

Fresh Oil!

By Sandra Cerda

There's nothing more rancid than the smell of oil that has settled. There is also nothing more useless, than perhaps salt that has lost its tasteful effectiveness. The oil of God's presence and the functioning usefulness of imparted gifts can run rancid, even tastelessly ineffective, by no fault of the Lords'.

Are you settled or stirred and if so, for what purpose? We should all be stirred and preparing our lives for the *now* word of God. Settled saints are harmless, lacking promptness and keen discernment. In many places we've let our guard down and second guessed what we know to be true, *simply* by all that has served to "rattle" our stability. Thank God for the Holy Ghost!



He will take you from the *settled slumber* of complacency and excuses to *not-move forward, to not take the next step*, and quicken your spirit to alertness. Breakthroughs also have a way of subtly becoming a snare for slack in diligence, vigilance and sometimes in serving. Shake yourself! Stir yourself! God is moving and His eyes are on you for this next great assignment.

What we have been through as a people, globally, has pressed us through, thoroughly. Even the lost called on God... but, not all called on Jesus. I, personally, sought the Lord regarding so much loss of life with such suddenness and broad sweeping, only to remember portions of Scripture that speak of details only His people could understand, and that, only in part. I remembered David, when the angel of the Lord *slung his sickle and multitudes fell to their death* (1 Chron. 21). I thought of the word of God nestled within the Scriptures that referenced the *perishing of the righteous and devout, for the evil that was about to come on the earth* (Isaiah 57:1), and I thought of judgement.

How swift and sudden, it seems, this sickle came down. In knowing the word of God, we know about the harvesting where the good wheat can be caught up with the weeds and only the Lord can sift them apart (Matthew 13:24-42). I wondered if this was a hint of what was to come...

But the *pressing* is what captivated my attention. We were being *pressed* like an olive or a grape on the ¹ *presses* of God's plan. The Lord would not allow us to settle. He moved us within and troubled us to pray and to trust, not like before. Thousands were falling to our left and on our right, but the Lord sustained us. There was almost nothing we could do *but pray* and it was all the Lord required.

I lost my father during this time. I lost a sister-in-law as well, and nearly lost my daughter. Devastation is no longer a word I can use to describe what happened to me when I lost my father. An entire part of my family was gone as a result of his death, just from the evil of misinformation, misunderstanding and pain. There are no words. Everything I leaned on and

¹ <https://www.heraldofhope.org.au/olive-press-or-wine-press/>

relied on in my faith was put to the test; *everything*. I had never passed this way before. Death was all around... the fear of death taunted and tormented everyone, at once. I wrestled away, daily, the oppressive *sinking-feeling* that swept across my heart as I watched God's people "settle" and evil people "soar" and decided again, to trust the Lord.

I hadn't realized I had nearly slipped. I hadn't realized I had given "ear" to the constant reports of death and decline *so much* that it was trying to affect my speech; I nearly spoke as those with no hope spoke. I needed to be stirred.

"Thus says the Lord: *Stand by the roads and look; and ask for the eternal paths, where the good, old way is; then walk in it, and you will find rest for your souls.*" (Jer. 6:16)

I wanted the good old way but not the old oil. I wanted to taste and see, again, that the Lord was good, with my eyes and not just by faith. I wanted to see the tide of the battle turn, the victory of God's people praying and calling on the name of Jesus, to be manifest. I made it my pursuit to hear a "now" word from the Lord. Not a "new" word, but a "now" word. I could not rely on what I already knew, what Scriptures I loved to quote or what faith brought me through before. I needed to dive into the presence of God, *fresh*.



I am glad to say I received that word. The sound of His confirming, *directing voice* drenched my spirit, soul and life, reigniting me right out of a near slumber. Depression can do that, and I was so close. Losing my father etched me deeply, but with that I have experienced a place in God where the oil runs thick and like a calf released from the stall I am running with fresh preparation. I am amply supplied and fully loaded, ready for this next great assignment. God is bringing us up to speed, and the wealth of the wicked is stored up for the just. The prophesied "*transference of wealth*" spoken a decade or more ago, is *now*. Preparation will allow you to *see* what is to come, and *how* to ready yourself.

Are you settled or stirred? Me? I want more of Jesus, and less of self. I want to finish this race, not the rat-race of man. My pastor, the late John Osteen, used to say, "*if you win the rat-race of life, all you will be is a winning rat.*" There is so much more if we will align ourselves as a people, called of God, freshly anointed with healing words of wisdom, whose gifts are effectively changing the course of troubled people's lives. There's *so much* work to do. Fresh oil will get you through, smoothly and with great effect.

Let the heathen be **wakened** and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe: come, get you down; **for the press is full, the fats overflow**; for their wickedness is great. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the LORD is near in the valley of decision.

The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining. The LORD also shall roar out of Zion and utter his voice from Jerusalem (Joel 3:12-16).

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