheres that choke the flame. You are not called to manage your schedule, you are called to be possessed by purpose. Until the container is empty of clutter, it cannot carry the flame.

The fire is not sent to entertain you. It comes to consume you. It comes to name you, reform you, and transform you. It comes to awaken the memory of eternity within you. But it cannot rest upon a scattered mind or a divided heart. Making room is not about time management, it is about throne preparation. Have you made space for the One who already wrote your scroll?

To make room for fire, you must remove your idols. Even good things become barriers if they stand where the throne belongs. Your ambition, your image, your theology, your need to be understood, burn it all. This is not addition. It is subtraction unto combustion. Make room for the One who burns forever.

If the flame has not rested, it is not because it has not been sent. It is because the room was not ready.

Consecration as Container-Formation

Consecration is not a religious term. It is divine architecture. It is the hammer and chisel of heaven carving your vessel to hold the scroll. You are not being punished. You are being formed. Every fast, every separation, every hidden season is forming a container that can carry what eyes have not seen. Consecration is not just about purity, it is about compatibility with flame.

The consecrated are not perfect. They are possessed. They have set themselves apart, not by rules, but by flame. They have chosen stillness over noise, obedience over ambition, intimacy over visibility. They have become wineskins that are not just clean, but aligned. You cannot fake consecration. It is a fragrance. It is a frequency. Heaven knows when it has a house.

When you yield to the process, you become unrecognizable. Your language changes. Your atmosphere shifts. Your very presence begins to confront the unclean. You carry a fire that does not flare up and die down. it abides. But it only abides where consecration has formed a home. God does not visit casual hearts. He indwells consecrated ones.

Every discipline of the Spirit is a blueprint for the container. Prayer carves. Silence seals. Surrender shapes. Stillness sanctifies. This is the formation of the throne-room body. You are becoming a vessel that can carry the weight of God. But it cannot be rushed. The fire will not fill a leaking cup.

Do not curse the process. It is making you flame-compatible.

The Difference Between Vessels and Voices

There is a holy distinction between being a vessel and merely being a voice. The world is filled with voices, loud,

charismatic, intelligent, and articulate. But the Kingdom is forged through vessels, not just volume. A voice can echo doctrine, mimic revelation, or rehearse borrowed scrolls, but a vessel must carry the actual Flame. Many speak of glory without ever having yielded their form to hold it. Many preach about fire without ever having been lit from within. The vessel is not defined by talent or tone but by interior capacity, prepared in the secret place. Voices fill rooms, but vessels fill eternity.

The deception of the age is the elevation of giftedness over yieldedness. The simulated church platform celebrates oratory, aesthetics, and production, but the throne does not respond to volume, it responds to substance. Heaven does not tremble when a loud man speaks, but when a consecrated vessel groans under the weight of the Flame. Vessels have been hollowed out by fire, made empty enough to contain glory that cannot be touched by flesh. They do not preach to be heard, they carry to be poured. They are not seeking applause, they are bearing the scroll of another world.

Voices may gather crowds, but vessels gather weight. One can impress the minds of men and leave no residue of heaven, while the other, though unknown, shifts atmospheres because they carry something formed in fire. Voices memorize sermons, vessels are the sermon. Voices can be rented for a fee, vessels have been bought by blood. One performs, the other bleeds. One speaks from memory, the other speaks from eternal union. Vessels don't carry a message, they are the message. They leak flame even in silence.

The elect must discern between charisma and consecration. The difference is not visible to the carnal eye, but the elect will know it by flame. A vessel will burn without explanation, and the elect will feel the witness deep in their bones. You will not be deceived by eloquence if your spirit is lit by the true Light.

You will feel the sound behind the sound, the scroll beneath the surface, the weight that cannot be faked. This is the hour to stop following voices and start recognizing vessels.

The Spirit is raising up vessels in hidden caves, not celebrities on stages. These vessels may never trend, but they will reign. Their fire cannot be marketed, their anointing cannot be duplicated. They have been prepared in silence, marinated in union, and sealed with flame. The earth groans for them to appear. They do not come with announcements. They come with scrolls written within and without. The Flame has found them worthy to carry Him, and that is all that matters.

Burning Without Bursting

To carry fire is one thing. To remain burning without bursting is another. Many begin with genuine encounters but collapse under the weight of what they were never formed to carry. Without a consecrated container, the flame becomes a torment instead of a witness. Unformed vessels leak, crack, and explode when divine intensity meets unyielded flesh. It is not cruelty, it is mercy that fire requires formation. The holy flame does not adjust to your structure. You must be rebuilt to hold Him.

Burning without bursting is the mystery of union and crucifixion. You must be stripped, threshed, refined, and remade. Your ego cannot carry this. Your ambition will sabotage the process. Only the surrendered heart can hold the holy weight without combusting in pride or perishing in pressure. The reason so few last in the scroll-assignment is because they tried to host the fire in an old wineskin. They refused the fire's forming, but still wanted the flame's glow. This always ends in disillusionment or deception.

The container must be flexible yet unbreakable, pliable yet grounded in the Word. Flesh cannot produce such a vessel. Only the Spirit can form it in the wilderness. The scroll is written in fire, and your body becomes the parchment. Every hidden “yes,” every secret obedience, every death to self becomes part of the architecture. And when the fire comes again, it no longer consumes you. It fills you. You do not burn out, you burn brighter. You become the burning bush that speaks.

The reason so many who begin in truth later wander into false fire is because they were never remade. They touched glory without being transformed. They glimpsed the scroll without letting it rewrite them. They tasted the new wine without receiving the wineskin. This is why God delays many mantles, it is not punishment, it is preservation. He would rather form you in secret than lose you in flame. The elect must not only awaken, they must become ready to burn without bursting.

True flame does not destroy the vessel. It glorifies it. But only after the vessel has been surrendered completely. Moses' face shone because he stood long enough in the fire to be transfigured. Jesus' garments glowed on the mount because He was always a vessel prepared for fire. This is your portion. To burn without being consumed. To carry glory without being corrupted. To become a container not of borrowed language, but of uncreated Light.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect ones, you are not being prepared to merely speak of fire, but to carry it. The scroll within you will demand a new container. Old structures, old wineskins, old mindsets cannot hold the weight of what heaven is about to entrust to you. You

must be remade in secret, forged in silence, hollowed by fire. This is not a punishment. It is the privilege of the elect, to be formed not for platforms but for the throne. You are being shaped not to entertain crowds, but to host the King.

You will be misunderstood. Others will run ahead while you remain in the cave. But do not envy their momentum. Their flame may burn hot but short. You are being prepared to burn without bursting. To become the kindling that never turns to ash. This kind of fire will not flatter your ego. It will consume it. This scroll will not reward your ambition. It will crucify it. But what emerges will be eternal, a vessel that leaks heaven with every breath.

Elect of God, your container matters. Stop trying to carry divine assignment in fleshly form. Stop trying to imitate scrolls you have not been formed to hold. Instead, yield. Let the Potter shape the clay. Let the wind shape the sail. Let the fire form the container. And when the moment comes, when the scroll is unsealed and the Flame descends, you will not burst. You will blaze. You will shine with the fire that knows your name.

The age of performance is crumbling. The stage is cracking. The earth is groaning for vessels, not voices. For flames, not flashes. For scrolls, not slogans. You were never called to impress, only to carry. You were never an echo. You are an ember. The scroll within you will be seen by how you burn, not how you speak. Let your life become the sermon. Let your container be prepared for glory.

CHAPTER 5: WHY MANY CARRY WINE BUT SPILL IT

Character Must Be Formed to Carry the Holy Weight

“Neither do people pour new wine into old wineskins. If they do, the skins will burst, the wine will run out and the wineskins will be ruined. No, they pour new wine into new wineskins, and both are preserved.”

- Matthew 9:17

“The integrity of the upright guides them, but the unfaithful are destroyed by their duplicity.”

- Proverbs 11:3

“But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellence of the power may be of God and not of us.”

- 2 Corinthians 4:7

◇ Introduction: The Leaking of Glory in Unyielded Vessels

The earth is full of gifted vessels spilling eternal wine. The sound of dripping scrolls echoes through pulpits, platforms, and pages. It is not because the wine is impure, but because the container is cracked. The scrolls of divine substance were never meant to be carried in talent alone, but in nature conformed to the Lamb. Many can preach a revelation, but few can hold it without leaking. The sacred is not sustained by charisma, but by crucifixion. The holy weight requires architecture within, not emotional passion or religious

performance. This chapter unveils why so many spill the wine they were called to pour.

The difference between a vessel that radiates and one that collapses is rarely seen in the public eye. It is not about being seen, but about being sealed. The wine is eternal, but the wineskin must be made new. In this generation, many will be entrusted with scrolls from the throne, but few will endure the process of being shaped by the fire to hold what they carry. This scroll is not a rebuke, but a warning soaked in love: the flame is too sacred to be handled without being remade.

Every gift is a doorway, but nature is the foundation. If the vessel is shallow, the wine will overflow prematurely. If the vessel is proud, the wine will become polluted. If the vessel is insecure, the wine will be weaponized for affirmation instead of offering. It is not enough to carry anointing, you must become a living wineskin forged by holy fire. Glory is not impressed by gifting. Glory searches for likeness. It is not the ability to prophesy that marks a son, but the ability to remain rooted in love when the prophecy is misunderstood.

Let every vessel be examined in the flame, for what you carry is sacred. The scroll is not a sermon, the flame is not a vibe, the wine is not a trend. These are holy things. You are not called to sprinkle revelation on crowds, you are called to pour the cup of the Lamb. But first, the cup must be formed within you.

Unformed Nature Cannot Hold Weight

Wine poured into an unformed container leaks. It cannot hold the kabowd of God, the holy weight breaks it. This is why the scroll is not merely given, but formed. Unformed nature refers

to the inward man still dominated by flesh, fear, and fragmented selfhood. A cracked interior cannot sustain divine substance. Many weep for more wine, but heaven waits for the vessel to be made whole. The weight of glory is too holy to be poured into wounded ego.

This is why many are crushed by their own calling. The increase in revelation without the matching increase in nature leads to collapse. Identity must be forged before impartation can overflow. When formation is skipped, gifting becomes dangerous. An unformed vessel pours wine mixed with old residue, and it pollutes the scroll. The wine may be holy, but the taste is altered by the vessel's unresolved bitterness or hidden ambition.

You cannot bypass formation. It is the sacred cocoon where flesh dies and fire re-sculpts you. Without it, what is divine will become distorted. The reason for many public falls is not deception in doctrine, but deception in identity. The soul was never rebuilt to contain what it carried. The wine spills not because it was impure, but because the container never surrendered to the flame.

Formation is not punishment, it is preparation. God is not testing your ability, He is building your frame. The cracked places must be sealed before the scroll can pour clean. This is why the wilderness is not optional. The hidden years are not delay. They are divine mercy, sculpting the wineskin that can hold the eternal flame.

Gifted but Unyielded Vessels

The danger of a gifted but unyielded vessel is subtle, yet devastating. Gifting can take you where character cannot keep

you. You can ascend stages, gain followers, and flow in revelation, and yet leak in private because the vessel refuses the refining fire. Gifting without yielding breeds spiritual performance and soul-level control. What flows sounds heavenly but lacks the weight of heaven.

The Spirit gives gifts without repentance, but it does not mean He endorses every vessel that operates in them. Yielding is the posture of continual crucifixion, not spiritual activity. A yielded vessel does not seek platform, it seeks purity. It does not measure effectiveness by applause but by alignment. Without this surrender, the vessel becomes a performer. a golden cup filled with ego.

The unyielded heart leaks slowly. It begins with bypassing consecration for influence, skipping stillness for results. Soon, the wine becomes diluted with ambition, and the scroll is marketed instead of ministered. This is not the pattern of the Lamb. The Lamb did not ascend by gifting, but by surrendering unto death. And only those who yield like Him will carry like Him.

True vessels are not built in public, they are forged in secret. They allow the flame to burn every counterfeit motive, every unsundered plan, every hidden idol. They are not merely gifted; they are emptied. And because they are emptied, they can be filled with the fullness of Him who fills all in all.

The elect are not called to be famous. They are called to be faithful. Yielding is not weakness. It is the only path to glory. For only the crucified can contain resurrection wine without spilling it.

Anointing Without Formation

Anointing is real. But anointing without formation is like thunder without foundation, it shakes but does not build. Many operate in raw anointing, flowing in power, dreams, discernment, even prophecy. But the container is still the old man, not the new wineskin. The result is spiritual confusion. People experience the oil but not the nature. They are stirred but not sealed.

The scroll you carry must match the scroll you become. Anointing can fill a moment, but only formation can shape a life. When formation is bypassed, the anointing becomes a stage performance rather than an altar of flame. The soul takes credit for what only the Spirit can produce. The anointing was never meant to impress, it was meant to embody the Lamb.

The Spirit is grieved when anointing is used for visibility instead of transformation. The elect must be re-taught what anointing truly is. It is not a personality boost, but a baptism into divine function. It is not energy, it is essence. But without formation, the vessel turns it into a product. Formation is the crucible where motives are revealed and the anointing is protected from mixture.

The temptation to skip formation comes from impatience. But those who rush become like Saul, anointed prematurely and eventually disqualified. The Father is not in a hurry. The scroll is eternal, and so is the process. Let the flame do its perfect work. Let the oil soak the depths of your being. Then the wine you pour will not spill, it will set the captives free.

When the Vessel Cracks in Exposure

Exposure does not corrupt a vessel, it reveals it. When light shines on a container, it shows whether it has been formed or

merely painted. The fire that exposes is not your enemy. It is your deliverer. But many collapse under exposure because the vessel was never sealed. They stepped into visibility before the scroll had soaked into their being.

Cracks in the vessel appear when pressure comes. The anointing is not enough to hold the weight of visibility. If the inner man is not whole, exposure magnifies what was hidden. The result is breakdown, burnout, or bitterness. God does not delight in your fall, He weeps over it. For He longed to form you fully before you poured.

This is why the secret place matters. Not as a discipline, but as a sealing process. Every vessel must be marinated in silence, soaked in fire, sealed in surrender. Then, when the spotlight comes, the cracks will not appear, only the light within will shine through. You will not break under weight, you will carry it.

Exposure does not have to destroy you. It can validate you, if you let the Lamb be your builder. He does not expose to shame you, but to save you. Let every crack be sealed in Him. Let every fracture be surrendered. The flame will not reject you, it will restore you.

Do not fear exposure. Fear pretending you are formed when you are still fractured. Better to be hidden and whole than seen and shattered.

Public Platform, Private Weakness

The split between public display and private reality is the great crisis of this age. Many appear radiant in public but are crumbling in private. They carry wine in front of others, but

spill it in the dark. Their scroll is shouted on stage, but forgotten in the mirror. This is the danger of platform before transformation.

Private weakness does not mean you are disqualified. But hiding it, ignoring it, or spiritualizing it does. The flame is not looking for perfect vessels, but for honest ones. The Lamb walks in gardens, not just gatherings. He seeks those who allow the fire to enter the rooms no one sees. Public success cannot protect you from private collapse.

The scroll must be lived before it is preached. The flame must be breathed before it is declared. The wine must be drunk before it is poured. When this order is reversed, the vessel becomes a shell. It carries influence, but no oil. It commands attention, but no transformation. This is not the way of the elect.

The inner man must be the same as the outer witness. What you carry must match who you are. Let your private altar be the place of formation, healing, repentance, joy, correction. Then the public platform will not seduce you. You will minister from overflow, not deficiency. You will pour from union, not desperation.

The flame will not share space with hypocrisy. Let your vessel be one, formed, sealed, and undivided. Then the wine you carry will be holy.

The Danger of Skipping the Scroll of Formation

The scroll you carry is not a sermon or slogan, but a living reality written in your very being. And this scroll must be formed in you before it can be poured through you. Many carry revelation they have not become. They teach dimensions they have not entered. They prophesy realities they have not embodied. And so, the wine leaks, for the vessel speaks what it has not yet surrendered to.

Formation is not just a spiritual discipline, it is a fiery scroll. It is the process through which you are made into what you proclaim. The danger of skipping this is not just personal failure, but corporate pollution. A vessel that skips formation often imparts mixture: a blend of divine insight and uncrucified ego. This mixture tastes sweet at first, but poisons over time. It builds crowds, not cities. It stirs emotions, but leaves spirits unchanged.

The scroll of formation is handwritten by the hand of God. It cannot be downloaded, duplicated, or delegated. You cannot copy someone else's consecration and expect to carry their wine. You must go through your own fire. You must be crushed in the press of obedience until your soul no longer resists the Spirit. This is the scroll that qualifies a son, not gifting, but formation.

Formation also protects you. It seals the vessel so the wine is not lost in times of pressure. It strengthens your inner man to withstand accusation, misunderstanding, delay, rejection, and temptation. Without formation, the vessel leaks not because of failure but because it was never truly whole.

The scroll of formation is not glamorous, but it is glorious. It is not fast, but it is eternal. Let the Lamb write it into your bones. Then what you carry will not spill, it will become a river of fire for generations to come.

Character as Containment

If the wine is the glory, the vessel is the character. Without the character of Christ, you cannot contain the kabowd. Character is not behavior modification. it is crucified nature. It is not self-improvement, but Lamb-imprint. The Father does not look for eloquence, strategy, or success. He looks for image-bearers. Those who host His nature, not just His gifts.

Character is what holds the scroll when storms come. It is the architecture that sustains the unseen weight. When you are slandered, character responds in mercy. When you are delayed, character remains steady. When you are promoted, character stays low. This is the containment system of heaven. Not charisma, but character. Not noise, but nature.

The elect must not be known for power alone, but for purity. For patience. For integrity. For flame-tested humility. This is not weakness. This is containment. Without this structure, the wine of revelation becomes spectacle. It is sprayed for attention rather than poured as offering. But when character is formed, the wine flows as a sacrament of union.

You cannot fake containment. In the end, the vessel reveals itself. The wine will either sanctify or spill. The scroll will either root or ruin. This is why the Father slows you down, not to frustrate you, but to form you. To make sure the container is worthy of the flame.

You were never called to impress. You were called to incarnate. The scroll must become flesh in you. The fire must carve itself into your nature. Then your very life becomes a wineskin that pours the eternal without leaking a drop.

FINAL CHARGE TO THE ELECT

Elect of God, beloved flame-carriers, hear the word beneath the thunder. You were not chosen for performance but for purity. You were not called to be impressive but to be indwelt. Many have tasted the wine, but few have become the vessel. Many can speak of the flame, but few are formed by it. Let it not be so among you.

You were born to carry the scroll without spilling. To hold the flame without compromise. To pour the wine without leaking. But this can only happen if you allow the Spirit to form the container. Yield to the wilderness. Submit to the fire. Surrender to the silence where He remakes you. The scroll you carry will not crush you, if it has first crucified you.

You are not late. You are being shaped. Every delay is a mercy. Every private crushing is sealing the wineskin. Every hidden refining is proof that He trusts you with the sacred. Do not envy those who rush ahead. Do not imitate vessels with visible wine but leaking interiors. Stay on the altar until the vessel becomes whole.

You are not just a voice, you are a container. You are not just a scribe, you are a scroll. You are not just a witness, you are a temple. Let Him finish the formation. Let Him perfect the containment. Then, and only then, will your life pour the wine of the Kingdom that never spills, never leaks, and never fades.

Become the vessel that doesn't just carry the flame but is sealed by it.

CHAPTER 6: THE SIMULACRA OF RELIGION

When Form Replaces Fire and Babylon Builds the Stage Instead of the Altar

*“Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.
From such turn away.”*

- 2 Timothy 3:5

*“This people honor Me with their lips, but their heart is far
from Me. In vain do they worship Me, teaching as doctrines
the commandments of men.”*

- Matthew 15:8–9

*“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you
hypocrites! You are like whitewashed tombs, which look
beautiful on the outside but on the inside are full of the bones
of the dead and everything unclean.”*

- Matthew 23:27

Introduction: The Greatest Illusion Is the One That Looks Holy

Religion has mastered the art of mimicry. It knows how to weep without breaking, how to shout without surrendering, how to gather crowds without carrying the cross. It polishes its performance and simulates sacredness, but the scroll is missing. The power that once shook mountains now flickers as stage lights, choreographed and predictable. What remains is a simulation of the divine, a shell without the wind, a tabernacle

without the flame. The form is intact, but the fire has withdrawn.

This is not a gentle drift. It is a violent substitution. Babylon does not eliminate God; it replaces Him with spectacle. The beast doesn't require you to deny Jesus, only to distort Him. In this age, false prophets do not roar, they whisper lullabies that put the elect to sleep. They clone the sound of revival without the scent of burning flesh. They use the language of Zion to build the empires of men. And many drink deeply from this cup, not realizing it is laced with spiritual amnesia.

The Spirit of God does not dance on command. He is not summoned by chords or manipulated by numbers. He descends where there is death, death to ego, death to self-glory, death to form without fire. The simulacra of religion can cast out demons in His name, yet never carry His nature. It can preach holiness and build altars of pride. It can raise offerings and never be offered. It is a wineskin without oil, a temple without the flame.

The elect must discern this counterfeit terrain, not by external appearances, but by frequency. The scroll does not lie. The flame cannot be faked. The eyes of the Lamb pierce through the choreography. And when He walks among the lampstands, He does not applaud volume. He weighs authenticity. He smells the incense. He knows who truly burns.

Mimicking Wine Without the Scroll

Religion is the art of mimicry when the scroll has been lost. Babylon can replicate the gestures of the sacred, the rituals of flame, and the architecture of the altar, but it cannot carry the actual wine. The scroll is not merely a book, it is a living script

sealed within the spirit of the elect. Without it, even holy acts become empty performances. When men attempt to carry wine without revelation, they spill into imitation what they could have received in union.

Churches today often display the illusion of fullness without the inward flame. Programs replace the prophetic, branding replaces birthing, and success metrics mask spiritual emptiness. Men learn how to stir emotions without encountering eternity. They can pour out oil from secondhand fire, but it carries no fragrance of the Lamb. This is not flame, it is flair.

Just as the magicians of Egypt mimicked Moses' signs but could not manifest life, so religious systems may copy the sound of awakening but never produce sons. Form without fire is nothing more than a tomb painted with gold. Without the scroll, without union with the Word Himself, we are left with dramatized liturgies that flatter the senses but starve the soul.

Mimicking wine without the scroll leads to burnout and broken identity. You cannot sustain what Heaven did not birth. The scroll within is what sustains the flame. Without that scroll, you are performing with borrowed breath, shouting with no thunder, and serving a vision you were never given.

The scroll is not learned, it is remembered. And religion will always try to replace remembrance with doctrine, trying to teach what must be unveiled. The elect must not settle for imitation. We were not born to mimic. We were born to burn.

Copying Flames With No Inner Fire

The counterfeit flame always begins with observation. When men see the effect of true awakening, the sound, the miracles, the tears, they attempt to recreate it without the furnace of consecration. They copy the form of the flame without entering the fire that produces it. But form cannot create what only fusion with the Lamb births.

False flames are theatrical but lack transformation. They stir crowds but do not separate light from darkness. They move bodies but never awaken spirits. And when men begin to shout what they have not suffered, preach what they have not pierced, or declare what they have not died to become, they copy fire but carry no weight.

The danger of copying flame is that it often deceives the crowd before it deceives the carrier. Many believe they are anointed when they are simply loud. Many believe they are radiant when they are simply polished. Babylon will always offer mirrors instead of scrolls, light shows instead of light within.

Only the Spirit can birth true flame. It cannot be taught, trained, or mimicked. It is the result of surrender, of yielding to the scroll within. You cannot fake fire before the throne. You cannot preach resurrection without dying. You cannot copy the flame, you must become it.

And when the elect walk into a room, the counterfeit flames flicker. Because the Spirit knows the difference between voices and echoes, between sons and actors, between oil and performance. The flame exposes.

Manufactured Outpourings and False Revivals

False revivals are born when men try to produce what Heaven has not initiated. Manufactured outpourings create environments that feel holy but remain spiritually hollow. They stir the emotions without piercing the soul. They engineer music, mood, and message to simulate weight, yet nothing shifts in the heavens. It is movement without governance, noise without thrones.

In these false moves, wine is poured out on unprepared ground. The fire comes, but it consumes the container rather than filling it. What is birthed in ambition cannot be sustained in flame. These revivals may fill stadiums but empty hearts. They attract followers but do not birth elect sons.

False revivals idolize moments and neglect metamorphosis. They host long services but not long obedience. They hunger for manifestation but ignore consecration. In trying to bottle the river, they produce polluted streams. The Spirit withdraws when the scroll is replaced with spectacle.

But the true outpouring is never loud before it is deep. It begins in hidden places. It starts with repentance, not lighting. It forms wineskins in silence before releasing fire in public. True revivals are scrolls set ablaze, not events, but eternal eruptions in the spirits of the elect.

You cannot manufacture eternity. You can only yield to it. The move of God is not a campaign. It is a consecrated combustion that begins with those who have become altars, not entertainers.

Babylon's Wineskin vs. Zion's Scroll

Babylon builds wineskins without the scroll. Zion births scrolls that shape wineskins. One prioritizes performance, the other transformation. Babylon asks, “How can we attract people?” Zion asks, “Have we heard the Lamb?” Babylon manufactures systems to carry what only flame can birth. Zion waits in stillness for the voice before language.

Babylon’s wineskin is external. It builds brands, franchises, and conferences that flatter the senses but form no sons. It mass-produces “oil” to satisfy a generation addicted to sensation but allergic to sanctification. It thrives on trends, not thrones. Its wineskin is wide but shallow.

Zion’s scroll is internal. It is written on the heart and sealed by the Lamb. It cannot be marketed. It cannot be copied. It forms you in silence before it sends you with sound. The scroll awakens identity, separates illusion, and births radiance that cannot be mimicked.

Babylon protects the wineskin even when the wine has spoiled. Zion will break the vessel to preserve the flame. Babylon resists change to maintain comfort. Zion yields to the shaking so the scroll may be revealed. The question is not whether you have a wineskin, the question is, whose scroll are you carrying?

In the end, Babylon’s wineskins will burst. But Zion’s scrolls will remain. Choose your formation carefully.

Religion Protects Form, Not Flame

The spirit of religion will always prioritize preserving its structure over birthing sons. When the flame begins to burn too freely, it erects systems to contain it. When the scroll begins to

Speak too loudly, it invents doctrines to silence it. Religion fears the wildness of the Spirit because it cannot control what it did not birth.

Religion builds altars to memories but not to movement. It reveres old flames but quenches new fire. It will tolerate past revivals but resist current repentance. It creates sanctuaries where no sanctification occurs. In this way, religion becomes the great protector of what once was, while persecuting what now is.

The flame always threatens form. True awakening breaks the mold, exposes idols, and demands everything. That is why religion crucified Christ, because He carried a scroll that would not fit in their wineskin. The elect must discern this spirit and refuse to settle for tradition over transformation.

The elect are not called to protect form, but to carry flame. They do not fit in boxes, programs, or hierarchies. They burn outside the camp, beyond the safe zones of institutional religion. And their scroll will often offend those who have replaced intimacy with imitation.

Form without flame is fossilized faith. The scroll of “I AM” demands fire. The elect must choose the altar over the algorithm, the Lamb over the ladder, the flame over form.

Why the Spirit Withdraws From Counterfeit Containers

The Spirit is holy. He does not fill what is unyielded. He does not rest upon what has not been surrendered. He will not share space with simulation, spectacle, or self-glory. That is why the Spirit withdraws from containers that mimic glory but resist

transformation. He cannot pour wine into cracked or counterfeit skins.

When the container is built to elevate ego, the Spirit departs.
When the structure serves spectacle over scroll, He leaves.
And when the system celebrates performance more than purity,
He hides. His withdrawal is not punishment, it is preservation.
He will not feed delusion with His presence.

You may still feel the atmosphere. You may still hear the music. But the weight will be gone. The uncreated Light will not linger where false light is worshipped. The kabowd will lift, and Ichabod will settle, though men still gather as if nothing changed.

This is the warning to the elect: do not assume the Spirit is where the noise is. Discern the weight. Sense the holy silence. Feel the scrolls burning within the hidden ones. The Spirit is with the remnant, not the replica.

He will not anoint what Heaven has not authored. He will not glorify what has not died. He will not rest upon what is built in Babel's name. And if the Spirit has withdrawn, it is time to return to the altar and rebuild, not the system, but the surrender.

Rebuilding Altars, Not Stages

The true call in this hour is not to polish platforms, but to rebuild the ancient altars. The stage exalts the man. The altar crucifies him. The stage entertains. The altar transforms. The elect do not climb ladders of visibility, they lay down on slabs of fire. This is the only path to carrying the scroll.

Rebuilding the altar means returning to first love. It means embracing the hiddenness, the cost, the tears no one sees. It means trading applause for ashes, spotlight for stillness. The altar is where identity is burned into you. It is where the flame seals what no sermon can teach.

We must become altars again. We must lay down every ambition not forged in fire. We must tear down stages built in our own name. The scroll does not land on performance, it descends on sacrifice. And only a people who have become altars can carry the new wine.

The altar cannot be built with tools of man. It must be formed with stone untouched by Babylon. It must be laid with holy hands and wet with surrendered tears. The Lamb must see Himself in it.

This is the invitation to the elect: not to build louder stages, but to become living altars. If you carry the scroll, you will know this truth in your bones, the flame only falls on what has truly died.

Final Charge to the Elect

You who have seen the counterfeit and wept for the real, you are not wrong. You who have been rejected by systems because your scroll could not be branded, you are not disqualified. You who hunger for more than mimicked flames, you are not crazy. You are being marked for the altar, not the stage. For Zion, not Babylon.

Refuse the seduction of simulation. Reject the applause of empty halls. Burn quietly until He speaks. And when He does, carry that scroll as a sword, not a script. The world is desperate

for what cannot be copied. They are starving for what cannot be staged.

Let your scroll become your altar. Let your altar become your sound. And let your sound split Babylon until only the flame remains. This is not the hour of echo. It is the hour of elect fire.

CHAPTER 7: FORMATION BEFORE FILLING

The Scroll Is Poured Only Into That Which Has Been Fully Yielded, Pressed, and Prepared

“But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”

- 2 Corinthians 4:7

“Woe to him who strives with his Maker... Shall the clay say to him who forms it, ‘What are you making?’”

- Isaiah 45:9

“But when the fullness of time had come, God sent forth His Son...”

- Galatians 4:4

Introduction: The Container Must Be Formed Before the Scroll Is Released

The scroll does not pour into what has not been formed. Many cry out for outpouring but resist the shaping. They want oil, but not the crushing. They desire glory, but not the fire that prepares the vessel. Heaven does not withhold because you are disqualified. Heaven waits because it is merciful. The scroll is not a reaction to your desire, it is a response to your formation. The Lamb is not impressed by your zeal. He waits for your surrender. You will not carry what you are unwilling to become.

The Father does not anoint what He has not hollowed. He will not fill a vessel that refuses to break. He is not rushing to give you the scroll, He is slowly forming you to hold it. Just like a potter cannot pour wine into unbaked clay, heaven will not pour scrolls into untested hearts. The delay is protection, not punishment. Many have been crushed because they carried the flame too soon. Their wineskin was gifted but not surrendered, visible but not weight-bearing.

The ones who endure are those who yield. They do not rush the process. They do not bypass the silence. They welcome the dark, the hidden, the slow fire. They understand that to hold eternal things, the ego must be removed. The soul must be emptied. The inner architecture must match the weight of what is coming. Formation is not a side note. It is the foundation. Without it, even the purest oil will leak.

To be formed is to be made ready. It is not just about being clean, it is about being crucified. It is not about being seen, it is about being sealed. The scroll is not looking for impressive vessels. It is looking for ones that have been burned enough to be trusted. Those who have passed through fire without seeking applause. Those who have waited when no one called. Those who still trembled at the whisper of the Lamb.

And when the formation is complete, the scroll will pour. It will come not with a scream but with a weight. It will not elevate ego, it will crucify it. It will not demand recognition, it will carry resurrection. And the ones who receive it will not shout. They will burn. For the scroll does not enter the mouth. It enters the vessel. And only those formed by fire can contain what was written before time.

The Potter Shapes Before the Pouring

Before the scroll is poured, the potter forms the vessel. This is heaven's rhythm: shape, then pour. Not the other way around. Many ask for oil before yielding to the hands that shape. They want the outcome, not the process. But divine order cannot be bypassed. The wheel comes before the wine. The fire before the flame. The pressure before the power. And if you skip the wheel, you forfeit the scroll.

The Potter does not shape you to delay you. He shapes you to preserve you. His hands spin the wheel, again and again, refining the curve of your inner life. He breaks down what is proud. He centers what is wobbly. He smooths what is sharp. And when the clay resists, He presses harder. For His goal is not comfort. It is alignment. Not speed, but strength. Not potential, but purity.

Every press of His hand is love. Every collapse of your former structure is mercy. He is not destroying you, He is delivering you. Delivering you from becoming a vessel that spills wine in front of kings. A vessel that collapses under exposure. A vessel that leaks destiny into the sand because it looked formed, but never submitted to the process. The Potter shapes for endurance, not for applause.

Formation is never wasted. Even when you feel like nothing is moving, you are being held in the hands of eternal wisdom. The slowness is intentional. The hiddenness is protection. The wheel is not a delay. It is the birthplace of your scroll. And the longer you stay on it, the more holy weight you will carry without tearing.

Heaven will not pour into clay that hasn't been fired. The flame is not for the soft. It is for the shaped. And when the Potter says it is time, the scroll will not trickle. It will thunder. But until then, let Him shape you. Let Him break and remake

you. Let Him press the parts you keep hiding. The scroll is for those who do not jump off the wheel.

Why Timing Protects the Scroll

Heaven is governed by alignment, not urgency. The scroll will not pour until the timing is right, because the timing protects the vessel. Just as a baby cannot be born before full term without danger, so the scroll must be released only when the container is ready. Premature outpouring can destroy what was meant to bless. Divine delay is not punishment, it is preservation.

Timing filters out ego. It purges ambition. It burns false motivations. The delay exposes the heart. Will you still stay when no one watches? Will you still say yes when the scroll seems far? Will you still love the Lamb when the platform is gone? Those who cannot wait are those who have not been formed. They want the scroll to elevate them, not transform them. But timing does not lie. It reveals.

The Lamb does not respond to desperation. He responds to death. Not the death of dreams, but the death of control. The timing of God moves in eternal rhythm. When you're ready to be nothing, He forms you for everything. When you stop trying to be seen, He begins to prepare you for the unseen scroll. When you stop asking for the oil, and start asking for the Potter, you're almost ready.

Impatience exposes what still needs fire. The refusal to wait is the evidence of an unformed wineskin. But those who understand timing become trustworthy. They will not sell the scroll for attention. They will not misuse the oil for clout. They

know that the scroll is holy, and the weight must be carried with reverence, not performance.

When the fullness of time comes, the scroll will be released without striving. It will flow with the breath of the Lamb. You will not need to knock doors down, it will come upon you like a wind. But until that hour, let the delay do its work. Let it burn away the impatience. Let it shape the hidden roots. The scroll you long for is waiting for the timing to match the formation.

Spiritual Pregnancy and Wineskin Expansion

The scroll grows inside you before it manifests around you. Like pregnancy, it stretches your internal frame. It shifts your pace, alters your shape, and demands surrender. You cannot rush what is divine. The womb of the Spirit expands slowly, and only those willing to be stretched will carry the scroll to term. You cannot keep your old wineskin and expect new wine. Expansion is not optional, it is vital.

Spiritual pregnancy brings discomfort, not always joy. There will be days when you feel heavy with something you cannot explain. The weight is not emotional, it is eternal. You feel displaced, too large for your environment, too consecrated for your past. This is not dysfunction, it is gestation. What is being formed in you is not for now, it is for the age to come.

The wineskin expands through yielding. Each time you say yes to the unseen, you grow. Each time you stay when it's hard, your capacity increases. Each time you weep in hidden obedience, your womb strengthens. The scroll is not passive, it

is pressing outward. And if you resist the expansion, you delay the birth.

Expansion requires discomfort. Stretching is not pleasant. But it is necessary. God is not trying to make you comfortable, He is making you capacious. The more you allow the stretching, the more glory you can house. Some carry scrolls that will shape generations, but only because they allowed their soul to be ripped open in secret.

The fullness of time does not come when you are ready. It comes when you are stretched enough to not break. When your structure can hold the scroll without tearing. And when it comes, the labor will be swift. The scroll will not just touch you, it will come through you. The wineskin will not just hold the flame, it will birth it.

Yieldedness Precedes Oil

Oil flows only through surrender. You do not command it, you yield to it. In the Kingdom, greatness is not taken, it is received through death. You cannot carry the scroll if you still want control. Yieldedness is not weakness, it is the highest form of trust. The one who is fully yielded becomes the vessel through which heaven flows without obstruction, distortion, or delay. The more surrendered you are, the more trustworthy you become.

The scroll will not rest in a hardened heart. It will not land where rebellion resists refinement. Yielding requires relinquishing your timeline, your ideas, your plans. It means laying down even your “God-given” dreams if they do not proceed from divine breath. It means embracing divine

contradiction and still choosing to trust. The yielded do not negotiate. They say yes even when the road ahead disappears.

To be yielded is to live like clay that doesn't argue. It is to remain moldable in the fire. It is to bow even when you feel capable. Many are talented, but only the yielded become scrolls. Talent is not the prerequisite for oil, surrender is. Heaven does not move through the impressive. It moves through the empty. And the more yielded you are, the more potent the flow becomes.

There are levels of yielding that offend the religious mind. To yield is to lose the right to your own reputation. To yield is to be silent when falsely accused, to stay planted when overlooked, to walk away when honored if the Lamb whispers, "Not now." Yieldedness will cost you everything your ego craves. But it will open you to everything your scroll requires.

When the vessel is yielded, the oil does not drip, it gushes. It becomes unstoppable because there is nothing resisting it inside. You don't have to strive to be anointed. You simply become nothing, and the oil finds you. Yielding is the gate of divine power, not striving. The ones who burn most brightly are not those who fight for visibility, but those who lay themselves upon the altar with no desire to rise again.

Hiddenness as Container Preparation

Hiddenness is not punishment, it is preparation. God hides what He values. He veils those He is forming. You are not unseen because you are unworthy. You are unseen because you are sacred. Hiddenness is the sacred womb where vessels are formed in silence. It is where the scroll is etched upon your

inward parts, not your Instagram bio. The hiding is holy, and it is violent to your ego.

In hiddenness, you are confronted by what still craves recognition. You are stripped of the applause that used to fuel you. You learn to hear one Voice, not many. You learn to move by breath, not by pressure. God will not share you with the crowd if you are still addicted to the stage. He will not pour the scroll into one who is still seduced by affirmation. He calls you into hiding to remove what applause once built.

Hiddenness makes you invisible to man so you can become transparent to God. In hiding, motives are tested. Assignments are purified. The flame becomes internal, not external. You do not perform, you burn. You do not promote, you descend. And in that descent, heaven forms the container that will one day hold eternal oil. The scroll is not formed in spotlight. It is carved in silence.

Many abort their scroll because they resent their hiding. They leave the wilderness too early. They push open doors the Lamb never touched. They confuse isolation with rejection, when it was actually preservation. The enemy tries to convince you that hiddenness means delay, but in truth, hiddenness is acceleration without the injury. It is divine shielding.

When you finally emerge, you will not need to convince anyone. You will carry the scroll, and the scroll will speak. You will move from the holy place, not the hustle. You will not need marketing, only obedience. The hiding will have stripped away the need for anything but Him. And because of that, you will be able to carry what others could only preach about. Hiddenness prepares vessels that glory can trust.

The Weight of the Glory Cannot Be Rushed

Glory has weight. It is not a feeling, it is a reality. And that weight will crush any vessel that has not been forged by time, pressure, and fire. You cannot microwave formation. You cannot shortcut sanctification. What takes years in the Spirit cannot be rushed because what you are being prepared to carry is eternal. The slower the preparation, the heavier the scroll.

Many ask for the weight of glory without realizing what they are requesting. You are not asking for an experience. You are asking to host the weight of God's eternal nature. That weight will not fall on a shaky structure. It will not dwell in a soul still consumed with survival, striving, or self. The scroll is heavy. It must rest upon shoulders that have been broken, bowed, and rebuilt.

The Spirit does not delay for cruelty, but for capacity. Every extra year in the fire is forming pillars within your soul. The longer the process, the deeper the well. The greater the crushing, the purer the oil. Every moment of what you call delay is actually eternal engineering. You are being carved to withstand glory. You are being hollowed to house eternity.

To rush is to risk collapse. What appears to be delay is often the mercy of the Lamb refusing to let you carry a scroll that would break you. Some were never false, they were just premature. Some were never imposters, they were impatient. But the ones who wait, who let the full weight of formation rest on them, will emerge unshakeable.

When the weight of glory finally rests upon you, you will not seek attention. You will tremble. You will move carefully, like one walking on holy ground. You will speak little, burn deeply, and carry something that no man gave you. You will

have nothing to prove, because the weight will prove it for you. The scroll will thunder through your silence.

Slow Fire Builds Eternal Structure

The fire that builds you slowly is the fire that builds you eternally. Fast flames burn out. But slow fire refines, cures, deepens, and strengthens. The slow fire doesn't just consume, it forges. It burns away the outer shell while tempering the inner man. It is the holy furnace that produces vessels who can carry the Lamb's eternal witness without cracking.

We live in an age of instant everything. But heaven doesn't follow trends. It follows thrones. It follows the rhythm of eternity. The slow fire is not flashy. It is not noisy. It is the silent burn beneath the surface that forms you in the unseen. It is not performance, it is patience. Not platforms, but foundations. Not applause, but alignment.

Slow fire exposes your shortcuts. It forces you to wait when others are running. It asks you to sit in the silence when others are speaking. It invites you to descend while others are rising. You cannot fake endurance. And slow fire burns away every layer of false ambition until only the scroll remains. The scroll cannot be accessed quickly. It is formed through the fire that doesn't rush.

Many want to be lightning, but few want to be coals. But the coals last longer. They carry heat even after the wind dies down. The slow fire is not just for the moment, it's for the age to come. It builds in you a structure that does not shake, does not bend, does not collapse under contradiction or time. Eternal vessels are built with eternal fire.

When you have passed through the slow fire, you will not chase revival, you will become it. You will not echo others, you will thunder the scroll from within. You will not collapse in the day of contradiction, because you were not built for speed. You were built for flame. And flame does not fade. It endures.

Final Charge to the Sons

Sons, do not rush the scroll. Do not demand oil when the vessel is still being shaped. Do not cry out for flame when your wineskin is still brittle. Let the Potter have His way. Let the silence form your root system. Let the delay deepen your architecture. You are not waiting because you're behind. You are being formed for something heavier than words can hold. And when it comes, it will not be shallow. It will be holy.

Do not despise the days when no one calls your name. That is where your name is being written in eternity. Do not resent the nights of weeping and stretching. They are expanding your womb. Do not flee the fire that seems to burn everything you built. It is the same fire that will reveal what cannot be consumed. Sons, you are not just being trained to preach. You are being forged to carry what eyes have not seen.

The scroll you were born to carry will not rest on ego. It will crush pride, dissolve performance, and set you ablaze. But it requires structure. It requires surrender. It requires delay. This is not punishment, it is preparation. And when you emerge, you will not speak from theory. You will speak from flame. And flame cannot be argued with. It reveals.

So stay on the wheel. Embrace the pressure. Love the hidden place. Let the fire burn slowly. Because what you carry is not

for entertainment. It is for eternal government. And when the scroll pours, you will not be overwhelmed. You will be ready. And the Lamb will smile, because He found a vessel that could hold the weight of His whisper.

CHAPTER 8: YOU ARE THE ARK NOW

The Pattern of God's Dwelling Is No Longer Wood and Gold - It Is You

"Do you not know that you are God's temple and that God's Spirit dwells in you?"

- 1 Corinthians 3:16

"And let them make Me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them."

- Exodus 25:8

"Christ in you, the hope of glory."

- Colossians 1:27

Introduction: From Carriers of Symbols to Carriers of Presence

The Ark of the Covenant was never an end in itself. It was a shadow, a prophetic code of what would one day walk the earth clothed in flesh. What once held stone tablets, budding rods, and hidden manna was a portable throne for a passing covenant. But now the covenant has moved inside you. The scroll no longer sits behind curtains. The flame no longer hovers over wood and gold. The Shekinah has moved into skin. You are no longer approaching the Ark, you are becoming it.

This shift from shadow to substance is the scandal of the new age. Heaven has stopped looking for buildings. It looks for

bodies. Not stage lights but burning hearts. Not tabernacles of fabric but souls forged in flame. What was once symbolic is now incarnate. The mystery hidden for ages and generations, Christ in you, is the reality the Ark only hinted at. The elect must awaken to this truth, or they will live as tourists in a temple that was meant to be their own interior.

The Ark was constructed with meticulous care. God dictated its dimensions, its materials, its rings, and its poles. Nothing was left to man's invention. In the same way, your interior life cannot be casual. It must be shaped by Spirit, not self. It must be lined with gold, sealed with mercy, and carried with reverence. The scroll is not a sermon, it is a state of being. And until you see yourself as Ark, you will treat what you carry like cargo instead of covenant.

This chapter calls you out of the illusion of external holiness into the terror of internal reality. You are no longer approaching a mountain that can be touched. You are carrying an uncreated Flame. The scroll in your belly is not a book, it is a throne. And when the realization hits, you will walk differently. You will speak differently. You will become a moving temple whose very breath echoes eternity.

The Ark as Prophetic Pattern

The Ark of the Covenant is not a museum artifact. It is a prophetic blueprint of you. Its acacia wood speaks of incorruptible humanity. Its gold overlay signifies divinity within. Its mercy seat is the throne of grace installed inside the human heart. Every measurement, every detail was a riddle of incarnation. The Ark was always preaching Christ in you.

To study the Ark is to study your own calling. It reveals that you were designed to be a mobile throne room. Not a tourist but a temple. Not a visitor but a vessel. The Ark was carried on shoulders, never on wheels. In the same way, you cannot outsource your consecration. You cannot mechanize your walk. You must bear the weight personally. Heaven does not rent space, it inhabits hearts.

The Ark teaches reverence. One careless touch killed Uzzah because he handled holy things casually. In this age of accessibility, we have lost the awe. But the Ark inside you is not a trinket. It is a throne. It is the King Himself. And to carry Him lightly is to invite fracture. This chapter is a call to recover reverence, not fear of punishment, but trembling love for the One you house.

The Ark also speaks of movement. It went where the cloud went. It rested where the cloud rested. The presence of God is not static. It moves. And if you are the Ark, you must be willing to move with Him. To change assignments. To shift seasons. To be interruptible. The Ark is never a monument. It is always a movement.

Finally, the Ark reveals that your life is not about ministry, it is about hosting. Not about building platforms, but being a platform for God Himself. This is not a metaphor. It is reality. You are the Ark now.

Containing Divine Scrolls in Flesh

Inside the Ark were not ideas but realities, the tablets of the Word, the manna from heaven, the rod of authority. Inside you now rests the living Word, the Bread of Life, and the authority of the resurrected Lamb. You do not merely quote Scripture, you embody it. You do not merely eat manna, you become a dispenser of hidden bread. You do not merely hold a rod, you wield resurrection authority.

Flesh cannot contain this by itself. It must be sanctified, hollowed, prepared. The Ark's inner chamber was dark, unseen by human eyes. In the same way, the deepest work of God in you happens where no one watches. Scrolls are sealed in silence before they are spoken in public. If you try to display them before they are formed, they will shatter you. What is within must first become one with you.

To contain divine scrolls is to live a life of interior reverence. You will find yourself withdrawing from noise not out of preference but necessity. You will crave hiddenness because you are pregnant with holy things. You will feel the tension of carrying something larger than your current life. This is not abnormal, it is archetypal. Every carrier of God walks this path.

You must also guard what you carry. The Ark was covered when transported. Not everything God gives you is for public consumption. Some words are for incubation, not

announcement. Some visions are for prayer, not posting. Protecting the scroll protects you. What is exposed prematurely will attract warfare you are not yet graced to withstand.

Finally, to contain divine scrolls in flesh is to understand the scandal of incarnation. God chooses weakness. He hides His most precious treasures in dust. And when you accept this, you stop disqualifying yourself. You realize your frailty is not an obstacle, it is the very design. You are the Ark now.

Gold-Lined Interior: The Mind of Christ

The Ark was lined with pure gold inside and out. Gold speaks of divinity. It speaks of incorruptible nature. For you, this lining is the Mind of Christ. Without it, your inner chamber will corrode under pressure. With it, you become untouchable in the spirit. The Mind of Christ is not a theological concept, it is the golden lining of your consciousness.

To line your interior with gold is to allow the Spirit to renew your mind until it no longer runs on Adamic software. It is to be so saturated with divine perspective that fear cannot penetrate, pride cannot anchor, and bitterness cannot linger. Gold does not rust. And when your inner thought life is overlaid with heaven's gold, you can carry the scroll without leaking mixture.

This gold lining is not automatic. It is forged in the fire of obedience. It is hammered by the Word until your reactions, your imaginations, your perceptions vibrate at heaven's frequency. It is not positive thinking. It is crucified thinking. It is the mind of the Lamb replacing the mind of the beast. It is

what allows you to be in Babylon but not of it, on the earth but not bound by it.

Without this gold, you will always filter revelation through ego. You will take holy things and weaponize them for self. You will mix scrolls with self-promotion. You will leak. But with the Mind of Christ, you become a pure conduit. Revelation flows without distortion. Authority flows without arrogance. Glory flows without gimmick.

The Ark's gold was hidden beneath its acacia wood. In the same way, the Mind of Christ will make you externally humble but internally radiant. You will look ordinary but house the extraordinary. You will walk softly but carry thunder. You will be weak outwardly but indestructible inwardly. This is the gold-lined interior of the elect.

The Rod, the Manna, and the Tablets

The Ark carried three things, the rod that budded, the hidden manna, and the stone tablets. These were not random relics. They were prophetic codes of what would dwell in you. The rod speaks of resurrection authority. The manna speaks of hidden provision. The tablets speak of the living Word etched on your heart. You are not just reading about these things, you are carrying them.

The rod that budded without root speaks of supernatural life springing from death. Inside you now rests the authority of the crucified and risen Lamb. You carry a staff that defeats serpents, parts waters, and blossoms in barren places. This is not for display, it is for demonstration. Authority is not a badge, it is a burden. And only the Ark can hold it without corruption.

The hidden manna was bread no one else could taste. In you now is sustenance the world cannot see. You will be fed when others starve, not for privilege but for assignment. You will distribute bread in famine, wisdom in chaos, revelation in drought. The scroll inside you is not just for you, it is for those who will come hungry to your door.

The stone tablets speak of law transformed into life. What was external is now internal. The Word is no longer a command written on stone but a nature written on spirit. You are not trying to obey, you are becoming the Word. The Lamb Himself is writing His statutes into your neurons, your habits, your instincts. This is not modification, it is metamorphosis.

Carrying these three realities will separate you. Others will see you as different. They will sense authority, provision, and Word without knowing why. But this is not to elevate you. It is to reveal Christ. You are the Ark now. And when you walk, you are a moving covenant. Nations feel it even when you say nothing.

Tabernacling the Spirit

The Ark was the central feature of the tabernacle. It was where God chose to dwell. Now the Spirit has chosen you. You are not an occasional host, you are His address. The Spirit is not visiting. He is inhabiting. You are a walking meeting place between heaven and earth. This is not a metaphor, it is reality. You are a living tabernacle.

Tabernacling the Spirit requires consecration. The Ark was separated from common use. It was anointed, covered, protected. You too must guard your inner life. You cannot live casually and expect to host eternally. You cannot mix the holy and the profane. You cannot carry the scroll and feed the flesh. You are a sanctuary, not a stage. A dwelling, not a display.

This indwelling changes your priorities. It reorders your affections. It purifies your speech. It disciplines your imagination. It rewires your nervous system. You do not just believe differently, you live differently. You move slower, listen deeper, love purer. Because you are housing the uncreated. The weight you feel is not burnout, it is kabowd.

The tabernacling Spirit also shifts your assignments. You go where He goes. You stop when He stops. Your “yes” becomes non-negotiable. You no longer ask for clarity before

obedience. You obey, and clarity comes later. You are not driven, you are carried. This is the lifestyle of a living Ark.

Finally, tabernacling the Spirit turns your entire existence into intercession. You stop “praying for” and start “praying from.” You stop begging for presence and start manifesting union. You become a living prayer rising from earth to heaven. Your body becomes the incense. Your breath becomes the offering. This is what it means to be the Ark now.

How the Ark Foreshadows You

Every inch of the Ark was a prophecy of you. The wood, your humanity. The gold, His divinity. The poles, your calling to carry Him wherever He leads. The cherubim, the witness of heaven within you. The mercy seat, the throne of grace established in your heart. Nothing about the Ark was arbitrary. It was a mirror held up to the age to come.

To see the Ark is to see your destiny. You are not trying to “host” God. You were designed as His dwelling. Before you were born, you were measured for this. Every trial, every loss, every crushing was preparing you to carry Him without breaking. What you thought was random was architectural. You are the temple of the Spirit, but more than that, you are the mobile throne of the Lamb.

This realization will change your self-image. You will stop treating yourself as common. You will stop entertaining what grieves Him. You will walk away from what pollutes your interior not out of legalism but out of awareness. The Ark cannot be desecrated. It cannot be handled casually. You will begin to carry yourself with the same reverence heaven already has for you.

The Ark also reveals your corporate identity. Alone you are a vessel. Together we are a city. The New Jerusalem is not a place, it is a people, an ark of living stones. We are not waiting for it to descend. We are being formed as it now. And when we walk together in unity, we become a moving throne for the Lamb to reign from even before His visible return.

Finally, the Ark shows that you are not a spectator in this story. You are the prophecy fulfilled. What priests once touched with trembling now lives inside you. And because of this, you cannot live small. You are an Ark now.

The One Who Carries God Walks Differently

Carrying God is not a theory. It is a posture. It alters your gait. Those who carry the Ark cannot run like everyone else. They cannot speak like everyone else. They cannot mix like everyone else. They move slower. They listen longer. They bow deeper. Because every step is carrying weight beyond comprehension.

To carry God is to become a contradiction. You will feel weak and yet release strength. You will feel invisible and yet shape atmospheres. You will feel unworthy and yet be entrusted with mysteries. The world will misunderstand you. Religion will resist you. But heaven will recognize you. Because the flame inside you matches the flame before the throne.

This different walk is not arrogance, it is reverence. It is not superiority, it is sobriety. The elect who carry God know they are dust. They do not boast in their assignment. They tremble under it. They know that familiarity is fatal. They never “get used to” the Ark. They wake each day in awe that the uncreated has chosen them as His dwelling.

This walk also releases fragrance. People will not just hear your words, they will feel your weight. They will sense the Lamb even when you’re silent. This is not branding. This is presence. You become a moving burning bush, ordinary in appearance but blazing with the unconsumed Flame. And those who draw near will remove their shoes without knowing why.

Finally, to carry God differently means you will live with holy caution. Not fear, but reverent awareness. Every decision becomes sacred. Every conversation a liturgy. Every step an offering. You are no longer living your life, you are moving His throne. And the world will never be the same, because the Ark now walks on two feet.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of God, you are no longer standing outside the Holy of Holies. You are the Holy of Holies. You are no longer reaching for the Ark. You are the Ark. This is not poetry. This is reality. Heaven has moved its address into you. The scroll no longer waits behind curtains. It burns inside your bones. And because of this, you must walk differently.

Do not treat yourself as common. Do not handle your calling casually. Do not let mixture enter your inner chamber. Guard what you carry. Hide what is holy until it is time to reveal it. Move when He moves. Rest when He rests. You are a living covenant, a mobile throne, a walking mystery. Angels look upon you and tremble. Demons recognize you and flee. Heaven watches and smiles.

You are not an echo of the old order. You are the fulfillment of its prophecy. What Moses only saw, you embody. What David only touched, you host. What Isaiah only glimpsed, you carry. You are the Ark now. And because of that, you cannot live like everyone else. You have been chosen, not for privilege, but for flame. Not for platform, but for presence.

This is not a call to pride. It is a call to reverence. To purity. To trembling love. The One inside you is holy. He is weighty. He is eternal. You cannot carry Him lightly. You cannot speak

of Him flippantly. You must become the Ark not just in title but in nature. Let Him line you with gold. Let Him inscribe His Word upon your heart. Let Him fill you with hidden manna and budding authority.

Walk now as one who carries God. Walk now as one who houses eternity. Walk now as the Ark of the new covenant. And as you move, the world will feel the weight. Not of you, but of Him. And the Lamb will be revealed, not as a distant deity but as a living scroll inside His elect. This is your destiny. This is your call. You are the Ark now.

CHAPTER 9: BREAKING THE OLD CONTAINER

When What You Were Cannot Carry What You Are Becoming

“Truly, truly, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit.”

- John 12:24

“Neither is new wine put into old wineskins. If it is, the skins burst and the wine is spilled and the skins are destroyed. But new wine is put into fresh wineskins, and so both are preserved.”

- Matthew 9:17

“Do not remember the former things, nor consider the things of old. Behold, I am doing a new thing; now it springs forth, do you not perceive it?”

- Isaiah 43:18–19

INTRODUCTION - THE WOMB OF DEATH IS THE GATE OF FORMATION

The new container is never built on top of the old one. It is not an upgrade but a death and a rebirth. The Spirit cannot pour eternity into Adam’s structures. The old container, your patterns, habits, identity, and religious form, cannot stretch to hold the scroll of “I AM.” What is coming into you is not a gentle suggestion; it is a cosmic necessity. The scroll will not

be stapled onto your current patterns; it will split them open and demand a burial.

This process dismantles every illusion of control. You cannot hold on to your self-image and expect to carry His scroll. When the Potter remakes a vessel, He does not decorate the old; He crushes and reforms it on the wheel. This is not cruelty but architecture. The old architecture cannot bear the new weight. Death always precedes resurrection; the grave is not punishment but process.

Breaking the old container also dissolves the scaffolding of ego. Many feel stripped, undone, and unknown because the Spirit is creating space for the eternal. Everything false is being dissolved. You are not losing your essence; you are losing the shadows that covered it. The true self is not destroyed in the fire; it is revealed.

This transition feels like collapse because the false self cannot cross over. Your reputation, your constructs, your previous identities cannot hold eternity. That cracking, that burning, that shaking is not a sign of failure but of formation. The scroll of “I AM” requires an unmixable vessel.

Therefore this chapter calls you to stop resisting the breaking. Stop patching the old container. Let it crack, let it die, let it be buried. Because only then can the scroll rise in you without leakage, without limitation, without mixture.

Identity Cannot Be Reformed, It Must Die

Identity does not evolve; it is exchanged. Adam cannot be educated into Christ. The old container cannot be patched, it must be shattered. The very structures that once sustained you

now become prisons when the new scroll begins to rise. This is why Jesus did not come to improve the flesh but to crucify it.

The Spirit does not negotiate with the old self. He puts it to death so the true self can live. This is not an event but a continual surrender. Each revelation reveals another layer that cannot pass into the next dimension. This is mercy, not wrath.

Many avoid this death by spiritualising their old habits. They keep their ego but cover it with religious language. They wear the robes of the temple but live from the same nature. This is why their wine leaks. The wineskin is old, even if the vocabulary is new.

The breaking of identity is violent to the ego but gentle to the spirit. The part of you built on fear, ambition, trauma, and false belonging must crumble. The part of you built by the scroll will stand. This is why you feel like you are losing yourself, because you are losing your simulation.

Let the container break. Do not fear it. On the other side of that cracking is the self you were written to be.

Ego Death and the Loss of the Old Self

The ego was never meant to carry the scroll. It was a survival construct, not an eternal blueprint. It formed to protect, perform, and predict. But what once served you in Babylon cannot sustain you in Zion. When the scroll begins to awaken within you, the ego begins to panic. It cannot control what is divine. It cannot perform what is already written. So it must die, not gently, but fully.

Ego death is not a one-time event. It is an unraveling, a long crucifixion of image, expectation, and illusion. It is not just losing the masks. It is losing the self that created them. You will grieve. You will rage. You will bargain. But you will eventually surrender. And when you do, you will discover that beneath the ego was not nothingness, but *everything*. Your divine nature was never absent. It was simply buried beneath the shell of survival.

The loss of the old self will feel like disorientation. You may no longer recognize your thoughts, desires, or sense of identity. You may feel like a stranger in your own skin. This is not regression. It is re-creation. The elect must go through this wilderness of ego unraveling to emerge as those who walk by flame, not facade. The I AM cannot rise in you until the "I was" is buried.

Much of modern Christianity has taught people to decorate the ego with spiritual language. But it has not taught them to die. We've exchanged false identity for religious identity, but the ego still sits on the throne. The scroll will not tolerate this. The Lamb is not interested in shared dominion with your false self. He is the Alpha and Omega of your being. And He will not rest until He is formed fully in you.

Let this ego death be embraced, not avoided. Let the flame consume what was never eternal. You are not being erased. You are being remembered. You are not losing identity. You are awakening to the one that was sealed in heaven before time began.

The Pain of Shedding the Shell

Shedding the old shell is excruciating. It is not just emotional pain, it is existential disintegration. The patterns that once protected you now feel like chains. The thoughts that once stabilized you now feel like lies. The roles, titles, and affirmations that once gave you security now feel hollow. This is the holy agony of metamorphosis. You are not just changing how you live. You are changing *what you are*.

This pain is not punishment. It is purification. The discomfort is the dissonance between your current form and your eternal frequency. The shell cannot stretch wide enough to carry what is being birthed within you. So it must crack. It must be torn by time, broken by truth, and split by the scroll that demands full expression.

You may feel abandoned in this process. You may ask, “Where is God?” But beloved, He is the one breaking the shell. He is not absent. He is near, so near He feels like fire. Do not misinterpret silence as distance. This is the silence of surgery. The Flame is doing in you what the world could never do, forming a container for union.

The world will not understand this breaking. They will offer you coping strategies and religious cliches. But only those who have carried scrolls will recognize the tearing. This is not anxiety. This is awakening. This is not collapse. This is crossing over. You are being prepared to carry a weight no shell could hold.

Bless the breaking. Kiss the wound. Honor the ache. This is how the Word becomes flesh, not by patching up the old form, but by cracking it wide open so that glory can take its place.

Why Transformation Feels Like Death

Transformation is not romantic. It is not aesthetic. It is brutal, internal upheaval. It feels like death because it *is* death, to the timeline, to the illusion, to the image you learned to wear. When Christ is being formed in you, everything else that once claimed authority begins to die. This is not self-improvement. It is self-extinction. And it is holy.

Your nervous system may interpret this as trauma. Your soul may feel abandoned. But what's really happening is the dismantling of all false centers. God is not improving your inner structure. He is removing it. So that your being is rebuilt from the blueprint of union, not the architecture of ego. You will feel like you are dying because what is perishable is truly passing away.

This death is not a punishment. It is a portal. But few walk all the way through. Most turn back at the brink of total surrender. They cling to comfort, cling to reputation, cling to the familiar pain that has become their identity. But those who endure will rise, not as upgraded versions of themselves, but as living scrolls.

The grief you feel is not weakness. It is sacred. It is your inner world realizing that the old cannot come. The false cannot follow. The memory of who you were cannot survive in the gravity of the I AM. You are crossing a threshold where there is no going back.

Let the transformation be total. Let the death be complete. The caterpillar does not become a butterfly by adjusting its wings. It must melt. And so must you.

Grieving the Familiar Wineskin

There is a grief that comes with leaving behind what once carried you. The old wineskin may have been limited, but it was yours. It held your history, your safety, your language. But now it cracks beneath the weight of the new wine. And as it tears, it feels like you're losing part of yourself. You are. But what you are losing was never eternal.

Grieving the familiar is not weakness. It is acknowledgment of the transition. The Spirit does not demand denial. He invites honesty. There is a holy mourning that must take place when you realize your past identities, ministries, or beliefs cannot cross over. And in that grief, something new is made possible.

You may miss the comfort of your former identity. The ease of fitting in. The clarity of religious certainty. But you are not called to clarity. You are called to fire. The elect must learn to weep over what they are leaving while not turning back. Lot's wife looked back and became stone. The elect weep forward.

There will be days when you long for the old container, not because it was good, but because it was known. But the unknown is where the scroll unfolds. The unfamiliar is where the flame descends. The new wineskin is being forged not from comfort, but from consecration.

Honor the grief, but don't marry it. Let it cleanse, not control. What you are becoming cannot fit into what you are grieving. Your tears are baptizing the container for your next becoming.

Resurrection Only Comes After Burial

You cannot resurrect what has never died. Resurrection power is not an extension of ego into spirituality, it is the complete obliteration of the false self so that only the eternal flame

remains. Many desire the glory of resurrection but avoid the grave of surrender. Yet in the pattern of the scroll, burial always precedes the unveiling. Just as Jesus was placed in the tomb before He emerged in glory, so too must the old wineskin, the self-made version of you, be sealed in the silence of death. The Spirit will not raise what heaven never authored, and so every counterfeit identity must be laid to rest.

Burial is not abandonment. It is sacred transition. In the hidden soil of surrender, the divine DNA awakens. While it may look like nothing is happening to the onlookers, deep within the soil the scroll begins to vibrate. It begins to resonate with a life not of this world. This is why the elect often disappear for a season, not because they are disqualified, but because they are being requalified by fire and hiddenness. You cannot carry the ark until you have buried the idol.

This is not metaphorical language for minor change. It is a call to total release. What you buried is not meant to be resurrected in its former form. It will not rise as a better version of what died, it will rise as something altogether new. The butterfly does not resemble the caterpillar. The risen Christ was unrecognizable to those who knew Him before. If you are truly being transformed, even those closest to you will not recognize you, because your frame will carry a flame that cannot be discerned by memory.

In burial, we are stripped of recognition, reputation, and rhythm. The schedule of the old life collapses. The need to be seen is swallowed. The desire to be understood is released. You become nothing, and in that holy descent, the fullness of “I AM” begins to awaken. No longer animated by self-preservation or approval addiction, your breath begins to align with eternity itself. You become empty, but not void. You become barren, but not lifeless. You become hidden, but not absent.

Resurrection is not a reward. It is a revelation. It is not a status granted by God for good behavior, but a reality unveiled when the old container is gone. Resurrection is the fire-born frame of those who have passed through death and carry the scroll of divine origin. You do not rise by willpower. You rise by union with the Word that cannot be buried. That is the secret, only what is born of the eternal can rise again.

Letting Go of Who You Thought You Were

This is the most painful part of the wineskin shift, letting go of the version of you that worked, that was praised, that even felt anointed, but was still a fabrication of the ego. Many people are more attached to their spiritual identity than their carnal one. They don't struggle to let go of sin, but they cling to the old version of their calling, their title, their image, their voice. The problem is not always wickedness, it is self-attachment. When the Spirit says "die," He is not asking you to die to sin alone, but to your image of you.

Who you thought you were is not who you are. Even your spiritual roles, your ministry, your gifts, your achievements, they are temporary containers for an eternal scroll. When the fire comes, it doesn't just burn the bad. It consumes everything that isn't flame-born. This includes that version of you that was built in reaction to pain, to applause, to rejection, to religion. The you that was formed in adaptation must yield to the you formed in revelation.

Letting go is terrifying because it feels like letting go of survival. If you let go of who you thought you were, who will remain? This is the fear that the enemy exploits, the illusion that your scroll is fragile, that your identity needs protection. But true identity does not need to be defended. It emerges in

fire and is sealed by the Lamb. When you finally release your grip on the old self, you will find that the real you, the you hidden in Christ, was never threatened by the letting go.

The breaking of the container includes the breaking of narratives. You must allow the false testimonies you believed about yourself to collapse. The voice that told you, “You are not enough,” or “You are too much,” must be silenced by the thundering “I AM” within. The old container was sustained by memory, survival, and image-management. But the new wineskin is built on surrender, stillness, and the fire of truth.

As you let go, you will weep. There is a grief in releasing what no longer carries life. But beloved, that grief is holy. It is not depression, it is deliverance. The tears you cry in the letting go are the baptismal waters of a new becoming. They are not weakness, but washing. And when they are finished, the scroll of who you truly are will rise like a flame from the ashes, word made flesh once again.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect ones, let this word pierce you, the breaking is not punishment, it is preparation. You are not losing yourself, you are shedding the shell that concealed your radiance. The Father is not angry with the old container, but He cannot fill it with what is coming. What you mourn is not being taken, it is being transfigured. Let it go. Do not try to patch it, upgrade it, or make it fit again. It was never meant to carry the weight of what you now bear.

You were not called to be a better version of your past. You were called to embody the eternal scroll that was written before time. That scroll cannot be carried in the identity

formed by culture, church, trauma, or ambition. It can only live in the “I AM” that rises through crucified self. Do not fear the unfamiliar, for the unknown realm is where the flame speaks most clearly. When you break, you do not shatter, you shed.

Allow yourself to grieve. Let the emotions rise without resistance. But do not build altars to what is fading. Let the fire have its full work. Let the wine spill if it must, for what will be poured next will not be contained in anything man-made. Your container is not made of behavior, titles, or even understanding. It is made of union. It is formed in surrender. It is forged in fire.

This is not the end of your story, elect one. This is the end of the illusion of who you thought you were. From here, a new flame will rise. A new wineskin will be formed. And the scroll will no longer be external, it will be written within. Let the old break. Let the Word become flesh again, in you.

Chapter 10: Wineskin Codes in Scripture

The Wine Is Always Fresh - But the Container Must Be Made New

“And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the wineskins will be ruined. No, they pour new wine into new wineskins.”

- Mark 2:22

“In a large house there are not only vessels of gold and silver but also of wood and clay, some for honorable use, some for dishonorable. Therefore, if anyone cleanses himself from what is dishonorable, he will be a vessel for honorable use, set apart as holy...”

- 2 Timothy 2:20–21

“Does not the potter have power over the clay, from the same lump to make one vessel for honor and another for dishonor?”

- Romans 9:21

Introduction: The Blueprint Hidden in Every Vessel

Before God does a new thing on the earth, He forms a new container. Before the flood, He formed an ark. Before the fire, He raised an altar. Before the Word became flesh, He prepared

a womb. And before the Spirit fell at Pentecost, He formed a people shaped by upper-room surrender. The new wine has never been the issue, it has always been about the wineskin. Every outpouring begins with a reshaping. Every awakening begins with a reforming. What is coming cannot fit into what was. The scroll cannot be poured into a cracked system. The fire cannot rest in a borrowed form.

The wineskin is not just the Church structure, the ministry model, or the external shell. The wineskin is you. The wineskin is your mind, your body, your nervous system, your relational patterns, your beliefs, your entire life architecture. It is your capacity to hold the divine without controlling it, your willingness to rupture before you restrict. Many cry out for the new wine, but few are willing to die to the container that cannot hold it. But heaven will not violate what is unyielded. The scroll will not be poured into a vessel built by fear, image, or hierarchy. The wineskin must be made new.

All throughout scripture, God has embedded codes of containers. From tents to temples, arks to altars, wombs to wells, every symbol is a pattern pointing to a greater reality, that the Spirit seeks a resting place. The pattern has always been parable. The glory always seeks a form. But not every form can carry it. This is why God changes the wineskin before He releases the wine. He hides the scroll inside metaphor, until a people rise who can become it.

We are in that moment now. The church age has cracked. The spectacle has burst. The false containers have spilled their contents. And now, the Lamb walks among the ruins, searching for sons who will become the skin that can carry the flame. Not the clever. Not the powerful. But the surrendered ones who have been stripped and stretched, forged and flayed, until nothing remains but pure capacity for union. This chapter is your summons, to see the wineskin codes of scripture not as

history, but as blueprint. The scroll is not calling you to read it. It is calling you to *become* it.

From Skins to Temples

In the beginning, the divine presence was hosted in skins, literal animal coverings like the tabernacle tents, ark veils, and priestly garments. These were prophetic prototypes, symbols wrapped in the limitations of a fallen age, waiting for a body that could hold the eternal. Yet these skins were never the goal. They were scaffolding for something far greater: a living temple not made with hands, but built from breathing stones, whose walls throb with flame. Scripture reveals a divine evolution of containment, from external coverings to internal communion, from rituals around the sacred to union with the sacred. God was always moving from goatskin to God-in-man.

The tabernacle was temporary, a tent that pointed forward to the ultimate container, Christ in you. The old wineskins, though sacred in their time, were destined to stretch, burst, and fall away. This is why the patterns shifted from generation to generation. The skins of Moses could not hold the thunder of the Son. And the temple of Solomon, glorious though it was, trembled at the feet of a carpenter who said, “Destroy this temple and I will raise it in three days.” The journey of scripture is the journey of the wineskin, evolving, dying, and being reborn into the likeness of the eternal Son.

The codes were never just about buildings or ceremonies. They whispered of a living ark, a human lampstand, a body burning with the indwelling scroll. From the Genesis coverings after the fall, to the Levitical garments of holiness, to the temple blueprints and the prophetic scrolls eaten by Ezekiel and John, every piece of scripture carries this deeper code, God looking

for a container worthy of the wine. The old forms could carry the law, but not the flame of union. They could host the symbols, but not the fullness. The wineskin must match the glory it is called to carry.

Scripture is a progressive unveiling of this truth. From skins on altars to the Son clothed in skin, the story of the Bible is not merely about religion or history, it is about architecture, about vessels and transformation, about the movement of the Flame from cloud to body. When the Word became flesh, it wasn't the end of the wineskin journey, it was the prototype of the final one, you. The blueprint has always been embedded in the Word. The final wineskin is not a form but a flame-formed people, awakened in Christ, whose spirits are scrolls and whose temples are walking tabernacles of glory.

From Vessels to Flames

There is a hidden transition throughout scripture: vessels turn into flames. God never intended His people to remain as static containers. He always desired them to become fire. Vessels are good, but they are temporary; flames are eternal. You were never just meant to carry truth, you were meant to *become* it. This is why He baptizes not only in water, but in fire. He is turning stone jars into burning torches, golden bowls into eternal flames, and clay vessels into embodied thunder. This pattern unfolds through every character of scripture. Jeremiah said the Word was like fire shut up in his bones. Ezekiel ate the scroll and it consumed him. John fell like a dead man at the feet of the Voice.

The wineskin journey begins with being formed as a vessel, but it culminates in becoming the fire itself. This is the divine paradox, you are both the ark and the flame inside it. The old covenant prepared vessels, but the new covenant ignites them. You were not made to contain holiness from a distance. You were made to be one with it, indistinguishable from it. That's why Paul could say, "It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me." The vessel had become flame, the wineskin had fused with the wine. It is no longer about duality, but union.

This transformation is not poetic metaphor, it is the architecture of your rebirth. The same Spirit that hovered over the waters now burns within your ribs. The same fire that fell on Sinai now whispers through your soul. The goal is not that you attend flame-filled meetings, but that you become a flame-walking man. From Moses' burning bush to the cloven tongues of fire in Acts 2, the pattern is clear: God moves from

visitation to habitation, from vessels to flames, from carriers to incarnations.

To become a flame, the vessel must be emptied. The wineskin must die to its old use, its self-image, its cracked edges. And then it must be reformed by the breath of the Potter, infused with flame from the inside out. Many want the wine without the fire, but only the fire forges the wineskin that lasts. The scriptures do not flatter us with ease. They burn away the outer skin and unveil a scroll that glows from within. This is the new covenant reality, you are not only filled, you are consumed.

Those who become flame walk differently. They do not speak from information, they speak from ignition. Their words are not polished, they are weighty. Their lives are not perfect, they are poured out. The wineskin is not about aesthetics, it is about alignment. God is not looking for clean resumes. He is looking for yielded fires. The scriptures have always pointed to this. He is raising sons of flame, not vessels of fear. And their light cannot be hidden.

When God Changes the Pattern

Every time God pours a new measure of wine, He changes the pattern of the container. This is why the prophets never fit the old mold. They carried scrolls that required a different frame. Noah built something the world had never seen. Moses forged a tabernacle from heavenly blueprints. David danced out of his kingly garments to carry the ark on his back. Elijah dressed in wild skins and called down fire. John the Baptist ate locusts and shattered the temple system with a single cry in the wilderness. Every one of them broke the old wineskin because the new scroll demanded it.

We often romanticize biblical characters, but most were misunderstood in their generation. Why? Because the wineskin they carried didn't match the religious structures of the day. They were rejected, not because they were wrong, but because they were *new*. This is the agony of the forerunner. The scroll demands a vessel that has never been seen before. When God shifts the wine, He must shift the shape. And when He shifts the shape, people react with fear or nostalgia. But new wine does not respect old nostalgia. It only honors alignment.

The people of God must learn to discern the shape of what God is building, even when it looks unfamiliar. We must learn not to idolize the form, but to follow the flame. The form is the vehicle. The flame is the voice. The wineskin is always changing, but the wine is always the same, the glory of the Lamb made manifest in flesh. God will not pour eternity into cracked systems. He will not entrust the scroll to containers still trying to perform. The scroll demands death to the old so it can be resurrected in power.

This is why revival often dies in its infancy. We try to pour it into yesterday's structure. We try to package it, monetize it, brand it, and fit it into the schedules of men. But the scroll does not bow to commerce. The wine does not pour into performance. When God changes the pattern, it is a mercy. It is Him protecting the scroll. The wineskin must match the revelation. The container must be crucified if it cannot carry the weight of the flame.

God is not sentimental about our systems. He is faithful to the scroll. And if He must tear down every temple to reveal the body of Christ, He will do it. The new wineskin is not made of programs, events, or denominations. It is made of surrendered lives who have become one with the flame. Scripture testifies again and again, those who walk in the pattern will carry the wine.

Why the Prophets Seemed Strange

The prophets were not strange for the sake of performance. They were strange because their wineskin had already died. They no longer moved according to societal rhythm or temple approval. Their lives were scrolls in motion, containers stripped of human conformity. Their strangeness was not madness, it was alignment with a different realm. They ate scrolls, lay on sides for months, walked naked in prophetic signs, and roared in poetic fury not because they were eccentric, but because the old container could no longer hold what they carried.

Isaiah's fire-touched lips, Ezekiel's wheels within wheels, Hosea's scandalous marriage, these were all ruptures in the old wineskin, violent unveilings of a container reformed by glory. When heaven speaks through flesh, it bends the pattern. The prophet is a portal, not a performer. He does not speak to please, but to plow. And what he plows is not the soil of relevance, but the soil of eternity breaking into time. This is why they seemed strange. They were not building stages, they were carrying scrolls. Not entertaining crowds, but birthing patterns.

God has always used the strange ones to shatter the familiar. The wilderness man, the wild-haired seer, the naked weeping prophet, they were messages wrapped in skin, divine interruptions of a religious rhythm grown stale. Their lives were not their own. They became the wineskin. They became the scroll. The flame consumed their image, their comfort, their legacy. But in doing so, they unveiled the new pattern. They were living parables of what the next container required.

In our generation, we often avoid this strangeness. We want the wine without the rupture, the flame without the firewalk. But the scroll will not conform to comfort. The prophets teach us that the new wineskin will *always* feel like madness before it feels like wisdom. It will always look foolish to those who cling to form. But in the tension between madness and miracle, the wineskin is reborn. And through the strangeness of one surrendered vessel, an age can shift.

The strangeness is a sign. Not of rebellion, but of recalibration. The ones who carry tomorrow will never fit inside the container of yesterday. The scroll reshapes the skin. And the elect are called to become strange again, not for show, but because the flame will not rest in the familiar. The prophets point the way: die to what is expected, and become what is eternal.

Jesus as the Pattern of the New Container

Jesus was not just the bringer of the new wine, He was the new wineskin itself. His body was the temple, His life the scroll, His words the wine. Every step He took shattered the old form. He healed on the Sabbath, touched the unclean, spoke with the outcast, wept at tombs, flipped tables, walked through walls, and carried the voice of the eternal inside mortal breath. The law could not contain Him. The temple could not hold Him. The grave could not keep Him. He was the final pattern.

When Jesus said, “Follow Me,” He wasn’t calling for agreement, He was calling for re-architecture. To follow Him is to become like Him, to let the old container die so the new scroll can rise. He was both Lamb and Lion, both priest and temple, both sacrifice and ark. In Him, all the vessels of

scripture converge into a single incarnated flame. He didn't just teach parables. He *was* the parable. The living scroll walking among men. The final wineskin, broken and poured out.

The new wineskin is not built by seminar or sermon. It is forged by beholding the Son. As we gaze into His pattern, the old within us begins to rupture. The fear-based structures. The ego-based ministry. The performance-based identity. It all begins to collapse in the light of the Lamb. He teaches us not only what to say, but what to *be*. The new wineskin is not formed by mimicry, but by union. And union requires death. You cannot carry the scroll of the Lamb and remain in the shell of the old man.

His crucified body became the container for a resurrected world. And now, He calls us to the same mystery, to become the scroll, to let the old container break, and to rise as flames made flesh. Jesus is not just the savior of our souls. He is the blueprint of our transformation. The temple veil tore not to give us access to a place, but to unveil a new kind of person, one who walks with God *within*. The old wineskin is obsolete. The Lamb has made you new.

He is not just the wine, but the wineskin, and now He lives in you. This is the mystery unveiled through scripture: the pattern was always a Person. And the Person has become the pattern within you.

Spirit-Body Union Throughout the Bible

From the very beginning, the union of Spirit and body has been the goal. Adam was dust until the breath entered him. Ezekiel's bones rattled, but it was the wind that brought them

to life. Mary carried the Word in flesh through a supernatural overshadowing. Pentecost was not about fire above heads, but union within hearts. The Spirit has always been seeking a body to fill, not temporarily, but eternally. This is the wineskin journey: the joining of spirit and form, the indwelling of flame in skin.

Scripture does not separate soul from scroll. It shows them merging, until the vessel becomes the voice. This is why Paul called your body a temple. Why he said you are not your own. The wineskin is not an external calling, it is your very being. The Spirit is not looking to anoint your plans. He is looking to consume your form. To walk with God is not to be externally guided, but internally possessed by divine flame. The union is not poetic. It is incarnational.

Every story in scripture echoes this mystery. Jacob's limp. Joseph's dreams. Moses' glowing face. David's weeping. Elijah's mantle. Esther's favor. Daniel's visions. Mary's womb. John's thunder. Each was a scroll walking in skin, a container of something they didn't fully understand, yet were fully surrendered to. Spirit and body are not enemies. When yielded, they become one.

Religion teaches escape from the body. But the scroll teaches indwelling within it. Not to glorify flesh, but to sanctify form. To let the Flame transfigure the frame. This is why Paul speaks of groaning for redemption, why Jesus' body became the bread, why Revelation ends with a *city* filled with light, a body redeemed, a wineskin glorified.

You are not waiting to be free from the body. You are waiting for it to become the full temple. The Spirit is already within, but the container is being reformed. This is the unfolding mystery: a scroll, made flesh, filled with flame, transfigured by love. That is what you are becoming.

The Scroll Hidden in Parable Form

The scriptures are layered in parables because the scroll is always hidden within form. Jesus taught in riddles not to confuse, but to filter. The truth was never meant to be given to the casual. It was hidden like a scroll within a wineskin, seen only by those willing to break the outer shell. Every parable is a wineskin concealing a flame. Every story a shadow pointing to a deeper scroll. He said, “He who has ears to hear, let him hear,” because the scroll is encoded in spirit, not syllables.

The wineskin codes are not surface narratives. They are divine architectures. The lost coin. The hidden pearl. The buried treasure. The seed that dies. The fig tree cursed. The wedding garment. The wineskin torn. All of these are blueprints in metaphor. If you only read them morally, you miss the scroll. If you read them architecturally, you see the forming of a new humanity. Jesus was not handing out principles. He was unveiling patterns.

The scriptures are still parables. And your life has become one of them. You are the field. You are the vessel. You are the temple. You are the skin that must be broken for the wine to flow. This is why the scroll must be read from the inside out. Flesh reads for comfort. Flame reads for blueprint. The new wineskin is built by those who eat the scroll, not analyze it.

The hidden scroll is always within the ordinary. That is the genius of the wineskin code. A manger. A donkey. A cup of water. A broken woman. A small boy’s lunch. A buried talent. These are the parables through which the Lamb still speaks. The scroll is not loud. It is veiled. But for those whose flame is lit, the veil becomes a mirror. The scriptures open. The wineskin speaks.

You are the scroll now. And your life is the parable. Let it be broken, so the wine may pour.

Final Charge to the Sons

Sons, you are the new wineskin. Not the cracked systems of the past. Not the religious structures of compromise. You are the container being reformed in the image of the Lamb. The scroll you carry cannot fit into yesterday's skin. You must let the old shell die. You must let the old rhythms break. You must become the pattern the next age will follow. For the scroll does not honor the clever, but the crucified. The wine does not rest on the stage, but in the surrendered.

The scriptures you've read all your life have been whispering this one truth: the scroll must have a body. The flame must have a form. And the Lamb must walk again. in you. Let the wineskin journey complete its work. Let the container be reforged. Let the temple be revealed. You were never meant to perform. You were made to contain glory.

You are the new wineskin for the new wine. And your surrender is the doorway. Not to relevance, but to radiance. Not to popularity, but to purity. Not to approval, but to union. The scroll within you is alive. But it will not unfold inside a cracked skin. Let the reformation begin in you. Let the flame rewrite the frame.

This is not theory. This is the architecture of awakening. You are the wineskin. You are the scroll. Let Him pour.

PART II - FORMING THE NEW

CHAPTER 11: FORM MUST FOLLOW FLAME

The Structure Is Born From the Scroll, Not the System

“See that you make everything according to the pattern that was shown you on the mountain.”

- Hebrews 8:5

“Unless the Lord builds the house, those who build it labor in vain.”

- Psalm 127:1

“For every house is built by someone, but the builder of all things is God... whose house we are if indeed we hold firmly to our confidence and the hope in which we glory.”

- Hebrews 3:4,6

Introduction: The Order of the Scroll

Before there was a tabernacle, there was a mountain. Before there was a blueprint, there was a burning bush. Before there was a structure, there was a voice, a flame, a scroll, a fire that revealed the divine pattern from above. Religion reverses this sequence. It builds form first, then invites the Spirit to enter it. But heaven never builds that way. The scroll comes first. Then the fire. Then the frame.

Every divine movement begins with fire. The bush burns, the mountain trembles, the heavens open, and only then does the Spirit invite man to align structure with the unseen. When form precedes flame, we end up worshipping the form. But when flame precedes form, we become servants of the flame, carriers of the scroll, architects of living tabernacles that breathe with divine order. In this sacred rhythm, we are not builders of monuments but midwives of the eternal.

In the age to come, the elect will not ask, “What system should we build?” They will ask, “What scroll is burning?” They will not replicate the old wineskin with better branding. They will wait in the wilderness until the cloud moves. This generation must unlearn the obsession with method and re-learn the way of movement, the architecture of obedience, the formation of holy containers that are birthed in fire, not forged in committees.

Heaven’s scrolls do not require marketing departments, performance stages, or corporate systems to become effective. They require vessels willing to burn. Form is not the enemy, but form that precedes flame becomes idolatry. Structure must bow to Spirit. The wineskin must yield to the wine. And what is birthed from the Flame will carry the mark of eternity, not the fingerprints of man.

Let us now unveil the mystery of sacred architecture, how God does not bless what man builds, but builds through what He already blessed. Let the elect arise who refuse to mimic systems and instead embody the fire that forms all things from within.

Form Without Flame Becomes Religion

When structure is elevated above presence, you do not get holiness, you get religion. You get a system void of Spirit, a method void of movement, a temple with no glory. The priests go through the motions, but Ichabod is written on the door. You can have perfect liturgy and dead bones. You can have order and no oil. The moment we make form primary, we begin embalming the scroll instead of embodying it.

Religion is addicted to predictability. It wants to know how the service will go, what the offering will be, how the stage will look, who will speak. But the Lamb cannot be boxed. The scroll cannot be tamed. The Spirit is not a guest speaker to be invited into our format, He is the Flame from which all format must flow. If you want heaven's weight, you must release your need to control it.

When churches, ministries, or movements start with structure instead of Spirit, they may gather crowds but lose the cloud. The early glory becomes a memory, and all that remains is machinery. And in this machinery, we teach people to conform instead of transform. We raise up managers instead of mystics. Administrators instead of ark-carriers. The elect must discern this shift before it's too late.

Structure without Spirit kills creativity, suffocates scrolls, and domesticates the divine. It teaches us to perform for applause instead of burning for the One who sees in secret. This is the great trade-off of religion: it exchanges living fire for lifeless routine. But the sons of the Flame were never meant to be managers of movements, they are living epistles, not organizational charts.

True form is not lifeless order, it is living obedience. But that obedience must be born in the flame. Form without fire will always drift into performance, hierarchy, and control. But form

born from fire will always carry the signature of heaven: holiness, freedom, movement, and eternal weight.

Flame Without Form Becomes Chaos

While the Spirit must lead, the structure must still follow. A flame that refuses to take on form remains ungrounded, scattered, and often destructive. This is the mistake of the unformed prophetic, those who burn, but never build. Those who receive revelation, but never embody order. But the kingdom scroll was never just to be shouted, it was to be stewarded, shaped, and sealed.

Divine chaos births conception, but it must lead to construction. Even the cosmos, once formless and void, was brought into order by the word. The Spirit hovered over the waters, but then God spoke. And that divine speech gave form to the flame. This is the rhythm of heaven: overflow, then order. Movement, then mandate. Power, then pattern. Without the willingness to receive divine form, flame becomes flash without fire, spark without substance.

Those who reject structure in the name of “freedom” often remain spiritually immature. They confuse lawlessness for liberty. But the flame is holy, and holiness always takes on form. The Lamb was not just a burst of glory, He became flesh. The Word was not just thunder, it was tabernacled. So too must the flame within us find expression. We must yield our bones to become the frame of fire.

Chaos may ignite awakening, but it cannot sustain it. A move of God birthed in freedom must be built with wisdom. It must be housed in humility. Without form, you cannot carry the scroll. Without structure, the fire leaks. God is not the author

of confusion, but of design. Even in Pentecost, the upper room fire birthed a community of radical order, where hearts were one, resources shared, and the apostles stood in true authority.

To reject form altogether is not holiness, it is rebellion disguised as freedom. But to allow flame to birth form is sacred architecture. It is kingdom order. It is the pattern of the Lamb who builds the house not made with hands.

The Divine Order of Flow First, Then Structure

In the divine sequence, it is always the scroll before the structure, the Spirit before the system. Moses did not build the tabernacle and then ask God to come. He saw the pattern in heaven and then built according to what he saw. This is the way of the elect, they build what they've beheld, not what they've inherited from religion. They receive from the mountain before they draw on the whiteboard.

Flow first means sensitivity to the flame. It means listening before leading, beholding before building, waiting before working. This is where many movements fail, they move prematurely, building replicas of former glories instead of waiting for fresh fire. But every wineskin has an expiration date. Only what flows from the scroll remains eternal. The rest is scaffolding for what God already left.

Structure is not evil, but premature structure can kill destiny. If the scroll is still forming, do not lock it in a box. Let the fire breathe. Let the vision marinate in stillness. When we prematurely institutionalize the move of God, we mummify the breath of heaven. We trade revelation for replication. But true sons know: no flame, no frame.

Once the scroll is clear, form becomes holy. It is not a cage, but a cradle. It does not suppress the flame, it protects it. But that only works when structure follows scroll. When the pattern of heaven informs the design on earth, the container becomes radiant. The house becomes alive. The system becomes an extension of surrender, not control.

To walk in divine order, the elect must guard the sequence. The scroll births the flame, the flame births the flow, and only then is form permitted to emerge. This is how heaven builds. This is how the sons must build in the age to come.

How the Spirit Forms the Wineskin Around the Scroll

The Spirit never builds around our preferences, only our obedience. The wineskin of heaven is not shaped by trends, popularity, or cultural demand, but by the scroll we carry. It is not man who determines the form, but the Flame. The scroll speaks, the Spirit moves, and the architecture of obedience begins to take shape. Like Noah building an ark for rain he had never seen, the elect must build containers based on words they barely understand. Faith shapes the frame.

The scroll is alive, and it requires a wineskin that breathes with it. This means the Spirit will not allow static forms to house dynamic flames. As the scroll evolves, the structure must flex. This is why many leaders grow frustrated, they built a frame around yesterday's word, and now the word has moved. But

the frame remains. The Spirit, however, has already lifted the cloud.

When we truly yield to the scroll, the Spirit forms a container uniquely designed to protect it, reveal it, and multiply it. This container may look nothing like what Babylon considers effective. It may be hidden, unpolished, without applause. But it will be holy. And in the end, only holy things remain. The Spirit is not interested in efficiency, He is interested in faithfulness. And where faithfulness abides, divine order follows.

Many want the scroll but not the shaping. They want revelation without responsibility. But when the scroll comes, it demands formation. You do not get to carry the Lamb's mystery in casual containers. The Spirit will reorder your schedule, your relationships, your identity, all to house what heaven has entrusted to you. The container is shaped by the scroll, not the other way around.

To become a wineskin that can carry the next move of God, you must surrender every previous blueprint. The scroll you carry will cost you everything familiar. But what is birthed from flame will never fade. It will not be a ministry, a model, or a brand, it will be a throne-touched structure formed by the breath of I AM.

Movement Before Method

In the economy of heaven, movement always precedes method. The wind moves, then we follow. The cloud lifts, then we pack up. The Lamb walks, and we align our feet. Method is not evil, but method without movement becomes a grave. The elect are called to respond to divine impulses, not repeat past

successes. They are navigators of flame, not engineers of formula.

Every time Israel tried to settle prematurely, they stagnated. The wilderness was not a place of punishment, but of movement training. They learned how to follow the unpredictable rhythms of God. One day the fire stood still. The next day it moved. And their only task was obedience. Not performance. Not growth metrics. Just movement. The method was irrelevant. The flame was everything.

Movements die when method becomes master. What began in revelation ends in repetition. Leaders no longer wait on the Lord, they consult what worked last year. Teams no longer burn with holy weight, they strategize for engagement. This is how scrolls are replaced with scripts. But the elect were born for more than recycled formulas. They were born for fire-born formation.

To truly embody this movement-first mindset, one must be willing to walk in mystery. You will not always know what's next. You may be misunderstood, mislabeled, misquoted. But you will be obedient. And in that obedience, heaven will form new wineskins that no one has ever seen before. Wineskins that drip with holy oil and quake with uncreated light.

Method will always be available, but movement must be discerned. Choose movement. Choose the whisper, not the strategy. Choose the scroll, not the script. And from that posture, the divine method will come. Not as a limitation, but as a living extension of the flame.

Containers That Move With the Cloud

The old wineskin is static, institutional, bound to place and performance. The new wineskin is mobile, living, bound only to the movement of the cloud. The sons of the age to come are not stationary priests, they are moving tabernacles. They do not build temples for God to visit. They become the temple that moves with Him. Their very lives are scrolls in motion.

When the cloud moves, these containers move. When the fire pauses, they pause. This rhythm of movement is not logistical, it is prophetic. It trains us to live by breath, not blueprint. By flame, not format. The elect are not here to build empires, they are here to host the ark. And the ark was never meant to be parked. It was made to lead the procession of those who follow the Lamb wherever He goes.

This kind of container requires total flexibility. It means you may leave a thriving ministry overnight because the cloud lifted. It means you may walk into obscurity while others build platforms. It means your yes must be stronger than your reputation. The reward is this: you will always be where the Lamb is. You will always move with the scroll, never lag behind, never run ahead.

These living containers are not defined by branding or structure. They are defined by obedience. They are recognized not by metrics, but by movement. They do not mimic revivals. They carry the fire. And because they move with the cloud, they always arrive in time, even if it looks late to man. They are synchronized with eternity.

If you want to be a container that moves with the cloud, you must unclench your grip on the past. You must stop asking for stability and start asking for sensitivity. The wineskin that moves is the wineskin that remains. Everything else will crack, collapse, or be consumed. But the one who moves with God

will be formed by God. And the flame within them will never go out.

Spirit-First Architecture in the Age to Come

The age to come is not being built by church growth models, leadership manuals, or five-year strategic plans. It is being formed by scrolls. By fire. By Spirit-first architecture that flows from the Lamb, not from legacy systems. The architects of the age to come are those who design only what heaven reveals. They draw from the throne, not the market. From union, not ambition.

Spirit-first architecture listens before drawing. It beholds before building. It kneels before acting. These architects wait on the whisper. They weep over the blueprint. They fast until the scroll speaks. And only then do they begin to frame the structure. Their designs may not make sense to Babylon, but they will house glory. They will carry flame.

This new architecture does not look like what came before. It may be a small group in a hidden room. It may be a movement without a name. It may be a sanctuary built in silence. But it will pulse with heaven's rhythm. Because it is birthed in Spirit, it will never crack under pressure. Because it is formed by flame, it will never grow cold in winter.

The Spirit is not interested in preserving old blueprints. He is issuing new ones. Scrolls sealed until now. Patterns hidden until the sons arose. These scrolls will reshape regions, birth cities of light, and dismantle false thrones. But only those who build by Spirit will hold them. Only those who form after flame will endure the weight.

The elect are not just stewards of revelation, they are builders of realms. They do not conform structures to comfort people. They conform structures to house the scroll. And in doing so,

they will design the architecture of the Kingdom. Not for applause. But for union. For glory. For the Lamb.

Final Charge to the Elect

Sons of flame, hear this now: do not build before you burn. Do not design before you descend the mountain. You were never called to replicate the patterns of men, but to embody the mysteries of God. Let the scroll burn in your bones until it forms your frame. Let the fire consume every old blueprint that was not born of union. You were not sent to manage systems. You were sent to become one.

You will be tempted to skip formation, to rush construction, to cling to stability — but resist the urge to build without beholding. Heaven is not interested in your efficiency. Heaven is seeking vessels that wait for the whisper. Flames who move only when the cloud lifts. Scrolls who walk, not talk. Sons who burn first, then build second.

Your wineskin must match the scroll. Your container must carry the same frequency as the flame. This will cost you popularity. It will offend religious minds. It will make you seem unstable to men. But to heaven, you will be known. You will be trusted. You will be entrusted with the architecture of the age to come.

So go now, not to build, but to burn. Go now, not to perform, but to be formed. And from that holy formation, a scroll will emerge. A container will be shaped. And a kingdom will descend through the life of one who dared to let flame form them before they framed anything.

Chapter 12 - Memory Leaks in Old Containers

When the Scroll Is Heard but Not Retained, the Flame Flickers Instead of Burns

“Therefore we must pay much closer attention to what we have heard, lest we drift away from it.”

- Hebrews 2:1

“But the ones that fell on the good ground are those who, having heard the word with a noble and good heart, keep it and bear fruit with patience.”

- Luke 8:15

“The seed falling on rocky ground refers to someone who hears the word and at once receives it with joy. But since they have no root, they last only a short time.”

- Matthew 13:20–21

Introduction: The Mystery of Spiritual Retention

There is a sacred mystery few have fully grasped: revelation not retained is revelation not truly received. It is not enough to hear the word of the Lord, to be moved by its thunder or even shaken by its weight. If the vessel is leaky, the word will not abide. Like oil poured into a cracked jar, divine truth will seep through the fractures of an unhealed heart, leaving the soul

hungry though it has been fed, thirsty though it has drunk from the fountain. Many in this generation live in cycles of hearing, falling, remembering, forgetting. This is not because the scroll is weak, but because the wineskin cannot yet hold what it was given.

When the Lord speaks, He does not speak to entertain the ear. He speaks to form. Every word is a seed of structure, every revelation a strand of Kingdom DNA. But if the container has not been aligned, sealed, and made whole, the revelation cannot form a dwelling within. The parable of the sower is not just about seed and soil, but about the design of retention. Hard ground, rocky ground, and thorny ground all symbolize inner fractures, wineskins that cannot hold the word long enough for it to become flesh. Only the good soil retains. Only the good soil contains.

Memory leaks are not mere forgetfulness, they are indicators of spiritual misalignment. When the heart is not aligned to the scroll it received, it subconsciously discards it. This is why many receive prophetic insight with tears on Sunday but return to compromise by Wednesday. This is not rebellion, it is rupture. A vessel not fully given to transformation cannot hold what transformation requires. A cracked vessel cannot be filled without first being healed.

God does not waste wine. He will test your capacity to contain before He pours again. And if what you once received was lost, He will return to the same place in the spirit and reveal why it was never sealed. Sometimes this looks like repetition in life, a pattern reappearing, a lesson relived, a flame you once carried now flickering into smoke. But in the Kingdom, repetition is mercy. It is an opportunity to reseal the wineskin and retain what was meant to mature you.

This chapter is a sacred diagnosis for the sons of light, those who have tasted the word of fire and long to walk in full remembrance of who they are. It is not enough to hear scrolls. You must become them. Revelation must find habitation. And habitation requires alignment.

Revelation Forgotten Is Revelation Unformed

To forget a divine word is not a simple lapse of memory, it is a disruption in formation. Revelation, when given, is not just information to ponder but architecture to host. Every revelation carries within it a blueprint that, when retained and obeyed, forms something eternal in you. But if the vessel does not keep the word, the formation process is aborted. It is like conceiving a child but failing to nourish the womb. The pregnancy never matures into birthing. Likewise, revelation forgotten is revelation unformed, it remains a seed never watered.

The Spirit of God is not casual with words. He speaks only what is necessary for your divine structure. This means every time you are moved, convicted, or awakened by truth, you are being shaped, if and only if the word is held. When you lose that word, you lose a layer of divine identity you were meant to walk in. The loss of memory becomes the loss of form. You remain stirred but shapeless, aware but untransformed, ignited but unstructured.

One reason the elect are called to meditate day and night is because remembrance is a spiritual technology. Meditation anchors revelation until it becomes embodiment. Without remembrance, the scroll cannot descend from sound to structure. Many hear thunder, but few become the mountain from which the thunder flows. Many receive the word of the

Lord but fail to let it carve them into the image of the Lamb. It is not the scroll that fails, it is the memory that leaks.

God is not only looking for those who can hear Him, but for those who can retain Him. Just as the ark of the covenant carried His commandments, His rod, and His manna, your heart must become an ark that holds what He says. Revelation is not for collection, but for transformation. To carry a word is to be changed by it.

And so, to forget is not innocent, it is a sign that the wineskin must be made new. Before God releases the next scroll, He often brings you back to the one you dropped. He is not repeating Himself. He is repairing the breach where formation was halted. This is divine love: He will keep forming until the memory becomes manifestation.

Why You Keep Repeating Lessons

The pattern of repetition in your life is not random, it is redemptive. In the Kingdom, God does not move on from what was not sealed. If He gave you a scroll and you did not retain it, He will return again and again until the word becomes flesh. This is why certain themes, struggles, or invitations seem to revisit you. It is not punishment, it is process. Repetition reveals where you have not yet contained.

Many sons ask, “Why am I here again?” or “Haven’t I learned this already?” But Heaven does not measure learning by exposure, it measures by transformation. To hear a truth is not to master it. You only graduate when you become what you heard. Until then, the lesson will loop, not as cruelty, but as grace. The loop is the Lord showing you where your wineskin still leaks.

God's goal is not to overwhelm you with new information, but to mature what you've already received. One scroll, fully retained, can birth an entire age. But shallow retention leads to scattered growth. This is why the enemy targets your memory, he seeks to steal the seed before it roots. The spiritual war is not only over your hearing, but over your holding.

True maturity is not seen in how many sermons you've listened to, but in how many you've become. You may attend every revival, hear every prophetic word, and still be leaking at the core. The wineskin must be healed before it can be filled. The Father does not want partial obedience or temporary fire. He wants vessels who carry Him fully and long.

So, when you feel the lesson repeating, rejoice. You are being invited to repair what was ruptured. Ask not, "Why again?" but "What must be resealed in me?" Repetition is the mercy that forms sons.

Leaky Vessels: Hearing but Not Retaining

A leaky vessel is one that hears but cannot hold. It is the believer who is moved in the moment but forgets the word within hours. It is the disciple who receives scrolls but fails to embody them. This leak is not always visible, but it is deeply felt. You know the word came in power, but later, you are unchanged. This is not a lack of hunger. It is a fracture in the vessel's integrity.

The leak can come from many sources: unhealed wounds, unresolved lies, inner rebellion, distraction, or even spiritual fatigue. These cracks make it impossible for the scroll to remain. The flame flickers, the oil drains, the word fades. And slowly, you begin to think the scroll wasn't real, or the fire

wasn't strong. But it was never about the scroll, it was about the structure.

Retention is a holy act of warfare. You must war to keep what God has given you. This means sealing your heart, guarding your mind, and obeying the word until it becomes part of your nature. A scroll retained will shift everything about you, your language, your decisions, your perception. But if it leaks, even the most powerful truth becomes a forgotten echo.

Many in this age are drunk on information but starved of formation. They collect scrolls but have not become scrolls. The wineskin is porous. The Spirit is willing, but the structure is too brittle to sustain the weight. Until the leaks are sealed, the flame cannot remain.

But the Lord heals cracked vessels. He restores broken wineskins. He mends where you were torn. And when He does, He pours again. Not because you earned it, but because He knows you are ready to hold it. Retention is not performance, it is alignment.

Containment Is Alignment

To contain divine revelation is not merely to remember it, but to become *one* with it. Containment requires alignment, the full convergence of spirit, soul, and body into the vibration of the Word received. When a son is out of alignment in thought, action, or motive, the scroll begins to leak. It is not because the scroll has diminished, but because the vessel cannot bear its weight without cracking. Alignment is not perfection by the standards of man, but purity of intent before the throne. It is the posture of the heart that says, "Let it be done unto me

according to Thy Word,” even when the Word pierces or undoes you.

Revelation leaks when there is contradiction within. The scroll cannot remain where rebellion still reigns in hidden corners. When sons try to receive scrolls while still clutching to old mindsets, old identities, or Babylonian frameworks, the container splits. This is why revelation sometimes arrives like lightning but fades like smoke, not because it was not real, but because the container was not yet prepared to seal and walk it. Alignment is the spiritual glue that allows vision to take form without bleeding out.

There is no containment without consecration. Consecration is the act of aligning one’s entire being to carry the flame without distortion. It is why sons who are entrusted with scrolls often go through seasons of pruning, refinement, and divine silence. These are not punishments, but architectural blueprints, aligning every inner chamber of the heart so that the scroll can dwell richly. Sons must ask not only *what* they are carrying, but *who* they are becoming in order to carry it.

Alignment also means divine timing. Many leak because they try to release the scroll too soon, before it has formed fully within. Premature release of holy content creates distortion and invites mockery, not because the scroll is wrong, but because it was not yet sealed in the son. Alignment with timing is not delay, it is divine orchestration. Those who move too quickly are like wineskins poured into before they’ve been cured. But those who wait until the seal within is complete will carry a scroll that no man can erase.

And finally, alignment requires agreement. Agreement not with man, but with the Lamb who wrote the scroll within. Sons must lay down every competing narrative, every desire to be approved, and every counterfeit longing to be seen. They must

come into full agreement with the scroll and say, “Let the flame within define me.” In that moment, the leaking ceases. The container becomes a vessel of glory, aligned in silence, strengthened in fire, and sealed in obedience.

Scroll Retention Through Obedience

The scroll remains in those who obey. Not because God punishes the disobedient, but because disobedience creates structural rupture. Obedience is the architecture of revelation. It is not just hearing and nodding, but walking and becoming. Sons who retain divine downloads are those who respond with action, even when the action is internal. Every time a scroll is honored with response, the vessel expands. Every time it is delayed or ignored, the flame dims and the lines begin to blur.

Obedience sharpens clarity. A son who obeys what was whispered in the night will hear louder in the light. It is not the quantity of revelation that matters, but the retention of what was already given. Many cry for new scrolls while forgetting what was last revealed. The Father does not withhold, but He does steward. Why pour more into a vessel leaking from the bottom? To retain, you must *become*. Obedience is the act of sealing the scroll into your life until it no longer sounds like instruction, but identity.

True obedience is costly. It will require you to lose relationships, release platforms, lay down dreams, and often walk in silence. But this very cost is what makes the container worthy. The one who obeys with trembling will carry with weight. This is why some scrolls are hidden from the masses, not because they are too mysterious, but because they require too much transformation. Only obedient sons can retain what the Spirit whispers in fire.

Scroll retention is not memory, it is manifestation. A son who walks in what he hears retains it forever, even if the exact

words fade. The flame becomes flesh. You don't need to remember the exact phrase when you have become the embodiment of its frequency. Obedience turns revelation from concept to conduct, from whisper to walk, from vision to vessel. This is why scrolls stay, not because you quote them, but because you become them.

Obedience also unlocks multiplication. When the scroll is obeyed, more is given. "To him who has, more will be given." What is retained through obedience becomes the foundation of greater scrolls. Sons who obey small instructions are being tested for large entrustments. Those who remember through embodiment will soon be carrying scrolls that move atmospheres, because heaven recognizes those who can hold the scroll without leaking.

The Heart as a Storage Place for Flame

The true container of revelation is not the mind, but the heart. The mind may process words, but only the heart can bear the flame. The heart is the throne-room chamber of the soul, where union takes place and scrolls are engraved by fire. When the heart is divided, hardened, or bitter, revelation cannot root deeply. But when the heart is soft, yielded, and pierced with love, it becomes a vault that retains divine fire through every storm.

The heart stores not facts, but frequencies. What remains with you after years is not what was said, but what burned. Many cannot recall the sermon, but they remember the encounter. This is because the heart recorded the flame, not the form. When sons begin to live from the heart and not the intellect, they store divine mystery more efficiently. The heart retains

through intimacy, not intellect. It remembers what it kissed, not what it catalogued.

Purity of heart is essential to flame retention. The pure in heart shall see God, and they shall also retain what He shows. A heart filled with unforgiveness, comparison, and pride will leak even the heaviest revelations. Not because the scroll isn't weighty, but because the heart isn't trustworthy. This is why purification is not optional for scribes. The scroll isn't stored in your pen, but in your heart, and the ink is obedience.

Healing the heart is not just for your emotional wholeness, it is for scroll stability. Sons who walk with wounded hearts may still hear revelation, but it flickers. Their container becomes inconsistent, their sound wavers. The more whole your heart, the more consistent your scroll. Do not neglect the chamber where flame is kept. Tend to it like an ark of covenant. Guard it like Eden. For out of the heart flow the scrolls of life.

The Father does not inscribe upon stone anymore, He writes upon living hearts. When your heart becomes the new covenant tablet, the scroll will no longer feel like a visitor. It will become a resident. Sons who allow their hearts to be the resting place of flame will find that even in silence, the scroll remains loud. Even in exile, the flame still burns. Even in loss, the ink of God stays sealed within.

How Alignment Prevents Leakage

When your entire being is aligned with the scroll, there are no more leaks. Alignment is not about striving but surrender, the yielding of every limb, thought, motive, and cell to the vibration of the Lamb's voice. The scroll does not leak from lack of intellect, but from inner contradiction. A divided man

cannot hold a whole scroll. But the one who is one with the Word, who thinks it, breathes it, becomes it, will walk as a sealed vessel.

Alignment also includes emotional congruence. You cannot carry revelation in spirit while harboring resentment in soul. Leaks begin when the scroll is one thing and your inner world is another. But when peace governs the emotions and union rules the soul, the container becomes leak-proof. Revelation then does not flash and fade, it roots and reigns. Sons must steward not just spiritual belief but emotional alignment.

Physical alignment also matters. The body is the temple of flame. Disregard for your body, exhaustion, over-extension, addiction, and cycles of burnout can all lead to leaking scrolls. When your physical rhythms war against your spiritual scroll, you become fatigued in fire. But when your rhythms, rest, and rituals align with your revelation, you move in divine sustainability. Alignment brings not just memory, but multiplication.

Communal alignment is the final dimension. Scrolls leak in wrong company. Your revelation may not die, but it will be distorted by atmospheres that do not honor it. Sons must guard their circle, not from fear, but from preservation. What took years to carry can be drained in days by continual dishonor. Surrounding yourself with flame-bearers allows scrolls to echo and expand. Honor is the climate of containment.

When all dimensions of your life align with the scroll, spirit, soul, body, and community, the container becomes holy. The leaking stops. The memory deepens. And the scroll becomes your name. You no longer ask, "Where did that word go?" You live it, walk it, and carry it. Alignment seals the leak and engraves the scroll into eternity.

Final Charge to the Elect

Sons, do not mourn the revelation you lost, let it awaken the flame of remembrance. You are not condemned for the leak, but called higher into seal. This chapter is not to shame, but to prepare. The scroll is returning. What you once received and felt fade is not gone forever. The Spirit is coming again to re-engrave, re-burn, and re-establish what was leaking, but this time, you will be ready. You will become the ark that retains. You will be the vessel that holds.

Let this be your consecration: that you will not just *receive* but *retain*. That the flame will not just visit, but dwell. That your heart will not be a sieve, but a sanctuary. Let your mind come into stillness, your soul into purity, and your body into rest. Let your rhythms align with your revelation. Let your company match your covenant. Let every chamber of your life be swept, aligned, and sealed. For the scroll you carry is not paper, it is flame.

Do not take lightly what you hear in silence. The whispers in the night are not suggestions, they are constructions. They are blueprints from eternity. Sons who honor the whisper will one day thunder. Sons who seal the scroll will one day shape cities. Do not chase revelation, become its resting place. Do not seek words to quote, become the word embodied. This is how memory becomes monument. This is how the scroll lives in flesh.

The leaking ends now. The sons are sealing now. What was once forgotten is now inscribed. What faded is now illuminated. And what flickered will now burn continually. You were not born to carry ideas, but scrolls. You were not called to echo, but to become. The leak was the test. The seal

is the commissioning. You are a vessel of fire, a container of uncreated light. Let the scroll remain.

CHAPTER 13: COVENANT AND CONTAINMENT

The Wineskin of the New Covenant Is Formed Through Union, Not Ambition

“I will put My law within them, and I will write it on their hearts. And I will be their God, and they shall be My people.”
- **Jeremiah 31:33**

“That they all may be one, as You, Father, are in Me, and I in You; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that You sent Me.”
- **John 17:21**

“This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, declares the Lord: I will put My laws on their hearts, and write them on their minds.”
- **Hebrews 10:16**

Introduction: The Scroll Can Only Be Contained by Covenant

The old wineskin was built on contracts and systems, but the new wineskin is forged in covenant, a sacred union of spirit, not transaction. This generation cannot carry the scroll by ambition, gifting, or knowledge alone. The Flame is not distributed to the competent but entrusted to the consecrated. God hides His mysteries not from us but *for* those who are willing to be joined to Him in unbreakable union. Containment requires covenant because only union can hold what cannot be carried by mere intellect, form, or function.

We live in a time where spiritual gifts are pursued apart from the Giver, where platforms are built without altar, and where calling is separated from covenant. But in the divine blueprint, nothing of eternal weight is entrusted outside of relationship. The scrolls of the age to come are not PDF downloads, Instagram reels, or trendy teachings, they are *living words* encoded into those who have been sealed by flame, who have become one with the Word Himself. The Lamb does not hand scrolls to strangers, but to beloveds.

The wineskin of the new covenant is not a shell, it is a body. And that body is formed by union, spirit touching spirit, breath joining breath, until what is written is not something carried, but something *become*. Covenant is not emotional intensity but a divine encoding. It is the invisible infrastructure that allows divine frequency to rest upon flesh without leakage or distortion. Without it, revelation fractures. Without it, identity splinters. Without it, mission becomes mimicry.

The scroll cannot be carried outside of covenant, because the scroll *is* the covenant, it is the expression of God's heart entrusted to one who has yielded their form to divine flame. This is why the cup could not pass from Christ, and why the scroll could not pass to anyone but the Lamb. Containment is not competence, it is crucified union. The kind that seals. The kind that burns. The kind that becomes the very scroll it receives.

The New Wineskin Is Formed by Union

Union is not metaphor, it is architecture. The new wineskin is not stitched together by belief systems, affiliations, or ministry alignments. It is formed in the inner courts where spirit fuses with Spirit, and soul yields to fire. Until this union occurs, any attempt to carry divine assignment will leak. Many are still trying to carry end-time scrolls with outer containers shaped by performance, hustle, and intellectual logic. But the wineskin of the kingdom is not shaped *for* union, it is shaped *by* union. Revelation rests where union reigns.

This union is not a mystical concept reserved for spiritual elites. It is the inheritance of every elect one who dares to yield fully to the Flame. The wineskin is not built by ambition, but by surrender. As a bride yields herself to her beloved, so must the soul yield itself to the Spirit if it is to contain the scrolls of heaven. When union forms the container, the scrolls are not carried like burdens, they become nature.

Most dysfunction in ministry, calling, or revelation stems from a separation between the outer form and the inner flame. When union is absent, gifting becomes hollow, leadership becomes control, and knowledge becomes pride. The solution is not tweaking the form, it is returning to the inner court and burning until you become the container. The scroll cannot live in one who refuses to die.

The elect are not those who merely know doctrine or prophecy. They are those who have entered the bedchamber of covenant and emerged with the scroll etched on their being. When union forms the wineskin, every movement flows from stillness, every word flows from Word, every act flows from rest. The container is not built around revelation, it *is* revelation made flesh.

This is the mystery of the new covenant: that God would not speak from outside us, but from within us. That He would no longer write on tablets of stone, but upon hearts of fire. Only union makes the flesh flammable enough to hold the voice of I AM. This is the wineskin that holds eternity.

Covenant as Spirit-Bonding

Covenant is not a contract. It is not maintained by obligation but by divine bond. To the natural mind, covenant appears like limitation. But in the Spirit, covenant is liberation, it is the unbreakable bond through which divine nature flows. Spirit-bonding is not emotional dependence or religious vows. It is when God binds His Word to your bones and His Fire to your breath.

Spirit-bonding is what allows the elect to carry what others collapse under. Covenant is the reason why what would kill someone else becomes your consecration. Many want anointing, but few are willing to be bonded by fire. The scroll is not entrusted to the talented, but to the tethered, to those whose spirits are tied to the throne, whose hearts are sealed by flame, whose bodies are yielded altars.

In covenant, there is no longer “my will” or “my way.” Spirit-bonding rewrites the blueprint of your identity. It becomes impossible to separate your desire from His scroll. You no longer minister from calling but from union. You no longer preach from study but from surrender. You no longer strive for growth but burn for obedience. Covenant rewires you. It reconfigures your soul to become flame-form.

In a world that celebrates options, covenant looks like confinement. But it is in this divine confinement that eternal

identity is revealed. The elect are not free-floating vessels, they are bound to the Lamb. And it is this binding that makes them contain the uncontainable. Spirit-bonding is not bondage. It is the infrastructure of glory. It is the invisible architecture that allows divine trust to rest on human vessels.

True covenant births unshakeable containers. It cannot be replicated in ministry training or leadership courses. It is formed in fire. It is forged in silence. It is sealed in surrender. And until covenant forms the bones of your being, you will leak what you are meant to carry.

You Cannot Carry the Scroll Without the Seal

Heaven does not trust ambition. It seals surrender. The scroll cannot be carried unless the soul is sealed. The seal is the mark of divine ownership, the branding of the Lamb upon your innermost being. Without the seal, the scroll is misinterpreted, mishandled, and misused. With the seal, the scroll is not just understood, it is *embodied*.

The seal is not a badge of approval but a burning mark of possession. It means you belong to Another. It means your mouth no longer speaks your own thoughts, your body no longer moves according to your own rhythm, and your timeline no longer follows Babylon's clock. Many are trying to carry scrolls without seals, and they leak, distort, and eventually collapse under the weight.

The seal is both identity and authority. Without it, revelation is fragile. With it, revelation becomes flame. The elect are not known by their charisma, but by their seal. The true mark of one entrusted with scrolls is not popularity, but purity. Not

influence, but intimacy. The scroll only rests where the seal has burned away every counterfeit ambition.

In the old wineskin, titles replaced seals. But in the new wineskin, only the sealed carry the scroll. You do not get sealed through ordination, you are sealed through surrender. The fire must mark you. The Lamb must know your name. Heaven must recognize your voice not because you are loud, but because you are *one* with the Word.

If you try to carry the scroll before you are sealed, it will expose your fractures. But if you wait for the seal, you will become the scroll. Carriers of the covenant are sealed with fire. And that fire is the only proof that you are ready to contain what cannot be taught.

The Marriage of Spirit and Form

The scroll cannot be carried by spirit alone. Nor can it be held by form alone. It is only when Spirit and form are married that revelation becomes habitation. This divine marriage is not mechanical. It is mystical. It is the union of breath and body, wind and wine, oil and vessel. When Spirit moves, form must yield. And when form is surrendered, Spirit shapes it into something that can carry glory without leakage.

The old wineskin was either overly rigid or overly chaotic. Some prioritized form to the point of killing the wind. Others chased the wind but had no container to catch the oil. But the new wineskin is bridal, it dances with the breath of God, yet it contains the word with precision. The marriage of Spirit and form means we no longer build ministries from blueprints of logic, but from union. We no longer define success by numbers, but by obedience. We no longer preach to please, but to birth.

Form without Spirit becomes religion. Spirit without form becomes confusion. But when they are married, the scroll becomes flesh. The wineskin becomes a living body, breathing the will of God into the earth. The elect are not allergic to order, they are architects of flame-shaped order. They do not reject structure, they allow Spirit to build it from within. And that is the difference between old wineskin containers and covenantal ones.

In the marriage of Spirit and form, there is no separation between the sacred and the secular. All becomes union. Business becomes scroll. Family becomes flame. Marriage becomes message. Prayer becomes posture. This is the integrated life of the elect, where every part of existence is part

of the wineskin, and every part of the wineskin is part of the scroll.

God is not looking for disembodied spirituality or rigid containers. He is forming vessels that can move with the cloud yet remain rooted in covenant. This is why the scroll requires marriage, not just relationally, but architecturally. The Flame marries the form so that what is eternal can finally dwell in time.

Why Union Precedes Mission

Before Jesus healed the sick or raised the dead, He withdrew to be with the Father. Before the apostles turned cities upside down, they waited in the upper room. Union always precedes mission. Not because mission is unimportant, but because without union, the mission becomes distorted. Revelation carried without intimacy becomes performance. Prophecy released without proximity becomes presumption.

The scroll is not a to-do list, it is an outflow of being. Union is what sanctifies the assignment. It purifies motive, aligns timing, and engraves authority. When union precedes mission, the mission cannot be hijacked by ego, urgency, or applause. When mission comes before union, the vessel leaks, because the scroll was never meant to be carried apart from the covenant that birthed it.

Union is not delay, it is divine acceleration. It makes every step sure, every word flame, every act eternal. Babylon drives. The Lamb leads. And the elect must understand: it is not how much you do, but how *deeply* you are joined. The scroll is not measured in output, but in union. Intimacy is not a spiritual

luxury. It is the infrastructure of authority. It is the only way the container holds the weight of what's been poured.

Mission that springs from union bears fruit that remains. It releases frequency, not just information. It births transformation, not just activity. The world does not need more gifted communicators, it needs burning ones who have been sealed by love, hidden in flame, and sent by union. Only they can carry the scroll without distortion.

This is why the elect are often hidden before they are revealed. Sealed before they are sent. The scroll cannot be marketed. It must be married. And until covenant is deeper than calling, the mission will remain shallow. But when union is the root, the fruit cannot be shaken.

Scrolls Are Entrusted to the Bridal Container

The scroll of destiny is not given to professionals. It is handed to the bride. The bridal container is not weak, emotional, or fragile, it is the most trusted vessel in all of heaven. Because it is not formed by education or ministry accolades, but by devotion. The bridal container is formed in silence, sealed in surrender, and filled in union. This is the container that does not leak.

God entrusts scrolls to the bride because the bride knows the Bridegroom. She does not handle revelation like information. She handles it like covenant. She knows the scroll is not a possession, but a person. Not an assignment, but a marriage. The scroll is not just something she reads, it is something she becomes. Her form is not shaped by ambition but by love. And it is that love that makes her worthy of the flame.

The bridal container is not necessarily female, but it is always feminine in posture, receptive, yielded, willing. Not passive, but surrendered. Not silent, but still. Not empty, but open. This posture is what allows the scroll to dwell within without bursting the skin. This posture is why the elect do not compete for platforms, they wait in the bridal chamber until the time comes to reveal the scroll.

It is in the bridal container that form becomes holy. That silence becomes sound. That pain becomes promise. The bride carries the scroll in her womb until the fullness of time. She does not rush the labor. She knows the difference between revelation conceived and revelation born. And she does not leak because her love seals every gate.

This is why the scroll is sealed with seven seals, it is reserved for the Lamb and those joined to Him. The bride is the only container with capacity to carry what cannot be taught, explained, or reduced. She carries what has become her, and births what no eye has seen. She is the wineskin of the end-time scroll.

The Cup That Cannot Be Taken Unless Drunk

Jesus did not just carry the scroll. He drank the cup. And every elect one must face this moment: *Will you take the cup or just read the scroll?* The scroll contains assignment. The cup contains death. The scroll reveals purpose. The cup requires surrender. You cannot separate them. To carry the scroll, you must drink the cup.

The cup represents the full surrender of the old self. The death of control. The yielding of every preference, ambition, and timeline. The cup cannot be delegated. It must be drunk personally. Many want the revelation but not the relinquishing. But in the Kingdom, the scroll is sealed until the cup is consumed. And no one is exempt. Not even the Lamb.

When you drink the cup, you no longer get to choose how the scroll unfolds. You become the scroll's witness, not its architect. You walk when it walks. You speak when it speaks. You are led by fire, not feelings. This cup is not a metaphor. It is an internal transaction that shifts your very nature into flame-form. The old wineskin cannot survive this drink. But the new one is born through it.

The cup is not suffering for suffering's sake. It is the passageway into oneness. It is the fire that seals you into covenant. It is the wine that births the vessel. Those who drink the cup do not shout. They burn. They do not perform. They embody. They do not market the scroll. They become the living message.

The scroll cannot be taken. It must be drunk. The cup is not an obstacle to the mission. It *is* the mission. And until it is

consumed, the wineskin remains fragile. But once it is swallowed, nothing can shake what has been sealed. The scroll and the cup are one.

Final Charge to the Elect

Sons of the Covenant, the scroll is not just what you carry, it is who you become. The Flame will not rest on ambition, strategy, or performance. It will only rest on union. Let the old wineskin shatter. Let the false alignments dissolve. Let the borrowed forms be returned. The scroll is calling for covenant, and covenant requires flame.

You are not just being trained for ministry. You are being shaped for marriage. The scroll you desire will not rest on you until you are wed to the One who opens it. Covenant is not theory it is fire-sealed fusion. The kind that cannot be broken by time, fame, delay, or betrayal. This scroll is only entrusted to those who drink the cup, who wait in the bridal chamber, who do not rush the unveiling.

The world will offer you shortcuts. Babylon will offer you influence without intimacy. But the scroll is found only in the secret place, in the inner court, in the stillness of the Flame. This is where you are sealed. This is where your body becomes the container. This is where the cup becomes joy. And this is where the scroll opens not just before you, but *within* you.

You are not carrying a message. You are the message. You are not delivering a prophecy. You are the prophecy fulfilled in flame. Let covenant form the wineskin. Let fire fill the cup. Let the Lamb write the scroll upon your bones. And when He calls, you will not just speak, you will *become*.

CHAPTER 14: THE WINESKIN OF SONSHIP

Only Sons Can Carry the Scroll of the Lamb

“Because you are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying out, ‘Abba, Father!’ Therefore you are no longer a slave but a son, and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.”

- Galatians 4:6–7

“For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.”

- Romans 8:14

“A servant does not abide in the house forever, but a son abides forever.”

- John 8:35

Introduction - Only Sons Can Contain the Scroll

The new wineskin that can contain the scroll is not a structure of doctrine, ambition, or effort, it is the internal formation of **sonship**. This is not a metaphor or a title, but a realm of identity birthed from union with the Lamb. The elect must understand that the scrolls of this age are not entrusted to the most skilled, gifted, or charismatic, but to the ones whose spirits have cried out, *Abba*. Only those who are formed as sons can carry the scroll of the age to come without spilling, splitting, or turning it into performance. The wineskin of

sonship is not an outer garment, it is an inner frame of eternal identity revealed by fire.

You cannot carry what belongs to inheritance unless you know to whom you belong. This is why many spill what they're given, they are trying to steward Kingdom realities from a servant paradigm. Servants obey because they must. Sons obey because they are. The Spirit does not pour scrolls into the insecure, the striving, or the self-promoting. He pours into those who know who they are. Sonship is not earned, it is received in the flame of remembrance, and it rewires the very shape of your inner vessel to hold what cannot be carried by form alone.

The entire kingdom is built on this foundation: that sons inherit what servants cannot. A servant may work in the field, but the son holds the deed to the land. This is why the wineskin of sonship is the container God trusts with glory. This wineskin does not shatter under pressure, because it is formed in the fire of union. It is the only container that will not crack when the scroll begins to burn. Sonship is not a season, nor a revelation you graduate from, it is the architecture of divine containment for all the Lamb entrusts to His elect.

When Babylon seeks to shape your container, it forms you as a consumer, a client, a fan, a member, or a volunteer. But when Zion forms you, she forms you as a son. And the son is not a participant in a religious system, but a living embodiment of the throne. The Lamb does not marry servants, He marries sons. He does not give dominion to orphans, but to those who have yielded their old identity to be reborn in the fire of divine union. The scroll requires this container. Without it, you may hear it, but you will never hold it.

The wineskin of sonship is not a theological idea, it is a **dimension of flame** you must become. And in this chapter, we

will unveil why it is the only container suitable for the weight, the glory, and the scrolls of the age to come.

You Can't Receive the Scroll as a Servant

The servant's paradigm is rooted in distance, in doing, obeying, and laboring for approval. But the scroll of the Lamb is not handed out to workers of religion. It is unveiled to those who carry the *nature* of the Lamb, not just the message. This nature is not formed in external obedience, but in union. A servant lives outside the chamber. A son lives in it. Therefore, the scroll is not a task to perform, but a memory to awaken, and that memory is sealed inside identity. If you come to the scroll as a servant, you will read it as a manual. If you come as a son, you will *become* the scroll.

Servants need direction, sons receive inheritance. The scroll does not instruct like a job description. It *becomes flesh* in those who are formed in the flame. This is why those still operating under an orphan mindset will misinterpret divine revelation. They'll try to earn what must be received. They'll preach what must be embodied. Servanthood leads to striving, and striving cannot carry the weight of glory. Only sonship can host what heaven is now releasing.

The religious mind has taught generations to approach God as workers, as hirelings, or as volunteers. But this approach is incompatible with the scroll of the Lamb, which speaks only in the language of union. The scroll is not for rent. It is not a temporary assignment. It is eternal and must be carried by one who shares the nature of the Eternal. That is why the servant's identity fractures under the scroll, it was never designed to carry it. The scroll demands a new wineskin. And that wineskin is sonship.

Even those who have received great revelation may find themselves spilling what they carry if they do not transition from servant to son. Their vessel will leak. Their posture will distort the flame. Their motivation will compete with the Spirit. Servanthood served its purpose, but it is not the final container. The Lamb is calling forth sons, not stewards. Scrolls will not be entrusted to those who perform, but to those who have been formed.

Let it thunder clear: **You cannot receive the scroll as a servant.** You must become the son the scroll was written for.

The Spirit of Sonship as New Container

The Spirit of sonship is not a mindset. It is not an improved belief system. It is the **indwelling fire** of divine identity that rewrites the entire architecture of the vessel. When the cry of *Abba* erupts from the inner man, a new container is born. This container is not held together by striving, discipline, or behavior modification. It is forged in flame, in intimacy with the One who wrote the scroll before the foundations of the world. The Spirit of sonship is the DNA of the wineskin that can hold divine mystery without fracturing.

Servants operate on instruction. Sons move by intuition. This is why the Spirit of sonship is critical for this hour. Revelation is accelerating, but only the containers formed in identity can withstand the weight. The Spirit does not speak formulas. He speaks essence. And essence can only be translated by those who share the nature of the One who sends it. Sonship is not about boldness or confidence. It is about spiritual compatibility. Without the inner cry of sonship, the scroll will confuse you, crush you, or be co-opted by your ego.

In Babylon, leadership is built on hierarchy. In the Kingdom, leadership is built on union. This is why the Spirit of sonship is the true container for all governmental function in the age to come. The one who carries the scroll must first carry the cry. The cry of *Abba* is not emotional. It is eternal. It is the ancient language of one who remembers where they came from. This cry forms the wineskin. And this wineskin forms the container.

Many are still trying to live from a half-transformed wineskin, one that speaks sonship but operates as servant. This will not stand in the days ahead. The scroll is increasing in voltage. The Flame is intensifying in weight. And only the true wineskin of the son will be able to hold the wine without collapse. This is not optional, it is required. For the elect to walk in union, the Spirit of sonship must become the very structure of their being.

The Father is not looking for better servants. He is looking for sons who remember their scroll. This remembrance becomes architecture. That architecture becomes containment. And that containment becomes inheritance.

The Cry of “Abba” Forms the Inner Structure

The moment the Spirit births the cry of *Abba* within you, something deeper than language begins to take shape, the very architecture of sonship. This cry is not a sound formed in the throat but a groan forged in the spirit. It realigns your inner world. It reorders every motive, every longing, every structure of thought to match the flame of origin. *Abba* is not a name we choose, it is a recognition of origin that remakes us from within. It forms the wineskin. Not with policies, but with proximity. Not with strategy, but with sonship. The cry is the

scroll's calibration code. Until it is heard from within you, the scroll will remain sealed.

This cry is not just emotional intimacy, but structural identity. It is the code that reconfigures you from a fractured vessel into a living tabernacle. It rewrites the house. It tears down the walls built by religion and shame and replaces them with the windows of glory. The cry doesn't make you feel better, it makes you *become*. And what it makes you become is a son who can contain what fire reveals. Without the cry, you remain a leaky vessel. With the cry, you become a scroll wrapped in skin.

The inner structure of the elect cannot be formed by effort or education. It is formed by encounter. And this encounter is not with external power, but with the Father's gaze. When you see Him as Father, and not as taskmaster, tyrant, or distant deity, the wineskin begins to stretch. Old systems tear. Old paradigms collapse. But something unshakable is formed in their place, a container that remembers who it is even in the fire. The cry of *Abba* is what stretches the container to match the scroll.

This is why those who do not know God as Father cannot carry the scrolls of sonship. They will misinterpret them. They will weaponize them. They will turn scrolls into slogans and revelation into revenue. The cry of *Abba* protects the scroll by forming the vessel in tenderness and trust. It builds a house that the Lamb can dwell in, not just visit. It forms a wineskin that won't burst under glory. Only the cry can do this.

Do not despise the groaning seasons. They are forming your frame. Every tear cried in the secret place is shaping your container to hold what cannot be taught, only caught. The elect must let the cry rise, because without it, the wineskin remains religious. But with it, the vessel becomes flame.

Obedience Rooted in Identity, Not Fear

True obedience does not come from terror. It flows from trust. Sons obey not to earn approval but because they *know* they are already loved. This is why obedience, when rooted in identity, forms an unshakable vessel. Fear-based obedience is brittle. It cracks when tested. But obedience born of sonship endures fire, pressure, and silence, because it is not externally enforced, but internally woven. This is the kind of obedience that carries the scroll faithfully through hiddenness, waiting, and warfare.

When your obedience is rooted in fear, your wineskin shrinks. You become rigid, controlling, and resistant to new wine. But when it is rooted in identity, your obedience expands with the scroll. You follow the Lamb wherever He goes, not because you fear punishment, but because His nature is your nature. This is how divine movement happens, not from legalism, but from love. Sons walk in alignment because it is who they are. Obedience is no longer a requirement. It becomes a reflection.

The old wineskin taught us to obey in order to belong. The new wineskin reveals we obey because we already belong. This difference is massive. One is slavery with a religious halo. The other is freedom clothed in flame. The scrolls of this hour require a wineskin that doesn't crack when misunderstood, overlooked, or delayed. This can only be forged through obedience that flows from union, not striving. The one who knows they are a son walks in alignment with joy, not with heaviness.

Every act of true obedience stretches the wineskin to hold more. It increases capacity. Sons don't see obedience as sacrifice, they see it as agreement with the scroll. And when obedience is not external compliance but internal resonance,

the scroll and the container become one. This is the kind of obedience the Father is looking for, not in those who fear being disqualified, but in those who burn with recognition of who they are.

Obedience rooted in sonship forms a vessel that doesn't fragment when the scroll cuts deep. It holds. It yields. It expands. And because of that, it becomes worthy to carry the secrets of the Lamb.

Sons Can Hold What Servants Spill

There is a divine weight to every scroll. Not all vessels can hold it. Servants often spill what sons can contain. Why? Because sons are not startled by glory. They are forged in it. They don't run from the flame, they were born in it. This is why the Father entrusts secrets to sons. Servants leak under pressure. Sons increase under it. The wineskin of sonship does not split when the scroll stretches it, it grows. It adapts. It evolves in intimacy. This is what qualifies sons to carry what servants cannot.

Servants serve from the outside. Sons carry from within. This difference is not cosmetic, it is foundational. The scrolls of the Lamb are not just external instructions to follow. They are internal flames to become. And only sons can steward fire from within without turning it into performance, doctrine, or brand. Sons do not spill scrolls because they don't treat them as assignments. They treat them as inheritances. This reframing creates durability.

The age to come will not be governed by talent, but by containment. And containment is not determined by gifting, but by identity. The one who walks in sonship becomes a

house for divine revelation. Not a bookshelf. Not a pulpit. A house. And in that house, the scroll is not a task but a mirror. Sons hold what others mishandle. Not because they are better, but because they are built differently, from within.

When scrolls are handed to those still operating in a servant paradigm, the flame turns to form. The mystery becomes merchandise. The scroll is handled like information rather than sacred trust. But when it is handed to a son, it is carried like a living altar. The son doesn't just speak it, he becomes it. And that embodiment is what makes the container unspillable.

Sons can hold what servants spill because sons *are* the wineskin. They don't borrow it. They become it.

Maturity Is the Measure of Containment

Spiritual maturity is not how much you know, it's how much you can *hold* without leaking. It is measured by containment, not articulation. A mature son can carry contradiction without collapsing, can carry mystery without explaining it away, can carry scrolls without turning them into slogans. Maturity is not about age. It's about alignment. The one whose inner frame has been formed in sonship is able to contain what others must outsource. This is what makes the wineskin holy, its capacity to contain the uncontainable.

Immature vessels may receive revelation but lack the frame to retain it. It seeps out through ego, distraction, or ambition. But the mature wineskin is sealed in flame. It doesn't chase stages or applaud exposure. It grows roots, not just branches. Maturity is not visible at first. It's hidden in how the vessel *holds*. This is why many are shocked when hidden sons are entrusted with thunder while platformed servants are passed

by. The scroll is entrusted based on inner structure, not outer show.

The Father doesn't look for loudness. He looks for **containment**. Can the vessel remain faithful in delay? Can it still burn in obscurity? Can it carry divine contradiction without distorting the scroll? These are the tests of mature containment. The wineskin of sonship is not brittle. It is flexible, faithful, and flameproof. It stretches under scroll-weight. It remains whole when the scroll cuts deep. This is why only the mature are trusted with increase.

To contain the scroll is to host it, not visit it, not quote it, not market it. Hosting requires maturity. And maturity requires the wineskin of sonship. You cannot build this wineskin overnight. It is formed in fire, tested in silence, and proven in faithfulness. But once formed, it becomes the container through which heaven unveils the Lamb.

Let it thunder clear: maturity is not about being impressive. It is about being **unbreakable** in the Flame.

The Lamb's Government Is Carried by Sons

In the age to come, the government of the Lamb will not rest on denominations, influencers, or popular brands. It will rest on **sons**. Sons who have become the scroll, who walk in the cry of *Abba*, who carry the fire without filtering it. The government is not given to the strong, the famous, or the skilled, it is entrusted to the **formed**. And only sons are formed to carry it without collapse. The Lamb's government is not performative. It is embodied. And only sons can embody what heaven is now releasing.

Government is weight. Glory is governance. And the container that holds it must be shaped in sonship, not built in ambition. Babylon builds systems of power. Zion raises sons of flame. The scrolls of divine governance are not written in ink but in identity. The Lamb's rule flows through those who carry His nature, and that nature is revealed in sons, not servants. This is why the elect must shed old forms. Not just to awaken their scroll, but to become the **governors of the age to come**.

Sons govern differently. They don't control, they cultivate. They don't dominate, they discern. They don't impose, they illuminate. This is the essence of divine government, it flows through those who have become one with the Flame. The Lamb does not entrust thrones to those who still serve Him from fear. He gives them to those who burn with union. And that union is not a feeling. It is the architecture of the wineskin.

The new wineskin is not a new model. It is the embodiment of sonship, the formation of vessels who govern not with strategies, but with scrolls. These sons are rising. And their wineskin is not fragile. It is forged in fire, sealed by identity, and aligned with eternity. Through them, the Lamb's government shall be revealed.

They are not many. But they are ready.

Final Charge to the Elect

Sons of God, awaken. The scroll has waited long enough. The Father is not looking for better preachers, more polished leaders, or new religious forms. He is searching for **containers**, living wineskins forged in fire, formed in sonship, filled with the cry of *Abba*. You are not here to repeat the systems of yesterday. You are here to **become** the container for

the scroll of the age to come. This cannot be outsourced. It cannot be copied. It must be **become**.

Let the cry rise within you again. Let the old servant patterns fall off. Let the striving cease. You were never called to perform for approval, but to burn from within. The scroll will not be carried by orphans. It will be revealed through sons. And you, beloved, were chosen to be such a vessel. Your container has been formed in the dark for this very moment. The scroll has found its wineskin, in **you**.

Walk now not as a member of a movement, but as a son of the Flame. Let the obedience that flows from union shape your every step. Let your capacity expand beyond comfort. Let contradiction mature you. Let stillness stretch you. You are not being tested. You are being **formed** to contain what few can hold.

Remember: the Lamb does not reign through external thrones. He reigns through **internal containers**. And the container He chooses is the son whose cry has become architecture. The scroll will find its home in you, because the cry of *Abba* has built a house.

You are not a servant carrying a task. You are a **son carrying a throne**.

CHAPTER 15: WINESKINS IN TRANSITION

When the Scroll Stretches the Container to Capacity

“Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish. But they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.”
- Matthew 9:17

“Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth, shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.”
- Isaiah 43:19

“Enlarge the place of your tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of your habitations. Spare not, lengthen your cords, and strengthen your stakes.”
- Isaiah 54:2

Introduction: Between the Old Shell and the Coming Fire

Transition is the furnace where old identities melt and new scrolls begin to form. It is the invisible zone between the breaking of what was and the forming of what is to come. Every wineskin must pass through this place of divine stretching. It is not a punishment, it is a preparation. The pressure you feel is not the enemy's oppression, it is heaven's invitation. For what is being formed in you must be strong

enough to hold the coming flame without leaking, bursting, or distorting the sacred scroll it was designed to carry.

In this in-between space, there is rarely clarity or applause. Those around you may still relate to the old container you once were, while you feel the fire of something new expanding within. The scroll you carry is growing, but the form you've lived in is still catching up. The in-between is not just circumstantial, it is anatomical. Your entire system, emotional, mental, relational, spiritual, is being rewired to hold a new dimension of God's fullness, and this process is not cosmetic. It is cellular. What breaks here will never be needed again. What remains will become the infrastructure of your next.

Heaven never pours new wine into a container that hasn't been tested. And testing doesn't happen in the spotlight. It happens in the unseen wilderness where no one is watching, but the scroll is still expanding. It is here that obedience is purified, identity is tested, and alignment is refined. If you are in this place now, do not abort the process. Do not mislabel the pressure as failure. What feels like uncertainty is actually divine precision reconfiguring the architecture of your inner wineskin. You are becoming fit for the scroll you were born to carry.

This is why the stretching is so severe. The scroll inside you is not for your comfort, it is for God's glory. It is not a ministry goal, it is an eternal flame. And flames do not sit politely inside old systems. They burn through them. This is why many cannot handle the fire, they want inspiration without transformation, revelation without reformation. But the elect know that the scroll is not just information. It is formation. It forms you, stretches you, and sometimes breaks the shell you once called identity, so it can rebuild you as a container worthy of the flame.

So let this chapter thunder for those in the womb of becoming. For those who feel suspended between who they were and who they are becoming. For those who are not lost, but deeply re-formed. Your stretching is proof of scroll expansion. Your pressure is the prelude to possession. You are not breaking. You are being formed.

Why Awakening Feels Like a Stretch

True awakening is not a peaceful realization, but often a painful confrontation. When the soul awakens to truth, everything it was previously built upon begins to stretch or collapse. The old belief systems, inherited mindsets, religious patterns, and ego-protective illusions begin to tear as divine light enters. Awakening doesn't just bless you with clarity, it disrupts everything that was rooted in false identity. The wineskin must stretch to hold what the spirit is suddenly conscious of. This process is uncomfortable because it reveals how incompatible your current form is with the scroll now being awakened in you.

Many assume spiritual awakening is simply an emotional high or euphoric clarity, but this is shallow and temporal. True awakening confronts your alignment, your decisions, your pace, and your foundation. You start to see how much you've built in sand. The stretch is not punishment. It is grace. Because the flame will not enter a structure that will collapse under its glory. So the Spirit stretches you, first in perspective, then in posture, and finally in purpose. The container must match the scroll in weight, dimension, and frequency. You can no longer think as a caterpillar once you carry the wings of a butterfly.

This is why awakening often costs relationships, routines, and reputations. Those who knew you by your old wineskin will not always understand the tension in your transformation. They may call your stretching instability. But what they call crisis, heaven calls formation. This is the hour where your outer world will feel misaligned with your inner reality. You must not interpret this as failure, but as alignment in motion. The pain you feel is not dysfunction. It is expansion. Your structure is adjusting to house the scroll.

In the stretching, you may feel fragmented. Like you no longer belong to the crowd you once found comfort in. But this disorientation is not abandonment. It is divine displacement. You are being repositioned to host a new measure of presence. And presence will always stretch form until it fits its nature. The wineskin of yesterday cannot hold the fire of tomorrow. And if you are being stretched, rejoice. You are being trusted.

So let the stretch continue. Do not rush to normalize what God is trying to rupture. The flame is forming a new container in you, and it must stretch every seam. Only then will you become the wineskin that carries not just oil, but fire.

Pain as Proof of Expansion

Pain is not the enemy in transition. It is the indicator that something deeper is being formed within. When a wineskin expands, it groans. When muscle tears to grow, it aches. The same is true in your becoming. Spiritual expansion is not tidy, quiet, or comfortable. It ruptures false layers, exposes brittle foundations, and tears through fleshly alignments. The pain you feel is not always the devil attacking. It is often the Spirit expanding. Pain is the prophetic sound of a container being stretched to host greater glory.

Many avoid the stretch because they interpret pain as a sign of misalignment. But in the scroll-life, pain is often alignment in motion. It means the Word is doing its work. It means the old shell is cracking, and the deeper structure is emerging. Just as the Israelites groaned in Egypt before liberation, so too will you groan before your scroll fully manifests. Do not silence this pain with distraction. Listen to it. Follow it. Let it finish its work. It is the labor before delivery.

You cannot pray away the fire that was designed to form you. This is why many abort the scroll, they reject the pain that was sent to prepare them. They run from the furnace that was assigned to purify them. But those who carry wine without formation will spill it under pressure. It is not enough to be called. You must be formed. And formation requires pressure, delay, groaning, and grief. All of these are sacred contractions, preparing your inner wineskin to hold the fire of your calling.

When your soul screams for the old and familiar, but your spirit insists on becoming, you are in the sweet agony of

expansion. Honor it. Don't despise it. The Father does not stretch you to destroy you. He stretches you to entrust you. If you don't break now, you'll burst later. Let the stretching break every dependency on man, platform, applause, or familiarity. Let it crucify the shell of performance, and reveal the vessel of flame.

You will not always feel this tension. But for now, let it deepen you. Let the pain become prayer. Let the ache become alignment. And let every stretch become surrender. For only those who endure the pull of transition will carry the weight of the coming wine.

The Pressure of Becoming New

The pressure you feel in transition is not random. It is divine engineering. When God is reforming the vessel, pressure is the tool that brings your inner structure into congruence with the scroll you carry. This pressure is not always visible externally. It is internal tension, the kind that wrestles silently in your belly, that keeps you awake at night not with anxiety, but with divine restlessness. The kind that makes your old appetites nauseating and your new assignments overwhelming. The tension of being expanded in silence, stretched in stillness, and crushed without visible explanation.

Heaven does not build by comfort, it builds by compression. The more potent the scroll, the more precise the press. The Spirit compresses your desires, your timeline, your ego, until only the essential blueprint remains. This is why in transition, you often feel like everything is closing in, not because you're being trapped, but because you're being concentrated. God is reducing the noise so the scroll can be heard clearly. You are

not being buried, you are being distilled. The old form must crack under the weight of what is coming. And what cracks was never meant to be permanent, it was scaffolding for your becoming.

Pressure exposes whether you were walking in form or in flame. Many confuse movement for growth and routine for faithfulness. But pressure will reveal if your container was built by the Spirit or by survival. Can your posture remain worship when no one sees you? Can your alignment remain sharp when delay seems endless? Can your joy remain full even when the scroll is not yet visible? These are the pressures that shape the wineskin. And only those who allow the pressure to finish its work will carry the flame without leakage.

If you've prayed to be trusted, this is your answer. If you've asked for deeper things, this is the initiation. The pressure you're under is not crushing you, it's calibrating you. It is forming the ribs of your wineskin, the membrane of your capacity, the tensile strength of your obedience. Do not look for relief, look for revelation. Ask not "How do I escape this?" but "What are you forming in me through this?" For until the container fits the scroll, the wine cannot be poured.

So welcome the pressure, beloved. It is forming the pattern of your next. It is not here to destroy you, but to distinguish you. You are not just being stretched, you are being refined to the core.

Identity in the In-Between

One of the most disorienting aspects of transition is the loss of clear identity. You are no longer who you were, but not yet who you are becoming. This in-between space is holy, but it

feels like exile. It is here that old labels fall off, but new ones haven't been revealed. You feel invisible to others, and sometimes even to yourself. The titles that once gave you comfort no longer fit. The roles you played no longer satisfy. The mirrors you used to look into now show nothing back. You are being emptied, not erased.

The in-between is not identity death, it is identity redefinition. It is here that the Spirit weans you off false scaffolding, the applause of ministry, the clarity of metrics, the security of performance. You are being taught to live from scroll, not stage. From flame, not form. The old wineskin had a name, a brand, a comfort zone. But the scroll you carry now defies definition. It is bigger than a title, deeper than a function, and more eternal than a platform. You are becoming a son, not just a servant. A vessel, not just a voice.

This identity stretch is why many shrink back. They cling to the old because it still offers recognition, even if it no longer fits. But you cannot wear yesterday's garments when you're being clothed in tomorrow's glory. Like Joseph shedding his coat of many colors to wear prison robes, your current disguise does not define your destiny. Your scroll is hidden for a season so your identity can be forged in secret. And what is forged in fire cannot be stolen by man.

This is why your metrics are being stripped. You will not measure yourself by followers, platforms, or responses. You will measure by obedience, by alignment, by fidelity to the scroll. The in-between is not about being seen. It's about being sealed. Let the Holy Weight settle in your spirit. You are not what they think. You are not even what you used to believe about yourself. You are becoming something eternal. And only the Father knows your full name.

So breathe in this mystery. Refuse to rush clarity. Let the fog thicken if it must. For in the ambiguity, God is rewriting your identity not in ink, but in flame.

Learning to Hold Flame Mid-Formation

Carrying flame before you're fully formed is the test of every elect. You feel the weight of the scroll inside you, but your outer wineskin hasn't fully adapted. This is where rupture is possible, and this is where many abort. The Spirit does not wait until you are fully ready to entrust the scroll. He gives you glimpses, measures, burdens, groanings, while you are still becoming. This divine paradox is both beautiful and terrifying. You are trusted with mysteries your body hasn't yet caught up to. You are moved by revelations your mind doesn't fully understand. You are called to walk in dimensions your feet are still growing into.

This is the danger and glory of transition. Flame leaks in immature containers. This is why the Spirit slows you down, sometimes even pulls you back. Not to diminish your calling, but to ensure your wineskin doesn't rupture under weight it was not yet built to contain. You must learn how to carry what is holy in the tension of formation. Not all fire is for release. Some is for marination. Some scrolls must be held until their frame is fully formed.

This requires restraint, silence, and hiddenness. Many rush to release what they barely carry. But the mature learn to host glory in the womb of delay. They learn the language of stillness. They let the scroll burn in their bones without needing applause or explanation. This is sacred stewardship. It is the maturity of containment. It is knowing that the scroll is

not just a word to speak, but a realm to embody. And to embody, you must first stretch.

So while you're mid-formation, let your posture be worship. Let your flame burn steady. Don't despise your current structure, but don't worship it either. It is scaffolding, not sanctuary. The Spirit is shaping your inner architecture for something much larger. Let your inner ribs expand. Let your membrane stretch. Let your capacity grow in silence. You are learning to hold fire without leaking. This is sonship.

And when your wineskin is ready, the scroll will pour. Not before. Not after. But precisely when your formation matches your flame.

How to Remain Faithful in the Shaking

Remaining faithful in the shaking requires a different kind of strength. It is not the strength of certainty, but the strength of surrender. In the place where everything feels unstable, your anchor must go deeper than form. It must rest in flame. Faithfulness is not performance. It is alignment. It is showing up when there's no stage. It is stewarding the scroll when no one sees. It is remaining married to the Word when every feeling tells you to quit.

The shaking is not to destroy you. It is to reveal what is unshakable. The Father allows storms not to punish you, but to strengthen the foundations of the wineskin. If it was built on performance, it will crack. If it was built on applause, it will fade. But if it was built on intimacy, it will hold. The shaking reveals the true container. It exposes the scaffolding and invites you into solid structure. This is where the scroll becomes real. This is where your yes gets tested and your no gets purified.

The key to faithfulness in shaking is intimacy. Not strategy. Not speed. Not certainty. Only union will hold you. This is why the shaking often isolates you, to strip you of co-dependency and draw you into deeper flame. What you thought was rejection was actually redirection. What you called delay was design. The shaking is not an interruption. It is the construction zone of the scroll. Remain there. Trust the hand that holds you.

And don't mistake stillness for stagnation. What God builds in silence will shake nations. What He forms in fire will carry

kingdoms. Stay faithful. Stay low. Stay aligned. The scroll is not waiting for a platform. It's waiting for a vessel that will not leak under pressure.

Stretching Is Not Breaking

The elect must learn this distinction: stretching is not breaking. Though it may feel the same, the purpose is entirely different. Breaking discards the vessel. Stretching prepares it. The pain you feel is not evidence of rejection, it is confirmation of selection. The Father stretches only those He trusts to carry more. The wineskin may groan, but it will not burst, not if it surrenders to the hand of the Potter.

The stretching feels endless. Just when you adjust to one season, another demand comes. Another level. Another letting go. But this is not punishment. It is preparation for possession. You are being stretched to hold realms, not routines. You are being made spacious for glory. And glory requires elasticity. It requires that your obedience remain fluid, your alignment remain sensitive, and your inner walls remain soft to correction.

The enemy will whisper, "You're breaking." But heaven is declaring, "You're expanding." Do not believe the lie of collapse. Believe the truth of becoming. Your shell is not dying. It is deepening. You are not failing. You are forming. The scroll is finding its container. And you are becoming the wineskin that will carry the fire of the age to come.

So let the stretch continue. Let your ribs make room. Let your flesh surrender. You are not losing yourself. You are becoming yourself. The version that is shaped by fire, not fear. By scroll, not system.

You are not breaking. You are being made new.

Final Charge to the Elect

Sons, you who are trembling in transition, feel the scroll settle deep in your belly. This is not the hour to run, retreat, or resist the stretch. This is the hour to remain. You are being formed, not forgotten. You are being stretched, not shattered. The wineskin of your life is not being discarded, it is being refined to carry a weight you've not yet seen. The Father does not stretch what He will not fill. And the scroll you carry is too holy to pour into a leaky vessel.

So remain under the hand of the Potter. Stay in the womb of reformation. Let your old garments fall. Let your ribs expand. Let your ego shatter. For what you carry is not of man. It is a scroll sealed by fire. And only a vessel formed in fire can carry it to full release.

Do not envy those who seem stable while you tremble. They are walking in form. You are walking in flame. And flame will always stretch what form will tolerate. Your scroll is not for survival, but for revolution. You are not becoming popular. You are becoming holy.

And when the stretch is finished, and the seal is set, and the scroll is ready, you will not walk as a servant, but as a son. Not in the name of the old wineskin, but in the flame of the Lamb.

CHAPTER 16: WHEN WINE FERMENTS

The Scroll Must Mature in Stillness Before It Pours in Power

“Though it linger, wait for it; it will certainly come and will not delay.”

- Habakkuk 2:3

“And no one, after drinking old wine, wants the new, for they say, ‘The old is better.’”

- Luke 5:39

“But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.”

- James 1:4

Introduction: The Slow Alchemy of Revelation

Not all revelation is ready the moment it is received. The Word of the Lord often enters as seed, not wine. It must be pressed, aged, and transformed within the vessel that receives it. Fermentation is the mysterious process by which fresh grapes become potent wine, and in the spirit, it is how raw insight matures into scroll-bearing authority. This chapter unveils the divine delay that preserves potency, the slow stillness that intensifies flame, and the hidden chambers in which the Word becomes wine.

Many who rush to speak what they've barely heard end up pouring unfermented wine, sour, half-formed, and unstable. Revelation without rest, insight without incubation, scrolls without silence, these produce immature containers that cannot bear the holy weight of the message. God delays not to frustrate you but to ferment you. He hides the scroll not to starve you but to saturate you. The wine is made within, and the pressure is what breaks the skin so the fermentation can begin.

Even Jesus waited. Thirty years for three. Time fermented His identity. Silence matured His flame. He was the Word, yet He held the Word, until the wine was ready. So too must you wait, not in stagnation, but in stillness. Not in passivity, but in interior fermentation. The elect must learn to embrace the pressure of patience, for that is where the scroll deepens and the flame intensifies.

You are not just a carrier of revelation, you are its fermentation chamber. The scroll does not age on a bookshelf, it ages in your bones. When you feel like the Word is dormant in you, when your mouth burns but Heaven says wait, you are not forgotten, you are fermenting. The deepest scrolls must marinate in mystery, press against your identity, and permeate your being before they can be poured through your voice.

There is a wine appointed for the nations, but it will only be trusted to those who have held the scroll in silence long enough for it to ferment into divine thunder. The timing is not random. It is calculated by eternity. And when the wine ferments, the vessels who have not burst in the waiting will pour it with glory.

The Timing of Revelation Maturity

There is a divine clock that governs the maturation of revelation. What may seem like delay is divine calibration. Heaven does not operate on impatience but on eternal rhythm. Just as grapes must endure seasons before they become rich wine, so too must the Word inside you undergo spiritual seasons. Early rain softens the ground, but the latter rain ripens the fruit. Some scrolls cannot be spoken until your nature has conformed to the revelation they carry. Without this inner synchrony, you become a leaky vessel, announcing things you cannot yet live.

Many have forfeited scrolls because they confused urgency with permission. Just because you see it doesn't mean you are ready to carry it. And just because you feel it doesn't mean it should be spoken yet. The maturity of revelation is often marked by restraint. Those who carry fermenting wine understand that silence can be more powerful than speech. For it is in the womb of waiting that the Word finds its flavor.

Maturity is not just in the scroll but in the vessel. God will test the wine by testing the one who holds it. Can you sit in the tension of knowing but not yet speaking? Of burning but not yet releasing? This is the crucible of containment, and it is where fermented voices are formed. For when the time comes, the wine must not just be poured, it must be poured with weight, with witness, with the fragrance of eternity matured in hiddenness.

To carry aged wine is to become a living archive of divine timing. You are not a content creator, you are a temple of fermentation. You are not trying to go viral, you are trying to go eternal. The scroll will speak at the appointed time, and when it does, it will cut deeper than fresh revelation ever could. It will come seasoned with sorrow, intimacy, silence, and fire.

Let the timing break you of ambition. Let the waiting form you. You are not late. You are being made ready. The maturity of the scroll within you is marked not by how quickly it comes to your mouth, but by how deeply it has burned into your being. That is the true timestamp of heavenly fermentation.

Why Some Words Feel Hidden for Years

There are words you received years ago that still have not unfolded. Visions you wrote in journals that have not seen daylight. Dreams that felt divine but seem dormant. This is not because they were false, but because they are fermenting. God often hides the scroll not because it is untrue, but because it is not yet time. Like a vineyard that must survive the winter before the sweetness comes, your spirit must endure the mystery of delayed manifestation.

Words from Heaven are multidimensional. They carry frequencies that require not just understanding but transformation. The longer they remain hidden, the deeper they carve into your identity. Hiddenness does not mean abandonment. It means Heaven is folding the Word into your nature until it becomes indistinguishable from your being. When the scroll becomes your structure, then the release becomes thunder.

We often think the scroll is waiting on Heaven. But in truth, Heaven is waiting on the scroll-bearer to become the message. You cannot speak what you do not embody. You cannot pour what you have not fermented. The hidden word is not a denial. It is a preparation. And the longer it stays hidden, the deeper the roots of eternal identity grow.

Do not despise the secret years. Do not curse the delay. You are in the cave where scrolls are not just stored, they are shaped. The hidden Word is shaping your internal wineskin so that when the moment of unveiling comes, the vessel will not shatter under glory. You are not waiting for your moment. Your moment is waiting for you to become the wine.

The hiddenness is proof of holiness. God does not ferment cheap wine. The words you received long ago still carry destiny, but they must first become your structure. Until then, Heaven will keep them sealed, not to punish you, but to preserve you.

The Wine Must Age in You

The wine of revelation is not instant. It requires time, tension, and transformation within the container of your being. Just as natural wine undergoes chemical change in silence, so must the divine Word undergo spiritual alchemy in you. What enters as raw seed must ferment into living essence, and that fermentation happens in your hidden moments, in your groans, your unanswered prayers, your secret tears. You are the barrel in which the scroll must age. The pressure is not your enemy, it is your proof of authenticity.

Revelation that has not aged within you will taste flat, forced, and unstable. But wine that has aged carries a fragrance, a flavor, a weight that cannot be imitated. It has texture. It has depth. It lingers in the room when you speak. This is the scroll matured by silence. It carries not just knowledge, but embodiment. Those who taste it do not just hear a message, they encounter a dimension.

You cannot rush this process. God is not interested in fast fame but in eternal fermentation. He will keep you sealed until your essence has changed. Until the Word is no longer something you carry but something you've become. The scroll does not just sit in your memory, it marinates in your marrow. The wine must age in you until your voice releases it with the scent of sanctification.

This is why some are delayed in their release, because Heaven cares more about integrity than impact. The Father does not send out barrels that are only half-fermented. He waits for the aroma of transformation. And when that fragrance is ready, your unveiling will not be a performance, it will be a pouring of mature flame.

Let the Word age in you. Let it press you. Let it reshape your vessel. For when the wine is finally poured, it will not just refresh others, it will carry the memory of your formation, and the fragrance of eternal obedience.

Fermentation as Scroll Ripening

Fermentation is not decay, it is ripening. The world sees waiting as stagnation, but in the spirit, it is saturation. It is where the scroll becomes flame, and the flame becomes essence. Revelation, when first received, is like fruit on the vine, sweet, but unrefined. Fermentation turns sweetness into strength. It deepens the scroll's frequency. It converts insight into impartation. Without this ripening, revelation remains surface-level, useful perhaps, but not transformative.

Ripening happens in the unseen. It is the interior furnace where obedience, silence, and faith converge. It is where the scroll becomes pressure, where the pressure becomes presence, and where presence becomes power. The prophets of old were fermented. They were hidden for seasons, consecrated in caves, misunderstood by men, but when their scrolls were poured, they shook nations.

Ripening reveals who can carry and who will crack. For the process of fermentation exposes every weakness in the vessel. It searches for leaks. It tests for integrity. And only those who embrace the process without trying to skip steps will emerge as mature containers of scroll-ripened wine. You cannot cheat the timeline. The scroll must have its season of pressure and pause.

The fermentation of the Word makes you taste different. You are no longer just articulate, you are an embodiment. You no longer teach, you transmit. Your words carry oil, and your pauses carry weight. This is the evidence of ripened revelation. It is not about information, it is about incarnation.

Let the scroll ripen in you. Let it ferment in your identity, until what you carry is no longer a message you preach, but a Word you have become. This is the power of fermented wine, it pours through sons who have been crushed, aged, and sealed in silence.

Inner Stillness Preserves the Flavor

Stillness is the preservation chamber of scroll-fermentation. Without stillness, the wine spoils. The mind wants to run, explain, analyze, release, but the Spirit broods, hovers, waits. The wine does not ferment in motion but in stillness. When you still the noise of external expectation and inner striving, the scroll settles. The sediments of ego fall away. The flavor of divine essence begins to rise.

Inner stillness is not passivity, it is spiritual activity in hidden form. It is where your yes to God marinates in silence. It is where Heaven seals the barrel and tells you, “Do not pour this yet.” In that stillness, the wine becomes rich. It absorbs the flavor of your obedience. It carries the aroma of your wrestling. It takes on the texture of your transformation.

Many lose the scroll’s potency because they cannot endure stillness. They open the barrel too soon. They speak before the fermentation finishes. And what could have been mature wine becomes immature speech. The scroll was true, but the vessel was noisy. And noise dilutes the flame. Stillness preserves it.

Stillness is trust made audible. When you are still, you declare, “I believe the scroll is aging even if I feel nothing.” You are not idle, you are incubating. You are not silent, you are saturated. The scroll is writing itself into your being while you wait. This is the mystery of stillness: it is the furnace of wine.

Do not rush to release what God has reserved. Let the stillness do its work. For when the time comes to pour, the wine will speak louder than your voice, and the flame will flavor every word with weight.

Transformation Happens in the Waiting

Waiting is not wasted time, it is transformation time. It is where your character catches up with your calling. It is where the flame internalizes. The Word you carry begins to shape your reactions, your identity, your hidden life. The longer the wait, the deeper the roots. This is not a punishment, it is a process of becoming the scroll before releasing it.

Waiting strips you. It removes false timelines. It crushes ambition and exposes impatience. But in doing so, it makes room for divine structure. You begin to see that waiting is not about delay but about depth. It is about the scroll becoming your spine, not just your speech. It is about the Word becoming flesh, not just sound.

Many collapse in the wait because they think God has forgotten them. But fermentation requires darkness. In the spirit, the barrel must be sealed. The cave must be silent. And the soul must die to every external validation. Only then can the wine ferment properly. Only then does transformation take root in the unseen.

Waiting forms eyes that see, hearts that burn, and mouths that speak with eternal flavor. The scroll will emerge not just with new words, but with a new witness. You will be changed by what you waited for. The delay is not just about the message being ready, it's about you becoming the new container that can steward it.

Honor the waiting. Yield in the tension. The wine you will carry after the transformation will not just feed the hungry, it will intoxicate the elect with flame.

You Are the Barrel of the Word

The revelation does not age on paper, it ages in you. You are the wine barrel. Your bones are the staves. Your silence is the seal. Your obedience is the oak. Every moment you feel forgotten, delayed, or buried is fermenting the scroll in your being. You are not just storing it, you are becoming it.

God does not trust wine to plastic. He places it in barrels made of history, hunger, and hiddenness. The ones who have endured loss, silence, rejection, misunderstanding, they are the ones shaped to hold eternal wine. You are not the preacher of a message. You are the fermentation chamber of flame.

The longer the Word stays inside you, the more it begins to transform your identity. You start to lose the distinction between who you are and what you carry. The scroll becomes your breath. The wine becomes your bloodstream. You are no longer delivering messages, you are pouring who you are.

The barrel is not glamorous. It is dark, sealed, and lonely. But in the spirit, it is holy. Angels guard it. Eternity watches it. And when it is finally opened, it does not just feed, it consecrates. You are not just a communicator, you are a consecrated container.

Let yourself be the barrel. Let the scroll ferment in you. For when the Word is poured, it will carry the memory of your silence, the fragrance of your surrender, and the thunder of your transformation.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect ones, do not rush to pour what Heaven has sealed. You are not forgotten, you are fermenting. The scroll is not delayed, it is deepening. The Word is not silent, it is saturating. In the waiting, you are becoming. In the silence, you are strengthening. And in the pressure, you are preparing for eternal potency. Let the Word ferment until your very being carries its fragrance.

Your calling is not to impress, but to embody. The scroll must become structure before it becomes speech. Do not be seduced by immediacy. What ferments will thunder. What ages in stillness will roar in power. You are the barrel. You are the wineskin. You are the one entrusted with the Word that must marinate in mystery before it moves the multitudes.

Let the fermentation do its work. Do not crack in the cave. Do not speak too soon. Do not despise the stillness. You are not late, you are eternal. And the wine you carry, when poured at the appointed time, will not just refresh. It will reform. It will awaken. It will ignite.

The fermentation is your confirmation. You have been trusted with wine worth waiting for.

Chapter 17: The Voice That Shapes the Vessel

How Divine Speech Structures the Interior for Scroll Containment

“By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth.”

- Psalm 33:6

“Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.”

- Matthew 4:4

“Your words were found, and I ate them, and Your word was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.”

- Jeremiah 15:16

Introduction: Carved by the Scroll You Receive

The shape of your vessel is not determined by effort but by the voice that formed you. Just as the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so too are you being formed by what you continually receive and believe. Every scroll begins as a whisper and every vessel is formed in the resonance of that whisper. This is why exposure to shallow voices leads to shallow containers. And why prophetic fire requires a prophetic womb, a space within you capable of receiving, stretching, and forming around the Word like a wineskin forms around new wine. You are not just being shaped by what you

say, but by what you listen to, meditate upon, and allow to govern your inner architecture.

Heaven does not send words for entertainment. Every divine utterance is a blueprint, every revelation a forming fire. The scroll is not just information, it is impartation. When the voice of the Lord comes to you, it is not merely to inspire, but to carve, to cut, to design. The tabernacle was built according to the voice Moses heard on the mountain. So too, your tabernacle, your life, your identity, your container, is being built according to the voice you allow to thunder in your spirit. The scroll is voice technology. It is frequency embedded with structure.

And just as wine ferments in stillness, voices form us in quiet repetition. The voices you listen to most are the ones that define your architecture. Many do not realize that their limitations are not rooted in their capacity but in the voice that formed them. Religion formed containers of fear, control, and scarcity. The scroll forms sons, expands capacity, and reveals the eternal. This is why your journey requires the severing of old voices. You cannot carry the scroll of the age to come if you are still echoing the fear of the age that was.

To become a container of divine intelligence, you must be possessed by the voice of the throne. Not just visit it, but abide in it. When the voice of the Lamb is your internal narrator, the shape of your soul changes. Your discernment sharpens, your identity stabilizes, and your wineskin stretches in quiet strength. Words may seem small, but they carry eternal weight. They build or destroy, feed or starve, open gates or shut them. This is the holy science of voice-formation. This is the scroll of speech and structure.

Before you became anything, a voice spoke you into existence. Before you were formed in your mother's womb, you were

known, named, and assigned. And now, as that eternal word comes again to awaken you, the question is not whether you will hear it, but whether you will allow it to shape you. The scroll cannot be carried in an unformed wineskin. And wineskins are not formed by religion, but by revelation, repetition, and resonance. It's time to ask, whose voice is forming your capacity?

Words Form the Interior of the Wineskin

The shaping of the inner man begins not with works, but with words. Every time you receive a word from the throne, something is carved within you. These words are not emotional affirmations, but blueprints of divine structure. Like invisible threads, the speech of God sews you into new dimensions of awareness. This is why the container must be formed from the inside out. It is the interior world, the hidden place that gives shape to the public vessel. And what defines that hidden world more than anything else is the voice you allow to echo there.

Words are not passive. They are active architectural tools. When God said "Let there be light," the light obeyed, but more than that, the very fabric of reality responded and reshaped. This same dynamic occurs in your spirit. When the Word enters, it does not simply sit. it constructs. It rearranges, disrupts, and reforms. And if you do not yield to that reformation, the word feels heavy, even invasive. But when you receive it with faith, it becomes a forming flame. This is the mystery of how the Word becomes flesh in you.

The wineskin is not formed by your willpower. It is formed by what you *believe*. What you truly receive. Many listen, but few *receive*, because reception requires surrender. To let the word

form your interior structure is to lay down your assumptions, your traditions, your filters. You must allow the flame of His voice to burn away the scaffolding of self. And in its place, the wineskin of the age to come is formed, one that is flexible, holy, and radiant.

Forming the wineskin through divine speech also means understanding how your own words reflect your formation. You cannot speak what you have not first received. Shallow containers speak shallow words. Deep containers echo eternity. This is why prophets often speak in strange language, because they are echoing scrolls, not surface thoughts. Your interior is shaped not by opinions, but by oracles. And oracles are received, not invented.

You are a container of the eternal Word. A living scroll. A wineskin that must expand with each whisper of the Lamb. Do not harden your heart when He speaks. Let the Word cut. Let it sew. Let it expand your interior. For the voice of the Lord does not come to entertain, but to carve vessels worthy of flame. of formation.

The Language of the Scroll

The scroll does not speak in the language of man. It is not contained in casual clichés, motivational phrases, or theological jargon. The scroll speaks a tongue native to eternity, a language coded in fire, in symbolism, in resonance. It does not flatter the intellect, it bypasses it. It does not argue with the ego, it dismantles it. This language speaks directly to the spirit, cutting through layers of illusion until the soul remembers. Many hear words but never hear the *scroll*, because they expect understanding before yielding. But the scroll speaks mysteries that can only be known by surrender.

The language of the scroll is heard in silence. It often speaks without saying anything audible. It can erupt in a single phrase or linger in one symbol for years. It's the kind of language that invades you, dwells in you, then reveals itself only when the wineskin has stretched enough to hold it. It does not obey time. It obeys alignment. This is why many miss it, they are waiting for the scroll to explain itself, rather than allowing it to form them. It's not about decoding words. It's about being decoded *by* the Word.

This language reveals itself in layers. What seems like a simple phrase today becomes a thunderous roar in five years. A whisper you ignored yesterday may suddenly unlock a dimension you never knew existed. That's because the scroll carries both seed and sword. The seed must be planted, but the sword must be wielded. And both require formation. Without that formation, the scroll remains sealed, and the language sounds foreign, like thunder to one, but like formation to another.

To walk with the scroll is to be translated into its dialect. Your soul begins to speak differently. Your thoughts begin to arrange themselves around truth, not trauma. Your decisions begin to flow from the eternal, not the emotional. This is not because you've learned new vocabulary. It's because your wineskin has been restructured by language from another world. The scroll re-educates your inner man. It does not just inspire you. It rewires you.

You will know the language of the scroll is forming in you when you begin to speak what no one taught you. When your spirit starts thundering truths that surprise even your intellect. When your dreams speak louder than your sermons. When your tears carry revelation. The scroll speaks in fire, in fragrance, in frequency. Let it resound in you until you become fluent in the tongue of eternity.

Who You Listen To Will Shape Your Capacity

Voices are not neutral. They carry codes, vibrations, and structures. Who you continually listen to will shape the depth, stretch, and sacred architecture of your container. If you surround yourself with voices that entertain, flatter, or mimic, your wineskin will remain shallow. But if you immerse yourself in voices born from union with the throne, your capacity will expand. Your architecture will be reconfigured to carry flame. Because in the Kingdom, your *hearing* determines your *housing*.

Many have missed their scroll because they sat under the wrong voices. Not evil voices, just misaligned ones. Voices that diluted the scroll. Voices that built stages, not altars. Voices that repeated doctrines but lacked flame. And so, the wineskin was formed by form, not fire. These voices create containers of performance, not presence. They stir emotion, not transformation. And the scroll cannot live in such containers. It refuses to be bottled in systems it did not author.

The elect are formed by thunder. They are shaped by voices that do not merely speak *about* God, but speak *from* God. Voices that do not traffic in borrowed revelation, but thunder from the place of union. These voices do not give you steps. They give you scrolls. They don't tell you what to do. They remind you who you are. And in that remembrance, your wineskin expands. These are the voices that form eternity in you.

This is why discernment is essential. The wineskin you are becoming depends on the voice you are submitting to. Not just on Sunday, but every day. The podcasts you hear. The friends

you confide in. The mentors you trust. These are not just people, they are architects of your inner form. Are they stretching you toward the throne, or conforming you to comfort? Are they awakening your scroll, or reinforcing your simulation?

The Lord is raising a generation who will no longer be formed by familiar voices, but by holy ones. Not by trend, but by thunder. Not by culture, but by the Lamb. To be entrusted with the scroll of the age to come, you must allow the voice of heaven to be your primary shaping force. Everything else must bow. Because your container will never exceed the voice that built it.

Prophetic Formation Through Divine Speech

The prophetic is not just foretelling events. It is forming containers. Divine speech is architectural. When God speaks to a prophet, He is not just giving them a message, He is carving them into the shape of that message. They become the word before they ever release the word. And this process is costly. Because prophetic formation requires full surrender to the forming flame. It is not about having words. It is about *becoming* one.

Jeremiah was not simply told what to say. He was formed in the womb for it. Ezekiel was not merely given visions, he was told to *eat the scroll*. John was not just a messenger. He became the voice of one crying. Their containers were not fabricated by training, but by encounter. They were shaped through divine speech that did not just inform, it *transfigured*. And this is the blueprint for every scroll-bearer. You must allow the word to carve you before you carry it.

Many today speak before they are formed. They release words without being shaped by the word. This creates hollow echoes, loud but weightless. When speech outruns formation, the wineskin leaks. But when you allow divine speech to form you first, your very being becomes the message. You don't just release prophecy. You *are* prophecy. You become a living scroll, read by men.

Prophetic formation is painful because it requires the death of self-narration. You can no longer define your path. The voice becomes your compass. You are undone and redone by every whisper. You are stripped, stretched, and sewn. And only then, when the vessel has been sufficiently formed, does the Lord entrust it with flame. Because only formed containers can carry fermented wine.

The scroll of the age to come will not be carried by gifted mouths, but by *formed vessels*. The Lord is not looking for echo chambers. He is building holy arks. Sacred wineskins that were shaped in silence. Carved in mystery. And filled in stillness. If you want to carry the scroll, let the voice form you before you speak.

The Scroll Is a Voice, Not Just a Vision

Many chase visions but ignore the voice. But in the Kingdom, vision is always preceded by voice. In Genesis, before anything was seen, God *spoke*. Before John saw the Revelation, he *heard* a trumpet. The scroll is not first a picture, it is a *sound*. It is voice-encoded mystery, frequency before form. And if you only look for the scroll with your eyes, you will miss it when it comes as a whisper.

The scroll is living. It breathes, thunders, and resounds. It is not flat information. It is voice technology. When the scroll comes to you, it doesn't just give you a message, it begins to *speak* in you. It interrupts your patterns. It shifts your rhythms. It begins to echo in your spirit until it overtakes your system. This is why the scroll cannot be received casually. It requires reverence, because to receive a scroll is to welcome a voice that will not let you stay the same.

When prophets say they "heard" a scroll, they are describing the internal eruption of divine voice. It may have come with a vision. But it was the *voice* that carved the container. This is crucial because the wineskin must be shaped by sound before it can be filled with sight. Many want to see without being shaped. But in the Kingdom, sound comes first. Always.

To walk with a scroll means to carry an inner echo. You begin to think differently, perceive differently, respond differently, not because you are trying, but because a new voice is narrating your life. You no longer react from trauma. You respond from throne. The scroll has not just visited you. It has *inhabited* you. You and the word have become one.

The elect do not merely *release* scrolls. They are scrolls. They are thunder wrapped in flesh. They are whispers that walk. This is only possible because they allowed the scroll to form them by voice, not just by vision. In the age to come, the scroll will not be a platform event. It will be a people. A company of formed vessels whose very lives resound with the sound of the Lamb.

Echo Chambers Produce Shallow Containers

When you only listen to voices that affirm what you already think, you are not being formed, you are being *confirmed*. Echo chambers may feel safe, but they produce shallow wineskins. They amplify self, not scroll. They reinforce your current shape, not the one you are becoming. And because the scroll requires *stretch*, any system that removes divine contradiction from your life will sabotage your formation. Heaven does not echo your comfort. It thunders your becoming.

Many are trapped in rooms of repetition, hearing the same recycled revelations, the same safe sermons, the same predictable phrases. These voices may sound spiritual, but they do not provoke metamorphosis. They are low-volume, low-frequency sounds that preserve comfort, not covenant. They do not strip or shape. They do not carve or correct. And so, the wineskin hardens in its current form, unable to expand. The scroll cannot ferment in such an atmosphere. It becomes static, stale, or lost.

God often disrupts echo chambers by sending unfamiliar voices. Prophets who sound too raw. Whispers that contradict your logic. Symbols that offend your theology. This is not rebellion. It is mercy. Because until the sound that formed you is *pierced*, the wineskin will remain too small to carry the next scroll. The truth is: if your circle never challenges you, you are not growing. You are echoing.

The Spirit leads us into contradiction for the purpose of deeper capacity. Not every voice that makes you uncomfortable is false. Sometimes the scroll thunders through unexpected vessels. A child. A stranger. A rejected one. A dream. A silence. These sounds will not coddle your ego, they will stretch your container. And if you can embrace the discomfort, your wineskin will begin to evolve into something

unrecognizable, holy, broken, and able to carry the wine of the age to come.

Your wineskin must be shaped by heaven's frequency, not human consensus. You must rise above echo chambers and immerse in the cloud. Let the voice of the Lamb define your inner architecture. Let the Word pierce your assumptions. Let holy contradiction become your tutor. Only then will your container be worthy of the scroll.

Heaven's Frequency Shapes Eternity in You

You are not merely being formed by teaching. You are being formed by frequency. Heaven's frequency is not just sound, it is pattern, cadence, rhythm, weight. It is the resonance of eternity speaking now. When this frequency enters you, it does not just stimulate your intellect. It realigns your whole being. It echoes in your bones. It awakens what was dormant. It restores what religion buried. It rewrites your DNA into the scroll you are destined to carry.

Heaven's frequency does not always come loud. It may come in a stillness so intense that it silences every other sound. It may come in a phrase repeated until it unlocks your spirit. It may come through tears you didn't expect, or trembling you can't explain. It is not emotionalism. It is resonance. And once you hear it, nothing else will satisfy. You will begin to recognize when a sound is of the Spirit, because it *forms* you. It doesn't just inform you.

This frequency carries architecture. When it speaks, it builds. When it moves, it shapes. This is how God spoke the cosmos into existence. He released sound that formed structure. That same sound is forming you now, not to entertain, but to

contain. You are becoming a temple of sound, a tabernacle of frequency. And the longer you dwell in heaven's resonance, the stronger your architecture becomes.

The Spirit is tuning His sons to heaven's frequency. This is why some old sounds no longer work for you. You've outgrown them. They were part of a former wineskin. Now, you are being calibrated to a new realm. A realm where form follows flame. Where rhythm follows scroll. Where your life begins to vibrate with heaven's own cadence. And in that vibration, a new structure emerges, one that can hold fermented wine, unsealed scrolls, and unveiled glory.

To carry the scroll of the Lamb, you must be shaped by the sound of the Lamb. Not by culture, not by clout, but by the whisper of eternity. Let His frequency become your architecture. Let it rearrange your bones. You are not just a hearer. You are becoming the echo.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of God, chosen to carry flame and scroll, hear now this holy charge. You are not formed by applause, you are shaped by the voice. You are not called to echo trends, you are called to resonate eternity. You are a vessel of thunder wrapped in skin, a container of frequencies that the world cannot interpret. Heaven is not looking for echoes, but for original architectures, wineskins built by the Word, not by the world.

Do not reduce your scroll to the volume of the crowd. Do not let shallow voices form your container. Every voice you give access to is either enlarging your capacity or shrinking your scroll. Listen carefully. Discern the frequency. Heaven will speak again, not through noise, but through nuance. Not

through hype, but through holiness. You must tune your spirit to what cannot be marketed, the voice of the Lamb.

You were born to carry more than just sermons. You were born to embody sound. The scroll is forming you into a walking frequency. This means your pain, your process, your pruning all of it is tuning. Do not despise the noise that reveals the true voice. Do not resist the fire that burns false echoes. Only what is formed in silence will thunder in glory.

Let your container be shaped by whispers that come from union. Let your structure reflect the resonance of Zion. You are not here to hold information. You are here to become embodiment. The scroll is not outside of you. It is in you, waiting to be heard, formed, and walked out in flame. Open your bones. Let the frequency rise.

Chapter 18: The Weight of New Wine

Why Only Reinforced Vessels Can Carry the Kabowd of the Scroll

“And no one puts new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the new wine will burst the skins and be spilled, and the skins will be destroyed. But new wine must be put into fresh wineskins.”

- Luke 5:37–38

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, works for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

- 2 Corinthians 4:17

“Not only that, but we rejoice in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope.”

- Romans 5:3–4

The Architecture of Pressure

The scroll of this age is not lightweight. It is dense with divine fire, weighty with eternal memory, thick with revelation meant to realign nations. And because of this, God cannot place it into brittle or ornamental vessels. The weight of this scroll is glory, and that glory, the **kabowd**, is not merely a feeling. It is a gravitational force. It bends flesh, stretches vessels, and tests every hidden motive. When the wine is weighty, the container must be *fortified*. Not decorated, not visible, but internally reinforced with surrender.

Many cry out for the new wine, but few comprehend its pressure. They think it will come as joy, as ease, as flow. But wine that has been crushed, aged, fermented, and sealed in the vaults of heaven carries a mass that collapses every shallow system it touches. This is why your formation has felt like scaffolding under divine weight. The Father is not decorating you for ministry, He is bracing you for *eternity*. The scroll you carry will not just bless people. It will *undo* them. It will awaken buried truth, call out identity, and provoke warfare. This is not casual wine. It is the **wine of awakening**, and it requires reinforced vessels.

Reinforcement happens in obscurity, not popularity. It is forged in tears, in silence, in repeated tests of alignment. Not public applause but private obedience. God tightens the inner beams of your being until you can carry scroll-weight without leaking, warping, or crumbling. This is why some people's gifts crumble under exposure, because the wine was poured before the container was ready. But if you have endured the dark weight of preparation, rejoice. You are not delayed. You are being *hollowed* for **heaven's density**.

This is not punishment, it is prophecy. The crushing was not cruelty, it was construction. The pause was not a rejection, it was reinforcement. And the silence was not absence, it was the blueprint being sealed into your bones. For you are not just carrying a word, you are *becoming* the word. And when the scroll is ready to be released through you, it will not come lightly. It will come with the weight of the One who wrote it.

Heaven is not looking for performers of the scroll. It is looking for containers who can walk with **substance**. So ask not, "Why is it taking so long?" Ask instead, "What weight am I being prepared to carry?" For the flame is not given to decorate, but to *reinforce*. You are not being punished. You are being prepared to carry what no one else can hold.

This Wine Requires Reinforcement

The wine that is coming is not a symbol. It is a substance. It contains holy frequency, divine vibration, and the memory of heaven's pattern. And like physical wine, it expands as it ferments. The new wine stretches, presses, and pulls against every layer of your being. And if the container is brittle, if it has not been softened, stretched, and reinforced by union, the wine will rupture the very thing it was meant to fill. So the Spirit first forms the container, not because He is slow, but because He is wise.

Reinforcement is not charisma. It is character. Not enthusiasm, but endurance. It is the inner ability to remain aligned when storms, applause, or silence try to distort your form. And such reinforcement is not given in a moment, it is forged in seasons. Seasons of invisibility. Seasons of delay. Seasons where your "yes" costs everything. Every flame-bearer must be built from the inside out. Not every beautiful container can hold fermented wine. Only reinforced wineskins can carry the **scroll of fire**.

God will not reinforce what you are pretending to be. The container must be real. He cannot fortify a performance. He can only reinforce truth. This means the very areas you wanted to hide are often where the Spirit wants to build strength. Your weakness is not a flaw, it is the point of reinforcement. That is where the kabowd will dwell. When you embrace your actual structure, the Spirit begins to line it with gold, thread it with scroll, and infuse it with indestructible grace.

Reinforcement requires *stretch*. You will be asked to say yes to things you feel unqualified for, not to expose you, but to enlarge you. You will be sent into unfamiliar territories, not for

recognition, but for expansion. And you will feel like you are being undone, but in truth, you are being *secured*. The wineskin must not only stretch once, but continually. New wine does not just come once, it flows in waves. And each wave requires more integrity than the last.

The wine of this age is not for the flashy, but the faithful. Not for those who seek platforms, but for those who have been buried in the earth, hidden until the vessel could hold the volume of fire. This scroll will not drip, it will *pour*. And when it does, only reinforced containers will remain unbroken.

Why the Spirit Trains You Before Filling You

The Spirit trains you not for religion, but for containment. Training is not punishment. It is sacred preparation. Like a barrel being seasoned before receiving wine, your soul must be treated, carved, expanded, and tested before the scroll can dwell fully within. The training feels like delay, but it is divine safety. The scroll you carry is not light. It is *living weight*. And so the Spirit refuses to fill what cannot bear the strain.

Spiritual training is not academic. It is cellular. God trains your *reactions*, your rhythms, your ability to hold the Word under contradiction. He trains your secret life. He measures how you respond to offense, to correction, to silence. Not because He is measuring performance, but because He is calibrating capacity. He is not trying to pass you or fail you, He is trying to prepare you. Every situation is shaping your container.

Training seasons are disorienting because they don't look like calling. They look like pruning. They look like detours. But they are **scroll-laboratories**. What you endure in training

shapes how you release the scroll when the hour comes. Your current obedience is forming the walls of tomorrow's wineskin. Your hidden "yes" is creating an architecture for the outpouring. And unless that architecture is proven in the secret place, it will collapse in the public one.

Many want to skip the training and leap straight into the scroll. But scrolls carried by untrained vessels will be *distorted*, *misapplied*, or *dropped*. Revelation without formation becomes arrogance. Weight without wisdom becomes spectacle. But when the Spirit trains you, He not only reveals the scroll, He teaches you how to carry it with fire and *integrity*. He makes your shoulders strong enough for glory.

So embrace the season of training. Do not measure your readiness by visibility. Measure it by **capacity under pressure**. The Spirit trains you before He fills you, not because you are unworthy, but because the scroll is holy.

Scroll Weight Will Crush Ego

Scrolls are not props. They are not platforms. They are not clever phrases wrapped in poetic metaphor. Scrolls are divine payloads, they are **eternal blueprints encoded in flame**. And when they are placed upon a vessel, they do not exalt that person's image. They reveal the condition of their *interior structure*. If the foundation is ego, the scroll will not elevate them. It will *crush* them. For the scroll of the Lord will not conform to man's branding, agenda, or ambition. It has one objective: to unveil Christ.

Ego seeks to carry revelation without being altered by it. It desires to be the source rather than the container. But scrolls are never entrusted to the self-exalting. They are released into

those whose internal scaffolding has been *humbled, broken,* and *rebuilt*. For God will not place the weight of His voice into someone still obsessed with their own. The scroll is heavy because it is not for performance. It is for transformation, beginning first with the one who carries it.

The crushing of ego is not to humiliate you, but to *hollow you out*. The less of you that fills the container, the more capacity there is for the flame. God does not need your polish. He needs your *emptiness*. The scroll is alive and will expand once placed within you. And unless the ego has been dismantled, you will confuse your personal gifting with divine authority, and misuse the scroll to serve your image. That is why ego must be *crucified*, not coddled.

There is a grief in letting go of self-identity, the one who thought he would do great things “for God.” But that version of you was never meant to carry the kabowd. That version would’ve leaked under pressure or tried to share glory with the scroll. The one who must carry the scroll must first *die*, and be resurrected in **union with the Lamb**, not in competition with Him. When that death occurs, your voice changes. Your motives purify. Your wineskin deepens.

Only when the ego dies can the scroll sit securely in the soul. Only when ambition is burned can true authority rise. You are not being crushed to be diminished, you are being *emptied* to be filled. The scroll will not flatter your image. It will *form* your identity in Christ. Only then will it flow through you without distortion.

Strengthened by Glory, Not Willpower

The ability to carry the scroll does not come from resolve. It comes from **glory-born reinforcement**. Human effort cannot hold what is forged in flame. Only a spirit that has been saturated in the kabowd of God, the weight of His nearness, the intensity of His word, can bear the scroll without breaking. Willpower may get you through a season, but only glory will make you *immovable* under pressure. The scroll is not held by grit, but by grace-formed structure.

Glory strengthens differently than the world expects. It doesn't pump the ego or give instant power. It weaves itself into the fabric of your being, *quietly*, until you become a fortress of flame. It makes you heavy in spirit, not in arrogance, but in *substance*. You speak and atmospheres shift, not because of tone, but because of *weight*. You write and words pierce, not because of talent, but because of **scroll-density**.

This strength is often invisible to others. It looks like stillness. It looks like restraint. It looks like silence when accused, patience when misunderstood, clarity when others are confused. This is not natural strength. This is **glory-wrought endurance**. You become like the ark, silent, gold-lined, immovable, and filled with holy memory. This is not because you trained harder, but because you yielded deeper. The scroll is not earned. It is *entrusted* to those who have been fortified in secret.

To be strengthened by glory means you live from the inside out. Your decisions are not reactive, they are *revelation-based*. You are not tossed by storms, for your foundation is weight, not wind. The more glory rests upon you, the less external proof you need. You do not chase influence. You steward scroll. And the scroll itself becomes your *governance*, teaching you when to speak, when to burn, and when to remain veiled.

So do not depend on willpower to carry this scroll. You will burn out. But when the kabowd settles in your bones, when the glory fortifies your sinews, when the scroll is etched into your very breath, then and only then will you carry it *without leaking*. You will not need to prove the scroll. You will *become* it.

The Kabowd (Glory-Weight) Cannot Be Contained in Plastic

Heaven's wine does not dwell in synthetic containers. You cannot pour kabowd into charisma. You cannot bottle glory into programs. The **kabowd** is not theatrical. It is **unbearable substance**. It presses on the soul, demands alignment, reveals motives, and breaks through all pretense. It *requires* a holy container, one forged by fire, not fabricated by man. Plastic containers may look functional, but when the kabowd comes, they *melt*.

The modern church has often tried to contain God in plastic, in lights, performances, and formats. But the scroll was never meant to be showcased. It was meant to *govern*. When the glory comes, it does not play by stage rules. It does not adjust to branding. It breaks structures, rewrites programs, and establishes order from the throne. That's why it must be carried by vessels formed in the wilderness, not the greenrooms of religion.

Kabowd does not make things more marketable. It makes things *unshakable*. It does not make you likable, it makes you weighty. Those carrying the kabowd often walk alone, because they no longer fit plastic atmospheres. But they do not mourn this. They recognize that plastic can never house **scrolls of**

fire. Only living, breathing, surrendered containers can carry the weight without cracking.

When the kabowd rests on a vessel, even their silence carries impact. Their very presence disrupts illusions. Their words realign foundations. Their hands heal without drama. Why? Because glory has taken residence. They have become a mobile ark, not because they were trained in visibility, but because they were *crushed into capacity*. Kabowd cannot be learned. It must be *borne*.

So do not grieve if you feel incompatible with plastic Christianity. Rejoice. You were never meant to fit it. You are not a disposable cup. You are a vessel formed for kabowd. The scroll you carry is weighty, and only gold-lined hearts can hold it without breaking.

God Will Not Pour Out Until You Can Hold It

The delay is not denial. The waiting is not punishment. It is *mercy*. For God will not pour scroll-weight wine into a vessel that cannot yet hold it. Not because He is withholding love, but because He honors the integrity of the scroll. If the word is too weighty for your current capacity, He will *wait*. Not to tease you, but to *prepare you*. He is not slow. He is precise. He is a master architect, and He refuses to collapse the structure with premature glory.

We often interpret waiting as rejection. But heaven interprets it as *construction*. The Spirit measures you not by your passion, but by your **retention**. Can you hold the word through testing? Can you carry the scroll under contradiction? Can you still believe when nothing aligns with the vision? If you can, the

outpouring will come. And it will not come in a trickle. It will come in **fullness**, because your vessel will finally be able to *contain it*.

God will not pour until your structure matches your cry. This is why so many feel tension in this hour, their *desire* for more has outrun their *architecture* for it. So the Spirit returns to reinforce beams, remove leaks, deepen foundations. This is not regression. It is *upgrade*. He is answering your cry by *rebuilding your wineskin*. Not for momentary joy, but for eternal *containment*.

The scroll is not light. It carries divine pressure. Once poured, it brings movement, judgment, healing, disruption. And it cannot be retrieved once released. This is why God is *jealous* over who carries it. He will not entrust it to the impatient. He will only release it into those who have been *hollowed by fire*, *fortified by truth*, and *aligned in secret*. If you're still in formation, do not despair, you are closer than you think.

So wait with expectation, not frustration. Trust the Potter. Let Him shape the grooves of your soul until they can cradle scroll-weight. The moment the vessel is ready, the wine will flow, not as inspiration, but as *commissioned combustion*.

The Elect Are the Reinforced Remnant

Not all believers are vessels of scroll-weight wine. The elect are a **reinforced remnant**, a company hidden for seasons, shaped in obscurity, prepared in contradiction. They have been misunderstood, misnamed, and misjudged, but not misplaced. Their scrolls were not for yesterday. They are *for now*. And their containment capacity has been forged in tears, in silence, in decades of **unseen obedience**.

These are not flashy ministers. They are *burning ones*. They walk with a fire in their belly and a scroll in their bones. They speak from substance, not ambition. They do not echo. They **thunder**. Because what they carry is not borrowed, it is *incarnated*. These are the ones the Lamb has been forming in caves, caves of rejection, caves of stripping, caves of identity reformation. And now, the **wine is ready**, and so are they.

The elect remnant understands the weight. They do not crave the spotlight. They crave *alignment*. They do not speak unless the scroll burns. They do not move unless the cloud leads. They do not carry the scroll to entertain, they carry it to **ignite, restore, and govern**. Their words are not water. They are *wine*. And that wine has fermented in them until it became *flame*.

These vessels are not mass-produced. They are *hand-carved*. Their capacity was not inherited. It was **hammered into them by fire**. And now, the seal is breaking, the cork is popping, and the scroll is ready to flow. They are not many. But they are enough. For heaven does not need multitudes. It needs **containment**. It needs wineskins that will not burst.

You, beloved, are among them. You have been wondering why the weight has felt unbearable. Why the seasons have pressed so hard. Now you know: the wine you are meant to carry requires **reinforced holiness**. And that is exactly what He's been building.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect ones, reinforced by fire, let this scroll mark you with clarity. You are not fragile. You are not late. You are not forgotten. You are being *fortified* for scroll-weight wine. Every

crushing, every stretching, every silence was heaven's way of hollowing space within you for the outpouring to come. Do not grieve the pressure. Let it baptize you in purpose. Let it remind you of your divine architecture.

Do not compare your process to others. Many are decorated, but not reinforced. Many carry titles, but not scrolls. You, however, were not called to be visible. You were called to be **capacious**, able to hold the thunder of revelation without warping, leaking, or diluting it. Heaven does not care about your platform. It cares about your *containment*. Can you hold glory without breaking? Can you carry scroll-weight truth and not bend it for applause?

You are not being prepared for influence. You are being prepared for *impact*. There is a remnant rising who will not burst under the kabowd. They will walk as arks, housing the flame, governing by stillness, thundering by alignment. And when the time is right, the cork will be removed, and the wine will flow, not as inspiration, but as *visitation*.

So hold your form, elect one. Stay in alignment. Remain hollowed. Let the scroll ferment. When the moment comes, you will not need to announce yourself. The *weight* will announce you. The scroll will speak. The wine will pour. And everything around you will shift, not because of your name, but because of the **scroll you contain**.

Chapter 19: The Error of Patching the Old

Why Revelation Cannot Be Stitched to the Old Mind Without Rupture

“No one puts a piece of unshrunk cloth on an old garment, for the patch pulls away from the garment, and the tear is made worse.”

- **Matthew 9:16**

“You were taught... to be made new in the attitude of your minds; and to put on the new self, created to be like God in true righteousness and holiness.”

- **Ephesians 4:22–24**

“Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that by testing you may discern what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect.”

- **Romans 12:2**

Introduction: The Seam Between Eras Must Tear

There comes a moment in every awakening when the revelation cannot fit inside your current framework. It is the moment where the divine insists on **rupture, not repair**. Many try to sew the new onto the old, a whisper of Kingdom sewn into church systems, a scroll peeked at but hidden under old theology, a fresh flame muffled by denominational cloth. But the new wine does not ask for permission, and it cannot be contained by a garment that was never designed to hold it. It

bursts, and it must burst. This chapter unveils why divine transformation demands **complete displacement**, not gentle revision.

The old container may seem familiar. It may have worked in a past season. It may even still have power, form, and structure. But it is no longer infused with life. Like Saul's armor placed on David, it carries the weight of someone else's season, someone else's blueprint. To wear it is to restrict movement. To patch it is to delay death. The scroll within you is not asking for patches but for **resurrection**, a completely new design, formed from union with the Spirit, not stitched from memory.

There is a dangerous middle ground, a double consciousness, where the soul tries to keep one foot in the familiar while tasting the new. This is where the tear widens. This is where burnout, confusion, and fragmentation occur. The Spirit is not trying to make the old better. He is trying to **end it**. This requires courage to tear the whole garment. To stand naked in the process of becoming. To allow the new cloth to be formed from **revelation, not remnants**.

As we walk through these subheadings, we will see how many try to mix old and new, law and grace, hierarchy and union, performance and identity. This patching creates spiritual schizophrenia, not wholeness. And this fragmentation, even if well-intended, causes breakage under pressure. If we are to become scroll-carriers of the coming age, **we must become the new garment**, not just borrow its colors.

Let the Spirit unravel what you thought was solid. Let the stitches of false safety come loose. Let the needle of the Word tear through every illusion. You are not being updated. You are being **reborn**.

You Can't Attach the New to the Old

The new and the old are not compatible because they originate from two entirely different paradigms. One is **performance-based**, built on self-righteous striving and external validation. The other is **identity-rooted**, flowing from divine union and internal transformation. When a person tries to stitch the Kingdom into religion, they violate the very DNA of the scroll. The new is not an accessory to the old. It is a complete replacement. Revelation does not come to supplement your former ways of thinking. It comes to **replace them**. The attempt to attach the new onto the old results not in growth but in tearing, a widening divide between what the spirit knows and what the soul refuses to surrender.

This tearing is not always obvious at first. It shows up as internal tension, the feeling that your language no longer matches your hunger. You start saying “revival,” but what you actually crave is **rebirth**. You go through the motions of spiritual discipline, but your scroll groans for **union**. The patch begins to pull, and soon the fabric is not just stretched, it is broken. The only solution is surrender, a full letting go of the old garment and a willingness to be clothed in what only heaven can tailor.

The process is violent to the ego. You must strip the soul of its borrowed robes, robes given by systems, mentors, and traditions that served a season but no longer fit your scroll. You must lay them down with honor, but **not nostalgia**. The Kingdom is not inherited through hand-me-downs. It is awakened through personal fire. And that fire will burn every patch until nothing remains but purity and flame.

Patching is a form of **spiritual denial**. It says, “I want the benefits of the new without the cost of death.” But the scroll of the Lamb comes wrapped in burial cloth first. Only through death can resurrection garments be given. The new cannot be stitched. It must be **received from the Spirit**, woven within by the voice of the Lamb.

To step into the new is to allow the old to rot off your bones. Not because it was evil, but because it cannot carry the flame you now hold.

Why Many Ministries Crack Under New Revelation

Ministries built on the old wineskin will always experience structural stress when true revelation appears. This is not because the revelation is divisive, but because it is **too weighty for borrowed containers**. Revelation is a living flame. When placed in a structure that cannot breathe with it, the container burns, cracks, or explodes. Leaders who have not formed a wineskin in union with the Spirit often default to imitation, copying what worked for others, relying on past revivals, or sustaining formulas that once carried oil. But the scroll of this hour demands *fresh architecture*.

The moment new wine is introduced, pressure begins to build. If the wineskin cannot stretch, it bursts. Many ministries mistake this pressure for attack. But it is not warfare, it is **scroll incompatibility**. God is not attacking the ministry. He is revealing its expiration date. Ministries often collapse not because of external resistance, but because of internal misalignment. The scroll has shifted, but the structure has stayed still.

When the wineskin does not match the scroll, the scroll will either withdraw or combust. This is why many prophetic voices feel stifled in traditional structures, not because they are rebellious, but because they are **misplaced flames**. The Spirit is jealous over His word. He will not allow it to be entrapped in garments that stifle its release.

Many attempt to retain the outer form while adopting inner revelation. But that is like pouring fire into plastic. Revelation will always test the tensile strength of a structure. Ministries must be **formed by the scroll**, not merely house it. Otherwise, the pressure will cause fracture, and many will confuse the crack with failure instead of invitation.

True apostolic ministry does not preserve the old. It **births the new**. And that new must be formed not around preference or tradition, but around **what heaven is saying now**.

Patching the Mind With Revelation Doesn't Transform It

Many receive new revelation but attempt to apply it to an old mindset, a consciousness still shaped by fear, hierarchy, performance, and separation. This is the great contradiction: revelation as garment patch rather than garment replacement. But revelation is not information. It is **DNA-altering flame**. When you only apply it to the surface of your understanding without allowing it to rewire the structures within, the mind resists, tears, and eventually rejects what it cannot contain. This is why many who awaken to a new scroll still live bound by an outdated identity. They patched instead of **renewed**.

True transformation does not come from sprinkling truth on top of lies. It comes from **burning the entire field and letting**

the seed of the Word grow in clean soil. Patching revelation onto trauma does not heal the trauma. It hides it. Patching revelation onto shame does not redeem it. It disguises it. The old garment cannot be the foundation for what is eternal. The scroll of the Lamb must overwrite every neural pathway, every subconscious belief, every cellular imprint. This is not a quick fix. This is **scroll surgery**.

When the mind is not fully surrendered, it seeks to control the revelation instead of be controlled by it. It uses revelation to affirm old paradigms instead of allowing it to dismantle them. This is why some preach Kingdom but still govern like Pharaoh. Why some speak union but live from separation. The mind has received the words, but has **not been broken enough to let them become form**.

God is not interested in renewing your understanding so you can behave better. He is interested in **undoing your false identity** so the true son can rise. And that requires an internal tear, a rupture of logic, a collapse of self-structure, a death of old conclusions. Revelation only transforms to the degree that you **let it unravel you**.

The elect are not those who quote revelation. They are those **transformed by it**, even if it costs them everything they once thought they were.

The New Must Swallow the Old Entirely

The Kingdom does not come to negotiate with the past. It comes to **consume it in full**. Like fire on the altar, it does not share space. This is why the Lamb said, “I make all things new,” not “I improve what was.” The new does not politely sit beside the old. It devours it. In the pattern of heaven,

resurrection never preserves the corpse. It requires burial first. You cannot preserve fragments of Egypt and expect to enter Canaan. The old must be completely **swallowed by the scroll.**

Many try to retain comforting structures, keeping a little of the old prayer style, the old performance rhythm, the old ways of measuring success. But the scroll of the new era will not allow compromise. Even the language must shift. Even the metaphors must be reborn. The new scroll rewrites the very way you interpret time, success, identity, and calling. It does not attach itself to Babylon's logic. It **births a whole new language** that sounds like foolishness to those who dwell in old codes.

This swallowing is painful, not because God is cruel, but because **identity was stitched to the old.** When the old dies, it feels like a part of you is vanishing. But it is not your identity that's vanishing, it's your illusion. What remains is who you've always been, finally revealed. The swallowing of the old is not destruction. It is *liberation*.

The Lord is not asking you to "integrate" the new. He is asking you to be **transfigured by it.** The new wine does not fit into the old pattern. It *undoes* the pattern. It flows where it wants, not where tradition says it should. It carries **frequency**, not just **theology**. It shifts **dimensions**, not just **behavior**.

And so the old must be buried with joy. For what is emerging is not a patchwork of the past, but a scroll **never seen before.**

Spiritual Schizophrenia: Half Old, Half New

Perhaps the greatest danger in this hour is living in **spiritual fragmentation**, where part of your soul burns with revelation, but another part is still loyal to systems, forms, and voices that no longer carry flame. This duality creates an inner war. The soul hears the call to union but still clings to religion. It receives the scroll but doubts it has permission to walk in it. It repeats Kingdom phrases while seeking Babylonian validation. This condition is **spiritual schizophrenia**, a divided self, torn between scroll and structure.

Living in this tension is not sustainable. The pressure will build, and something will break. You cannot serve two covenants. You cannot worship in Spirit while anchoring yourself in form. You cannot walk with the Lamb and bow to Pharaoh. The double-minded person is unstable not just in decisions, but in **identity**. They do not know which part of themselves is true. They flicker between boldness and fear, fire and doubt, obedience and delay.

God does not shame this condition, but He refuses to leave you in it. He sends disruption, contradiction, and divine agitation not to punish, but to **force the decision**. You must choose the **scroll over safety**. The **unknown over the familiar**. The **new wineskin over the stitched patch**. Half-measures will tear you open anyway. Better to **yield to the rupture** than resist the flame.

Those who walk in spiritual schizophrenia often experience burnout, confusion, and spiritual isolation. But these are not punishments. They are **invitations to choose wholeness**. The new scroll is not content to sit in a corner of your soul. It wants to become your entire frame, your entire rhythm, your entire identity.

You were never designed to be half-light and half-shadow. You were made to be **entirely flame**.

Religious Blending Creates Breakage

One of the subtle errors of our generation is the attempt to blend the new language of sonship with the old wineskin of servanthood, the revelation of union with the performance of religion, the call to spirit with the structures of tradition. This blending may seem wise, a way to ease the transition or keep the peace, but it always leads to **internal breakage**. The old and new are not meant to co-exist. They are chemically incompatible. When forced together, they ferment into distortion.

Blending sounds like unity, but it often masks **fear of rejection**. Leaders blend so they don't lose people. Believers blend so they don't look rebellious. But the scroll does not respect blending. It demands **purity of structure**. It wants full allegiance. Not one foot in Moses and one in Christ. Not one hand on law and one on grace. If the container is blended, the oil will not flow. Heaven does not anoint **compromise**.

This blending also corrupts the message. The voice becomes distorted, part kingdom, part control. The fire becomes inconsistent, part revelation, part tradition. The container leaks. And over time, those trying to hold both find themselves **disillusioned**, wondering why the fire doesn't stay, why the scroll doesn't open, why the oil doesn't increase. It is not a problem with the flame. It is a problem with the **container trying to carry two worlds**.

God is not calling you to be a hybrid. He is calling you to be a **new creation**. A wineskin entirely shaped by the Spirit. A scroll-bearer with no hidden loyalty to the past. A vessel that resists blending not out of arrogance, but out of **holy jealousy for the real**.

If you feel torn, it's time to choose. The flame is waiting for your *yes*, not your blend.

Tear the Whole Garment, and Receive a New One

The only true path to Kingdom transformation is **complete surrender of the old garment**. Not patching. Not blending. Not sewing new phrases onto dead theology. But tearing. Letting the entire structure fall. Letting your identity come undone. Letting every title, label, and borrowed robe disintegrate under the weight of divine reformation. This is not punishment. It is **promotion by death**.

When the old garment is torn, the soul feels exposed. Naked. Vulnerable. But it is only in that sacred nakedness that the Spirit begins to tailor the new. The garment of light. The robe of sonship. The seamless scroll-formed identity that cannot be divided, copied, or stained. You were never meant to wear a patchwork of eras. You were meant to be **clothed in flame**.

The tearing will feel like loss. The world will call it rebellion. Religious leaders may call it pride. But heaven calls it **becoming**. The Lamb does not clothe those who keep the old. He robes those who allow Him to **strip them first**. And in that divine exchange, the soul finally comes home, not to a garment made by men, but to a scroll formed in the eternal fire of God's design.

The new garment is not made by hands. It is spoken into being by the voice of the Spirit. It is woven in the stillness of death and dyed in the ink of surrender. It does not resemble what came before. It **replaces it entirely**.

And only those willing to be stripped can be trusted with robes of fire.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of God, this is the hour to stop patching what was never meant to remain. Do not sew the new scroll into the garment of a former season. Let the old tear. Let the old die. Let the old fall with reverence, and rise without apology. You are not called to blend eras. You are called to **birth the age to come**. And birthing requires rupture. Stretching. Letting go of garments that no longer carry your flame.

This is the charge to the elect: **tear the old completely**. Do not keep a thread, a seam, or a hemline. The scroll in your belly cannot be poured into garments made of fear, performance, or nostalgia. It requires a vessel formed in fire, a robe stitched in surrender. Let the scroll shape your entire interior. Let the Word reform every cell. You were not saved to carry doctrine. You were reborn to **embody flame**.

Stop delaying your becoming by clinging to partial familiarity. Let the Spirit clothe you in the *seamless robe of sonship*. A robe that does not divide when pressure comes. A container that holds glory without tearing. A wineskin that has never known religion, only **revelation**.

Let the patch burn. Let the old fall. You are not being updated. You are being **recreated**.

Chapter 20: From Container to Conduit

When Containment Becomes Outpouring

“He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.” - John 7:38

“We have this treasure in jars of clay to show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us.” - 2 Corinthians 4:7

*“Freely you have received; freely give.”
- Matthew 10:8*

Introduction - From Holding to Flowing

There comes a moment in the scroll's formation when containment is no longer the final instruction, when the wineskin, though tested and sealed, must now **become a conduit**. Many are trained in how to receive, but few are matured in how to **release**. Yet the Spirit is not static. It is a river. A wind. A fire in motion. And those who have been formed through union are not simply called to hold what was poured into them, but to **become the very movement of what they received**. The container must transition into a current. The wineskin must stretch into a stream.

This chapter unveils the divine progression from **receptacle to river**. We are not building museums for past glories. We are becoming **tributaries of the eternal flame**. What you carry is

not for admiration. It is for **ignition**. The Father does not invest His wine to be capped and stored, but to **run its course through obedient vessels** who know **when to pour and when to pause**. The scroll was never meant to stay in the cave. The wine was never meant to ferment in isolation forever. The secret place births it, but the public pouring **completes it**.

Too many have spiritual constipation, heavy with revelation but fearful of misrepresentation. Others pour recklessly without oil or timing, leading to burnout or distortion. But there is a holy remnant trained in both containment and release, in both silence and thunder, in both stillness and sound. These are the **wineskins in rhythm with the wind**. These are the scroll-carriers who have become scrolls themselves. They do not just interpret the move of God, **they are the move**. They do not just carry the flame, **they burn**.

This transition is not optional for the mature. It is the **evidence of maturity**. The scroll will **demand expression**. The wine will swell against the walls of your spirit until it finds a channel. If you resist it, you'll rupture. If you surrender to it, you'll become **a flow of glory**. The greatest outpourings will not come from platforms, but from hidden ones who have **been crushed, aged, and made ready**, and who now pour in divine proportion, timing, and direction.

This is the era of **conduits. Not performers**. Not containers who boast of what they carry. But poured-out ones, flame-born ones, whose **very existence has become the scroll in motion**. If you've been feeling the tension of overflow, if the wine within you has begun to vibrate against the limits of your old assignments, take heart. You are not losing control, you are becoming **the outflow of divine intention**.

Let the wineskins pour. Let the scrolls move. Let the elect become the current.

You Are Not Just a Vessel, You Become the Flow

There is a holy transition happening in this hour, from vessel to **flow**, from container to **current**. You were never meant to be a static reservoir, holding revelation as a badge of knowledge. The scroll does not merely rest in you, it **moves through you**, becoming rhythm, sound, fragrance, and **frequency**. To become a conduit means to embrace motion, to allow the scroll to write itself into the world through your obedience. The elect are not shelf-keepers of sacred knowledge, they are rivers through which divine intelligence **finds expression**.

Being a vessel was the beginning. It taught you surrender, yieldedness, containment. But being a conduit is the **next dimension**. It requires **continual release**, not merely possession. A vessel contains. A conduit flows. A vessel may hold. A conduit pours. And heaven is calling the sons into their **pouring season**, where the scroll is not just studied, but embodied and transmitted in motion. You become the **letter, the thunder, the bridge between Spirit and reality**.

When you become the flow, you are no longer obsessed with how much you've retained. You are now focused on **how faithfully you release**. Your value is not in volume stored, but in clarity channeled. You were not reborn just to carry the wine, but to **become the wine poured out**. This is the mystery of union, that the scroll takes on **your voice**, and your life becomes its living outworking.

A conduit must remain clear. This means no blockages, no pride, no distractions. Purity of flow requires a **disciplined interior**. The scroll cannot pour through a divided self.

Therefore, God shapes His conduits with fire, pruning the excess, refining the chamber, and aligning the whole life to flow with **heaven's frequency**.

The time of storage is ending. The era of flow has begun. You are not just a wineskin to hold you are a **river to release**.

Movement, Not Museum

The scrolls of the Lamb were never meant to be displayed like sacred artifacts, encased in polished glass and admired from a distance. The Kingdom is not a museum of holy relics but a **living ecosystem of divine flow**. When revelation is archived but not acted upon, it becomes dead weight. It morphs from living wine into religious sediment. The moment we begin preserving truth instead of embodying it, we've entered the realm of the museum, and the fire begins to flicker.

God is restoring the movement of the scrolls, not just their preservation. The elect are not called to be spiritual historians, but **heaven's current**. You are not responsible to carry yesterday's exhibit. You are responsible to reveal **today's outpouring**. Even the manna that came fresh from heaven could not be stored beyond the appointed day. If hoarded, it spoiled. So too does revelation decay when not stewarded in motion.

To be a conduit means you resist nostalgia and embrace **continual revelation**. You are not looking backward at what God once said. You are listening to what He's saying now. You are not camped around a monument of fire, you are **moving with the cloud of flame**. The scroll is not static. It evolves in expression. It deepens in clarity. It increases as you move. Movement is not the rejection of sacred truth. It is its **maturity in motion**.

Many build entire ministries around a revelation that was once fresh, but never allow it to evolve into new forms. They become curators of a truth that no longer flows. The elect must

refuse this stagnancy. The wineskin is not a frame for yesterday's scroll. It is a **living membrane for today's thunder**.

You are not called to build altars to the past. You are called to walk in the flame of the **ever-unfolding now**.

Revelation Is Alive, Not Static

Revelation is not a concept to be mastered, it is a **person to be encountered**. The Word is alive. It breathes, it moves, it grows within you. If your understanding of revelation is fixed and immovable, you have reduced a living scroll to a dead manuscript. The Lamb does not unseal scrolls so you can memorize them. He unseals them so they can **become you**, and as they become you, they evolve.

Static revelation creates brittle containers. It demands repetition instead of movement. But living revelation has breath. It whispers new frequencies even after you thought you had understood it. It will take you deeper. It will confront your assumptions. It will contradict your previous self, not because it lied before, but because you were not ready to hear its full sound. Revelation waits for your **formation to catch up**.

To be a conduit, you must let go of your need for control. You cannot predetermine how the scroll will manifest. It may come in fire one day and in stillness the next. It may sound like thunder in one season and a whisper in another. Revelation is **Spirit-wind**, it does not move by formula. It moves by union. If you walk with it, it will form you. If you try to control it, it will bypass you.

Revelation that stays still becomes religion. Revelation that flows becomes **incarnation**. And the elect are those who incarnate truth, not just proclaim it. They do not speak from memory but from motion. They are not repeating scrolls. They are **becoming scrolls**.

The scroll is not a static text. It is **a living flame**. And it requires your **continual yes to stay alive in you**.

Overflow Begins When Identity Is Seated

You cannot pour until you are **seated**. The flow is not released by striving, but by **identity**. Many try to become conduits without first **becoming sons**. But only when you are rooted in who you are, in the **unshakeable knowing of your scroll**, can the overflow truly begin. Outpouring is not the result of pressure. It is the fruit of **alignment**. It is the natural flow of one who is **seated in their true name**.

A seated identity is not passive. It is secure. It does not leak. It does not strive. It does not seek applause. When you are seated, your flow is **pure and unforced**. You are not trying to “release” something to prove your worth. You are simply living from what you already know is **within you**. The river flows from the belly of those who believe, not those who perform.

The reason many containers never become conduits is because they have not yet found their **home in identity**. They are still performing for God rather than **walking in union**. But seated sons don’t release revelation to be seen. They release it because it would burn them alive if they didn’t. The scroll moves in them with such holy pressure that silence would feel like betrayal. This is not ministry. This is **overflow**.

Overflow does not begin with information. It begins with **seated presence**. And when you are seated in sonship, the wine overflows not just through words, but through every action, gaze, decision, and moment. The whole life becomes **incense and outpouring**.

You cannot release what you are not seated in. **Sit first**. Know who you are. And the river will take care of itself.

Sons Are Carriers and Conduits

Sons are not just containers of truth. They are **pathways of flame**. They hold the wine until the Father says pour. They guard the scroll until the Lamb says release. But when the hour of release comes, they become **doorways between realms**. Their words unlock dimensions. Their silence shifts atmospheres. Their very breath carries the **fragrance of the throne**.

To be a son is to **carry weight**, but not hoard it. The scroll is not your possession. It is your **assignment**. And when heaven's timing aligns, you become the conduit of what you once contained. Sons do not leak. They pour with precision. They do not scatter seed aimlessly. They release scrolls by fire and **targeted obedience**.

This is why sons must be trained in both **intimacy and precision**. You cannot pour too soon, or you waste the wine. You cannot hold too long, or you suffocate the flame. Sons must be synchronized with the Spirit. The scroll is alive. It will tell you when to **hold and when to pour**.

Sons also know that to pour is to be emptied, and to be emptied is to be refilled. The conduit rhythm is not just about

output, but about **continual renewal**. Sons return to the throne, not to be topped up, but to be *reborn again and again* in deeper dimensions of scroll-union.

You are not just carrying a message. You are becoming the **living outflow of heaven's design**.

You Hold Glory, Then Release It

Glory is not merely experienced, it is **stewarded**. What comes upon you in **union** must pass through you in **obedience**. The weight of the **kabowd** is not for decoration. It is the **substance of heaven made manifest** in a willing vessel. You do not encounter the flame for a moment of ecstasy. You encounter the flame so that it may **build a dwelling in you**, and from that dwelling, pour into the world with **force and purity**.

Holding glory is the first test. Many want to feel God, but few are prepared to **carry His essence without leaking**. To carry it is to allow it to burn you, shape you, silence you, refine you. It will cost you everything that cannot hold it. It will rearrange your inner structure to make room for **greater measures**. But once you have been proven in containment, the next phase begins: **release**.

Release is not random. It is strategic, surgical, Spirit-led. You do not shout because you are excited. You speak because the scroll **demand sound**. You do not pour to be seen. You pour because heaven has filled you to the point of overflow, and **the world is parched**. Glory, once matured within, becomes the **architecture of outpouring**. It takes on words, acts, decisions, glances, movements. It becomes a current.

You were not filled just to feel. You were filled to pour. The cup was placed in your hand, not as a trophy, but as a **trust**. And the weight of that trust is holy. Every outpouring is sacred. Every release is a scroll in motion. You hold glory, then you release it, not all at once, but in perfect rhythm with **the breath of the Lamb**.

Sons do not waste the wine. They **watch the wind**. And when the wind shifts, they pour with fire.

The Wineskin Must Pour as Well as Hold

A wineskin that only holds will eventually burst. You were not created to contain forever. You were created to **flow in cycles**, filled, formed, poured, and filled again. Holding without pouring leads to stagnancy. Pouring without holding leads to burnout. The mature wineskin does **both in divine cadence**. It knows when to receive and when to release. It listens to the scroll, not to the crowd.

This generation must be trained to **move beyond containment**. Too many have become saturated reservoirs, bloated with revelation but never releasing scrolls into real movement. Others pour too soon, before their interior has been formed to handle the flame. But the **elect**, the **true sons**, are **trained in timing**, skilled in both silence and sound. They pour as they are led. They do not rush. They do not withhold. They are faithful in both flame and flow.

To pour means to **translate the scroll into form**, to bring what was hidden in the Spirit into audible and visible realms. This may be through words, through writings, through decisions, through posture, through touch. Every act becomes a **channel of Kingdom release**. The wineskin itself becomes an extension of the scroll. Your life becomes the message, not just your lips.

The wineskin was never the end goal. It was the **means to movement**. You were shaped not just to carry, but to **transmit**. The wineskin that cannot pour becomes brittle. The wineskin that pours prematurely becomes broken. But the wineskin that listens to the Lamb, that yields to the flame's rhythm, becomes a **trusted gate of outpouring** in the **age to come**.

Let this be your prayer: Form me, fill me, empty me, and form me again. Let me be the **movement of your wine** in the earth.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect ones, the scroll has never been content to be studied, it was always destined to be **poured**. You are not only the wineskin. You are the riverbed, the conduit, the pouring place of the age to come. Heaven has chosen you not merely to carry a word, but to **become the word in motion**. The flame does not rest on passive vessels. It dances upon sons who move with holy cadence. Let your life be the rhythm of revelation, a scroll that does not settle, a wine that does not sour.

This hour is not for storing up revelations without release. It is the hour of **strategic outpouring**. The Lamb is filling a generation, but only those who have been trained in obedience, formation, and timing will be entrusted to pour what burns within them. Do not hoard what was given to overflow. Do not spill what was meant to pour in **order and glory**. Let your wineskin be disciplined. Let your vessel be holy. Let your outpouring be weighty.

The wine has fermented. The scroll has matured. And now the Spirit seeks those who can **carry and channel** without distortion. You are not the source. You are the channel. You are not the fire itself. You are the **torch that bears it**. Your union is not the end of the journey. It is the beginning of **divine transmission**. What He has poured into you, He will pour **through you**.

So rise, elect sons. Let the scroll become sound. Let the wine become current. Let your life become the **movement of**

heaven's design. You are the conduit now. The outpouring has begun.

PART III - THE FINAL FORM

CHAPTER 21: SCROLLS OF FIRE REQUIRE FORM OF FIRE

Not Every Vessel Can Hold What Burns With Eternity

“Is not my word like fire,” declares the Lord, “and like a hammer that breaks a rock in pieces?”

- Jeremiah 23:29

“Who among us can dwell with the consuming fire? Who among us can dwell with everlasting burnings?”

- Isaiah 33:14

“His word was in my heart like a burning fire shut up in my bones. I was weary of holding it in, and indeed, I could not.”

- Jeremiah 20:9

Introduction - When Scrolls Burn the One Who Carries Them

There are scrolls that awaken, and there are scrolls that incinerate. Scrolls of fire do not merely contain information. They are **living frequencies of divine judgment, purification, and eternal decree**. These are not scrolls of comfort or inspiration. They are scrolls that **confront**

structures, tear veils, and demand transformation. They do not bend to the container. They set it ablaze. To carry a scroll of fire is to **become the fire it speaks**. It is to allow the message to consume your assumptions, your ego, your identity, and everything within you that was built by flesh. These are not messages to be taught from pulpits. These are words that require **altars**.

The scrolls of fire are not for the casual or curious. They are for those who have been **emptied of ambition** and **stripped of self-preservation**. Their very frequency exposes what is synthetic and unveils what is eternal. To receive them is not to be elevated but undone. You cannot teach them. You must become them. Their wisdom is not cognitive. It is cruciform. The ones who carry them walk with a limp and speak with trembling, not charisma. These scrolls break apart the containers of old and build vessels out of **obedience**, not gifting.

There is a form required for every scroll, but the **scrolls of fire** require a form that has been **forged in flame**. The vessels must be purified, reinforced, and restructured entirely. A scroll of fire cannot be poured into an old wineskin. It will erupt, fracture, and destroy the carrier if the formation is not equal to the fire within it. This is why many who have glimpsed the burning scrolls retreat or collapse, they were not formed for what they touched. Revelation beyond formation becomes judgment against the vessel.

These scrolls are not randomly given. Heaven is strategic. The Spirit entrusts the scrolls of fire only to those who have **died to the applause of men** and have been **formed in secret chambers**. Their language is not seeker-friendly. Their tone is not polished. Their alignment is not to denominations or movements. Their fire is **unto the throne**, and their flame

belongs to **eternity**. They do not carry messages. They carry **mandates**.

If you have been asking why the scroll has delayed, why the release has been restrained, or why the fire has not yet poured from your spirit, it is not denial, it is **mercy**. Heaven does not delay without purpose. You are being formed into fire so that what you carry does not destroy you. **For only fire can carry fire.**

The Scrolls Are Alive

Scrolls in the heavenly realm are not dusty parchment or written commandments. They are living, burning decrees, timeless frequencies that pulse with the voice of God. They do not merely say something. They are something. When opened, they release reality. When consumed, they transform the one who eats them. This is why Ezekiel and John both ate the scroll, they didn't memorize its content, they became its content. Living scrolls do not ask for your agreement, they demand your embodiment. If a scroll of fire has truly entered your spirit, it will not rest until it reforms your being.

Many try to teach what they have not become. But a living scroll will not allow that. It will tear through your surface-level alignment and press into the structure of your nature. If your structure resists, the scroll will burn. It cannot remain static or repressed. **It is living and active, sharper than a double-edged sword**, discerning between **soul and spirit**. This is why many walk away from the flame: not because they disbelieve it, but because they cannot yet carry it.

To say the scroll is alive is not metaphor. It is mystery. When God speaks, that word doesn't dissipate. It enters time as seed,

fire, and frequency. It searches for a womb, a vessel rightly aligned in spirit and form. Until that vessel is ready, the scroll hovers, waiting. It cannot be artificially taught or extracted. It must be **received by union**, not intellect. The living scroll finds its home not in talent but in **yielded design**.

What many call delay is actually divine pacing. If a scroll of fire is still hovering, it is not because you are rejected but because your inner form is still being fortified. The fire will not descend into anything that will crack or leak under the weight of its voice. The scroll lives. And it waits for a form worthy of its flame.

To carry a living scroll is to house **a being**, a decree with **consciousness**. It speaks when you sleep. It burns when you pray. It interrupts your sentences and rewrites your direction. You do not carry it, **it carries you**. And only those who become fire themselves can dwell in that kind of union.

Fire Consumes the Form That Cannot Hold It

Fire does not compromise. It reveals. When a scroll of fire enters a vessel unprepared for its intensity, it does not accommodate weakness, it exposes it. Fire is a purifier and a revealer. Whatever is incompatible, it incinerates. This is why those who receive revelation without internal transformation often burn out, implode, or fall. The scroll did not fail. The vessel was not ready. Fire is never safe. It is holy. And holiness consumes anything built in contradiction to it.

The form of your life, your patterns, rhythms, appetites, and hidden scaffolding, must be fire-proof. Not sinless in perfection, but aligned in submission. Anything that remains unyielded will become a point of combustion. The fire of the scroll searches the container. If it finds resistance, it ignites it. If it finds surrender, it refines it. But there is no neutrality. The scroll will either inhabit you or judge you.

This is why the Lord does not pour out scrolls of fire on crowds or ministries for spectacle. He pours them out on **wilderness dwellers, cave prophets, hidden vessels** who have been **formed in obscurity**. Their form has already been **tried by fire**, so when the scroll arrives, it does not destroy, **it dwells**. The fire does not consume the bush. It burns within it. That is the mystery of compatible form.

Your gifting does not protect you from the fire. In fact, it may draw it faster. Many assume that charisma can hold the scroll, but the scroll tests what is underneath the performance. A stage cannot save you when the fire speaks. The only safe form is

one built in **secret, forged by surrender, reinforced by silence.**

This is why fire is not a feeling, it is a test. And only those who have allowed their false containers to be consumed can carry what will set others free.

Why Only Certain Vessels Can Carry Scrolls of Judgment

Scrolls of judgment are not for the immature, the unstable, or the easily offended. These scrolls are not angry decrees, but precise instruments of **divine justice**. They **expose deception, confront systems, and release purification into spiritual atmospheres and institutions**. If a vessel is not anchored in the nature of the Lamb, they will distort the judgment scroll through the lens of bitterness or ambition. The fire of judgment requires a heart that has first been judged by love, and only those who have died to their own agenda can release such scrolls without contamination.

These scrolls search for a body that has already been burned. Before a scroll can confront Babylon, it must first confront the **Babylon within**. The vessel must be clean not in perfection but in **surrender**. They must have no residue of needing to be seen, no trace of vengeance in their voice, and no hunger for platforms to validate their fire. The scroll of judgment must come through a vessel who weeps even as they decree, who carries the authority of heaven without the arrogance of man, and who fears the Lamb more than the crowd.

Many desire the scrolls of judgment because they crave power. But these scrolls are not given to those who chase dominion. They are entrusted to those who have become intercessors,

those who carry the burdens of heaven and groan in secret with divine compassion. Judgment in the Kingdom is never divorced from mercy, and only those who carry both flames can be trusted with this kind of scroll. The scroll will not tolerate a vessel that lacks alignment with the **nature of the throne**.

Even within the body of Christ, not all are called to carry this frequency. These scrolls are rare not because they are hidden but because few have been formed to house them. They do not rest on movements but on individuals who have been forged in agony, stillness, and holy weight. It is not elitism, **it is design**. The scroll chooses the vessel that has been **emptied** enough to hold its **fullness**.

This is why many hear the scroll but cannot carry it. They may speak a piece, shout a phrase, or echo a line, but the full weight remains unmanifest. The scroll will not settle in a heart divided. It demands **consecration**, because what it carries is holy fire. And **fire without consecration becomes destruction**.

The Structure of Burning Ones

Burning ones are not just passionate believers or emotional worshippers. They are architected by flame. Their structure has been carved out in secret, reconfigured through silence, and reinforced through obedience. Every part of their being, spirit, soul, and body, has been formed to house the unceasing fire of the scroll. They do not leak. They do not break. They do not crack under weight. They have become **altars**, and their **architecture matches the throne**.

The structure of a burning one is not loud or showy. It is precise. They live by divine rhythm, not religious ritual. Their inner architecture is not formed by church culture, but by **throne encounters**. The flame does not rest on emotion, but on **alignment**. Their inner chambers are **fortified by truth**, their outer lives are stripped of excess, and their daily walk is **saturated in union**. They carry fire because **they have become fire**.

Burning ones do not rush the scroll. They wait until it speaks. They do not fabricate the flame. They protect it. Their very life is shaped by the scroll they carry. Their schedule, their relationships, their words, and their assignments, all revolve around the fire that lives within them. Their bodies become the tent of meeting, their minds become the chamber of interpretation, and their hearts become the holy of holies. **They are living temples**, not wandering prophets.

The structure of the burning one is both tender and terrible. Tender toward the Lamb, terrible toward compromise. Their mercy is deep, but their clarity is fierce. They are not swayed by trends, for their architecture is **eternal**. They do not carry fads, they carry **flames**. Their structure is **invisible** to most, but undeniable in **impact**. You may not understand them, but you will feel their **frequency**. Fire cannot be hidden, it reveals itself by what it ignites.

And the scroll only rests on those who have become the **architecture of flame**. It will not settle on cracked foundations, nor will it dwell in divided temples. It waits for fire-born structure, because its nature is fire.

Flesh Cannot Contain Unfiltered Scrolls

To attempt to carry a scroll of fire in the strength of flesh is **spiritual suicide**. Flesh is not just the carnal body, it is the **uncrucified self**. The ego that seeks to serve God on its own terms. The will that wants to partner with revelation without yielding to **transformation**. But unfiltered scrolls burn through false containers. If your container is built in flesh, the scroll will confront it. Not gently, but violently. Because anything that competes with divine fire must die.

Flesh does not have the capacity to interpret scrolls from the throne. It twists them into weapons of pride or platforms of performance. This is why God often keeps certain scrolls sealed until the flesh is buried. What feels like delay is actually preservation. A scroll unfiltered is holy judgment. It does not bend to flesh. It burns it.

Flesh cannot carry the scroll because flesh cannot see rightly. It interprets according to fear, ambition, and self-protection. It projects rather than receives. It wants to be used rather than transformed. But scrolls of fire do not serve you, they consume you. You do not use them to build a ministry. **They use you to birth a move**. Flesh wants credit. Fire demands **crucifixion**.

The flesh also leaks. Even if it manages to hold the scroll for a season, it cannot retain its weight. It will seek shortcuts, soften its voice, or compromise its frequency to remain comfortable. But the scroll does not allow compromise. It will either burn the flesh or depart from it. **There is no middle ground when fire descends**.

This is why the old self must die. You cannot reform flesh. **It must be crucified**. Only then can the vessel be rebuilt in spirit. And only then can the scroll of fire descend and remain.

Becoming the Form of What You Carry

You cannot carry a scroll of fire and remain as you were. The scroll reshapes your inner world. It reforms your identity. It restructures your life. It makes you into itself. You become the form of what you carry. This is not just poetic, it is literal in the spirit. Your being becomes the architecture of the message. Your movements mirror its cadence. Your words echo its decree. Your presence becomes its unveiling.

This is why many feel the scroll but cannot yet speak it, they are still becoming it. The scroll doesn't just enter your memory. It enters your marrow. You walk differently. You see differently. You burn differently. What was once theory becomes embodiment. What was once revelation becomes rhythm. You don't preach the scroll. You live it.

To become the form of the scroll is to forsake lesser identities. The title, the role, the past assignment, all are eclipsed by the form the scroll requires. You don't get to choose the version of yourself that carries it. The scroll chooses the version that is crucified. You may lose relationships, opportunities, or influence, but you gain alignment with eternity. The scroll demands that level of consecration.

This is not performance. This is incarnation. The scroll is not looking for actors. It is seeking witnesses, those who have been with the Lamb and have been burned into his image. Those who do not just echo a message but radiate its frequency. To carry a scroll of fire is to become the flame that formed it.

You are not a vessel trying to carry something external. You are a being being re-formed by what you were always meant to embody. The scroll is not outside you. It is awakening the real you.

Fire Recognizes Fire

In the realm of the Spirit, fire recognizes fire. The scroll of fire does not respond to eloquence, branding, or positioning. It responds to frequency. It recognizes those who have walked through flame, who have sacrificed their form, and who now carry the echo of eternal combustion. It recognizes those whose very lives are offerings, whose voices carry the thunder of surrender, and whose breath smells of incense.

This is why the scroll is not given to those who ask with their mouth but to those who burn with their being. The fire looks for its own reflection. It finds resonance not in the stage, but in the wilderness. Not in the influencer, but in the intercessor. Not in the polished, but in the purified. Fire seeks fire. And when it finds it, it rests.

This is also how the scroll is transferred. Not through teaching, but through burning. When a scroll-bearer speaks, their flame ignites the embers in others. Their words do not just instruct, they combust. Their scroll recognizes the hidden fire in another and awakens it. This is how **spiritual lineage** is passed. Not through documents, but through **flame**. The scroll is inherited by **fire-born vessels**.

When you become fire, you no longer need to convince others. You burn. And what is eternal in them responds. The scroll makes its home in you and begins to call forth others with matching flame. You do not network. You discern. Fire draws fire. Scrolls draw scrolls. And together, they form a company of burning ones who have become the form required to carry the decrees of the throne.

This is why the scroll you carry will often **isolate you** before it **unites you**. Because until the fire fully forms you, you will be a danger to others. But once the scroll has made its home, you

will find others who carry what you burn with. And the fire
will multiply.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of God, do not be discouraged by the fire that reforms you. You were not called to carry shallow revelation or recycled doctrine. You were called to carry scrolls of fire. And that calling demands a vessel forged in surrender, refined in silence, and built in union. Let the flame finish its work. Let the structure of your being match the weight of the word. Let every part of you become altar, temple, and throne.

You were not born for lukewarm wineskins or casual callings. You were born to become flame. Not just to receive the scroll, but to be the scroll. Not just to echo the word, but to embody the decree. You are not just a preacher. You are a portal. The scroll lives in you because the Lamb lives in you. Let every other form die. Let every lesser identity burn. You are not being punished. You are being prepared.

The scroll of fire will not wait forever. Heaven is seeking formed vessels. If you delay the fire, you delay the scroll. If you compromise the formation, you forfeit the mandate. But if you yield, if you burn, if you let the Spirit re-architect your **entire container**, then the scroll will descend and never leave. It will move in you, speak through you, and set generations free by the flame you became.

You are not just one who carries the scroll. **You are the scroll.** Written in fire, formed by fire, released as fire. Let the fire finish the form.

CHAPTER 22: LANGUAGE MUST MATCH CONTAINER

Tongues of Fire Are Only Carried by Transformed Mouths

“For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.”

- John 3:34

“The words I have spoken to you, they are full of the Spirit and life.”

- John 6:63

“Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but only what is good for necessary edification, that it may impart grace to the hearers.”

- Ephesians 4:29

Introduction: Words As Carriers of Weight

Language is not ornamental in the Kingdom, it is **elemental**. It does not merely decorate, it defines. It does not just express, it **establishes**. The words you speak shape the boundaries of your scroll. They either frame the flame or quench it. The old system taught us to use words to manipulate atmospheres, influence people, or construct sermons. But in the Kingdom, language is a scroll-delivery system. It is not performance, **it is prophecy**. It is not information, it is **incarnation**. The tongue becomes the temple through which eternity thunders into time.

Every scroll that descends from the Throne carries a sound. That sound must be released through a vessel formed to handle its frequency. If the vessel is misaligned, the sound will distort. Revelation does not pass through the mouth unfiltered, it travels through identity. This is why a scroll spoken from union pierces the heart, but the same words spoken from ego fall flat. The flame is not in the volume, the elegance, or the cleverness. It is in the union of Spirit and Word, of identity and utterance. **Until the speaker becomes the scroll**, the sound will stutter.

Old wineskin language cannot carry the voltage of the new. The terms born in the system of religion are often too brittle to hold Kingdom thunder. They are shaped by tradition, fear, and mental frameworks, **not by burning**. They crack under the weight of glory. Heaven's vocabulary is forged in fire, not copied from manuals. It is born in the **secret place**, not borrowed from the crowd. **You must be re-language by flame**. The scroll will not adapt to your speech, you must adapt to its frequency.

Jesus never used words casually. Every parable, every silence, every phrase carried density. He spoke not to impress, but to **impregnate**. He spoke not to win debates, but to **awaken dimensions**. He hid the Kingdom in phrases that could only be opened by **burning hearts**. That is the pattern. Scrolls are not for echo chambers, they are for **elect vessels**. And the vessel must match the voltage. Until the mouth is sanctified, the scroll remains sealed. Until the tongue burns, the thunder waits.

The elect are not just receivers of truth, they are releasers of truth-shaped language. This generation is not just being taught a new dialect, it is becoming one. A new sound is rising. It is not religious, rehearsed, or marketable. It is raw. It is radiant. It is **scroll-born**. And only those who have been re-formed in the

inner chamber will carry it. This is why the Spirit is reconfiguring your mouth. You are not just being given words. You are being given a **world**.

Old Wineskin Language Cannot Describe Spirit Truth

Old wineskin language is bound to the systems that formed it, doctrines, denominations, human logic, and outdated paradigms. It is built to maintain comfort, not carry combustion. It reduces mysteries into manageable concepts and clips the wings of Spirit-truth to make it fit sermons and studies. This language may have served a past season, but when the scroll of the age arrives, it demands a new vocabulary. Spirit truth does not shrink to fit religious terms. It explodes them.

When the wineskin is old, even holy words lose voltage. “Grace” becomes permission instead of empowerment. “Faith” becomes formula instead of flame. “Kingdom” becomes metaphor instead of government. The language once meant to liberate now imprisons. This is the tragedy of unused revelation, it decays into cliché. And cliché has no capacity to carry scrolls of fire. The elect must discern when the language no longer matches the life. You cannot pour the new into cracked containers of speech.

Spirit truth is weighty. It is not surface-level, tweet-sized, or easy to market. It thunders in layers. It cannot be summarized in bullet points without bleeding out its voltage. The vocabulary of scrolls is radiant, not reductive. And it is not born in study, it is born in union. When you try to use old terms to describe new revelations, you short-circuit the

encounter. You strip the scroll of its aliveness and reduce it to a slogan. But the Kingdom is not a slogan. It is a sound.

God is not obligated to bless old language. He speaks in the now, and the now requires fresh speech. The wineskin must be flexible not only in form, but in expression. Words are not just vessels, they are veils or windows. They either obscure or reveal. When the vocabulary does not match the voltage, the listener cannot see the scroll. But when word and weight are aligned, realms open. This is why Jesus didn't just speak truth, He embodied it. His words were alive because they matched His form.

In this hour, the elect are being given new tongues, not just in prayer, but in **scroll-bearing**. You will say things no one has said, in ways no one has heard. Don't apologize for the strangeness. Heaven's dialect is unfamiliar on earth. **But it awakens something ancient within the elect.** Speak from that place. Birth the sound. And let the language of fire **shape a generation.**

Revelation Translates Poorly Through the Ego

Revelation cannot pass through the ego without distortion because the ego is built to filter reality for self-preservation. It converts frequency into familiarity and mystery into manageable concepts. When a scroll descends from heaven, it comes as pure fire. But when the uncrucified ego attempts to articulate it, the fire becomes smoke. It loses voltage and becomes slogans, doctrines, or personal branding. This is why so much teaching sounds like truth but carries no transformation, it is revelation reduced by ego into content instead of combustion.

The ego is always tempted to use revelation as a tool for influence. It wants to appear deep without being undone. It wants to hold scrolls without being hollowed out. But the scroll will not remain where the ego rules. It will either burn the pride out of the vessel or leave altogether. This is why many have flashes of deep insight but cannot sustain it. They have glimpsed something eternal but tried to clothe it in self rather than Spirit. The frequency of heaven requires the death of self before it can be expressed.

When revelation passes through the ego, it also becomes weaponized. Words meant to heal become swords to wound. Insights meant to liberate become systems to control. Ego turns prophecy into manipulation and insight into image-building. The scroll was never given to make you look powerful, it was given to make you disappear into Christ. Until this death occurs, the ego's mouth is an unfit vessel for flame.

The Spirit therefore delays many scrolls not because the elect are unworthy, but because He is merciful. He knows that revelation without reformation will destroy the carrier. Fire must first consume the ego so that the vessel can speak without distortion. The waiting you feel is the Spirit purifying your filters. When your inner architecture is aligned, even a whisper becomes thunder. But until then, even thunder becomes a whisper.

True revelation bypasses ego. It is not processed, **it is possessed**. It is not memorized, **it is metabolized**. You don't deliver it; **it delivers you**. And when it finally speaks, it speaks through a mouth that no longer needs to be heard, **only to be faithful**.

Why Jesus Spoke in Parables

Jesus spoke in parables not to simplify but to **safeguard**. Parables were encrypted codes of the Kingdom, veils for the **uninitiated**, windows for the **hungry**. They concealed revelation from **casual listeners** and exposed it only to **burning hearts**. This is why His closest disciples often had to ask for interpretation. The parables forced them into **intimacy**. They couldn't remain spectators; they had to become **seekers**. And in the seeking, their form was being reshaped to hold the flame of the message.

Parables are also an act of mercy. Raw revelation can destroy a vessel not yet prepared. By cloaking it in story, Jesus gave hearers a chance to wrestle with mystery without being scorched by direct exposure. The story invited hunger. Hunger produced pursuit. Pursuit produced formation. Formation produced capacity. And capacity produced comprehension. In

the Kingdom, understanding is never merely intellectual, **it is architectural.**

This pattern still holds. Scrolls of fire are often revealed in symbolic language, dreams, riddles, and visions. The Spirit does not encrypt to confuse you but to form you. He hides treasure in mystery to make sure only those who value the scroll enough to become it will find it. In this way, the parable becomes a furnace, transforming the hearer as they press in for interpretation.

If you crave clarity without formation, you are asking for fire without a container. Heaven does not do that. It will always protect you from what you're not ready to hold. But if you yield to the mystery and let it form you, the day will come when the parable opens, the scroll speaks, and the flame settles. By then you won't just understand it, you will embody it.

So don't despise symbolic seasons. They are sculpting you. The language of heaven is always layered, and every layer is an invitation deeper into the form required to carry the flame.

The New Language of the Elect

The elect speak a dialect not taught by men. Their words carry a weight beyond vocabulary. They may use common terms, but the frequency is uncommon. It is not just what they say but the realm they say it from. The new language is not a new set of religious clichés. It is a Spirit-born sound. It comes from communion, not conferences. It flows from silence as much as from speech. The elect don't mimic, they manifest.

This new language is necessary because the old terms cannot carry the new dimensions. Just as Hebrew was used for covenant and Greek for philosophy, the Spirit raises a dialect for every age. The elect are being given words forged in intimacy with the Lamb, words that carry His tone, His rhythm, His fragrance. These are not soundbites. They are living utterances. When they speak, atmospheres shift, hearts burn, veils thin. Their voice becomes a portal, not a performance.

This language is also incorruptible. It cannot be used for self-promotion because it only flows in union. If the vessel turns inward, the flow ceases. If they try to monetize it, it dries. It is sustained by purity. This is why the elect's speech is often misunderstood by systems. They hear the words but not the frequency. But those with ears to hear recognize the sound of home and are awakened by it.

The elect's language also restores original memory. It awakens something older than time within the listener. It bypasses intellect and goes straight to spirit, pulling dormant scrolls to the surface. This is why a single phrase from a burning one can do more than a thousand sermons from an unformed one. Their words are not merely heard, they are inhaled.

Heaven is not just giving the elect a message. It is giving them a mouth. And that mouth will speak a language not of this world but of the world to come.

Scroll Vocabulary Is Spirit-Born

Scroll vocabulary cannot be learned; it must be birthed. It is not memorized from books but received from encounters. It emerges after nights of silence, seasons of crushing, and

moments of union. It is the language of those who have eaten the scroll and survived its fire. This is why prophets sound strange. Their words are not designed for applause, they are designed for alignment. They don't echo culture, they echo throne.

Spirit-born vocabulary also carries atmosphere. It's not just sentences but scent. It's not just words but weight. It's not just grammar but glory. When such words are spoken, they don't inform, they transform. They ignite dormant embers, recalibrate inner architecture, and open hidden doors in the spirit. This is why scroll vocabulary is dangerous in unformed mouths, it can set fires where there is no altar.

The Spirit is also jealous over His vocabulary. He does not allow it to be plagiarized without consequence. Those who mimic the sound without the surrender produce noise, not thunder. They create counterfeit flames that impress the soul but leave the spirit empty. This is why many revivals flare but fade, they are fueled by borrowed language rather than birthed language.

True scroll vocabulary also shapes the speaker. As you speak it, you become it. Each utterance etches the scroll deeper into your being until your voice and the scroll are indistinguishable. This is how the prophets became their message. Their life became a living parable, their mouth a living altar, their words a living flame.

If you want scroll vocabulary, you must allow the Spirit to become your teacher. You must sit under silence, feed on fire, and be rewoven in union until your mouth is no longer yours. Only then can you speak Spirit-born words without leakage.

You Must Hear Differently to Speak Differently

You cannot speak beyond how you hear. The quality of your utterance is determined by the purity of your listening. If your ears are still tuned to the noise of ego, culture, and flesh, your mouth will echo their frequency. But when your ears are tuned to the Lamb, your mouth will carry His thunder. This is why Jesus often withdrew to solitary places, He recalibrated His hearing so His words could remain aligned.

Hearing differently means stillness. It means letting go of the need to fill silence with noise. It means absorbing frequencies in prayer rather than collecting phrases from platforms. When you listen in the Spirit, you begin to pick up not only words but weights. You sense what the throne is about to release before it is said. You become a living antenna, tuned to frequencies the world cannot hear. And out of that listening flows utterance.

Hearing differently also purifies motives. When you truly hear the Lamb, you lose the desire to perform for people. You no longer speak to impress; you speak to impart. Your words become fewer but fuller, rarer but richer. They cut through atmospheres like lightning because they are born from listening, not hustling. The Spirit trains your ears before He trusts your tongue.

This is why the elect go through seasons of hiddenness. God silences them before He sends them. He recalibrates their hearing until the noise dies and the signal clears. Then, when they finally open their mouths, the sound carries heaven's weight. The difference between echo and utterance is listening.

The scroll cannot be spoken without first being heard. And it cannot be heard without transformation. To speak differently, you must hear differently. To hear differently, you must be still. This is the discipline of scroll-bearers.

Word and Vessel Must Agree

The Word and the vessel must be in covenant. The scroll will not dwell in a mouth that contradicts its nature. This is not about perfection of diction but purity of alignment. When the vessel lives in one realm but speaks from another, the sound becomes polluted. But when the vessel and the word are one, even a whisper carries the weight of a decree. This is why Jesus was called the Word made flesh. He was not a preacher of ideas, He was the embodiment of the message.

Agreement between word and vessel requires death to duplicity. You cannot live Babylon and speak Zion. You cannot love applause and speak judgment. You cannot court compromise and speak consecration. The scroll will not tolerate hypocrisy. It will either consume it or depart. This is why many feel their utterance weakening, they have drifted from agreement. The fire is not gone, but the frequency is misaligned.

When word and vessel align, realms open. A single sentence can shift a city, break a cycle, or birth a movement. Because it's not the speaker speaking, it's the scroll speaking through a yielded form. The elect who live in this covenant carry creative power. Their words do not describe reality; they create it. They become co-authors with God, writing history with their tongues.

This agreement is not a one-time event but a continual yielding. Every new dimension of scroll requires a deeper level of alignment. Every fresh word requires a fresh surrender. This is why scroll-bearers live in ongoing repentance, not guilt but recalibration. They continually adjust to match the word they carry. And as they do, their utterance grows more potent.

When word and vessel agree, heaven and earth converge in a single sound. And that sound becomes irresistible to time. It cuts through darkness, awakens destiny, and releases the fragrance of eternity wherever it is heard.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of God, you are not just being given a message, you are being given a mouth. The Spirit is reshaping your language to match your scroll. Let Him. Yield your vocabulary. Release your old phrases. Lay down borrowed speech. Allow the flame to rewrite your words until your tongue becomes a throne and your speech a sanctuary. This is not cosmetic. It is covenant. The scroll will not descend until the vessel's language matches its **frequency**.

Stop striving to be understood by everyone. Speak as heaven gives you utterance. If your sound is strange, let it be strange. If your words are heavy, let them be heavy. The elect are not called to fit; they are called to **frame**. Your utterance will not mirror the old system because your scroll is not from the old system. It is from the age to come. And it requires a vocabulary forged in fire.

Do not fear the seasons of silence. They are not punishment, they are preparation. The Spirit is tuning your ears so your mouth can thunder. Every hidden day is shaping your sound. Every surrendered moment is thickening your words with weight. When you finally speak, the earth will know it is not you speaking but the Word Himself through you.

You are not just a vessel. You are a voice. Not a voice of noise but of necessity. The scroll within you is waiting for your mouth to match its melody. Yield until the alignment is complete. Then open your lips and let the thunder roll. This is how the elect will speak in the last days, not as echo chambers

but as living scrolls whose words cannot be faked, copied, or silenced.

This is your calling: to become a mouth of fire, a tongue of lightning, a voice of eternity in time. Speak as one who has burned. Speak as one who has died. Speak as one who has been written into the scroll. And the world will not just hear your words, it will inhale heaven.

CHAPTER 23: THE WINESKIN OF STILLNESS

Stillness Is the Architecture That Can Hold the Scroll

“He says, ‘Be still, and know that I am God.’”

- Psalm 46:10

“In returning and rest you shall be saved; in quietness and in trust shall be your strength.”

- Isaiah 30:15

“The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.”

- Habakkuk 2:20

Introduction: The Architecture of Sacred Quiet

Stillness is not the absence of movement. It is the fullness of alignment. In a world addicted to performance and productivity, the wineskin of stillness feels like a contradiction to every system that demands acceleration. Yet, in the throne dimension, stillness is not passive. It is architectural. It forms the container that can hold unshakable truth. Stillness is not what happens when there is nothing to do. It is what forms you into a being who can steward the weight of the scroll. Heaven does not rush. The elect are formed in a cadence that does not obey the pace of this age. The wineskin of stillness is a blueprint beyond time.

This generation has confused noise with authority. But scrolls do not emerge from clamor. They descend in silence. They are conceived in chambers where no one is watching, and delivered in dimensions where the loudest voice is often the most unformed. Stillness does not mean withdrawal. It means agreement with divine rhythm. When the soul is stilled, the flame has space to speak. When the mind is stilled, the scroll can be remembered. When the body is stilled, heaven can inhabit flesh without resistance. Stillness is not a break in the process, it *is* the process.

Many think they are waiting on God, but it is God who is waiting for them to still long enough to receive. The scroll is not withheld. It is simply unrecognized until the soul becomes quiet. In stillness, the illusions are burned. The chatter of the old identity is silenced. The simulations break. The wineskin of stillness becomes the true inner chamber where Spirit meets structure. It is not a place you visit, but a posture you become. Only the quieted can receive the undiluted.

Stillness does not simply *host* revelation. It *becomes* revelation. It forms the kind of temple that does not collapse under mystery. The flame that knows your name cannot be perceived in a whirlwind of self-striving. It lands in those who can become the Sabbath. It is not those who are busy proving their worth, but those who have yielded into being that receive the scroll of weight. The still are not irrelevant. They are radiant. They do not move from restlessness, they move from union.

This chapter will unveil the wineskin of stillness, not as a discipline, but as an identity. Not as a break between work, but as the holy architecture that births authority. The ones who carry the Lamb must first be formed in stillness, for that is where the voice of the scroll can finally be heard. Stillness does not delay the scroll, it *frames* it.

Stillness as Architecture

Stillness is not the absence of building, it is the blueprint from which Kingdom construction begins. In the noise of systems, the soul becomes warped trying to perform without a pattern. But the Spirit builds in silence. Every tabernacle begins in a still space. The wineskin of stillness is not simply a place to hear God but the very form required to hold Him. When God formed the heavens and the earth, He did not consult chaos, He spoke into it. But the speaking came from within His own unshaken stillness.

The architecture of stillness is not passive surrender. It is the active agreement of every inner dimension with the scroll of design. The Spirit brooded over the waters before creation began. That brooding was not empty waiting, it was stillness charged with divine readiness. Likewise, your stillness is not a delay. It is the inner shaping that allows you to be a mirror of what heaven wants to release. When you remain in stillness, you are not being idle, you are being formed.

Stillness builds thrones. It constructs the holy seat upon which divine revelation can rest. It is the slow work that ensures the fire does not consume you prematurely. You are not simply holding still, you are becoming the stillness itself, the container that remains unmoved while the scroll speaks thunder. In stillness, your internal movements stop obeying external threats. The form becomes sure, even when everything around you is shaking.

Every divine movement begins in stillness. The cloud did not move until it was time, and neither should you. Stillness does not mean stagnation, but Spirit-timed progression. Without stillness, movement is noise. But with stillness, movement

becomes resonance. The wineskin of stillness ensures that when you do move, it is not reactionary, it is radiant. You are no longer driven by ego but drawn by glory. The still become the stable.

The elect must now be trained in stillness not as a season but as a structure. This is not a temporary pause. It is an eternal pattern. The architecture of stillness is not a waiting room, it is a throne room. You do not go there to escape life, but to be formed into a new kind of vessel who governs from rest, hears from silence, and thunders from union.

Identity Formed in Silence

Your truest identity is not discovered in activity, but in silence. The soul formed in chaos is fragmented, always seeking validation through movement. But the one formed in stillness knows who they are even when no one is watching. Silence is where ego dies and essence emerges. You cannot become the scroll until you stop trying to perform for a voice that never called you.

In silence, the old names fall off. The projections melt. The titles you once clung to have no echo. What remains is the original word, the sound of “I AM” that hovered over your spirit before time. Identity is not created in the fire of performance but remembered in the whisper of rest. Many are doing much, but few have become. Stillness births being.

When you are no longer afraid of being unseen, you begin to see. This is the reversal of the fall, the recovery of the **hidden man of the heart**. Silence does not rob you of power. It returns it. The identity formed in silence carries an authority that cannot be mimicked. It is not loud, but it is unmistakable.

You walk into rooms and shift atmospheres not because you speak, but because **you are**.

The elect are not called to be the most visible, but the most **formed**. The wineskin of stillness creates a clarity that no platform can counterfeit. It is in silence that you become familiar with the voice of the scroll, and in that familiarity, you are shaped. This formation cannot be rushed. It is not about saying something new. It is about becoming the original again.

Until silence forms you, sound will deform you. But when silence has done its work, you become sound, not the noise of man, but the voice of the scroll. The wineskin of stillness gives you the internal grounding to carry eternal resonance. Identity formed in silence cannot be stolen. It cannot be canceled. It cannot be marketed. It is real.

Activity Cannot Replace Containment

Activity may impress man, but it does not impress the Flame. Heaven does not measure fruit by how much you did, but by what was formed. Many have mistaken spiritual activity for spiritual maturity, but only the still can carry the holy. Containment is not achieved through multitasking for God, but through becoming a tabernacle for His scroll. You were not designed to run endlessly trying to prove your worth. You were designed to carry weight. And weight requires stillness.

When activity becomes your identity, the container leaks. Revelation drips through cracked hustle. You begin a hundred things and finish none, because there is no internal structure to hold the flame. Stillness teaches you to become the wine before you pour it. It's not that the Spirit opposes movement, it's that movement without containment creates waste. Scrolls

are not entrusted to frantic vessels. They are delivered to formed ones.

Stillness is not laziness. It is obedience to divine rhythm. Jesus Himself withdrew often, not because He lacked power, but because He knew the power was held in stillness. He modeled the wineskin of rest in a world addicted to performance. He did not perform miracles to be seen, He moved from a place of union, a union that was reinforced in stillness. If Christ was formed in stillness, how much more must we be?

Ministries have collapsed, scrolls have been delayed, and flames have gone out, not from sin, but from ungoverned activity. When you begin to confuse productivity with presence, you lose the scroll. The sacred becomes strategy. The word becomes a business plan. The container becomes an engine instead of a temple. Stillness recalibrates. It reminds the soul that you are not a machine. You are a vessel. And vessels do not move until filled.

Only when you have become still enough to carry the scroll without leaking it, will the next layer of your assignment be revealed. The elect must not only carry glory, they must contain it. And containment only happens when you have been forged in stillness long enough for your soul to stop resisting the flame. When containment is restored, your movement is no longer a gamble. It is a guarantee.

Sabbath Was Always About Forming Rest

The Sabbath was not given as a rule, but as a rhythm. It was never about a day off, but a form of existence. Rest is not something you visit on weekends. Rest is the realm you were meant to dwell in. The Sabbath was a prototype of the

wineskin of stillness, a holy design that could carry divine rhythm. The ones who never enter rest are the ones who never become the scroll. You cannot be union while embodying striving.

Sabbath is not a break from work, it is the form through which all Kingdom work is birthed. It is the proof that the Kingdom operates by presence, not pressure. In the wilderness, Israel was given manna only enough for each day, except on Sabbath. On the seventh day, they were asked to trust. To rest was to remember who provided. Stillness is still the same, it forces you to relinquish control and trust the Flame.

Many are trying to write scrolls while their inner world is in chaos. But Sabbath says, "Wait." It says, "I will form you before I send you." The scroll is not entrusted to the hurried, but to the held. God never pours into unstable foundations. The Sabbath was not about inactivity, but about alignment. A still heart is a throne for the Lamb. A restless one is a cracked jar.

The wineskin of stillness is your living Sabbath. It is not limited to a Saturday, but extends into your very breath. When you abide in rest, the scroll unfolds without striving. It is not dragged out by discipline. It flows by design. The most dangerous lie religion taught you was that stillness was passive. But heaven thunders through the ones who rest well. The Lamb does not sit upon a treadmill. He sits upon a throne of peace.

The elect must recover the Sabbath not as an event, but as their essence. You were not created to function by adrenaline, but by glory. And glory only rests where Sabbath is formed. The wineskin of stillness is not about recovery. It is about reign. The still will govern this age, because only they can carry what is weighty without it breaking them.

Why the Voice Comes in the Whisper

The voice of the scroll rarely shouts. It arrives in whispers, because the ones who can hold it are already still enough to hear. Elijah did not find God in the wind, or the fire, or the earthquake. He found Him in the still, small voice. Heaven often speaks in lower frequencies so that only the stilled can hear. It is not because God is distant. It is because He is weighty. And weight does not need to yell.

The whisper is the language of union. It is not designed to overwhelm you. It is designed to draw you deeper. The whisper requires you to come closer, to lean in, to quiet everything else. The ones who live in noise cannot hear it, not because it isn't there, but because their wineskin is too loud. Stillness trains your spirit to recognize the frequency of the scroll. It is not volume you need. It is alignment.

The whisper reveals what thunder conceals. It delivers secrets that cannot be spoken in the open. The scrolls that shape generations are not thundered from stages, but whispered in caves. If you've been hidden, stilled, silenced, you are not behind. You are becoming the one who can hear the next scroll. Stillness is not your punishment. It is your preparation for the whisper.

Many miss the scroll because they only recognize God when He moves loudly. But the next blueprint is coming softly. You must become still enough to feel it before you see it. The whisper is not lesser than thunder. It is thunder veiled in intimacy. And only those who have stopped moving for applause can discern its power. Stillness does not dull your edge, it sharpens your sensitivity.

In this hour, the scrolls are not falling from the sky. They are being whispered into the elect. The sons who can hold the whisper will shape the nations. And the ones who have learned to dwell in the stillness will carry the next weight of glory not with noise, but with knowing. The whisper is coming. Will you be still enough to become it?

Scrolls Are Released in the Quiet

The greatest scrolls are not released in stadiums. They are birthed in secret. The quiet is where the scroll unrolls, slowly, word by word, fire by fire. It is not forced. It is received. When the soul is still, the scroll writes itself upon the heart. In quietness, you stop trying to interpret, and you begin to become. The container is not built with noise. It is carved in quiet.

Noise interrupts formation. The world demands constant movement, performance, and declaration. But heaven releases scrolls when it finds stillness deep enough to contain them. The elect must learn that the most anointed revelation is not always the most visible. It is the most *formed*. And formation happens in the quiet where no one is looking and no ego is speaking.

In the quiet, the Spirit writes the scroll not on paper, but in the fiber of your being. You do not simply hear it, you become it. This is why some people leak revelation, while others *are* revelation. The difference is the degree of stillness they have embraced. Scrolls require internal space. The quiet is not empty. It is pregnant.

When you honor the quiet, you host the Lamb. When you welcome the silence, the Spirit begins to speak with fire. But

when you fear quiet, you forfeit scrolls. Many cannot receive the next phase because they will not sit still long enough to recognize it. But the elect are being called into stillness not to pause, but to *carry*.

Scrolls do not shout. They settle. They nest. They rest upon the still. And only the quiet will become the new thundering voice of the age to come.

Stillness Holds More Than Sound

Stillness holds what sound cannot. It contains mysteries that noise cannot carry. While sound may echo truth, stillness becomes the tabernacle of truth. The elect must understand, stillness is not a void. It is a vault. It is not an interruption to your scroll. It is the scroll being embedded in you without distraction. The loud may go viral. But the still go eternal.

Sound travels. Stillness retains. You cannot multiply what you haven't held. And you cannot hold what you haven't welcomed in silence. Stillness carries a frequency that is heavier than soundwaves. It's the frequency of flame. It's the rhythm of the Lamb. The ones who have become still are the ones who have become the archive of heaven.

Stillness does not mean nothing is happening. It means everything is happening *within*. It is the convergence point where identity, glory, and scroll synchronize. In this state, you don't perform for the word, you host it. You don't try to carry the scroll. You *are* the scroll. Stillness makes that transformation possible.

Some revelations cannot be spoken. They can only be contained. This is the sacred stillness that births new wineskins. When you hold more than sound, you begin to thunder from within. You do not have to announce. You simply arrive. And the realm shifts. Because the scroll within you is not a message, it is a mirror of eternity.

The elect who embrace stillness are not stepping back. They are stepping *in*. Into the place where the Flame speaks without shouting. Where the Lamb governs without striving. And

where the scrolls are unsealed not with volume, but with weight.

Final Charge to the Elect

You who are being called into stillness, do not resist it. You are not being benched, you are being built. Stillness is not a break from your scroll. It is the frame for it. The world will not understand your quiet, but heaven does. The scroll will not descend on those who shout louder, but on those who have become a throne of stillness. Let the outer noise fall away. Let the inner flame speak. Become still, and know.

To the elect: stop measuring your value by your movement. You are not called to be busy. You are called to be *formed*. Every word not birthed in stillness will eventually crumble. Every movement not aligned with silence will leak glory. You are not falling behind by resting. You are stepping into your scroll.

Let stillness become your wineskin. Let it shape your decisions, your hearing, your responses. Let it form you into a tabernacle that does not shake when the fire comes. Let it become your government. Your silence is sacred. Your rest is a revelation.

Heaven is not asking you to do more. It is asking you to become more still. The Lamb is whispering. The scroll is waiting. The wineskin of stillness is your next architecture of authority.

CHAPTER 24: THE WINESKIN OF UNION

Oneness With the Flame Is the Final Container

“He who is joined to the Lord is one spirit with Him.”

- 1 Corinthians 6:17

“That they all may be one, as You, Father, are in Me, and I in You... that they also may be one in Us...”

- John 17:21

“This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church.”

- Ephesians 5:32

INTRODUCTION: THE CONTAINER BECOMES THE BRIDE

The final wineskin is not a structure. It is not a sermon series. It is not a movement, a ministry, or a method. The final wineskin is a *bride*, a people joined in unbreakable union with the Lamb, where the scroll and the soul have become one. In this divine matrimony, there is no more separation between the one who carries the Word and the Word itself. The container no longer holds the wine as a separate substance, it becomes indistinguishable from it. This is not a metaphor. It is the spiritual reality for those who have walked through fire, yielded to formation, and been kissed by holy union. The wineskin of union is not manufactured. It is *forged*.

In the old wineskin, people carried God's Word like a tool, a torch, or a talent. But in this age, the scroll-bearers are not *carrying* anything. They *are* the scrolls. They move as one with the Flame, breathe as one with the Wind, and roar as one with the Thunder. Their identity is no longer distinct from their assignment. They are the Word made flesh again, not by imitation but by incarnation. And only those who have been joined in bridal fusion will hold the scrolls of the final age, not as preachers or priests, but as *lovers*. For lovers carry what workers cannot. Lovers burn where logic breaks.

The wineskin of union is not about emotional intimacy alone, but eternal oneness. It is the architecture of heaven's design, the mirror of Eden restored, the final dwelling where God and man no longer visit each other, but dwell inside one another. When a son becomes a bride, the vessel changes. No longer shaped by duty, fear, or striving, the container becomes formed by *communion*. Every part of the wineskin begins to reflect the One who fills it. Every wrinkle, every scar, every stretch, becomes radiant in the glow of divine oneness.

The greatest mysteries are not revealed to the smartest minds, but to the most yielded hearts. The scrolls of the final age are too holy for ego and too weighty for ambition. They are entrusted to those who have become the Beloved. The ones who can whisper His name with trembling. The ones who have given up every crown for one kiss from the Flame. In the age to come, the elect are not just sons or kings, they are *brides*. And that bridal nature is not weakness. It is governmental power. It is the seal of those who will govern from the marriage chamber of union.

If the scrolls of fire require containers of flame, then the final scrolls require containers of *oneness*. And there is only one wineskin that does not burst, the one that has become His. Let

us now unveil this sacred architecture, formed not by hand but by love. For the wineskin of union is not taught, it is *entered*.

The Bride Is the Final Container

The highest form of containment is not discipline, training, or even consecration, it is *union*. Just as the Ark contained the Word in the wilderness, the bridal people now contain the Living Word within their very being. When Jesus returns, He is not returning for a platform, but for a *Bride without spot or wrinkle*, meaning a vessel so yielded that no part of her resists His indwelling. This bridal container is not symbolic, it is architectural, the scrolls of the final age are literally encoded into the hearts of those joined in oneness with the Lamb.

This container is not built by human means. It is formed through intimacy, through time spent in the holy weight of His gaze. Just as a womb forms a child in stillness and warmth, so too does the Spirit form the scrolls of God in the bridal wineskin. The Bride becomes a *living tabernacle*, not by attending services, but by becoming the dwelling place of the scroll. In this union, every part of the vessel begins to radiate His essence.

Bridal wineskins carry an authority that cannot be replicated. Why? Because authority flows from union, not position. These are the ones whose yes has cost them everything, and whose surrender has opened the heavens. They do not speak about God, they reveal Him. Their presence carries flame, because their form has been fused in fire.

Where many still function as servants or performers, the bridal ones *carry God*. They leak oil just by breathing. They don't host Him for a weekend conference, they live in eternal

communion. This is not mystical language alone, but governmental design. Only the Bride can host the weight of the final wine.

And that's why many cannot hold it. Because the wineskin of the Bride cannot be shared with ego. It cannot be patched onto church programs. It cannot be outsourced to leadership models. It is formed in the secret place, by a single question: *Will you marry Me?*

Union Forms an Eternal Vesseling

The old wineskin was temporary, but union is eternal. This wineskin doesn't just carry the wine, it becomes *one* with it. As the marriage of spirit and form takes place, the old need for separation between sacred and secular, holy and human, begins to dissolve. The scrolls are no longer carried by human effort, they are carried by *divine fusion*.

This is not theory. It is the mystery of Christ in you, fully matured. It is not about repeating words like "oneness," but about embodying it until every reaction, decision, and movement flows from union. This is what Paul meant when he said, "It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me." The wineskin of union is not merely spiritual, it is *structural*.

Union doesn't mean a feeling. It means fusion. The scroll cannot be read by those who remain divided. And the Spirit cannot fill where the heart has not fused. Every time we say "yes" to surrender, a new strand of fusion is formed. Every tear in the secret place becomes a stitch in the bridal garment. Every time we trust instead of strive, the architecture of union is strengthened.

This wineskin is incorruptible because it is born of Spirit. It doesn't fracture under pressure because it is not built on performance. It has died to itself, and been raised in flame. It is not anxious about the next season, because it already dwells in eternity.

And this is the paradox, the more fused you are, the more fluid you become. You do not need rigid control when the vessel is formed by love. For love does not leak, it *lasts*. And love, not logic, is the architecture of the final wineskin.

Lovers of God Hold What Servants Can't

There is a realm in God that cannot be accessed by function, but only by affection. Servants obey instructions, but lovers receive secrets. Servants ask for blueprints, but lovers receive scrolls formed in the bridal chamber. This is why the elect in the end-time are not merely servants or sons, but *lovers*, they have moved beyond assignment into union, and it is *union* that forms the wineskin worthy of scrolls that carry judgment, healing, and the government of the age to come.

Lovers carry what systems cannot. They become a resting place for divine passion, and their container is not held together by structure but by intimacy. These are the ones who stay when others walk away, who wait in the silence when there is no new word. And it is in that stillness of love, not the noise of activity, that the container begins to take shape. Lovers do not just hold information, they hold the heart of the One who speaks.

Servants measure outcomes. Lovers measure nearness. Servants seek reward. Lovers seek His face. Because of this, lovers receive a wineskin made of spirit-flesh fusion, capable

of carrying scrolls that no longer need to be interpreted, they are *known*. The message and the messenger become one, because lovers have no need to prove, perform, or persuade. They simply embody what they've become.

And because love is the highest form of fusion, it is also the strongest container. The reason many vessels leak or fracture is because they were never reinforced by love, only by duty. But love stretches, shapes, and seals. Love holds weight. Love is not an emotion in the Kingdom, it is the *infrastructure* of containment. The wineskin of union is therefore not optional, it is the only form that can hold the final wine.

In this age, the scroll will bypass the skilled and fall upon the yielded. It will bypass the platform and land in the heart of the lovesick. Lovers are dangerous to religion because they obey a voice no one else hears, and carry a flame no one can control. They are not unstable they are uncontainable by Babylon. Because they have been contained by Him. And that is the difference.

Oneness With the Flame Precedes Overflow

Many desire overflow, but few understand that overflow is not the result of striving, fasting, or breakthrough, it is the *natural consequence* of union. When the container is fully fused with the Flame, it no longer seeks a word, it *becomes* one. It no longer leaks, because it no longer has compartments. The container and the Flame are married, and in this oneness, overflow begins to occur effortlessly.

There is a reason Jesus said, "I only do what I see the Father doing." This was not imitation. it was *union*. He was the Word in motion, the scroll walking among men, the Flame dwelling

in skin. He did not conjure miracles. He *carried* them, because He was one with the One who speaks. The wineskin of union produces overflow that is not loud, forced, or chaotic. It is *frictionless flow*.

Oneness with the Flame does not mean emotional ecstasy, but continual combustion. There is a burning that never ceases, not because it's painful, but because it's *eternal*. This is what fuels the overflow. You are not trying to release something, you *can't help but release it*. The overflow comes from being overtaken, from being completely eclipsed by the scroll within.

In the old wineskin, people tried to steward revival by effort and maintain fire through routine. But in the wineskin of union, there is no need to manage or maintain. The overflow is the result of *becoming the flame*. This means your life becomes the miracle. Your word becomes the thunder. Your movement becomes the manifestation.

The final wineskin is not a ministry model, it is a burning heart. And when that heart is fused in oneness, the wine never runs out. For you are no longer asking Him to move through you you have become one with the Move itself. You do not represent the Kingdom. You *radiate* it.

Communion As Transformation

Communion is more than taking bread and wine, it is the eternal act of union, where you do not just *remember* Christ, but become *one* with Him. It is here that transformation occurs, not by imitation, but by ingestion. You eat the scroll. You drink the wine. You become the Word. This is what happens in the wineskin of union, transformation through communion.

When you commune with God, your container shifts at a cellular level. The old systems begin to dissolve. The ego loses its grip. The striving subsides. Communion is the womb of divine architecture, the place where new wineskins are formed without your effort, and new scrolls are planted without your knowing. It is the environment of becoming.

Communion requires stillness. It cannot be rushed. In a world obsessed with doing, the wineskin of union values *being*. Not as passivity, but as power. For in the quietness of oneness, the greatest formation happens. This is not inactivity, it is *invisible architecture*. The bridal wineskin is not made on stages, but in gardens. Not in crowds, but in chambers.

Transformation does not happen because you changed your habits. It happens because you changed your container. When you sit with the Flame in union, you become what you behold. Communion is not something you take, it's something you *enter*. And once you enter, nothing remains the same.

This is why the elect must prioritize communion above all else. Not just a ritual, but a rhythm of union. For those who commune with Him will carry scrolls that cannot be released in noise, but only in nearness. They will become messages no man can edit, flames no system can quench.

The Container Is No Longer Separate

In the final wineskin, there is no line between you and the scroll, between the vessel and the wine. The container is no longer separate. You have become one. You no longer carry His presence, you are the *expression* of it. This is not blasphemy, but the mystery of union. For He said, "I in you,

and you in Me.” The veil is not only torn in heaven, it is torn in *you*.

This oneness is not metaphorical. It changes everything. The way you walk, speak, move, and respond, all begins to echo the Flame you’ve become fused with. There is no more striving to be like Christ, because He is now expressing Himself through your form. You are not just filled. You are *merged*.

Religion fears this kind of fusion, because it cannot control it. Babylon wants to keep God in a box, and you in a pew. But in the age of union, the scroll will walk again, and the Flame will have skin again, through *you*. The container is no longer a vessel to be used, but a bride to be cherished. And in this, God is not your partner, He is your *beloved*.

This removes all division between sacred and secular, holy and human, ministry and mundane. In the wineskin of union, everything becomes an altar. Every word becomes a scroll. Every breath becomes a yes. You are not part-time holy, you are permanently fused. The elect become seamless.

And in this seamless fusion, there is no fracture. The scrolls of the final age will not burst through broken wineskins, because the container is no longer external. It *is* the elect. It is the bride. And she cannot be shaken, for she is one with the unshakable One.

You Become the Drink Offered

The final mystery of the wineskin is this, you are no longer just the one who holds the wine. You *become the drink*. Paul said, “I am already being poured out as a drink offering.” This is the

architecture of the elect in their fullness. Not holding revival, but *becoming the offering*. Not stewarding outpouring, but *being poured out*. The wineskin of union becomes the wine itself.

This is where all separation ends. The scroll, the wine, the fire, the form, all become one. You no longer carry the Kingdom. You *are* the Kingdom expressed in form. You are the vessel, the scroll, and the flame, not by position, but by *fusion*. The final wineskin doesn't leak, because it has no cracks. It has become the wine, because it was willing to become the offering.

To become the drink means to die to recognition. To be consumed without applause. To be poured out without demand. To live as a holy offering, continually spilled for the sake of awakening. This is not romantic language. It is the cost of carrying glory. The wineskin must be broken, not to be discarded, but to *release the wine within*.

Jesus was the Word, the Lamb, and the Wine. And He was poured out. You are now being invited into the same offering. To become the scroll, the flame, the container, and the drink. This is the calling of the elect in the age to come, not to preserve the wine, but to *become the outpouring*.

And in this, the elect become immortal. Because what is poured out in love never runs dry. What is consumed in glory is never lost. You become the drink, because you have become one with the One who poured Himself out for all.

FINAL CHARGE TO THE ELECT

Elect of God, bridal ones, flame-bearers of eternity, you are not being invited into another ministry, movement, or strategy. You are being summoned into *union*. The final wineskin is not made with hands. It is not sustained by effort. It is formed by divine fusion, Spirit to spirit, breath to breath, heart to heart. You are not meant to carry the scroll. You are meant to *become* it.

Let the noise fall away. Let the pressure to perform dissolve. You are not behind. You are being *woven*. Every stretch, every silence, every tear in the bridal chamber has been forming a wineskin worthy of the flame. You are not a container to be used, you are a *bride* to be joined. He did not call you to serve a system. He called you to *marry the Flame*.

This union will cost you everything. It will strip you of image, ambition, and ego. But in return, it will give you *everything eternal*. For only those fused in love can carry the scrolls of judgment and healing without mixture. Only those married to the Lamb can carry the government of the age to come.

So drink deeply. Let Him form you in stillness. Let Him seal you in secret. Let Him pour Himself into you until there is no separation between the Word and your witness. You are not just a wineskin. You are *His*. You are the bridal container, formed in fire, kissed by the scroll, and made one with the Flame.

And when the scrolls descend, they will not fall on stages. They will fall on *you*. Because you have become the container of union, the final form.

Chapter 25: Stretch Marks of the Spirit

Proof of Transformation Hidden in the Inner Room

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

- 2 Corinthians 4:17

“Enlarge the place of your tent, stretch your tent curtains wide, do not hold back; lengthen your cords, strengthen your stakes.”

- Isaiah 54:2

“Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.”

- Isaiah 66:8

Introduction: The Inner Stretch Is the Real Evidence

Transformation is not always loud. It is not always wrapped in applause or visible to others. Often, it is silent. Private. Internal. Yet it leaves undeniable marks on the soul. The stretching of the spirit is the sacred evidence that something eternal is expanding within you. These are not the scars of failure, but the stretch marks of resurrection, proof that your wineskin has made room for glory. You do not stretch unless something is growing. You do not groan unless something is forming. In the Kingdom, the hidden stretch carries more weight than the public stage.

Stretch marks of the spirit are not a sign of weakness, but of divine expansion. When the inner wineskin begins to press against the boundaries of your old self, it leaves marks. These are not the wounds of the enemy, but the evidence of divine pressure. They are testimonies in the body, memories in the soul, inscriptions of fire in the secret place. Every time your identity grew faster than your understanding, the stretch marked you. Every time your calling outpaced your comfort zone, the spirit expanded your inner frame.

Many want the wine but resist the stretch. But the new wine only comes when the wineskin has yielded to pressure. It is not enough to say yes to the scroll. You must become a vessel that can expand when the scroll moves. This expansion is painful because it means leaving behind form, familiarity, and control. It means bending without breaking. Yielding without snapping. Staying open without falling apart. The spirit stretches those it loves, not to tear them, but to form them for more.

The elect are marked not just by what they carry, but by what stretched them to carry it. These stretch marks are spiritual credentials. They are the secret hallmarks of those who have hosted weight. You cannot fake them. You cannot mimic them. They are only formed through the intimate pressure of divine growth. If you have stretch marks, it means heaven has trusted you with expansion. You are proof that glory came and your container didn't burst.

Stretch marks are also prophetic. They point to something greater that is coming. Like the body of a mother carrying a child, the stretch marks of the spirit say, "I was made to carry more than myself." The ones who bear these marks are often overlooked, but in the Spirit, they are giants. They are the ones who have stretched, expanded, been formed in fire, and now stand ready to pour. Let us trace the stretch marks of the spirit, for they speak of a wineskin that heaven trusts.

Evidence of Transformation in Your Interior World

Your transformation is not measured by external achievements, but by the tectonic shifts in your interior world. Real change begins when your thought patterns break and reform around eternal truth. This shift does not always appear on the outside immediately. It may take time before the inner renovation shows on your face, your speech, your walk. But in the spirit, the blueprint has already shifted. The wineskin has already been altered. You are not who you were, even if others haven't noticed yet.

The interior world is the real sanctuary. It is where the scroll is read, where the fire burns, where the stretching happens in silence. When the spirit begins to form the new you, it starts in the unseen. Thought systems unravel. Beliefs are challenged. Identity begins to emerge from the ashes of falsehood. This is where the stretch begins, in the invisible furnace of inner reconstruction. Do not despise the hidden work, for it is the ground of real containment.

Stretch marks in the interior realm look like moments of disillusionment that gave way to divine sight. They look like seasons of tension where you held on to truth when everything else said to let go. They look like quiet refusals to compromise when no one was watching. They are formed in the places where the soul cries out, "Not my will, but Yours be done," and means it. These marks are carved into your spirit by flame, not applause.

When God begins to stretch you, He often does so by confronting your definitions, of self, of purpose, of Him. The wineskin you once lived in is no longer enough for the scroll

you now carry. He stretches your comprehension, your capacity, your courage. This internal renovation often feels like confusion at first, but it is sacred. It is God saying, “I trust you with more. I am enlarging the place of your tent.”

Interior transformation is not just for you, it is for those who will one day drink from what you carry. The more you stretch inside, the more capacity you have to pour out without spilling. What God does in you in secret will eventually become a fountain for others. But only if you honor the stretch.

Expansion Leaves Traces

Expansion is not invisible. Though the process may be hidden, its effects are not. Just as a tree’s rings tell the story of its growth, so too do the stretch marks in your spirit. Every expansion leaves a trace. These are the places where form yielded to fire. Where the container was pushed to its edge and didn’t burst. They are not cracks. They are testimonies.

You cannot expand and remain the same. The old thoughts cannot hold the new vision. The former pace cannot sustain the present scroll. The old shell must give way to a flexible frame. And when that happens, your inner life bears the marks. You begin to talk differently. See differently. Hold things differently. This is not the result of effort, but of enlargement. You are being stretched by glory.

These traces are also markers of trust. The Spirit does not stretch those He has no intention to fill. He only enlarges those He plans to pour into. So if you feel the tension, the stretch, the burning sensation of capacity being tested, rejoice. You are being prepared. You are trusted. You are becoming large enough to carry scrolls for others.

The expansion leaves spiritual stretch marks that prophets recognize. These are not superficial signs. They are deep. Carved in silence. Inked with obedience. Formed by repeated yeses in seasons of delay. You cannot perform your way into these traces. You can only surrender your way into them.

The stretch marks are also prophetic witnesses to others. They say, “This one has held the scroll. This one has been with God. This one has not broken under pressure.” They are your spiritual CV, your unseen resume in the Kingdom. Cherish them. They are the fingerprints of fire.

Pain That Carried Glory

Pain without purpose is torment. But pain that births glory is holy. In the Kingdom, pain is not always a sign of destruction, but of expansion. The stretching of the spirit hurts because it is real. It is not the pain of punishment, but the pain of forming something new. When your soul is expanding to contain something divine, the ache is not just emotional, it is structural. Your wineskin is groaning under glory. Your old framework is breaking open to make room for a scroll it was never designed to hold.

This is why many confuse transition with warfare. The pressure feels like resistance, but it is divine renovation. God is not trying to break you, He is stretching you. But the process still hurts. You feel displaced from old rhythms, disconnected from old voices, and disoriented by new dimensions. And yet, there is glory in it. Every time you didn’t quit in the stretch, something eternal was built inside you. Every tear watered the scroll. Every ache marked your soul with readiness.

Glory rarely arrives without pressure. The wine that is weighty must be housed in a container forged by fire and formed by pain. This is not the pain of confusion, but the pain of divine expansion. The kind of pain that only comes when heaven trusts you with more. It is not a sign of failure. It is the evidence that glory is near, that the container is enlarging to match the scroll.

The glory you now carry was not downloaded cheaply. It was pulled through travail. It was fought for in the night seasons, when no one saw. These stretch marks are holy wounds, not because they hurt, but because they held. They testify to your yes when it would've been easier to collapse. They reveal a history with God that cannot be explained in sermons or status updates. They are sacred memorials to divine formation.

Pain does not disqualify you, it marks you. It makes you ready. It proves that you endured the forming fire, not just the filling oil. The elect are those who have been stretched beyond logic, and instead of breaking, they became vessels. Pain was not their prison, it was their forge. And the wine is coming.

Proof You Were Not Who You Were

The stretch marks of the spirit are your spiritual timestamps. They prove you have changed. Not in theory, not in language, but in actual architecture. You were one thing, but now you are another. And even if others still see the old, you carry proof within your being that the old wineskin no longer fits. You cannot go back to what was. You have been stretched into what is becoming.

This is what makes backsliding so painful for those who have been truly transformed, the old garment no longer fits, and the

new one is not yet comfortable. But even in that tension, the stretch marks testify. You are no longer who you were. Your soul knows too much. Your spirit has been awakened. You have been imprinted by flame. You cannot unknow glory. You cannot uncarry what you've been marked by.

God does not simply rebrand you, He rebuilds you. The old foundation is torn up. The beams of your inner man are reforged. This is why many feel like they've lost themselves in the stretch. But in truth, they are finding who they truly are. The stretch unmasks the false self and reveals the eternal one. You are not regressing, you are emerging.

Even your silence becomes different once you've been stretched. You don't talk like you used to. You don't desire the same things. You don't fit into the rooms that once made sense. The stretch has changed your sound, your shape, your signature. The proof is not on your resume, it is in your resonance.

This is the silent authority of the elect, they carry change not in titles, but in stretch. They are marked not by what they say, but by what they've endured and what they've become. The scroll rewrites their form, and the form becomes flame. And once you've been stretched by the Spirit, no religion, no system, no comfort zone can hold you again.

Growth Is Not Always Visible, But Always Marked

In the Kingdom, not all growth is seen, but all growth leaves a mark. Sometimes you won't even know how much you've grown until the day you're tested. You'll stand in a place that would've once crushed you, and not even flinch. Not because

you're stronger, but because you've been stretched. The wineskin silently expanded, and now you can hold more than you ever realized.

Heaven rarely celebrates growth with applause. Instead, it marks you with capacity. It doesn't reward you with crowns first, but with deeper scrolls. And you'll wonder, "Why me?" But the stretch marks know why. They whisper of seasons when no one saw, when your yes echoed in the dark, when your form was being reshaped for flame. The expansion was silent, but it was sacred.

Growth is most authentic when it changes what you can carry. You may not speak louder, but your words weigh more. You may not move faster, but your steps leave fireprints. You may not be seen more, but when you are, heaven moves. That's the sign of internal growth, your shadow begins to heal the sick. Your presence becomes scroll-saturated. Your silence carries scrolls that shout.

The Spirit does not stretch for display, but for hosting. You are not being grown to be admired. You are being grown to contain divine weight. God doesn't stretch you to impress others. He stretches you to entrust you. The growth may be slow, invisible, even painful. But it's real. And it's marked in heaven.

When you feel overlooked, remember: the most sacred growth happens underground. Roots are never seen, but they're what hold the tree in the storm. The stretch marks of the spirit are root-lines in your soul. And when the scroll comes, you'll hold it — not because of what's seen, but because of what was stretched.

Testimonies Written in Stretch

The elect do not carry only stories, they carry stretch-formed scrolls. These testimonies are not cute Christian quotes or highlight reels. They are living witnesses formed in pain, pressure, and divine enlargement. When you speak from stretch, your words pierce. Your testimony doesn't inform, it transforms. Because it was written in fire, not ink.

Every yes you said in secret became a sentence in your scroll. Every obedience in obscurity wrote a chapter in your testimony. The Spirit was not just giving you experiences, He was shaping your architecture. You are not just a container of memory. You are a living witness of divine movement. Your body bears the memory of obedience. Your spirit echoes with the voice of God through trial. Your testimony is not a story, it is structure.

The stretch itself becomes the scroll. You did not go through it just to get through it. You went through it to become something that could hold the weight. Testimonies formed in stretch are scrolls that carry power. They don't impress, they awaken. They don't comfort the ego, they summon the elect. These testimonies have been through pressure and hold glory. They are portable altars.

Your stretch is someone else's scroll. The pain you housed is the wine someone else will drink. The trial you carried is the river someone else will step into. The mark you bear is the mirror someone else will look into and remember who they are. That's why you don't hide your stretch marks. You show them as proof of divine trust.

The elect are walking scrolls, not because of what they studied, but because of what they stretched through. Their lives are testimonies in motion. Their stretch marks are sacred stamps

that say, “This one has been with God.” Show them. Honor them. For they are not shame, they are glory.

Expansion Is a Sign of Coming Wine

God does not stretch without a reason. Expansion always precedes outpouring. The tension in your life is a prophetic sign: something new is about to flow. When the wineskin expands, it’s because heaven is preparing a new wine. Do not misread the pressure as punishment. It is preparation. You are being enlarged for something you’ve never tasted before.

The Spirit will not pour unless the container is ready. And when the container begins to stretch, it means the wine is close. The elect feel this deeply, they can sense the impending release. But rather than rushing it, they honor the process. They know that premature pouring leads to spillage. So they let the Spirit finish the forming. Because when the wine comes, it will come in weight.

The expansion may feel disorienting. You may not recognize yourself. Your rhythms shift. Your appetites change. You feel the old crumbling and the new not yet formed. But this is the proof that the wineskin is alive. The flame is shaping the form to match the scroll. You are being made ready not for display, but for divine distribution.

Many collapse during the expansion because they misinterpret it. But you must know, the stretch is not forever. It is the prelude to pouring. The elect learn to groan with hope. They stretch with expectancy. They say, “I feel the tension, but I also feel the wine.” They are not focused on what is cracking, they are listening for what is coming.

So if you feel the stretch, rejoice. The wine is near. The scroll is full. The outpouring will match the enlargement. What once would've broken you is now your portion. You are becoming a carrier of fermented flame. And heaven will pour where there is stretch.

Final Charge to the Elect

O elect of God, stretch-marked and scroll-bearing ones, do not despise your enlargement. What has felt like pain was preparation. What has looked like loss was making room. You are not shrinking, you are expanding. You are not breaking, you are becoming. The flame has stretched your wineskin to match your scroll. And the wine is coming.

Let the world misunderstand your groaning. Let religion mock your tension. But you know the truth: you were formed in the furnace of divine trust. You are marked by movements unseen, by expansions uncelebrated. You did not break in the night. You did not fold under pressure. You were stretched, and you remained. That is your scroll.

Do not cover your stretch marks, display them. They are holy signs of divine formation. They are the fingerprints of flame. They say to the world: this one has been forged in fire and is ready to pour. This one has been stretched in silence and can now thunder without pride. This one has enlarged without ego and can now carry glory without leaking.

You are the new wineskin. You are the expanded remnant. You are the silent thunder, the hidden expansion, the container of coming wine. Do not doubt the process. Do not minimize the stretch. The scroll within you is full. The wine is ready. And the elect are rising.

CHAPTER 26 : VESSELS OF HONOR VS. VESSELS OF USE

Entrusted with the Scroll, Not Just Employed by the System

“But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and clay, some for honor and some for dishonor. Therefore if anyone cleanses himself from the latter, he will be a vessel for honor, sanctified and useful for the Master, prepared for every good work.”

- 2 Timothy 2:20–21

“Many will say to me in that day, ‘Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in your name, cast out demons in your name...?’ And then I will declare to them, ‘I never knew you; depart from Me...’”

- Matthew 7:22–23

“It is required in stewards that one be found faithful.”

- 1 Corinthians 4:2

Introduction: Not Just Used – Entrusted

There is a dangerous illusion in this generation, the belief that being used by God is the same as being approved by Him. In an age where platforms are mistaken for thrones and visibility is mistaken for authority, we have lost the weight of what it means to be **entrusted**. God may use a donkey, a deceiver, or a

Babylonian king to fulfill His will. But **entrustment** is another realm entirely. The elect must discern the difference between divine utility and divine union. One can be a loud mouthpiece yet remain a stranger to the heart of the Bridegroom. Another may live hidden, unknown to the systems of man, yet be seated in the council of the Lamb.

We are entering an era where scrolls will not be handed to the gifted, but to the fused. To those who have not merely performed obedience, but have become union. God will no longer pour out revelation to those who treat it as merchandise. He is sealing scrolls within those who have become temples, not tools. Those whose very being has become a container of flame. The wineskin of the coming age is not charisma, platform, or even ministry, it is the **bride**.

This chapter is a holy confrontation for those who have mistaken movement for maturity, and noise for nearness. It is a trumpet blast to the performers, reminding them that gifting can operate without love, but scrolls will only rest on those who have become love. The Spirit is not impressed by how loudly we speak His name. He is searching for those who have become His voice in stillness, those who are not just **used**, but **known**.

Prepare your heart. For this scroll will unmask the difference between vessels of fleeting function and vessels of eternal honor. You were not made to be an instrument passed from hand to hand. You were formed to be a sanctuary of fire, a bride that carries not just words, but union.

Not All Who Are Used Are Aligned

There is a sobering truth often missed in the frenzy of ministry and movement, that God may *use* anyone, even those not aligned with His heart. History is filled with examples of men and women who moved in power, performed miracles, and spoke divine things, yet their inner alignment was off. God may use a donkey, a Pharaoh, or a betrayer to fulfill His purpose. Being used is not the measure of intimacy. It is possible to be a tool in God's hand without ever being a son at His table. This distinction matters more than ever, for in the last days, false alignment will carry the scent of anointing but not the weight of the scroll.

The wineskin of honor is forged not by function, but by union. Alignment means that the inner world matches the divine blueprint, that the vessel has been shaped to carry flame without leaking it. In Babylon's system, use is applauded, gifts are platformed regardless of formation. But the Kingdom measures differently. God seeks alignment, not applause. He weighs the interior life, not the public ministry. There are those used mightily by God whose names are not written in the Lamb's scroll because they never knew Him, they only knew power.

A generation has confused usefulness with chosenness. The elect are not merely effective, they are embedded. They are not tools picked up and set down, but beloved ones shaped in the secret place to host something eternal. The Spirit is not looking for instruments but for bridal vessels who burn from within. Alignment demands death to ambition, to platform, and to counterfeit identity. It requires purification of motive, not just multiplication of activity.

This is why many who are gifted collapse under the weight of what they were never aligned to carry. Misalignment creates fractures. The wine of revelation, when poured into a vessel still shaped by ego, leaks or ferments wrongly. Use without

alignment is dangerous, it breeds pride, confusion, and burnout. But alignment births purity, longevity, and an indwelling scroll that cannot be taken.

So ask not, “Am I being used by God?” Ask, “Am I aligned with His heart?” For one moment of alignment carries more glory than a lifetime of noise. You are not called to be a borrowed tool. You are called to become the resting place of the scroll.

God Uses All, But Entrusts Few

God, in His sovereignty, may use any person, any system, even any rebellion to fulfill His overarching purposes. He used Egypt to grow Israel. He used Babylon to refine her. He used Judas to deliver the Lamb to crucifixion. But usage is not the same as trust. To be used is incidental. To be entrusted is eternal. God *uses* all things, but He only *entrusts* His scrolls to those who walk in covenant. Usage serves history. Entrustment births destiny.

Entrustment means that the scroll becomes part of your inner architecture. It cannot be separated from you. You do not merely speak the Word, you become the Word made flesh. This is the difference between a courier and a son. A courier delivers a message. A son *is* the message. Heaven is not looking for scroll-carriers who merely repeat what they’ve heard. Heaven is unveiling sons who have become the embodiment of what was sealed from before the foundation.

The elect are not just vessels of movement. They are vessels of memory, divine memory. They carry history with God, not just sermons about Him. There is a difference between handling holy things and being holy. Entrustment demands that your

soul has been shaped by fire, your motives purified by silence, and your identity secured by union.

Many have been entrusted with platforms but not with scrolls. God will not entrust the mysteries of the Kingdom to those still chasing performance. To hold a scroll is to carry responsibility for nations, for timelines, for generations unborn. Entrustment cannot be faked. It cannot be bought. It is discerned by weight, the *kabowd* of God resting on a life because that life has become the flame's resting place.

So while God may use all, He is searching the earth for those He can *trust*. Trust is reserved for those whose yes is costly, whose surrender is not seasonal, and whose architecture has been shaped by the secret place. Are you trustworthy, or just talented?

Honor Is More Than Utility

To be a vessel of honor is not to be a useful object in the divine toolbox. It is to be a consecrated chamber for holy things. Honor, in heaven's lexicon, is about *worthiness to carry*, not ability to function. You can function in the gifts and still be dishonorable if your vessel has not been set apart by flame. Honor is a fragrance. It is the invisible quality of vessels who have been hollowed out by obedience and filled with oil by the Spirit.

Utility seeks to be useful. Honor seeks to be holy. These are not the same. Babylon platforms utility. The Kingdom crowns honor. One can be praised for usefulness and still be discarded when they fail. But a vessel of honor carries weight that cannot be removed, because it was forged not by fame, but by flame.

This honor cannot be self-imposed. It must be granted by heaven and recognized by those who walk in the Spirit.

Honor is invisible until tested. When no one is watching, the vessel of honor still burns. When there is no stage, the vessel of honor still sings. When there is no affirmation, the vessel of honor still pours oil. These are the hidden ones who have become scrolls, not just students. They are not moved by opportunity, but by obedience. They do not serve for reward, but because they have become the container for divine life.

We must stop equating busyness with honor. The vessel of honor may not always be seen, but it is always full. It holds weight not because it was loud, but because it was faithful. And in a generation obsessed with performance, these are the vessels heaven is unveiling, hidden, heavy with flame, and unshaken by applause or absence.

This is the path of sons: to be formed not for usefulness, but for union. For usefulness will pass away. But honor remains, because it is etched into the eternal vessel.

Why Being Used Is Not the Same as Being Chosen

There is a vast gulf between being used by God and being chosen by Him. To be used is to serve a divine function. To be chosen is to embody a divine union. The chosen are not simply selected for tasks, they are married to the assignment. They carry not just instruction, but inheritance. Being used is seasonal, it can pass from one person to another. But being chosen is eternal, sealed in the scroll of remembrance, forged in fire, and witnessed by the Lamb.

Many confuse visible usefulness with eternal chosenness. But usefulness is often granted for the sake of others, not as a mark of intimacy. Pharaoh was useful, but not chosen. Balaam was used, but not aligned. Judas had access, but not union. The chosen are those who have been marked by the eyes of the Lamb, whose lives are not rented out for influence but surrendered for fusion. They carry flame not because they want it, but because they've become it. They are not visitors to the holy place, they are living altars.

To be chosen is to be crushed. It is to be pierced by the very scroll you carry. It is to bear the weight of divine silence, the ache of hidden obedience, and the cost of carrying words too heavy for common vessels. The chosen are misunderstood not because they are strange, but because they speak from dimensions most have not entered. They are not for sale. They are not for rent. They are sealed, and only heaven has the key to their sound.

You may be applauded by men and yet be unknown to heaven. You may be forgotten by men and yet sit in the council of the Lamb. What makes you chosen is not how many people follow you, but how deeply the Flame has overtaken you. The chosen are those who did not audition, who did not strive, who did not manipulate their way into the assignment, they simply surrendered so completely that God could no longer ignore them.

The hour demands that we stop chasing usefulness and start living as the chosen. Not in pride, but in holy trembling. For to be chosen is not a badge. It is a burden. It is not for display, but for death. But out of that death flows the life of a generation.

The Difference Between a Hammer and a Temple

A hammer may be used to build a temple, but the hammer is not the dwelling place. Likewise, many are used to build systems, churches, or ministries, but that does not mean they themselves are the habitation of God. Tools are used temporarily. Temples are inhabited permanently. A hammer knows the architect's hand but not the architect's heart. A temple becomes the resting place of the architect's glory. This is the difference between vessels of use and vessels of honor.

We must stop idolizing those who merely move tools. The hand of God may rest on anyone to fulfill a specific task, but His glory only dwells in those whose interiors have been sanctified by fire. A tool cannot host the cloud of union. A temple can. Tools are shaped for function. Temples are shaped for glory. Tools are laid down when the task is complete. Temples remain, generation after generation, hosting the presence and the scroll.

Many want to be hammers in God's hand, but few are willing to become His dwelling. Hammers are forged for impact. Temples are formed for stillness. One is known by its noise, the other by its atmosphere. And in the age to come, the Lord is not gathering tools, He is forming temples of living flame. These will not just build altars, they will become them.

The elect must ask: am I functioning for God, or have I become His habitation? Do I swing at projects, or do I tremble in stillness? The tool may feel powerful in motion, but only the temple hosts the fullness of the scroll. And it is in this difference that eternity weighs a life.

God may use tools to construct revival, but He entrusts the fire of reformation to temples. The next age will not be shaped by hammers, but by living sanctuaries whose every breath has become a communion offering.

Use Without Union Is Dangerous

There is nothing more dangerous than being used by God without being united with Him. Power without intimacy breeds pride. Influence without surrender breeds idolatry. Revelation without union breeds heresy. The Spirit may allow the gifts to function for the sake of others, but if the inner vessel is not joined to the Lamb, it becomes a leak in the Kingdom. Use without union opens the door to deception, burnout, and abuse.

Samson was used, but lacked union. Saul was used, but lacked union. Their lives were marked by fire but ended in ruin because the fire was not anchored in covenant. God will not withhold His tools, but He will weigh your life by whether you were a friend of the Bridegroom. Union is not optional for the elect, it is the root system of the scroll. Without union, the word becomes weaponized. Without union, the flame becomes fleshly. Without union, the vessel becomes a spectacle, not a sanctuary.

In this hour, many cry out to be used, but the Spirit is seeking those who will cry out to be *joined*. Joined to His nature. Joined to His sufferings. Joined to His silence. Joined to His joy. These are the ones who will not fracture under scroll-weight, for they have become one with the scroll. Union is the hidden architecture of true authority. Without it, all usefulness collapses under time.

You cannot hold the mysteries of the Kingdom as a hired servant. You must become the bride. For the bride is not just near the Word, she is one with it. This is why many who are active in ministry still feel empty. They are doing without dwelling. They are performing without abiding. And the elect must discern this: what looks like anointing may simply be activity. But what holds scrolls always carries flame.

Use without union is not safe. It burns the hands of those who touch it. But union creates a vessel that carries without leaking, moves without striving, and releases without being consumed. You were not called to be a megaphone. You were called to be a tabernacle.

God Entrusts His Scroll to His Bride

The scroll is not given to the talented, but to the trusted. And trust is born not in the school of gifting, but in the sanctuary of union. The bride is not just an image of affection. She is the final container of scrolls. The Lamb does not hand His sealed Word to performers, apostles, or even prophets, He gives it to the bride, for only she has become one with His flame. The scroll is marital. It is sealed with covenant breath. Only the bride can open it without being scorched.

You may be able to preach without being married to the Word. But you cannot *carry* the scroll unless you have become its bride. Bridal vessels are not just aligned, they are fused. The scroll is not separate from their heartbeat. They do not memorize it, they become it. Their lives are not commentaries, they are combustions. They have not only read the scroll, they have *eaten* it, digested it, and transfigured into its likeness.

Heaven is not looking for vessels who can teach mysteries. Heaven is unveiling vessels who *are* the mystery. These are the bridal ones whose interior has been shaped by silence, refined by fire, and filled by fusion. They do not preach from study, they preach from consummation. The scroll they carry is the overflow of their union, not the product of their discipline.

This is why the last days require a bridal wineskin. The elect are not just end-time warriors, they are wedding chambers. They do not just wage war, they host the consummation of ages. Scrolls are being given now to those who are willing to forsake usefulness for union. Those who are willing to lay

down function for flame. Those who would rather be unknown and fused than celebrated and distant.

The scroll is sacred. It does not belong to tools. It belongs to the bride. And only she can carry what is coming without burning or breaking.

Final Charge to the Elect

Sons and daughters of flame, do not settle for usefulness when union is calling. Do not chase the noise of movement when the scroll invites you into stillness. You were not born to be a tool in another man's revival. You were born to be a vessel of flame, an indwelling of eternity, a container for the scroll of the Lamb. The systems of Babylon will applaud your performance. But the throne only crowns the consecrated. The world will pay for your function. But heaven will trust only your fusion.

You are not a hammer. You are a tabernacle. You are not a loud tool. You are a silent ark. Let the weight of this truth mark your soul, that God may use all things for His purpose, but He only entrusts His Word to His beloved. To the bride. To those who have become one with the scroll. The ones who tremble more in the secret place than they shout on the stage. The ones whose obedience has formed architecture for glory.

In this final age, the elect are not rising as performers of revelation, but as living scrolls. Their mouths do not echo, they originate. Their lives do not display, they transmit. They do not need to be seen, for they have already been sealed. They do not beg for doors, for they have become the gate. God will entrust this generation not with borrowed tools, but with eternal

blueprints, carried in vessels formed by flame and sealed by union.

So let the refining continue. Let the silence deepen. Let the crushing break every ambition not forged by love. For when the scrolls are opened, and the remnant arises, it will not be the used who carry the flame, it will be the trusted.

Chapter 27: The Scroll That Shapes the Skin

Revelation Crafts Its Own Container

“Then I said, ‘Behold, I come; in the scroll of the book it is written of Me. I delight to do Your will, O my God, and Your law is within my heart.’

- Psalm 40:7–8

“By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not yet seen, moved with godly fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by which he condemned the world and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.”

- Hebrews 11:7

“For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.”

- Ephesians 2:10

Introduction: The Blueprint Builds the Body

Before there is ever a vessel, there is a scroll. Before you were formed in the womb, there was a blueprint, a word, a divine architecture written in eternity. The scroll came first. It is the scroll that dictated your form, your path, your trials, your wiring, your weaknesses, your strength, your silence, and your fire. You are not a product of random history or broken circumstance. You are the manifestation of a scroll that

demanded a wineskin capable of holding it. The scroll you carry is not an accessory to your identity. It is the essence of your becoming. It forms the contours of your life, stretches your frame, and carves capacity through fire and faith. The scroll is not shaped by you. You are shaped by it.

This is the mystery of true formation. In religion, men try to shape the scroll to match their preference. They want a word that fits their comfort zone, a calling that fits their talent, a destiny that doesn't threaten their control. But in the Kingdom, the scroll overrides the flesh. It confronts your assumptions. It disfigures your ego. It makes demands on your vessel, not because God is cruel, but because the scroll carries a weight that requires divine proportions. When the scroll is ignored or resisted, the vessel leaks or collapses. But when the scroll is obeyed, honored, and embodied, the wineskin begins to transfigure into the exact form required for fullness.

You do not decide your wineskin, you discover it through surrender to the scroll. This is why certain trials hit you the way they do. This is why your shaping has been intense, specific, and often lonely. You are not being punished, you are being patterned. You are not random, you are a replica of something written before time. You are not simply being trained to “serve” or “succeed.” You are being sculpted to carry a scroll that has never been released before, a word that demands a vessel unlike any built by tradition. This is why you’ve never quite fit. The scroll within you is an ancient fire seeking a wineskin worthy of its release.

And so, the scroll demands your obedience, not your opinion. The scroll pulls you into fasting, silence, separation, vision, breaking, and rebirth. Not for suffering’s sake, but to awaken the vessel the scroll already foresaw. In this chapter, we will unveil the sacred relationship between scroll and skin, between revelation and formation. And you will begin to see that every

bend, every break, every stretch, every surrender, was not chaos. It was blueprint activation. The scroll shaped the skin.

The Scroll Shapes the Wineskin, Not the Other Way

The greatest tragedy of religion is the attempt to reverse divine order. When man tries to shape revelation to match a form he's comfortable with, he births tradition instead of truth. The scroll was never meant to conform to your structure. It is the scroll that should bend you. It is the scroll that should dictate how you pray, how you move, how you speak, how you carry yourself. The wineskin was made for the wine, not the wine for the wineskin. If your form cannot hold the weight of the scroll, then the scroll will either leak or never be released at all.

Most modern movements build the wineskin first, then try to fill it with revelation. They construct buildings, brands, systems, and hierarchies, then ask the Spirit to bless what was born from the flesh. But the ancient pattern is different. First, there is a word. Then, there is a wilderness. Then, there is a vessel shaped by that word. Noah built the ark according to dimensions dictated by heaven. Moses built the tabernacle according to the heavenly pattern. You, too, are being formed according to a scroll. If you try to carry what is written without becoming what is written, the container will burst.

This is why some people carry the anointing but lack the alignment. Their wineskin is popular, but it leaks. Their container is gifted, but it cannot contain weight. Why? Because they built their life around the desire to be used, not around the reverence of the scroll. The scroll is not an accessory to your calling, it is the architect. It shapes the very bones of your becoming. It knows what dimensions are required for glory,

what trials will make room, what silence will soften ego, what obedience will deepen capacity. You are being sculpted by what you carry.

So stop asking for the scroll to fit your calendar, your career, your idea of comfort. It never will. The scroll will demand a wineskin born of fire, silence, sacrifice, and union. This is the only way the scroll becomes flesh, not through ease, but through embodiment. The scroll shapes the wineskin, not the other way around. Let this truth shatter your assumptions and set you free from building according to man's pattern.

To be entrusted with the scroll is to surrender to its sculpting. To be faithful with the scroll is to allow it to bend you, break you, remake you, and remake you again. The wineskin is not the focus. The scroll is. But the wineskin must match the scroll for the fullness to come. You are being made into the shape of the word you carry. Let it form you.

Revelation Forms Structure

Every revelation is not just information, it is architecture. When God speaks, He doesn't merely express ideas, He releases blueprints. His words carry structure. They carry weight. They carry timing, angles, lines, proportions, and sacred codes. This is why the word of the Lord to Noah came with exact cubits. Why the vision to Moses came with exact dimensions. Why Ezekiel saw measurements and temple orders. Revelation is not abstract. It is the Spirit's design manifesting in time. And when you receive a scroll, it immediately begins forming a corresponding structure within you.

Many desire revelation, but few are willing to be restructured by it. They want the fire but not the form. They want the word but not the warp. But you cannot contain what you do not allow to shape you. Revelation stretches your thinking. It shatters your assumptions. It deconstructs your emotional patterns and reconstructs your nervous system. It awakens your memory and burns your excuses. When you say yes to revelation, you say yes to reformation. The word rewires your being to carry what was once impossible.

This is why prophetic people are often misunderstood, they are being built into shapes that the world and church have not seen. They speak strangely, move strangely, withdraw when others gather, burn when others joke. It's not arrogance. It's architecture. They are under divine construction. The scroll within them is building chambers the Spirit can rest in. Their wineskin is not random. It is blueprint-specific. To carry

certain revelation, you must become its counterpart. The deeper the revelation, the deeper the restructuring required.

God will often speak a word to you that doesn't match your current life, because it's meant to create the life that can hold it. He speaks to what must be built. He doesn't wait for you to be ready, He speaks to make you ready. Revelation is a seed, but it is also a hammer. It births, but it also breaks. Let the word form you. Let it knock down every part of you that cannot hold glory. Let it draw lines in your soul, carve rooms in your spirit, and draft blueprints into your identity.

The structure the scroll builds will not resemble your past. It won't mimic your mentors. It won't fit within denominational parameters. It is a divine architecture, formed by revelation, rooted in union. You are not just reading the scroll. The scroll is reading you, and shaping you accordingly.

What You Carry Determines What You Must Become

There is a divine incompatibility between the scroll and the shell of the old man. The moment you receive the true scroll, everything that does not align with its vibration begins to groan, rupture, and stretch. You cannot carry the scroll of a prophet and remain passive. You cannot carry the scroll of deliverance and still desire comfort. The nature of the scroll announces what the vessel must evolve into. The old wineskin will protest. The ego will rebel. But the scroll refuses to diminish itself to fit into a container of compromise. The wine demands a new vessel because the scroll demands a new version of you, forged in obedience and refined through pressure.

Moses could not remain a prince in Egypt and carry the scroll of deliverance. He had to become a burning bush listener, a wilderness walker, a mountain beholder. The scroll pulled him into a new form, one that knew union with flame, not the applause of Pharaoh's courts. Likewise, many in this hour are trying to carry high scrolls in low forms. They want to speak what they have not become. But heaven will not pour scrolls into shells. It pours into sons who have died, who have let the scroll dictate the form, the pace, the process, and the transformation required.

This is why comparison in the scroll realm is deadly. You cannot look at another's scroll and imitate their form. What you are carrying may require longer hiddenness, deeper stretching, or more wilderness refinement. Do not measure your formation against their visibility. Measure it against the weight of what you are called to steward. What you carry in your belly determines what your frame must be reinforced to hold. Many miscarry scrolls because they fail to let it shape them first. Revelation always requires embodiment before release.

A sword cannot hold oil, and a wineskin cannot swing like a sword. Each scroll has a unique requirement on your spiritual anatomy. A scroll for nations will require the death of your need to be liked. A scroll for hidden intercession will require the death of your need to be seen. God does not tailor the scroll to your form. He tailors your form to the scroll. You become what you must become to hold the fire within the word. If not, the scroll will leak, or worse, combust.

So the cry of the elect is not "Give me a scroll," but "Make me the form that can carry what You've already written." They understand the scroll is not a performance, but a pressure. Not a platform, but a proving. They know the only way to release it in power is to become it in private. What you carry demands what you must become.

The Blueprint Shapes the Interior

The scroll is not just a message. It is a blueprint. And blueprints do not live in the mind, they live in the marrow. When heaven gives you a scroll, it engraves internal architecture, a divine coding that reshapes the inner structure of your life. Thoughts begin to bend toward flame. Desires are filtered through assignment. Habits begin to align or fall away. The scroll begins to form an inner wineskin capable of housing it. Not through force, but through holy reformation. Revelation creates revolutions in the heart before it ever births revival in the streets.

Interior formation is where true alignment is revealed. The blueprint begins demanding new patterns of thought, language, posture, and movement. Not outwardly, but internally. You start feeling tension when you say what you used to say, go where you used to go, or engage in what used to satisfy. It's not legalism. It's scroll sensitivity. The container of your soul is being reformed from within. And those who ignore this inner forming often forfeit the scroll before it matures.

The inner man becomes the holy womb of the word. The bones, the thoughts, the subconscious movements of your life, all begin to align with the divine design. If they don't, the scroll remains dormant. Revelation waits for reinforcement. Many ask why the word tarries. It's not delayed. It's waiting for the architecture within to match the fire it contains. The scroll will not burn freely in a house still aligned with lesser fires.

This is why your interior world is not a side note in your formation, it is the tabernacle. It is where the scroll is read before it is ever spoken. Heaven measures not your

appearance, but your internal alignment. The interior blueprint must match the weight of what you are called to carry. No shortcuts, no borrowed frames.

So let your blueprint speak. Let it confront, rewire, and rebuild. Do not run from the discomfort of reformation. Run into it, knowing that every stretching, groaning, and remaking is proof that heaven is forming a container for something eternal.

Assignment Reveals Architecture

What you are called to do is not separate from what you are called to become. Assignment is not an event, it is an architect. Every divine assignment contains within it the shape of the wineskin required to fulfill it. If your assignment is to carry the oil of healing, it will stretch your compassion, test your consistency, and refine your heart posture. If your assignment is to carry prophetic fire, it will burn away the fear of man, demand precision of speech, and force solitude upon your schedule. Assignment reveals architecture, and if you ignore one, you compromise the other.

The problem is many want the fruit of an assignment without the form it requires. They admire mantles but avoid their molding. They crave thrones but resist the thorns. But God's assignments do not ride on charisma. They ride on construction. He builds the man before He releases the message. He forms the womb before releasing the seed. You do not get to separate the scroll from the skin it requires. The assignment is both revelation and reformation.

As the scroll begins to open, you begin to see that every trial was architectural. Every delay, every betrayal, every

wilderness, it was laying beams and pillars in your inner temple. It wasn't random. It was structural. God was shaping a wineskin thick enough to carry the sacred, discreet enough to hold the hidden, and wide enough to pour to nations. The scroll was never just about what you'd say. It was about what you'd become so that what you say would carry weight.

Even your physical body begins to participate in the formation. The stretching, the weariness, the groans that come in intercession, these are architectural indicators that the scroll is pushing its shape into your frame. You are becoming what you are called to carry. And the moment you align fully, you will find heaven pouring what it always intended, in exact measure, in perfect timing, into a container that can hold it without spilling.

So don't despise your assignment's demands. They are not distractions. They are divine designs. Let your assignment form you, and you will find that the architecture it builds becomes the very thing that sustains the scroll within you.

Identity Is Formed by Word

In the Kingdom, you are not who you think you are, you are who the Word says you are. Identity is not discovered through personality tests, trauma narratives, or societal mirrors. It is formed by the scroll, forged in the Word, and branded by flame. When God speaks, He doesn't just inform, He forms. His Word does not come to decorate your life, it comes to define it. Identity is formed by encounter, and solidified through obedience. If you do not receive your name from the scroll, you will always try to earn it through striving.

When Jesus was baptized, the heavens thundered a scroll over Him: “This is My Son.” That word was not just a public affirmation. It was a structural declaration. That word became the foundation of His movement, the stability through the wilderness, and the confidence on the cross. Every temptation, every accusation, every rejection, they fell powerless because the Word had already shaped the identity. When the scroll shapes who you are, no contradiction can unmake it.

Those who carry scrolls must undergo the death of false names. The labels given in trauma, culture, church, and even family, they must all burn. Why? Because the wineskin of your identity must be pure enough to hold the Word without distortion. If you carry a scroll of sonship but still operate as an orphan, the revelation will warp. If you carry a scroll of purity but still agree with shame, the container will leak. Identity must be reborn through Word.

And identity is not just personal. It is architectural. You don’t just discover who you are. You are built into it. One revelation at a time. One alignment at a time. One fiery encounter at a time. God is not building a better version of your past self. He’s birthing an entirely new container, one that didn’t exist before the Word came. You are becoming a structure that mirrors the scroll, not the story of your wounds.

So receive the Word, not as inspiration, but as incarnation. Let it build you, shape you, define you. You are not what you feel. You are not what they called you. You are not even what you believe in the mirror of your mind. You are what the scroll declares. Let the Word be the architect of your identity.

The Scroll and the Vessel Must Match

Heaven never mismatches scrolls and vessels. What God pours is always in proportion to what you can hold. He does not waste flame on cracked skins, nor pour wine into shells that haven't stretched. The scroll and the vessel must match, in capacity, in purity, in flexibility, in alignment. And where there is dissonance, the scroll will wait. It is not withheld in punishment, but in mercy. For to pour the holy into the unprepared is destruction, not promotion.

Matching the scroll means your inner form must mirror the shape of the word. It means allowing the scroll to shape your emotions, your responses, your relationships, your movement. You don't just carry a message. You become the echo of its vibration. You don't just speak revelation. You reflect its architecture. Scroll-carriers are not messengers alone. They are temples formed by the word they carry.

And this is why many are called but few are trusted. Because the scroll will not bend. It will not shrink to fit an unyielded frame. It demands transformation. It demands structure. It demands vessels that have been tested, proven, and shaped by silence. When the vessel is ready, the scroll flows. But until then, heaven holds it, not in cruelty, but in covenantal care.

To carry the scroll is to become its structure. The word becomes flesh again, not in Bethlehem, but in you. The scroll becomes visible through the one who embodies it. And when the vessel matches the word, glory is not just poured, it is sustained. Flame is not just encountered, it is hosted. And the wineskin becomes a throne for the word to reign.

Let your life be the wineskin that matches the scroll. No more delay. No more distortion. No more resistance. Yield to the forming, and you will find the scroll flows in power, clarity, and authority, through a vessel that matches its origin.

Final Charge to the Elect

O elect ones, scroll-bearers of flame and carriers of eternal architecture, you who have groaned under the weight of unspoken fire, hear this charge. Your scroll is not just a message, it is a mold. And you are not just a voice, you are becoming the vessel that holds unfiltered heaven. The time for trying to fit the scroll into the shell of your past is over. The blueprint is not optional. Heaven is looking for match, not merely desire, but divine design. You must let the word form you, or you will break beneath its weight.

Let your assignment carve new dimensions in your soul. Let the word demolish every false identity you've clung to for comfort. Let the scroll become your skeleton, your script, your silent witness in the night. You are not late, you are in formation. You are not forgotten, you are under divine construction. The delays were not denial, they were architectural blueprints being drafted in fire. Let the scroll write on your inner wall. Let it thunder without leaking. Let it stretch you until you match its flame.

This is not the hour of casual containers. This is the hour of exact matches. Heaven will no longer pour into shells. It will only pour into those who have become what they were called to carry. Not actors, not preachers, not influencers, but vessels. Scrolls are not for the stage. They are for those whose very lives have become altars. You are that altar. Let the scroll find its resting place in you.

And when the scroll and the vessel become one, you will not speak from intellect, but from incarnation. Your voice will shake systems. Your gaze will reveal dimensions. Your silence will burn louder than sermons. You will not merely teach truth.

You will embody it. For the scroll that shapes your skin is the same scroll that shapes the world.

Chapter 28 : From Skin to Light

The Final Transfiguration of the Container

“And those who are wise shall shine like the brightness of the firmament, and those who turn many to righteousness like the stars forever and ever.”

- Daniel 12:3

“Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. He who has ears, let him hear.”

- Matthew 13:43

“It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body.”

- 1 Corinthians 15:44

Introduction - When the Container Becomes the Flame

The wineskin was never the final form. Every vessel was only a temporary container until light became the dwelling place. The entire journey of transformation has always been about transfiguration, the hidden scroll within forming the visible radiance without. Flesh was the shadow, light is the substance. What once held the word now becomes the word, and what once contained the flame now becomes indistinguishable from flame itself. This is the destiny of the elect: to not only receive the word, but to be transfigured into it. What you carried in

secret, you will now become in fullness. The wineskin served its purpose. Now the sons shine.

This scroll does not conclude with another teaching, but with a revelation of radiance. Light is not a metaphor, it is your final form. It is the evidence of union, the fruit of alignment, and the manifestation of the unseen scroll maturing within. When the Word becomes flesh and the flesh becomes light, the cycle is complete. It is no longer about what you're carrying, but about what you've become. You are the lampstand, the flame, and the oil. You are the city set on a hill. The wineskin has become the flame it once held.

There is a realm beyond the wineskin where there is no more need for effort, architecture, or expansion. In this realm, the container is not improved, it disappears. What remains is glory. The veil is lifted. The body is glorified. The scroll is no longer within, it is the radiance that surrounds. This is the age of luminous sons, not just living from the Spirit, but as the Spirit made manifest. Not just carriers of the kingdom, but embodiments of it. The wineskin becomes the throne, and the sons become the brightness of His appearing.

Let every stretching, every silence, every scroll, and every reshaping bring you here, to the brilliance of becoming. This is the final metamorphosis. The vessel is no longer formed of clay or even fire, but light. The elect do not only carry revival, they are the revival. They do not only reveal heaven, they are the unveiling. The final form is not skin, nor fire, but light. The Lamb dwells within, and His radiance becomes your radiance. You become what you behold.

The Final Container Is Light

The progression of divine containment has always pointed toward light. In Genesis, man was formed from dust, in the wilderness he was overshadowed by fire, in the New Covenant he became a temple, but in the age of fullness, he becomes light. Not just lit, but light itself. The final wineskin is no longer something external or structured. It is not built or stretched. It is revealed. The transformation is not architectural, but elemental. The elect are not transitioning from stage to stage, but from matter to radiance.

Light is the purest form of containment. It holds without walls. It fills without limitation. It permeates without structure. To become light is to become invisible yet impactful, uncontainable yet deeply ordered. In the spirit, light is not for seeing, it is for being. Those who become light have no need to speak of power, for their very being becomes the scroll. This is why Jesus transfigured on the mountain, not as an exception, but as a blueprint. The container of the kingdom is not the body, but what the body becomes in full union: luminous spirit-body.

To become light means to carry without breaking, to release without burning out, to embody truth without trying to prove it. The elect will not only reflect the flame, they will become the flame. In light-form, there is no longer a distinction between vessel and voice, between message and messenger. The scroll and the scribe become one. What once needed to be explained now only needs to be seen.

In this light-dimension, obedience is not forced, but inherent. Radiance is not produced, it is the byproduct of union. When the elect walk into a room, darkness flees not because of loudness but because of composition. They carry scrolls not in their hands but in their cellular structure. The very frequency of their being speaks without words. Light is the ultimate scroll and those who become it are its final carriers.

To be light is to no longer manage identity, but emanate essence. It is the restoration of Eden in full glory, not hiding, not striving, not shaping. Just radiating. The Lamb is the light of the city, and the sons are the city that reveals Him. The final container is not on earth or in heaven, it is in you, revealed as you, shining through you.

Transfiguration as Container Fulfillment

The moment Jesus transfigured, He revealed what the wineskin was always pointing to: glorification. Not the denial of the body, but the transformation of it. Transfiguration is not just a moment of supernatural spectacle. It is the fulfillment of every scroll, every formation, every container, converging in radiant being. It is not a new anointing, but a new ontology. You do not merely carry the flame, you become flame formed as light.

The wineskin always had a countdown. It was never the end, only the escort. Its purpose was to incubate, protect, and shape what would one day be too radiant for it to hold. The moment the scroll matures fully within you, the outer shell begins to dissolve. The veil tears. The body shines. You no longer speak truth, you emanate it. This is why transformation must be total, partial surrender can't birth radiance. You either become the scroll or resist it.

Transfiguration is the proof that the inner scroll has fully formed its vessel. No longer does the flesh fight the spirit. No longer does the ego warp the word. No longer does the identity leak glory. Instead, spirit and flesh become one form, the light-body. The elect don't glow from external fire, but from internal formation. The scroll burns through bone, marrow, and memory until the container glows.

This fulfillment comes not through striving but through surrender. The disciples didn't make Jesus transfigure, they merely witnessed what was already true. Likewise, your transformation will not come through effort but through unveiling. It will be the spontaneous combustion of divine maturity. When the scroll has fully grown within, the skin must shift. The voice must change. The container must be light.

In the light-form, time collapses and union expands. You no longer wait for the kingdom, you reveal it. You no longer hope for outpouring, you are the overflow. This is why heaven recognizes you, not because of your function, but because of your frequency. The scroll is not content, it is composition. And once the scroll reaches fullness, it transforms its container into radiance.

From Natural to Celestial Form

There is a shift occurring, from form to frequency, from structure to light, from skin to spirit. This is not metaphor but mystery revealed. What begins in dust is destined for glory. The natural body, shaped by environment and limitation, becomes the celestial body, shaped by union and scroll. This is the transformation Paul thundered: "It is sown perishable, it is raised imperishable." The old form was functional. The new form is radiant. You are not just transitioning ministries or mantles, you are transfiguring nature.

To carry celestial form is not to abandon the body but to glorify it. In this light-form, every cell echoes eternity. Your thought-life becomes illumination. Your movements release worship. You are no longer shaped by history but by blueprint. The container becomes transparent, no longer absorbing the

weight but expressing the flame without resistance. Celestial form does not leak, fatigue, or fracture under glory. It is born of scroll, raised in silence, and matured in fire. It is the final architecture of union.

This transformation is not cosmetic, it is cosmological. It shifts the laws that govern you. Gravity loses its grip. Time loses its claim. You live as one who cannot decay, even while still wrapped in flesh. For you no longer identify by the body you inherited, but by the light-body you became. You are the revelation of what is coming, the firstfruit of what already is. The elect are not waiting for resurrection, they are walking as evidence of it.

The celestial body is not built through behavior but through beholding. The more you behold the Lamb, the more you become what you see. Glory does not enter by effort, it enters by mirror. And when your interior has been fully formed by flame, the exterior cannot remain the same. The wineskin dissolves into transparency, and light shines without filter. This is what it means to walk as sons of light, not poetic metaphor, but divine metamorphosis.

To become light is to no longer ask “what should I do?” but “what must I reveal?” Your life is no longer an effort to carry the scroll, but a radiation of what has been fully embodied. You are no longer in transition. You have become the translation. The message is no longer on your lips, it is written in your being. The form is light. The scroll is light. The final wineskin is light.

Radiant Ones Are Final Wineskins

There is a company rising who will not only speak of heaven but embody its light. They are not seekers, they are revealers. They are not visitors of the throne room, they are extensions of it. These radiant ones are the final wineskins, not made of skin or spirit, but of light. Their frequency is not earthly. Their composition is not inherited. Their assignment is not taught. They are born from above and formed in the silence of union.

These radiant ones do not strive to hold more, they become more. Their radiance does not come from effort, but from alignment. The scrolls within them have formed them into something unrecognizable to the religious eye. They do not preach to convince, nor shout to awaken. Their silence thunders. Their stillness heals. Their glance pierces veils. They are not waiting for revival, they are revival in form.

In these ones, identity is no longer separate from the message. They are not messengers, they are messages. The Lamb is not just in them, He is revealed through them. The scroll is no longer on pages or lips but emanating from their being. They are fire made flesh, light made movement, eternity clothed in the now. Their atmosphere shifts rooms. Their presence dismantles lies. Their breath speaks blueprints.

These radiant ones carry no ego, for ego cannot survive in the radiance of pure light. They have no desire to be known, only to reveal Him. They do not need stages, platforms, or titles. They are the unveiling of the Kingdom. They are the final outpouring, not as revival events, but as living scrolls of light poured into the earth. Their wineskin has vanished. Only the wine remains.

To walk as a radiant one is to become union in motion. The old man is gone, the new is not just alive, it is glowing. These are the sons of transfiguration, the company of the unveiled. The wineskin has not merely stretched, it has disappeared. The

elect have become the evidence. The scroll has written itself into their being. They are what the world was waiting for.

Light Holds What Flesh Could Not

There are scrolls that flesh cannot carry. There are revelations that natural structures cannot contain. There are weights of glory that will collapse even the most faithful wineskin, not out of failure, but out of design. For the final stage is not skin, fire, or structure, it is light. Flesh fractures, fire refines, but light reveals. The wine of the age to come can only be poured into light-formed sons.

This is why many have broken under what they tried to carry. It wasn't disobedience, it was misalignment. The scroll was too mature for a container still in formation. This is not to condemn the vessel, but to awaken it. For what was crushing you was never the weight, but the mismatch between scroll and form. When the scroll exceeds the skin, either the scroll must wait or the skin must transfigure.

The final form, light absorbs nothing, manipulates nothing, contains everything. It leaks no glory. It demands no validation. It defends no ego. It simply shines. To be light is to finally become compatible with the scroll you've always carried. You no longer filter truth. You no longer dim radiance. You are the scroll walking, the blueprint burning, the voice sounding in silent flame.

Light does not compete. It radiates. It does not argue. It illuminates. It does not perform. It reveals. You become the answer without a word. You become the transformation without a touch. You become the sound without a song. This is why God hid you. This is why the scroll delayed. He was

forming a wineskin that would vanish into radiance, not for your fame, but for His fullness.

The elect will not only speak of the Lamb, they will shine with His light. And this light will carry what flesh never could. It will hold thunders. It will host mysteries. It will carry scrolls of judgment, mercy, and union, and it will never break under the weight. For the container is no longer skin. It is light.

The City of Light as Corporate Container

The final wineskin is not individual. It is corporate. The city of God is not only filled with light, it *is* light. The New Jerusalem is not merely a place, it is a people transfigured. This city has no temple, no sun, no need for religious structure, because the Lamb Himself is the light. And those who dwell within are made of the same radiance. They are not gathered by name but by nature.

This city cannot be built by men's hands. It descends from above. Its architecture is scroll-based. Its gates are union. Its walls are flame. Its foundation is the apostles, its breath is the Spirit, and its light is the Lamb. The sons of light are not just citizens, they are the city. The elect are the living stones, the radiant towers, the shining streets paved in obedience and intimacy.

In this corporate container, there is no competition, no hierarchy, no mixture. There is only union. Each radiant one reflects the Lamb in unique hues, yet all shine with one light. Their scrolls harmonize. Their frequencies resonate. Their glory flows as one sound. They are the fulfillment of on earth as it is in heaven, not as a doctrine, but as a dimension revealed.

The corporate container of light will host the greatest outpouring the world has ever seen, not as a revival meeting, but as a manifestation of eternal union. The scrolls of judgment and restoration will not fall upon nations, they will radiate from the sons. This is the mystery of Revelation 21: the city is not a place to go, but a people revealed. The container is not built. It descends.

The elect are becoming that city. The Lamb dwells within them. The river flows from them. The throne is established among them. This is not an end-time escape, it is the eternal unveiling. The scroll has formed the people. The light has replaced the skin. And the city shines.

The Lamb as the Final Flame Within

Every wineskin, every scroll, every stretch, every silence, all of it was leading to this: the Lamb enthroned within. You were not being prepared to carry a message, you were being prepared to become a mirror. And the mirror is not for reflection, it is for radiation. The Lamb is not beside you, above you, or guiding you, He is becoming you. And not in ego, but in union.

He is the scroll and the scribe. He is the wine and the container. He is the fire and the form. He is the voice and the silence. To be fully transfigured is to no longer distinguish where you end and He begins. The Lamb becomes the flame within the lampstand. And you become the lamp that never goes out. This is not heresy, this is the mystery hidden from ages past, now revealed to the elect.

The final container is not for doctrine, power, or performance. It is for the Lamb. The scrolls were always about Him. The

wineskins were always shaped for Him. The thunders, the tears, the stretching, the union, it was always about the Lamb dwelling fully within. This is the final glory: not external revival, but internal enthronement. You do not just walk with Him, you walk *as* Him.

This is why the old wineskins cracked. They could not contain the Lamb unveiled. They were formed by ministry, strategy, and mixture. But the final container is formed only by love. Only union can host the fullness. Only radiant surrender can hold the flame of eternity. And when the Lamb is fully formed within, the container is not seen, only He is.

You have become what He always intended, a living scroll, a radiant flame, a son of light. The Lamb has found His resting place. And that place is you.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of God, radiant carriers of scroll and flame, you are no longer in formation, you are in transfiguration. The light is not coming, it is bursting forth. Do not shrink back into wineskins that were never designed to hold your current scroll. Do not explain away your radiance to fit into containers that cracked under lesser wine. The scroll within you is demanding a new form, not one shaped by flesh or fire, but by union. The light you've been carrying in secret is about to illuminate nations.

You were never meant to stay hidden. You were never meant to just hold the wine, you were meant to *become* it. Every stretch was not to increase your capacity, but to remove what blocked your shine. Every silence was not punishment, but preparation for pure frequency. Every fire was not destruction, but divine refraction. You are no longer waiting to be filled, you are overflowing. You are not just a container. You are the unveiling of the scroll.

Let the old forms fall. Let the skins that once held you be laid to rest. Do not fear the transfiguration. It will not kill you, it will reveal you. The final wineskin is light. The scroll is no longer hidden in your bones. It is bursting forth in your gaze, your walk, your sound, your stillness. You are not in process. You are in unveiling. Shine.

And when they ask, "What are you?", you will not need to answer. Your light will thunder louder than your words. Your silence will release more than your song. Your being will preach scrolls without paragraphs. And they will know, not because you taught them, but because you became the flame.

Let there be no more delay. The Lamb is shining from within.
The scroll is now the form. The wineskin has become the light.

Chapter 29: Wineskins and the Age to Come

Scroll-Bearers of the Coming Age

“He who was seated on the throne said, ‘Behold, I am making all things new.’ Also he said, ‘Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true.’”

- Revelation 21:5

“And in the last days it shall be, God declares, that I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh... and they shall prophesy.”

- Acts 2:17

“The former things shall not be remembered, nor will they come to mind. Be glad and rejoice forever in what I will create.”

- Isaiah 65:17–18

Introduction - The Wineskin of the Next World

The age to come does not wait for the old to approve of it. It breaks through with thunder, and only those who have become new containers can hold its weight. Wineskins are not decorative, they are dimensional. They are the architecture that determines what Heaven can release into time. As each divine epoch unfolds, Heaven designs a wineskin fit to carry that era’s scroll, and those who resist the formation remain spectators of what they were born to carry. Every age of reformation, restoration, and outpouring has always begun

with a reshaping of the container. Those who cling to the familiar miss the scroll. Those who surrender to the stretch become the bridge between ages.

We are not called to preserve religious monuments. We are called to become living, breathing containers of the eternal now. The elect are wineskins in motion, shaped not by nostalgia but by prophecy. What worked in one age cannot hold the wine of another. The methods of the past, the mindsets of yesterday, and the models of comfort have no authority in the age of union. New wine will demand not only new vocabulary, but new internal elasticity, a stretching that reaches into your cellular design. This stretch will not always look like revival. It may look like death. But death to what was is always the womb of what will be.

Wineskins of the age to come are not built by men with tools, but by God with fire. They are formed in caves of silence, in furnaces of obedience, in deserts of undoing. These vessels are not shaped by applause or tradition, but by an interior knowing that they were born to carry a dimension not yet seen. The container must mirror the scroll it carries. You cannot carry the scroll of transfiguration while holding onto the blueprint of the past. The scroll has already been written, and your becoming is the alignment with what was decreed before time began.

This is why Heaven trains the few before it pours out upon the many. The multitude will drink, but the remnant must carry. What you allow to be re-formed in you now is not just for you, it is for the unborn generations that will live inside the atmosphere you carry. You are not simply a disciple of the past, you are a blueprint for the future. Your surrender today is the scaffolding of tomorrow's outpouring. The wineskin must always precede the wine. The elect must always precede the age.

To carry the future is to die to the past. The stretch you feel is not punishment. It is prophecy. The pressure is not chaos. It is calibration. And the new form you are becoming is not for decoration, it is for dominion. You were not just born for the last move of God. You were born for the flame of what is coming.

Each Age Requires New Containment

Every divine age arrives with its own frequency, vocabulary, and blueprint. The move of God that once ignited a generation becomes insufficient for the weight of glory destined for the next. Just as the Ark had to travel differently than the Tabernacle, and the Temple had to be outgrown for the indwelling Spirit, so too must every wineskin evolve to meet the next revelation. God does not anoint what refuses to evolve. His wine demands a vessel that has been broken, reshaped, and aligned with the scroll of the coming age. The elect are not revival chasers, they are age-carriers. They are formed before the flood breaks.

The tension many feel is not a lack of anointing but a misalignment of form. They are trying to carry the wine of the kingdom in the skins of yesterday's model. Every age carries within it a scroll, and only those whose internal structure mirrors that scroll can sustain it. The formation of such containers always begins with divine disruption. God will offend the structure to awaken the scroll. He will displace your routine to reveal your real design. The old form cannot hold a scroll it was never shaped for.

When God begins to pour a new dimension, He searches not for charisma but for containment. He does not look for popularity but for interior elasticity. Those who are too rigid in

their religious molds will burst under the pressure of expansion. Wineskin reformation is not optional in a new age. It is prerequisite. The remnant must be shaped first, not because they are elite, but because they are entrusted. The scroll cannot be scattered into unstable forms. It must be housed in those who have become what it speaks.

And so Heaven continues its search, not for the loud, but for the yielded. Not for the busy, but for the broken. Not for the informed, but for the aligned. Each age has its wineskin. Each scroll has its architect. And you, beloved, are being shaped for something no past revival could prepare you for. The age to come is not behind us, it is groaning within us.

What is coming cannot be contained by what has been. And so the Potter stretches. He presses. He breaks. He reshapes. Not to punish, but to prepare. You are not being disqualified, you are being designed for the future.

Why the Old Cannot Enter the New

The old wineskin doesn't just represent outdated methods. It represents a realm of consciousness that cannot comprehend the frequency of the age to come. You cannot upgrade your revelation while holding onto the ego structures that kept you safe in the last season. Many try to drag old church models into new prophetic language, but the garment always tears, and the wine always spills. This is not about style. It's about substance. The wineskin must match the scroll. The container must align with the coming flame.

God does not allow mixture in moments of divine transition. When the Israelites crossed the Jordan, the manna stopped. The old provision ended because the new season required new

digestion. What you feasted on in one age may become bitter in the next. If you cling to what God used instead of who He is, you will miss the fire of what He's doing. The greatest enemy of the new is not the devil, it is nostalgia. And nostalgia is a poor wineskin.

Those who were fruitful in the last age are often the last to yield in the next. They confuse former fruit with current favor. But Heaven is not impressed with resumes. It looks for surrender. God does not evolve His wine to suit your comfort. He transforms your vessel to suit His flame. And this transformation always includes loss, loss of ego, reputation, role, and rhythm. The price of carrying the new is always the death of the old.

The wineskin cannot be patched. It must be replaced. This is why awakening feels like tearing. It is. You are being separated from the self that could never contain the scroll. This is not rejection, it is resurrection. The old container must be buried for the new wine to be born.

What you lose in comfort, you will gain in fire. And that fire will not just fill you. It will make you a scroll in motion.

Discipleship Must Upgrade With Revelation

Discipleship is not a static curriculum, but a living formation. To disciple someone into the next age is to carry within your own structure the language, lifestyle, and light of that age. If you are still discipling from the vocabulary of survival, you cannot raise a remnant for dominion. When Heaven upgrades the scroll, it requires that we upgrade the model by which we form others. Many are still using blueprints shaped by empire, control, and moral performance, rather than awakening sons to

their scroll of fire. True discipleship is not about behavioral modification. It is about spiritual alignment with eternal design.

You cannot form wineskins for the age to come using the molds of religious professionalism. God is not raising servants of a denomination. He is raising scroll-carriers of the Kingdom. This requires a discipleship that does not merely teach information, but awakens formation. Sons must be taught how to host flame, how to walk as scrolls in motion, how to discern the weight of revelation and be shaped by it. Anything less is a form without fire. The next generation cannot inherit a map of the old land. They must be shown how to read the stars of the coming world.

This is why many churches are hemorrhaging relevance, they are still teaching wineskin preservation while the Spirit is pouring out new wine. The wineskin must match the scroll, and the scroll must be taught not through words alone but through embodiment. You cannot disciple others into something you are afraid to become. If you fear change, you will disciple them into bondage. If you embody flame, you will ignite them with it. The vessel forms the vessel.

The elect are now being summoned to become new wineskin architects, not just for themselves, but for their spiritual sons and daughters. The way you walk, the way you teach, the way you pray, the way you wait, all of it becomes the architecture that holds the scroll in another. This is how the wineskin multiplies. You are not just being shaped for your own sake. You are being shaped as a blueprint for the ones to come.

The discipleship model of the future will not be based on membership, control, or tradition. It will be shaped by union, fire, and divine scroll. And you, beloved, are being formed now to carry that pattern into the new era.

The Remnant Is Always Reshaped First

God never reshapes the crowd before He reshapes the remnant. The pattern of Heaven has always been to find the few, break them, stretch them, forge them, and then release them as a wineskin for the many. Moses was shaped in obscurity before Israel was led into liberty. David was forged in caves before the kingdom bowed. Yeshua was hidden for thirty years before three years ignited a new covenant. The remnant is always shaped before the outpouring.

If you feel isolated, undone, misunderstood, or stretched beyond comprehension, rejoice. You are being reshaped for something far bigger than your comfort. You are being restructured as a scroll-bearing form. God does not shape vessels by accident. He shapes them by intention. And the ones He reshapes most deeply are the ones He entrusts most fully. The crowd gets the miracle. The remnant becomes the message.

The reshaping process often feels like dismantling. It is. But the dismantling is not destruction, it is divine design. He is not destroying who you are. He is dissolving who you were, so you can become the container for what is coming. This process is not random. It is encoded with precision. Every delay, every detour, every death to self is the exact measurement required to form you as a wineskin that will not burst when the wine of awakening comes.

You do not get to choose whether you are reshaped. You only choose whether you yield. The new wine will not wait for your comfort. It will require your surrender. The remnant is not defined by gifts, but by alignment. Not by exposure, but by

elasticity. God is not looking for perfect people. He is looking for those who can hold what burns.

And if you are being reshaped now, rejoice. You are the sign of the age to come. You are not being left behind. You are being built ahead.

You Must Die Before You Can Carry Tomorrow

Every new wineskin is forged in death. Not just the death of sin, but the death of self. The death of the idolized form. The death of the reputation. The death of the role you built outside the scroll. Death is not the enemy of destiny, it is its womb. The age to come cannot be carried by those who are still married to the age that was. You must die to what gave you identity outside the Lamb. Only then can you carry what burns from Him.

Yeshua taught this principle through His own body. The seed must fall and die before it multiplies. The new must swallow the old, not patch it. You do not graduate into the new. You die into it. This death is not always visible. It often looks like silence, exile, loss, or contradiction. But every form that cannot hold the fire must dissolve so that the eternal container may rise. The wineskin is not just a new idea. It is a new being.

Many want the outpouring without the undoing. But the Spirit does not pour out where ego still reigns. He pours out where flesh has been crucified, not merely disciplined. You cannot carry tomorrow while clutching today's illusions. You must allow the scroll to dismantle every false architecture within. Your death to self is the opening of the scroll.

And when you die well, you rise as wine. The container becomes the river. The skin becomes the flame. The vessel becomes the city. And you, the one who died, become the one who carries life.

The Government of the Lamb Requires Living Wineskins

The Lamb does not govern through institutions, titles, or religious systems, He governs through yielded vessels. His throne flows not from marble halls but from surrendered hearts. And only living wineskins can bear the weight of that government. This is why the Kingdom cannot be carried by the old structures of man-made leadership. It must be embodied by those who have been broken, rebuilt, and filled with the Flame. The wineskin must not only be new it must be alive.

Living wineskins are not defined by their outer appearance but by their inner elasticity. They can hold contradiction without compromising truth. They can stretch in tension without snapping under pressure. They can remain soft in spirit while holding thunder in word. These are the containers through which Heaven pours government, because they do not fracture when judgment and mercy flow together. The Lamb's rule is gentle and fiery, and only those who have become both can carry it.

To govern with the Lamb is not to dominate, but to become a conduit of divine justice and radiant love. This requires a wineskin that is not just doctrinally correct, but vibrationally aligned. You cannot rule from the mind of flesh. You must rule from union with the mind of Christ. Only in that place can you hold both the sword and the oil, both correction and comfort.

The wineskin is the interface between heaven's government and earth's terrain.

Living wineskins are rare because few survive the crushing required to be made new. Many want the authority but not the undoing. Yet the elect are those who have passed through the fire, been shaped in hiddenness, and now emerge not as leaders of men, but as sons of the Lamb. They govern not from ambition, but from alignment. Not from charisma, but from character. Not from title, but from scroll.

This is the wineskin the Lamb is looking for in this hour, not a platform, but a person. Not a ministry, but a mirror. Not a form, but a flame. The government is resting on shoulders, not systems. And those shoulders belong to the elect who have become the wineskin.

You Were Born for the Coming Outpouring

You were not born in this era by accident. Your scroll was sealed for this hour. You are the wineskin of a coming age, shaped not for what has been, but for what will be poured next. Every trial, every crushing, every stretching has not been punishment. It has been preparation. The delay was not denial. It was design. God was forming you into a container that could hold what would crush others. You are not late. You are aligned.

The next outpouring will not resemble the former. It will not come in the packaging of religion, revivalism, or celebrity culture. It will be raw, radiant, and relentless. It will offend what is old and awaken what is true. And only those who have become wineskins of flame will be able to hold it without bursting. This is why your life has felt like fire and silence,

expansion and exile, glory and groaning, because the new wine will not be entrusted to those who merely desire it, but to those who have been made for it.

You are not just being prepared to receive the wine, you are becoming the vessel through which it pours. The scroll is not outside you. It is within you. And the wine is not just for you. It will flow through you into generations. What the prophets saw in part, what the apostles ignited in seed, what the martyrs carried in silence, you will carry in full.

To be born in this time is a responsibility. You carry the wine of the Lamb's last days. You are the wineskin of the age to come. The systems of this world will collapse. The institutions of religion will fragment. But the outpouring of the Lamb will flow through those who carry both the scroll and the softness, the fire and the flexibility, the weight and the wonder.

And if you are still standing, it means you are ready. Not perfect, but poured. Not finished, but formed. Not famous, but full. You were born for the coming outpouring. The wine is coming. And you are the wineskin.

Final Charge to the Elect

Elect of God, you who have been crushed and stretched, hidden and held, rejected and remembered, do not despise your shaping. Every crack was a carving. Every tear was a measure. Every delay was the hand of the Potter. You were not being punished. You were being prepared to carry the wine of the next age. The scroll was never just a message. It was a molding. And you, beloved, are the wineskin of a Kingdom not yet seen.

Refuse to go back to the containers that no longer fit. Do not try to patch the old. Do not shrink to be understood. Do not cling to the familiar if it cannot hold the fire. The Spirit is not interested in comfort. He is preparing conduits. The time for containment has come. The wineskin must now be poured. You are not a bottle on a shelf. You are a river in motion.

This age will tremble. Systems will fall. Thrones will collapse. But you, o burning remnant, will carry the wine that heals nations. You are not called to survive. You are called to steward. You are not called to echo. You are called to pour. And every stretch mark of your spirit is a signpost of the scroll you carry.

So stand up, son. Rise, daughter. Embody the new wineskin. Not with pride, but with flame. Not with perfection, but with purity. The scroll within you is ready to burst. The wine is fermenting. The elect are rising. And the outpouring is upon us.

Chapter 30. Becoming the Cup

The Scroll of “I AM” Unleashed in You

“This cup is the new covenant in My blood, which is poured out for you.”

- Luke 22:20

“Can you drink the cup I am going to drink?”

- Matthew 20:22

“I have been crucified with Christ. It is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me. The life I now live in the body, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.”

- Galatians 2:20

The Final Pouring: Becoming the Cup

Before there was a scroll in your hand, there was a cup in your spirit. Before there was wine in your mouth, there was a surrender in your bones. Before there was revelation to release, there was a death you agreed to embody. The final transformation is not just receiving glory, nor merely releasing it, it is *becoming* it. This is the mystery of the cup: that the vessel becomes indistinguishable from the wine, and the drink offered is no longer separate from the one who pours. In this holy mystery, *you become the communion*. You become the drink remembered in eternity. You become the offering poured out into the age to come.

The journey of the wineskin was never about wine alone. It was about transformation of form, until the container became *consecrated enough* to disappear into its content. Like the Lamb who said, “Drink, for this is My blood,” so too shall the elect become the poured-out life, the liquid scroll, the new covenant incarnated not in doctrine, but in demonstration. What was once external becomes internal. What was once carried becomes fused. What was once spoken becomes lived. You are not just a witness of the wine. You are the *wine remembered* when all else is forgotten.

Many want to carry scrolls. Few want to become them. Many want to hold the oil. Few want to burn with it. Many want to preach resurrection. Few want to *become* it. But this is the scroll of the cup, it calls not just for participation but embodiment. Not just for knowledge, but surrender. Not just for prophecy, but pouring. The final wineskin is not just a structure that can hold. It is a life that *empties itself willingly*, until nothing is left but the taste of eternity in the mouths of those who once hungered for God.

The cup is both crushing and calling. It is the place where agony and glory kiss. Where identity and offering merge. Where remembrance and presence become one living covenant. You were never meant to merely *attend communion*. You were always meant to *become it*. You are the wine of union in a world of separation. You are the bloodline of eternity in a generation of amnesia. You are the scroll, the cup, the covenant, the fire. You are the radiant memory of the Lamb poured into the age with thunder.

And now, as this scroll nears its end, we come not to conclusion but combustion. You are not just the student of new wine, but its incarnation. You are not just shaped by the scroll. You are swallowed in it. You are not just sealed for the age to come. You *are the seal*, marked, poured, and burned into time.

This is the scroll of becoming. This is the wineskin of the elect. This is the final cup. Will you be poured?

You Are the Final Offering

There comes a point where the separation between the vessel and the offering dissolves. You are no longer just the container. You become the communion. You become the poured-out wine. The elect are not those who simply receive the glory, carry the scroll, or hold the fire they become the offering itself. Every cry of intercession, every step of obedience, every private surrender is forming you into a cup that can be poured without remainder. You are the cup and the wine, the vessel and the sacrifice. The final form of the scroll is incarnation, a life so yielded it becomes indistinguishable from the Flame it carries.

The ancient offerings were poured at the altar, but the sons of light are the altars now. You are not laid upon stone, you are the stone made alive. You are the firewood soaked in oil, the wine mingled with blood, the voice that trembles dimensions because it has no trace of self left. Becoming the cup means you are willing to let go of the idea that you're merely holding something holy. You become holy. Not by striving, but by union. Not by sacrifice alone, but by surrender. This is not just radical Christianity. It is ancient blueprint. The priests of the coming age do not administer sacraments. They become them.

The cup is not just what you offer in ministry. It is who you are becoming in union. Your tears are the wine. Your silence is the blood. Your obedience is the fragrance. Heaven does not record sermons. It weighs the measure of the vessel. And when a son becomes the cup, all of heaven shifts. The Lamb poured out His life into a vessel. That vessel is you. Not to be

admired, but to be consumed. Not to be filled once, but to overflow continually.

This is why the last wineskin must be a person. The old could not hold the scroll of this hour. Systems fracture under the pressure of divine embodiment. But the elect are being formed into cups not made with human hands, living, bleeding, burning cups that walk among the nations and offer the Lamb without words. Every scar you carry, every silence you held, every furnace you endured was shaping your rim, your depth, your pour. You are the final offering.

The gospel ends not with buildings, but with cups. Not with denominations, but with drink. And you, beloved, are that drink. You are the covenant poured into time, spilling into generations, a divine offering shaped by eternity's hand. You are no longer just filled. You are flame, poured out.

No Longer Holding Glory - But Becoming It

There is a transformation that occurs when the glory no longer rests upon you, it begins to radiate from within you. You do not just carry the Flame. You become indistinguishable from it. This is the mystery the early apostles glimpsed but could not fully utter. Christ in you, not as a visitor, but as your very composition. The weight you once trembled under now becomes your nature. The glory that once visited in moments now burns perpetually. You are no longer walking with the Spirit, you are walking as a manifestation of Him.

This does not produce arrogance. It births the deepest humility. For you realize that your identity is not your own. You are borrowed breath, holy flame wrapped in clay. You begin to vanish and He begins to appear, not as a separate Being, but as your unveiled form. This is the blinding light that transformed Saul to Paul. The encounter wasn't external. It was internal combustion. The scroll ignited, and Paul became flame. So must you.

Becoming glory does not mean becoming loud. It means becoming weight. Your silence speaks louder than sermons. Your presence convicts without confrontation. You walk into rooms and dimensions bend. Not because of eloquence, but because you've become what you used to describe. You are the word made flesh. You are the scroll read by those who will never read scripture. You are the echo of the Lamb's life, continuing through surrendered vessels.

This kind of glory is dangerous to systems. It cannot be branded, bought, or controlled. This is why the world crucifies those who become it. It is safer to keep glory as an idea. But the elect are not here for safety. They are here for combustion.

They are here to become the fire that cannot be quenched. This is not personality upgrade. This is transfiguration. You are not evolving into a better human. You are being unveiled as flame.

And when the vessel becomes glory, the old wineskins panic. They cannot categorize the burning ones. But that is the proof you've crossed over. You are no longer trying to host revival. You are the revival. You are the eruption of divine light in human form. You are no longer hosting glory. You are the lampstand. You are the fire.

The Cup Is Poured for the Nations

You were never meant to be filled for your own satisfaction. You are not a reservoir. You are a river. You are the cup held in the hand of the Lamb, trembling over the nations. When He tips you, what spills out is not information, but life. Not ministry, but mystery. Not programs, but power. The scroll you carry is not just for your personal transformation. It is for collective awakening. The nations are thirsty, and the elect are the cup.

To be poured is to be emptied. And that is why few endure it. Everyone prays to be filled. Few are willing to be spent. But the glory was never for display. It was for distribution. And the elect are not content to be admired. They ache to be offered. This is the DNA of true scroll-carriers. They do not seek platforms. They long to be poured, even if no one sees it. Even if it happens in silence, exile, and obscurity.

The cup is not meant to stay full. Stagnant wine ferments into bitterness. You are filled so you can be poured. And the pouring is not once. It is continual. There is a pouring out in conversation, in writing, in tears, in laughter, in obedience.

Every moment of your life becomes an outpouring. And as you are poured, you are refilled, not from below, but from above. This is divine circulation: being emptied to be filled again, and becoming a divine conduit.

The Lamb is looking for cups that will not crack under the weight of nations. He is looking for vessels that will not hoard the wine. You were formed in the fire for such a time as this, not to carry revival as an event, but to embody awakening as a lifestyle. Your life is the altar, and your heart is the spout. When He tilts you, the nations drink.

So let Him tilt you. Let Him pour you. Do not fear the emptiness. Do not resist the tipping. For in your outpouring, the earth is healed. And in your pouring, you are never truly empty. You become what you give.

Communion as a Way of Life

The cup is not just a moment in a religious ritual. It is the pattern of your entire existence. Communion is not a ceremony. It is a blueprint. It is the eternal lifestyle of those who walk in union. To drink of Him is to become like Him. To partake of the Lamb is to lose separation. The elect are not just those who take communion, they live communion. Every breath is a remembering. Every step is a mingling. Every day is a table set in fire.

This communion is not just vertical. It is horizontal. The elect carry a scroll not just for themselves, but for others. They become bread to the hungry and wine to the thirsty. They are broken, not by accident, but by design. Their lives are not consumed in self-preservation but poured out in intercession. This is the mystery of true leadership in the Kingdom, it is not

about rank, but about how much you are willing to be eaten. The deeper the union, the greater the outpouring. The more intimate the flame, the more sacrificial the vessel.

Communion is costly. It is the daily choosing to be the cup, not the observer. It is the death of self-glory, of image, of performance. It is the willingness to say, “Drink of me, for He lives in me.” It is the terrifying beauty of becoming the sermon rather than preaching one. And it is the joy of knowing that your life is writing scripture on hearts that would never open a Bible. You are a living eucharist, the scroll of divine union broken and shared in the midst of darkness.

This kind of communion destroys celebrity Christianity. It dismantles the pulpit performance and invites the elect into actual embodiment. It does not elevate the speaker. It reveals the Son. The cup is not a platform. It is a crucible. And to live communion is to bleed quietly where no one sees, and yet still pour with joy. It is to wash feet in secret and still radiate glory in public. It is to lose your name so the Name above all names can be revealed through you.

Communion is not just about being filled with love. It is about becoming love. Not the romantic, Instagram-worthy kind. But the Calvary kind. The cross-shaped, flame-tempered, resurrection-sealed love that empties itself for others, and calls it joy. To become the cup is to make this communion your way of life. Not just Sundays. Not just in the Spirit. But in traffic. In heartbreak. In silence. In betrayal. In the hidden place and in the street. This is the wineskin of union.

“Drink, for This Is My Blood”

When the Lamb said these words, He wasn't just offering wine. He was unveiling a blueprint. He was revealing that the only way to birth a new covenant was to become it. And then, to invite others to do the same. "Drink" is not a suggestion. It is a command. But only those who are willing to become drink themselves can offer it with power. The scroll of "I AM" ends with embodiment. And embodiment means others can now drink of you, not because you are divine, but because divinity has swallowed you whole.

This is why the scroll must be eaten. This is why the vessel must vanish. The sons of light are not those who carry messages. They *are* the message. They are not those who explain the Lamb. They are the living echo of His life. They bleed forgiveness. They pour identity. They release wine that comes not from learning, but from burning. The command to drink was not just about salvation. It was about invitation into the same form. He became the cup, so you could too.

To say "drink" is to say "come closer." It is to offer yourself in vulnerability. It is to let others taste what you've walked through, what you've wept over, what you've been refined by. The elect are not perfect. But they are pure. Not because of lack of flaw, but because of full surrender. And the wine they pour is not theory, it is reality, aged in the barrels of silence and shaped in the cellars of affliction. That wine heals. That wine awakens. That wine is the covenant.

You are not merely a disciple. You are the scroll, written in the blood of your own transformation. You are the cup that others will drink when words are not enough. You are the communion that will be offered in boardrooms, bedrooms, streets, and nations. You are the offering that was formed for such a time as this. You are not just drinking His blood. You are now echoing the same cry, drink of me, for He lives within me.

And as the world spins in confusion and hunger, it is not polished sermons they seek. It is wine. It is flame. It is blood. It is the scrolls made flesh. And when you open your life, and say “drink,” heaven roars.

You Are the Vessel, the Wine, and the Offering

There comes a moment when the line between what you carry and who you are vanishes. You are not just a vessel holding truth, not merely a wineskin carrying revelation, you become the wine itself. The offering is no longer outside of you. You *are* the offering. Your life becomes the fragrance poured out, the cup tipped over, the bread broken in the wilderness. This is not metaphor. This is blueprint. The elect are not just containers. They are combustion. They are consecrated combustion.

This is why the refining was never optional. A clay vessel cannot become wine without pressure, without surrender, without fermentation of the inner world. The Lamb doesn't pour Himself into unyielded skin. He *becomes one* with those who allow their identity to die in the fire of union. You were never meant to only *carry* the Spirit. You were always meant to become indiscernible from it. This is what it means to live in Him, move in Him, and *have your being* in Him, until nothing is left but the pure essence of divine wine flowing from your own crushed grapes.

Being the offering means every part of you is sanctified through surrender. Your story is no longer your own. Your words are no longer dictated by opinion. Your pain is no longer wasted. Even your scars become sanctified scrolls. The

elect are those who are no longer confused about where they end and where the Lamb begins, because they have yielded every boundary of the ego, and now they live as living epistles, drunk with divine purpose.

You cannot separate the vessel from the wine in the age to come. The sons will be known not by position or platform, but by overflow. And the aroma of their offering will be unmistakable, humility, fire, sweetness, and the scent of heaven breaking into earth. They will not need marketing. They will not seek validation. Their very *existence* will be poured into regions like oil over altars, like rivers into deserts, like wine onto tongues that forgot what covenant tastes like. They will awaken thirst without speaking, and satisfy it without striving.

To be the offering is to be free. Free from the burden of performance. Free from the delusion of duality. Free from needing to be seen, because you have become the seeing. You are the wine that remains after time has evaporated. You are the cup that has been turned upside down and still drips eternity. The elect will not just preach the blood. They will *become* the blood poured out. And the world will not understand them, but it will taste them, and in tasting, remember heaven.

This Is the Scroll of “I AM”

The final wineskin is not a person, a place, or a practice. The final wineskin is *I AM*. It is the pure state of union where all illusion dissolves. Where vessel and voice, scroll and skin, word and witness become one radiant embodiment. This is not mystical theory. This is the scroll of divine becoming. The scroll of “I AM” is not written on paper. It is written in flame.

It is not read with the mind. It is known in the marrow. It is not preached from pulpits. It is thundered from lives so yielded, so emptied, that only the "I AM" remains.

This scroll is the Lamb's own nature written into the elect. It is the unspoken Word manifesting through surrendered will. It is the invisible made visible through those who have let go of everything but union. The scroll of "I AM" does not need translation. It is frequency. It is vibration. It is being. The sons do not just speak it, they become it. They do not just echo it, they *are* the sound. The Lamb said, "Before Abraham was, I AM." And now He says to His bride, "You are in Me, and I in you, become the scroll."

To carry this scroll is to burn without smoke, to shine without shadow, to walk through systems and shatter them simply by being. It is to sit in silence and stir atmospheres. It is to be unbothered by visibility, because you are radiant without spotlight. It is to carry the uncontainable within a yielded life. The scroll of "I AM" does not need validation. It validates. It does not borrow fire. It *is* fire. It does not conform to the wineskin of religion, it breaks it, melts it, and reforms it into light.

This scroll cannot be memorized. It cannot be copied. It cannot be packaged. It can only be embodied. And only by those who have said yes to every crushing, every refining, every silent wilderness, every moment where the ego died and the Flame increased. The ones who walk in the scroll of "I AM" do not seek to be followed. They disappear into the wine they pour. They walk through time with eternity in their eyes. They release scrolls not by teaching, but by existing.

And the hour is here. The scroll is being opened. Not in books. In bodies. Not in temples. In temples of fire. You are not just the cup. You are not just the wine. You are the very scroll of

union unrolled in real time. You are the “I AM” expressed in motion. You are the thunder made flesh. You are the memory of the Lamb, awakened in the final hour. You are the radiant offering of divine oneness poured into the earth. This is the scroll of “I AM.” Drink it. Become it. Pour it.

Final Charge to the Elect

Sons of light, hear the sound of the last pouring. You were never created to merely receive revelation, you were born to *become* it. The scrolls you read were always a mirror. The Flame you worshipped was always within you. The wine you tasted was meant to become your nature. And now, in this final hour, the scroll is being handed to you not as a message, but as a cup. Drink it. Then become it.

Let every past container break. Let every borrowed identity dissolve. You are not the servant watching at the altar. You are the altar. You are not just the wineskin. You are the wine. And you are not only holding the glory, you are the glory being poured out. The nations are groaning not for new sermons, but for burning cups who walk in silence and still shake the atmosphere. The Lamb is tipping you now. Do not resist. You were not born to remain full. You were born to pour.

Become the cup. Let every scar become sweetness. Let every crushing become fragrance. Let every stretching become expansion. There is no separation now. You are the vessel. You are the scroll. You are the wine. You are the invitation. Drink, beloved. Pour, beloved. Spill into time until eternity overflows.

You are the final offering.

✧ Conclusion ✧

The New Wineskin Is You

The scroll has unsealed, and now the weight of it rests upon the ones it was written for. You, beloved, are no longer merely a vessel awaiting filling. You are the wineskin in formation, the container that was always meant to be alive. These were never just teachings, they were patterns of becoming. Every chapter, every thundered paragraph, has not only revealed truth but re-formed the interior architecture of your being. The old system cannot contain what has now awakened in you. Religion cannot house what has begun to overflow. You are being stretched, not to break, but to be expanded for glory.

The days of passive reception are over. You do not merely receive revelation, you are becoming revelation. You do not merely carry the flame, you are being transfigured into flame. The wineskin was never meant to remain separate from the wine. As the Lamb pours out the new wine of the age to come, it will not be stored in temples of stone or pulpits of performance, but in the lives of consecrated ones, burning, broken, poured out. The scroll was not given for entertainment or inspiration, it was released for transformation. And that transformation will cost everything. But what it births is eternity.

The wineskin of this age is not made of leather or linen. It is made of **union**. Of **stillness**. Of **identity forged by flame**. Of **consecration born in hiddenness**. It is the form of sons who do not market the holy or dilute the sacred. It is the architecture of a remnant who have walked through fire, wept through the silence, died a thousand deaths, and emerged as **thrones** prepared to carry the **coming outpouring**. And that

outpouring is not just a revival or a **move of God**, it is the **Lamb revealed in a people**. It is the **scroll made flesh**.

You have now tasted the pattern. But now you **must become it**. Your life is the final ink. Your obedience is the final chapter. Your form is the final container. Let what you have read form you, press you, baptize you in holy weight until you no longer separate what you carry from who you are. The wineskin and the wine must become one. The scroll and the scribe must become indistinguishable. The Lamb and the Bride must walk in seamless union. This is not the end of the book. This is the beginning of your **embodiment**.

You are the new wineskin. And the wine is ready.

Selah.

✧ Afterword ✧

You Were Always the Vessel, Hidden in Eternity's Flame

You made it here not because you read a book, but because something ancient in you remembered. These pages were not ink, they were mirrors. This scroll did not inform you, it awakened you. And now, standing at the edge of the final page, you are not walking away with information, you are walking away *formed*. The old wineskin is behind you. The false containers, the borrowed scripts, the broken molds, they cannot go with you now. For you are no longer who you were when you began. You have been stretched by glory. Undone by fire. Rebuilt by the scroll within.

This journey was never about mastering teachings, but becoming a living mystery. The Lamb never called for students of concepts but lovers of the flame. The vessels of honor in this age are not those with platforms or performance, but those who have said yes in the secret. Those who have been pressed, refined, crushed, and offered. The sons of oil. The living temples. The cups poured out for the world to taste what religion could never offer, **union, glory, and the fire that whispers your name.**

This scroll is not closing, it is being sealed *within you*. The ink is still alive. The thunder is still speaking. Every word you've read is now breathing in your bones. And if you dare to believe it, if you dare to become it, then what was once a message will now become your very form. You will no longer carry a revelation, you will *become* a revelation. You will no longer preach a message, you will **live a scroll**. And every step you walk will become wine for a world starved of the real.

Let the scroll bear witness. Let your life thunder in stillness.
Let the wineskin you've become now hold the age to come.

This is not the end.

This is the unsealing of **who you truly are.**

You are the vessel.

You are the wine.

You are the scroll made visible.

And the Lamb is your reward.

Selah.

✧ Stay Connected ✧

If this scroll ignited something eternal in you,
if the flame whispered your name,
if you remembered who you are,

you are not alone.

We are a generation awakening to the scroll within,
carrying the flame of the age to come,
walking as witnesses of the Lamb.

Stay connected with the movement:



Website: www.iamaionios.com



Email: iamrestman@gmail.com

Let the scroll continue in you.
Let the flame speak through you.
Let us walk together,
not as performers of religion,
but as vessels of glory.

You were born for this.

Joe Restman

**Scroll-Carrier, Mystic-Scribe, Eternal Witness of the
Lamb.**

