

A Letter to a Sleeping Nation

“BLOW THE TRUMPET IN ZION; SOUND
THE ALARM ON MY HOLY MOUNTAIN.
LET ALL WHO LIVE IN THE LAND
TREMBLE...” — JOEL 2:1

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No permission is needed—only the heart to spread the truth.

“Freely you have received; freely give.”

— Matthew 10:8

“Buy the truth and do not sell it—wisdom, instruction, and insight as well.”

— Proverbs 23:23

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FROM ONE WHO WAS ONCE
ASLEEP

“BLOW THE TRUMPET IN ZION; SOUND THE ALARM ON MY
HOLY MOUNTAIN. LET ALL WHO LIVE IN THE LAND TREM-
BLE...” — Joel 2:1

America,

I write to you not as a perfect person, but as one who has been awakened from
the sleep of deception.

You were chosen.

You were blessed.

You were raised up by the mercy of God—not by the wisdom of man.

And yet, somewhere along the way... you forgot.

You removed the Name that protected you.

You silenced the Word that guided you.

You mocked the very Savior who gave His life to cover your sin.

And still... He calls to you.

“Return to Me, and I will return to you.” — Malachi 3:7

You’ve traded truth for tolerance.

Holiness for hashtags.

Freedom for control.

And now, you don't even see the chains tightening around you.

You praise inclusion—but exclude the only Name that can save you.

You preach peace—but refuse the Prince of Peace.

You celebrate progress—but call evil good and good evil.

“Woe to those who are wise in their own eyes...” — Isaiah 5:21

I was once like you.

I thought being a “good person” was enough.

I thought Jesus was just religion.

I thought enlightenment could come without repentance.

But I was wrong.

And when the Spirit opened my eyes—I saw it all.

The deception. The darkness. The war for your soul.

America, WAKE UP.

This isn't politics.

This isn't opinion.

This is a battle between light and darkness.

Between the Lamb of God and the dragon of this age.

“For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.” — Ephesians 6:12

You were never meant to be the world's idol.

You were meant to be a city on a hill.

And now, the storm is near.

God has been patient.

He has sent warnings, watchmen, and weeping prophets.

And still... you close your eyes.

But I beg you...

Before the shaking grows stronger...

Before the deception deepens...

Before the final trumpet sounds...

COME BACK TO JESUS.

Not religion.

Not emotionalism.

Not fake unity without truth.

But to the living, resurrected King who still weeps for you.

I write this because I love you.

Because I was once blind.

Because I now see.

And because there's still time.

But not much.

***"Today, if you hear His voice, do not harden your hearts." — Hebrews
3:15***

With holy fear and eternal hope,

A Daughter of the Remnant

Renee