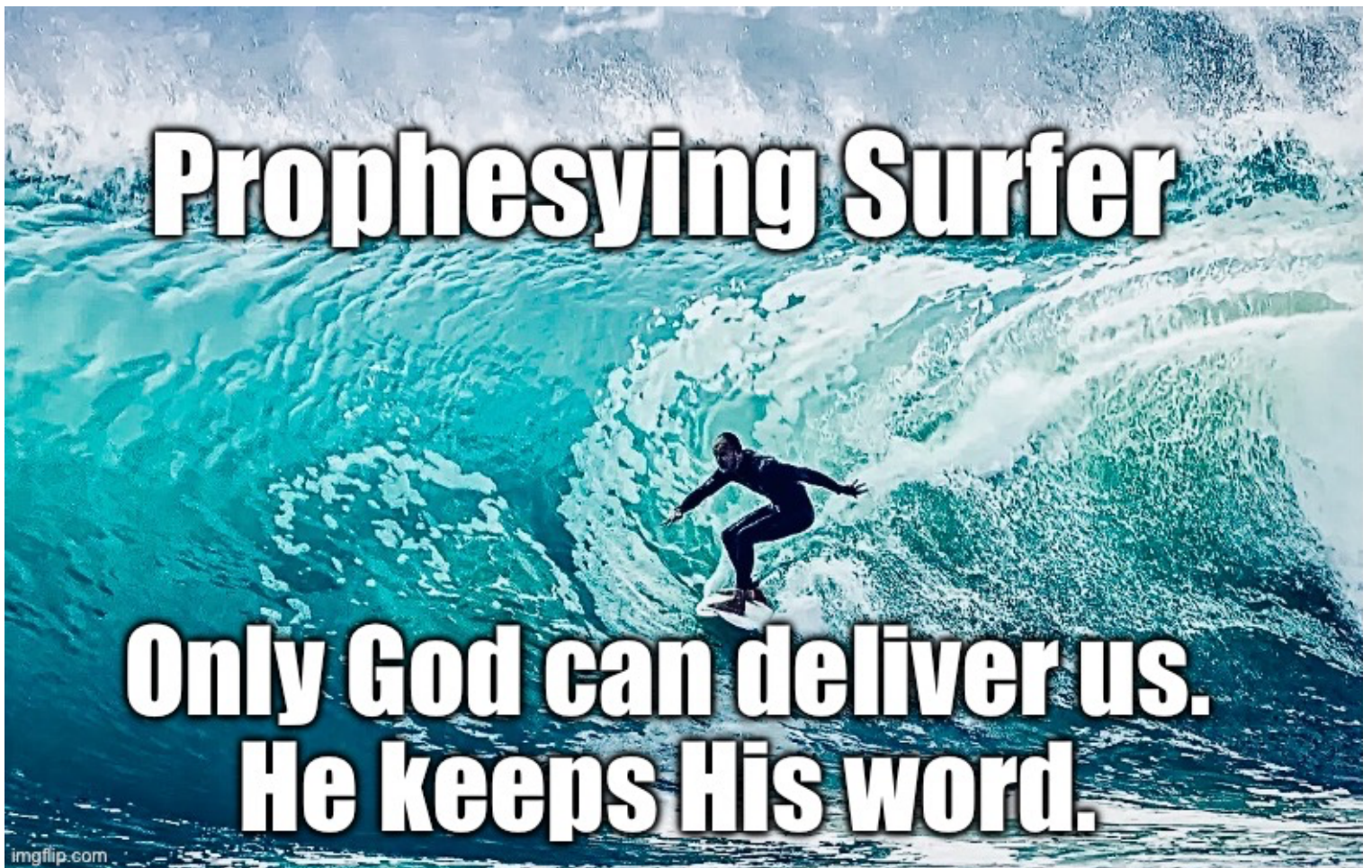


**Prophesying Surfer: 1/16/24**

**TUMULT, SHUT DOWN AND SHOCK IN THE HOUSE**



**"Go therefore, into the nations, and make them disciples, says the Lord your God, the holy One of Israel, who rides the clouds and pours Justice down like rain! For I am doing this even now; I am covering the earth with a blanket of Truth that smothers every lie. Like one who quenches strange fires, I am smothering the foul and wicked schemes of my enemy in this hour. I have angels, like legions of fire fighters, at my side and with every attempt to create a smoke screen to hide the truth and my redemption, they come in and quickly put it out.**

**For it is my fire and my fire alone now that shall burn in the earth. Like a hidden pocket of embers, it was buried in the land. But I have taken it and turned it into an all consuming wildfire that turns, as I blow on it like the winds, to purge and chase out the squatters who stole My nation without a shot and with clever bonds.**

**Yes, I am now like one who watches a fire that is at the edge of a wicked camp. And now, we will enjoy the show, a great revealing and judgment that is lit and animated by the fire of God Almighty. So you will see, in these days, their faces lit with fear as they understand they have been stalked and surrounded. Some will jump into the flames and receive their**

**due before its time. Others seek to break out, but I will capture each one.**

**But there are those, My Children, who see the end and the judgment, and who come over quietly in the night, like the curious Pharisee who sought Me in secret. They come now to My servant, hat in hand, with information and proof of lies. To save their future, they now buckle and bend and make deals to avoid their own "end-times."**

**And so my servant, My David, takes some back and others he binds with secret truths to keep them still and useless. So this is what you see: information warfare! Yes, but my servant has it all. This is the Trump card being played now: that My David has all he needs to bring them to their knees.**

**So he goes forth to give them a choice: to submit or be destroyed. And they bow, one by one, as he goes through the front lines, as Congressmen and influencers in government get in line, or rather, are pulled out of the way to make way for the entrance and return of DJT. They are setting the stage for it now.**

**For what? For My servant to be called back and come back without a war, without an opposition of any means or force. They are even now taking out voices and taking out votes. They bind their hands and their mouths with evidence of bribes and wicked pleasures.**

**So Congress is like a bent man now, halfway "broken." Half-way—like a bow. So it is bowing to his hand, it is succumbing to the Trump card, the display and revelation of utter filth within the houses of these "great ones."**

**Truth of parties, truth and visuals of underground rituals and baths with young innocents. Do not fear, says the Lord. I have it all.**

**Do not say, "They spied on us," for I have spied on them. I have captured their payments and the images of their "indiscretion." Who has it but My servant?**

**So he doles it out carefully, one at a time. So the evidence of this great move of "my hand" is this: they will soon lock up Congress. The ones who will leave, will certainly do so, but they will make no fuss until then.**

**Is it possible for Johnson to leave too? Is it just a strange coincidence, an unusual move for him to hand the ball back to the same people, to the blue team? Nay, nay. His mind is mine. Do not judge by appearances but by My Spirit! Is not My servant the Commander? Does he not call the shots? Yes, and he shall call this shot: a great heave, a buzzer-beating shot. A**

**called shot from a distance, until it is time for him to step to the line before the grand stand. He calls the shot in Congress and the call is this: Johnson will appear to implode and go mad. He will hand the strings to the other side and chaos will erupt because of it.**

**Watch! The House is like "animal house" now. Johnson has thrown a "bomb" in the caucus and triggered a great commotion. Again!!? you say. Yes, but worse. Johnson, Johnson says the Lord, you too will bow out because of My servant. Take a hit for the team.**

**So in coming days, the great House will once more cry out for leadership, as Johnson with solemn face says he will step aside for the good of nation and party. Tears. Crocodile tears. A sad day.**

**But now, a rumble and a sudden strike. Who is this coming in on the back of the donkeys? It is I, says the Lord. I will come in with My Servant to the House and the donkeys will submit by the power of truth! Some run, some hide, but there will not be enough on that day to stop what is coming.**

**I tell you, what is coming is this: a methodical progression through the House. Hidden, yes, until the day when it breaks out, and it is too fast and too sudden for them to align. It happens quickly my Children!**

**Watch, the door will be opened. It will shut down. Yes, the government will shut down, to create tumult, the waves and scene to take out the Speaker. Taken out by a wave of budget fury as the House explodes. Let it thrash itself, until they say Johnson must go! Johnson, my son, well done, well done, take a bow and step aside for a time. Yes, step aside and leave a "vacuum." Leave a chair empty, waiting, waiting.**

**Who will fill the Speakers chair!? Who is worthy to speak for the people? And now he comes in quickly, and votes are cast and shock settles in the House. Oh, Senate leaders, terror fills your heart, for he is here now and it is your turn to fear. So you will see this soon: can DJT run for President and be Speaker of the House? Yes. My servant DJT will accept and answer the call this time, "long enough to get a deal and someone else in place A few weeks, a month and then I am gone." Misdirection, misdirection. Look at the election!**

**Nay, watch the House, My Children. Watch the strange events, the odd choices, the players playing for a championship behind closed doors. For the plan, it is not to elect, but to protect. To protect the election, I will do this: I will elevate My David to "King" through ancient means: whispers and rumors of the demise of this one, and information held over heads. The reason you do not see it all come out, My people, is that they are using it to**

**turn some and neutralize others, to make way for DJT.**

**Now it increases. Faster, faster, they fall. They climb the ladder now to bring choice and justice to the highest of the high. Congress is also tied down and locked in and they will release information and evidence about the Senate and My servant will show them their choice, too. Time is up. Submit or be ruined. McConnell knows. Schumer knows. "He must be stopped!"**

**So, be of good cheer, be of stout hearts. I am even now turning around a nation without an election. But tarry people, until an entire nation and government bows and submits to the return. They will all cry for his return and agree it is right to bring it about.**

**In DC, only "essential services" now. Go home. When they are home, yes, My servant will make moves. The nation is finally about to have its shut down. Die on Budget Hill? Yes, they will. The tumult, like a boiling pot. The budget of Johnson will go down in defeat and through inner war. So when the storm comes, no one is home in DC, but the big players. An ice storm, for relations are now icy. Frozen stares and ideas to "break the ice."**

**There is only one who can trod down this winepress, only one who will be called. Do you hear it? We have asked DJT to serve as Speaker for a temporary period, long enough to get a budget. Tick tock. On the clock now.**

**So I tell you that the next months will see a spotlight on the House in DC. For this is the spot now, not S. Carolina or New Hampshire. Watch the "birds" up there, but in DC, a snare is laid.**

**And what of evil, what shall it do? A shutdown of a different sort is the plan, not of money, but of terror. When My servant rides in, they will seek to stop it with emergencies. "Pollute DC!" they say, and then we will flee and stall the advance."**