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**Subject: The Train Station.**

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Dear Saints

During September 2002 the Lord spoke very clearly in my spirit:

I saw the platform of a countryside train station, clearly during Victorian times - almost like the scenes we encounter in some "Wild West" movies. The platform was crowded with people: Men in smart suits and top hats, and ladies in elaborate, wide Victorian dresses. A steam train was patiently waiting next to the platform, while boxes and suitcases were passed down from train windows and doors to the platform, and vice versa. Lots of peaceful activity prevailed. Nobody seemed to be in any hurry. Some smoking gents and graceful ladies were engaged in quiet, relaxed conversation. Some folks were kissing as if to say goodbye. It was obvious that the train had stood at this station for a VERY long time, and that departure time was slowly approaching.

Then suddenly, without warning and quite unobtrusively, the train started to glide away, noiseless, accelerating rapidly - almost as gently as electric trains do nowadays. No huffs, no puffs. Just the gentle hum of iron wheels on iron tracks.

For a moment or two nobody on the platform noticed. Then a man shouted.

Total pandemonium broke loose. Startled gentlemen pushed through the crowd to run after the train, shouting for it to stop. Ladies gasped, looking around wide-eyed and alarmed. Some yelled, but the train sped on, quickly disappearing into the distance.

The next moment some frustrated men, who couldn't catch the train, returned to the crowd - fuming with anger. Their lips were pressed together while they shook their clenched fists in the air. I heard shouts of "fools!" and "traitors!"

But soon their anger turned to despondency. Clenched fists turned to sagging shoulders. Pressed lips opened in exasperation.

At this, the vision stopped abruptly.

In my spirit I knew what the Lord was saying:

The old steam train represents God's vehicle. It is sturdy, clad in iron, with a clear track behind it, as well as ahead of it. It "knows" where it's going. It's been waiting for LONG for God's people to get on board. Some folks intend to get on board, but are still engaging in dignified small talk, bidding their goodbyes to old friends.

The "Victorian" scene represents church tradition - where the church does things the way they have been done for ages. It represents dignified, but outdated stuff. These folks are doing things the "right way" - according to the custom of the times.

Unnoticed, the old steam train is transformed into a sleek, modern train. At some time this train would suddenly speed off without warning or notice. And crowds would remain behind, stranded on the platform - without even a traditional train to get them to their destiny.

Those who are on board are departing for destiny. Those left behind are stranded and despondent. Alarm and anger towards the "train people" won't change a thing. Mere exasperation and disappointment remain.

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So what does this mean for our time?

I believe God is sovereignly transforming His vehicle in this generation. Dignified, courteous and traditional ways will prevent many from getting onto this new vehicle in time. Many will think that departure time is much, much later. Many will be left behind, while others will be headed for destiny.

What is curious to me about the vision, is that I could at no time ever see the people inside the train. They were the "fools" and "traitors" who were "silly" enough to get on board "much too early." They were faceless.

We need to hear what the Spirit is saying to the church. There's no time left for small talk. Heed the prophets. The vehicle or wineskin is changing. God can only be glorified by what we do by faith. Man's plans don't exalt Him, and are actually sin. Don't expect of Jesus to allow you to bury your "father." Let the dead bury the dead. You come and follow Him.

In Christ

Eben Swart