

Africa, My Africa!

A word from the Lord Jesus Christ to Africa

John Stone

*The people who were sitting in darkness saw a great light,
And those who were sitting in the land of the shadow of death,
Upon them a light dawned.¹*

The Dark Continent shall be My light to a dark world. Those who begged food from the world shall repay the world seven-fold with spiritual food, heavenly manna. The world made a loan to Me when they gave to Africa. I shall repay the world so that their grain bins and silos and barns may overflow with spiritual wealth. The first world will say, "Stop, Africa. We cannot take anymore." But Africa shall give back until the arrogance in My Western church is destroyed, until the proud become humbled by the humble. The world will receive great light from her who once sat in darkness. Those whom the world calls foolish shall confound the wise.

Listen, My Africa! Those people across the ocean who say they know Me, at best have only seen my backside. They are deceived in their arrogance and blinded by their worldly wealth. Do not be deceived as they are deceived. Remain humble, and I shall send you to them. I shall send you, My holy ones, My humble ones, My Africans, My lions, to a people sitting in darkness, a people who call the darkness, light. You shall go quietly, speedily, fearlessly, as bold as lions and with the authority of heavenly chiefs. When you roar, you shall roar with the voice of the Lion of the tribe of Judah. When you speak, nations shall tremble in fear of My name. Arise Africa!

The Western world shall say, "*Those blackened by the sun have become as bright as the sun. The ignorant have become wiser than Solomon. The weak have become as awesome as an army with banners, and look! they march to save us.*"

Look upon My Africa and tremble, you haughty. See, My arm has done great things.

Africa! My Africa! Arise and shine for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you. Darkness covers the earth and deep darkness the nations, but I am arising upon you like the morning sun. My radiance appears upon you like crowns of golden glory, for those whom the West calls foolish, I call My kings, My priests, My messengers.

The nations knew I was with Israel when she came out of Africa because My glory cloud covered her by day and My fire burned over her at night. In the same way the nations shall see My presence upon you, My Africa, and they shall fear My name because of you. Those who laughed at you, My Africa, shall come trembling and begging you of blessings. And you shall forgive them their arrogance, and you shall bless them and bless them indeed with all the goodness and righteousness that is in My heart towards them.

¹ Matthew 4:16

My Africa, you who were last, shall be called first. This is My good pleasure, says the Lord of Armies. It is your destiny and your purpose, My Africa, to lead My bride into My house. Arise and shine, my dove, my perfect one. Night has passed. Your day has come.

Nigeria

Nigeria will mount up and soar with wings of eagles. She shall strike the snake and bring it like food for her young from afar. She who's mind was confused with witchcraft shall have the vision of an eagle and the terrible focus of a bird of prey. She who was unclean shall be called, "Holy to the Lord." She shall be as fearless as a warrior in victory. With her shield and spear, none shall assail her, but with dancing ranks she shall assail the gates of hell and prevail. The warriors of Nigeria shall set many captives free.

Cameroon

Cameroon, My lion cub, grow up. You were born to roar like a lion, to be My king of the bush. You must be serious. The times require that you mature. Cameroon, My lion, rise up and destroy the hyena that destroys my little ones.

Cameroon, Satan would have you be his pet hyena and eat My lion cubs. But you are My lion, My mighty one. Rise up and roar, subdue the foxes that ruin My garden, and then rule My garden with peace. Rise up, Cameroon. Rise up and take your place in My garden, My Africa. Righteousness exalts you, Cameroon. Arise and walk with the King. You are not a hyena, you are My lion: the lion of Africa. Cameroon is the Lion of My Africa.

Zambia

Zambia, My Zambia, you are the womb. In your belly I have hidden My infant bride. My bride-to-be is nurtured in the womb of Zambia.

Zambia, safe keeper of My infant bride-to-be, arise. Rise up, Zambia and be a man! Be a man before your God, the God of all creation. Or I will remove the honor of birthing My bride and give it to another more noble, even a neighbor you despise.

As humility and wisdom brought honor to Mordecai, they likewise bring honor to those who seek humility and wisdom today. Be perfect in righteousness, My Zambia, and you shall be called blessed. The pangs of birth are coming. The day of your great destiny and glorious purpose approaches. Arise and shine for your light has come. Be strong and do not fear. Be righteous. Be strong and courageous.

As Mordecai raised Esther, and as My servant Hegai prepared Esther for the king, so shall Africa raise and prepare My bride for Me. But first, My bride must come to term in the belly of Zambia.

Then the bride must be safely delivered, and nurtured and raised, then My Africa will send her mature sons forth as the bride to prepare the bride.

South Africa

South Africa, you shall adorn My bride with your gold, with your silver, with your diamonds and your jewels. Your treasure box has been filled with riches for My bride. Unlock your treasure box of natural and spiritual riches and adorn My bride with your precious things. Give all I ask of you, and then you will be exalted and remembered forever as the people who adorned My bride.

South Africa, you are My bridal chamber. You are the bridesmaids of My bride, preparing her for the wedding day.

Africa, My Africa

Africa! My Africa! You hid My Son from the destroyer and kept Him safe until it was time for Him to be revealed to His people. Africa, My Africa, I am indebted to you. You nurtured My Son. You fed My Son. You clothed and housed My Son. Again and again and once more I have hidden My sons in the safety of your arms, and again and again and once more you have been a faithful mother to My sons.

From Africa My sons shall come forth once more. Shining like the sun, Africa shall send forth My sons of light who will carry My light into a dark world. Arise and shine, My Africa. Your night is passed, and your day is dawning.

Africa! My Africa! You hid My people Israel in the folds of your skirts until my people matured enough to come forth into their own lands, until they could walk on their own. You would not let the destroyer destroy them. You were a faithful mother to My children. You were a shield to My inheritance, and you were faithful. You have always been faithful. Africa, My Africa, I am indebted to you, and I will repay seven-fold.

The enemy's cloud of witchcraft has repulsed your blessings, and demonic darkness has walled out your light, but now the darkness is being rolled up like a scroll and blown away on a wind. Arise and shine for your light has come, My Africa. Arise and take your place at the table of righteousness.

As you have been a faithful mother to My Son and to My children, so now I will be a faithful Father to you and give you the reward of your service, the reward you so richly deserve, My Africa. The shame you bore shall be removed. You will arise in glory. The hunger you endured shall be reversed. You shall feed the nations with My pure word, the word of righteousness. The sicknesses that afflicted you shall end, and your diseases shall dry up. Your sons shall be called, "Healers of Nations." Instead of bad waters, out of your bellies shall flow great rivers of living waters. You shall refresh the earth and nourish My bride-to-be.

You sons of Africa who hoped in Me and suffered ridicule for your ignorance, shall be sought out for your godly wisdom. You who were as powerless as lambs shall arise in the strength of lions. You who begged your bread shall become spiritual bakers to the world. You who were as timid as mice shall walk forth like bull elephants, and nothing in heaven above or in hell below shall stand in your way. Arise, My Africa! Your light has come. You are My messengers. Your sons are My flames of fire, My ministers, My fearless ones. Arise!

African governments that are corrupt will be changed like dirty garments for clean ones. Overnight they shall change from filthy-corrupt to models of righteousness. Leaders who stole from the flocks, stole from Me. I shall repay those thieving hyenas who strutted about pretending to be lions, seven-fold. They will regret their selfishness and their greed.

In the place of unrighteous leaders, I will seat Daniels. My sword of judgment shall wipe the corrupt away in a day. One day for this nation to change its garments and another day for that nation until the continent is clean of selfish politicians and corrupt leaders. Those who do not repent will be killed by the evils they practice. In their stead I shall place My Daniels, My righteous ones, My fearless ones, My ministers of flame.

My Daniels shall be rivers of blessings to My people, and their blessings shall flow to distant lands. I am sickened with Sauls ruling My Africa in presumption. They have bandied about My Name in church, but I never spoke. They called out to Me in prayer but I never heard. They claimed My mantle, but they are sons of rebellion.

I have heard the cries of My people for deliverance from wicked rulers, and I AM the One who attends to their prayers. I strike down every Saul and pretender with My sword of righteousness. The time for Davids and Daniels has come to you, My Africa, My beloved Africa. The time for righteous rulers has arrived. Rejoice in your homes and sing in your churches and walk peacefully in your streets. As you march forth in righteousness, darkness will flee, and your light will shine before all men, even to the ends of the earth will your light shine. March peacefully in the streets. Sing songs of praise in your streets. March in unity and love and My purposes shall be brought forth.

The witchcraft and arrogance, the ignorance and the shadows of evil that have oppressed My Africa and made her the ridicule of nations is being rolled away like the stone from the mouth of My tomb. I am about to walk into My garden, My Africa. There I will find My bride, My beloved one, awaiting Me in My garden, My Africa. The Bride of glory will come forth from Africa, and from the shores of Africa I will walk with My bride across the earth and through the heavens. The dark continent shall be called “the wise virgins’ lamp of light to the world.”

The land that was thrice cursed by the evil one shall be thrice blessed by Me and seven times more by My bride. Africa shall feed the world. Africa shall heal the world. Africa shall bless the world. Africa, My Africa shall send forth My bride into the world, and like friends of the Bridegroom, she shall call the remainder of My bride to Me.

As Africa is the head of the great horse, so she is the head of My messengers. She is the King’s swift steed.

“Africa is the head and not the tail,” says the Lord. “She is the head of my war horse. Only the head of My war horse precedes Me into battle,” says the Lord of Armies, “because she is bred to it. It is her destiny and purpose in My army to lead the great and final charge. Africa is the head of My war horse. She shall prevail.”

Africa! My Africa! Arise and shine, for your light has come. Your time has come, Africa. Your time has come, My beloved Africa. I have come to walk in My garden again, My Africa, to walk with you, My Shulamite lover, hand-in-hand forever in the gardens of love.

Amen.