

Prophetic Word from Yeshua, given on September 15th 2021 at 2:20am

As this prophecy is partially a vision and poetry, yet sounds very bold, yet my wording can be a bit weak. But the Holy Spirit can clarify the things about the tree and knowledge that my blurry English may not.

Now the word:

See the tree come falling down.
The tree of knowledge, so big, so full of pride.
Science they say, all a big lie.
Science know nothing of creation and My salvation.

Now the Vision to the word:

I saw a huge tree, green oval shape.
I would guess in reality the size would be at least 50 meter high or even 100 meter;
Which is about 150 or even 300 feet
Like a mammoth tree, yet with leaves
(I don't know really if mammoth trees have needles or leaves).

So now continue with the Word:

It will come falling down one day.
Science know nothing, nothing of Me,
Oh what a big big foolish tree.
Falling to the ground,
with a big big sound.
Like a big bang, the/a big loud noise,
Oh, what a silly stupid voice.
A lie, full of deceptions and pride,
where liars behind seeks to hide.
My Word is the truth out of My mouth from inside
spoken in righteousness and (as/of) light.
One day you will see One tree no more,
if you come to Me and open the door.
I will make room and cleanse your house
The temple of My Ruach (Spirit) My beloved Spouse.

Fire from heaven will fall from My face
down into your heart by My grace.
Let the tree of knowledge, techknowledge be the tree of foolish people.
If you eat from My tree of life, what need you more?
This tree (of life) is wisdom not pride.
No knowledge is needed in My presence.
All you need to know is Me and you will know more than a forest of trees of knowledge

The tree you see in midst the garden is waiting is longing to meet you, to kiss you,
to love you with an everlasting love.
The arms of that tree are wide open, the road is narrow but light.
The light that shines in the darkness of knowledge,
the light that laughs and sings the song of Moshe (Moses).
The sound of triumph, the sound of heaven, not the voice of Trump.
He is a vessel that I will use to fulfill the promise I spoke out of My mouth.

The closeness of My redemption not made by men.
No doctrines will ever find the truth in the leaves of the tree of knowledge.
As/When fall will come and the leaves will change – so knowledge change from season to season.
But the tree of life, the tree of wisdom will never change it's fruit nor it's leaves.
It's made of love, the life for healing of nations that come and eat from/of that tree.
This tree is free unlike the tree of knowledge.

You can eat of knowledge but never (will) have enough.
It can never satisfy your desire for more of pride and confusion.
It's made of silver and gold so precious to watch and observe.
Sweet in your mouth but bitter in stomach.
The taste so sweet (but) like the vomit of dogs.

The world (peoples) is hungry for more yet reject/rejected My tree (of life).
The tree of life is weeping as more and more turn away.
Away from wisdom to foolishness and knowledge.

Technknowledge addicted the minds of men.
Like slaves, like robots, programmed for the dark.
Eat more and you will see where it leads to...
the wide road into destruction, when I call My son/sun to flare.
The day will come when the/that tree will be a heap of ruins like Damascus.
In bits and pieces all over the world, the leaves fallen from all their branches.

The tree of knowledge, the ax on the tree, chopped off the root, the root of all evil.
Money, power, deception will fall in One day.
The day to come the day to fear.
Remain (will) from me even not one tear.
But they all who built on that tree will weep and mourn as will they mourn for Babylon the whore.

Fallen, fallen they will say on that day.
When it will be no more, no more fruit from that tree after so many years they ate from it.
The bitterness in their stomach will burst forth and they will blame it on Me.
But I will laugh and My saints, My Bride with Me.

Forgotten, oh forgotten are you, wonderful pride, the city of plentiful the city of sin.
Wiped away in a moment as the flood arrived for Noach.
So My fire will burn it up – and then?
What do they know?
Nothing of nothing even less than that.
Oh yes, even I will not know them when they, one day will stand before my throne.
(But) why shall they come to Me (there) even if I know them not?
Why not let you send them straight into hell?

The greatest pain is to see Me and know not the be with Me.
That pain to know, what they missed and rejected is greater than all the fires of Hades.
The pain to see and feel My love for them in full measure for a (short) moment,
but never ever again... that is the greatest pain.

Agony forever that let them almost forget the terror of hell.
Knowing not to be with Me is in the tree of knowledge, yet hidden within the leaves.
The liquid of death that springs forth from it's root.
The root so rotten, deep down to the abyss,

Whereas the tree of life it's root is connected to the streams of live, the well of life that is eternal as it is Me.
The water of living waters that springs forth from My throne.
Drink of Me and you will never be thirsty again.
Drink of Me, My blood that washes your sins away.
Drink of Me and dive into the ocean of My love.
A love that is beyond your wildest dreams and imaginations.
It's free and lead you out of slavery.

End of prophetic word.

Blessings and Yeshua be with you.