

THE SOUND OF COMMUNION

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Preface:

I'd like to preface this article with a brief semi-biographical account of how Yahweh has operated in my life and through it. I guess it all started back when I first became a true believer in Yeshua (Jesus) by way of a Born-Again experience in Him back on July 21, 1979. I really didn't know what to expect when I prayed that prayer. I just knew that I had to pray it and that the time was right. I was tired of running from my pursuer, Yahweh, and knew that it was time to face the destiny that He had prepared for me since before the foundation of all that He created in our plane of linear existence.

Ever since I was a young child I was fascinated with the future and those who claimed that they could predict it. I was one of those people who would read predictions for the new year that all of the crackpot psychics would publish in the newspapers every January. The one thing that bothered me was that they were never right. Oh sure, sometimes they would hit a bulls-eye with a prediction that was so vague that it had to come true. There could be no doubt there would be a great earthquake somewhere in the world that would kill thousands or there would be a bad hurricane that year that would destroy much property, but anyone could predict that and have a fairly wonderful chance of their prediction becoming reality. I became interested in the writings of Nostradamus and tried to make sense of them, but they too were sort of vague; and were written with an air of mystery about them. I figured that someone who could truly tell the future and with some accuracy would have to not only do so, but they would have to have a good track record. It also made sense to me that they should also make things plain and simple so that everyone could understand.

About a year before I came to faith in Yeshua I picked up a book at some store in or around Vacaville, California which is where I lived. The book was called, "The Late Great Planet Earth," and was written by some guy named Hal Lindsey. It claimed to have all of the answers. I got the book home and placed it on my bookshelf with the purpose of reading it

someday. I moved back to New Jersey for a year and went through an awful time of dealing with who I was and where I fit in the scheme of the universe. My life was a mess. Drugs had clouded my mind. My cousin was dealing drugs and hence I had what I wanted and got it for free. What more could a person ask for I pondered. I then noticed that the narcotics squad was following me around which I surmised was due to my cousin's business and it scared me. One night that same cousin lied to me by telling me that the powder that I was about to snort up my nose was cocaine, but it was in effect Angel's Dust. I had a bad time that night and went into the bathroom and saw the face of a dead person in the mirror and it caused me to realize that this was not where my destiny lay; there had to be something else.

I started to delve into some really strange stuff. I read books by a woman named Ruth Montgomery which appealed to my logic. I was told on those pages that I was a good person no matter what I did and that I didn't have to worry about doing wrong because there was no hell and no accountability to anyone except myself. But as good as that sounded, in the back of my mind it sounded shallow and empty, sort of like the promise of a real Santa Claus is told a young child.

Anyway, after a series of small miracles happened, I found myself driving back to California with my sister. One of those miracles being that we didn't kill each other. We didn't get along very well back then. I got back to Vacaville and read the book that I had purchased the year before. I was astonished with the content on the pages of that book. It explained to me how the God of Israel had prophesied many things and how they had come true in both the first advent of Messiah Yeshua and also in modern events; like the rebirth of Israel and other such things. It then went on to describe the book of Revelation and events that it claimed would soon come to pass. Finally, I had found someone who could predict the future, had done so in the past and had actually caused events to happen. Not only was this person a seer, He was actually the one who wrote history before it happened and caused it to happen, His name was Yahweh! This was really cool.

Of course, this gave me a real thirst for prophecy and I did extensive studies of all of the prophetic books, from Isaiah through Malachi. I also became interested in the lives of the prophets. They were unusual people; not really trend setters of their time. They weren't the type that had to keep up with the Jones' and for the most part, Yahweh was the most important in their lives. They ate, lived and breathed El Shaddai and had only HIS purpose as the intent of their lives. I wanted that type of life and prayed about it so many times that I probably could never count the prayers. You see, I've always been the type of person who bucks authority;

earthly authority that is. I've been able to do that because I know that I answer to a higher authority. Now that doesn't mean that I act disrespectful of the authorities that Yahweh places over us; but it does mean that if HE wants a message conveyed it will be given without fear of retribution.

Since that time, Yahweh has used me in a variety of prophetic ways; either through dreams or visions and sometimes just utterances in words of knowledge. I enjoy being used this way, but like the prophets of old, the messages more often than not go against the grain of the people or organizations that I am told to write to. It's lonely sometimes and it's sometimes sad when people dislike me or think I'm some holy Joe because I actually do what Yahweh tells me to do. And most of the time the ridicule or dislike comes from Christians; the very people who are supposed to thirst for words from Yahweh. Yeshua's words were true when he told the people that a prophet has no honor in his own land. But the important thing that is always to be remembered is that although people might have disdain for the messenger, they really have it for the message and the author of the message. The messenger usually takes the brunt of the abuse because he or she is tangible and available to abuse. The message is just that, a message and although it can be either accepted or ignored, it isn't tangible (so to speak) and can't be persecuted. And of course, the author, The Lord God of Israel, who all too often receives verbal abuse, can't be hurt physically.

The Vision:

With that brief history behind us now I can get to the matter at hand. Back in October of 2005 I had surgery on my left ear which had been slowly going deaf for the past twenty years or so. Praise Yeshua that the operation was a complete success. I asked many people for prayer prior to the surgery and if you are one of those people, I thank all of you for your prayers. The petitions to our Father made the ear heal faster than expected. When I saw the doctor, almost a month after the surgery he was surprised that I could hear out of the ear at all. I guess it usually takes longer in most people. I told him that it was the result of lots of prayer. Being the over-educated professional that he is, he gave me the usual patronizing look; like a father that has a mixed-up kid. Well then, praise God we're all mixed up and crazy for Yeshua.

Anyway, because the ear is working so well, I can hear things that I haven't heard for years. I can hear the television at sound level four instead of the nine or ten that was needed before. My poor neighbors; what they must have gone through, oy veh! Of course, I do hear things that I'd rather not hear, like the jets that fly over as they leave Sacramento International

Airport. Although they're flying high before they reach my area, I can still hear them. I find the birds quite annoying in the morning too. But earplugs have helped me so there is relief. And, I would not trade in the effects of the surgery because of a few annoying things.

One blessed event happened about three weeks after the surgery, when I was at Church. The fellowship that I was attending at that time had communion about once a month. I wished it was every Sunday, but I guess you have to take what you can get. For the longest time, whenever we would take communion, I would hear myself or perhaps the person next to me chewing the tiny little piece of hard oval shaped tablet looking piece of bread. Sorry, but that's the pharmacy technician coming out in me. Everything looks like some sort of pill or capsule. Then we drink our grape juice and that part of the service is over. But things have changed since the surgery.

So that Sunday the emblems were passed and we all waited patiently until everyone was served. The pastor, Mike Fraga talked about the importance of the emblems and said a few other words that escape me at the moment. After a short prayer over the bread he asked everyone to partake. I started to laugh at this time because I could hear everyone around me chewing on the hard piece of bread. Funny too was that we were all chewing in unison. After the bread, the pastor said a prayer over the grape juice and we all partook of that too.

The biggest difference about this one Sunday's Communion is that the Lord gave me a vision. I've had them in church before; things like the Holy Spirit falling on the whole congregation like a large white blanket and stuff like that. This vision was different though. As I heard all of my neighbors chewing on the bread emblem, I saw a vision of the demons in what I assume was their abode. It was a dark place and they were in some sort of fortification, like a castle or something of the like. It sort of reminded me of perhaps a place like Carlsbad Caverns, dimly lit and enclosed. Anyway, as the chewing went on, with each grinding bite of the bread it was as if waves were passing through that demonic realm and the fortifications were shaking and about the time the chewing stopped, the buildings had crumbled to the ground. The demons were in hysterics. I don't know if it was because they didn't know what was happening or if it was the anxiety of having the buildings fall after they were again rebuilt.

The sight was horrid. To begin with it was a dark and evil looking place, foreboding, a place that any sane person would not want to go to. The waves that came through the place destroyed everything, like some earthquake; a 15 on the Richter scale came through and rumbled for many minutes. It sort of reminded me of pictures that I've seen of earthquake

damage that happen overseas in places where the buildings are made of brick or stone. Not one stone was left upon another in any orderly fashion.

When it came time to drink the grape juice, I again saw the unholy kingdom in ruins and the demonic personages were sort of starting to relax, like they were contemplating how to rebuild yet again. But the sound of the juice pouring down our throats turned into a tsunami type of wave that came into the cavernous realm and swept away the demons and their buildings. It was a vivid vision that I will probably never forget. I guess you could say that our actions are akin to what God and the Jewish people did when they marched around the walls of Jericho, but we do it in the spiritual realm.

So, being the inquisitive person that I am, I asked the Lord what this all meant. He had me flash on the Last Supper and I reflected on the words of Yeshua when he said, “this do in remembrance of me.” Then it hit me like a bolt from the blue. Remembering Yeshua and what He did for us, and the covenant that He gave us through His crucifixion and resurrection was a death blow to Satan and his little emissaries. Each and every time that we take the bread and wine (or grape juice) we are reaffirming our covenant with the Lord. We are remembering our relationship with Him and it drives the demons in the unseen world absolutely crazy. All of the work that they’ve done through the week is destroyed. All of the crap that is fed to us on television, in the newspapers and magazines; all of the stuff that we hear on the radio or hear from the unsaved at work or at play is all knocked down and washed away because we yet again acknowledge that Yeshua was bruised for iniquities and we are healed by His stripes. The blood of Yeshua has washed all of that stuff away and we again recognize that, “although our sins were as scarlet, yet we are as white as snow.”

Can you imagine the frustration that happens in the demonic realm when we take communion? First, as mentioned above, it destroys all of their work when we acknowledge our Lord and what He did for us. Second, it reminds them of the crucifixion; how they made the biggest blunder in the whole universe by influencing their human puppets to crucify the Son of God. Then they’re reminded of the Resurrection when Yeshua conquered their realm of death. And thirdly, it reminds them of their future doom. They’re reminded that someday in the near future, they will all be cast into the Lake of Fire to be tormented for eternity. What a blessing we get when we take communion.

I am convinced that each day that we move closer to the return of Yeshua, He’s going to reveal to each and every one of us that everything we do has some sort of implication in the

spiritual realm. That should be enough to make each and every Christian walk a very sober walk with Yeshua.

Unworthily Taking Communion:

I had always wondered why Paul gave such a stern warning to people, telling some to not partake in the Communion if they weren't grounded in Yeshua. Well now the answer is so clear. Imagine not having a right relationship with Yeshua and yet affirming His sacrifice. That person is in effect saying, "well, I don't accept what you did, and I don't acknowledge that it is for me, but I'll celebrate it anyway." It would be akin to crashing a wedding reception without being invited. It is in effect making a mockery of the ceremony in order to be self-acknowledged and socially accepted. Here's what Paul said about the matter:

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep.
1 Corinthians 11:26-30

Another way to look at it would be from a warrior's point of view. Imagine being on the bad side of a conflict and hearing that the general of the good side is having a party for his soldiers. So, being on the bad side you still enjoy a party and want to participate. You dress in the uniform of your foe and sneak into the party. The host of the party realizes that you are the enemy and at the same time your own commander finds out that you've switched uniforms and thinks you've gone over to the other side. The good general will treat you as a spy because you're out of your own uniform and your own general will treat you as a deserter and traitor. You are dead meat any way you look at it. There's no walking the fence where the spiritual battle between good and evil are concerned. You're either on one side or the other. Don't be deceived; God will not be mocked!

Conclusion:

The next time any of us takes Communion, we should realize that in addition to its being done in remembrance of our Lord Yeshua and what he did for us, we should also remember that we're fighting a battle in spiritual warfare. We create hellquakes that have very valuable

implications. You know what, I think that the next Communion Service, I'll take two pieces of bread and two vials of grape juice and really frustrate those who are out to destroy us. Vive' Le Resistance!!! Blessed be the name of Yeshua Ha Mashiach!!!

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