



An Angelic Commission

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I stepped into Heaven early Sunday morning and realized I was in the grove of a campus at the university Heaven has established. I was sitting under a tree with my back leaned against it, observing all the students milling about when a man in white linen, named Thomas, began walking towards me. He was smiling and sat down beside me and said, "I have something for you." He opened his hand and hovering above it was a small phonograph. He handed it to me. I knew that a phonograph was an original record player, but I wanted to know more so, I Googled it. The phonograph was built for the mechanical analogue recording and reproduction of sound. The sound vibration—wave forms are recorded as an engraving...an etching or incising or impression that goes into the surface of the "record". It recreates sound—a "play back" by and through vibrations vibrating the diaphragm which produces sound waves linked through the open air through a "flaring horn" or directly to the listeners ear through a stethoscope type earphone.

I asked, "What should I do with it?" And he said, "Put it in your ear." So I did. Thomas then said, "Record what you hear and give the sound to others!"

This gift is from heaven. I didn't have it *in* me, it is *from* Jesus. All the glory belongs to Him. With the phonograph given to me, I say yes to being the "flaring horn" by which an analog recording reproduces the sounds from heaven. I come into agreement that the sound vibrations—the wave forms, are recorded as an engraving, an etching or incising or impression to the surface of each "record" whereby the playback, through the vibrations that create the sound waves are given directly to the listeners ear whether angelic or human.

Then, I received this commission to the angels:

Trumpet the triumph of the Lord. Progress in the manner of the way to the forward motion of the rhythm of time. Check each gate's time perfecting His will upon it. Chamber them.

Glean the day with the whetting of the time forward in His Glory Robe, bearing the righteousness of His Kingship into play.

Move the obstacles to the ends of themselves breaking the ground under, tearing their foot-laid prints from off the grid. Sing out the new song of the newness of time.

Alter the altars. Bear weight upon them till they crush underfoot the time and space stolen from the sons of men. Replenish the pools of the breakings, watering the Word as you move.



Wield the glistening sword through and through bringing the shields down from the downcast eyes. Open the way forward to walk in arms the threshing of the new hour.

Bear witness to the flame lighting the Glory in the season. Align the truth markers to the place of discovery and encompass, encompass, encompass the feet aligning the paths to victory to the Glory of the Father.

Bring forth the stones, the jewels, the harps, the cloud, the strength, the banner and the sound. Heap mischief on the folly breaking its gates in two. Crush them to dust underfoot trampling the ways.

Move in time and out of time, under the sea, in the earth, under the earth and above the earth, in Jesus' mighty name.