

ASOM MARCH 2010

This school was number seven and ten
And the family was to gather again
A whole year has passed since the previous one
This long break has certainly been no fun

From many a nation the people did come
As far as Alaska with a T-shirt from Guam
They rocked up in numbers from all over the world
With skins black to white and hair straight to curled

In the city of choice the first thing we noticed
Was a household committed, upgraded and focused
And if you were told this, you still won't believe it
The beast has now entered and lies on the pulpit

The tone of the school was set on the Sunday
When Shaun had the plane take off from the runway
He said, in the Spirit, there's the sound of a moaning
We have to create a corporate groaning

God had a strong word for the local house
There's just no more time to play cat and mouse
They have to become a firstfruit company
'Cause locked up in them is others's destiny

Then Monday arrived and we gathered together
With little of aircons and very hot weather
But no matter how much the temperature rises
This school would be one of divine surprises

Thamo kicked off with a short explanation
Of what he received as the school's foundation
The original mandate was strongly demanding
To open scriptures, eyes and understanding

Then he moved on to servanthood
An order in God designed for our good
We struggle to handle the thought of a slave
Because of how history has made us behave

The attitude that is needed here
Is having your Master's mark in your ear
And even though men may think themselves smart
We heard that our God is a servant at heart

There is a standard that we still have to meet
We have to come back to the washing of feet
It must be brought forth in the saints afresh

But not as a thing that is done in the flesh

Thamo then showed us a wonderful beacon
Whatever your ranking, you're only a deacon
No matter what God to your service entrusts
You're only one labouring in the dust

We have to provide a womb in the earth
To God's purpose and intents we have to give birth
To hear these words we will have to be fervent
"Well done, you good and faithful servant"

While everyone's trying to make a name
Man was not built to handle fame
We're only to steward God's earthly goods
If not we may end up like Tiger Woods

Our lives here on earth may have many facets
Amongst which is managing kingdom assets
There is only One who can carry the crown
If you want to go up you have to go down

The creature should never seek exaltation
But only exact representation
A phantom, a form, an illusion, a shell
To act as an agent and to do it well

You never were meant to seek your own vision
But to deputize with military precision
And while we have not come forth from a monkey
We now have been told we are only a donkey

So what if the donkey thought he was the one
Not seeing he only had to carry the Son
Priding himself in the robes and the branches
And failing to see how the kingdom advances

Sam spoke of a single generational wonder
Who only sees NOW and cannot look yonder
There's nothing beyond his own span of life
It's the spirit of the orphan running rife

While the viceroy is always sustained by the throne
The orphan endeavours to do it alone
He cannot accept God's goodness, but rather
With works he replaces the love of the Father

He seeks to supply, because of rejection
His own provision and protection
Descending from honour to mere survival

He now sees his brother as a rival

He can't think beyond his own generation
'Cause the first on his mind is the separation
Between him and his father - now enmity
For the son has lost his identity

For some soup he has sold his inheritance
And now he is ruled by circumstance
A lack of restraint is the manifestation
Of a life that has lost its impartation

The fall has brought man to a life of defiance
And taught him the culture of self-reliance
A father now has to teach him restraint
For his soul must be transformed into a saint

Then we were blessed by a real visitation
And saw God still has a plan with this nation
We witnessed His grace, His power and might
When He suddenly came to His temple that night

The apostles were called to administer grace
A kairos from heaven for the human race
Africa's history was put in reverse
When the men of God broke the Malachi curse

Sagie went to the Mother City for rest
He thought he would find it on the mother's breast
But this rest of the soul is hard to find
'Cause we have to break free from the carnal mind

Complimentary drinks in the reception
This is the snare of the devil's deception
God's house has got multiple levels and floors
But many won't go past the lobby doors

Like an octopus with its tentacles
Making us look through his spectacles
Coming through logic with scheming and lies
Trying to cover our spiritual eyes

So man begins to hide and sweat
Therefore two cloths on the pulpit and yet
The quest for the rest of the soul is so massive
That you never will grow by staying passive

The world wants to make your soul very big
That's why you should never fight with a pig

And simply receive the meat from the raven
Without any questions on how it's behavior'

Because there are two destinations for seed
The flesh and the spirit – you better take heed
God is not mocked, man will reap what he sows
So don't be surprised at your harvest that grows

When "kitchen warfare" severely does rage
The "cake fight" will meet you on the stage
These days, to the young, you only can sing
Of the nine million bicycles in Beijing

We went on to learn of so many seeds
To sow takes your mind away from your needs
And something so basic it's actually funny
The seed to reap money is simply: money

Sagie then gave us a simple tool
To know why you'll never find a wise fool
This one should surely open your eyes
You never will own what you despise

He also talked about Pentecost
And principles that have been lost
It speaks to us about liberty
And how we became God's property

Isn't it just a shame and a pity
That we have neglected the church in the city
We've walked in the error of Jeroboam
We need our eyes washed in the pool of Siloam

The king had the spirit of localization
And so made it easy for the nation
From two golden calves that pleased their wills
To making high places on all the hills

With everything quiet and all going well
No trouble in sight and no warning bell
Twenty-two years and no-one objected
Just a young prophet but he was rejected

The thing that gave rise to all of the chaos
Was seeing the local church as the neos
A temple in Israel is not our worry
But to relocate the work from the quarry

We heard about the Babylon invasion

And Micah's household localization
The only builders whom God has preferred
Are those whose spirits have been stirred

The basis for gathering must not be an event
But apostolic grace that is resident
And if you don't do it based on this gift
Only you and the virus will soon be left

Shaun talked about a great generation
The ultimate one in this grace dispensation
Not aided by all the technological fixtures
The prophet's method is painting pictures

This generation will never diminish
Because it is driven by the finish
Their hearts with God's heart does resonate
What He loves, they love, and what He hates, they hate

Our eyes have been blocked from a frequency
That the Bible has called immortality
The battle is aimed at taking your mind
And Babylon names you after its kind

The issue's about God's relocation
He won't settle for less than habitation
To administrate our role in this epoch
We have to examine our brother Enoch

So just as the waving of the sheaf
There's a remnant that carries this belief
That they are the ones who'll be raised from the dead
The body on earth of Christ who's the head

This season's not meant for tea and crumpets
It's time to respond to the two silver trumpets
These are apostolic and prophetic voices
Which really don't leave us with any choices

Shaun also spoke on the ancient paths
And the legacy left by the patriarchs
So if it's anointing that you are chasing
Don't make the mistake to look at the casing

Thamo then told us about God's rest
Showing that this was His final and best
For the children of God, this day does remain
We must not be trapped by the spirit of Cain

Don't be deceived by the morning light
A new day begins at the hour of midnight
The eunuch spirit is what we should carry
To serve his master is more than to marry

A eunuch has given up all his desires
Without own ambitions he no more perspires
Having abandoned the right to live
He can't be an owner, but only give

The Sabbath rest was the last thing created
That's why the Scriptures have clearly stated
All things can function on His behalf
So forget the RIP epitaph

You do not need any special grace
Just put the principles in place
This is the way that your faith is shown
While God is at rest upon His throne

So we learned from Hebrews chapter four
Beyond your horizon there's always more
Your boundary's set by your own perception
Of kairos, determined by your elevation

If you want to discern the day of the Lord
You have to be able to hear His word
From the sent one He chose to pierce your heart
A begetting moment is where it should start

The ark was a copy of heavenly things
A picture of rest that Noah brings
It had to be a perfect man
To enter the boat ere the flood began

If this message your theology is smashing
Remember Siloam is continual washing
You have to seek grain with tenacity
And with hunger create capacity

Kobus then told us of two little boys
The pessimist breaking all the new toys
The optimist, though buried in poo
Would probably find the pony too

So before we heard of old Noah sailing
He spoke about the final unveiling
And if you should wonder what on earth is a Jeek
It's a crossing between a Jew and a Greek

Sam also spoke on resurrection
And how a seed contains perfection
So if you should ask what a man is worth
It's a spirit from God in a casing of earth

When God put His Spirit inside of you
Just what do you think He was trying to do
He wanted a way to reconnect
But only if man would not object

We heard of a 2D and 3D man
And even the ghost of the 4D clan
Man's view of his Father was disturbed by the fall
Even "mooi man" and "eish" cannot help him at all

Then it was time for the baker called Howie
Our own apostolic David Bowie
According to Thamo's wise discretion
He gave to the small ass the smallest session

He spoke about the damage done
By an absent father to the life of a son
He took the story from the Shunemite
And admonished fathers to set things right

If fathers had been absent in their sons' lives
And the day of their harvest finally arrives
With a shock you'll discover they are sick in the head
Because of the way you neglected to lead

While true sons will gladly obey your orders
There will be some who have built their borders
They need to be taught accountability
By a father who takes up his responsibility

The father needs to torment such a son
This simply means that some process is done
In the day of their harvest you want them to reign
It's no false dominion of breaking the chains

So teach your sons to engage your walk
This DIY thing is not just talk
And pass on to them your revelation
By the ministry of frictionation

Alexander spoke on twenty ten
And what God wants to happen then
If we fail to keep our mandate in sight

Well never get this building right

The reason for the meandering
Is that leaders don't see anything
When Esther stood in her royal place
There was a supernatural release of grace

When Jesus was born a voice was released
Then for twenty nine years all prophecies ceased
God rested and did not want to be harassed
At the Jordan he said well-pleased, not embarrassed

God passed the date with thirty years
While Israel suffered and cried many tears
So before they left Egypt with a shout
They had to mature enough to come out

Sam taught on the order of the father's house
And what we should see as Israel's use
Without any heir the will is worthless
For the plan is always a slave to the purpose

Although this was holy cow slaughtering time
And frictionation for embiggering the aim
There has to be a better way
To what we know as church today

For many of us this still is our home
No matter how far we sometimes might roam
We know things have often been in the balance
But thank you for overcoming each challenge

We know you've had sunshine, we know you've had rain
We share in your joy and we carry your pain
We laugh in your laughter, we cry in your sorrow
For connected to this house is our tomorrow

You may be a church called River of Life
But somehow you're also a stunning midwife
Helping to bring us into God's season
So know that you're here for a purpose and reason