

A Prophetic Word for America From a Messianic in Israel

On Sunday, Feb. 14, 2016, I was getting ready to preach at Brownsville Assembly of God in Pensacola, Florida. As many of you know, Brownsville was home to one of the greatest American revivals. Thousands came to faith and millions visited. While it has been 15 years since the revival began to wane, I have always felt a strong anointing during my yearly visits, standing in that pulpit where the late Steve Hill, who ironically passed into eternity exactly one year ago today, as of this writing on March 9th, passionately preached his heart out several times a week over the course of five years.

However, this Sunday was different. I was less than excited to preach. I felt indifferent—unaffected. While I believed strongly in the message I was about to share, I simply felt no unction to share it. This feeling lingered as I left the pastor's office and entered the worship service. I continued to wrestle throughout the worship. Suddenly, the Lord reminded me of what He had put on my heart a few weeks earlier at my home in Tel Aviv when I asked Him what He would have me share during this upcoming visit to the United States. Instead of writing it down and developing the message, I had forgotten about it.

So now I had roughly five minutes before I was to speak and only a fragment of a message.

Let me back up a bit. It was what had happened less than 24 hours before that began to awaken this prophetic burden in me. I was walking into a grocery store on Saturday afternoon, the day before, when my phone buzzed. An alert popped up that Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia was dead!

My heart sank. I was deeply grieved. It wasn't for some deep

personal affection for the justice—though he was a giant of a jurist and worthy of honor and respect. I was grieved at how the country has changed for the worse over the past seven years, and then, the idea of another super liberal on the Supreme Court. Would we ever recover? I thought to myself, *Revival is our only hope!*

Sitting in the meeting in Brownsville that Sunday morning with just minutes before I would speak, I jotted down a few notes, and then I heard a phrase in my spirit. I delivered what I felt was a word for the nation. I don't think of myself as a great prophetic voice, nor do I see myself as a prophet to America. In fact, it feels quite arrogant for me to even write such words—a word for the nation. Who am I? Why me? Nevertheless, much like when I left the United States 13 years ago as an emissary to Israel, I felt like I was being sent to deliver a message—a message that I humbly submit to you in the fear of the Lord. I will say, as you will read, there have been many “coincidences” that I believe are in fact prophetic confirmations. But again, you will need to test this word in your own heart.

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