



CHAPTER 1
THE ACCORD

“Then they returned to Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is near Jerusalem, a Sabbath day’s journey. And when they had entered, they went up into the upper room where they were staying. These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication”

... Acts 1:12, 14 (NKJV)

THE ‘UPPER ROOM’, JERUSALEM,
THE DAY OF PENTECOST:

Perching on the sill of the window facing east beneath a nearly full moon, the Archangel Michael looked out over the Kidron Valley towards the Mount of Olives. The moon hung

low in the sky, suspended like a yellow disc as it descended towards the western horizon behind the city of Jerusalem. From his vantage point Michael looked down on the brook that flowed as but a trickle beneath the city wall at this time of year. Light from the setting moon cast long but clearly defined purple shadows on to the stony ground from the scatterings of low trees and shrubs that dotted the banks either side of the brook. There was no visible activity, either human or demon, in this predawn hour. Michael looked out towards the Garden of Gethsemane, and the silhouetted backdrop of the Mount of Olives behind it in the distance.

Michael was still grieving as he reflected on recent events. He remembered that fateful evening, just seven weeks earlier, when the betrayer led those Roman guards to Him in that very garden, and how He surrendered Himself for the sake of the world. Oh how the demons screeched and roared in triumph that night, as confusion reigned in the ranks of the apostles. On this cool predawn morning outside the walls of the upper room, however, all was quiet.

From the sill Michael turned looking back into the room and saw the hand of his angelic brother Gabriel resting on the shoulder of the Fisherman. This gruff bearded man was leading in prayer those same apostles whom He had called, all but one, the Betrayer who was now gone. Scattered but regathered by the grace of a triumphant and resurrected Messiah under the

leadership of a restored Peter, these men and women continued in prayer and supplication, in one accord in obedience to Messiah.

They were unaware of the impact and scale of *The Breaking* about to be released upon the earth. The room itself was large and well furnished, an intended meeting and reception venue often used for parties and family celebrations. There were several windows with shutters, facing east, and open this evening to allow the cool light breeze to ventilate the populated space. On one side of the room a table with a menorah lampstand illuminated the space softly with a yellow glow emitted from the seven burning oil lamps. Between two of the windows on the other side rested a table with bread, and a pitchers of water and wine with cups, available for those who required refreshments.

The Fisherman was a changed man, transformed within forty days by the resurrection power of the words of the Messiah. There was, about his demeanour, a new found sense of confidence, of purpose, of destiny. Yes ... There was still a hardness about him, but no longer the hardness that had formed and shaped him through bitterness and disappointment. Instead, within his heart, there now smoked a hardness of resolve, a heightened sense of expectation that things were not over. A sharpness in his spirit was stirring, and with it a new found sense of boldness and courage, underpinned by a growing sense of divine wisdom and insight.

Michael turned again to look out the window towards the east, where a faint glow of orange traced a line along the hill profile of the Mount of Olives. It would soon be dawn on this day of festival. The Doubter came alongside him to peer out, unaware of the angel's presence. He picked up from within this young man known as Thomas a sense of calling, a yearning for what lay in lands far away. *"To the East, to the East ... what lies beyond?"* Michael whispered in to his spirit *"Your destiny"*.

Turning his gaze back into the room, Michael could see Gabriel affirming these changes beginning to manifest in the Fisherman. In the realm of the spirit, he saw a scarlet robe trimmed and embellished with silver placed upon the man's shoulders. A double edged sword, also of silver and with a red bound hilt was placed within his hands. Michael noted a flame burning within his eyes, and knew that this day would see a shift take place that would define the New Peter.

The Fisherman turned to the group, and rolled out a scroll on the table in front of him. He began to read aloud from the Scroll of the Prophet Joel with words for the moment – words of encouragement, words speaking of a better future.

"... Be glad then, you children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God; for He has given you the former rain faithfully, and He will cause the rain to come down for you— the former rain, and the latter rain

in the first month. The threshing floors shall be full of wheat, and the vats shall overflow with new wine and oil. So I will restore to you the years that the swarming locust has eaten, the crawling locust, the consuming locust, and the chewing locust, My great army which I sent among you.

*You shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, who has dealt wondrously with you; and My people shall never be put to shame. Then you shall know that I Am in the midst of Israel: I Am the Lord your God and there is no other. My people shall never be put to shame”.*¹

The Fisherman leaned forward while holding the scroll in his hands, turned to the group, and encouraged those awake or stirring for a new day with words of hope and a future. “God has not given up on us. These are not days to despair, or to feel sorrow, or to withdraw. Know and remember that He rose again. We *saw* Him. We *touch*ed Him. We *embraced* Him. And then we listened to His words, before He rose and ascended before our eyes. Remember how He said *to always be humble and gentle. To be patient and accept each other with love.* Remember, brothers and sisters, how he told us *to do all we can to continue as we are, to be in one accord, allowing peace to hold us together.*

¹ Joel 2:23-27 NKJV

Remember how He said that there is one body and one Spirit, and God chose for us to have one hope, this hope in Him. He reminded us that there is one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who rules over everyone. He will work through all of us and in all of us. Even as He ascended He was blessing us with gifts ... gifts to equip us and empower us to establish His Kingdom here on earth, even in His absence. He had a vision and a purpose for us, for His Church to be built upon a foundation of a rock of apostolic authority. He gifted us with the ministries of apostle and prophet, of evangelist and teacher and shepherd. Why? So we could step into those offices to equip other saints to disciple nations. This is what He has commissioned us to do, and He said we wouldn't have to try and do it alone. He said He would send the Helper. I don't know how this will work – but I have to trust Him.”

A soft light coming from the east facing windows crept into the room replacing with silver the yellow glow from the burning lamps. With the coolness in the air there was a stirring among those in the room, not just from the need to stretch themselves into a new day, but also a stirring in their hearts with the expectations that perhaps this day of Pentecost might even mark something different.

Peter raised his hands “This is indeed a new day, one that the Lord has made. Let us be glad and rejoice knowing that He has prepared for us great things. For those who have to leave for

now, to attend to family and breakfast meals, look to arrive back here before the third hour for more prayer and devotion together.”

Returning to roll up the scroll, his eyes turned to the next part of the passage of Joel he had just read from. The words appeared to jump out at him, lifting from the scroll. They floated in the air in front of him burning with a bright purple-blue shimmering glow, edged with orange and yellow flame.

“And it shall come to pass in the last days that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh: Your sons and your daughters will prophesy; your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions. And also on My menservants and my maidservants I will pour out My Spirit in those days. And I will show wonders in the sky above and signs on the earth below, blood and fire and billowing smoke, the sun turning black and the moon blood-red, before the Day of the Lord arrives, the Day tremendous and marvellous; and whoever calls out for help to Me, God, will be saved.”²

Peter stood motionless, eyes wide open. *Had he just seen this? Had any of the others?* In the spirit realm the Archangel Michael approached and stood before Peter, drawing his own

² Joel 2:28-32

sword. As he raised the sword it began to glow an incandescent blue with flames licking around it; the words of Joel inscribed along the blade. Michael lightly placed the tip of the sword onto the chest of Peter, above his heart. Suddenly there was a flash of blue flame, and the words were released into Peter's spirit. Gabriel turned and smiled; *The time was very near. The Comforter will be arriving soon.*

Peter saw the words hanging before him, and then a thrust from some invisible force or dimension hit him in the chest, nearly sending him reeling. The words were no longer before him, but were now somehow embedded within him, burning aglow, unlike any experience he had ever known. The closest he could reason was when they were with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, but this time internalised, deep within his spirit. *"I will pour out My Spirit, I will pour out My Spirit"*

The sun climbed over the crest of the Mount of Olives, its golden rays exploding into the Upper Room.
