

Words of Life

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The Journey from the Cluster to the Winepress to the New Wine

Acts 2:13 — “These men are full of new wine.”

Revelation 14:15 — “Thrust in your sickle and reap, for the time has come for you to reap for the harvest of the earth is ripe.”

Please read the above scripture and let it register. What a terrible, wonderful time on this old planet Earth. There have been many happenings on the earth which have affected the whole earth — the time of the flood when all flesh was destroyed; the fall of the Tower of Babel where the tongues and nations were formed and people were divided into tongues and could not understand one another of a different tongue.

Today we are taking the journey from the cluster of grapes into the winepress and coming out as wine.

Now let us look at the cluster of grapes and how it relates to you and I. For one thing, families and people relate as grapes growing on what Jesus called a wild vine. Each grape has its own thoughts, its own color, its own flavor, its own personality, if you will. How distant is the relationship of grapes to one another compared to the flowing together of wine. Luke 14:26 — “If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.” What Jesus is saying is — the harvest is here, it is the end of the age and the only way you can enter into the next age or eternal life is to allow yourself to be cut from the old ties, the old life, the old family tree and drink from the well that never runs dry.

Losing one’s identity is not for sissies. However, we are all caught, as it were — a choice to make, whether we really want to go to heaven by changing into the only elemental makeup that can live in heaven — that wine that can flow together with God and man — that land flowing with milk and honey; where we are whole, the finished work of God in His creation of man.

Now the severing of the family unit and all old relationships comes to an end as the Lord is speaking to the Lord of the harvest.

“For the harvest of the earth is ripe.” How awesome. Considering Jesus said that His coming would be the harvest and the end of the age.

How many of you have your family still in tact? Well, if you are all getting along as if there is no tomorrow, it is just because you are not yet ripe.

Jesus said some things that pertain to our being severed from the vine of the natural man and thrown into the winepress. He let us know that He is the true vine. He changed the water into wine at the wedding feast. It is our marriage to Christ that causes us to become the new wine.

In the story of the angel harvesting the grapes, He makes it very clear that once you are in the winepress, people will walk on your back — you will quietly let people ridicule you and trample you underfoot as you shed your old blood and gain Christ; always bearing the reproach of Christ, the shame of the cross where you belong neither to the world or to heaven. It is in the shedding of the blood that the sting of death is taken out of the tongue, that death is overcome; for the grape has not yet served its purpose for being a grape. It is the wine or the new blood; the blood of Christ where all people who have allowed themselves to be trampled upon will be of like mind, all supping together in His kingdom with Him. On the day of Pentecost, those who allowed the Lord of the harvest to thrust them into the winepress were so jubilant, the people surmised they were drunk on new wine.

The earth is being harvested. Many are in anguish not knowing what is wrong with them. Many are on drugs to still the troubled mind. Jesus warned us about times such as these... times such have never been before. However, the new wine will come forth like the dawn and the glory of the Lord will cover the earth like the waters cover the sea. But first there must come the submission to His trampling and the suffering of losing our identity, our natural heritage. Let us all take our whipping like good soldiers of the cross and bring forth that new creation God, our Father, our Creator has been groaning for since the inception of time.

Ah, what’s that I sense flowing out of the bellies of those who have yielded to the “trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored”??? Surely it is that water of life that once taken, one will never thirst again — relationships where there is no discord, no obligations, no pretense — just a flowing together at peace with oneself and with God, and of course, our fellowman. Wow, this is indeed that place called heaven.

Marie Kolasinski

January — March 2009 Letter

Dear Friends,

Marie