

## JESUS SAID: IT IS TIME TO DANCE! IT IS TIME TO WAR! TO DANCE IS TO WAR

— by Julie Meyer, Kansas City House of Prayer  
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The Lord came to me in a dream and said, “*I want you to meet My friends.*” I was really excited thinking I was on a journey to meet Isaiah, Jeremiah, Peter, Zechariah, Moses. He took me by the hand, and, in the dream, we started flying around in the sky, kind of like a cartoon loop to loop. I was not scared even though I was extremely high above the ground and the earth. We were just flying around, and I could feel the breeze on my face. I could feel His hand holding my hand, and I was so high off of the ground and loved feeling the wind on my face. I was so aware that I was not afraid, just holding onto His hand.

All of a sudden, I saw His face change. He set His face intently to the earth and we started to head directly to the ground. I looked at Him, I looked at His face and I could see in His eyes and in His face a determination.

...*Therefore I have set My face like a flint...* —Isaiah 50:7

I kept thinking we would surely not hit the ground, but I looked at His face and it was set. I felt this horrible dread come upon me, even though I was holding His hand. We were flying very fast in a head-long dive toward the ground and it did not look like He was going to turn around.

All of a sudden, we exploded right through the ground! I felt the blow on my head. It was like watching an action movie. I could hear the sound of the earth exploding around us, like the sound of standing right beside a rocket ship as it blasts off into space. It was deafening. We were traveling right through the earth, and the Lord’s face never turned to the left or the right; it was set—straight ahead.

I could see with my eyes every moment—coming near the earth, hitting the ground, and blasting right through it. I could see the earth, the rock, the water, a burning fire, and I could feel the very tearing and burning of my skin. I was really feeling the rock and earth tear into my skin, as if it was really happening to me. I could feel horrible pain in my dream.

We suddenly came to the other side and burst out through the earth. I stood there, and I looked down at my body—it was all torn, my skin was torn, and I could feel the pain of it—but it was not about me.

— First Visit —

Jesus looked at me, right up in my face, eye to eye, and He said, “*I want you to meet My friends.*” I was crying because all of my body hurt. I was thinking that surely He would notice how badly I was hurt, and how badly my skin was wounded and torn, but He did not. I looked around and saw that we were in a very crowded place. I had never been there before, but I knew it was India. It had a horrible smell, there were so many people everywhere, and I was following the Lord. He was not even looking at me. It was like He wanted me to feel the pain of the tear of my skin.

There were little children everywhere. There were beautiful young girls in cages, and Jesus was with each one of them. He would just stand there with them. The seemingly forgotten ones of the earth were those whom the Lord called His friends. I saw children lying on the ground with flies on their skin, and I saw them pass from this horrible life to the next, and the minute they awakened in eternity, He was there for each one, He was there. NOT ONE of them is forgotten in His eyes, not one of them!

The sadness of what I was seeing, along with the agonizing pain my body felt, left me crying and crying. The Lord came over to me and got right up in my face, and I thought it would be about me, I thought He would notice my pain at that moment, but He said, “*Until your heart is torn and ripped like your flesh is now, you do not know My friends.*” It was absolutely more than I could take in. I was right there watching children die, mothers taking

their last breath, disease spreading, and young girls being sold, and He kept saying, “***Until your heart is torn and ripped like your flesh is now, you do not know My friends. You do not know Me.***” Then when I sunk into a heap of tears, to my surprise, He got right into my face, eye to eye, and said in a low whisper, “***It is time to dance.***” He said it like it was His secret weapon, the dance...

He started doing this dance with His feet, like a stomping. Those perfect feet that revealed the very scars of death and life were dancing this rhythmic, tribal stomp—the feet of the Lord who stomps out injustice. It was the most powerful dance and stomp I have ever witnessed—that is, watching the Lord himself, with the scars of passion dance upon the injustice against His friends. He said it again, “***Until your heart is torn and ripped in two, you do not know My friends. You do not know Me.***”

— Second Visit —

Again Jesus grabbed my hand, and we headed straight through the center of the earth and again, I felt the horrible pain of my skin and flesh ripping and tearing right off my bones, and that thunderous sound as we were blasting right through the earth. Suddenly, we were standing in a doctor’s office, like a clinic. My first thought was of myself and how much pain I was in. I felt as if I had no skin/flesh on my bones, like it had all been ripped off. He said again, “***I want you to meet My friends.***”

I looked around, and I saw a trash can filled with babies. I could see heads and hands and tiny feet. Babies-filled trash can after trash can! Some were still alive and moving, their skin was burned, some of their heads were crushed, some were completely whole, their eyes wide open and starring.

I felt as if I was in shock. The Lord looked right up into my eyes with His eyes and He said, “***Until your heart is ripped and torn like your flesh, you do not know My friends. These are My friends.***” I was standing there as another baby was thrown by his leg into the trash can, a whole baby. I could feel the very thoughts of the Lord.

Oh the silent ones of the earth, the seemingly forgotten ones.  
***You are not forgotten! You are not forgotten! You are not forgotten!***

The babies were silent in that room on earth, but they had a voice that has the ear of the Father—God Almighty!

Their screams never cease throughout the corridors of eternity. They are crying out, day and night and night and day, and they ***Have the attention of heaven. They have the attention, the ear, of God Almighty.*** I started screaming out, “***You do this not in vain, Lou! You do this not in vain, Lou Engle! You do this not in vain, Lou!***”

I could see through the Hall of Eternity that Heaven knows the very name of Lou Engle. Lou knows the friends of the Lord. I could hear the continual cry of the babies throughout the corridors of Heaven, the seemingly silent ones of the earth, the forgotten ones of the earth. But they have the ear of the Father, and they are day and night, and night and day crying out for justice on the strong ones of the earth, crying out for justice on the very ones that took their lives. But...in eternity ***they have a voice!!!*** Day and night and night and day...crying out for justice on the seemingly strong ones of the earth...and ***they have their Father’s ear!***

And again, the Lord looked straight into my eyes and said, “***Until your heart is ripped and torn like your flesh is now, you do not know my friends, you do not know Me.***”

I stood there sobbing and sobbing, and then He got right in my face again, right up close to my eyes, and said in a low whisper, “***It’s time to dance.***” He started that “New Dance” with those perfect feet that tread the high places of the earth, now those feet were dancing and stomping, right in the middle of this abortion clinic.

It was so powerful. It was always at the time when I was the most broken and the most undone that He would say, “***It is time to dance. It’s time to war, to dance is to war.***” He would stomp, with this new rhythm, this stomp with His feet. It was not the two-step, it was the Judge stomping out injustice, with His very own feet! He said, “***Just wait until the earth joins Me in this dance. Few have***

*joined Me, and I am extending the invitation, but you can only dance when your heart is the most torn and broken!”*

— Third Visit —

Then He came up to me again and said, ***“I want you to meet some of My friends.”*** And, yet again we went right through the earth. I could barely stand. My heart was broken. My skin was torn. I looked down and it looked as if a bomb had exploded right next to me. We were walking down a very, very busy street. He was ahead of me and I was in so much pain, I wanted Him to walk slower, but it was not about me. He wanted me to feel the pain, because He wanted my heart to KNOW the pain, embrace it, and take it as my own.

He waited for me to walk right beside him. This place I knew was Israel. At different times I would see Him tip His head at someone, as if to say, ***“Hello”*** or ***“Shalom,”*** but He did not speak, He only tipped His head. He would catch their eye, and then tip His head back, and I would look at the person He was tipping His head to, and I saw their eyes bulge. I looked inside of them and I could see a light go on. I could see that Jesus, with just a glance would open the eyes of their heart, and they could literally SEE Him as Jesus, the Messiah. I could see on the inside of them, as we walked down this path in Jerusalem, that all of a sudden the eyes of their heart were opened, and a small flame started to burn on the inside of them.

Some of the people He tipped his head to I knew had great authority, heads in the Jewish community—rabbis. I could literally see in a glance the Lord opening up their eyes; I could see the Lord appearing. He was appearing to some of the top rabbis in the land, and just with a glance and a nod, a flame of revelation started to burn in the deepest part of them, in a second the eyes of their hearts were opened.

...the LORD will rebuild Zion and appear in His glory —Psalm 102:16

We followed these Rabbis up to their rooms, as they went up into the upper rooms of their houses. I watched these Rabbis fall on

their knees and cry out, “This changes EVERYTHING. This changes EVERYTHING!” I saw the Lord go over and blow on that tiny ember of revelation on the inside, and little by little, it started to burn like an unquenchable fire. I could see this small flame of revelation become like “fire shut up in their bones.” I saw that this fire would continue to burn until the appointed day would come when these Rabbis could hold it in no longer, and they would shout it from the top of the mountains, ***“Yeshua is Messiah...Yeshua is Messiah!”*** I thought about how we pray for this in our little prayer meetings from Kansas City, that Jesus would appear in His Glory. He really, really is!

I looked over, and this was the first time I saw the face of Jesus. He had tears running down His cheeks, and I could hear Him saying, ***“Oh Jerusalem, Oh Jerusalem.”*** I could feel in my heart the passion and the love that He had for Israel. And I could feel the hurt of a lover when no love is given in return. He looked at me, yet again, and said, ***“Until your heart is ripped and torn, just like your skin is now, you do not know My friends. You do not know Me.”***

I could feel deep in my being the depths of love that He had for Israel—like Jacob loved Rachel, like Elkanah loved Hannah, yet His passion extended far beyond natural love. I was yet again crying and crying, and the salt of my tears stung the wounds of my flesh, yet I could not stop crying. Right when I thought I could take no more [I had fallen into a crumpled heap on the floor], He said in a low whisper, ***“It is time to dance.”***

All of a sudden, we were right in front of the Wailing Wall, and He started again, this stomping, this rhythm, this dance with those perfect feet, like none I have ever seen. It was always at the point where I felt the most brokenness and grief that He would say, ***“It is time to dance.”*** I could feel the presence of power, and I could feel the power of this dance, dancing upon injustice. Oh, what a sight to see when the Son of God and His perfect feet come spinning around and dancing on injustice! Jesus kept saying, ***“It’s time to dance. It’s time to dance.”***

There is a new dance coming, that will simply come out of our

worship and our hearts breaking for the poor ones of the earth, for those seemingly forgotten ones, for the ones the Lord calls His friends. Just when our hearts are the most broken, THAT is when it is time to dance. Oh, what a sight to see when the King of Kings, the Judge of the earth and His perfect feet that show the scars of passion, begin to dance and stomp out injustice. It is a literal dance. It is a literal stomp!

It is time to dance. I knew this in my dream as we were walking down the streets of Jerusalem, right up to the wall where He started His dance. I knew that He was revealing Himself to very key people in the Jewish community, very high rabbis in the Jewish community even in the middle of the dance. I saw their eyes bulge. I could look inside of them and see their hearts begin to pound. I could see the Lord put inside of them a “knowing” that He and He alone was the Messiah. The day is coming, in the timing of the Lord, when He will stir up the hearts of the top appointed rabbis, and they will explode on the inside and run to the highest places in Jerusalem, shouting to all Jerusalem, “Yeshua is the Messiah. Yeshua *is Messiah!*”

Blessed Is He who comes in the Name of the Lord. Right now, they are hiding it and asking themselves if it really happened. An appointed time has already been set, and in these days ahead, He is appearing and opening up the eyes of men’s hearts, and then He will come and set their very bones on fire. I could see these rabbis exploding with the word of the Lord, proclaiming His appearing. It is happening. It is set for an appointed time. It is happening today.

...if I say, “I will not mention Him or speak any more in His name,” His word is in my heart like a fire, a fire shut up in my bones.— Jeremiah 20:9
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Then yet again, He said, “*Until your heart is torn and ripped in two, just like your flesh is, you do not know My friends.*” It is time to dance!

The above written by Julie Meyer, a worship leader at the International House of Prayer in Kansas City, Missouri since 1999.

Her heart has been soaring in the winds of romance from the book of *Song of Songs*. Knowing her King and Bridegroom through the lens of Scripture and prophetic experiences has led her to write many spontaneous choruses and worship songs. Her worship leading and prophetic songs have inspired many to lean into their Beloved.

Her 3 sons, Isaac and twins Jesse and Joe, all serve and play on worship teams at the House of Prayer and Julie helps her husband Walt with home groups and youth gatherings that support the growing community at the Missions Base. Julie and her family reside in Kansas City, Missouri.

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Elijah List Publications  
310 2nd Ave SE,  
Albany, OR 97321  
www.elijahlist.com  
email: info@elijahlist.net  
Phone 1-541-926-3250