**THE SNAKE IS IN THE DINING ROOM**

 This morning, on my way back from grocery shopping at Walmart, Abba gave me this message to share with you. To get the full anointing, passion, and revelation of Yahuwah with added portions, too, please go to Audio Teachings on comeenterthemikvah.com. It is Podcast LXXXV under this title. This message can be life-changing for you and for all you share it with. It will build your hunger to know Yahuwah as Abba/Daddy. It will inspire you to know Him like never before, to run into His open arms and find the peace, protection, love, and security that you’ve always needed. I am sensing strongly a return to the deep anointing I carried from 1966 at my baptism into the Spirit, which I’ve shared in many countries of our world. I want to share it with you. May you catch the fire!

 Around 1991, our family of six was living in Fort Worth, Texas, in a duplex off of Sycamore School Road. Sometimes, we all liked to get our pillows and blankets and lie on the carpeted floor next to each other in front of the T.V. to watch a movie. On one such night all the lights were turned off and we were watching the movie. About half-way through we thought we’d make some popcorn. The second daughter, a young teenager, got up to go into the kitchen to pop the popcorn. She walked through the dining room, turned on the kitchen light, and SCREAMED.

 The dining room had a couple of book cases in it, but no table and chairs. Right in the middle of the dining room, curled up, asleep, was a very long thin snake. The only way the snake could have gotten in was to crawl through a tiny hole at the bottom of the patio doors that opened into a little court yard where I grew herbs along the wall. My husband grabbed an ax, then grabbed the snake by the head, carried it out side and chopped off its head. Poor little thing, it wasn’t a poisonous snake. But, not long before, while talking to friends out at the end driveway next to our mailbox, my husband picked up a baby snake and threw it into the main street, for we were on a corner lot. It was a baby rattle snake. We lived in West Fort Worth, near the open prairie.

 The next day, I saw the cat boxing around something on our medium colored brown carpet. I couldn’t see right away what it was because whatever it was, was the same color as the carpet. The cat was very active. Upon close examination, I saw she was batting around about four baby snakes, maybe the babies of the then dead momma of the previous night’s dining room episode. I felt sorry for them, orphans trying to find momma. They must have come through that tiny opening at the bottom of the patio doors. I opened the doors and with a heavy broom, swept them outside. I did patch the hole.

 This morning, while driving home from Walmart, the whole scene passed before me. I don’t live very far now from where the snake episodes took place. It’s still near the wide open spaces of the Texas prairie.

 Living in North Carolina in the 1970s, early 1980s, in our own house at the edge of a forest, I encountered many snakes, some deadly like copperheads, and a puff adder. There were plenty of black snakes, but they’re helpful.

 Before moving to that house, we rented a big farm house. We liked to go fishing in Lake Notla. We would buy night crawlers for bait. They’re kind of a plump medium brown worm. One day I went outside the farm house and on the way back in, I saw what looked exactly like night crawlers, crawling in the front yard. I got down on my hands and knees to look at them. I thought I’d get a box and put them in it, so we’d have bait for our next fishing expedition. But, in looking at them, one by one, they lifted their heads and their tongues went out and in, in and out. I went numb – they were baby copperheads. I just went inside the house.

 In the early 1990s, while attending Grace Temple Church, our mission’s team went on a trip to the Four Corners/Four-State area of the Navajo Reservation, in the New Mexico area. It was a gorgeous day, so I thought I’d take a walk. I left the mission compound and climbed up a hill and saw lovely pieces of wood in unusual shapes. I thought I’d take a few souvenirs for my children. I picked up a few pieces, then saw one that was perfectly formed in the shape of a snake. I was going to keep it, when Abba firmly said “Put it down.” I was still in my arguing days with Him, so I said, “oh but it’s so cute; it’s in the shape of a snake.” To which He replied in a very stern tone, “Put it down.” I’m not rebellious, so I put it down. I turned to go back to the compound. Then I saw a perfect piece of driftwood for my second daughter back in the compound. I bent over to pick it up, as I laid my hand on it, I heard a sound. I did not move. The sound was familiar, but I couldn’t place it. I remembered it sounded like something I’d heard on a National Geographic documentary. The sound was close. I did not move, but raised my eyes, and just a few feet from me, within striking distance, was a rattle snake with rattle going wildly making that sound. I had zero fear. I did not move, but I said firmly “Jesus!” I said it over and over a few times. The rattling stopped. I commanded the snake: “Put your head down.” The snake started to uncoil, and began lowering its head. I very slowly stood up. Without moving, I preached it a short sermon. The snake turned an eye towards me and listened, putting its head all the way down. I had zero fear. I knew then that if I had that wooden snake symbol in my pocket, the snake would have struck me, because I had disobeyed Yahuwah. But, I did not disobey Him, and thus when I called out “Jesus,” He took care of the situation.

 Does creation, whether animal, reptile, birds, insects, sea life, river life, or even the weather, obey us if they recognize the power of the Creators in us? Even humans bent on evil, possessed by demons, recognize the power of the Creators in the mouth of the Spirit empowered ones, the ones with the authority over all the works of the enemy – as in **Luke 10:19**. People rattle off **Psalm 91** as an amulet, a crucifix to aim at Dracula, but have no idea that the power and authority we have rests in our resting in **Psalm 91:1**.

 Warren Marcus was privilege to hear from his friend who was with an Israeli archeologist when he found the oldest known written scripture in history – 400 years older than the Dead Sea scrolls in the area of Zion, the City of David. Its finding changed his friend’s life, and his. It was written on a piece of silver. It had to be carefully unwrapped, but they found it to be the High Priestly prayer of **Numbers 6**, the only prayer in the Word that was given to us by Yahuwah Himself.

Messianic Jew, Warren Marcus, began studying the depths of the Hebrew meaning of that prayer, and began teaching it, writing about it, and speaking about it on Sid Roth and other people’s broadcasts. My son and daughter-in-law heard him in one such broadcast, and I watched it too. Marcus has a nice little package deal that we each bought, with his book, CDs, pocket book, and necklace replica.

 It is life changing to know what the Hebrew words mean, and to have it prayed using Abba’s Name, for He gave it to us to put His Name upon us. It is a Daddy’s prayer, for His beloved children. And, amazingly, it aligns with **Psalm 91**.

 The understanding of the prayer is based on understanding the word “bless.” It is a picture word. **Psalm 91** is a picture of the same thing in different words, but same idea. To bless means to kneel in front of a beloved one with gifts of blessing, it is also a picture of a Daddy kneeling down with arms wipe open bidding a beloved child to come run into his arms so that he can hug and cuddle the child, overshadowing the child with his love and comfort. The expression later in the prayer, “lift up His countenance upon you…” is the same picture, as Daddy lifts the child over his head, lifting up his face towards the child, bringing the child down for a kiss on the forehead. This picture of our loving heavenly Father, “Abba,” which in Hebrew is “Daddy,” is a picture of how much He loves us because we love His Son, begotten before the world was ever created, to come and die for us, so that we might be with Him forever. His passion to have a family led to the Creation of the heavens and earth, and all in it – for us. The only reason Yahuwah can be a Daddy to His set-apart children, who are child-like and pure of heart, obedient, and submissive to Him, is because they are blood-washed in the blood of the Lamb of Elohim, their sins forgiven, and because they, as new creations, walk in His nature, ways, and thinking. When He sees His nature in us; when He sees His heart, His desires, His ways, in our life, He smiles. He is a proud Daddy. We are very precious and special to Him because He knows that His Son did not die in vain.

 Is there any religion to that? Is there any man-made theological intellectualism, phony religious stuffiness, pride, arrogance, or a superior attitude, in that?

Perhaps this will make **Matthew 18:1-4** easier to understand.

 And all this theological wrangling over scripture, debates, opinions, knit-picking, without so much as asking Yahuwah’s opinion, asking for His Spirit to teach, -- all in exaltation of man’s phony bologna religious appearance, big name, or big mouth.

 It’s a sick world. All Abba wants is for His children to run into His arms, so He can bless us – take care of all our needs, and treat us like sons and daughters.

 He must see Himself in us to claim us. This is why the true new birth is mandatory. This is why being filled with the Spirit, as in **John 14-16** and the book of *Acts*, is mandatory if we want to be in His Kingdom. What was normal among first century believers has been dumped for intellectual stuffiness, mental reasoning, and a dead lifeless spiritual life.

 While we watched a movie on T.V., lying in the dark, all snuggled up with comfortable covers, a snake found a small hole to slither through and invade our home, and felt to go to sleep all coiled up in the dark in the middle of our dining room. We had no idea that the snake was there. It had slithered just above our heads, while we were watching T.V., I mean just a few inches above out heads, and no one saw it enter or no one saw it go past us across the living room, across a hallway, into the dining room.

 From the great days of revival and the outpouring of the Spirit, in the early 1900s, man began to take over, organize, teach his opinions, promote false doctrines, and control the people, thus, the power of the Spirit has slowly backed off ever since. Because of this, snakes, for the enemy is typified by snake spirits, have slithered into churches, into Messianic congregations, and into our homes, where most everyone is so wrapped up in comfort, ease, convenience, the lust for money, for material possessions, for what money can buy, that the churches/congregations have become so easy-going, no longer teaching what is required of us in the Bible, totally oblivious to reality, that we’ve got snake spirits, spirits of the Nephilim, increasing by the multi-millions slithering in, taking over the churches/congregations, our homes, our minds, emotions, and bodies, and few even know this is happening, fewer still know about their authority to drive them out. The enemy has made most believers fearful and a slave of his control.

 We’ve left openings for them to enter, and they, whether big or little, have entered in, and taken over, set up housekeeping in our mind, emotions, and body, dulled the spirit to the point where very few have any desire at all to see others born again, delivered, healed, taught/discipled, or even shown love. It’s a cold hard world, where even Christians and Messianics are becoming cold of heart, except for those in their little group. People are too busy to hear from the Spirit. Religion has made “God” unknowable. Thus, the Spirit has withdrawn from the world, only to grow stronger in the remnant-few that He knows.

 His 120-year striving with returned Nephilm and fallen angels ended in the spring of 2016. At that point, Abba led me to write a trilogy of article on His Withdrawal as in **Ezekiel 8-11:23**. Just like back in Ezekiel’s day, the Spirit has withdrawn, and very few have taken notice. It is life as usual at church – no one knows He is not in man’s organizations anymore. In fact, as in **Ezekiel 8**, the pastors and priests have put the “branch to Yahuwah’s nose,” as if He were part of their falling away and worshipping other gods. As the priests would face the Mount of Olives as the sun rose on certain days of sun god worship, they would put a palm branch to the nose, to shield their eyes from the rising sun. Easter sunrise services! Just like the people wanted to honor Yahuwah the next day, they made a golden calf to honor the gods of Egypt. Surely Yahuwah would let them mix worship of Him with their favorite gods! – So they thought…

 Yahuwah seeks a remnant who will run into His arms to know Him, to hear Him teach by His Spirit, to lead us, guide us, convict us, discipline us, and show us what is to come. “He will show you things to come” is in **John 16**.

 While religion says the book of *Acts* died out in the 1st century with the apostles, Yahuwah and Yahushua and Their children continue on as if it never did, and we come to know Them as Abba and Savior-Friend.

 So many say they don’t hear Him speak to them. They think I am “unique.” That’s really weird, because He speaks just as He always has into the re-born spirit, with at least 40 different ways of doing it. You know, in the prophets: “and the Word of Yahuwah came to me…” as they say. It’s because His people today are too busy to hear Him, too involved in their own intellectual analyzing and plans for their advancement, or for the advancement of their children. They have no time for Daddy. So, He has to rise from His knees with most of them and return to His throne, and soon He will send Yahushua Messiah with His wrath. Sobering huh!

 He’s not going to prostrate Himself before His creation and beg mankind to love Him and receive His Son, when they are more than indifferent, cold, unfeeling, and uncaring about Him and His Son. He will not beg us to receive His love. He has His arms open wide to His beloved blood-washed children who have His nature. He is Shaddai, Elyon, there is none greater than Yahuwah! He cannot open His arms for darkness to come running into His embrace. The tragedy is that most of His children do not know the privilege we have to run into His Presence and let Him show us His love. Religion has robbed most people of this knowledge.

 Instead of being bold in the fire of the Spirit, most bold in the fire of the lusts of the flesh. Abba greaves greatly, and few grieve with Him that billions will be lost.

 It’s a new day folks! A remnant is rising and uniting, gathering together, who will go forth in the power and authority of His might. They know Him, thus He trusts them to do His exploits in these last days before Messiah returns. **Joel 2:28-32** is about to be unleashed. What began in **Acts 2** will have its “re-insurgence.”

 Those of the Laodicea assembly that are lukewarm will fall into the lair of the dark kingdom, the foolish virgins will panic and try to go and buy faith to relight their lamps, but it will be too late, and all they will hear from Him is “Truly I say to you, `I do not know you.’ ” (**Matthew 25:1-12**)

 The great falling away is happening all around us. So many Messianics have thrown away their Lamb, whose blood is required for their salvation, to embrace intellectualism, and mental slavery to rabbinic Judaism. Many Christians want the good life, and could care less about reaching the lost. They dance down the broad road to destruction, thinking they’re OK with God. There will come a time, when Daddy will call all of His real children to Himself, where He will wrap His arms around us to shield us until Messiah comes. Let Him do it for you!

 The snakes slithering into the world, into our lives now, are all poisonous. Throw them out and cut off their heads so they can’t come back – in other words do your spiritual warfare with the fire of the Spirit. Be alert! Stand guard!

 The chief of the snake spirits is the anaconda spirit. I encountered it I a dream and then it manifested openly in my home after I woke up from the dream. In the dream I saw a huge snake coiling around me. I saw its markings very clearly as it coiled just under my neck. I said to myself in the dream “It is a python.” “No,” said a man’s voice; “it is an anaconda.” I went to my youngest daughter’s wild life cards, and learned the tactics of the anaconda. It is the tactic that has destroyed so many.

 It is the largest and longest of the snakes. It lives in the mud of rivers. It comes on shore, hits its victims in the head, stunning them or knocking them out. While the victim is down, it wraps itself around it, animal or human, and drag’s dinner under the mud with it, where it slowly devours it.

 This is how the enemy has overtaken us, until most of the human race is in some stage of this process. Only those alert who know their authority in the Master, those who tread on serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy, will not be attacked, for they are protected by the loving arms of Yahuwah as Daddy.

 They have taken the yoke of Yahushua which is easy and light, and walk with Him as He once walked with Adam and Eve in the Garden. It says in Isaiah 52:12, that He will be our “rear-guard.”

 The word “keep” in the **Numbers 6:23-27** prayer and in Psalm 91 means to guard around with a hedge of thorns. It is a picture of a shepherd who build a pen to keep his sheep in. He puts a hedge of thorns around the top of the pen to keep predators out. If we know His loving arms are around us because we’ve run into His loving arms, then why fear! Nothing will hurt us, as **Luke 10:19** and **Psalm 91:13** tells us.

 If we dwell (permanently) in the secret place of the Most High, under His loving embrace, under His covering of His tallit, under His shadow, we are perfectly safe.

Fear of what the enemy can do is not even thought about because we know Him, we know His loving kindness, faithfulness, protection, we know His voice, as in John 10, “My sheep know My voice…”

 I heard His voice the first time when I was four. But, most of the time He speaks into our spirit where the Spirit of Yahuwah dwells, and we feel His words and know that we know what He wants of us. As we study His Word with Him, He leads us to the answers we seek. He is very, very personal.

 Sin opens its arms and runs into the waiting arms of Satan. Satan can’t touch the re-born spirit. All he can do is influence the mind so that we forsake the spirit and go with what fascinates the mind. Remember, the anaconda stuns the mind, then controls the body. “Choose you this day whom you will serve.” The snake is in the dining room of almost everyone on earth, so relaxed, he’s taking a nap. As Yochanan the baptizer said, let’s take the ax to the root of the tree – let’s take the ax to where the snakes are taking refuge in our lives and destroy the root of what is keeping us out of Daddy’s arms.

Shabbat Shalom, blessings,

Yedidah

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