

A Bridegroom's Lament!

By Brian Grewal <briangela@ozemail.com.au> 3 Jan 2002

I'd just been through two days of extreme emotion, with no real idea as to why I felt this way (my dear wife just put up with it). I was unable to explain the sense of both distress and heartache, until the morning of Thursday the 3rd of January 2002.

I sat down to spend some time in prayer when a tangible sense of the presence of God began to fill the room. I thought I was falling asleep, yet I was totally aware of my surroundings. As I sat in the lounge chair awake but in the Spirit (felt like a trance), the following vision unfolded before me:

It appeared to be the very early hours of the morning and I went to the front door to respond to some rather urgent knocking. There stood a tall man dressed in a formal black suit and tie, he urged me to hurry and to come as I am. I asked where we were going and he said that "Captain Joshua" had requested that I attend his wedding. I thought who's Captain Joshua? And what wedding?

I was driven to the airport and boarded a waiting jet, still trying to figure out who this guy was and why he's taking me to the wedding of someone I didn't know. The jet landed in a city I'm not familiar with, I was immediately driven to a large Cathedral similar to St Paul's in London. The crowds were massive, as I walked up the steps I became painfully aware of my attire (track pants and t-shirt along with patent leather shoes!).

The gentleman who brought me to this place then handed me a "press pass" as well as a laptop computer and notebook saying simply, "Write what you see!" Upon entering the Church I saw men and women from different nations with similar press passes around their necks lining the walls on each side, there were numerous cameramen also. Several people appeared to be running to-and-fro between the reporters and cameramen, I understood them to be secret service agents.

I looked to the front of the Church and saw the groom standing there with his attendants (please look past the western imagery of a wedding), I thought to myself, "This is a military wedding" as I recognized the insignia of a Captain on his shoulders. The gentleman who brought me said, "no, this is a royal wedding!"

I walked past all those who were gathered and an usher guided me to a small room beside the altar in full view of the groom. The front two rows were filled with dignitaries, all who were arrayed in full military dress. I looked to see the Captain, he was smiling at me and mouthed these words: "Faithfully report what you see". It suddenly dawned on me the Captain I was seeing was in fact the Captain of the Hosts and my knees weakened at the reality.

My being in that place took on new meaning - but I didn't have time to work through what I was feeling. Trumpets sounded in the cathedral and everyone stood to their feet.

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I could hear a commotion coming from the back of the church and I heard some people laughing. It seemed strange, didn't they know whose wedding this was. One of the cameramen turned to me and said in a mocking tone, "Have you heard? The hem of the white dress landed in a pool of mud as the bride stepped from the horse drawn carriage".

I looked to see the bride coming down the aisle and to my absolute horror, the wedding dress was also torn and her right breast was fully exposed. Cameras flashed everywhere in the building but the bride continued to walk towards her groom. As for me, I was alarmed at the way the press were responding. Some were laughing and pointing, whilst others hurried to report these events to their news rooms. I looked to see the Captains response, tears were flowing down his face. He turned to me and gave me a reassuring nod as if to say, "It's OK, keep writing." The attendants (who were also press agents) alongside the Captain fell on their faces and wept.

My attention was briefly drawn to the dignitaries in the front rows who remained motionless and without expression. In that moment there was a sudden burst of gunfire, the Captain had been fatally wounded and the bride who stood before him was completely covered by the blood that gushed from his wounds.

The vision ended. It had lasted about 30 minutes.

The Lord then spoke to me saying, "Man of God do you understand what you are seeing? My Father is preparing for me a Bride for whom I have willingly shed my blood. The members of the press you saw both reporters and cameramen are those called to be prophets, I have chosen them and set them apart in order to faithfully convey my word's and give an accurate portrayal of my heart.

Man of God do you see these prophets? I have chosen them to be my attendants and servants, to be in my presence and hear my counsel. However, many have chosen to stand at a distance and having done so, neither see what I see nor speak what I am saying. How then can they say, "The lord has revealed" or "the Lord has spoken"? They in fact speak from their own perspective and report out of the bitterness of their own soul.

Therefore man of God take up a lament for these prophets and say to them: "How is it that your hearts have become so hardened? When you look upon the filthy garments of the Bride should not your hearts be torn asunder at the sight? Instead, there is a glint in your eyes, a joy in your soul and your mouths open wide to report every facet of her uncleanness".

Had they stood in my counsel, they would weep and mourn and declare that the bride return to her chamber in order to be cleansed and clothed in pure garments! Those who were my personal attendants fell on their faces when they saw the nakedness of my

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bride, but many of those who say they are my attendants are more content to ridicule and uncover her. This they do, not because they love the Bridegroom, but out of their disdain for the Bride!

The Lord further instructed me in relation to those running back and forth between the reporters saying: "These are the intercessors across the Church whom God has called to the 'prayer chamber' but are in fact presuming upon prophetic office. The very nature of "secret agents" is not to be seen." "When you pray, pray in the secret place" (Matt. 6:6).

The dignitaries in the front rows were those whom we would call "senior prophetic ministries". I believe the Lord remarked, "Your position and prominence in the Body does not entitle you to be distant from the Bride. There are some of you who have forsaken your first love and instead of loving the Bride you are treating her as a harlot and committing adultery with her by using her to build your own kingdoms."

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