

**The Song of Solomon**  
*And They Sang a New Song (part 8)*  
*Missing the Moment*

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We left off last time in Song of Solomon, chapter 2, verse 14, and we're going to start there.

**Song of Songs 2:14 O my dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *hidden places*, of the cliff, let me see your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.**

The Lord loves a sweet voice. He loves that sweet voice, and your face is lovely. We're going to pick up now in verse fifteen.

**Verse 15 Catch us the foxes, the little foxes, which spoil the vines; because our vines have tender grapes.**

When we left off in part seven, we left off with the bride being seduced into coming up to Mount Bether. If you remember, the wall had turned into a lattice and she was tempted more and more to come out from behind the wall and to go with her beloved to Mount Bether. Now Mount Bether is a *symbol* of the *secret place*, or the *hidden place* that we can all find in Yahweh. She is on the precipice of making that move of coming out from behind that wall; she's very close. She can see Him seducing her, she hears His voice. She likes what she sees; she likes what she hears, and she is infatuated with truth. She's infatuated with a *message* that she's never heard—a new realm in Yahweh.

Yahweh is never *new*, just like the ocean is not new, but I can go to new *depths* of that ocean. We do that with Yahweh. When we start our journey, the water is up to our ankles, and as we continue it becomes water to swim in. So He's asking the young lady to come a little further than she's ever been. She is moments away from making the decision to go *all* the way. She's almost there. She's been to the Zoom Bible Study a few times, she's

come to one of the Feasts, and she's just about ready. In fact, she moved here, but she hasn't jumped in all of the way. She's just about ready to do that and she gets a warning from her beloved. She's ready to jump, but she gets a warning from her beloved. He said, "By the way, I see you're still behind that wall. Be careful of the foxes." He's not talking about the big foxes. My grandmother wrote an old song that says, *Worldliness, worldliness; it's taking its toll. It's those little no harm sins that are making us cold. You had better wake up and realize the time. It's the little foxes that are spoiling the vine.*

I want to talk to you now about a bride that has a warning about little foxes. Notice what He tells her. He says to beware of the little foxes because (in the last line) *you have tender grapes*. The flowers have just started; you can see the little head that is about to bloom. You don't have mature grapes. You've heard a little bit and you think you know something now. You know more than everybody else in your church knows. You've got a few little grapes of knowledge growing. You've got a few new levels in Yahshua that you're going in. He said, "What you better do now is you better protect those little grapes. If not, you'll never get wine out of them."

Brothers and sisters, after this verse, the next verse is a sad story about the bride. It all started because she did not hear this warning. It was not about big sins. There's nobody in our church who will break any of the Ten Commandments if you can help it. We call them the Big Ten because these are *big* foxes; big grapes. Not one of you is trying to break them, but that's not the ones that will get you. It's the LITTLE FOXES.

Interestingly, the Hebrew word for fox means *the hollow of your hand*—a handful at a time. I want to teach you something. Nobody here will miss out with Yahweh all at once. Nobody decides to quit living for the Lord. Nine times out of ten it doesn't happen that way. Nobody decides to quit living for the Lord and nobody decides to quit going to church. You don't decide that. You just decided that tonight you're too tired. Now, I'm not talking to those who are sick or have to work. I'm talking about those who are starting on a path and are giving up their time handful by handful on foolish things.

You made time for everything else this week. You went to every doctor's appointment. You went out every time you got invited to a free meal. You had plenty of time to go visit your sister last night. You have time for everything. You'll have time for the July Fourth celebration and whatever you want.

But here's what happens. Your life is your TIME. As you begin to give away handfuls of your life to foolish things rather than protecting the little grapes, you allow excuses to come. You will only backslide after you've slidden back. You never go to your husband or wife and say, "Do you want to backslide?" You go to them and say, "Did you hear the preacher? He was acting like he was mad tonight." *Oh yeah, he did, didn't he?* One handful at a time. Then before you know it: *Well, if he's talking about my kids, I'll give him...* and now your kids are hearing how you're talking about the pastor, while claiming you want them to submit to *your authority*.

Let me tell you something. The reason why wives don't submit to husbands is because husbands don't submit to pastors. That's a fact. Do you know why children don't submit to their parents? Their parents aren't submitted to anybody. They watch you and they hear you running the preacher down all the time. You tell them, "You don't mind me!" Well, who do YOU mind? Do you know why I can rule over this congregation? Because there's someone who rules over me. Amen? You can't be in authority unless you're *under* authority. But little by little you'll begin to disrespect authority; handful by handful. You don't do it overnight. You'll just do it here a little, there a little and you'll give away your growth in Yahweh.

For example, tithing. Now I could care less if you tithe or not, but I want to make a point. When that ten percent turns into nine and a half percent and then turns into nine percent, then it will turn into eight percent, then to: *I'll just give it the Lord lays it on my heart*. You don't start doing that! I want you to listen. You're on the precipice of moving to Mount Bether. You're on the precipice. You're at that place of *total* surrender; but you will give it up by little foolish petty things, handful by handful. Be careful of the little foxes that spoil the vine. One of those little foxes simply says, *I'm too busy*.

That's a little fox: *I'm too busy*. It's funny how you're not too busy when the New Orleans Saints come on. Isn't that something? When LSU plays, you're not too busy. When Roll Tide comes on, you roll right over with the tide. You're not too busy for that. Watch what I'm telling you. Anytime it comes time to do something for Yahweh's work, you'll get too busy. Kristen, from our congregation, had a schedule this week to go to real estate school. Nothing was going to get in her way for that. PRIORITIES. If nothing can get in your way, then if the bank calls and says they decided to give you that loan and can you be over there at 10:30 in the morning, you go. Priorities, handful by handful. Be careful what you're giving away handful by handful.

Another little fox is, *What difference does it make?* That's a bad one that loves to come in your mind: What difference does it make? For example, we ask you to come to church and worship a certain way. *What difference does it make?* You better get that little fox out of your mind. What about holy living? *Well, I do this and I do that*. Don't give away holy things by asking *What difference does it make?* Sometimes it makes ALL the difference and you just can't see it with your eyes. *What difference does it make whether I put my fence out there or right here?* I'll tell you what difference it makes. If that's a wild animal trying to get me, he's got a lot further to climb if I put it right here. It makes a difference. I'm not preaching; I'm just talking to you. Don't give away holy things one handful at a time.

Here's another little fox: *I'm too tired*. You weren't tired when you were shopping all over the mall today. Please understand I'm not here to jump on you; I'm here to protect you, because I don't know a more faithful people, than this congregation. You people are so faithful. I'm not talking about *all* of you in my big church all over the nation. I'm talking about being faithful because if not, you'll lose this invitation to Mount Bether. Wait until we get to the next verse and you'll know why I'm stuck right here for a minute. I'm going to read you a sad story, and remember, this is part of the new song. So what does that mean? Listen carefully. This is verse number two of the new song. *What do you mean, Pastor?* Stay with me. What is the new song you're learning? It's the life of an Overcomer. Verse two starts off with, *Okay; you were excited*. Verse two says, *All right now;*

*make sure you incorporate this into that new song: Watch out for little foxes. Overcome those little foxes. That's part of the song that the Overcomers have to learn: Little Foxes.*

You have to overcome the little foxes; those little attitudes, those little questions, those little temptations, those little things. You have to overcome them. This is part of the song of little foxes. Why? Because those tender grapes growing in your life right now, one day will become vats of WINE. But to get the wine, we've got to watch the little grapes. Do we have to keep those little, tender twigs protected? Absolutely! Because we're about to have a harvest—a first harvest—but we've got to protect these little grapes. What are these little grapes? This New Truth that you've learned; this New Understanding—this New Revelation. It's in its twig form. You think you've got all kinds of knowledge but you don't have any yet. Amen? We're barely getting started. But now, we've got to protect what we've got.

How do you do it? Get rid of those thoughts in your mind. Be honest with me. How many of you even tonight when it was time to get dressed to go to church, heard a little fox that said, "Oh, I'm so tired."? Thank you. Amen? You know what? That little fox could have talked you out of coming and you could have given a *good* reason. But here's the deal: Nothing Else Matters! If you don't believe what I'm telling you, go bury a loved one, and you'll find out that nothing else matters. I've buried my daddy and my grandma in the last few years, and the more people I bury, the more I'm starting to figure this thing out: that nothing else matters.

These little foxes will come in your mind and turn you against your brother or your sister. These little foxes will drag you out of Yahweh's church over a hurt feeling. It's little foxes; just kick them to the curb. Get rid of them. Just kick them to the curb and say, "You know what? I'm not going to let my foxes get my grapes because I'm going to build my standard fence so far out yonder that they can't even reach my grapes. I'm going to protect the little things." If not, you won't be here next year. If all it takes for you to be done with Yahweh is for somebody to hurt your feelings, then just go ahead and get out now, because you're going to get hurt by GOOD people, and nine

times out of ten they didn't even mean to hurt you. Get those little foxes out. When they ask who the preacher was talking to tonight, just say, *Me*. There's no need to look around; just say, *Me*. If I was talking to *you*, then you don't have to wonder who I was talking to. Amen? Don't let those little foxes crawl in your mind. Love Yahweh! Love His Church! Love people and discern the body, and protect your little grapes that are growing.

My grandmother had remarried back in the 70s when there was still a great taboo against remarriage, and she was a preacher. A lot of preachers in that country didn't agree about her marrying Brother Terrell. Her husband had left her with ten children twenty years earlier and she had stayed single, but she was getting lonely. She was forty-seven years old. She had all those young'uns and she got tired. Some people took some scriptures out of context and they ran my grandmother down all through the country—her and Brother Terrell—and gave them a hard time about it for a long time.

One day when I was a child, somebody came up to my grandmother and I remember this more than her sermons, because I remember her life. Somebody came up to her and said, "Sister Terrell, Brother so and so said in the pulpit that y'all were in adultery." Most of us would have responded back defensively, but not my grandma. She looked at Brother Jared Terrell—her stepson—and she said, "Son, somebody probably told them that, and that's what they truly believe. Now don't you mention that no more." That's my grandma. I grew up with real Christians; real Prayer Warriors.

My problem tonight is that I've been listening to her sermons all day long this week and I'm starting to long for what she had. When I heard her preaching and I compare it to the preaching today, it makes you want to have a Holy Church. I can't stop listening to her. My wife will come into the office and I'm listening to my grandmother preach. It's not because I miss her, but I believe it's part of that mantle that I'm talking about. She's still talking to me from beyond the grave saying, "Son this is the narrow way; follow it." No coincidence. And as I'm listening to her preach, I'm remembering that her life lined up with her preaching. Listen to me. She

didn't let *any* little foxes in. My grandfather left her, and I believe the whole world knows the story, but when my grandfather left her, he left her for the church piano player, named Josephine. She was the piano player and they ran off together and left my grandma there.

I said all that to say this: My grandma will tell anybody that ever mentioned his name, that he was an anointed man of God. One day one of my aunts said something ugly about him and my grandma slapped her right across the face and said, "Don't you ever talk about a man of God!" And he's sitting in the bed with a whore. You didn't talk about *her* ex-husband! You didn't do it because she was afraid to touch the anointed. That's the difference between that generation and this one. She wouldn't let that little fox get in her mouth because that's how it starts. She would have been justified to have said he was a no count, lowdown and did her wrong. But she didn't.

I want to be that way. I don't want those little foxes in my mouth. When all of you came telling me about Lily Lou, I never said anything bad about her. I've never gone out there and tried to destroy Lily Lou. I hope Lily blooms like a blossom. I don't care, because I have found out that I can't allow your stupidity to be a strangle in my life. Those little foxes will get you, and a little bad talk turns into a lot of bad talk. You've got to check yourself. The Songwriter said, "I know you want to come to Mount Bether, but FIRST you have to get those little foxes out of your life. When my grandmother died at ninety-one years old, I can say standing in the presence of Yahweh that I never heard her speak one negative word about anyone. I'm talking about people in her church that would leave, and she'd be praying for them, "Oh Lord, help them." I don't want any little foxes. I don't want to hate anybody. Those little foxes can't come in your mouth.

I really want to help you tonight. I want to tell all of you something. If they'll run me down, they'll run you down. When somebody comes talking to you, as soon as you're done listening to them, you're next. I'll tell you all a little secret. If somebody moves here from another church, the first thing I listen for is how they talk about their former pastor. Nobody that I'm looking at tonight has ever talked bad about their former pastor. Nobody.

You may not have agreed with them, but you aren't running them down. You don't have to agree; you left for a reason, but you've got to make sure that you don't let a little fox come in your mouth. Because the minute it becomes easy to talk about anybody, it becomes easy to talk about everybody. Amen? Amen! Protect those little grapes.

Here's another little fox that may come if you're not careful: *I'm the only one doing the work. I'm the only one down here at the church, working.* Do you know what you need to say to that little fox? *It looks like I'm the only one who's going to get a blessing.* That's what you do! Get that fox out of your mind. When you're out on that land working, be like Alan Trost who built our beautiful picnic tables. We're going to put them all over the land; nice big picnic tables so people can sit around the pond and eat their picnics. What if he said, "It looks like I'm the only one who's going to do anything."? No, just build your picnic table unto the Lord! Amen? Sister Caly, when you're cleaning that RV, nobody notices that you cleaned it. I do, but you just do it unto the Lord.

Get those foxes out of your mind! If you don't, you'll start resenting the work. The thoughts are going to come; you can't stop thoughts. The little foxes come, but we know how to get rid of them, because when you tell me a lie, I'll tell you the truth. When you say, "I paid my tithe but my bills are unpaid," I'm going to say back, "Once I was young but now I'm old and I've never seen the righteous forsaken." That's how you get little foxes out of your mind. Amen. Now why is everything I just preached to you, important? Because of the next verse. The next verse is a sad story, but it's part of the song that you've got to learn. Now we're moving on to chapter three.

**Song of Songs 3:1 By night on my bed I sought him whom I love; I sought him, but I did not find him.**

Now just two verses ago, she was at the lattice; they were playing love games. What happened? She was ready to pack up and go to Mount Bether. She was ready to go leaping and skipping. Something happened and now



she can't find him. Do you know what happened? The little foxes. He knew she wasn't ready to be separated yet. She had little foxes in her life; little sins that weren't really sins, but they turn into sins. *Brother Vaughn, where is that in the Bible?* It isn't. *How are you going to preach against that? Show me a scripture.* I'll show you a scripture. Are you ready? *Why are you telling me not to watch this or listen to that? Show me it in the Bible.* It isn't in the Bible, but let me show you a scripture that is: *Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls.*

There's some things where I can't put my fingers on a specific scripture, but I can tell you what I have seen before. I can tell you how you start, and if I am your shepherd I'm watching out for you. If you don't want to be watched out for, you don't need a shepherd; you need a harling. I'm just looking out for you. I'm just watching for you. I'm a shepherd! I KNOW when you're starting to backslide and if I come to you and say, "Sister, maybe you're looking too revealing with your clothes," *Well, show me that in the Bible.* I can show you a scripture about modesty but I can't show you a scripture that tells you what modesty looks like. I can tell you what I can look to: men and women over the ages that as soon as they started looking that much like the world, it wasn't long before there was no difference between them and the world. I can show you that and I can show you that if you don't watch those little foxes, it won't be long.

Yahweh wants us to be separate from the world. He doesn't want you showing your body to anybody but your husband. There's someone in the church who used to be a hoochie mama. Yahweh changed her. Do you know why I don't preach a clothesline message? Do you know what a clothesline message is? It's when a pastor tells you exactly how to dress. Do you know why I don't do that? Because I'm checking *your* Holy Ghost. I'm watching your Holy Ghost. I'm seeing what level Holy Ghost you have. That's all. I'm never going to tell you how to dress. I'm just going to watch your Holy Ghost and see if He's telling you. Why? Because if you're not careful, it won't be long until you're gone. I gave those warnings before and now those people are gone.

I know when a spirit is working on you! I see it! I'm your shepherd, and I'm here tonight to give you a warning call to stop what you're thinking and stop while you can! Get to the altar and turn it over to the Lord. Let it go before it consumes you! Rebellion is a little fox! If you're not careful saints, it will start creeping in and you won't know who you are anymore. This little lady said, "I didn't watch those foxes and now I'm laying on my bed and I'm looking for Him. I called out to him; He and I had a good thing going at one time. He would come to the lattice and He would beg me to follow Him, but I didn't watch those little foxes, and now I can't find Him. Now I can't find Him because I had little grapes that were growing and I didn't know how valuable those little grapes were. I allowed little, petty, grievances to come into my life and destroy those little jewels of truth."

She said, "I'm laying on my bed and I cried out. He used to come to my window. He used to come to my wall. He used to flirt with me, but I didn't appreciate what was growing in me. I didn't appreciate the truth I was hearing. I took it for granted and started getting offended at people when I should have been focusing on my grapes. I said, '*Where are You?*'" What does that mean: *By night on my bed?* She made a dreadful mistake. She missed the moment of her visitation. He came to visit her but she missed the moment. SHE MISSED THE MOMENT! She didn't realize that these moments don't come very often in our lives. Brothers and sisters, you've never had a moment in your life like you're having right now. Your whole life, these moments of visitations from Yahweh are very rare in our lives.

When He comes to your wall flirting with you; when He starts looking through your window and He puts in you the new flowers and the new season, if you don't protect it, eventually your visitation will be a moment only. Only a moment; just a little visitation; but because you have little foxes, that little moment was all it was. It was a one night stand with you and the Lord; just a one night stand. *I heard the truth Pastor, and I loved it.* But those little foxes found you, didn't they? I'm talking to somebody right now! Those little foxes will find you and what you were six months ago

is gone. There are people in this church that *loved* truth, and today they're sitting on their bed alone saying, *What happened?* LITTLE FOXES!

She said, "I'm laying on my bed but I can't find Him." It's nighttime but the reason she couldn't find Him is because she didn't realize when He visits you, you can't go back to bed. She got lazy. Where do we see her? In the bed! She had a visitation from the Lord, but what happened when she had that visitation? She went to bed. She should have been packing. But she thought that she would get another visitation tomorrow so there was no reason to be in a hurry. She thought the little Deer would come back tomorrow so she would just sort of enjoy the truth she was learning and play with it, and not completely surrender to this message. She thought she would do a little Passover and a little Easter together. Let me tell you what happened. If you hear this message you may never hear it again. This is your moment of VISITATION. That Deer doesn't come back, and your whole life will go into a turmoil. You'll be lost and dying. Your life will be upside down because you missed this moment in your life. It's a moment of visitation, and little foxes will take it from you.

She found herself relaxing. Notice that she was falling back into her comfort zone. She started thinking about that journey up to Mount Bethel that was going to require some work. It's going to require giving up some stuff so she said, "Thank you for that revelation Sir, thank you. I see some little grapes growing. I love what I'm learning; thank you. But I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do; I'm going to go to bed and I'll see you tomorrow." That was a moment that will never come again in your life. Some of you have sat under this ministry; you have heard the truth, you know it's the truth—you may not even agree with it and not quite understand it—but you know out of this ministry is flowing a fresh truth to the nations of the world; and you are allowing yourselves to miss this moment! It will never come again for you! EVER! Jump in! JUMP IN! Pack your bags. Jump in! Do like the Sewells did—pack up and jump in.

I want to read you a scripture in a minute. Notice the bridegroom didn't wait for her; the Deer didn't wait for her when she decided not to go all the

way. The deer went back to Mount Bether. I'm preaching to somebody tonight; I wish I knew who it was. HalleluYah. He was GONE. She sought for Him and couldn't find Him. He was gone. The Bible says in Romans 3:11 that no man seeks after Yahweh. Do you know why she couldn't find Him? Because you don't have the ability to find Him; He has to find you. If you don't believe me, look at Romans 3:11. NO MAN looks for Yahweh. Yahweh looks for man. And when He shows up in a service like this knocking on your door, THAT is the MOMENT! That is the moment, and that moment will not last! You've all got a moment of visitation from the Lord.

Just like when He troubled the waters, when He was done troubling it, it was too late. That was the moment! This woman said, "Hey, where are You now; I'm ready. My mama and daddy have gone to bed and I won't be ashamed of You now. Where are You? Where are You now? He said, "No, darling, if you're not willing to come with Me, I've got to leave you in your church. I've got to leave you where you are. Verse two gets even sadder.

**Song of Songs 3:2** *I said: I will rise now, and go about the city; in the streets and in the squares—I will seek him whom I love. I looked for him, but I did not find him.*

*I'm going to get out of bed and I'm going to find this Deer. I'm going to go to the city, in the streets in the French Quarters. I'm going to seek the one I love. And I went and looked for Him, but I couldn't find Him.* In other words, Mount Bether is the place of prayer. It's a place of sold out dedicated, separated from the world; and that's where He's calling you to. But here's people's problem. When they finally realize that they messed up and they missed their moment, *now* they want to get busy for Yahweh. They want to go down to the city. They want to go and maybe clean the church or go join something. *I have to get busy now for God!* He doesn't want you to get busy for Him, Martha. He doesn't want you to get busy for Him, Martha. He wants you to forsake ALL and FOLLOW Him. Martha, forget those dishes until you first find the Prayer Closet.

Until you first find this altar in prayer before Yahweh; in that quiet place, He said, “The only way you can find Me is not working *for* Me. It’s working **WITH** Me. You’ve got to **FIND** Me, and there’s only one place: Mount Bether, in the secret place where nobody wants to go; a place of loneliness where nobody wants to live. That’s the problem. That’s why some of those old timers had a walk with God that you’ll never have. Because my grandmother was willing to walk with Him. She wrote a song when my grandfather left her. He had black hair and blue eyes, and she wrote this song. She said, *There’s no hair waved enough, no eyes blue enough, no love strong enough to turn me around.* That’s our problem. There’s too many blue eyes and wavy hair and things that we love **MORE** than loneliness with Yahweh. She was willing to be left alone and Yahweh honored her life. She died with a thousand people singing her praises at her funeral because she touched the nation!

Listen to me. The only way you get there is at Mount Bether. When she was dying she didn’t tell me, “I love you.” Those weren’t her last words because those words don’t mean much. People say them all the time. Her last words were, “Walk that narrow way, son.” It will lead you to Mount Bether. She didn’t say that part but that’s what she’s telling me. The story gets even sadder.

**Song of Songs 3:3** **The watchmen who go about the city found me. I asked them: Have you seen him whom I love?**

It gets worse. Listen. She went to the city to find Him and when that didn’t work she went to the preachers and asked questions about Him: *Where is He?* And they couldn’t even tell her where to find Him. She went to her old religion and said, “Could you help me find Him?” And they said, “Honey, religion is not your answer. We can’t bring you to Mount Bether. We don’t even know how to get there. Only the Deer knows how to get there. We can’t help you!” *But you’re my preacher!* “I can’t help you!” *But Pastor, I’ve grown up in this church.* “What you’re looking for: that consecrated life, that dedicated life; we don’t preach that around here.” I want you to listen to this next verse. I’m going to show you some grace.

**Song of Songs 3:4 Scarcely had I passed them when I found the one I loved. I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him to my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.**

*Scarcely had I gone past the preacher when I found the one I love. I grabbed Him. I held Him and I said, "Never again will I let that happen. NEVER will I miss my moment. Never Again will I miss this moment! I grabbed Him and said, "I've Got You! Let's go to Mount Bethel I'm ready to leave my preacher, to leave my mama, to leave my daddy; to leave what I love. I'm ready to Ride Sally Ride!"* That song written by the Crabb Family comes to my mind: *He Came Looking For Me. He came looking for me.* Do you know why He came? Because He realized His Grace was bigger than His Law. The Law said, "I'm going back to the mountain without you," but somebody said, "She's looking for You. She's sorry for what she did. She's sorry that she didn't follow You." That Deer came down the mountain and He found her, and He said, "Grab Me! This is your moment of visitation!"

Religion can't lead you here; only this revelation of a separated life—separated unto the Lord. You better fall in love with separation. She grabbed Him. She had just left the preacher and she caught another glimpse of Him. How many of you are glad that He came one more time for you? For Grace? That's the Deer of Grace! He came right upon your heel; came and found you, and said, "Here I am. Somebody said you were looking for Me. Somebody said you were sorry. Somebody said you had repented. Somebody said you realized how you had messed up. I came looking for you ONE MORE TIME."

I'm glad He came looking for me again. We used to sing, *He reached way below the bottom for me that night.* He had already gone back to the mountain, but He got word that some sinner said some words that sort of went like this: *I'm sorry Lord, I'm sorry Lord. Will You please come visit me one more time? Will You please not give up on me yet?* I want to tell all

of you: You may have missed your moment, you may have left this ministry, you may have gone to the ways of the world, but I promise you if you're still listening, that Deer is riding in your life one more time, saying *I'm still looking for you*. Listen to me carefully. There's a Deer that's riding. It's your moment, and I don't care what you've done.

*Brother Vaughn, I didn't realize how precious this truth was. It's okay. What's going to happen is you're going to wake up and your world's going to be dark. She was on her bed and it was night. She said, I do love Him. I love what I heard. There was something planted in me. I've tried to ignore it. I wanted to be normal like I used to be. I tried, and I told mama and daddy that I wasn't following that deer cult out in those mountains. I was going to stay right here at the house. I wasn't going anywhere. But I went to bed and I feel that what He told me is still there inside me. I said, "Okay, I'm ready," and He said, "I'm not."*

Get rid of those little foxes. She got rid of those little foxes and she went looking for Him. I want to tell you that if you're looking for Him, He's still looking for you. He's not so far that He can't hear you. His arms are not too short, His ear's not too heavy that He can't hear you tonight. He loves you. He wants you. He desires you. He's your LOVER. He's the Lover of your Soul. I wonder if any of you will grab that Deer right now and say, "Wherever you ride, that's where I'm going." Why don't you come and grab hold of that Deer one more time tonight. Why don't you make a run for that Deer. Grab hold of Him like that woman in the Song of Solomon. GRAB HIM, and say, "I want this!"

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