

While All the World Slumbered



By Kerrie L. French

While you were sleeping, *time* passed quickly by,
First the sun, then the moon, and all the stars in the sky.
Celestial bodies revolving, ever onward to show,
The magnificent timepiece, from each large and small glow.

Placed in the heavens, at the Creator's command,
They brought joy and harmony, throughout the whole land.
If this weren't enough, He had divided moon's light,
For lunar years, lunar months, and lunar Sabbaths delight.

He had set for a sign, His Sabbath with care,
To be signaled by New Moons, high up in the air.
The first crescent that's seen, tells us Sabbath's the eighth,
The fifteenth, twenty-second, twenty-ninth, is the date.

Each light in its place, as the hands of a clock,
His faithful true witness, Scriptures mysteries unlock.
Neither fame nor fortune, these tidings designed,
But declare the earth's faithful, among those of mankind.

First century B.C., in the city of Rome,

Caesar thought to remove *time*, from God's heavenly dome.
Sinister plans then began, for an all-out-and-out-lie,
For of *time* man was master, not the moon in the sky.

While all the world slumbered and all the world slept,
The Julian calendar was crafted, and on walls has been kept.
Through the hands of Constantine, and Pope Gregory it passed,
Twas perfected and honed, this rod of iron now cast.

Solar years, solar months, solar weeks were declared!
Forced to honor were they, some were tortured, some spared.
The moon, and her phases were erased from the books,
Even God's Holy Scriptures, by those dirty crooks.

Through wars and crusades, they stamped out the truth,
So these oracles of Creation, would be lost from our youth.
While all the world slumbered and all the world slept,
His commandments were twisted, and the fourth was not kept.

Floating unbroken cycles, of successive weeks,
Reflect not of creation but, of the counterfeit it speaks.
While the theory of evolution, must be avoided at all cost,
Unbroken cycles are not an option, or the world would be lost.

Holy Feast days of God, were replaced with the new,
Passover became Easter, on a counterfeit day too.
While Sunday has never, been the Sabbath it's true,
Neither Friday night, nor Saturday, as kept by the Jew.

A most amazing, conspicuous, astronomical beacon,
The moon glorifies God, this *sign* man must weaken.
Together with the sun, and stars in their place,
Try as he might, evil man can't erase.

Amazing and shocking, as this message may be,
The truth still resides, with the moon all can see.
Of the God of Creation, it declares from above,
His *time* is unchanging, also His law of love.

In the darkness of night, He calls for His bride,
To make ready the wedding, to be by His side.
All are deceived now, and don't hear His voice,
Because men at the top, didn't give them a choice.

While all the world slumbered, and all the world slept,
Our heavenly Father looked down, and with sorrow He wept.
“Look up! Look up!” with a loud voice He shouted.
“See the signs in the heavens, can it ever be doubted?”

His Sabbath was lost, but now found by the New Moon,
A revealing of truth, that His return cometh soon.
It alone is the *sign*, of obedience to Him,
It's man's final battle, his salvation to win.

While some have believed, Sabbath's truth was complete,
Scripture overtly reveals, its false calendar beat.
The seventh it is, and clearly always will be,
Kept from New Moon to New Moon, through all eternity.

All is not lost now, former beliefs mankind links,
For during times of our ignorance, God literally winks.
To follow the Lamb, requires more than mere rhymes,
One must seek for His grand, and final *signs of the times*.

In case you too are waking, and can hear His faint voice,
Don't wait on the fence, for the world to rejoice.
Confess on your knees, and ask God to reveal,
His signs, His New Moons, His Sabbath, His seal.

From Genesis to Revelation, it is revealed from of old,
That all will not wake, to the truth as is told.
Most mankind will continue, to go his own way,
Neither caring, nor sharing, coming soon Judgment day.

Wheat and tares grow together, for a time He's not fickle,
When the harvest is ripe, His crescent New Moon's the sickle.
It reveals what is in a man, to obey is his part,
No greater test will there be, this revealer of the heart.

Over *true time* is the battle, *lunar time* will be found,
The secret of those living, who are heaven bound.
In contrast with pleasures, and a false holiday feast,
All the world, in complacency, wondered after the beast.

While all the world slumbered, and all the world slept,
Our kind Heavenly Savior, died for you to accept;

The truth as is given, from His Most Holy place,
The moon's time is the secret, to see His glorious face.



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