

# VISION: The Hidden Prison of the Religious System

Peter shared this quote from Rick Joyner's book "The Call"<sup>1</sup>. The book records the 2<sup>nd</sup> of 3 visions Rick experienced about the End Time church. In them he was shown by the Lord what we need to know to be successful as the victorious church of the latter days. He was commanded to write the visions for us to read and prepare.

In this quote you'll recognise 2 entities:

1. 'Wisdom' – This is our King. He appeared to Rick often in the form of an eagle, calling himself 'Wisdom'.
2. The prison – This is the church system. There's only one prison according to what the Lord showed Rick, so it must represent the system of all the denominations and organisations, rather than just one of them.

Suddenly, I was standing in a large prison yard. There were huge walls such as I had never seen before. They extended for as far as I could see, hundreds of feet high and very thick. There were other fences and razor wire in front of the wall. Every few hundred feet there were guard towers along the top of the wall. I could see guards in each one, but they were too far away for me to see much about them.

It was grey, dark and dreary, which seemed to perfectly reflect the mass of people who stood in the prison yard. All over the yard, people sat in groups of their own kind. Old black men were in one group, young black men in another. Old and young white men also stayed apart, and the women were also separated. With every race, this seemed to be the same. Those with any distinguishing characteristic were separated, except for the youngest children. Between the groups, many people seemed to be milling around. As I watched, I could tell that they were trying to find their own identity by finding the group which they were the most like. However, it was obvious that these groups did not let anyone join them easily.

As I looked more closely at these people, I could see that they all had deep wounds and many scars from previous wounds. Except for the children, they all seemed to be nearly blind and could only see well enough to stay in their own group. Even within their groups, they were constantly trying to see the differences that others might have. When they found even a small difference, they would attack the one who was different. They all seemed hungry, thirsty and sick.

I approached an older man and asked him why they were all in prison. He looked at me in astonishment, declaring emphatically that they were not in prison, and why would I ask such a stupid thing. I pointed at the fences and the guards, and he replied, "What fences? What guards?" He looked at me as if I had insulted him terribly, and I knew that if I asked him anything else, I would be attacked.

I asked a young woman the same question and received the same response. I then realized that they were so blind that they could not even see the fences or the guards. These people did not know that they were in prison.

I decided to ask a guard why these people were in prison. As I walked toward the fences, I could see holes in them that would be easy to climb through. When I reached the wall itself, I found it so irregularly built that it was easy for me to climb. Anyone could easily escape, but no one was trying because they did not know that they were captives. When I got to the top of the wall, I could see for a great distance and saw the sun shining beyond the walls. It did not shine in the prison yard because of the height of the wall and the clouds that hung over it. I saw fires far off in the prison yard toward the end where the children were gathered. The smoke from these fires formed a thick cloud over the yard that turned what would have been just shade from the walls into a choking, dreary haze. I wondered what was burning.

I walked along the top of the wall until I reached the guard post. I was surprised to find the guard dressed in a fine suit with a collar indicating that he was some kind of minister or priest. He was not shocked to see me, and I think he assumed that I was another guard.

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1 – This quote extracted from Rick Joyner "The Call" p:16-17 [PDF] (downloaded free from China's Media Library Archive)

“Sir, why are these people in prison?” I asked.

That question shocked him, and I watched fear and suspicion come over him like a blanket.

“What prison?” he replied. “What are you talking about?” “I am talking about those people in this prison yard,” I said, feeling a strange boldness. “You’re obviously a prison guard because you’re in a guard house, but why are you dressed like that?” I continued.

“I am not a prison guard! I am a minister of the gospel. I am not their guard – I am their spiritual leader. This not a guard house – it is the Lord’s house! Son, if you think your questions are funny, I am not laughing!” He grabbed his gun and seemed ready to shoot at me...

I climbed down and began to walk through the yard. As I passed by the prisoners, they seemed almost completely disinterested in me or all of the commotion on the wall. I then remembered that they could not see that far. A young black man stepped into my path and looked at me with bright, inquisitive eyes.

“Who are you?” we both said at the same time. As we stood looking at each other, he finally said, “My name is Stephen. I can see. What else do you want to know about me that you do not already know?”

“How could I know anything else about you?” I inquired.

“The one who helped me to see said that one day, others would come who were not prisoners. They would also be able to see, and they would tell us who we are and how we can escape from this prison.”

I started to protest that I did not know who he was when I remembered what Wisdom had told me about those whom I would meet when I passed through the next door.

“I do know you, and I know some things about you,” I acknowledged, “But I confess that this is the weirdest prison I have ever seen.”

“But this is the only prison!” he protested.

“How do you know that if you have been here all of your life?” I asked.

“The one who helped me to see told me that it was the only one. He said that every soul who had ever been imprisoned was held captive here. He always told me the truth, so I believe this.”

“Who is the one who helped you to see?” I asked, not only wanting to know who had helped him to see, but also interested in how this was the prison that held every soul captive.

“He never told me his real name, but just called Himself ‘Wisdom’.”

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