

Crowds Smash Idols After Shofar Blast Ignites Revival

I traveled through the island of Cuba from east to west over the span of one month as part of the first public and nationwide expression of the gospel since Castro declared the island to be officially atheist. The celebration was to culminate in a mass event in Revolution Plaza, Havana, which Castro would attend. Throughout the journey, I shared of God's love, power and freedom and sounded the shofar, the biblical trumpet embodying freedom and the power of God. It was the same trumpet I had sounded before the multitudes in India.

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It was in the province of Orientes, while I was at dinner, that a man came off the streets with a word he said he had to give me. He told me his story. A few weeks before I came to Cuba, he and other Christians were led to ascend one of the island's mountains to pray. It was while they were in prayer that the Spirit of God spoke to them. The island was under a curse. A Jewish man would come to the island on a visit having to do with that curse. When they gathered on that mountain, they had no idea I was coming.

Cursed Mountain

"The mountain is cursed," he said. "On the mountaintop, they cast spells and incantations. They offer up sacrifices to the gods, sacrifices of blood." It appeared God was giving me a new calling—going up cursed mountains.

Resting on the mountain's pinnacle was a structure that looked like a kind of pavilion. It was a house given to the gods and idols. A man was standing in front of it, staring at me from a distance. "Hola, Jonathan," he said.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "I knew you would come." In the man's hand was an object—a ceramic plate. On the plate was a painting. It was an image of me. In the image, I was holding a shofar, the same shofar I had brought up the mountain and was now holding.

The man was a Christian. He told us that the Lord had led him to make a ceramic plate and paint on it a picture of me. He had seen my image on posters plastered in the city, announcing the month-long celebration. He said the Lord then told him to go up to the mountaintop and place the picture inside the pavilion. Inside the pavilion were idols of the Santerian gods and goddesses. He went inside and hung the plate on one of its walls and went home.

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The Ceramic Plate

That night, something happened in the house of the gods. The new leather strap holding the ceramic plate against the wall somehow broke apart. The plate came down. Before reaching the ground, it struck the head of an idol. The idol was a representation in clay of the island's chief orisha and ruling spirit. It was Oshun.

I could not help but think of Numbers 10:9, in which God tells His people that at the sounding of the trumpet in war, the enemy would be defeated. It was the sounding of the trumpet in India that had produced the sound of mass exorcism, of spirits fleeing the multitudes. Now it was the image of that same

trumpet that had struck the image of the goddess and removed its crown.

When I journeyed across Cuba, I was led to share of the Jubilee, the biblical year of restoration, return, release and freedom. It was in connection to the Jubilee that I sounded the trumpet, the instrument by which the Jubilee was inaugurated. At the end of the journey, after the mass gathering in Revolution Plaza, Havana, I gave Fidel Castro three objects: a Bible, a piece of paper with a prophetic word concerning the Jubilee, and a shofar, the vessel of Jubilee and sign of God's power.

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Smashing the Gods

But there was more to what happened on the mountain that day. In the case of ancient Israel, the breaking of idols was linked to spiritual revival and return to God. So it was in our journey throughout the island that we witnessed the beginning signs of a mass revival. People were flooding into the churches, lives were being changed, multitudes were coming to God, and a new confidence was taking hold of the Cuban believers. Many would cite that month of gatherings across the island as the beginning of revival in Cuba.

In the city and region surrounding the mountain, something major was happening. People were coming out to the churches with objects, the idols of their gods. "Smash them," they told the ministers, "for we heard what happened on the mountain."

The curse was breaking. Blessing was coming down from the mountaintop. And revival had begun.

To read more from Jonathan Cahn's new book, The Avatar, you can purchase your copy from Amazon here.

Prepared by Charisma Media Staff.